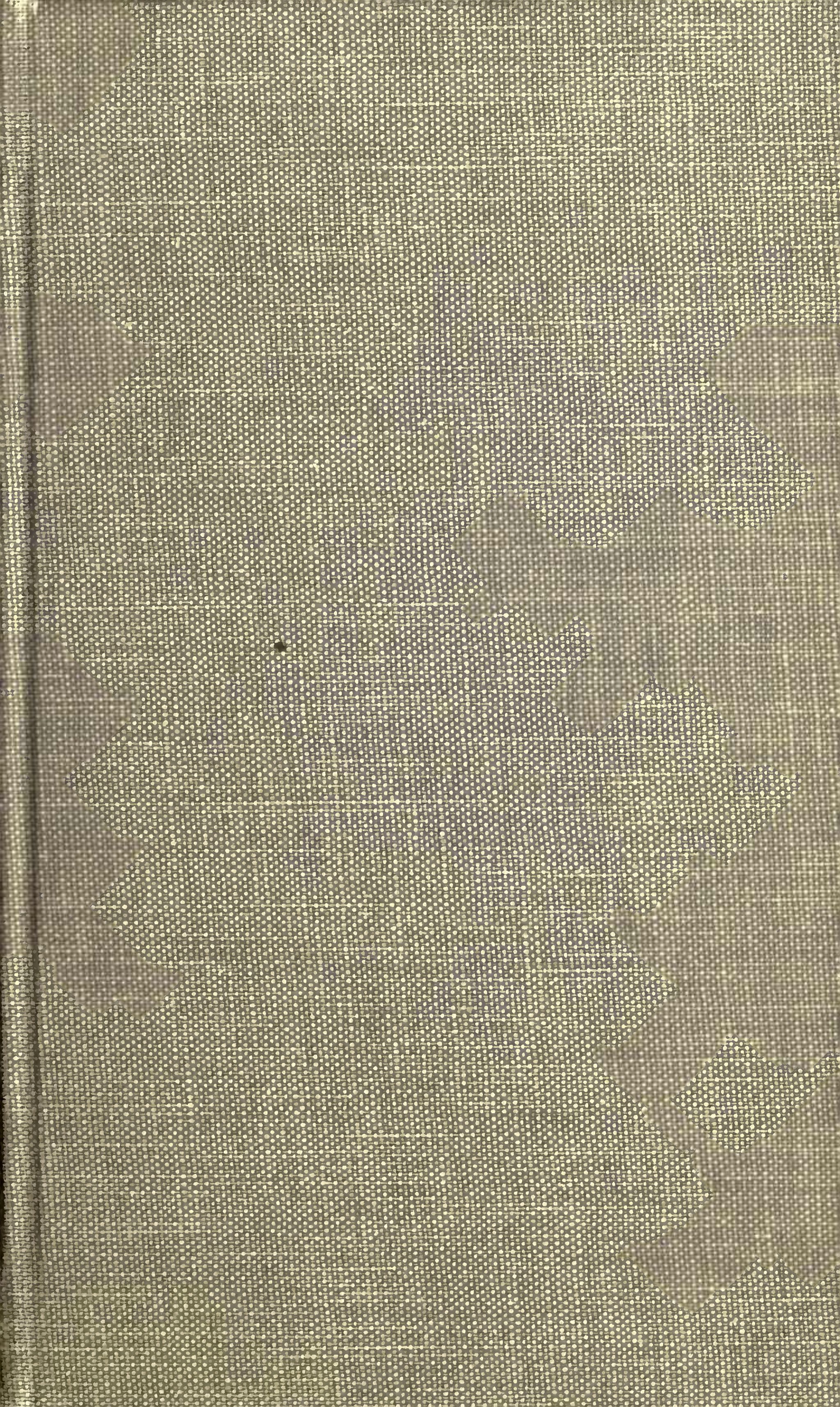

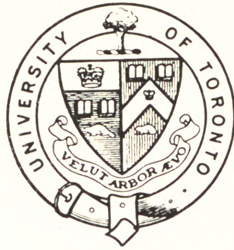

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VOL. XXIV.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1828.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, EDINBURGH;
AND
T. CADELL, STRAND, LONDON.

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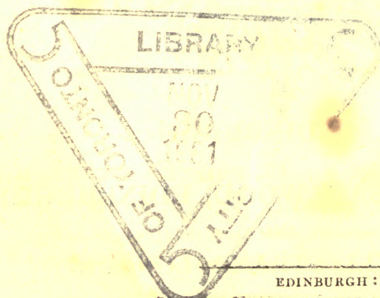

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No. CXLI. JULY, 1828. Vol. XXIV.

DR PHILLPOTTS AND MR LANE ON THE CORONATION OATH.

Apart from all question of Politics, and especially of what are called Party Politics, all men who have kept their eyes open in the light of the Reformation, and enjoy and value the blessing of the Protestant Faith,—that is, true, pure, and incorrupt Christianity,—must regard with aversion all sentiments, opinions, and acts, the tendency of which, however remote, seems to be encouragement and protection to Popery. With indignation and hatred far stronger than their fear, and swallowing up their fear, must they regard all measures and all men employed as instruments, either in ignorance, indifference, or wickedness, to restore the reign of religious—that is, of intellectual and moral—"Chaos and old night." They desire to see the human mind unclouded by superstition, free from base apprehensions of the divine government of the world—unsubjected to the tyranny of priestcraft that bows down the soul, even in the exercise of its highest feelings and faculties—liberated from most pernicious practical opinions, under whose influence none of the affections and relations of social and domestic life can exist in their natural strength and sanctity. In one word, they desire that man should live in and by knowledge, human and divine. They see him so living, under many deplorable and inevitable drawbacks on his felicity, in Britain, where Reason and Faith know each its own province; and where, owing, far above all other causes, to the direct influence of our Reformed Religion, of its learned and enlightened and laborious ministers and servants, and of the sacred institutions formed and endowed to uphold and foster its spirit, which they have nobly and gloriously done, the People have been saved on the one hand from Superstition that enchains, and from Atheism, (we use the word in its largest sense,) that lets loose human nature to its own ruin and destruction. This we owe to the Reformed Protestant Church.

It is the duty, therefore, of every Christian, living in the open daylight of the true Faith, to take heed that it shall not be again darkened. How it was darkened of old we know—chiefly by the devices of ignorant, crafty, sinful, and most selfish men, who saw that the very majesty and mystery of the Most High might be made subservient to their wicked designs upon the liberty of man's conscience, till, by a perpetual appeal to natural feelings, miserably perverted by the superstition in which their growth had been overshadowed, Temporal Power took, it may be said, the very place of Eternal—the voice of the Vatican was terrible to all ears, as that of old thundering from Sinai—the curse of the creature felt to be the curse of the Creator, and a worm crawling in slime to the grave—the Governor of the World!

But that day, we are angrily and contemptuously ordered to know, is gone by, never to return. And by whom are such orders on our belief issued? For the most part, by men who disbelieve the Christian miracles as mere fables—and sneer and scoff at the notion of what is called Revealed Religion being anything else than perhaps at present a useful, and at all times a very powerful state engine. We take them, not perhaps at their own words, for they will eat in their words, on being solemnly challenged in high places; and they will talk hollowly of respect—of reverence for religion, and the ministers of religion; yea, even for the church! But we take them on the general tenor of their talk at all times, and in all places, when and where they are not tongue-tied and curbed by the presence of their superiors—the tenor of their writings, when it chances they can write—of their measures—and the men—infidels all—whom they patronise and approve, and, above all, the tenor of their own public and private life. It is thus visible to all who have any perspicacity to discern, or any courage to declare the truth, that such men long for the time, in whose not distant advent they most undevoutly believe, when the Bible shall be no more the Book of the Nations.

From such miserable men—and miserable men they must be—whatever may be the measure, great or small, of their much vaunted and exaggerated abilities and acquirements—who that has received a Christian education, would not scorn himself, were he to stoop to receive any kind of instruction whatever concerning the probable destinies of the human race—whether Popery—perhaps the most fatal of all superstitions—because the best thing becomes in corruption the worst—be on the rise or the fall, the decay, or the decline? Blind in their infidelity, still, like seers, they will keep looking forwards into time—and backwards into time—from the has-been prophesying the will-be,—perplexed neither by the past nor the future,—on the petty Pisgah of their present, and most monstrous Moses's indeed are they, eyeing a promised land, in which human beings will be left free to the glory of their own inventions, and no such sight to be seen as a church, abbey, minster, cathedral! all converted into manufactories! Where the altar stood, now a steam-engine—and for the pealing anthem choral to the organ's deep diapason, the clanking and creaking of machinery turning ten thousand spindles, all usefully at work on the busy Sabbath-day!

Such philosophers as these—and they are all philosophers—and with only a chance exception here and there—can lecture you on the long winds, in a discourse most suitable to the subject—and show you how by a difficult algebraical process you may make discoveries in numbers, almost as brilliant as that one is a third of three, discoveries nearly unattainable, they maintain, by any ordinary arithmetical process—such philosophers as these, assure you that in this age, which they, and the like of them, have enlightened, there is no danger to be apprehended from Popish, or any other superstitions. All over the world there is, or soon will be, an end of the power of the priests. What, they demand, have the Established Protestant Churches to fear? If founded on the Rock of ages, they will stand fast for ever—if illumined by reason and revelation, they will be seen through the night from afar—if they who minister in them do their duty, they will be honoured;—and after plenty more vulgar trash of the same sort, all delivered, or rather drivelled, in the same sneer, with curled upper-lip and nostril, as if the supercilious and ignorant blockheads were smelling at a rotten egg, they demand of you again, why you have any fears about the Church?

Our answer is, that we have no fear—not the slightest fear in the world, that fools will ultimately prevail over wise men—that is, Folly over Wisdom—yet, nevertheless, we do not suffer fools to open their mouths with impunity. If, on the one hand, they will keep bawling, we, on the other hand, must keep gagging; if, on the one hand, they will keep resisting, we must, on the other hand, keep kicking; and in the midst of all these proceedings of theirs and ours, can they seriously ask with their eyes, why we are so afraid of them? Afraid! It is an odd way of showing your fear of an individual person or opinion, by kicking the extremities of both. In like manner, with Vice as with Folly. We are not afraid that Vice will tri-

umph over Virtue. But, hating, and loathing, and scorning, and despising it, we scourge it back into its hole in the wall, whenever we see its protruded snout. So, neither are we afraid of the fate of Christianity among hosts, in every nation, of Deists or Atheists —generally cousins-german. But when Deists and Atheists dare to scoff and sneer insidiously at the Christian religion, which, merely because it is part and parcel of the law of the land, they do not openly insult; and from hatred to it, seize every opportunity of openly insulting its ministers, especially such as are most pre-eminently distinguished by their zeal and their learning—and then ask us, why we are afraid of the Church, we tell the insolent ninnies, that no fear of the Church is shown in clutching hold, with a somewhat savage face, of a few of its enemies, and knocking their numskulls even against the porch. Everything good and great is given into our own holy keeping by God—his laws shall never be overthrown—but we see, feel, and know, that every day and every hour they are violated. Not then to preserve the laws, which are eternal, but to preserve in men's souls the sanctity with which the laws ought to be regarded, which is often too transitory, is it the duty of all men, who have power and opportunity, to expose falsehood, flog folly, chastise crime, and, on the brazen forehead of audacious Vice, to brand the letters "infamous," that whenever he shows front, he may be known by the scars. Now, no falsehood, no folly, no crime, no vice, which it is in the power of a man to utter, exhibit, perpetrate, or indulge, can be so hurtful to the soul of society as hatred and hostility to the Christian Religion.

We speak now to persons calling themselves Protestants—not to Papists. If they are what they call themselves, they must abhor Popery, and pray that its reign may be constantly contracted, till it finally cease. It is not enough now and then, in some public vehicle or other, such as a fine flaming speech, or a coarse flameless book, to allow and lament the evils that haunt, like so many demons, the darkness of that benighted Creed, while in all their measures, in all their active conduct, they show, under a thin disguise indeed, or under no disguise at all, we shall not say, an equal indifference to all creeds, but an inveterate hostility to the Protestant. For who so weak as to believe it possible that the same man can, with all his heart and all his mind, and all his soul, love and honour the Gospel, and at the same time hate or despise the Protestant Church? Is he a Dissenter? Then he loves and honours his own Church, and we love and honour him for so doing; for his belief, though different from ours, originates in an enlightened and liberated conscience. He is Protestant from the abuses and corruptions of Christianity, but the others are Protestants from Christianity itself; and did they dare to profess their full faith—and they hope that the time when they may do so is not very far off —they would say—of all creeds claiming to be of revealed religion—let us break their bonds asunder, and cast their cords from us. For do they not set themselves either openly or covertly against all Christianizing of heathen lands—and do they not ridicule the progress of the pure light of Christianity among the corrupted and dark—and while they make a loud outcry in favour of the march of intellect and of mind, do they not, with a shocking inconsistency that shows the hollowness of their hearts, preach liberty of religion to all men—that is, liberty to remain for ever in the darkness of idolatry, and to deliver up all that is holiest and most sacred in liberty into the hands of others—the Bible, which alone can raise up a nation, when lying open throughout its leaves before every eye of all ranks, all the while being hidden beneath the mantle of the priests?

Such persons as these howl for what is called Catholic Emancipation, in hatred of the Church of England, which is the great bulwark of Christianity. Strip it of all dignity—all wealth—all power—and then the Bible, they believe, will become like any other book in a library—be read in the same spirit as the history of any other real or alleged transactions,—nay, read, they hope, as a most wonderful and instructive history of fiction and superstition!

That a very great number of those who clamour about the Catholic claims belong to this class, you may know by listening to a languid speech

in the House of Peers from my Lord King, or a lively one in the House of Pots from my Jack Straw. His Lordship's slang against Parsons and Bishops is not the twentieth part as entertaining as that of the Ostler; but it is spurted and spluttered out with equal good-will to, and nearly equal great knowledge of, the Church Establishment. Yet the effect produced, owing to his Lordship's inferiority in liveliness, a quality of great avail both in a public and a private speaker, is very different indeed—the eloquence of the one setting and keeping the House of Peers asleep or ayawn, that of the other setting and keeping the House of Pots broad awake and on the guffaw. Both are alike earnest and anxious for unbridled liberty of religion—as indeed they both are, though we hope, on different theoretical and practical grounds, against all protection to corn. In all political clubs, intermediate between the House of Peers and the House of Pots, such characters are to be heard haranguing in pretty much the same tone and temper, every day and every night; and as the House of Pots generally sits later than the House of Peers, the question being put from the woolsack, Catholic Emancipation has been, many a midnight, after a stormy debate—the clerk and the grave-digger constituting the minority—and the schoolmaster declining to hold up his hand—carried by acclamation.

Others, again, there are who are totally and entirely indifferent about the whole matter. They go to church, and seeing, perhaps, a good fat, stout, jolly, rosy-faced pastor, in a roomy and strong-built pulpit, preaching away in perfect security, within the four thick walls of a building, with a roof covered on the outside with lead, and in the inside with rafters, and supported on prodigious pillars running all the way round and round,—they no more think of danger to the Church Establishment than danger to the Solar System. They look up to the ceiling of the parish church on the Sundays, and to the ceiling of the universal sky on week days, without ever dreaming about what it is that supports either the one or the other—and as it is the custom or fashion of the times to be liberal in religion, why then they cheerfully and carelessly acquiesce in Catholic Emancipation, hoping that neither the Pope nor the devil is so bad as has been represented, and that both will contrive to do their duty, even after the removal of all restrictions from seven millions of the finest people on earth, without any danger either to Church or State.

Then there are hundreds of thousands, we are sick and sorry to say it, of silly people of some slight education, but no talents, who, incapable of forming an opinion, or indeed even of collecting data on which one might be formed, on any subject of the least doubt or difficulty, deliver themselves up,—one following the other, or all leaping and bounding over one another's heads, like so many sheep dog-driven into a pen,—into the charge of the great big blustering leading Whig of the place, who, with the assistance of a few yelping Radical curs, turns the flock, like that woolly people, into the hurdles of Liberalism, which, after all, is a very wet, miry, uncomfortable, and by no means roomy inclosure, and all dotted over with cloven feet. There are they all crowded together, rams, wedders, ewes, and lambs, staring at you or at one another with unmeaning faces, and ever and anon bleating baa—baa—baa—maa—maa—maa! This absurd noise forms, forsooth, part of the voice of the people crying aloud for Catholic Emancipation!

In a class very superior to these are to be found, no doubt, many able and conscientious men, who, true members of the Protestant Church, have convinced themselves, either that little or no danger could attend or arise out of the granting the Catholic claims, or that it is better even to run some risk of danger, or of evil at least, than, by withholding the boon so long silently desired, or loudly demanded, to keep in operation what they conceive to be the chief, or one of the chief causes, of the unhappy condition of the Irish people. Many of these most respectable persons are decidedly of opinion that the Catholic claims should be granted, and many of them have only a leaning, more or less strong, to that side of the question. But all of them agree in this, that some plan of securities must be devised—and they all allow that there are great difficulties to be encountered in the settlement of the kind and sort of those securities. With such oppo-

nents it is pleasant to argue; for their opinion, though, as we think, erroneous, is formed on due reflection, on knowledge, and in conscience.

Last of all, might be mentioned a list of great and illustrious names, friends and champions of Catholic Emancipation—some of whom, perhaps, would not stickle for securities—are no security-mongers—to use a rather imprudent expression of Mr Canning, when in a state of irritation with himself and others—of whom some are or were, we verily believe, true friends to the Protestant Church, and some are or were, we verily believe, to say the least of them, no friends to it at all, or, what is worse, false ones, and too indifferent altogether, too philosophical, too liberal, too much citizens of the world, on the subject of religion, natural or revealed. But far the greater number, and the most illustrious of the former, have always looked to securities, ampler or more limited, firmer or more uncertain, vague or better defined; most of the latter, of course, have spoken sneeringly or slightingly of securities,—we know not if any have strenuously opposed them, or insisted that to demand them was useless and unjust. Absolute, total, unqualified, unrestricted emancipation, without salvo or security, seems to be demanded only by the most rabid of the Catholic leaders themselves, or the most idiotic of the priest-ridden, or the revolutionary radicals pretending to be Protestants, but, in all practical matters of morality or religion, men of no creed at all, that is, in one single strong word—Atheists!

Such is our classification, hastily and rudely sketched, of the heads of Catholic Emancipators; and they have been, are, and will be, opposed by three-fourths at least of the people of Britain—including far more than that proportion of the most virtuous, the most learned, the most enlightened, and the most illustrious. Let but the Church of England and of Scotland, and the Protestant Dissenters of the better and higher order, be true to themselves, and no breach will be battered even by all the light and heavy artillery of this liberal age, in the great bulwark—the fortress of our national well-being, a Protestant State, of which the very Citadel is a Protestant Church.

The very Citadel. For, let knowledge spread wide over the whole land, let the discoveries of all sciences be multiplied a hundred fold, let all the people think, and feel, and act for themselves in the power of liberty, so that the conscience is as free in the hut as in the hall, and the very pauper may have familiarity in his hovel with emotions of mind that are the highest enjoyment of the prince in his palace, let the fairest visions be realized of the most enthusiastic and imaginative philanthropist dreaming of the amelioration, the perfectibility, the perfection of the race, and still the Protestant faith, the Reformed Christian religion, that is, the Christian religion restored to its original purity, as it breathes and burns in the New Testament, will be found commensurate with all the capacities and powers of the human soul,—and will still be the "bright consummate flower," in the wreath on the forehead of glorified humanity. But let the spirit of Christianity be polluted or perverted as, in the religion of Popery, it has ever been among the great body of the people, or let its light be darkened by a veil of idolatrous ceremonies, or shut up in the shrines of superstition,—and then, as human reason and human knowledge and human science advance, and, we say, let them advance for ever and ever, and may no barrier be raised to obstruct their progress, Christianity will, in its perversion or obscuration, appear what it then indeed really will be, a mockery and a delusion, its priests will deserve to fall, and they will fall, with all their towers and temples, and the bare, naked, and denuded earth will again look up in blank destitution of religion, and the holy forms and shadows and symbols of religion, to the disconsolate skies.

Religion men will have, as long as the earth groans with the griefs of us transitory creatures. It is, indeed, at all times tending towards, bordering upon, Superstition. For the passions, in their disorder, drive men sometimes to seek, and sometimes to shun, God and his vicegerent Conscience; and to soothe or propitiate those powers divine, God and the God-given, they bow down even before unhallowed altars, and fly for refuge to unsanctified shrines, in fear, or hope, or despair, blind to the only

light, deaf to the only sound, that can save: Therefore so frequent and so fell is Superstition. But, as long as the Bible lies open in its boards, as long as all eyes can read, and thousands of eloquent tongues are dedicated to expound, its pages, Religion, in her happiness, scares away Superstition, and all her train of shadowy phantoms, and thus, indeed, and not by mere fleets and armies, is a Nation truly great.

No revolutions will ever, earthquake-like, rend and rock the structures of social life to their foundations again, as long as Christianity endures in purity and in truth. Religion shall be the strength of the nations—when Reason and Faith kneel together in all her temples. But in all nations lying under the darkened clouds of Christianity, there will, at frequent periods, be great political earthquakes. There will be alternations of Superstition and of Atheism—building up and pulling down—pouring out of blood like water, and all in vain—intervals between of sullen servitude or fierce license—for where Religion is not, her sister Liberty " will be far;" and Religion there never will be, permanent and steadfast, while there are men, afraid of Reason to guard the gates of all her temples, and to minister at all her altars.

Take, then, we say, any number of well-educated men indiscriminately from the population of Britain, unconnected, as far as they can be so, with political parties—with all their main opinions unswayed, as far as they can be so, by political predilections—following the dictates of their reason and their conscience—and meditating on the essential interests of this our Protestant State, and we firmly believe, that a great majority of them indeed, while they may lament the necessity of it, on account of the many thousands of enlightened Catholics, whose faith is far better than that of their priests, and, just in proportion as it is better, makes an approximation to Protestantism, will decide for the exclusion of all persons of that religion from the privileges to which they are seeking to be admitted. So far from being of a persecuting spirit, it is the spirit of persecution which they desire to keep down; so far from being bigoted, they desire that the worst of bigotry shall be shut out from our councils; so far from being illiberal, and haters of the light, and, if we must use language that has now degenerated into slang, of the "march of intellect," they desire that light shall overflow the land, and that the triumphs of intellect shall be limited only by the extent of the human faculties, cultivated to the utmost, and applied to all the most useful and most noble objects of human pursuit and ambition.

Within these few years, the self-dubbed champions of Truth, Knowledge, and Liberty, have become more and more audacious in their abuse of every man who stands forth to defend the rights, the privileges, and the principles of the Church of England, and declares her to be an integral part of the Constitution of this Protestant State. If they did themselves venerate that Church, they would speak of her in a very different style of language, and also of those men who, whatever be the real merits of this great question, are certainly among her most distinguished ornaments. We cannot think it natural to wear a perpetual sneer on the lip—to drop perpetual rancour from tongue and pen, on all occasions when we hear the name of the object of our inward respect and admiration. Neither is it natural, in such cases, to be for ever qualifying our praises; " to hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," during the progress of a panegyric. The real feeling in the mind of the eulogist often shews itself in an apparently very insignificant word, which somewhat sneakingly gives the lie to a man's whole discourse—for one single syllable of impertinence betrays the dissembler, and converts what was beginning to be felt as fulsome flattery into silly satire, both alike beneath considerate contempt. Far better to speak boldly out—and to utter their real sentiments in abuse of the Church and churchmen, like the Examiner, and the other filthy fools and knaves of the lowest Cockney school; but to " palter with us in a double sense," at the very time they are holding up their heads, and pluming themselves on their attachment to the religious establishments of their country, is a sort of insult which a sensible man, even of the most meek and Christian temper, cannot often, without losing a little of it, stand from hypocritical

blockheads;—a wolf in sheep's clothing being all very well, but an ape in old woman's clothing intolerable, and if we must have maundering, let it at least be free from malignity.

We have now been alluding, and perhaps at rather unnecessary length, to certain poor creatures of the press; but if their cant be as disgusting as may be, the cant of clever men in another rank and station is much more odious. There, for example, is Mr Henry Brougham, a man of great talents and acquirements. His friends hoist him up on their shoulders a yard and a half towards the skies, as the most powerful prose-writer of the age. We shall grant, for the tithe of a moment, that he is so, and that Edmund Burke, as a political author, is far inferior to Henry Brougham. He is made to take his stand on the political articles in the Edinburgh Review. If none of these be of his composition, then he not only is not the greatest prose-writer of the age, but he is no prose-writer at all; for his separate pamphlets have not been better than those of William Huskisson, who does not stand, as far as we have heard, at the head of our literature. If many of the most powerful of them be his composition, and we shall not attribute anything weak and washy to his pen, then he has shewn himself a most insolent insulter of the Church of England, and of many, most of her illustrious living sons. His vituperation has been foul-mouthed indeed, coarse, and vulgar, and certainly either most ignorant or most unprincipled—in meaning and in manner disgraceful, or rather impossible in a high-minded English gentleman, not more when libelling his Church than his King. Yet, on some public occasions—ay, before all England—all the world—has Mr Brougham, when it suited some temporary purpose to do so, pronounced flaming panegyrics on the character of the self-same Church and the self-same sons of that Church, as the impregnable bulwark, and invincible champions of religion. Hopes he then her speedy overthrow, or her everlasting duration? Desires he to see bestial hoofs kicking down her altars, or her altars, for ever sacred, under the shadow of angelic wings?

But the divines of the Church of England have never been faint-hearted in the presence of the enemy; at all times they have been ready to buckle on their armour; their weapons are well tempered, and they know how to wield them well, both in defence and assault. There are men among them now, not to be cowed in controversy, like the mannikins whom the dread of Mr Brougham's sarcasm makes mum as so many mice when a grimalkin is in the room. The silence of the scholar's study is not disturbed by the senseless cry of—hear! hear! hear! at every new blast of bombast and rodomontade, nor by shouts of laughter—immense laughter—at wit that has evaporated in the process of printing, or by humour as dry as the ink. His words on paper are as the words of a common man—often of a very common man indeed—his logic is quite chap-fallen now—his arguments, when left to stand on their own legs, are found to be of the halt and the lame—and perorations that would have left the learned gentleman on his breech, in cheers from the whole House, continuing for several minutes, are perused in a succession of small, uneasy, uncomfortable yawns, subsiding into sleep. Alas, for the fame—the glory of Oratory—Rhetoric—Eloquence! What would have been a most magnificent speech, and able for four—five—six—or seven hours,

> "The applause of listening senates to command,"

as an article in the Edinburgh Review, is sometimes felt to be scarcely worth ten guineas a-sheet.

Although, then, Mr Brougham is a dangerous antagonist, especially to those who, from constitutional timidity or retired habits, are out of all measure annoyed with being held up alternately in mock eulogy and real satire, in sudden vicissitudes of hot and cold, wet and dry weather, blown from the "highest heaven of his invention," in presence of a full House; still there seems no necessity for falling down in a fainting or hysterical fit, on the first frown of his formidable visage. There are several instances of his face having been survived; of people having stood unscathed by his thunder; the electric fluid, attracted by the ethereal spear in the hand of a champion of the Truth, having descended it, as if it had been a conducting-rod, and with fear of change perplexing moles. Dr Phillpotts, for ex-

ample, writes away merrily without the fear of this Bugaboo before his eyes; and cares no more for "certainly, the First Man in the House," than he does for any other woman-born man of terrestrial origin. That the Doctor, after several years' warfare with the Briareus and Garagantua of the Blue and Yellow, should positively and *bona fide* be alive, in good flesh and blood, even to this very day, must be incomprehensible to people imperfectly skilled in the properties of animal poisons. The truth is, that the bite of very few serpents is mortal. There are herbs of sovereign virtue growing in almost every garden, and loving no site so well as a crevice in some old cathedral or abbey-wall, where the air smells wooingly, a single leaf of which, applied to the wound, does with gentle lip extract the venom, as Queen Eleanor did from the wound of her Lord the King. Dr Phillpotts, therefore, though frequently bitten, is still Rector of Stanhope, and Dean of Chester; nor, mark our words, will the great Boa Constrictor himself bite him out of a bishoprick. To speak plainly, he is in talents Mr Brougham's equal—his temper, though warm—and a cold temper is an atmosphere in which noble thoughts cannot breathe, nor noble feelings burn—is always under the control of a manly mind and gentlemanly manners, which is more than can be always truly said of the gentleman on the opposite side of the House. He is one of the best scholars in England, altogether worthy to be named along with Wrangham and Copplestone, and Blomfield; and hence, his clear, classical, forceful style, is far superior indeed to that of Mr Brougham, who, by the by, has kept perpetually waxing more and more pedantic ever since the Thesis he read as Rector to the little red-gowned radicals in the common-hall of Glasgow College, so that now 'tis impossible to read a page of him either in speech or article, without being tempted to exclaim, "The Schoolmaster is abroad!"

By his talents, attainments, and station, Dr Phillpotts is entitled to speak before the people of England on all affairs affecting the well-being of Church and State. He has often so spoken, and always with prodigious effect both on friends and foes. He is one of the most eminent men of his day, and one of the most influential. On his first appearance in the field, a run of course was made at him by all the strength of the party. Thus have we seen at "the foot-ball play," in Ettrick Forest, one single strong agile shepherd touch the globe with his toe, and after having upset in the heather or on the greensward some half-dozen players who had tried to trip him up, away he goes with the leaping leather, that, in a succession of airy and rainbow curves, keeps seeking the sky, till, amidst the acclamations of thousands seated on the hills, he makes it spin beyond the goal.

His "Letter to an English Layman on the Coronation Oath," is one of his most powerful productions. He has taken a most comprehensive view of the whole subject—one of mighty moment indeed at the present juncture—and has brought to the discussion great stores of historical knowledge, which never on any one single occasion has he employed with the view of displaying his learning; for he is as familiar with all our best constitutional authorities as a Quidnunc with the newspapers, and has evidently had more difficulty in selecting than in collecting his materials. Along with his letter, we have read Mr Lane's most excellent Treatise on the Coronation Oath. They reflect strong light on each other; and we shall endeavour to exhibit, frequently in the form of an abstract or abridgement, nor yet scrupling to use their very words where that is necessary, some of their most important reasonings and statements.

Dr Phillpotts begins with speaking of the Church of England as an essential part of the British Constitution. Those who have inquired into the history of the British Constitution, will testify to the close connexion of civil and religious polity which has ever subsisted in it.

"From the very earliest period, the monarchy of England has always presented itself, as a government which regards its subjects in the full dignity of their real nature,—as religious creatures—as beings, whose interests are not limited to this transitory scene, but reach onwards to an infinitely higher and more enduring state. Accordingly, instead of making religion the handmaid of civil policy, instead of adopting and endowing it, merely as an useful auxiliary to secure the submission of subjects, and give a new sanction to the authority of rulers, the English Lawgiver has always regarded religion as having,

by right, a paramount place and dignity in the great scheme of national polity. Hence it is, that the Gospel is reverently acknowledged to be part of the common law of the land. Hence, too, it is, that as the Gospel supposes all Christians to be members of the Church of Christ, and that Church to be a society under the government of certain rulers appointed by God himself to their high office,—the law of England, from the first conversion of this nation to the faith of Christ, not only has always recognised the State of England, inasmuch as it is a Christian State, to be also the particular Church of England; but it has, by consequence, regarded the Governors of the Church as an essential part of this Christian State. Whatever may have been the practice of other countries, and whatever may have been the language of private individuals even here, both the language, and the practice, of our law have been uniform and constant on this particular."

To endow the Spirituality with temporal dignities, was no essential part of the duty of the Christian legislature; but in England, from the earliest times, "the King's most noble progenitors, and the antecessors of the nobles of the realm, have sufficiently endowed the said Church both with honours and possessions." The clergy, being "one of the great states of the realm," have always been called to bear a distinguished part in the great council of the nation. In all the accounts which remain to us of the Mysel Synoth, the great assembly, or, as it was called at other times, Wittenagemote, the assembly of the wise men of the realm, the Bishops are mentioned among its chief members. Ina, King of West Saxons 702—Egbert, who united the Heptarchy into one kingdom—Canute, on the death of Edmond Ironside—Edward the Confessor—all, in convening the Great Council of the Realm, or on other equal occasions, thus recognised the Spirituality; and Dr Phillpotts rightly remarks, that they had thus their seat in the Parliament, or Great Council of the Realm, not by reason of the tenure of their temporal possessions, (for hitherto their lands were held by them in frankalmoigne,) but simply and merely as spiritual lords. The charters, too, of our early sovereigns are as precise in promising protection to the rights of the Church, as in assuring those of the temporality; and as their charters recognised the rights of the Church, so also, which more immediately belongs to his present inquiry, did the oaths which were taken by them at their Coronation. Henry II., Richard I., Henry III., all swore to respect and protect the Church and its ministers. But without seeking to ascertain the exact expressions in which every one, in succession, of our early Princes, swore to the maintenance and protection of the Church's rights, Dr Phillpotts gives the fixed and regular form in which all the Kings of England, from Edward II. to Henry VIII. inclusive, pledged their faith to the Church and people of England. Whether by any and by what actions Henry VIII. violated his oath, is not a question, our author boldly says, in which the honour of the Reformed Church of England is at all involved. And certainly, no fault is to be found with the statutes by which he cut off the usurpations of the Pope. Lord Coke, too, has triumphantly proved, and so have many others, that Henry's assertion of his right to Ecclesiastical Supremacy was most properly and truly a resumption of the ancient, legal and recognised right of the English Crown. On the death of Henry VIII. it appears from the council-book, cited by Burnet, not only that many of the ceremonies of the Coronation were altered, in order to accommodate them to the change of laws, but also that there was some small amendment of the Coronation Oath. In that amended form it was taken by Edward VI.

Mary, having been crowned according to the ancient ceremonial, used the ancient form of the Coronation Oath, which (with one alteration introduced into it under James I.) appears to have been observed at the coronation of every succeeding sovereign, James II. included. The present Coronation Oath is in terms prescribed by 1 William and Mary, c. 6. In that form it still continues to be taken, and therefore it includes the full meaning expressly put upon it by the act of Union, 5th Anne, c. 8; and the sovereign must understand himself, and be understood by others, to swear that "he will, to the *utmost of his power,* maintain and preserve, *inviolably,* within the kingdoms of England and Ireland, *the Protestant reformed religion, established by law,* and the settlement of the Church of England; and the doctrine, worship, dis-

cipline, and government thereof, as by law established."

It is not possible for us to quote at full length the various successive forms of the Coronation Oath; but we have said enough to shew the utter absurdity of the notion vulgarly entertained of it—and that too by many erudite persons—that it is a form, composed in some remote age, used in compliance with ancient custom, and designed, in conjunction with various other ceremonies and observances, merely to heighten the solemnity of a coronation. Here Mr Lane is excellent.

"As a formal investiture of the Crown is not necessary to establish the title of the successor to it, no political importance it is imagined can attach to any part of a ceremony which may be altogether dispensed with. The Oath may indeed throw a religious character around the moral obligation to govern rightly, incidental to the taking of the kingly office; but the terms of it are thought to be no more worthy of notice in the discussion of any constitutional question, than any of the particulars of the

'Pomp and feast——
—— and antique pageantry'

of the splendid ceremonial of which it forms a part.

"We see how little in matters that most vitally concern them, men in general examine either the grounds or the consequences of their opinions. We need not therefore be surprised at the existence of a notion, which testifies much ignorance to be prevalent, of what it becomes every man living under the British Constitution to know. The Roman Catholic question involves unhappily many points, which more strongly force themselves upon the attention, and affect the passions of men; which more effectually touch the springs of human conduct than this. Hence it has not been sufficiently considered under what circumstances the present Coronation Oath originated; by whom it was framed; by what authority it was instituted; how deeply connected is its history with that of the liberties of England; with events the most interesting to us; the most remarkable that the page of history presents!

"He that thus treats the Coronation Oath, does in effect affirm that the legislative proceedings of the Revolution exhibit an instance of unparalleled and unaccountable folly. He affirms, that they whose duty it was to fix upon its base the tottering Constitution of England—they to whom devolved the care of interests the most important with which we can conceive accountable beings to be charged, turned from the glorious work before them to consider—nay,

—— 'Sat in the Council House
Early and late, debating to and fro'

a matter beneath the notice of statesmen at any time—the composition of an idle form! He affirms that, in that awful hour, upon the due employment of which rested the immediate safety of the State, and its security in after-times against the dangers from which it had just been rescued,—they who repeatedly declared that their whole thoughts were bent, and their whole proceedings designed to secure the Religion and Liberties of their country—so belied their professions, so trifled with their sacred charge, as for the first time to employ the Legislative Power in the establishment of what is of no political importance—an oath which means no more than the oaths in use before it was established, and above all, which has nothing to do with the consideration of matters, that the lawgivers who framed it declared to be to them objects of the greatest solicitude! Can any rational person think it probable that this is a correct view of the matter? It must surely bear upon its face demonstrative evidence of its falsity and absurdity to every mind, which long-indulged prejudice, and the misrepresentations of faction, have not rendered 'proof and bulwark against sense!'"

Mr Lane's object, in his Treatise, is to suggest a mode of interpreting the Coronation Oath, which seems to be the only one consistent with the principles laid down for the investigation of truth in similar cases; and to demonstrate by reference to indisputable authorities, (many of them the same, of course, as those referred to by Dr Phillpotts, who speaks with high praise of Mr Lane's Treatise, although he had not seen it till after the printing of great part of his own Letter,) the nature and extent of the obligation which it imposes upon the sovereign. This object he effects, by establishing the following positions: First, That the intention of the Legislature, in establishing the Coronation Oath at the Revolution, is the criterion by which we are to judge of the nature and extent of that obligation. Secondly, That it appears, from the public declarations of the several branches of the Legislature at that time, that one principal object they had in view in all their proceedings, was to secure the country in future from the danger of having the Esta-

blished Religion undermined or overturned by Roman Catholic influence. Thirdly, That the Legislature, by its acts and proceedings in carrying that object into effect, extended and permanently established the principle, that it is necessary, to the preservation of the Constitution in Church and State, that the government of this country be in the hands of Protestants exclusively; and, fourthly, That the Coronation Oath was at the same time remodelled and established by law, principally as a means of binding the sovereign to maintain, in the exercise of all his political functions, the same principle of government.

We shall not attempt to follow this learned and judicious writer through all his reasonings and statements, but ask at once, with him, what were the intentions of the Legislature in establishing the Coronation Oath? Why, was not security against Popery the especial object of the Revolution? It is observed by Dr Phillpotts, that one of the favourite paradoxes of this liberal age has been, that the misconduct of James, which led to the Revolution, was caused merely by his impatience of all restraint on the royal prerogative, not properly his religion; that his religion was no more than an instrument employed by him in aid of his designs against the civil liberties of his subjects—not the dominant principle—which made it at once his duty and his glory to trample on all their liberties, both civil and religious. But the illustrious actors in that great emergence, uniformly in all their proceedings, testified their dread and abhorrence of the *religion* of James. It was Popery, no less than Slavery, that was the object of their jealous and vigilant hostility. In all the records of the Revolution, this sentiment is expressed over and over again, with unceasing earnestness and anxiety, that there is an intimate union between the Protestant religion and the civil freedom of this country, and that upon this union hang the vital interests of the State. We know, says Mr Lane, that all men of the slightest political consideration, of different parties in politics and religion, joined in the transactions of the Revolution. But whether we refer to the acts of the Legislature at large, or of the different branches of it,—to the public declarations of the political associations of the time, or of the leading individuals engaged in the Revolution, we find that upon this fundamental principle all parties (except, of course, the adherents of James) were united. What are the words of the famous "association," signed at first at Exeter by so many of the nobility and gentry, on the landing of the Prince of Orange, and afterwards by almost all persons of note? That they would "never depart from it, until their religion, their laws, and their liberties, were so far secured to them in a free Parliament, that they should be in no danger of falling again under Popery or Slavery." They therefore addressed the Prince of Orange, urging the propriety of calling together a Free Parliament—"as the best means tending to such an establishment, or that their religion, laws, and liberties, might not be in danger of being again subverted." In accordance with these views, many of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, having met in conference, stated, in their first declaration, "that they would assist in obtaining such a Parliament, wherein their laws and liberties, and properties, might be secured, and the Church of England in particular, with a due liberty to Protestant Dissenters; and, in general, that the Protestant religion and interest over the whole world might be supported and encouraged;" and this was followed by an address to the same effect from the city of London. And what was the first measure of the Convention Parliament, after having resolved that James had violated his contract with his people, and had abdicated the throne? The memorable Declaration of Rights, of which the whole preamble expresses the conviction of the framers of it, that there is an inseparable connexion between the national or Protestant religion, and national liberty. "Whereas the late King James the Second, by the assistance of divers evil councillors, judges, and ministers, employed by him, did endeavour to subvert and extirpate the Protestant religion, and the laws and liberties of this kingdom," and more to the same effect. From a comparison, then, of this preamble with the history of the reign of this base and bigoted Prince, it will be found that all the illegal proceedings mentioned in it, had immediate relation to his

design of re-establishing the Roman Catholic religion. Of these, the dispensing with laws was the most dangerous, as the exercise of such a power would, of course, at once render the monarch absolutely despotic. Odious as such a power, however employed, must be to a free people, it was rendered still more so in this case, (as De Lolme has observed,) by being made the instrument of the subversion of the Protestant religion. Of the famous "Declaration" of the Prince of Orange, when he embarked on his glorious enterprise, it is surely unnecessary now to say more, than that it contains these words, "we have nothing before our eyes, in this our undertaking, but the preservation of the Protestant religion." "That the Protestant religion, and the peace, honour, and happiness of these nations may be established upon lasting foundations." This Declaration was, as Dr Phillpotts forcibly expresses it, "the hinge on which the subsequent great transactions were made to turn; "the principles and ends proclaimed in it were referred to as the guiding rule, the chart, and compass, by which the vessel of the state was steered in safety, through its perilous and obstructed course." And immediately on the appearance, and in express approbation of the principles contained in it, more than one public declaration was made, as we have seen, as well by the most distinguished individuals, as by numerous bodies of Englishmen. Passing over the proceedings in the first Parliament, we come to the ceremony of the Coronation Oath—the House of Commons attending on the next day to congratulate their Majesties on the occasion, when the Speaker in his address said, "that what completes our happiness, is the experience we have of your Majesty's continual care to maintain the Protestant religion; so that we can no longer apprehend any danger of being deprived of that inestimable blessing either by secret practices or by open violence." "Here then," says Dr Phillpotts, "we have an express acknowledgment, that the maintenance of the Protestant religion was the first object of the Statesmen of that day; and connecting this acknowledgment with the occasion on which it was made, and the plain allusion to the oath their Majesties had both taken, we cannot doubt that the intention of the Legislature which imposed that oath was thereby to bind the energies of the realm, by the strongest ties of religion and conscience, to the perpetual maintenance of the Protestant Church of England."

Mr Lane enters into a concise, but learned statement of the reasons on which he rightly holds, that in the transactions of the Revolution are found ample grounds upon which the legislature of that day may be vindicated from the imputation of having been guided, with respect to the exclusion of the Roman Catholics from power, by a narrow and vindictive policy: an imputation which (to serve a present purpose) has been openly, and also by implication, cast upon it by those who, on this occasion, as Burke said of other worthies, "desire to be thought to understand the principles of the Revolution of 1688 better than those by whom it was brought about," though, on other occasions, they are in the habit of appealing, in support of their own notions, to the provisions of that legislature, as manifesting the highest degree of wisdom, moderation, and foresight. The principle of excluding Roman Catholics from the executive and legislative departments of the state, did not originate in the exigencies of that period, nor were the restrictions upon the influence of their religion designed to have merely a temporary operation. The exclusion of Roman Catholics from the throne, could then, as now, only be justified consistently on one principle, namely, that it is inconsistent with the safety of this Protestant kingdom (to use the language of the Bill of Rights) to be governed by a Popish Prince, or by any King or Queen marrying a Papist. What was the language of the address of the House of Commons, 20th December 1680, to Charles the Second, which Mr Lane justly calls prophetic? "As the issue of our most deliberate thoughts and consultations, that for the Papists to have their hopes continued, that a prince of that religion should succeed to the throne of these kingdoms, was utterly inconsistent with the preservation of the Protestant religion, and the prosperity, peace, and welfare of the Protestant subjects." And here Mr Lane quotes a well-known sentence—and a most emphatic one it is—employed by Lord Shaftesbury in the

debate on the state of the nation—two years before—March 25, 1678, prognosticating the mischief which would ensue from the accession of a Papist to the crown, and which did ensue on the occurrence of that event which he laboured to prevent. "Popery and slavery, like two sisters, go hand in hand, and sometimes one goes first, sometimes the other; but wheresoever the one enters, the other always following close at hand!" Hume (a philosopher, who, as Mr Lane justly remarks, like Shaftesbury, regarded religion only as a politician,) assigns, as the result of his observation, "the disadvantages of recalling the abdicated family, consist chiefly in their religion, which affords no toleration, or peace, or security, to any other communion."

Though, however, it were admitted, that the Legislature of 1688 only confirmed a principle of government long before introduced, and that, in doing so, they regarded not merely the immediate dangers to be apprehended from the adherents of the expelled family, but the political tendency, in a Protestant state, of the principles of the Roman Catholic religion, still, could nothing farther be adduced, it might perhaps be urged, that there is not anything to shew that the exclusion of Roman Catholics from political power was designed to be established as a permanent principle of the Constitution. But the maintenance of this principle, namely, the exclusion of Roman Catholics from power, was an article of the express contract of 1688, and one of the conditions upon which the Crown was settled in the Protestant, to the exclusion of the Roman Catholic, line of succession. For the terms of this contract we can refer to those legislative enactments alone, by which the settlement of the Crown was made, namely, the Bill of Rights, as incorporated with the act of settling the succession of the Crown, and the several acts passed as circumstances required, in corroboration of the principle then laid down. The Parliament of 1688, by a new Act of Supremacy, formed by retaining as much of the old oath as exclusively affected Roman Catholics, at the same time that they extended to the Throne the principle of exclusion, deliberately confirmed the existing laws, disqualifying from the legislation, and other places of influence, all who "entertain scruples" of renouncing obedience to the jurisdiction or authority of "a foreign prince, prelate, state, or potentate within this realm." By incorporating, in one and the same resolution, these important provisions, affecting the sovereign and the subject, they stamped them with the same authority. Nothing can be better on this point than the following passage:—

"The strong terms used in the establishment of these provisions with reference to the permanency of them, afford no ground to charge the Legislators of 1688 with entertaining the absurd design of attempting to give by words an immutability to their institutions, of which, in the nature of things, those institutions were not susceptible. Their language is to be taken with reference to the remarkable circumstances under which it was used, and to the subject to which it was applied. They well knew that they could not, indeed, by the employment of the most solemn and emphatic terms, stay the hand of innovation in after times. But they could, and they did, thereby render the enactments comprised, expressly or by implication, within the articles of that compact, *fundamental Laws of the Constitution.* Future Legislators might adopt principles opposed to those upon which *they* acted; future Sovereigns might reign by another tenure than that which *they* instituted; but it was for them to mark in indelible characters upon the records of the Revolution, a warning which should go down with their institutions to posterity:—that, should any of those fundamental laws be abolished, the character of the Constitution would be changed, and *the compact of the Revolution be at an end!*"

In the Act of Settlement, (after confirming the law for excluding Papists from the Throne,) it is enacted that every king and queen who shall succeed to the Crown by virtue thereof, "shall have the Coronation Oath administered to him, or her, or them, at their respective coronations, according to the act for establishing the Coronation Oath, and shall make, subscribe, and repeat the declaration (against Popery) in the Bill of Rights." Now, in thus coupling the Coronation Oath with the declaration against Popery, is it possible to doubt that they can intend to refer to the same objects, and were designed to have, in one important particular, the same operation, namely, to render the Crown a barrier against the encroachments of Popery? Mr Lane has some acute remarks, in

a note, respecting the declaration against Popery—

"It may here occur to the reader, that in none of the claims *yet made* by the Roman Catholics for 'unlimited concession,' has the exclusion of persons of that communion from *the Throne*, on account of their religious tenets, been touched upon as a grievance; and that it has been frequently declared by the advocates of those claims in Parliament, that the concession of them would in no degree affect the provisions for securing the Protestant succession. But let us suppose members of Parliament to be exempted from this and other tests against Popery; how long does any rational person suppose that this declaration would remain in force as regards the Sovereign? Would it not *then* be urged with great force, that when this Royal Test was required to be taken before the two Houses of Parliament, it was contemplated that it would be taken in an assembly of *Protestants* only, and that it is not to be endured that men should be subjected in this liberal age to the pain of having their religion thus stigmatized in their presence? an annoyance to which the Legislature of 1688 obviously never intended Roman Catholics to be subjected. Before the next accession, doubtless this remaining barrier,—the 'issue of the deliberate thoughts and consultations' of former Parliaments, and established at the Revolution as absolutely essential to the peace and security of 'this Protestant kingdom,' *would be removed!* To save appearances, some other form, 'with many holiday and lady terms,' as efficacious as the tests in use before this declaration was framed, would perhaps be substituted; and the principle of a Protestant succession be left (as the Church of England would have been left by the Bill proposed in 1825) to the security of *the preamble* of the Act of Parliament, in the body of which the existing security would be repealed!"

Now, we ask, is the Coronation Oath what Lord Liverpool chose to call it, a bugbear? George the Third was not afraid of bugbears. He had too true a British soul for that—too clear a conscience. We shall not say that no King of England could grant the Catholic claims without violating his Coronation Oath. It is a case of conscience. If, on consulting his conscience, often and long, and seeking to enlighten it by all discourse of reason with man, and all prayer to God, a King of England should—with the holiest reverence of his Coronation Oath—the most awful oath that ever fell from the lips of the Lord's anointed—grant the Catholic claims to their fullest extent, we should feel that a fatal blow had been struck at the heart of the well-being of Britain—but we should feel still that the King did right. But this much is clear as day, that neither honest and enlightened king, nor honest and enlightened subject, can think that it is an easy thing to come to that conclusion—that any little difficulties with which the interpretation of the oath may be surrounded, can be all brushed away like old cobwebs, by the reckless and unhallowed hands of temporizing, say at once pettifogging lawyers. King William felt that oath "rounding his temples" with an awful weight; and had he tampered with its almost ineffable sanctity, he would have speedily been dismissed on the heels of the Abdicated, and reduced back again into the Prince of Orange.

Times indeed are different — but times are also the same. The Tree of British Liberty—the oak in whose shadow dethroned monarchs have slept, till their restoration to their thrones, in foreign lands—has flung out more gigantic limbs, and its trunk is more tower-like. But its sap is the same—and rough and thick as is its venerable rind, and enclosed within the sacred pale planted around it by the wisdom of those who dropt it of old an acorn into the soil, that has sent up that Glory to the sun, it may be perforated and drilled through by foolish foresters seeking, perhaps, as they say, but to revivify — till the plague of poison penetrate to the heart, and in far less time—many, many centuries less—than it took to grow up into the monarch of all the woods, will it decay, while weeping Liberty, ere she leave the land, will inscribe on the stem,

"Magni stat nominis umbra."

Let no man, then, who has the heart and soul of an Englishman, the conscience of a Christian, dare to degrade himself by talking of the bigoted prejudices of King George the Third on the subject of his own Coronation Oath. It is easy for paltry persons who break their word, either in letter or spirit, on every occasion that suits their interest or convenience, to turn up their lips and noses at a king's Coronation Oath. The creatures have only for a moment to imagine themselves, by the grace of God, King of

Great Britain, France, and Ireland, with the same character on a throne, that had hitherto dignified an imitation mahogany arm-chair bought cheap at a sale of the household furniture of a retired retailer of brown sugar and black tea, neatly wrapped up in ounce-weight paper pyramids; and such a "cutpurse of the Empire," would have no more scruple in cheating his country than his customers. But we expect the gentlemen of England to speak in a very different mood of the solemn sanction of a great oath. Dr Phillpotts has, with well-merited and unsparing severity, slashed up a paltry article in the Edinburgh Review on this subject—making use, all along, not unwarrantably, though we wish it had been otherwise, of the name of Mr Jeffrey. One writer at least, name ungiven but not unknown, (Mr Brougham, beyond all doubt, although Dr Phillpotts says he has been assured on good authority of the contrary,) in that Journal, which, though brought on its marrow-bones by the Doctor, still keeps striking ineffectually at its victorious assailant, has written—often indeed, before this—of the late king, in a style most revolting and loathsome. Mr Jeffrey, we all know, is not that writer; but we are altogether at a loss to understand how he could ever have brought himself to declare, indignantly too, that he is not responsible for any statements made by others in the Review of which he is editor. He is not, we grant, responsible for every sentence, word, or syllable; and on subjects of mere literature, or even philosophical speculation,—though then too, surely a certain consistency is expected, and a certain responsibility incurred,—it would be absurd to take him, or any other editor of a periodical journal, too severely to task for sentiments and opinions, to which he might give his "imprimatur," without stamping upon them the authority of his own approbation. But in a most momentous and mighty question of national politics, involving the character and conscience of his king, and the best, nay *all* the interests of his country, how can an eminent and distinguished person like Mr Jeffrey have the folly to declare, that he, the editor, stands aloof from his contributors, and that, in fact, were they to be guilty of high treason, and compass the king's death, not only "his withers would be unwrung," but his body undecapitated? Such declaration is utterly irreconcilable with his manly character—it is absolute infatuation—and covers himself, as editor of his journal, with deep, dark, and ineffaceable disgrace. As the head of the Whig party in Scotland, the only man of great genius among them, he not only is answerable for all such articles, but he ought either to rejoice in them when in print, or suitably to dispose of them in manuscript. He is under no physical necessity—we shall not profane the term *moral*—of editing either high or petty treason—insolent insults on his dead king's capacity and conscience—inhuman insults on that disorder in his reason with which it pleased God to visit him; though, perhaps, the visitation was one of mercy on his old age. Mr Jeffrey cannot regard such things with absolute indifference, still less can he, like others, chuckle over them in the same savage glee in which they were scribbled by "certainly the First Man in the House." Neither is it credible that he can have overlooked them; and therefore he must stand the brunt of Dr Phillpotts's fire, which is kept up with great steadiness, quickness, and precision, till the fort in which the editor has taken up a position is reduced to ashes, the governor made prisoner, after narrowly escaping death, and the garrison marched out without the honours of war.

The king, in one of his letters to Mr Pitt, had said that he considered the Coronation Oath as a religious obligation on him to maintain the fundamental maxims of the Constitution, namely, that the Church of England, being the established one, those who hold employments in the State must be members of it, and consequently obliged, not only to take oaths against Popery, but to receive the Holy Communion agreeably to the rites of the Church of England. He adds, that this opinion was not formed on the moment, but had been imbibed by him for forty years. The Reviewer, says Dr Phillpotts, "with the folly, as well as the malice, of a Thersites, is pleased to charge his Majesty, in very plain terms, for expressing these sentiments, with the alternative either of dotage or falsehood. "It is quite im-

possible," says he, "that one having all his faculties about him could write this, with the *regard to truth* which the late King has been so much praised for." Nothing, truly, can be more disgusting than that—a traitorous sneer. But Dr Phillpotts goes on to expose the gross ignorance of the Reviewer, who has said, "To say nothing of the *Forty Indemnity Bills,* which he had made acts, how came he to pass the Irish acts of 1778 and 1793, which took off *infinitely more restrictions* from the Catholics *than they left behind!*" The Reviewer also says, in reference to the late King's having consulted the late Lord Kenyon, as in a case of conscience, respecting the Coronation-Oath, "we much question the *fairness,* if not the constitutionality, of *secretly consulting* a Chief-Justice and an Attorney-General, instead of a Cabinet-Minister, *upon the policy to be pursued in a great question of state.*" Now, is it not "quite refreshing" to behold here the infliction of the bastinado?

"Mr Jeffrey knows quite well, what is the nature of an Indemnity Act, and he has probably looked into one of those of which he is speaking. He must know, therefore, that there is nothing whatever in such an Act at variance with the principle which his Majesty professed;—that, so far from it, a Bill of Indemnity proceeds on the very principle of recognising the binding character of the Law which has been violated, though it excuse the violation, in consideration of the special circumstances of the occasion. As far, therefore, as the Indemnity Acts are concerned, it is quite plain, that Mr Jeffrey has made this indecent charge absolutely without a particle of ground on which to sustain it.

"But he speaks further of the Irish Acts of 1778 and 1793, saying that His Majesty could not with truth, if he were in his senses, assert that he had the view he professes of his Coronation Oath, when he assented to them. Did Mr Jeffrey ever look into these Statutes? The first of them, I am bound in charity to believe, that he never so much as saw. For if he had seen it, he could not have had the effrontery to affect to adduce it in derogation of his Majesty's honour. That Act enables Papists, on taking certain oaths, to enjoy *the rights of property* on the same footing as their Protestant fellow-subjects. What is there in this at variance with his Majesty's principle, of maintaining it as a fundamental maxim of the Constitution, that those who hold employments in the State must be members of the Established Church?

"There remains the statute of 1793. And what are the provisions of that Act? Why, that Roman Catholics may hold 'all offices civil and military,' *except those which are* properly, and according to all reasonable construction, '*employments in the State;*' *from these they are, by that very statute, expressly excluded.*

"Let my readers now look back to the insolent charge brought by Mr Jeffrey against this prince, who, beyond all who ever sat before him on the British throne, deserved and acquired the glorious title of a Patriot King, and then let them assign to his calumniator that measure of indignation which their own feelings will dictate.

"But Mr Jeffrey is not satisfied with reviling the late King; he must also give us his notion of what is the duty of all kings, in the very delicate matter of informing their own conscience, in a case in which their own conscience alone is responsible; and the result is, that the sovereign must, in fact, have no conscience at all. He must consider himself as degraded from the rank of a moral and accountable creature, and must submit to be directed in all his sentiments, even of religious duty, by his cabinet for the time being. This is really the sum and substance of Mr Jeffrey's opinion, though he has thought fit to express it in the following very peculiar terms:—'We much question the fairness, if not the constitutionality, of secretly consulting a chief justice, and an attorney-general, instead of a cabinet minister, *upon the policy to be pursued in a great question of State.*' Mr Jeffrey is no fool; he knows as well as any man, that the point on which the King consulted Lord Kenyon, was nothing like what he has thought proper here to state it. He knows, that his Majesty did not, on this occasion, consult his chief justice on any matter of State at all, but on a previous question, which, whatever may be Mr Jeffrey's sentiments upon it, appeared to George III., and, thank God, appears to George IV., infinitely more important to him than any matter of State whatever. His previous question was, whether, if a measure which had been, in fact, *rejected* by his cabinet at that particular time,* should ever hereafter be proposed to him, he, the King, was not so bound by his Coronation Oath, that he must give his decided negative to it? This, I say, was the point on which Lord Kenyon was consulted; it was a point of conscience; and on it the King, with perfect 'fairness,' and perfect 'constitutionality,' might have consulted any person whatsoever,—Mr Jeffrey, if he had pleased. If it were not so, what

* It was not revived during the next six years.

a puppet would the King of England be! what a slave, amidst the surrounding liberty of his free-born subjects! a slave in the tenderest and most momentous of all concerns! Literally, his very soul would not be his own, but would be held at the arbitrary will of the minister of the day.

"But suppose the question were, what Mr Jeffrey states it to be, a question of State policy, is he so ignorant of the British Constitution as to assert, or does he think the rest of the world so ignorant of it as to believe, that it is unfair or unconstitutional for the King of England to consult the chief justice of England, and to demand from him a *written* opinion (thus making him formally responsible for his opinion) on a question of State intimately connected with constitutional law,—that chief justice being a peer of the realm, (and, as such, called by his very patent to advise his Majesty in the arduous concerns of the realm,) and one of his sworn privy-councillors? 'Yes,' says Mr Jeffrey, 'unless the same chief justice, peer, and privy-councillor, be also a cabinet minister.' I will not condescend to answer such an assertion, but will send him who makes it, if he is honest in making it, to learn better what the Constitution of England is, before he presumes thus to read lectures on it to his sovereign. Meanwhile, it can hardly be necessary to remind him, that somewhat more than twenty years ago, it was a matter of grave discussion in both Houses of Parliament, whether it was consistent with the spirit of the Constitution, however it might be justified by the letter, for the chief justice to be a member of the Cabinet at all. In the course of that discussion, which was handled (among others) by men to whom it would not be derogatory to Mr Jeffrey, and his whole fraternity of Reviewers, to look up with some deference and respect,—in the course of that discussion, I repeat, never once was anything so preposterous asserted, or even imagined, as this newly-discovered maxim, (which, however, if true, would have been conclusive of the whole question,) that a chief justice may not be consulted by his sovereign at all, unless he be first made a cabinet-minister. What was the language of Mr Fox on that occasion? 'I have always held, and still hold, that *a Cabinet Council* is unknown to our law;'*—and, in order that Mr Jeffrey may not ride off on the distinction suggested by the word *Law*, I will add another dictum of the same statesman:—'In point of fact, there is nothing in our CONSTITUTION which recognises any such institution as a Cabinet Council.' But Mr Fox's language went still further, and was still more conclusive in settling the present point. 'Where no personal objections are, or can be, stated, one must hear it recommended with astonishment, that a class of officers, who are admitted to be perfectly eligible to the Privy Council, should not be allowed to *discharge the duties of a Privy Councillor*, should, in fact, *be excluded from the performance of duties, which, on their admission to the Privy Council, they are sworn to perform.*

"In truth, if any Cabinet should dare to exercise the right, which Mr Jeffrey claims for them,—that of excluding from the royal closet any peer of the realm who has demanded an audience of his sovereign, much more who has been required by the sovereign to advise him,—they would incur the guilt for which (*inter alia*) the two Spencers, in Edward II.'s time, were impeached and banished the kingdom, viz.: —'That they, by their evil covin, would not suffer the great men of the realm, the king's good counsellors, to speak with the king, or to come near him; but only in the presence of the said Hugh the father, and Hugh the son, or one of them, and at their will, and according to such things as pleased them.'†

"So much for this very shallow person's knowledge of the Constitution: so much for his qualifications to set up as '*Schoolmaster with his Primer*' for the instruction of kings."

"Dead for a ducat!"

The Reviewer had said that Dr Phillpotts (alluding to the King's correspondence with Mr Pitt, edited by him) had selected a period, when the late King's reason was clouded, "for trying his intellects in conflict with those of Mr Pitt." Here, too, the Reviewer is utterly and justly demolished.

"Mr Jeffrey, here, too, knows that there is not the smallest shadow of reason for the assertion he has found it convenient to make; he knows, that there was, in this case, no 'trying of intellects in conflict' one with another; for he knows, that the parties were speaking to two very different points; that Mr Pitt addressed to his Majesty a statement (a most able and most exquisitely written statement) of his views of the expediency of conceding to the Roman Catholics a full and equal share of all the powers of the state, (under certain most important conditions, of which I shall have more to say hereafter,) while his Majesty, in answer, *expressly* waves all discussion of Mr Pitt's question, and tells him at once, that he is *precluded* from entering into it by higher considerations than the highest reasons of State expediency which can be devised."

* Hansard's Debates, vol. vi. p. 309.

† Blackstone, p. 292.

Of the language in which the Reviewer had expressed his indecent sneers, Dr Phillpotts says, "his observations on this matter are made in language respecting the quality of the late King's intellects with which I certainly shall not disgust the readers of these pages." Nor shall we.

The Reviewer asserted, that "the oath plainly applies to the King in his executive capacity, *not as a branch of the legislature;* it forbids him *either to hang men without judgment*, or to attack the *Church illegally;* or to take from religion its *lawful* sanction, or to take from the Church its *lawful* rights." This is, indeed, most miserable stuff, yet we agree with Dr Phillpotts in thinking that it has a meaning. To attack the Church illegally, the Doctor observes, in this land of law and justice, would be beyond the enterprise of the hardiest reformer. The true mode of attacking it, must be to attack it by *the law itself;* and as in these days of triumphant liberality, there is nothing liberal which a sanguine reformer may not hope to carry through at least one House of Parliament, he has here abundant encouragement to attempt to sap the main buttress of the Established Church, the King's Coronation Oath. If his Majesty could be but persuaded, that this oath does not really prevent him from assenting to any bill presented to him by Parliament, however hostile to the interests or the existence of the Church, what might not be hoped for in the long run, from adroitly practising (what must sometimes occur) on "the fears of the brave, and the follies of the wise?" But we must extract, unbroken, the admirable reply to all this insidious nonsense.

"Now, in the first place, in what chapter of the Constitution, in what page of the Common or Statute Law of the Realm, has Mr Jeffrey discovered this two-fold royal person—an executive and a legislative? The word *person* I use advisedly; for it is plain that Mr Jeffrey treats the most important faculty of the soul, that of conscience, as quite distinct in the legislative from the executive. '*I* swear,' says the King, 'that *I* will, *to the utmost of my power*, maintain,' &c.—But Mr Jeffrey tells his Majesty, that it is only the executive King, not the legislative, that has taken this oath!—After this exquisite specimen of ingenuity, his present Majesty may, I fear, be tempted to adopt 'the weightiest dictum,' as Mr Jeffrey calls it, of his royal Father, 'I hate all metaphysics,—above all, Scotch metaphysics.'

"But Mr Jeffrey is not without an argument in support of his distinction (when was there a metaphysician without an argument for anything?) 'The first promise of the Oath *rides over* the whole.' This first promise is as follows—'I solemnly promise and swear, that I will *govern* the people of the kingdom of England, &c. according *to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on*, and the *laws and customs of the same*.'

"'Now,' says Mr Jeffrey, 'it is quite plain that *this* can affect the King only in his executive capacity—the second promise does the same ("I will, to my power, cause law and justice in mercy to be executed in all my judgments.") Therefore the third must do so likewise! Such is the logic of this distinguished orator, critic, and metaphysician.

"But without pressing the absurdity further, I will undertake to show, first, that even the first of these promises affects the King as legislator, no less than 'in his executive capacity.' Secondly, that whether it does so or not, nothing but utter ignorance, or the grossest disingenuousness, could have induced Mr Jeffrey to hazard such an assertion respecting the third promise of the oath, that which binds the King to maintain the Established Church.

"First, of the first. Till Mr Jeffrey shall be able to persuade the world, that to '*govern* a people does not include the notion of making laws for them,' he will, I apprehend, find few persons disposed to agree with him in the view he takes even of his strongest position. True, the King is to govern the people of this kingdom 'according to the Statutes in Parliament agreed on,'—and if the sentence ended here, there might be some small pretence for Mr J.'s construction of the first promise,—but, unfortunately, there are some other words behind, '*and the laws and customs of the same*,' i. e. kingdom of England.

"Taking these last words into the account, and viewing the whole passage with due consideration of the nature of the obligation, and the time, purpose, and design, of imposing it, it is plain that the King is bound thereby to refuse to concur in *making* laws, contrary to the existing constitution, and the fundamental laws of the land. That there are 'fundamental laws,' if not above the power, yet beyond the moral competence, of the whole legislature to rescind them, what Englishman will hesitate to affirm? what Prince, who has read the Bill of Rights, will refuse to acknowledge? None of the illustrious House of Brunswick, I am well assured; and if the two Houses of Parliament should be so reckless of their duty, as to present

a Bill for the Royal Assent, conferring on the Sovereign an universal and permanent dispensing power, enabling him to tax his subjects without their consent, or any other atrocious violation of the principles of the English Constitution, the King would be the first to tell them, that by his Coronation Oath, by swearing to 'govern according to the laws and customs of the kingdom,' he is compelled for ever to withhold his assent to such a Bill. Will Mr Jeffrey be bold enough to affirm the contrary? If he will not, what becomes of his palmary, his only, argument for the wild notion, that it is 'in his executive capacity only,' that the King incurs the obligations of his Coronation Oath?"

By the by, Edinburgh has absolutely produced a pamphlet entitled, "Answer to the Rev. Dr Phillpotts' Letters to the late Right Honourable George Canning," of which, as it takes the Doctor to task for the opinions he therein expressed regarding the Coronation Oath, we may here say a few words. It is a very weak, well-meaning pamphlet—but reminding one of a mild smooth-faced person, who for a long time sits in company without saying a word himself, or seeming to understand much of what is saying by others, and then all at once surprises you by beginning in a sudden fit of soda-water, or home-made-wine inspiration, very volubly to "reprobate the idea." The pamphlet was at first erroneously attributed to a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church, resident in Edinburgh; but it is, we understand, the virgin essay, in the literary line, of a young Irish Surgeon, who, having cut up in the way of his profession, a few dead old women, leapt rather illogically from such premises, to the conclusion, that he could cut up a living middle-aged man. Paddy avers that the King's conscience has nothing whatever to do with the Coronation Oath.

"The idea of the *conscience* of the Monarch taking cognizance of the fitness of political securities, is perfectly unintelligible. It is his *mind* or *intellectual faculty* alone that is employed for the purpose. All that the moral sense does or can do in this case, is, to inform him of the rectitude or error of his motives and intentions. The question as to the most efficient mode of fulfilling the royal oath, then, is simply a question of political prudence or expediency; and the only doubt that can arise in the conscience of the Monarch on the subject is,—as to the moral propriety of surrendering up his own judgment, and deferring to the collective wisdom of that body of men in whose counsels he ordinarily confides."

There is a Surgeon for you fit for a slave-ship! A pretty divorce this between the conscience and the understanding, the moral sense and the reason! The crowned King of Great Britain is not to be allowed the privilege of an Irish beggar, in a blanket tied round his carcass by a wisp of straw. George the Third—the father of his people—the Revered, and the Beloved—The Protector of the Faith indeed, in all his principles, and all his practice—the King over a people glorious and free, in arts and arms, in war and peace,—the nation that took the start of this majestic world, and kept it too, to have his head patted by Parliament, into the breaking of an oath by Parliament imposed on all her Kings, and religiously observed by the Liberator, at peril of his throne and life, like a little child released by Mrs Trimmer from a promise not to eat any more gingerbread or gooseberries before dinner, and then sent out to guzzle or play! How unsuspectingly the simpleton prates abject and slavish submission of Kings to Parliament and Cabinet Ministers of the day! "The only doubt that can arise in the conscience of the Monarch on the subject is, as to the moral propriety of surrendering up his own judgment, and deferring to the collective wisdom of that body of men in whose counsels he ordinarily confides!!" And the Surgeon would tell him instantly to make the surrender "to the Collective Wisdom!" Suppose one "Collective Wisdom" were to say, "Sire, you are right in your interpretation of the oath." Is he thenceforth to confide in that decision, and strengthened by it, to adhere, to the death, to his own conscience? If so, then the British nation and this Irish Surgeon are at one; for the "Collective Wisdom" were with the King.

If again another "Collective Wisdom" were to say, "Sire, you are wrong in your interpretation of the oath"—Must the King then obey their injunctions too? and act in the teeth of "that other body of men in whose counsels he had ordinarily confided?" Is there one "Collective Wisdom," just as there is one Absolute Wisdom, (Alderman Wood,) or are

there many "Collective Wisdoms?" It is great difficulty for the King which of them he shall choose. Thus, this Irish Surgeon is one "Collective Wisdom," and Dr Phillpotts is another,—and between the two, suppose them to be both Cabinet Ministers, how would it be possible for any King on the face of this earth to choose? Were we King, we should, for the sake of a quiet life, take the advice of the Surgeon practising as a physician,—and to soothe Dr Phillpotts' feelings, make him a Bishop. Yet, instead of a Surgeon, Paddy, who, on his title-page, facetiously calls himself "By a Clergyman of the Church of England," should by rights have been a "Praste,"—and then, (that excellent song, "The Irish Wedding," is our authority,) he would have got not only

> "Praties dressed both ways,
> Both roasted and boiled,"

but of him also it would have been sung—

> "The Praste got the snipe."

This self-ordained clergyman of the Church of England, is, we know it, an Irish Surgeon, and what is still more inconsistent, apparently, with his assumed character—he is also a Papist, and as good a Papist too as ever kissed Pope's toe, or gave up his conscience to a priest.

He then blarneys away, but not at all after the lively fashion of his imaginative countrymen, about the different varieties of oaths. Now there certainly is in Ireland a more amusing variety of oaths than in any other country we ever had the pleasure of travelling through in a jingle; but there is not in all the Green Isle, one single Coronation Oath. Had old Brian Borrou taken a Coronation oath, or "Malachi with the Collar of Gold," do you think those grim Milesians would have seen the moral propriety of surrendering their judgments to the Collective Wisdom of Connaught or Tipperary? Do make some allowance for a man's being a King. It is a serious, a solemn business, being a King. A Coronation Oath is no joke. Come now, sir, you Surgeon, and you son of a Surgeon! do you think that any Roman Catholic King that ever bought indulgences for wholesale adulteries, and murders, would, in the face of such a Coronation Oath as was first administered to King William, have tolerated Protestants advancing such claims as the Papists now advance, or that any Roman Catholic priest that ever sold such indulgences, would have advised him to do so, instead of whispering into his ear a hint about "the moral propriety" of another St Bartholomew?

Paddy then becomes illustrative, and compares the King with his Coronation Oath, to a trustee sworn faithfully to administer to a will. The honest trustee is no lawyer; and the clauses in the will are so confused, and complicated, and contradictory, that they are enough to puzzle the devil, the greatest lawyer and conveyancer of any age or country. Instead, however, of consulting that Lord Chancellor, which under the rose many a trustee does, especially in orphan cases, the Surgeon informs us, that the trustee consults the family lawyer, and his advice he implicitly follows, as the administrator of the trust.

Now, in the first place, does not the Surgeon know, that the King did this very thing—that he consulted Lord Kenyon? But, in the second place, cannot the Surgeon see, that there is no more resemblance between the two cases than between a horse-chesnut and a chesnut horse? The King was as good a judge in his case—and a far better too, than anybody could be for him,—for he had a profound and holy feeling, without which the spirit of an oath cannot be understood. Farther, what would the trustee have done had six lawyers on each side given a different interpretation of the said will? Cast lots? Suppose he had trusted to a knave or knaves, and robbed the widow and the fatherless? Or suppose that after all, one honest man more enlightened than all the rest, showed him, clear as heaven, that the will, instead of being confused and complicated, was as plain as a pike-staff? Farther, suppose, and it is the case in question, that the trustee partly admitted from the beginning, that he knew nothing at all about the matter; had no opinion, no judgment, no feeling, no fear, no uneasiness, no tremblings of a tender conscience, but handed the will over to the lawyer without reading what he knew it was impossible for him to understand? Does this apply to the King and his Coronation Oath?—No.

But to humour the Surgeon in his

fancy for the law, and indeed it is not easy to know whether he be a surgeon, a clergyman of the Church of England, a Roman Catholic priest, or an attorney—we shall put a case to him, which will instantly settle his hash—the case of an English Protestant, a trustee, administering to a will, in which it is provided that the daughter of the testator, also an English Protestant, shall not marry an Irishman—particularly ODoherty. The young lady will no doubt think that very hard—for " there is none that makes love like a real Irishman," and the trustee may think the testator a very absurd defunct. But the testator has given his reason why his daughter shall be disinherited, if she marries ODoherty, namely, that he knows she never could be happy with the Adjutant. The trustee makes inquiry about the Ensign's character, and finds, that with the exception of a few debts, the amount of which it is difficult to come at, and a foolish rumour of his having another wife, the Standard Bearer is a most entirely unexceptionable match, and is the likeliest man in all the world to make Miss MacGillicuddy happy; on which the trustee fulfils the testator's intentions, which could only be to make his daughter the happiest of women, though he knew not how to set about it, and had stood in the shape of a ghost in her way and his own light—by himself giving away the bride to the Hero of Talavera and Picardy. All the ODoherties—many of them as 'cute lawyers as ever drew or expounded a will, were clear for the marriage. The uncle had his doubts, but having consulted his conscience as to the moral propriety of surrendering his judgment, and of deferring to the Collective Wisdom of that body of men on whose counsels he had ordinarily confided, why then, to use the Surgeon's phraseology, for he is also a bit of a metaphysician, " it is only the mind or intellectual faculty that is employed for the purpose" of ascertaining whether the ODoherty was qualified to make the MacGillicuddy happy or not; and having little or no mind of his own, and a bachelor wholly ignorant about such matters, the marriage is solemnized and consummated of course, and in due season the lady will leave the Lakes of Killarney for Dublin, to lie in under Dr Crampton.

The grave absurdity of the Surgeon's illustration will, we hope, excuse the gay absurdity of ours. Each of us writes in his own peculiar vein—and though both may be bad in itself, the contrast may be amusing. But the latter half of his answer is a sermon, on an excellent subject too, Christian Charity. A sermon on a working week-day is, we cannot help saying what we think, a very great bore indeed; and as this happens to be a working week-day—we never write articles on Sunday—we shall put off the perusal of it till the first rainy Sabbath on which we happen to have a cold and sore throat, in addition to our gout and rheumatism, and when it would therefore be more rash than pious to go to church. From a slight and hurried glance, we see the preacher remonstrates very seriously and solemnly with Dr Phillpotts on his extreme warmth and zeal in the cause of Protestantism and the Protestant Church. He conjures him to reflect how improper it is to be so severe on " six millions of his fellow Christians"—pretty Christians truly a few millions of them say we—not to trample on the fallen—not to recommend keeping all these millions down by the strong arm of the law, and so forth, recommending mildness, meekness, pity, pardon, allowance for human frailty, and for difference of opinion in affairs between a man's conscience and his God—including, of course, his priest—and throwing in a hint now and then, that as there have been such things as rebellions in Ireland, there may be again—" for that nuncios, bishops, and priests, are not the only powers that have led on the people of any country to acts of violence in defiance of laws, human and divine. I can myself testify that such acts were committed in Ireland by the Protestant army of a Protestant king, at the command of generals, colonels, and captains, all professing the Protestant Faith." So out jumps the truth, our friend the surgeon is—a Croppy.

Yet it appears that our Irish preacher, on beginning to indite his answer, did not intend to preach, but merely to pamphletize. He begins

with assuring Dr Phillpotts that it is no business of his to read him a lecture on Christian Charity, and yet—

> "He gives it like a tether,
> Fu' lang that day."

"How far," quoth Pound-text, "a minister of peace is righteously employed in raking together the polemical rubbish of former ages of bigotry and ignorance, at the risk of rekindling the flame of religious discord, and with a view to deprive five or six millions of his Christian brethren of their natural rights, it is not my province to decide." And pray, if it be not his province, whose is it? And pray, farther, if it be not, why do it? And pray, farther, if it be done, why not "let it be done quickly," instead of in a drawling discourse, nearly an hour by Shrewsbury, or any other well-regulated clock? He himself very soon begins to lose his own temper, and gets, if not mettlesome, yet almost within a hair-stroke of it, very nettlesome indeed, with Dr Phillpotts, on account of his Letters to Mr Canning, whom the preacher, widely and deeply read, no doubt, in the history of the whole world, calls "the ablest statesman of any age or country!" "The good and generous of all parties must condemn your attempts to raise a clamour against such an adversary; and I can scarcely doubt that the death of the distinguished individual whom they were meant to wound, has since awakened recollections in your breast sufficient to avenge the wrong."

Here we must pull up the preacher on Christian Charity, and insist on his paying some regard to Christian Truth. Dr Phillpotts opposed the principles advocated by Mr Canning in Parliament respecting the Catholic claims. He opposed them boldly, and like a man, in the spirit of an English divine, in the language of an English scholar. To the grief of all England, George Canning is—dead. And what are "the recollections which the death of that distinguished individual has since awakened in Dr Phillpotts' breast?" And are they such as to "avenge a wrong," nowhere committed but in the fretful fancy of this very paltry person? Let Dr Phillpotts speak for himself, and let the present preacher learn a lesson of Christian Charity—if he can—from the noble eulogy delivered by one of the most eminent churchmen over one, who was indeed one of the most eminent statesmen in England.

"It can hardly, I hope, be necessary for me to assure you, in the outset, that I feel most strongly the delicate and solemn nature of the duty I incur, in thus venturing to comment on the obligation of my Sovereign's Oath. It is a subject, which, in itself, and under any circumstances, would demand from a religious mind, to be treated with the strictest and most scrupulous sincerity. But, if it were otherwise possible, in the heat of controversy, to forget this duty, the awful event, which has removed for ever from the scene of our contention the ablest and most distinguished of all the individuals engaged in it, could hardly fail to recall us to better thoughts,—to admonish us, in a voice more eloquent even than his own, 'what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.'

"Bear with me, I entreat you, for a very short space, while I do justice to myself, in speaking of the eminent person to whom I have here alluded. I have been accused, in a late number of the Edinburgh Review, of treating him with 'scurrility;' a charge, which, without stooping to confute it, I fling back on the head of my accuser. Had I ever addressed to Mr Canning any language, which a public man, on a public question, would have a right to complain of hearing,—much more, had I ever used towards him the smallest portion of that coarse and unmanly ribaldry, which this very Review, as often as it suited its factious purposes, delighted to heap upon him,—I should now feel, what it would perhaps be well for my accuser, if he himself were capable of feeling. As it is, no consideration, not even the call of self-defence, shall prevail with me to violate the Sanctuary of the Tomb, or to recur to any parts of Mr Canning's character or conduct, but those on which I can offer an honest, however humble, tribute of respect to his memory. His genius, his eloquence, all the best and noblest endowments of his highly-gifted mind, devoted by him to the service of his country, during the long period of her greatest danger;—he himself ever foremost, in office and out of office, in vindicating the righteousness of her cause, in cheering and sustaining the spirit of her gallant people, and elevating them to the level of the mighty exigence, on which their own freedom and the liberties of the world depended;—protecting, meanwhile, our Constitution at home from the wild projects of reckless innovation,—shaming and silencing, by his unequalled wit, those who were inaccessible to the rea-

soning of his lofty philosophy:—These great deservings, be the judgment of posterity on other matters what it may, will ensure to him a high and enduring place in the proudest record of England's glory.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani Munere."

Now go—thou preacher on Christian Charity—go to your pet idol the Edinburgh Review, which is manifestly the sole political oracle you have ever consulted,—and which, without acknowledgment, you servilely crawl after on your hands and knees—and there study the character of George Canning. There you will see "the ablest statesman of any age or country" depicted as the basest, meanest, most profligate of public men. What "recollections," think ye, has "the death of that distinguished individual" awakened in the minds of the libellers, who honoured him with their sincerest abuse when living, and dishonoured him with their falsest praise when dead? Are they such as to avenge the wrong? Then must they be bitter indeed! But as for you, who preach about Christian Charity, forsooth, and dare thus to misrepresent the bearing, bold and bright and open as the day, of one of Mr Canning's most illustrious opponents on one subject alone,—a great question, affecting the well-being of that Church of which he is himself a shining light and a strong pillar, and which, as long as it continues to be so illumined and so elevated, will defy all assaults, from whatever quarter they come, secret and insidious, audacious and declared, —but phoo—phoo—phoo—it is a waste of our wrath to pour out its vials on such a head—for, as we said before—is it not—the head of a Croppy?

From such "frivolous" stuff, it is a relief to turn even to Dr Milner's "Case of Conscience," which Dr Phillpotts disposes of in a style that would have astonished the Jesuit. The larger portion of the "Case" is occupied with an attempt to shew that the Coronation Oath never prevented our princes from making such alterations in the laws affecting the Church (which has nothing to do with the present business) as on the whole they thought fit, and in particular, "that Charles I. gave his consent to the bill for excluding Bishops from sitting in Parliament, in order, as it appeared at the treaty of Uxbridge, *to prevent their entire degradation:* he afterwards, at a still more calamitous period, yielded to a greater curtailment of their power and dignity, for the purpose of preserving the Establishment from sinking into Presbyterianism."

"All this is perfectly true; and in the *necessity* for such concessions, sincerely and honestly believed by Charles to exist, and in that necessity *only*, do we find the justification of the actions which it caused. Whenever such a necessity shall again occur, it will be for the King of England first to satisfy himself of its existence, and, if he be convinced that it really exists, to follow the dictates of the highest species of prudence, that master-virtue which balances conflicting duties, and decides which, in the collision, is to be preferred—decides, however, not according to the shifting appearance of temporal expediency, but according to the eternal rules of truth and justice. Meanwhile, he will not be very ready to give ear to those, who either affirm or insinuate, that the necessity is come, or likely to come. Come when it may, it will, we may be sure, make its presence to be seen and felt; and even in its approach, it will 'cast its shadow' long 'before.' The instance of Charles, however, is happily chosen. It will serve either as an example or as a warning:—As an example, should the Sovereign wish to fall with dignity, and, in his fall, to avoid making 'shipwreck of a good conscience;'—as a warning, if he choose rather to preserve himself, and all the high and sacred interests committed to his charge, from falling at all."

Dr Milner has, of course, attempted a little casuistry about oaths,—very much, indeed, in the style of the Surgeon. "In the first place," says he, "it is evident that a promissory oath which, at a certain period, was good and valid, may cease to be obligatory by some *material change of circumstances*, either with respect to the object itself, or to any of the parties concerned in it; so that, for example, a measure which was originally wise, and beneficial, and desirable, becomes the reverse of all this."

Dr Phillpotts rightly observes, that a *material* change in circumstances is here equivalent to an important change in circumstances; but the "*material* change" which the Jesuits intend, as a ground for evacuating the obligation of a lawful oath, is a change in the *matter*, not in the circumstances.

Milner's argument, therefore, commences either sillily or insidiously. But hear the two Doctors.

"Was the French Revolution," says Dr Milner, "expected in those days? In one word, is it from the side of Popery, or from the opposite quarter of Jacobinism, that the Established Church is most in danger at the present day? If this question be answered in the manner in which it must be answered, then I apprehend *the very obligation of maintaining this Church to the utmost of the Sovereign's power* requires a different line of conduct and politics from that which was pursued at his Majesty's accession to the Crown."

"It is possible," says Dr Phillpotts, "that this may be so; and we only ask that Dr Milner and others will allow his Majesty to decide for himself, and according to his own conscience, what is the line of conduct, which the obligation of his oath, being equally valid as at the first, does now require.—But Dr Milner undertook, and his argument required him, to shew, *when an oath, originally valid, becomes invalid*;—and he ends with admitting of the oath in question, that it is as valid as ever!"

But Dr Milner goes farther, and gives an illustration—"a fearful, though, I am very ready to admit," says Dr Phillpotts, "a most apposite illustration."

"Suppose you had thought proper to exact an oath from your head steward, the purport of which was, that he would watch over and preserve every part of your property to the utmost of his power; and that some time afterwards, in your absence, a lawless mob, or a crew of pirates, had made a certain requisition of corn or cattle at his hands, to be complied with, under the threat of burning down your house, and despoiling your whole property, would you hold him bound by the letter of his oath, in such new and unforeseen circumstances? Would you not expect from his sense and integrity, that he should rather attend to, and be guided by, the spirit of it?

"Most reasonable men," says Dr Phillpotts, "would expect a person to be bound by the spirit of his oath, rather than by the letter, under all circumstances. In the supposed case, the steward must certainly comply with the requisition. But in the case which is really in question, matters, happily, have not yet gone so far. True, there is 'a lawless mob,' a 'crew of pirates,' who tell us very plainly what they wish, and hope to do. But they have not yet got the means of doing it; and our steward has sense enough to see, and honesty enough to feel, that he is bound by his oath, not only not to supply the pirates with ships, and the mob with arms, but to take care to barricade our storehouse, and require all that are under him to stand to its defence. If these should be either such fools, or rogues, or cowards, as to neglect their duty, and counsel him to yield to the requisition, while he has the means to resist it; he will not hesitate to send them about their business, and take some honest sound-hearted fellows in their places."

But Dr Milner goes on to shew, as he thinks, that the King's Coronation Oath need give very little trouble to anybody—for that a valid promissory oath may be evacuated by the abrogation of it by those who have proper authority, for this purpose, over the parties, or over the subject matter of the Oath. He is pleased to consider the Parliament, as having competent authority both over the Oath itself, and over the subject matter of it, the Church of England, to enable it to abrogate the Oath. That such an authority exists in Parliament, quoth he, in both those particulars, it would be treason to deny. "Then I am guilty of this treason," says Dr Phillpotts, "for I scruple not to deny both."

"By *Parliament*, I suppose, Dr Milner means *the King in Parliament*; for without the King, the Parliament has no authority,—rather it has no existence whatever. But taking it as the King in Parliament, I venture to affirm, that his Majesty has no more right (his Majesty himself has nobly proclaimed the same truth) to abrogate the obligation of the Oath he has taken, than the meanest of his subjects has to absolve himself from the Oath of Allegiance.

"The reason, which Dr Milner gives for his position, is the following:—'The present Coronation Oath owes its authority and *its very existence* to Parliament.' '*The same*,' he adds, '*must be said of the Church itself*, in whose favour this Oath was devised;'—A sneer too contemptible to merit refutation, or any further notice."

We wish that we could follow our author in his exposure of the weakness of Mr Charles Butler's "Letter on the Coronation;" but our limits—already transgressed—forbid—and we must bring our article to a close with weightier matter.

The meaning of the Coronation Oath was brought into discussion in Burke's celebrated letter to Sir Hercules Langrishe in 1792. He entered into an argument to prove that there was nothing in the Oath which forbade his Majesty to assent to any bill conferring on the Roman Catholics of Ireland the particular indulgences they then

sought. He said rightly, that if such means can with any probability be shewn, from circumstances, to *add strength* to our mixed ecclesiastical and secular constitution, rather than to weaken it, surely they are means infinitely to be preferred to penalties, incapacities, and proscriptions, continued from generation to generation. In *consenting to such a statute,* the Crown, he thinks, would act agreeably to the Oath. But, at the same time, his whole argument, to which we have now only alluded, takes for granted that the King is bound to withhold his assent from bills which would really endanger the safety of the Church—and he says,

"There is no man on earth, I believe, more willing than I am to lay it down as *a fundamental law of the Constitution, that the Church of England should be united and even identified with it:* but allowing this, I cannot allow that all *laws of regulation,* made from time to time, in support of that fundamental law, are, of course, equally fundamental and equally unchangeable:—none of this species of *secondary and subsidiary* laws have been held fundamental."

It is apparent, therefore, that the authority of Burke must be added to those of all public men, whose sentiments on the subject are on record, up to the end of the last century; they all recognised the Coronation Oath as binding the conscience of the Sovereign in all the acts of the kingly office; and, above all, in the most important of all his acts as Legislator. Dr Phillpotts, who is at all times above dissembling, declares that Mr Burke did indeed argue the point in a manner highly favourable to the views of the Roman Catholics; but he also declares his belief—and gives his reasons for it—that were Burke alive now, he would, of *necessity,* be adverse to their *present* claims. Burke argued in favour of the concessions *then* sought; and this one expression, "then sought," is the answer to all, or almost all, the arguments founded on Burke's authority on the question. All that was *then* sought, and in one most important particular, more than all, has, long ago, been granted.

"The Irish Act, of 1793, gave to the Roman Catholics all that Mr Burke laboured, by that letter, to obtain for them; and it moreover threw into the chalice one fatal ingredient, which has corrupted and poisoned all the rest—has perverted what was meant for a cup of blessing,—a well-spring of mutual love and lasting tranquillity,—into a source of bitterest and deadliest hatred,—a stimulant to the most insatiable and turbulent ambition; I mean the unrestricted grant of the elective franchise."

Attend to Burke's language in his letter to Sir H. Langrishe. He sets out with stating, that he knows not with certainty what the Roman Catholics intended to ask, but that he "conjectures something is in agitation towards admitting them, under *certain qualifications,* to have *some share* in the election of members of Parliament;" and afterwards, he asks "why it is inconsistent with the Coronation Oath of the King, to restore to his Roman Catholic people, in *such manner and with such modification* as the public wisdom shall think proper to add, *some part* in those franchises which they formerly had held without any limitation at all?" And at the conclusion of the whole, he says expressly, "the object pursued by the Roman Catholics, is, I understand, *and have all along reasoned as if it were so, in some degree, or measure,* to be again admitted to the franchises of the Constitution;" and this being so, with what fairness, asks Dr Phillpotts, can it be pretended that the authority of Mr Burke, as given in this very argument, is in favour of the unqualified concession of every franchise?

But Burke wrote another letter to Sir H. Langrishe on the same matter—in which he says, with reference to the former one, "In the Catholic question I only considered one point: was it, *at the time,* and *in the circumstances,* a measure which tended to promote the concord of the citizens? I have no difficulty in saying that it was; and as little in saying that the *present concord of the citizens* (he wrote before the Rebellion, and before any indication of increased expectations on the part of the Roman Catholics) was worth buying, at a critical season, *by granting a few capacities, which probably no man now living is likely to be served or hurt by.*" Is that language particularly acceptable to Mr O'Connell and Mr Shiel, and our friend the Surgeon?

Then attend to his Letter to Baron Smith, in which he states, in more full and express terms, the principle which

guided and directed all his views. *My whole politics at present centre on one point;* and to this the merit or demerit of every measure with me is referable, that is, what will most promote, or depress, the cause of Jacobinism;" and again, "I am the more serious on the positive encouragement to be given to this religion, (the Roman Catholic,) because the serious and earnest belief and practice of its professors, form, *as things stand,* (January 1795,) *the most effectual barrier, if not the sole barrier, against Jacobinism.*" Burke has, indeed, often been laughed at—yes, Edmund Burke laughed at—for "his insane horror of Jacobinism." But he, and such as he, stayed the plague. Here Dr Phillpotts clenches the matter with a nail driven in forcibly and at the right point, nor is there a hand of Jacobin alive able to wrench it out.

"Would that be his opinion now? Could it be so? Where is the spirit of Jacobinism now most active? Where are all its energies most strongly, most unceasingly exerted? —Where, but in the Association, the Mock-Parliament at Dublin?—Whither are now the wishes, the hopes, the sanguine and ardent longings, of every Jacobin in the King's dominions directed, but to the same stirring scene? And would Mr Burke have leagued himself with such a band? Would he have become, in his old age, the 'champion of Jacobinism,' the zealot of that unholy cause, abhorrence of which mastered every other passion and feeling of his heart,—could suspend the anguish of his almost frenzied grief,—could make him for a while forget the bereavement of the one sole object of his earthly hopes,—and rouse him to exertion even from the listlessness of despondency? The supposition is absurd."

In the posthumous works of Burke we find "a Political Test," drawn up with much deliberation, and intended to have been proposed to Parliament in 1790, which shews his intense anxiety for the preservation of the Protestant religion, and for the protection of the Established Church. We cannot now quote it, but it contains this clause,—"That I never will employ any power or influence which I may derive from any power or influence, &c. to come, to be elected into any corporation, *or into Parliament, give any vote in the election* of any member or members of Parliament, &c. or *with any hope that they may promote the same* to the prejudice of the established Church, &c." On this valuable document Dr Phillpotts remarks:

"It is valuable on many accounts, but most especially, as affording the plainest evidence of what Mr Burke considered to be the necessary and indispensable duty of Parliament in every case, in which it is proposed to remove any of the existing securities of the Established Church. It is an obvious consequence, that, whenever Mr Burke was found among the advocates for any change of the law on this fundamental point, he must be always understood as meaning either to provide some stronger bulwark for the Church by the proposed change, or, at least, not to diminish its existing security. Carrying this principle with us, and adding to it the evidence derived from other parts of his writings, we shall find it easy to shew that Mr Burke, like Mr Pitt, if he were now alive, would, of necessity, be adverse to the *present* claims of the Roman Catholics."

Farther, whatever his opinion might be of the fitness of Burke's concession, it was professedly influenced by a view of what were then the existing facts of the case, which facts have since been changed in a degree scarcely to be estimated. "On a fair canvass," says he, "of the several prevalent parliamentary interests in Ireland, I cannot, out of the three hundred members, of whom the Irish parliament is composed, discover that above *three, or—at the utmost four,* Catholics, would be returned to the House of Commons." How stands the case now—and what would Burke have thought now?

"Is this the case now? Is it not, on the contrary, found, by experience, that neither the influence of property, nor hereditary attachment to ancient and honourable names, nor the ties of gratitude, nor the hope of future favour, nor any earthly motive, can avail against the mandates of spiritual authority? Is it not certain that a very large portion, and only uncertain how large, of the representation of Ireland, is in the hands of the Priests? Mr O'Connell has scrupled not to say, that the whole, or almost the whole, will soon be in the same hands; and, in proof of his own reliance on the accuracy of this assertion, he has scrupled not to proclaim his readiness to offer himself as candidate to represent a county (the county of Cavan) in which he has not (as I am informed) a single acre of ground, on the mere strength of his merit as an agitator.

"This is the answer to every argument drawn from the authority of Mr Burke, re-

specting the concession of seats in parliament to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. His general principles are opposed to it; and the exception, which he admitted in their favour, was founded on a state of things, which not only is gone by, but has been succeeded by one utterly and essentially at variance with it."

At a subsequent period, he said, "*if amongst our Clergy,* (the Roman Catholic,) *one seditious sermon can be shewn to have been preached,* we will readily admit there is good reason for continuing the present laws in all their force!!"

"Could the man who wrote this sentence,—and that man, Mr Burke,—had he lived to witness the smallest part of that system of deliberate outrage and intimidation, which has been adopted by the whole mass of Roman Catholics in Ireland, and, above all, by their Hierarchy and their Priesthood,—could he, I ask, be the advocate and patron of such a cause? Could he give the sanction of his honoured name to the demands of those, who avowedly and exultingly proclaim their deadliest hate, their most active unmitigable hostility, to the Church of Ireland, the Protestant Episcopal Church there established by law?"

So much for the opinions of Edmund Burke. Now, let us attend to those of William Pitt. Dr Phillpotts has been marked by the enemy for his publication of Mr Pitt's Letter. He has been thanked for it by Mr Butler, by the Irish orators, by the Edinburgh Review, and by that high-minded gentleman, plain-spoken politician, consistent political economist, and stanch Tory, Mr Huskisson. The letter consists of two parts. First, an able, brief, and comprehensive statement of all the reasons which are adduced for granting the claims of the Roman Catholics. "And I know not," says Dr Phillpotts, "that any considerable arguments in favour of that measure are there omitted, except those which both the king and the minister would have equally disdained, *the arguments addressed to the fears of Englishmen.*" Secondly, of a clearer and fuller statement of the conditions which he proposed to annex to the concession than has before been given to the public. These conditions are, first, a continuance of the oaths already required to be taken by Roman Catholics in Ireland. Secondly, a provision for the Roman Catholic Clergy, with a view of gradually attaching them to the government. Under "*proper regulations,*" he wisely considered that the measure would tend to attach its objects to government. *Without* proper regulations, he was well aware that it would tend only to excite their ambition, and encourage hopes of farther advantages. If given to them to be enjoyed as a right, and not to be forfeited, otherwise than by such misconduct as the law of the land would punish, it would have amounted to nothing less than an Establishment.

"Yet such was the measure, which, in the session of 1825, was actually received with favour in the English House of Commons; the bill conferring it had an ascertained passage through that House, and the Roman Catholics of Ireland were brought to regard it, not as a boon for which it became them to be grateful, but as a mere act of scanty justice which the Legislature besought them to take in good part. They had, it is true, shown, from the first, no disposition to be satisfied with any pecuniary provisions of a less independent nature. Dr Doyle had plainly told the Committees, that he and his brethren would rather receive nothing from the State, and that certainly, if they received at all, it should be on such terms only as should give them a vested life-interest in the grant. The obsequious House of Commons framed their measure accordingly; and Mr O'Connell, when reproached by his less judicious associates for having acceded to an expedient which bore the name, if not the semblance, of a security to this Protestant 'Establishment,' justified himself by characterizing very truly the prospect of carrying this measure as '*the likelihood of establishing, like the Scotch, an Established Church.*'"

Mr Pitt had, it is plain from his language, a very different plan in view—such a plan, most probably, says our author, as is pursued towards the Presbyterian Ministers in Ireland—a *regium donum* which might be withdrawn at any time, but would certainly never be withdrawn so long as its objects proved themselves worthy of the bounty of the State. Thirdly, Mr Pitt thought it indispensably necessary to any tolerable plan for removing the political disabilities of the Roman Catholics, that the Popish clergy should be subjected to superintendence and control—the plan which of all would have been the most difficult to effect, though, on every account, the most important. With such views, would he, to use the strong language of Dr Phillpotts,—but not a whit too strong,—"have been either

a dupe or an accomplice in the contemptible fraud practised successfully on the House of Commons, by the bill of 1825?" We conclude our review of this most admirable pamphlet, with a most admirable quotation.

"Whether the practical difficulties attending the settlement of such a point would have been found too great even for Mr Pitt to overcome, is a question into which it is not necessary now to enter. That these difficulties, great in themselves, have, since his time, become incalculably greater, is unhappily too manifest; nor does there appear the smallest reason to believe, had he been spared to his country to the present day, that, according to the principles uniformly proclaimed by him, he could now be found among the advocates for concession. It is true, that he never would have endured that the mischief should have reached its present hideous magnitude, without any attempt to keep it down; he never would have endured that the known laws of the land should be outraged with impunity,—that they, whose duty it was to execute and enforce those laws, should not only witness their violation with calm complacency, but should, even in their place in Parliament, themselves pronounce the most plausible excuse for past delinquency, and administer the strongest provocative to future excesses:—above all, he never would have endured, that the Majesty of British Legislation should be made the scorn and laughing-stock of Irish demagogues—that an illegal association, put down by an express statute in one month, should, in the next, rear its brazen front, without even the decent hypocrisy of a change of name,—should beard Parliament with its insolent defiance,—should raise a revenue for the purposes of disaffection—should even make the shameless but not the imprudent avowal, (for confidence, in such a case, is strength,) that the collection of this revenue is not merely a contribution for past or present charges, but a bond of union and a pledge of future co-operation, —in the revolutionary jargon of the day, it is '*a means of organizing and affiliating the people*.'*—All this, I repeat, would not have been endured, had Mr Pitt still guided the helm of government,—ay, or had any one truly British statesman felt himself responsible, in his own individual fame, for the results of the policy which has been pursued. It was only when we were given over to divided councils and conflicting principles,—worst of all, when the wretched system was adopted, of compromising all difference of opinions, by acting upon none,—of banishing even the name of Ireland from the deliberations of our rulers,—of putting off to 'a convenient season' the most perilous and urgent concerns of that distracted country,—'stultâ dissimulatione, remedia potiùs malorum, quàm mala, differentes,'—it was only then, that we reached the full maturity of our present evils,—evils so great, that we can neither bear their pressure, nor endure their cure; but we go on, from day to day, from year to year, seeking, by any wretched nostrum the quackery of the age can furnish, to palliate a corroding plague, which is fast eating to our very vitals."

We cannot better conclude our review of Dr Phillpotts' admirable work, than by the final sentence of the Archbishop of Tuam's speech in the House of Lords. Where, pray, on that occasion, was the Bishop of Chester?

"Though opposed to the motion of the noble lord, and though strenuously opposed to those who called themselves the advocates of emancipation, yet he was a sincere friend to emancipation in its true sense. He would emancipate them from the bondage of ignorance—he would emancipate them from gross darkness—he would emancipate their minds by a liberal and scriptural education; not such an education as certain commissioners had recently recommended to the adoption of the legislature—not such an education as would adapt the Scriptures to the passions and prejudices of men—not such an educaas depended upon a corruption of the text, or upon subtractions from it; he was no advocate for such an education as that, but he was an advocate for an education founded upon God's holy word—he was for an education which took that word for its standard —an education which would tend to correct the superstitions of Ireland, and to improve her moral condition."†

* "So it has been lately called by Mr Shiel, who adds, 'Every man, who contributes the smallest fraction of money, becomes the member of *a vast corporation instituted for the liberty of Ireland*.'"

† Since this article was partly printed, a second edition (as it is called) of the pamphlet alluded to a few pages back, has appeared, with the name of the Reverend Richard Shannon on the title-page.

THE TOUR OF DULNESS.

1.

From her throne of clouds, as Dulness look'd
  On her foggy and favour'd nation,
She sleepily nodded her poppy-crown'd head,
And gently waved her sceptre of lead,
  In token of approbation.

2.

For the north-west wind brought clouds and gloom,
  Blue devils on earth, and mists in the air;
Of parliamentary prose some died,
Some perpetrated suicide,
  And her empire flourish'd there.

3.

The Goddess look'd with a gracious eye
  On her ministers great and small;
But most she regarded with tenderness
Her darling shrine, the Minerva Press,
  In the street of Leadenhall.

4.

This was her sacred haunt, and here
  Her name was most adored,
Her chosen here officiated,
And hence her oracles emanated,
  And breathed the Goddess in every word.

5.

She pass'd from the east to the west, and paused
  In New Burlington street a while,
To inspire a few puffs for Colburn and Co.
And indite some dozen novels or so
  In the fashionable style.

6.

The Hall, where sits in sage debate
  The council of the nation,
She visited next with much delight;
It happen'd by chance 'twas on the night
  Of Huskisson's explanation.

7.

There above all her darling Hume
  As her Apostle shone;
The universal legislator,
Financier, and emancipator,
  And still in all her own.

8.

She enter'd not the Chancery Court,
  Because she was going a journey,
And when in, how to get out no one can tell;
" But Sugden," quoth she, " will do as well,"
  And she left him as her Attorney.

9.

Then turning her own Magazine to inspect,
She was rather at fault, as of late
The colour and series both were new ;
But the Goddess, with discernment true,
Detected it by the weight.

10.

She cross'd the Channel next, and peep'd
At Dublin ; but the zeal
Of the liberty boys soon put her to flight,
And she dropp'd her mantle in her fright,
Which fell on Orator Shiel.

11.

Thence sped she to the Land of Cakes,
The land she loves and its possessors ;
She loves its Craniologists,
Political Economists,
And all Scotch *mists* and Scotch Professors.

12.

And chiefly she on M'Culloch smiled,
As a mother smiles on her darling child,
Or a lady on her lover ;
Then, bethinking her of Parliament,
She hasten'd South, but ere she went,
She promised, if nothing occurr'd to prevent,
To return when the Session was over.

Κυων.

TO "BEAUTY."

1.

The morn is up ! wake, Beauty, wake !
The flower is on the lea,
The blackbird sings within the brake,
The thrush is on the tree ;
Forth to the balmy fields repair,
And let the breezes mild
Lift from thy brow the falling hair,
And fan my little child—
Yet if thy step be 'mid the dews,
Beauty ! be sure to change your shoes !

2.

'Tis noon ! the butterfly springs up,
High from her couch of rest,
And scorns the little blue-bell cup
Which all night long she press'd.
Away ! we'll seek the walnut's shade,
And pass the sunny hour,
The bee within the rose is laid,
And veils him in the flower ;
Mark not the lustre of his wing,
Beauty ! be careful of his sting !

3.

'Tis eve! but the retiring ray
A halo deigns to cast
Round scenes on which it shone all day,
And gilds them to the last;
Thus, ere thine eyelids close in sleep,
Let Memory deign to flee
Far o'er the mountain and the deep,
To cast one beam on me!
Yes, Beauty! 'tis mine inmost prayer—
But don't forget to curl your hair!

R. H.

THE MISSIONS OF CHRISTIANITY.

THE extent to which the efforts of the great societies now established in every Protestant kingdom, have urged their missions for the conversion of the heathen, and for the instruction of the careless, the ignorant, and the infidel, among themselves, raises them into one of the grand features of our time, or perhaps even into that characteristic by which all others are to be thrown into the shade. If the fifteenth century was the age of natural and scientific discovery, the eighteenth the age of infidelity and revolution, the nineteenth may yet bear the illustrious name of the age of Christian labours for the enlightening and happiness of mankind.

To bring all these labours into one point of light, with the double purpose of shewing us what we have done, and what we have still to do, would be to render a public service to the Christian community. But it requires time and details which are at present beyond our power, and we must reluctantly content ourselves with a rapid view.

The general population of Europe is estimated by Humboldt at 198 millions, of whom 103 millions are Roman Catholics, 52 Protestants, 38 followers of the Greek ritual, and 5 Mahometans.

To begin at the northern extremity of Europe,—Lapland, a space of 150,000 miles, or about the extent of France or Germany: In a population perhaps the thinnest in the world—one to every four square miles—Lapland has at present thirteen principal and ten filial churches. Three translations of the bible have been printed. The Swedish bible society of Stockholm has directed its attention to this desolate kingdom, and twelve young men are constantly educated at the king's expense, for preachers among the Laplanders. The Russian bible societies are also exerting themselves in this direction; and, so early as 1815, had distributed 7000 bibles.

Passing on to the north-east—Russian Asia, a space of four millions of square miles, with a population of about nine millions, is still almost totally heathen. The Edinburgh missionary society so far back as 1803 sent two ministers to preach in Tartary. In 1815, they renewed their attempt at Astracan. Three missionaries of the London missionary society, have been for some years stationed at Selinginsk, about 160 miles from Irkutz, where the Emperor Alexander gave them an estate and money for building. A printing press of the Mongolian has been erected there. They have made extensive journeys towards the south and the Chinese frontier; but the poverty of the soil, the inclemency of the climate, and the roving nature of the tribes, offer the most formidable obstacles to the diffusion of religious knowledge.

To the south lies one of the most remarkable regions of the world,—Tibet, the Switzerland of Asia, an immense succession of hill, valley, dells of exhaustless fertility, and mountains towering almost twice the height of Mont Blanc. The top of the Dwawalaghiri rises 26,000 feet above the level of the ocean. But the civil constitution is still more extraordinary. The nation is one great convent, with a multitude

of lay brethren to labour for the monks. It is the centre of Lamaism, a religion spreading from the Volga to Japan. Its tenets are a compound of Christianity—probably learned from the Nestorian missionaries of the early ages—and of the original superstitions of Asia. The Tibetians hold the unity and trinity of a Supreme Being; the existence and perpetual opposition of an evil principle; and an incarnation which they aver to be a thousand years before that of the founder of our faith; but later corruptions, probably introduced by the Jesuits in 1624, diversify this mixture of creeds. They believe in purgatory, in the efficacy of prayer for the dead; they have holy water, a rosary, and extreme unction. They have priestly robes, a dress for the nuns, three orders of initiation into the priesthood, superior priests, equivalent to cardinals, six grand lamas or patriarchs, presiding over the three divisions of Tibet Proper, and the three of the southern provinces, or Bootan, and at the head of all a great Supreme, the declared "vicegerent of omnipotence," the Teshoo Lama, who "never dies;" an infant born on the day of his apparent decease being appointed to his throne, and receiving his spirit thus transmitted into a new form. Hence this Pope of the Himmalaya is named "Lama Kaku," the eternal father. The convents are as numerous and as fully peopled as might be presumed, under this holy oligarchy. The high convent of Teshoo Lumba contains 3700 priests.

The Capucins in 1707 sent out missions, which, like those of their more vigorous predecessors, the sons of Loyola, failed of making converts. Yet they were enabled to found two houses of their order, which lasted during a century. A Protestant missionary, Schroter, unfortunately died when, in 1820, he was preparing himself, at Calcutta, for translating and propagating the scriptures among this extraordinary people.

At the extremity of the east, Japan exhibits the most determined resistance to every attempt at conversion. The country has reached that precise rank of civilization which makes a nation jealous of foreign knowledge, without the power of adding to its own. The spiritual and temporal authorities are distinct and defined, and both repulsive of European intercourse in the strongest degree. The lower orders are idolators, but some of the leading sects reject every species of image worship, and probably many among the higher orders, and philosophers,—for they have an affectation of metaphysics,—are scoffers at every idea of the acknowledgement of a divine being. But the superstitious are deeply superstitious; they make pilgrimages, they have convents, and their rules would do honour to a Trappist or a Carthusian.

In the early part of the 17th century, Rome established some missions in Japan. But the popular indignation was armed against them, and the missionaries were expelled, after a residence of almost a century, during which they perpetually sent pompous accounts of conversions to Europe, but seem to have done little more than trade, offend the national prejudices by their ill-directed efforts, and degrade Christianity by the example of their lives and doctrines. In 1715, the Abbe Juidott attempted to renew the Roman mission. His fate is not known. Jesuits and monks of other orders followed and failed, and since 1748 Japan has been rendered nearly inaccessible, by a severe strictness that has had no parallel in the world.

China, with its two hundred millions of people, and variety of tribes, is at present, perhaps, in the state which must precede the reception of Christianity in an Asiatic empire. Its religion is broken up by furious sects, which alternately assume the character of spiritual disputants and rebels in arms. The "Pelinkin," or "enemies of foreign religions," agitate the north. The "Kedufis," or "Heaven and earth one," a race of levellers, proclaim equality of men and community of property in the west and south; and the "society of the three powers, heaven, earth, and man," makes war against all authority whatever. The Jesuits planted their missions in China in the middle of the sixteenth century. Multitudes of nominal Christians were made; but the suspicious spirit of the government appears to have nearly extinguished their advance. So late as 1815, an imperial ordinance commanded that the introducers of Christianity should be put to death. The Protestant missionaries are prohibited from going beyond Canton.

But this prohibition may have been fortunate, in its compelling the missionaries to attend to perhaps the only way of impressing the mind of China. It has led them to prepare tracts and versions of the Scriptures in the language of the country. Doctors Morrison and Milne made a translation of the Old and New Testaments; and Morrison's great Chinese Dictionary and Grammar have laid open the language to the European student for all time to come. An Anglo-Chinese college has been established at Malacca, with some Chinese schools. But the circulation of the Scriptures in China is at present rendered extremely difficult by the Government, which, disturbed by fear of insurrection, and unable to distinguish between political and religious change, has prohibited at once all religious meetings, and all books of Christianity.

Hindostan, the finest portion of Asia, called by its people, "The Garden of God," a territory of a million of square miles, and with a population of a hundred and twenty millions, is kept in awe by twenty thousand British troops, and governed by three thousand British functionaries, at a distance of eight thousand miles from home,—the most singular instance of possession in the history of empire.

The renewal of the Company's charter, in 1813, gave some hope of making a solid religious impression on India. An English bishop was sent to Calcutta, where a college was erected in 1821. Schools are supported through the provinces; many English, Protestant, and Lutheran Missions are located, and a striking spirit of improvement is displaying itself, in the efforts of some of the Rajahs and men of high caste, to acquire European literature; in the gradual inclination for European intercourse, and the extinction of some cruelties and many prejudices. But actual Christianity has hitherto made but a slight impression. The habits of the people, their natural reluctance to the religion of strangers, their ignorance of our language, and the fatal distinction of *castes*, raise formidable obstacles against the effective progress of religion.

In Persia, the Jesuits had attempted but little, which forms a ground for the Protestant missionaries to hope for much. The popular belief of the people, one of the most tasteful and ingenious of the East, is a loose Islamism. But among the higher ranks are thousands who disdain the religion of the vulgar, or all religion, and are called Suffees, or Freethinkers.

The Russian invasion has laid open the northern frontier, and from the facility with which the people of the conquered districts have adopted the tenets of the Greek Church, it may be augured that Islamism would still more readily give way to the intelligent zeal, and pure doctrines, of the missionaries of England, an ally bearing the Scripture.

The immense Archipelago of the Indian isles is almost wholly untouched by missionary labours. The final conquest of Ceylon, in 1815, put into our hands the "Sacred Island" of India, the original seat of Buddhism, with a population of 300,000. Schools have been established, and the forms of British government and laws introduced. In this spot the conversion of the Archipelago may be prepared.

Africa is still a blot upon civilization and religion. The characteristics of its nations are deep ignorance, savage superstition, furious passions of every kind, and a reckless love of blood. Everything is done for plunder, and done in slaughter. From Abyssinia, down the immense eastern coast, almost the whole territory is Pagan, brutish, and hostile alike to European life and knowledge.

The conquest of the Cape by the British, in 1805, opened a field for the missions. The subsequent emigrations from England have afforded a still higher opportunity, by acquainting the natives with the peaceable and intelligent character of the English people. They are no longer insulted, robbed, and shot, as in the time of the Dutch; a fair trade is carried on with them; their children are frequently educated in the Cape schools, and a series of humane and equitable regulations are adopted for the commerce of the colony with the Hottentots and Caffres. On the faith of this mutual good understanding, the missionaries are penetrating the country, and some of them have advanced even seven hundred miles among tribes, who, a few years ago, could not have been approached but with the certainty of death.

From the boundary of the Cape northwards, the west coast, a space of 1500 miles, is barren, or inhabited by utter savages.

On the coast of Upper Guinea, the colony of Sierra Leone was established in 1787, as a place of refuge for the negroes taken on board the slave-ships, and as a means of introducing civilization into Africa. But with some advantages, this settlement wanted some important features of success. It had no large river, without which the interior must be inaccessible; it had but little means of supporting itself, from its position in a corner of the coast; and last, and most obnoxious of all, the climate, always hazardous, has seemed to grow constantly more fatal to Europeans. Under these circumstances, another experiment is about to be tried at Fernando Po, a large island in the Bight of Benin, and commanding the mouths of the great rivers of West Africa. Commerce in the hands of England is among the most vigorous instruments of civilization; and if commerce can make its way up the central rivers, religion will follow.

America presents an almost unlimited region for the efforts of the missionary. The space lying between the north of Canada, the Asiatic ocean, and the United States and Mexico, a region of more than two millions and a half of square miles, had long been either altogether abandoned to the savage superstitions of the Indians, or to the blind perversions of the Gospel brought by the Romish priesthood. Within these few years, some attempts have been made by the Protestant missions from Upper Canada, but with only partial effect.

The United States have made considerable efforts to reclaim their bordering savages. The Society, established in 1787, for the "Propagation of the Gospel among the Heathen," has laboured diligently. The circulation of the Scriptures is vigorously pursued. In 1827 there were in the States no less than 578 Bible Societies. The Aborigines have been reduced to about 470,000 souls, of which a portion are quietly adopting civilization, and settling in villages. There are forty-one missionary establishments for Indian education.

The West Indies have been, since the commencement of the 18th century, the seat of missions. The Jesuits founded a mission in St Domingo in 1704, and the island, now containing a million of souls, is divided into four bishopricks, with an archbishop residing at Port-au-Prince. In Jamaica, the chief British settlement, the Moravians appeared in 1754. These were followed by the Wesleyans in 1781, and the Baptists, who founded numerous congregations, consisting of about a sixth part of the negro population, or 50,000. In all the Protestant islands, the Gospel has been spread with great diligence. But the original crime and calamity of the West Indies, slavery, still acts powerfully against Christianity. To abolish slavery at once, or even to abolish it at all, until the negroes are fit for freedom, would be to expose the whole white population to massacre, and throw the negroes themselves into a state of wretchedness, bloodshed, and incurable ignorance, that no rational man, let his homage for liberty and religion be what it may, can contemplate without abhorrence. But the new expedient of establishing English bishops in Barbadoes and Jamaica, may lead to some advantageous change. The planters may look with less suspicion upon the labours of an authentic and responsible clergy, than upon the notorious giddiness, and comparative ignorance, of the sectaries. The doctrines of the English Church, proverbial for gentleness and good sense, may lead the negroes more securely into Scriptural knowledge; and if the distributors of office at home shall conscientiously send out no prelates inferior to their duties, men not merely of intelligence and scholarship, but of holy zeal, and filled with the consciousness of the good that may be done by Christian activity, and the evil that must follow indolence, we may before long see a great and salutary reform in the West Indian habits, the character of the planters purified, and the negroes made fit for a safe and productive freedom.

The new states of South America are still in the embarrassments of insurrection, revolution, and mutual war. But to augur from what they have done under those formidable pressures, they have a noble future before their industry. They have prohibited the slave trade, and decreed that every human being born in their

territories shall be born free. Buenos Ayres has established a university, which has 400 students. Thirty free schools are supported by the government on the British system.

In Columbia, Bolivar has established the same system, with a public stipend, and sends annually several young men to England to acquire its details. In Mexico, a convent has been turned into an Academy for 1360 pupils, with a model department for training masters for provincial schools. In Peru, a central school has been established in Lima. The British Bible Society, and the American, have many agents in those new republics, and the Bible is received willingly. The Roman Catholic faith is still paramount, and must for a while form a powerful antagonist; but prudence, perseverance, and the great and glorious cause which stimulates the Protestant missionary, will finally overcome.

New Holland, the fifth continent, with its islands covering an immense space of the great Southern Ocean, and growing up before the eye in islands innumerable, had been, since the first English settlement in 1788, the object of religious labour. But, in 1825, an "Auxiliary Church Missionary Society" was formed in New South Wales, with a grant of 10,000 acres. A grant to the same extent was made to the "London Missionary Society," and of twice the quantity to the "Wesleyan Mission," in consequence of its wider establishment in the colony. But the natives, perhaps among the most brutish of mankind, have been hitherto but little influenced. Nothing can be more contrary to the received ideas, that human nature derives its evil habits from natural privations, inclemency of climate, or long oppression, than the temperament of the dwellers in the South Seas. The fine climate, abundant provisions, and lazy equality of condition, are all made for the overthrow of the theory. The people are almost universally ferocious, treacherous, licentious, and thieving. Cannibalism is not uncommon, and the massacre of prisoners is customary. In New Holland, man is a beast; in the two New Zealand islands, he is a savage; and, in the generality of the others, he is a monster of perfidy and blood. Yet it is in this Archipelago that the most striking evidence of the civilizing power of Christianity is to be found. The Sandwich islands, once proverbial for crime, are rapidly receiving the habits of religion. Occasional excesses still disfigure the picture, and the present generation must be worn out before the recollections of its old license can be without partizans. But the change is proceeding, and must be finally productive of the highest advantages to the national character, the prosperity of the people, and to the general influence of the missionaries over the tribes of the South Sea.

In giving this sketch, we have to acknowledge ourselves much indebted to a work which has but just appeared, entitled, "The Present State of Christianity, and of the Missionary Establishments for its Propagation through all parts of the world,"—a single volume, very intelligently drawn up, and giving a number of details and opinions important to the subject, but on which we, of course, have no opportunity to enter. But the value of such publications must be not merely in the information which they give, though the present work seems to have been collected with great care by its original author, a German, and by its English reviser, and in part author, from the reports of our various societies—but in their impulse to similar publications, to the activity of missionary establishments, and the general desire of Christian men for the communication of Christian knowledge through the darkened regions of the globe—the noblest effort that can be achieved by the wisdom, the wealth, and the enterprize of man.

One immense region alone remains, the finest of the earth, and the most impervious to the step of Christianity—Turkey in Asia, an extent of more than 360,000 square miles, with a population of twelve millions. The few Christians scattered through this magnificent territory are scarcely more than nominal; and every attempt to restore them to the knowledge of their faith has been hitherto almost hopeless. To convert their masters is beyond even the highest daring of the missionary. The Turk answers all argument by the dagger. But the change which no reasoning of man can effect may be destined to severer means, and the sword may liberate the Christian slave from a hideous tyranny, which not even the light of the Gospel has

been suffered to enlighten. Whether the present Russian war be the commencement of that great revolution, by which the chains of Greece and Asia Minor are to be broken, must be beyond all but conjecture. Yet that those chains shall finally be dissolved, that Mahometanism shall be extinguished, that the chosen land of the early church, Ionia, shall be free, and that the original seat of religion, Palestine, shall be made the throne of a dominion supreme and holy, are truths written with a fulness and splendour which force conviction, and at once sustain us in the solemn labours of bringing our fellow-creatures to the knowledge of God; and cheer us with the certainty of a consummation illustrious beyond the thought of man.

MARTIN'S FALL OF NINEVEH.

THIS fine picture, which has occupied the artist at intervals for some years, has excited great and merited admiration. It is on a large scale, perhaps thrice the size of his Belshazzar, and exhibits an extraordinary union of diligent labour, with original and vivid fancy. Lord Byron's tragedy has brought Sardanapalus into favour, and the traditional voluptuary has been transformed into the hero.

Yet this denial of the verdict of history is too adventurous to be safe. We have no right, at our remote period, and in the absence of all proof, to doubt the universal opinion of antiquity, formed as it was upon a better basis—knowledge of the facts that have reached us, and upon a knowledge of facts which have either altogether passed away, or have left us but their shadows. Thus, attempts have been hazarded to shew that Nero was not a monster, or that Heliogabalus was not a miserable slave of appetite and vice. But in a year or two after the triumph of the sophist, his triumph is forgotten. Opinion rights itself, the subtlety of the argument is extinguished by truth, and we revert to the early character established by time; and Sardanapalus is a slave of intemperance, Nero a monster of cruelty, and Richard a hunchback, a usurper, and a murderer of children, notwithstanding all the Walpoles, past, present, and to come.

The painter has chosen his subject from the darkness of history. Of Nineveh, the great city of the first empire, we know little more than that it existed, was denounced by successive prophets for its blood-thirstiness, love of plunder, drunkenness, and oppression; and that it was destroyed by an insurrection of the subject kingdoms, after a duration of 1400 years, probably reckoning from the origin of the empire, or 520 from the perfect building of the city. The outline of its fall is this: The Assyrian monarchs had gradually degenerated from the rude virtues and barbarian valour of the founders of the dynasty. Sardanapalus exceeded them all in effeminate luxury; shut himself up from the people, and was known only by his excesses. An insult to Arbaces, the general of the Median auxiliaries, excited him to vengeance; he leagued with Belesis, a Babylonian priest, interpreter of the stars, and general, a combination of character formidable in any period of antiquity. The Medes and Persians, Babylonians and Arabs, rose in arms. Three desperate battles were fought, in which the conspirators were repulsed. But the arrival of the Bactrian army turned the scale; and Sardanapalus, after having fought with a spirit worthy of the last descendant of Semiramis, was driven within the walls of his colossal city. He sustained a two years' siege, which there was no Eastern Homer to make immortal. The oracle declared that the city would never be taken until the river became its enemy. In the third year, the Tigris suddenly swelled, and twenty furlongs of the great rampart were thrown down. The fate of the captives was proverbially terrible; and Sardanapalus resolved to perish in his own way. The incomplete narrative of his death has some features of the magnificence, eccentricity, and solemn sensualism, that mark the Oriental character to this day. "He built," says Ctesias, "a pyramid of all precious furniture; and within it a chamber a hundred feet long. He filled it with beds for himself and his multitude of wives; and, in the midst of feasting and in-

dulgence, in the sound of music, and in the sight of an immense treasure of gold and silver talents, of gems and kingly ornaments, he set the chamber in flames. His empire perished with him."

The moment of the picture is the march of Sardanapalus to the pile. The wrath of Heaven is combining with the fury of the inundation, and the assault of the enemy. Lightning is darting on the lofty towers, and places of idol worship in the extreme distance. In front of these, circling the wall, and forcing their way through the breaches, are the Median and Babylonish troops routing the Assyrians. Chariots and cavalry, elephants and myriads of spearmen, are rolled upon each other. In the centre of the scene rises the gigantic wall, a hundred feet high, and on which three chariots could run abreast. It is seen broken down by the river, which spreads through the picture, covered with war galleys. Beneath the eye, in the centre of the foreground, is the grand group, of Sardanapalus, with his women and slaves. They are standing on a terrace which overlooks the battle, and heads a long descent of marble steps, at the foot of which rises the funeral pile, a vast structure of golden couches, tables, images, embroidered apparel, and everything at once costly and combustible. In the midst of the pile is the entrance to the chamber of death, overhung with huge festoons of fire-coloured silk, a mighty veil to fall and shut the revellers from the world. The groups on the terrace are singularly animated, various, and splendid. Martin's former pictures were careless of the human figure. But he has now felt its value; and making allowance for the size and crisis, the one of which renders some confusion almost inevitable, and the other at least prohibits no violence of attitude, the figures are singularly adapted to the scene. Jewels, superb robes, and mystic emblems, are flung round the groups, with the habitual lavishness of a painter whose hand

"Showers on his kings barbaric pearl and gold."

The picture has faults of colour, and perhaps of conception; but the whole effect is powerful and brilliant in a degree unrivalled, and capable of being rivalled by Martin alone.

EVENING.

AN ODE.

Hark! 'Tis the pig, that, for her supper squeaking,
Bids a shrill farewell to departing light—
Hark! 'tis the babe, with infant treble shrieking,
And angry nurse, with emulous clamour speaking,
Through crooning pipe, alternate love and spite;
"Hushabie, baby, thy cradle is green," (*Singing.*)
Sure such a peevish brat was never seen.
"Ride a cock-hoss—ride a cock-hoss,"—
For shame of your dirty self to be so cross!
"There came a little pedlar and his name was Stout,"—
Be quiet, or I'll shake your plague of a life out.
Now, my little honey, worth a mint of money—
"Johnny Bo-peep has lost his sheep,"—
Be good this instant, go to sleep. (1)

Oh, Inspiration, tell me, why
Does piggy squeak and baby cry,
In the cradle, in the sty—
Gentle Muses, tell me why?

Is't that the pig, with pensive eye, surveys
Yon star reflected in the new-fallen dew,
And sighs to think how honour, pleasure, praise,
Are, like that image, glittering and untrue?

Ah, no—the watery star she cannot view,
  In noisome sty condemn'd to pass her days,
And groaning gruffly grunt, and grunting gruffly groan,
  Like " purple tyrants," in that hymn of Gray's,
    " Unpitied and alone."

Happy, happy, happy swine,
That underneath the greenwood tree
Freely breakfast, fully dine,
With acorns blest, and liberty!

So men subsisted in the olden time,
  Ere wandering Ceres taught the use of ploughs; (2)
What Nature gave, they took, unstain'd with crime,
  Nor slaughter'd pigs, nor broke the hearts of sows—
To roast young pigs—a dish I can't abide—(3)
Oh most unnatural infanticide!

When the wind is roaring loud,
Tossing the knotty limbs of ancient oaks,
When folded flocks together crowd,
And merrily the storm-bird croaks,
Then beside each mossy trunk,
Numerous as Pharoah's frogs,
Hungry as a fasting monk,
Throng the congregating hogs.
Thick and fast down rains the mast,
And Freedom crowns the rich repast.

No need, I ween, of Kitchiner or Ude,
To cater for the swinish multitude!
But thou, poor Grumphy, ne'er through glimmering glade
Shalt wander far away to meet thy love,
Nor see thy piggies sport in vernal grove,
Nor munch fresh acorns in brown Autumn's shade.
Nor Paine, nor Cartwright, ever penn'd a line
To vindicate the natural rights of swine;
Yet when did man endure such wrongs as thine?

In vain thou deplorest,
  All vainly thou squeakest,
For not in the forest
  The babes that thou seekest.
Thou didst love them with ardour,
  And overlay some of them.—
Are they gone to the larder?
  Or what is become of them?

Round and round, in magic dance,
Still they go, and ne'er advance,
  They are slain, like Philistians
    Who perish'd for boasting,
  And like primitive Christians,
    Behold, they are roasting!
The clock has struck seven,
  They are done to a turning,
The moon is in Heaven,
  And the crackling is burning.

Madam Cook, Madam Cook, mind the critical minute,
For quickly 'tis flown, and there's much to do in it;

The crisis so nice is, and past in a trice is.—
Rat-tat-tat, tis' the orthodox Doctor from Isis.
To tithe pig, when roasted,
He still has a keen eye,
And oft has he boasted,
" In tempore veni."
In the drawing-room—look—
All the company muster,
Which puts Mrs Cook
In a terrible fluster;
She clangs and she bangs, and she batters and clatters,
What a whetting of knives, what a ringing of platters!

To and fro—above—below—
Up and down, the footmen go,
While the simmer of stews,
And the roaring of flues,
The frying-pan hissing,
The gridiron whizzing,
The skip-kennels quizzing,
Something still missing,
The housekeeper fretting,
The maid still forgetting,
'Mid toiling, turmoiling,
'Mid roasting and boiling,
And frying and broiling;
The butter-boat oiling,
The curry's a-spoiling;
While, in anger despotic,
Red, rampant, and restless,
And scarcely distrest less
Than a murderer's ghost,
'Mid the uproar chaotic,
The Cook "rules the roast."

Ah, tell me, Muse, do clocks, suns, moons, deceive,
Is this the pensive hour of pious eve—
When holy vespers lull the listening wind—
When ancient wisdom supp'd, and have I not yet dined?

" Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim,"
Art thou not sick of writing for thy meals?
Grows not thy sweet complexion somewhat grim,
At the sad aching void thy stomach feels,
In that dull wilderness of barren time,
'Twixt the last quarter's note of preparation,
And the glad chorus of the pealing chime,
The DINNER BELL, the long-wish'd consummation?

Slow as the squire's old coach in Clag-clay Lane,
Slow as the " march of mind" in tawny Spain—
As Innovation in the House of Peers,
As Retribution, or Platonic years,
So lingering long each hungry minute passes
As if its wings were clogg'd with thick molasses—
While conversation, hardly kept alive,
Nor yet humanely suffer'd quite to die,
But loads the car it fain would aid to drive,
And shews how heavily the moments fly.

Martyr of knowledge! thus a wretched frog,
Compell'd to leap and twitch by shock galvanic,
Pants and distends its paunch so aldermanic—

Heaving vain sighs for its dear native bog—
To demonstration proving the alliance
Betwixt humanity and modern science.

There's many a sound that poets have call'd sweet,
As falling winds, and pebble-chafing seas;
The sighs of lovers when they part or meet—
The voice of praise, the hum of vernal bees,
Fanning the morning air with restless wing,
(I wish the pretty creatures would not sting;)
No sound is sweeter to a guilty Felon,
Than an acquittal from good Justice Park;
Sweet to the mice, would be a warning bell on
Grimalkin's neck—to tinkle in the dark—
But sweeter far, to gastronomes, is a bell
That loudly sings, " The Dinner's upon table."

With swanlike movements, elegantly tardy,
  Towards the banquet swims her graceful Grace;
Let no untitled lady be so hardy
  As to usurp, or not to know, her place.
In long array, Earls, Viscounts, Barons, Squires,
Find the just station that their rank requires.
Lo! last of all, the Parson's wife and I
Take lowest place with all humility.

Imagination, haste away with me,
For vainly thou the nomenclature connest,
Of kickshaws rare, " quas versu dicere non est,"
Nor sing of calipash, or calipee,
Or terms too hard for any tongue that's honest;
For wherefore should we tarry here,
Where gilt-daub'd lacqueys serve us with a sneer,
And if we call for wine, will bring small beer?
Farewell, the realms of privileged gentility,
Where bashful twilight yields to tapers' glow,
The learned lady's volubility,
And the coy maid, whose speech, reserved and slow,
Like silent senators'—is " aye," and " no;"
Like the small-footed citizens of Pekin,
In monosyllables for ever speaking.

Farewell, Sauterne and Hermitage,
The " thin potations" of a sober age;
So-da, and Seltzer's effervescent lymph,
With all your hissing impotence of rage,
Farewell—the streamlet, where the mountain nymph
Delights to dabble, shall my thirst assuage.
Imagination, haste, away with me,
And dinnerless—console thyself with tea.

But where shall we the brisk decoction find,
Or where remark the small upcurling steam,
Or the white clouds of lazy-mantling cream,
That round the cup their flaky progress wind?
In brightest porcelain, trick'd with gorgeous hue,
Or Stafford ware of simple white and blue?
In the lone cottage of the aged woman,
On the bleak skirt of some wide, windy common,
Who spins and shivers in her thread-bare cloak,
Save when, at morn and eve, the scanty smoke
Breaks through the fissures of the mouldering straw
That tells a tale of many a winter's flaw?

Yet e'en to her one genial drop is given,
One cup of comfort from a milder heaven.
Or where the city dame, in attic hovel,
Starves upon plain work, or compiles a novel;
Writes of the warbling stream, the whispering grove,
And, pinch'd with hunger, weeps the woes of love?
Or in the learn'd confines of —— College,
Which takes the Tea-tree for the Tree of Knowledge?
Or even here—where, high on dusty shelf,
With ragged pamphlets, and worm-eaten plays,
In solitary state, my cup of delf
Its own, and my unmated lot betrays?
Nay, cheerful herb, I will not seek for thee,
With age, and penury, and poetry.
Since the fine Hyson, and the dark Boheas,
Like wisdom, dwell with children at their knees, (4)
Since—I'm ask'd out to-night—'tis more than time
To don my other shirt, and end my rhyme.

Q.

NOTES.

(1.) Hushabie, &c. These " snatches of old song," after descending by oral tradition from generation to generation, like the common law, the poems of Ossian, and the mysteries of the Druids, have, in these printing times, been collected and published by the indefatigable industry of the London booksellers. We certainly cannot think them improved by the types; but they are at least harmless, which is more than can be said of all our juvenile literature. The old nursery carol—Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, has been rendered into Greek by a distinguished scholar, now a mitred pillar of Protestantism, who has, by a laudable pun, converted " Cock-horse" into ἱππαλεκτρύων, a compound worthy of Aristophanes.

(2.) Wandering Ceres.—See Claudian de Rap. Proser. B. 3.

(3.) Roast Pig.—I am aware that this antipathy of my palate will appear like gastronomic heresy to the incomparable Elia.

(4.) " Wisdom doth live with children round her knees."

WORDSWORTH.

MONKEYANA.*

Monkeys are certainly, there is no denying it, very like men; and, what is worse, men are still more like Monkeys. Many worthy people, who have a high respect for what they choose to call the Dignity of Human Nature, are much distressed by this similitude, approaching in many cases to absolute identity; and some of them have written books of considerable erudition and ingenuity, to prove that a man is not a monkey, nay, not so much as even an ape; but truth compels us to confess, that their speculations have been far from carrying conviction to our minds. All such inquirers, from Aristotle to Smellie, principally insist on two great leading distinctions—speech and reason. But it is obvious to the meanest capacity, that monkeys have both speech and reason. They have a language of their own, which, though not so capacious as the Greek, is much more so than the Hottentottish; and as for reason, no man of a truly philosophical genius ever saw a monkey crack a nut, without perceiving that the creature possesses that endowment, or faculty, in no small perfection. Their speech, indeed, is said not to be articulate; but it is audibly more so than the Gaelic. The words unquestionably do run into each other, in a way that, to our ears, renders it rather unintelligible; but it is contrary to all the rules of sound philosophizing, to confuse the obtuseness of our own senses with the want of any faculty in others; and they have just as good a right to maintain, and to complain of, our inarticulate mode of speaking, as we have of theirs—indeed much more—for monkeys speak the same, or nearly the same, language all over the habitable globe, whereas men, ever since the Tower of Babel, have kept chattering, muttering, humming and hawing, in divers ways and sundry manners, so that one nation is unable to comprehend what another would be at, and the earth groans in vain with vocabularies and dictionaries. That monkeys and men are one and the same animal, we shall not take upon ourselves absolutely to assert, for the truth is, we, for one or two, know nothing whatever about the matter; all we mean to say is, that nobody has yet proved that they are not, and farther, that whatever may be the case with men, monkeys have reason and speech. More than this it might be rash to hold; and with the caution, therefore, which distinguishes all our Philosophy from that of the heedless and headlong age in which we flourish, here we place our foot on ground impregnable alike to assault or explosion.

It is flattering to see how all created things, animate and inanimate, imitate humanity—some of them, it must be admitted, most abominably, but, on the whole, with commendable assiduity and success. What can possibly be more like the face of a man than the face of a horse? except, indeed, that of a lion, a tiger, or a sheep. Look attentively at the first team you meet, and either in leader or wheeler you will not fail to recognise a characteristic likeness of some original friend. The long face—the wall eye—the upper or lower lip—the flat cheek—the lantern jaw—the very colt's tooth—the same! Away flies his Majesty's most gracious mail-coach, with a gentleman all in red standing on the stern, as straight as ODoherty, tooting a tin-horn six feet long; and one of the worthiest fellows you know, with a wife and six children, disappears through the turnpike gate, without paying toll, in the shape of a Houyhnhnm at full gallop, and beautifully caparisoned in brass-harness, all spick and span new, on the king's birth-day. Or mount the steps, up and down, into a collection of wild beasts, Pidcock or Wombwell, and turning on the saw-dust to the left, look—pray—at that Lion. Saw ye ever, in all your born days, such a striking likeness—such a noble full-length living portrait—none of your kit-kats, but from tip of the nose to the tip of the tail—of Christopher North? The same calm, grave, thoughtful eyes, that inspire an immediate awe—the same chops,

* Monkeyana, or Men in Miniature, designed and etched by Thomas Landseer. Moon, Boys, and Graves. London.

which it is needless to characterize to any one who has seen either North or Nero—the same posture of the paws, fit alike to pat or fell—see, see the same long, red tongue—the yawn discovering a double shiver-de-freeze of spike-tusks the same—and hark—hark—Lord preserve us—in with both your hands into your ears—the Roar—the Roar! Or, face about to the right, and there is the self-same Editor of Blackwood's Magazine in a royal Bengal Tiger. You imagine you see him leaping along Lisson-Grove, with poor Leigh Hunt in his mouth, as if the Cockney King were *no* bigger than a mouse. Finally, eyes forward, and what think you of that Persian sheep, with face so pensive, meek and mild, so demure and melancholy, the very image of David Lester Richardson, in the act of perusing that Century of Inventions, each an unpaid-for panegyric on his own genius, which, like a small prolific Bantam, lays an egg a-day during the sonnet-season, and then—cackle—cackle—cackle!

The imitation of humanity is equally apparent in inanimate nature. Look on that pretty, little, white-rinded, airy, yet weeping birch-tree, still in her teens, so murmuring, and so balmy in budding spring, that breathes of summer too, and say if ever you saw a sweeter symbol—nay, it is her very self—of L. E. L., in her virgin elegance and loveliness, charming all eyes, while, as if a breeze came by, her tresses are all a-dance over her forehead, and with poetic lustre irradiate the day.—That Sycamore, so bright above, so dark below, with head that loves the sunshine, and stem round which, like living things, the shadows conglomerate—a tent-like tree, beneath whose umbrage might Beauty lie dissolved in delicious tears over some divine lyrical ballad—haply the tale of Ruth, woo'd—won—wedded—deserted in time that, as "through dream and vision did she sink," seemed to be all but one dear, dim, delightful day,—or Wisdom meditate, in the half-glimmer half-gloom, on the immortality brought to light, not only in Holy Writ, but in the inspirations too of the great poets—that Sycamore, so fair and so august, so beautiful and so magnificent—remindeth it not of the Genius of Wordsworth, the very man himself personified before you in the shape of a Sylvan, conspicuous to those who can penetrate its haunts among all the trees of the forest?—If ever departed spirits revisit the earth they loved, that Mountain-Ash, call it by its own Scottish name, that Rowan-tree—with stem straight, smooth, and strong, yet in its abated brightness speaking of the blast—with leaves delicate indeed to look at, and soft to the touch, but imbued with preservative beauty as boldly they rustle to the winds—crowned with a thousand diadems, all blended into one glory visible from afar,—gaze here, gaze here, Caledonia, and, with the voice of all thy streams, bid hail the Image of thy own Burns illumining the banks and braes o' bonny Doon, while all the linnets break out into delighted lilting among the broom, and the blackbird, on the top of his own tree, sends up his song in chorus to the lark, thick, fast, and wild-warbling beneath the rosy cloud!—Whence comes that fragrant breath upon the woody wilderness—is it from the sweet unseen ground-flowers, or from a tree in blossom somewhere hidden in the shade? Lo! yonder stands the old Hawthorn, white as the very snow—yet, as you approach, 'tis mixed with glorious green, even as the summer sea-wave heaves in foam. Therein the cheerful shilfa builds her nest most beautiful—or therein—hark the crashing and then the flapping wing—as the cushat, ne'er disturbed before, is startled from her shallow couch. Lonely as is the place, yet see on the old rough bark, now hard to read among moss as some ancient inscription on the stone that shades in its cell some solitary spring—the names of lovers fond and faithful of yore, now and long ago sleeping in the mools by each other's side! The roamer thinks of the rural poets that have tuned their pipes to rural loves—and some sweet wild strain touches his ear from the Queen's Wake, or from "Bonny Kilmeny, as she gaed up the glen," or from the rich yet simple melodies which "honest Allan" yet lives to breathe, inspired by the songs of auld Scotland—on whose darkness and dimness, his genius, strong in love, has streamed light like sunbeams, regardless of the more flaunting flowers, and seeking out the primrose and violet in nooks of the untrodden woods!

Nay, there is a white Currant Bush, trained up on trellice against the loun sunny walls, and thickly clustering with berries, in their lucid roundness almost as large as grapes,—put out your hand and pull a few, and to the taste they are as sweet and luscious too, as from Lorraine or Provence—that white currant-bush, with innocent thorns tipped with silk and velvet, so that you may pluck ungloved, we declare, is liker than even the amiable poet himself, to William Procter Barry Cornwall, the delight of the suburban fruit-gardens, and furnishing to tender virgins an exquisite dessert—or when distilled by household matron, a wine that never intoxicates, and worthy a gold medal from Mr Loudon, the ingenious editor of the Gardener's Magazine.—Out of the sun altogether, stuck in among the gravel, and sorely stunted because of no manure, that dwindled, dwarfed, diminutive of the small black red hairy gooseberry, no leaves, few berries, and nearly all jag, is a most fearful picture indeed of a Cockney, whose name is needless — while that other, the bramble yonder, tufted chiefly with tags of dirty wool and hair, which a singing bird rather than peck at, would go without a nest, is a staring and ragged likeness of an unmentionable sonnetteer in the last stage of a consumption,—sick and sorry, weak and worthless, and, ere another month go by, to be pronged up by the little decayed root, flung over the hedge amongst nettles, and there left to rot in the general rubbish.

Hactenus of plants. Now look at that Castle, a noble ruin. Yet not a ruin either, though old, and belonging to the olden time. On its head a crown of battlements—for hair, wall-flowers—granite for its body, " cased in the unfeeling armour of old time" —and " seated on a heaven-kissing hill." Cliffs guard it on the right—below which " goes a river large," sweeping round a loch—behind a morass, in which " armies whole might sink," in front the everlasting mountains. See—how like the figure of a man! What a trenched forehead, yet how bold! That " coign of vantage" is the nose! That rent makes a mouth, from which the wind plays like a warlike harper. A grim upper lip—and a chin that defies the elements. A giant to fear and to venerate! And what has become of your imagination, if in that castle, with its banner still outhung, which

The evening air has scarce the power
To wave upon the Donjon tower,

you see not a glorious statue of—Sir Walter Scott?

So with clouds and mountains, they are all in various moods and manners like great men. But we have not time now to trace their outlines—therefore, " *revenons à nos moutons*"—that is—let us return to our monkeys.

The Monkey has not had justice done him, we repeat and insist upon it; for what right have you to judge of a whole people, from a few isolated individuals,—and from a few isolated individuals, too, running up poles with a chain round their waist, twenty times the length of their own tail, or grinning in ones or twos through the bars of a cage in a menagerie? His eyes are red with perpetual weeping—and his smile is sardonic in captivity. His fur is mouldy and mangy, and he is manifestly ashamed of his tail, prehensile no more—and of his paws, " very hands, as you may say," miserable matches to his miserable feet. To know him as he is, you must go to Senegal; or if that be too far off for a trip during the summer vacation, to the Rock of Gebir, now called Gibraltar, and see him at his gambols among the cliffs. Sailor nor slater would have a chance with him there, standing on his head on a ledge of six inches, five hundred feet above the level of the sea, without ever so much as once tumbling down; or hanging at the same height from a bush by the tail, to dry, or air, or sun himself, as if he were flower or fruit. There he is, a Monkey indeed; but you catch him young, clap a pair of breeches on him, and an old red jacket, and oblige him to dance a saraband on the stones of a street, or perch upon the shoulder of Bruin, equally out of his natural element, which is a cave among the woods. Here he is but the Ape of a Monkey. Now if we were to catch you young, good subscriber or contributor, yourself, and put you into a cage to crack nuts and pull ugly faces, although you might, from continued practice, do both to perfection, at a shilling a-head for grown-up ladies and gentlemen, and sixpence for children and servants, and even at a lower rate after the collection had been some

weeks in town, would you not think it exceedingly hard to be judged of in that one of your predicaments, not only individually, but nationally—that is, not only as Ben Hoppus, your own name, but as John Bull, the name of the people of which you are an incarcerated specimen? You would keep incessantly crying out against this with angry vociferation, as a most unwarrantable and unjust Test and Corporation Act. And, no doubt, were an Ourang-outang to see you in such a situation, he would not only form a most mean opinion of you as an individual, but go away with a most false impression of the whole human race.

It is therefore highly gratifying to us to see the Monkey in the hands of a man of genius like Thomas Landseer. Indeed, the Landseers are a family of geniuses—father and sons. Like Goldsmith, they touch nothing which they do not adorn; and Thomas has here touched the Monkey, who, unlike the lovely young Lavinia when unadorned adorned the most, looks like a man as he is, when dressed and acting like a man on the stage of the Theatre of Human Life.

Several other artists, we know, have moralized the Monkey; and of their philosophical works it will give us pleasure to speak in a future Number; but we suspect our present painter is the best of them all; and on the principle of "meliores priores," we begin with the Monkeyana of Thomas Landseer. Even an entire family of prigs is a pleasant and impressive sight—not a single one,—father, mother, brother, or sister, with the least spark of common sense or feeling to disturb the harmony—to break the effect of the "tottle of the whole." But a family of geniuses is still better, perhaps because so much rarer; and, therefore, we prefer the Landseers and the Roscoes, very much indeed, to the Hunts and the Hazlitts.

What vivid-minded fellows great painters must be! Poets are nothing to them in distinctness of conception. Poets, it is true, "give to airy nothings a local habitation and a name." But still they are airy nothings—for they are made of words, and words are air. But painters give you form, shape, colour—we had almost said substance. We ourselves, who are a poet, could give you a very tolerable Monkey in words,—either a prose or a verse Monkey; but what a poor, paltry, dim, and indistinct Monkey would he be, in comparison with the drawn, etched, engraved, large-paper-proof Monkey, of a Thomas Landseer, playing the Pedagogue, the Pupil, or the Pugilist?

First of all, here is a Monkey in the character of Paul Pry. We doubt not that it is excellent; but, would you believe it, we have never seen Liston in that farce? Nor do we care a drachm though we never see him—for we are sick of Liston's buffoonery. London is a great goose. She will keep gabbling for years about the most nauseous nonsense, as if it were mirth, humour, and wit. Mr Poole, we believe, is the author of Paul Pry, and Mr Poole is a man of true genius. But Paul Pry, though we never saw him, is, we fear, not a little of a bore—at least so is every noodle who comes in upon you at supper from the theatre, and enacts you a bit of Liston or Murray in that character. The cockneys have spoiled Liston, who might have been an excellent, perhaps a great comic actor, but for their childish and infantile fancy for his face; and that is a great deal for us to say, after having seen and heard him murder Dominie Sampson, on a stage by lamp and chandelier light, before upwards of a thousand people, not one of whom, however, we are happy to say, could move a muscle at the spectacle, except those of disgust and contempt. Mr Liston, who is a gentleman and a man of originality, ought not to suffer himself to make himself ridiculous and entertaining in the eyes of fools and idiots. We excuse Mr Landseer and Mr Poole for giving in to the folly of, "I hope I don't intrude," for there is no great harm in sacrificing one's own taste in a trifle, to that of the bairnly public of Cockaigne. They who "live to please, must please to live;" and, just as might have been expected, the Cockney critics have all exclaimed, on viewing this Paul Pry, —"inimitable—inimitable. Yet even Landseer cannot give us Liston's face —that face which"—and then off they go with their impotent attempts at imaginative exaggeration—as impotent as would be the attempts of a precocious little master, who had been put into shorts and a long-tailed coat at five, to describe, to his quondam-wet, nunc-dry nurse, the pantomime of Punchinello.

What a different thing is his Politician! There you have nature, universal and particular, and no sooner does the eye fall upon the Monkey, with spectacle on nose, than you have him at once, and know, as it were, the very paragraph of which he is endeavouring to comprehend some small inkling of the meaning; no easy matter, you will allow, in daily, morning or evening, weekly or monthly periodical writings; this Magazine by no means excluded. He is hard at work, on the head of a column of what Cobbett calls, "The Bloody Old Times." Not the leader—no—no—not the leader—our Monkey won't try to crack that nut, for no monkey's teeth can stand that; and he remembers, that when, by dint of excessive grin, he had once on a time contrived to crush the casket, it instantly filled his mouth, his maw, and his pouch, with one puff of that inexplicable sort of dust that fills what men and monkeys call in boyhood, the devil's snuff-box. But he is at a side column. Probably a letter from Lisbon—about the Constitution. Don Miguel puzzles his "villainous low"-browed pate, nor less that old hag his mother, and the Black Cook. He is a Whig—a Radical. Ay, now he is attempting a tirade against tithes, and grinning at a blow at the Bishops. He is a pure Patriot, for no stake in the country has he, except a very tough and lean one, on every third Sunday. A Liberal! see how he hugs a rancid Examiner to his liver, pressing it down too with his elbow on that of his chair, in case some other march-of-mind monkey should come in upon his political privacy, his learned leisure, and carry off the filthy falsehood. He had really much better lay down the Leading Journal of Europe upon that fractured globe; for confound him if he understands its politics! Why, we verily believe he is at an article on the repeal of the Test Act, and now that it is repealed, why, he and other high-minded monkeys like him can, without any violation of conscience or religion, accept office; "on the faith of a Christian," they can, and without saying "I am a Protestant," for the good of the church, the country, and the king.

A scribe in the Times, we have been somewhere told, could not endure this Monkey, calling him a poor Satyr. In that he shewed himself an ass. Thomas Landseer meant to etch a compliment to the Leading Journal of Europe, by shewing how a monkey of those political principles could descend in his zeal from the altitude of the Times to the lowest level of the Examiner. In his paw the extremes meet; nor do we doubt, that under the foot hidden in shade, (the other is stiffened in the foreground from hairy leg crossed over hairy knee,) are, a number of Maga with a Noctes, the Standard of the Evening, the Courier, and the Morning Post, by far the ablest daily papers now produced from the right side of the press.

Better and better still, "The School-Master is abroad." The Monkey, here, is a terrible Incarnation of Dr Busby and Mr Brougham. His birch reminds us, in size and shape, of the Broom with which that Old Black, now gone to the Nigritia of Hades, used some twenty years ago, perhaps less, to sweep that crossing in which Cheapside loses itself in St Paul's church-yard. Many are the pairs of juvenile breeches which he has unbuttoned and let down, and he hopes to live to unbutton and let down many more. The visible cries of the pupil in the paw of the pedagogue are enough to rive a heart of stone. Lord have mercy on the puerile world, when the march-of-intellect men are safely seated in their sway! All feeling, all religion, they have begun with flinging aside, as so many loathsome weeds. They will soon shew what is the full meaning, perfect import of the word Tyrant, and of the word Slave. Mrs Brownrigg, who "whipt three female prentices to death, and hid them in the coal-hole," will be like Mercy with the hand of moonlight and the dewy eyne, in comparison with the viragoes that will then rule the roast over the lower extremities of the female children of this unhappy land—the unsparing servants of Lycurgus, who whipped the little Spartans till their bottoms were as black as their broth, will be Moravians and Quakers by the side of the dreadful dominies that will then provide raw material for our male boarding-schools, academies, and colleges. All the past and present flogging of the population of this country, in tender years, will shrink up into absolute insignificance, in the future. Twenty obsolete birch-rods of the last,

and of one quarter of the present century, will be swallowed up in one Aaron of the next.

> "The sound of sighing and of wailing wide
> Will rouse each master from his morning sleep;
> His rod will ring with wo, and all the land will weep!"

Dine with a march-of-intellect man, and only observe the downcast eyes of his pale-faced trembling wife—the knit brows of his sullen sons—the sulky sorrows of his joy-denied daughters, who, to escape the cruelties of that unnatural thraldom, would elope even with the devil or a dancing-master. All that comes of your hard-hearted, hard-headed, music-painting-and-poetry-despising, utilitarian, intellectual, all-in-all educationists, who know nothing so admirable as a steam-engine, and would wish to see the whole world worked by machinery. Flog away, then, old monkey—and, young monkey, squall in vain to the sky—for, "Lord help thee, silly one," there are no bowels now in heaven or on earth, and thy only comfort must be in thy agony, that the day may come, when thou wilt see that grim pedagogue a pauper—for there will be no Poor Laws then—torn by curs, with whom he is disputing a bone in the kennel of the street, while the stern street-keeper will scourge him off his beat, with a besom, to which that, under whose iron ribs thou now shriek'st, is a rod of Roses without a Thorn.

The schoolmaster is abroad indeed! Then, say we, the clergyman must send him home, and a committee of such of the householders of the parish as still go to church, must frequently and narrowly inspect and examine him among his urchins, that he may not, by application of the unresting rod, render them for ever incapable of following any sedentary profession; and since he does not believe in the punishments of a future world, they must restrain him by a constant fear, and a frequent taste, of those of the present; such as dismissal, fine, imprisonment, and pillory; for of all murderers, depend upon it, an infidel schoolmaster, when once he gets fairly abroad, will be the cruellest and most accurst.

Plate fourth, two Monkeys galloping on an Ass, either from or to the devil—we hope the latter—is full of affrighted motion. We cannot say that we altogether understand it. "What, ho! does the devil drive—then we must needs get on," leaves us rather in the dark. It is, however, remarkable, that the mind frequently derives very great pleasure from what it but half-and-half comprehends the meaning of—and it is so with ours in studying this monkey-ridden donkey. Perhaps it is a sort of unintended sequel to the "Schoolmaster is Abroad," and a couple of his pupils—parlour-boarders too—one of them at least, who has got a belt round his waist—are off and away out of his reach, on an animal appropriate to the establishment. They seem both fair ass-men, and as the one behind has hold of the donkey's tail with one hand, and that of his schoolfellow with the other, while the one before has twisted his fingers in the mane of the thistle-chewer, both in equal desperation indenting their toes into his sides, there is every prospect of their arriving unspilt at the end of their journey, "Quod felix faustumque sit," is the earnest prayer of their present well-wisher. The style in which the alarmed ass lays back his ears, is only to be equalled by that in which he flings up his heels, which, together with retroverted eye, open jaws, and blown belly, give us a lively idea of the Flying Childers. He cannot be going at less than the rate of ten miles an hour, and probably imagines, for fear is a gross exaggerator, that his velocity is that of a hundred. Were you to ask him where he is going, he would find some difficulty, we shrewdly suspect, in answering your question. If he carries on long so, he will not be able to fetch a bray for a fortnight. He is not only a useful, but positively a noble animal.

So much for Part First. We took up Part Second with some little anxiety, for how seldom is the second of anything so good as the first? But, here, it is perhaps on the whole even better. "Hookey Walker" we are hardly up to—he is probably a portrait of some well-known kiddy about town. In a sort of bang-up great coat, with check handkerchief, enormous whiskers, cast-away hat, picked from the dunghill, scampishly ornamented with a stump of a tobacco-pipe—the thumb of one outspread hand

planted on the side of his snub-nose, and its little finger joined to the thumb of the other hand, similarly outspread —as much as to say—"how are you off for soap? up to trap, eh?" He hurkles along, curtailed of his fair proportions, a perfect picture, certainly, of a finished low blackguard. Is that anything near the truth of the matter, our dear Landseer? If not, pray pardon our stupidity, and recollect that we have not been in town for twenty years, nor ever seen the original.

But the originals in Plate Second we have seen dancing on board a guard ship in sea-port. Jack and Poll, engaged in a Jig—

"When first I saw thee graceful move,
Ah me! what meant my throbbing heart!
Say, soft confusion, was it Love?
If Love thou art, then farewell rest."

Our male monkey here has the inexpressible Jack-Tar face to its utmost perfection. Take him for all in all, he is truly an able seaman. The swelling on the tobacco-side of the cheek, which, you may observe, is always that which happens at the time to be the weather one, is scarcely perceptible through the wrinkles of the love-grin betokening his ecstacies. You might chuck a quartern of blue ruin, pewter and all, down his throat, for his mouth gapes in delight, as if he were about to bite off Poll's head in his passion. His eyes bright as new-snuffed tallows—his near ear eagerly cocked up into a point—his black-wiped wizen—his white straw hat, adhering to his pericranium by some principle known but to itself—his bent knees, thin thighs so whitely trowsered—splay feet, pumped and festooned on the instep with a bunch of ribbon —long, loose, pendent arms, with hands hanging away from wrists that show their bones from the short cuffs of the jacket—and then such a jacket, at which you give but a single glance, for from beneath the grotesque fundamental feature its cut displays, instead of from the nape of the neck, hangs down Jack's queue or tail, an ell and a nail long at the very least, and curling and twisting through its whole length, the tip a little turned up, just avoiding to brush the dust off the deck—there he dances—Jack's alive indeed—nor would he change places, not he indeed, with the Lord High Admiral. No wonder. For look at Pretty Poll, the Wapping Wurgin! Never looked monkey so modest. Her lips primly closed against the coming kiss; eyes cast down to the deck, half in bashfulness, half in admiration of Jack's jigging feet, which do indeed irresistibly heel and toe the plank—mutch with long loose flying lappels, and ribband on the top of the head in the shape of a shamrock, a tempting trefoil indeed—in an old cut-down full-dress captain's uniform, by way of a gown or jacket, check apron patched about the knee with new, and her tail delicately hidden to the very tip within her red rustling petticoat—why, no wonder that Jack, being a man, a monkey, and a British sailor, is madly in love—no wonder that he swears by all the saints and sinners in the fleet, that he will get spliced to Poll that very night,

"For Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love!"

Plates Third and Fourth are both excellent—Duelling and Drunkenness. So—so—the country, we presume, neighbourhood of Chalk farm? excellent duelling ground—a sign-post, in shape not unlike a gallows, with this ominous direction or announcement, "Rubbish shot here," and such principals and such seconds! The first eager, in an agony of fear, for accommodation of all differences, on any terms, even on the most abject mutual apologies; the second, resolute and bloodthirsty, enraged at the thought of being defrauded of the fray by their respective poltroons. Turn over a new leaf, and, lo! two Monkeys staggering home from a debauch. This is the way to shew up the vice. It is as good as one of the best bits of Macnish. They have got drunk on pot after pot of porter—with a few final noggins of gin—one apparently rather the drunker of the two—laughing drunk—and disposed to sit down, imagining himself at home—and almost looking as if he were going to try to sing—the other, apparently the drunker of the two likewise, weeping drunk, and wondering, and of his wondering finding no end, if it be written in the book of fate that he is ever again in this wicked world to see the house in which he was born, twenty-four years ago, and has lived in, he conjectures, till within some unintelligible event, but in what street, of what town, and what num-

ber on the brassplate on the door, he would, if he could articulate, frankly confess he had utterly forgotten! But we cannot now comment farther upon the duellists or drunkards; for our great monthly coach parcel (an additional pair of horses is allowed the mail on that day) has just been rolled through the outer and inner shops right into the Sanctum, by half-a-dozen porters—cords cut—ten ply of strongest brown ripped off—and, lo! on the very top of the supply,—Part Third of Monkeyana, lying snug and soft in thinnest silk—and not a wrinkle or crease on the ingenious emblematical frontispiece!

It is positively the best of the three. The first plate in the number, with the motto " Great skill have they in Palmistry," is, it appears to our recollection, a parody, it may be said, on Sir Joshua's famous picture of the same subject. The grouping of the principal figures is the same, but in Sir Joshua's, the nymph who holds out her delicate hand and arm, her most sweet, and fair, and dainty palm, to the fortune-teller, is of ducal descent, and he who represents her lover is, if we remember aright,—if wrong, 'tis of no consequence,—a portrait of her noble brother;—whereas, here, the nymph is only my lady's maid, and her lover, my lord duke's favourite black footman, both represented by monkeys. My lady's monkey-maid is in a truly languishing love-sick condition, and listens to the old monkey witch, with a face of leering fear that is exceedingly touching —lying all the while amorously, but by no means immodestly—for she is far from being a naughty nymph—between the supporting knees of the enamoured negro, her head, from which the leghorn has fallen back, with its flaunting ribbandry, resting on his shoulder, while one of Blackie's hands is protectingly placed across her neck, and the other held out open-fingered, in astonishment at the sibyl's predictions. His bright-bound, glistening, cockaded, full dress livery-hat becomes him most gallantly —fixed " with an air" on his woolly knowledge-box—the breast-pin sparkles on his frill—and altogether he is evidently a very killing man of colour. The leg, on the knee and thigh of which Abigail reposes, is of unmistakeable African origin, what little calf there is being high up, and the shin bone, with that princely protuberance especially belonging to the royal line of Congo.

> " Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
> With whom revenge is virtue."

His fine physiognomy reminds us alternately of Molineux and Richmond, Sutton, Johnson, Stevenson, Robinson, and Josh Hudson's black; were he to enter the ring he could not fail to cut out some work for the best of the heavy weights. What the palmist may be muttering to the Betrothed we shall not, if we can prevent ourselves from doing so, conjecture; yet it is plain that she is in possession of some secret, which they had vainly imagined was known but to their two selves, and that she scruples not to hint that they

> " Have loved, not wisely, but too well."

There is not, however, any symptoms about the figure of the lady's maid betraying that she is seriously amiss—although the sibyl is recommending marriage before she lose her place. The phiz of massa, however, now that we look rather more scrutinizingly into its expression, has something we don't altogether approve. He looks like a red wolf in a black sheep's clothing, and we fear may prove a Popish recusant. Meanwhile a monkey-imp of a child, slung on the beldame's back, is playing tricks with her hood, and amusing himself with pulling out grey hairs. Yet, after all, we believe there will be a marriage and Mulattoes, who by the by, are just like pigs, pretty little yellow squeakers as long as they are pigs, but get horridly ugly as they grow up into hobbletyhoy boys and girls, sows and boars. However there is nothing in such a perspective or prospective to deter a white lady's maid from entering into lawful wedlock with a black Duke's footman, so let the bans be published forthwith, with as little delay as the canons of the church will allow, and the marriage ceremony be performed by the Rector in their own parish church. So wishing joy to the pied one-flesh, and a honeymoon, if the arrangements of the Duke and his daughter for the summer tour still hold good, at the Lakes, Keswick, Ambleside, Lowood, and Bo'ness, where the accommodation at the inns

is excellent, we bid adieu to the Betrothed; and after a hasty and pleased glance at plate second, a Beadle or Verger, or some such officiary drest in a little brief authority, and with gold-laced cocked-hat, and cane, dispersing a triad of monkey lads, who have been playing at pitch and toss on the steps of a church, we presume on Sunday, and who sprawl off in a scramble of much variety and animation; and after another glance, as hasty and as well pleased, at plate third, representing a Client in the clutch of a well-briefed and better-feed Barrister, a client who, from his infatuated earnestness, is manifestly a plaintiff about to be non-suited, with costs, not overlooking the Fable of the Cats and Cheese in the middle, nor the picture of a man putting his head and shoulders into a lion's mouth in the background,—we eagerly pounce upon plate fourth,—which to us is one of the most exquisite treats ever furnished by the fancy of a painter. For lo! two well-matched Monkeys are at it hard and fast with the gloves, on the stage of the Fives Court!

> "Lay on, Macduff;
> And damn'd be him that first cries hold, enough!"

We never saw Turner and Randall, (those illustrious heroes now defunct, and who have taken their place among the immortals) set to, but we have seen as good ones as they,—aye, and better too, Mendoza, and Ward, and many of the best men of that era,—George Head the Inimitable, who could knock you down out of distance, and though but an eleven stone man at the most, licked Giant Gregson to his heart's content, like winking within the rules of the Bench—Tom Belcher, yet glove-champion of the ring, notwithstanding his late unfortunate muffler-fight with white-headed Bob, and that Tom is now somewhere about the half-way house between the fortieth and fiftieth mile-stone on the high road of life—his great antagonist, the undefeated Dutch Sam, undefeated, till in his spindle-shanked, bellows-to-mend, and fist-enfeebled premature old age, he fell a Jew-confounding and cleaning-out sacrifice beneath the maulies of Nowlsworthy, then Master of the Rolls, who in his turn bit the sod beneath the terrific punishment of that unconquered antic Scroggins, "the gentlemanly kind of man,"—to say nothing of the immortal Jem, before whom no man could live, till Pollux, jealous even in his star, struck him with a racket-ball into a Monops, and then, indeed, shame to the gentlemen of England, Belcher the Great, Pride of the Nursery, Hero of Moulsey-Hurst, and Champion of England, that is, the world—with all but hope and confidence gone, for strength left him in the ring as he stripped, and went over to Hen Pearce—sank with all his laurels beneath the Game Chicken, then new Lord of the Ascendent,—and afterwards, in two cruel combats with Tom Crib, then known by the cognomen of the Black Diamond, now Ex-Ex-Champion;—nor yet to speak of John Jackson, the Unapproachable, the best-made man from top to toe in all England, not one weak point in all his matchless frame—strong, steady, straight, rapid, resistless, terrible, before whom, while yet a stripling, Fewterell the Philistine fell, and who did Mendoza, not giving him a chance, under the ten minutes, flooring him every round "as butcher felleth ox."

We pretend to no great nous in ring-affairs; but we have gumption enough left to admire the ingenuity of our amiable friend Pierce Egan, as honest a man as lives, and as thorough a trump,—no less to admire the quaint originality of the facetious and acute John Bee, and the amusing varieties of the Annals of Sporting, Sporting Magazine, and Bell's Life in London. These excellent writers have vindicated the science of pugilism, and the characters of its prime professors, from the ignorant reproaches of a set of senseless blockheads, incapable of comprehending and appreciating the native spirit of heroic England. As friends of humanity, they have supported the ring at the points of their pens against all gainsayers, and proved to demonstration, that were it not for prize-fighting, without which, it is plainer than a pikestaff that pugilism could never flourish as a national custom, there would be for one death by fisty-cuffs, at least fifty, to say nothing of downright assassinations and murders, with iron-bound wooden clogs, case-knives, razors, pistols, and blunderbusses. One or two of the Judges of the land see this nearly in its true light—as, for example, Chief Justice Best, a bright and a manly character, who

does not, like some old women on the Bench, who for the present shall be nameless, shudder at the thought of a clean knock-down blow, but is of opinion, that, on frequent occasions, a bloody nose and a black eye are badges of honour, which the best man in England may, if honourably acquired, wear with honour at market, and even, since the Sunday will come round regularly, the latter badge—namely, the black eye, even at church. Pierce Egan, John Bee, and Christopher North, wish for peace among the people; and therefore they wish, that, to preserve it, as far as it can be preserved, the people should be taught the art of war. Perhaps a Chief-Justice cannot consistently with the peculiar decencies of his office—which, however, when not founded in reason, are all a fudge—recommend prize-fighting from his seat. But he can shew what his thoughts and feelings are on the subject; and our present illustrious Chief may depend upon it, that in no part of his late admirable charges—admirable—on every point—did the people of England go more heartily along with him, than in his panegyric on pugilism; a panegyric which should be written in letters of gold, and hung up in a handsome frame at the Castle, and all other sporting-houses of character and celebrity.

But see the Set-to! The Man-Monkey to the left has evidently the advantage in height and length; but his antagonist has it in weight by a few pounds, and his compact frame exhibits formidable muscle. Studies both, for the anatomist, the statuary, and the painter. Had that heavy right-hander, delivered at Jacco Macco's smeller, not been caught by that accomplished pugilist's sloping right forearm, it might have been a floorer. The little one has mischief yet in his kidney-seeking left; and next time they hit out together, 'tis odds they counter. Jacco is leary as Aby Belasco, and is difficult to be got as Spring himself—but his opponent will be in, he won't be denied, and at the weaving system we question if he has his equal in the ring. Look at him again, and say now, is he not in that attitude a phenomenon? But all the words in the world would fail adequately to express the grotesquely scientific character of this inimitable Set-to. All is in perfect keeping—the faces of the spectators are all agrin, and agape, and aghast, and a-gloom, and a-glimmer, with the fluctuations of passionate emotion. The helmeted head of Larkins the Life-Guardsman rises nobly in the opening between the attitudinarians, towering over the crowd. And hark, how uproarious the applause! The monkeys, we beg their pardon, the men will be matched, we have no doubt, for a hundred a-side, to fight probably in the same ring, after the affair between Jack Carter and Jem Ward has come off—Jacco the favourite—guineas to sovereigns—and we should not wonder if the second battle were the better of the two, for Carter is a cur, and Ward a cross.*

We must now lay aside Monkeyana, and bid Thomas Landseer farewell. Twenty years ago, we should not have cared to have put on the gloves with him, and shewn that we too could spar a bit; for that he can spar well this plate is proof-positive. Now we are feeble on our pins, our hams are weak, and our knees totter, our right hand has forgot its cunning. Come down to the Lodge, then, our dear sir, and we shall hold out to you the right hand of friendship ungloved, and introduce you into the inner ring within our porch, where, during our light airy intellectual play, we shall have both a second and a bottle-holder. One brother at a time is best; so come down by yourself, and we do trust that you will give such a report of us as may induce each member of the family to go in by rotation. Edwin, we know, has been frequently in Scotland, and once or twice in No. 17; but we were then, most unfortunately, laid up in bed, with gout in every lith and limb of our body, and the greatest deer-and-dog-painter that ever drew an ear or an antler left Scotland by us unseen, but not unhonoured. Your pencil, your brush, and your graving needle, must all have, while you are at the Lodge, a holiday, except indeed for an hour or two, that you may leave us a relic of your genius, some exquisite bijou to be hung up in a sunny nook of the wall among the chef-d'-œuvres of the Immortals.

* Since come off—a miserable affair indeed.

THE KUZZILBASH.

A TALE OF KHORASAN.*

We have long been tired of the eternal tameness and insipidity which are the prevailing characteristics of works of fiction in the present day. The poor novel-writers are evidently at their wits' end, and, to use a Scotch phrase, have already gone to the full length of their tether. Time was, that when stretched on our comfortable sofa, with a dish of Mocha, and a new novel, we were as happy as Sir William Curtis with punch and turtle. Now, though we still lounge and sip coffee, the novel forms no longer an item in our catalogue of pleasurable appliances. We can derive no amusement from a mere dull rifacciamento of old incidents dressed up in holiday finery for the nonce of republication by Mr Colburn. We are sick to death of the eternal remodelling of antiquated common-places; of the incessant outpouring of one vessel into another; the tame resuscitation of feeble and everyday characters; the persevering endeavour to concoct new mixtures from old ingredients,—ending, as all such attempts must end—in lamentable failure. There really appears as if there were something in novel-writing which numbs the faculties, and paralyses the energies of ordinary minds. We have thousands of first-rate men in the country, poets, philosophers, political economists, magazine-contributors, historians, newspaper-reporters, and metaphysicians. Now, take these men each in their own particular department, read their historical, or metaphysical, or political treatises, their police reports, their essays, critical and moral, their poetry, and ten to one you will find them all respectable—some more than respectable—in point of talent. But strange to say, let any of these lights of the age sit down to indite a novel, and a change is at once wrought in the whole character of his intellect; his faculties desert him in his utmost need, and he sinks at once into a driveller. Where, for instance, will you meet at a venture with three more talented and promising individuals than Lord Normanby, Mr Lister, and Mr Robert Ward? They are quite the sort of men one would wish to meet at a dinner party any day in the week; clever, personable, well dressed, and well bred; amiable in their domestic relations, pleasant travelling companions, chatty in a post chaise, and condescendingly communicative in the mail; good shots and quadrillers, far from despicable at Ecarté, and able, with some cramming, to accomplish a tolerable speech in the House of Commons. We appeal to any one if we have here overstated their merits, or whether, in the catalogue of these gentlemen's pretensions, one item could conscientiously be omitted. Yet take them as novel-writers, and they display a lamentable want of all imaginative power. How utterly stale, flat, and unprofitable, (to any at least but the author and bookseller,) is the matter of their fictions! They present us with no new and vigorous creations; they give utterance to no thoughts which bear the stamp of power and originality; all is tame, drowsy, unimpassioned and monotonous. They describe not men but manners; the manners too, not of large bodies of society, but of a particular coterie, insignificant in everything but the rank and wealth of its members. Their motto uniformly is, "*La sauce vaut mieux que le poisson.*" In their eyes the value is not in the matter, but in the cookery, and such hashing and rehashing, such mingling of fashionable condiments to disguise the staleness of their materials, as they are compelled to employ, it is altogether marvellous to contemplate.

It is but justice to observe, however, that many of the faults we have noticed, are faults as much of the system as of its individual supporters. Luckily for Mr Colburn there is a rage among vulgar people—and vulgar people form the great majority of the reading pub-

* The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan. 3 vols. Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street, London. 1828.

lic of the present day—to become acquainted with the manners, habits, and pursuits of those circles, from which they are excluded. It is quite wonderful to observe the interest excited East of Temple-bar, by a description of a ball at Almack's or a dinner at Park Lane. And if such things please these opulent and worthy persons, why, in Heaven's name, should they not be gratified? Why, if the people call for a stone, should Mr Colburn give them bread? It is his office to cater for, not to regulate the public taste, and he is not called on to decide, like a Paris or an Abernethy, on the value or wholesomeness of the viands which the popular appetite may demand.

Were we in a bad humour, which —thanks to a peptic pill of Doctor Kitchiner and a good dinner — we are not, we might go on in this snarling and captious strain, to the end of our article, laying about us with our critical shillelah, like an Irishman in a row, and occasioning fracture and contusion to many worthy individuals, who rejoice in Mr Colburn as their publisher. But this we shall not do for two reasons. The first is, that we are not in the humour. Nothing has occurred to exacerbate our temper, or stimulate our liver into unhealthy action, and we feel ourselves at the present moment in charity with all mankind. The second is, that beneath all our deceitful demonstrations of dislike or indifference, we have always had a sneaking regard for Mr Colburn. True it is, we never told our love, but let not our assertion be held doubtful on that account. We have done him good offices in secret, and now almost blush, even through our own emblazonment, to find them fame. Of many of the best articles in the New Monthly, we are the author. We wrote the Ode on the Bonassus, and the Elegy on the death of the Elephant in Exeter Change. For a much admired article on "Hats," which appeared some years ago, we may likewise assume credit, to say nothing of sundry contributions which we purloined from Blackwood's Balaam box, and which contributed in no small degree to the celebrity of the New Monthly—But of this enough. We now say publicly, that we consider Mr Colburn a liberal and enterprising publisher, and an honourable man. We were paid punctually for all our contributions, at the rate of five guineas a-sheet, transmitted regularly, including the odd shillings, in a parcel by the mail; and though this rate of remuneration must undoubtedly appear small, we have no doubt that, under all the circumstances of the work, it is quite as much as could reasonably have been expected.

We are always happy, therefore, when Mr Colburn really does publish a good book, to do our best to add to its popularity, by impressing it with the signet of our praise. As a proof of our good faith in this declaration, we do not hesitate to express our decided opinion, that the public now stand indebted to him for one of the best and ablest works of fiction which for a long time past has issued from the press. We allude to "The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan." An account of which we intend shall form the staple of our present article.

Considering the almost universal attraction of Eastern fiction, and the number of accomplished travellers, qualified by long residence to afford true and vivid pictures of the manners of those oriental nations, among whom they have been sojourners, it does appear strange that so few efforts should have been made in a department of literature, so popular and engaging. That the task of filling the hiatus thus left, is most difficult, we admit; yet we have already seen the difficulties, great as they are, surmounted by at least one author, and only wonder that other writers, almost equally qualified for the task, should not have started forward to

> "Partake the triumph, and pursue the gale."

The truth is, that the studies of a person who would acquire an intimate knowledge of the manners, habits, feelings of a nation, must not be limited to the journal of the traveller, or the researches of the historian. It is only from a series of individual portraits,—by representing men in their domestic as well as in their public relations—by exposing to view, not merely their actions, but their motives, by exhibiting them, in short, as they exist in all their widely ramified connexions, with religion, with government, and with each other, that an accurate judgment can be formed of the genius and character of a people. It

is only by a story skilfully constructed and happily adapted to the purposes it is intended to effect, that this knowledge in its fullest extent can be imparted. In other words, it is an Eastern *novel* alone which can be made the vehicle of such interesting but minute information, as can lead us to any intimate communion with nations differing so widely from ourselves in everything of thought or circumstance, principle or observance.

Had works of this sort formed any portion of the scanty but precious relics of ancient Greece, how vast would be our increase of knowledge on all those points, which at present admit only of the vague conjectures of the antiquarian! Nay, did we possess but one single story of Athenian fiction, in how great a degree would not the history, the philosophy, the poetry, of the most glorious and interesting era recorded in the annals of mankind, have been illustrated and explained! How many doubts would at once be removed, how many false conjectures corrected, how many erroneous conclusions set at nought? As it is, of much which it would be most interesting to know, of the habitudes and modes of thought of a people whose productions have modelled the taste, and ennobled the imagination, of all succeeding generations, we are, and must continue ignorant. Through a medium always obscure, and frequently fallacious, we can view them only as a whole, in their collective and external relations, while all the minuter features which would have lent beauty and accuracy to the picture, must remain without the scope of our observation.

It has been said that knowledge is power, and it is true; but surely it is no less so, that knowledge is pleasure; nor, of all the modifications of pleasure, of which our nature is susceptible, is that the least noble and enduring, which is derived from works in which instruction is united to the highest excitement of the imagination, and of all the best and deepest sympathies of the human heart. Such a work is Anastasius; one of the proudest and most successfulefforts of contemporary genius, which at once raised its author, previously known only as a dilettante dissertator on chairs, chimney-pieces, and *chaises longues*, to the very foremost rank of literary distinction. We confess we know of no work in the whole circle of British Literature which displays greater vigour of conception, or exercises an influence more powerful and despotic over the feelings and the imagination of the reader. In all its delineations, there is a freedom of pencil, and a vividness and splendour of colouring, which mark the hand of a master, while the truth of the picture in its details, its rigid and close adherence to all the lineaments of humanity, modified in their developement and form by the thousand visionary and material influences which affect our nature, has never been surpassed, even by the most unimaginative and prosaic historian. The story of Euphrosyne is a fine specimen of the very loftiest power, somewhat wantonly exercised on matter full of difficulty and danger. The author shews himself on the brink of a precipice, but he does not fall; and we think our language affords nothing more full of melancholy beauty, than the latter portion of the work, but above all, that which relates to the illness and death of his son. Such descriptions as these will not die. The tooth of time will not injure the pages of Anastasius; they bear the stamp of immortality—κτημα ἐις ἀει.

Anastasius was followed by Hajji Baba, a work altogether of inferior pretensions, and yet excellent in its kind. The author knew his own powers too well to attempt a fruitless rivalry with his predecessor, and pitched his tone in a lower—we think too low a—key. His model is evidently Le Sage; and Hajji Baba is in truth nothing more than a Persian Gil Blas, equally unprincipled and uninteresting in his own personal attributes, yet affording scope, in the narration of his vicissitudes and adventures, for description of all ranks of society in Persia, and in the other countries of which, in the progress of the story, he becomes a visitor. We are thus furnished with a series of portraits drawn from the life, and animated with all the spirit which the Promethean skill of the artist enabled him to infuse. One advantage of the plan undoubtedly is, that it obviates the necessity of any regularly constructed plot, while it gives ample room and verge enough for introduction of incident and delineation of manners. We wish Mr Morier—for such is the name of the author of Hajji Baba—had thought proper to invest his hero with a de-

gree of principle and feeling somewhat greater, which, we trust, would not have injured the truth of the delineation.

Altogether, however, the book is clever and amusing, and the manners of the different classes of society in Persia are painted with a graceful felicity of touch, which bears abundant evidence of the skill of the artist. All occasions of deep feeling he avoids, and even when they naturally occur in the course of the narrative, they are slurred over in a manner which shews pretty strongly, that the forte of the author does not lie in the pathetic.

Between these two works—below Anastasius, but, in all respects, above Hajji Baba—would we place the Adventures of a Kuzzilbash. It is a work of great talent and originality; full of vivid and vigorous description and spirit-stirring adventure, of perilous escapes by flood and field, of broil and battle, of human passion and human crime.

The word Kuzzilbash, or Redhead, as our readers know—or, more probably, as they do not know—is employed in the present day to designate a Persian soldier, though in former times it was exclusively applied to seven tribes, who, in the reign of Shah Ismael the first, formed a sort of body-guard to their monarch, and were bound by covenant to defend the Sheah faith against the accursed followers of Omar. The hero, whose adventures form the staple of the work, is represented as of distinguished lineage, being the son of a chief of the tribe of Affshar, which occupies a small district in the province of Khorasan. His respectable father, we are informed, was a person of truly moderate desires, and contented with a very limited exercise of the privileges of a polygamist. He had only two wives, of whom the mother of our hero was the favourite. Ismael—for in such name does he rejoice—was not born for several years after their union, and his birth was not unaccompanied by fearful omens. His mother, having fallen asleep one day after coming out of the bath, is visited by a dream of fearful import, which is afterwards fully realized in the misfortunes of the family, and the perils by which the life of her son is assailed. The worthy matron is slowly recovering from her accouchement, having had, what in Scottish phrase is called, "a sair time o't," when she is visited by Roushun-u-deen Sheikh Allee Calunder, a dervish equally celebrated for his profound wisdom, his unrivalled sanctity, and the impenetrable mystery which hung over his character, and the habits of his life. As this personage plays rather a striking part in the story, it may be as well to allow the author to shadow forth his character and attributes.

"The Sheikh was believed to be a native of India, a land fertile in magicians and necromancers, as well as in saints and sages; but though the person and extraordinary attributes of this holy man were well known in Persia, and throughout all the east, no one in all these countries could give any account either of his family, the place of his birth, his age, or even of the way in which he lived and moved from place to place. Strange tales were told of his age, and of the power he possessed of transporting himself to great distances in an incredibly short time:—his appearance was that of a man in the prime of life, yet he had been known to speak of periods and events of very remote occurrence, as from his own knowledge, so that those who heard him were constrained to believe that his mortal span had been preternaturally extended. He was never seen to partake either of meat or drink, and a comparison of dates between travellers in countries widely distant, who each had met with this extraordinary person, reduced them to the perplexing dilemma of attributing to him the power of ubiquity, or of a miraculously rapid locomotion.

"The Sheikh was believed to profess the tenets of that sect of religious sceptics called Sooffees; but the rigid austerity and self-denial of his life, its blameless tenor, and the power of his eloquence in the mosques, when preaching to the people on the sublimer doctrines of their religion, all caused him to be looked upon as a worthy pillar of Islamism;—even the priests and Moollahs of the most celebrated shrines, though they hated and feared him for his extraordinary influence and endowments, did not dare to deny his claims to supereminent piety.

"But the Sheikh possessed other and more powerful holds on the minds of the people at large. Intimately acquainted with the motions of the heavenly bodies, and their powers over and sympathies with the animal and vegetable worlds, he was a profound astrologer; he surpassed Aristotle as a philosopher, and Avicenna or Hippocrates in medical skill. The unerring certainty of his predictions, and the accuracy with which he decided upon lucky hours and minutes, together with the mystery in

which much of his life and actions were shrouded, while they raised him almost to the rank of a prophet in popular estimation, caused him also to be regarded in some degree as a magician, and one possessing power over the genii and spirits of the elements :—what wonder then, that my mother's excited imagination should hail the arrival of such a person, at such a moment, as a special interposition of destiny ? Men of such holy stamp have always free access to every part of the household ; and woe to that husband, father, or official, who should in any way impede the progress, or oppose the will, of Sheikh Allee Calunder !

"On being informed, by an attendant, of the pregnant lady's wish to see and converse with him, the Sheikh solemnly, and even mournfully, pronounced his blessing. 'Peace be with thy lady, so long as heaven wills it ! the cares of her soul are known to me, and I come to soothe them ; lead me straightway to her presence !' So saying, he followed the slave to my mother's apartment.

"The Sheikh, it has already been said, appeared to be a man in his prime ; scarce did he seem to have numbered thirty winters :—his hair, grown to immense length and thickness, was plaited and wreathed around his head like a lofty turban, and partially sprinkled with ashes ; a few feathers of a pheasant, with a branch of the Arabian jasmine, were stuck fancifully on one side ; two full, piercing, and deep-seated eyes, blazed from under brows of intense thought, above which rose his high and noble forehead ; a finely formed and aquiline nose gave dignity to his face, naturally of a graceful oval, but which now, thin and care-worn, betokened the austerities of penance and abstinence ; a large and handsome beard hung in undulating curls around his cheeks, and half concealed a mouth, which could fascinate by the sweetness of its smile, or add terror to the dark frown of the brow.

"The figure of the Sheikh was in harmony with his countenance : lofty, graceful, and nervous, it bespoke the power of the mind that animated, yet seemed to prey upon it ; for his frame was wasted almost to emaciation. A tattered mantle, of various colours, formed but a scanty covering to the upper part of his body ; a thin strip of cloth was wound around his loins ; the skin of a tiger hung over his shoulders ; on his feet he wore the wooden slippers common to dervishes ; and in his hand he bore a stick of ebony, with a crooked crutch-like handle, on which, when seated in meditation, he could rest his arm, and to which many people attributed much of his supposed magical power.

"The Sheikh, as he entered the room, at the upper end of which my mother was seated upon a cushion, solemnly uttered the salutation of peace, in the name of God and his prophet ; and seating himself opposite to her, remained for more than a minute bending his keen eyes mournfully on her countenance. No one ventured to interrupt this silence, till the Dervish himself at length spoke as follows :—'Daughter ! the angels of good and of evil are alike the messengers of Allah, and both must be received with meekness and humility ; learn, then, to bend with resignation to his will, that the blessings which his goodness bestows may not elevate thee unduly, nor the sorrows he permits to assail thee in this vale of tears weigh too heavily on thy soul. Thou hast dreamed a dream, which indeed has in part imaged to thy sleeping mind the future destiny of thyself and of thy offspring. Thy soul shall be gladdened by the birth of a son, but thy joy shall not long endure. He will be lost to thee before his youthful energies have attained maturity ; many perils, much of adversity and various adventure, shall he experience, but it will be to surmount them all ; for more of good than of evil fortune is written on his forehead, and his star shines brightly though it be environed with many baleful influences ! But here the veil is dropt, and Heaven, in mercy to its creatures, denies the dangerous gratification of perfect foreknowledge. Be satisfied then, my daughter, with the promised good fortune of thy son, and seek no farther to pry into his destiny or thy own : be sure that, if thou dost, evil will result from the attempt. My task is now ended, and, for the present, thou seest me no more. May God protect thee !' So saying, the Sheikh arose, and quitted the apartment slowly as he had entered it, leaving all who had witnessed this extraordinary interview too much bewildered to think of stopping, or even addressing him : and whether the attendants without had held careless watch was never known, but none of them observed the Sheikh quit the fort, or even the village, nor was he heard of any more at this period."

The lady, as might be expected, disregards the positive injunctions of this formidable person, and determines still further to gratify her curiosity, by applying to a neighbouring astrologer for such information as he can afford with regard to the future destiny of her son. But the astrologer confesses himself at fault ; he is ruled by a higher influence, and can tell nothing which the mother of Ismael is at all desirous of hearing. She is again visited, however, by the Dervish, who thunders forth a dreadful denunciation on her rashness and obstinacy, and departs. Shortly after, the town is attacked by the Toorko-

mans, who slaughter all the men, women, and children, in the place, with the exception of our hero, who excites the compassion of a chief, and is carried off into captivity. The Toorkomans are, to a certain degree, Nomadic, yet do not appear to change their residence so frequently as the Arabs. The Aoul, or encampment to which Ismael is carried, is situated in a beautiful and verdant spot on the banks of a river; and the description given of its appearance, and of the mode of life of the inhabitants, is full of barbaric freshness and interest. The Toorkomans are marked by all the vices and virtues of savage life; and he is treated with kindness, and brought up as the companion of Selim, the son of the chief by whom his life had been preserved.

Many years pass over him in this situation, and he grows from youth to manhood, without encountering any further vicissitudes. During this period, he falls in love with the beautiful Shireen, daughter of his master, by whom his passion is returned in all its ardour. A *chappow,* or predatory excursion against a neighbouring tribe, serves at length to diversify the monotony of his life at this period. We give the description of the attack, which appears to us very finely told.

" The sun had set, and the moon, fast completing her second quarter, shone full upon us before the word was given to mount and set forward. During the daylight, every one had examined his arms; repaired the damages incident to a long march; and fitting his harness and accoutrements for immediate use, had prepared himself, as well as circumstances would allow, for the chances of a desperate struggle: and when we once more resumed our march, every one knew that before we could again seek repose, or dismount from our steeds, the event of that struggle must be decided. Except to myself, however, and perhaps to one or two more raw hands, I do not believe that a reflection of the kind occurred; the rest were all too well inured to blood and danger, and too confident of success from the excellent arrangement of their measures, to think of anything but victory and revenge; but we, who for the first time in our lives were to measure our strength in earnest against a powerful enemy, could not entirely restrain the yearnings which Nature in such circumstances experiences.

" We marched in perfect silence. However disorderly a body of Toorkomans may be on ordinary occasions, a sense of common interest restrains the most turbulent on enterprises like the present. Nothing was now to be heard but the tread of the horses, and now and then a faint clash of arms. Every man seemed now to hold his breath, and grasped his quiver and his bow, that their rattle might not betray them. At length the faint bark of a dog was heard by the horsemen in advance, and the whole party was once more halted. The night was more than half spent, but the plan of our leaders was not to attack the camp till the earliest dawn, that our people might have the full advantage of their enemies' surprise, without any risk of those mistakes which night attacks so often produce. The principal camps were calculated to be still four miles distant; so we continued full two hours in this anxious situation, without daring to advance nearer, for fear of giving the alarm.

" About three in the morning, we once more got into motion: the moon was setting, and a deep gloom fell around; but the quick eyes of our leaders could detect the first flush of the false dawn in the east. As we rode along, this appearance vanished; but soon a broader light extended itself gradually from the horizon to the zenith, and objects at a little distance became visible. Our band was now separated into two divisions; one of which filed off to the left, while that with which I remained kept straight onward. Presently dark lines of low objects could be discerned, still at a considerable distance; and we moved on in a direction that led us between two of these lines. It soon appeared that they were tents, and beyond them inclosures, containing the cattle spread over a large space of ground.

" A deep bay, or a long howl, had occasionally given us intimation that the huge dogs which guard every tent as well as the cattle inclosures, were on the alert, though not yet alarmed; but now one or two loud, sharp barks, followed by an universal yell from all quarters, told us that we were discovered by these trusty guards. This was the well-known preconcerted signal: ' Forward! forward!' shouted Omer Khan, who was now at our head; ' Bismillah! Bismillah!'

" ' Allah! Allah! Tekeh! Tekeh!' answered every man, and dashed forward at full speed towards the tents. Hardly was there time for the alarm given by the dogs to be taken by the still sleeping inhabitants, when our horsemen thundered in among them. The first of the men, as they rushed from their tents to see what was the matter, ran upon our lances or swords; and even those who came from a greater distance, unarmed and confounded, fell unresisting before their ruthless murderers!

"Shrieks now rose on all sides:—men, women, and children, finding no safety in their tents, were seen rushing from them half naked, and attempting to fly;—the dogs, frightened at the uproar, barked and bit at everything;—the cattle, partaking of their terror, broke down their slender inclosures, and scoured over the plain; and the tents, the slight fastenings of which were cut by the horsemen, or burst by the flying cattle, were overturned, and their contents scattered abroad. Fires now burst forth in some, which, blazing abroad, threw a wild red gleam over the scene of tumult and carnage.

"No opposition could be offered to us, for none of our enemies could find arms or horses, nor had they any rallying point to form upon. We had but to slaughter, and mercilessly did we that morning avenge our murdered friends:—men, women, and children, fell indiscriminately in the grey dawn; for all passed so rapidly, that before the light was clear, the whole was nearly over.

"But our task was not at an end. We had, it is true, destroyed the principal division of the camp, while our friends had been as successful with another of nearly equal size; but there were several smaller Aouls in the neighbourhood, and it was soon discovered that the fugitives had gone to join one of these, the inhabitants of which, having taken the alarm, had armed themselves, and were now advancing to ascertain and oppose the force of their enemy.

"Poor wretches! the effort was worse than useless. Not a man of our party had fallen; not a scratch was received by us in the first encounter; so that, intoxicated with carnage, and undiminished in numbers, we swept on like a whirlwind to meet them. But not a moment did they withstand the shock: their numbers were small; they had not two hundred men, indifferently armed and mounted; and when they saw us, reeking with the slaughter of their friends, come thundering down upon them, they broke and fled: it was then too late; we overtook them in a moment, and many were at once borne down and trodden under foot. The remainder, however, seeing that nothing was to be gained by flight, took courage from despair, and boldly faced us. This was the first resistance we had met with, and I soon found all my skill called into action.

"My friend and master, Selim Beg, was among the foremost of his party in pursuit: he had charged through the enemies' troop, and when they rallied he found himself in advance of his own men, and almost surrounded by five or six of the enemy. In the whole affair I had kept my eye upon him, pressing forward as close as possible to his side; and now we were together, opposed, as I have mentioned, to some of the stoutest champions of the enemy, rendered resolute by despair. At the first charge, Selim's spear entered deeply into the breast of his opponent's horse, which, rearing upright, caught the blow intended for its rider; unable to recover itself, it fell backwards upon him; but the spear was broken, and while thus disarmed, the lance of another, at full speed, had reached within a yard of Selim's body. I saw the coming danger, and believed him lost, but rushed with my drawn sword upon the fellow, while, almost mad with alarm, I uttered a loud shout; he started at the noise, and swerved from his course—the spear but grazed the shoulder of Selim, though the shock almost overthrew his horse;—but my sword descended on the neck of the foe as he passed, and he rolled from his horse upon the ground. I gazed at his huge body for an instant, as he lay, and drew my long-held breath; but this ill-timed pause was nearly fatal. I was recalled to myself by a blow, which, parried by Selim's sword, whistled harmlessly past my head, and we were instantly and closely engaged with two others of the enemy, who came spurring to support their fellow comrades. Others of our people now joined us, just as Selim had succeeded in cleaving his opponent's head; while I, less fortunate, received a blow on the neck, which, though the wound it inflicted was slight, almost tumbled me from my horse; and I might have fared ill enough, had not my old friend Hamet, who, from the first rencounter had kept me in view, spurred up at the moment, and thrust his lance through the man who dealt it.

"I saw nothing more for some time; but, indeed, the whole was over—the flower of the enemy's force had been destroyed, and the rest in flight fell an easy prey, or escaped by the fleetness of their horses and superior knowledge of the ground. Our men now halted, and stragglers from the pursuit came in to the loud shouting of their comrades. We returned to the scene of our first attack, while a small force was sent to the inferior camps to seize the women and children, and bring the most valuable of the movables to the place of rendezvous.

"To one, like me, unaccustomed to carnage, it was an appalling scene. In the intoxication of youthful spirits, maddened by the shouting and the din of arms, the atrocities that were committed by the uncertain light of early morning, had, in a great measure, escaped my notice:—in the eagerness of doing, I hardly looked at what was done: but now, as we returned to the scene of horror, with spirits satiated with carnage, and saw the victims of our fury, cold, silent, stiffening in their blood, with what different feelings did I view it! Life-

less mothers were there, with their pale and mangled children, who, in their vain attempt at flight, had fallen under our unsparing swords. Miserable old women, with their grey hair clotted with blood, and young girls, lovely as the Houries of Paradise, their bosoms gashed with wounds, lay trampled on by the cattle, among burnt and overthrown tents, and all the melancholy wreck into which the demoniacal work of a few minutes had transformed a populous and well-ordered camp. When these terrible effects of our prowess flashed upon my inexperienced eyes, I became rooted to the spot: however unmoved the hardy and valiant heroes of our land might be, I was overwhelmed with sadness and horror. It recalled to my memory most vividly and painfully a scene of my childhood, which had begun to fade like a dream of the night; the slaughter of my clan, and the death of my mother, were again before my eyes, and the visions of glory and promotion, after which I had panted so ardently, became for the time worthless and disgusting."

In this affair Ismael serves with distinction, and the Toorkomans return to the Aoul loaded with spoil, and carrying with them about two hundred female prisoners. The women of the tribe come forth to meet them, anxious at once to receive intelligence of the safety of their relatives, and of the value of the plunder. The female captives constitute the only portion of the *spolia opima*, which they consider *de trop*, since, without this reinforcement, they already felt themselves quite equal to discharge the functions of wives and mothers to the tribe, even had its male population been greater. Ismael is received by Shireen, to whom he brings a little girl as a present, with every demonstration of strong affection. The passion of these lovers, however, necessarily remains secret, for the Khan has promised his daughter's hand to another, and the discovery of their attachment would be followed by the ruin of their hopes. All this part of the narrative is admirably executed. The beautiful, the loving Shireen, trusting with woman's confidence in the man she loves, and giving up all for his sake, is drawn with a pencil at once delicate and happy. The heart of Ismael, too, is agitated by passion, deep and tempestuous. They meet, as they love, in secret. In all countries human nature is the same, and the natural consequences of such an attachment follow. Shireen is about to become a mother, and the discovery of her situation by the enraged Khan must insure the death of both. The lovers meet in tears, and part in agony. No light seems to glimmer in their horizon,—all is darkness and despair. Under these circumstances, the mysterious Dervish again appears to Ismael, as he ruminates on the consequences of his guilt in a dark and solitary glen. He takes him severely to task for his past conduct, but promises to provide for his safety and that of Shireen. This promise he keeps. Selim, the brother of Shireen, and the bosom-friend of Ismael, has discovered her situation, and comes not to reproach him for his perfidy, but to save him from its consequences. He gives him a horse of true Arab blood, ycleped Boorrauk, directs him on the path to the desert, and bids him instantly to fly. His sister's life he promises likewise to preserve. The parting of the friends is affectionate, and Ismael mounts Boorauk, and sets forward on his journey. There is great talent and imagination in the description of his sufferings in the desert, but we have no room for a *swatch*. He encounters the deadly Sirocco, and is in imminent peril of his life. Hope again seems gone, when the Dervish re-appears, and conducts him to a cave, where he remains in safety for two days, when, the storm having passed, he continues his route under happier auspices. At the extremity of the desert he encounters a stranger, who turns out to be Ibrahim, brother of Nader Khouler Beg, the Wellington of Persia, whose power rivals even that of the Shah. With this personage, who declares himself to have been an intimate friend of his father, Ismael unites himself, and they journey onward together. Ibrahim is a fine character, well and powerfully delineated; brave, wild, and fearless, courting danger for its own sake; generous and kind-hearted. Their route lies past the village in which Ismael was born. He beholds his paternal house in ruins, and the spot desolate. We now come to one of the best specimens of powerful description which these volumes afford. We consider it in all respects admirable. They are beset by a powerful band of Toorkoman robbers.

" 'We are beset,' said he ; 'I saw the point of a spear and a fur cap rising over a bush in yon ravine, and we shall be immediately pursued, for there cannot be a doubt that they are enemies ; but if we can cross this plain, and gain the defile beyond, where only two can ride abreast, we may do well enough yet :—string thy bow—get thy arrows ready, and prepare to fight for life and death :—now is an opportunity to try thy mettle.' I was ready in a moment, and again received the praises of Ibrahim for my expertness. 'Thou art a choice hand indeed, youth,' said he, 'I have great confidence in thee : by the mercy of Allah, we shall baffle the rascals yet.'

" By this time we had got clear of the ravines, and were bounding over the plain more at our ease. It was some six or seven miles in breadth, and thinly sprinkled with wild pomegranates and thorns, but afforded free enough scope for our horses, and tolerable footing. We had not, however, ridden half a mile when a low thundering noise in our rear told us that our pursuers were on our traces ; and they soon appeared emerging from the ravines we had quitted, to the number of fifteen or twenty horsemen, whose great fur caps and long spears proclaimed at once what they were. 'Stakhferullah !' cried Ibrahim, 'there's enough of them, to be sure ! Oh for five or six of my brave Kuzzilbashes, with their matchlocks and keen scymitars, and not one step farther would Ibrahim fly ! But now fly we must, and that in earnest. Come, come, put your horse on his mettle ; I know mine will serve me : let us see who wins the race ; by the sword of Allee, the stake is a sharp one !'

" On we swept with redoubled speed : —our horses seemed to know how much need there was for their exertions, and devoured the ground. The distance between us and our foes visibly increased, and they became scattered by the unequal speed of their own horses—the plain seemed to fly backward, and the opposite hills to approach fast. 'Barikillah !' cried Ibrahim Khan, 'this is excellent, but it cannot last ; —we must not kill our horses ! Let us try what the leaders of these fellows are made of—let us see what they will say to a matchlock ball !' Three of the party had kept pretty well up all along, and were not much more than half-a-mile behind us ; two or three others were spurring on at various distances, within a mile in their rear ; and last of all came on the main body, keeping more together.

" 'Pull up by degrees,' cried Ibrahim, 'until these three fellows approach ; it will breathe our horses, at all events ; and if we are lucky in our aim, we may dispose of some of them, and check the rest for a while.' I did as he proposed :—the three first horsemen, supposing our beasts blown, came thundering on abreast, their spears in rest, protending far over their saddle-bows. Already were they within thirty yards, standing on their stirrups, and ready to bear us down, when Ibrahim, turning round on his saddle, without checking his horse, gave his fire ; and I at the same moment discharged an arrow at the group. Whether the ball took place on man or horse we never knew, but there was a sudden cloud of dust, and we saw the middle horseman rolling with his steed several times over on the ground, from whence he never rose again ;—the others, checking their horses in full career, wheeled off a few paces to either side, and halted. I saw my arrow sticking in the shoulder of the right-hand horse. Away we rode once more like the wind ; Ibrahim charging his matchlock as he went, and I fitting another arrow to the string ;—and we quickly regained our vantage of distance.

" The next two horsemen now came up with their companions, and the pursuit was renewed, while we strained every nerve to gain the jaws of the defile, which, now hardly a mile in front, opened between two rocky hills, sprinkled with underwood.—'We might gain the pass,' said Ibrahim anxiously, 'but our horses can never keep up at this violent rate, and the pathway before us is terribly rough. See you yon ruined watch-tower on the height ?—it is our only chance. It may stand our friend against these desperate odds—push on, and gain the tower, Ismael — up that rocky path to the right. I will protect the rear until you are ready to command the entrance from its top ;—we shall at least sell our lives dearly.'

" There was no time for farther words : on we swept like the whirlwind ; our horses panting with their exertions, and two of the enemy now gaining upon us. I reached and sprang up the path without accident, although the huge fragments of rock in my way might have baffled a fresher horse. I found that the tower stood within a small walled inclosure, still in tolerable preservation ; but the gate having been long ago destroyed, the gateway was open to all, and admitted my horse without difficulty. The tower, which stood in the wall overhanging the defile, had its entrance also by a gateway ; but this had been partly built up by some banditti, who formerly frequented the place ; and it was with difficulty that it admitted a horse without its rider. I sprang from mine, and dragging him inside, rushed up-stairs to the summit with my bow, ready to defend the entrance. Ibrahim Khan, whose horse had stumbled from fatigue, was but just entering the outer inclosure, while the exertions necessary to recover the animal's footing had deprived him for the time of the use of his matchlock ; at this moment the foremost Toorkoman was close

behind with his spear. The moment I saw how matters were situated, I took a deliberate aim with my arrow; and just as the fellow was rising to make his thrust, he received it up to the feather in his heart. Uttering a loud yell, he fell backwards, checking his horse so rudely that it also reared and fell—blocking up the path so effectually, that had his companions been close at his heels, they could not have advanced a step.

"Ibrahim, meantime, had entered and got his horse under cover; then, calling me to assist him, we hastily rolled some large stones to the entrance, so as to impede the enemy's progress. This was soon done, for the stones formerly used still lay there. We then hurried above, to defend our castle.

"It was full time; for now the whole party of horsemen, sixteen in number, had come up or were close at hand; and three or four were entering the outer gateway together. Scarcely had the first got beyond the threshold when the report of Ibrahim's matchlock was heard, and the Toorkoman, dropping the reins, rolled on the ground; the ball had passed through his body. Nor was I less fortunate in my aim: as the horse of the second, terrified at the noise and fire of the matchlock, reared and turned round, my arrow struck the rider behind the ear: he fell immediately; and sharp as his foot still stuck in the stirrup, his terrified horse dragged him at speed down the steep, scattering in confusion the rest, who were all busily ascending.

"The sudden fate of these men checked the fury of their comrades' onset. Not possessed of any fire-arms themselves, they dreaded the effect of these weapons so much, that no one cared to expose his person; while Ibrahim, unwilling to expend his ammunition, would not fire again until certain of doing execution: my arrows too were precious, for of them no supply was to be had. Thus there was a cessation of hostilities on either side, the enemy having collected under shelter of the wall, and we remaining on the watch to shoot the first who might make his appearance.

"This pause was of no long duration; we soon became sensible that the enemy had dispatched one or two of their number round the walls to see if entry might be obtained by some other passage less exposed than the gateway. The first unfortunate spy, however, had no sooner turned the corner, than he became exposed to our shot, and Ibrahim's matchlock sent him sorely wounded back to his companions.

"The enemy had now lost four of their party, and the majority of the rest, in all probability, would willingly have given up a contest against men so desperate, in which, at best, so little was to be gained. But there were among them some of a more determined spirit, who urged on the rest to revenge their fallen companions, and exerted themselves successfully to inspire them with confidence. On hearing the report of Ibrahim's matchlock, they conceived that he must now be unarmed, and they resolved to make a desperate and simultaneous attack upon our barricadoes. At once the whole party rushed to the outer gateway, some on horseback, some on foot; and regardless of my arrows, which flew not without effect, the principal body pressed forward to the entrance of the tower, while some returned my discharge of arrows from their own bows. 'Below! below!' cried Ibrahim, 'we must defend the entrance to the last; we must not lose our horses. Follow me quickly.' And he rushed down to the gateway of the tower, the barricadoes of which the Toorkomans had already commenced pulling down.

"My spear now pierced one of the foremost, while Ibrahim blew out the brains of another on the spot with his pistol. 'Allah il Allah!' cried they, as they gave back for a moment at this unexpected assault; 'they have more guns!' But their rage and determination was now at its height; they returned to the charge, while we, on our part, dealt them ghastly wounds with our spears and swords. But stone after stone was now falling, and the large breaches gave entrance to their spears, which not only prevented our opposing them so effectually, but slightly wounded us both. We were about to abandon our horses, and to retreat to the platform above, there to sell our lives as dearly as possible, when a confused noise without struck our ears, and caused a momentary pause in the efforts of our antagonists.

"The sound came nearer and nearer, and was like the tramp of horse. 'We are gone,' cried Ibrahim; 'it is a fresh party of Toorkomans—let us ascend and die hard there!' At this moment, we heard a hurrah! mingled with 'Kuzzilbash! Kuzzilbash!' and accompanied with several shots and loud cries. 'Allah hu Akber!' cried Ibrahim, 'they are my Kuzzilbashes!—we are safe, praise be to Allah and the Prophet!—Ha, my good steed!' as the horses neighed loud at the noise of the tumult, 'we shall now face the villains on equal terms, nor need to fly again.' Up he bounded to the platform on the summit, whither I quickly followed him; and from thence, indeed, we saw an animating scene. There were the few remaining Toorkomans flying like chaff before the wind, before a party of 40 or 50 Kuzzilbash horsemen, fully equipped, whose matchlocks every now and then rang upon the ear, and a horse of the fliers was seen to fall, or a fur cap to roll along the ground. Nearer at hand, fifteen or twenty more of our deliverers, having put most of the dismounted Toorkomans to death, strove who should enter first, and release those who had been

so sorely beleaguered. An officer in rich apparel, who had just dismounted from a noble horse, all foaming with the speed he had made, now entered the court, and, followed by several soldiers, approached the tower. At the entrance he was met by Ibrahim Khan, covered with sweat and dust and blood. 'Who art thou?' cried the officer. 'Hussun Allee Beg,' exclaimed Ibrahim Khan, in reply, 'is it thou? Welcome, by the hand of my brother! welcome, in any season, to the soul of Ibrahim! but doubly so, when, like the water of life to a dying man, thou comest so opportunely in the time of need.'"

This danger past, they reach the camp of Nader without further accident. The character of this great chieftain is on the whole, perhaps, the happiest effort of the book. Stern, noble, and ferocious, not naturally bloody, yet shedding blood in profusion when it can advance his cause; generous, yet unrelenting, rigid in exacting discipline, but profuse in rewarding valour; full of talent and energy, Nader is represented not only in perfect accordance with historical truth, but with a strength and vigour of delineation, indicative of very high power in the artist. Ismael is introduced by Ibrahim to this great chieftain, and Nader is pleased with his appearance, and the account given by Ibrahim of the skilful and courageous manner in which he bore himself in the combat with the Toorkomans. Nader, however, is not accustomed to take things on trust, and directs our hero to give, without delay, a taste of his qualities as a warrior. The following is the issue:—

"After gazing steadily on me for a while, the chief turned to his brother, and said in a familiar under-tone, 'The youth's appearance is not against him; he is young, but hardy-looking, and quite an Affshar in countenance.—Young man,' continued he, turning to me, 'thou hast commenced thy career favourably; the Zoheir-udowlut is satisfied with thy conduct, and his good report goes far with me. Thou shalt have employment, and fair scope to shew thy own value. Men here receive the esteem and promotion which their own merits determine,—nor, however partially we may be disposed towards thee, for thy services to our brother, or our ancient friendship for thy father, shall the course adopted with regard to thee be different. For the present, Hussun Allee Beg shall provide for thy wants; thou needest refreshment and repose; retire and enjoy them freely.'

"I bowed low, and was retiring, when the thong which suspended the quiver at my side, accidentally becoming loose, it fell to the ground, and the few remaining arrows it contained tumbled out. The accident attracted the eye of Nader: 'Truly, young man,' said he, 'thy quiver looks like that of a soldier returning from the field; thy shafts have been spent, and spent to purpose, I hear. They say thy arrows tell sharply and true; come hither, let me see thee use them.' I stood a moment irresolute, and uncertain of his meaning: 'String thy bow,' cried Nader, giving the well-known word of command in use among our tribe:—it carried me back to the Desert, and I instinctively obeyed; old habits rushed upon my mind, and awakened all its energy. 'Will your Highness permit me to have my horse?'—said I to my chief, turning round at the same time to look for Boorrauk. Nader smiled at my eagerness. 'What is a bow without a string?—what is a Toorkoman without his horse?—let it straight be brought.' He praised its figure and its spirit, and turning to Ibrahim, remarked that we were both wild, active creatures, well suited to each other. 'Yah, Hyder!—Yah, Allee!' cried I mentally, as I mounted—'help a good Sheah at his need! for much may depend on this moment.'

"I now mounted and waited for orders to proceed. The Maidaun before the tents of the chief was the place appropriated to military exercises, nor were there wanting butts and poles upon which to hang marks for the archers to practise at. The motion of Nader's arm pointed out the mark at which I was to aim: the crowd opened wide in the same direction, and I started at full speed after the Toorkoman fashion. Three times I passed the lofty pole within a moderate distance, each time discharging an arrow: once in approaching, once in retreating, and once in the act of wheeling—and each time I was fortunate enough to make them ring upon the basin which hung suspended by a thong from its summit. It happened that, as I returned a fourth time, a blue pigeon, numbers of which built their nests in the wells and water-courses of the neighbourhood, flew over the plain, and whether alarmed and confused by the noise, or sent by Allee expressly to do me service, it alighted upon the top of the pole at which I had been shooting. The thought of making this the mark for my last arrow, struck me as I observed it, and I urged my horse to fuller speed, lest the bird should take wing before I came within distance: just as I reached within a long and difficult shot, I saw the first flutter of its wing upon the rise; but my bow was drawn, I uttered an ejaculation to Moorteza Allee, and saw my shaft strike the bird before it had well quitted the pole. It fluttered and fell, while the cries of the

crowd rent the air, and 'Barik illah!' 'Mashallah!' 'Mashallah!' echoed on all sides. Many years have passed since that day, but I still can remember the thrill of delight with which I picked up the bird, and galloping to the tent, with glowing cheeks laid it at the feet of Nader.

"'By the head of my father! youth,' said he, 'Ibrahim has not belied thee in his praises of thy archery or thy horsemanship: these thou hast now fairly proved; let thy skill and conduct in other things be but equally conspicuous, and thou shalt not lack advancement. But this is enough for one day: thyself and thy horse need rest, and, in truth, he is a brave beast, and should be well dealt with;—where didst thou get him? but I need not ask, for every hoof and sinew speaks him desert-bred, as well as thee. Thou art, in truth, a strange youth, and I must hear thy story at large;—but not now. Get thee gone for the present—thou art welcome!'

"It now occurred to me, that the General had taken a fancy to my horse. I knew that when a great man has once signified his admiration of anything belonging to a dependent, it is deemed equivalent to a demand, and expected that the coveted article shall forthwith be tendered as an offering to conciliate his favour. In the elation of the moment, I felt that I could even bear the bitter pang of parting with my faithful steed; particularly when I considered, that my future fortune might depend upon the sacrifice. Respectfully bowing, therefore, and taking the bridle in my hand, I said, 'May the favour of your Highness never diminish! may your servant find grace in your eyes! the horse of your servant is unworthy of your notice —but, pardon the poverty of your slave, and deign to accept his humble offering!' So saying, I offered the bridle to an attendant. 'No, no, young man!' replied Nader; 'the horse is a good one, and thou meritest him well; keep him, and tend him as he deserves; I promise thee thou shalt need his best service. Meantime, it is thou, rather, who mayest look to me for a token of favour: thou hast exhausted thy arms; the stock shall be replenished—now go thy ways!'—'May the happy fortune of your Highness increase! may your favour never diminish towards your servant!' cried I, bowing once more, and left the presence with Hussun Allee Beg."

Ismael finds favour in the eyes of Nader, and is constituted one of his *Gholaums*, or Life-guards, an honour bestowed only on persons of distinguished merit. The narrative, till the end of the first volume, is occupied chiefly by an account of the prosecution of the war in which Nader was engaged against Malek Mahmoud, and of the events which terminated in the recovery of the Holy shrine from the grasp of that usurper.

The commencement of the second volume finds the army of Nader in quiet occupation of the city of Mushed. We now acquire some insight into the modes of life and manners of the civil portion of the community, though this part of the subject engrosses less of the author's attention than might be wished. During the period of idleness which ensues, the young military men of Nader s army, as might be expected, get into all sorts of dissipation. In this respect our hero forms no exception; and we confess, that some of the incidents in this portion of the story are not altogether to our taste, and savour too much of the Arabian Nights, with which work, linked as it is with a thousand delightful memories, it must always be perilous to provoke a comparison.

In stating this our trivial solitary objection, we would wish by no means to be understood as withholding our belief in the truth of the pictures of Persian life presented by the adventures in this portion of the narrative; or as denying the probability of such incidents in a state of society similar to that of Khorasan. But we think, that in themselves they possess little interest, and, with the great powers of invention which the author has evidently at command, he could have had little difficulty in supplying their place by others, of a character better calculated to elicit the sympathies of his readers.

There is really only one scene in the work in which we think any striking failure is discernible. We allude to that in which an attempt is made to interest the feelings of the reader, by a picture of the revolting horrors connected with the deaths of Fatimah and Zeeba. The lowest of all human sympathies is that which is excited by mere physical suffering. It is felt, perhaps, by the rudest of mankind as powerfully as by the most refined. But the chord of this feeling is one which a skilful writer will generally refrain from touching. In the details of torture and bloodshed, there is ever something shocking to the imagination. Our alms to the beggar, who displays his mutilated and dis-

torted members, are always accompanied with loathing. Thus it is, too, in description. Scenes which human nature would shrink from beholding, should not be obtruded on the imagination. *Mind* is the proper object of sympathy with mind. True, bodily anguish may occasionally be thrown in to heighten the effect, and deepen the colouring, of the picture of mental agony, but it must never be suffered to become the chief object in the group. Least of all, can we tolerate a picture, in which the mere horrors of corporeal suffering engross the whole powers of the artist's pencil. We are not quite sure, that in these remarks we have expressed ourselves very clearly, but we trust to our author's intelligence to seize the precise extent and bearing of our objections, and to his candour to give them such weight as they may appear to merit.

Passing over, therefore, this portion of the story, we come to a long episode, which is somewhat clumsily introduced, in the story of a young merchant, with whom Ismael becomes acquainted in the course of his adventures in Mushed. By this digression we think an unpleasant break is occasioned in the continuity of the story, though considered as an isolated story it is altogether unexceptionable. The merchant is a great traveller, and carries us through many lands, giving pleasant sketches of the manners of the different nations, among whom his erratic calling had made him a sojourner. We then return to the adventures of Ismael, in whose society we continue to travel on, both pleasantly and profitably, till the end of the work. Nader goes on from conquest to conquest; Sultan Mahmoud is vanquished and slain; and the glory of the feeble Shah is completely overshadowed by that of his victorious commander. All this portion of the narrative is full of descriptions of martial exploits, which are executed by a masterly hand. Whether the author belongs to the military profession we know not, but his knowledge, not only of the general character of Eastern warfare, but of all minute circumstances connected with its tactic and strategy, is evidently very extensive. His military sketches are complete in all their particulars, and he never falls into the error of fighting mere European battles on Persian ground. In matters of this sort he is a complete Bourgognoni, vivid, vigorous, and spirit-stirring, in all his delineations of broil and battle. Our readers shall not take all this praise upon trust. Let them read the following extract, and charge us with exaggeration if they dare :—

"It was a gallant and spirit-stirring sight to see them bearing down upon us, more than thirty thousand strong, all admirably armed and equipped. Hundreds of the small flags of companies, so much in use among the Affghauns, waved over their heads; and the points of their spears, and their drawn swords, gleamed with a flickering above the dark and compact masses. Two of these bodies were entirely composed of cavalry, while that which occupied the centre consisted both of cavalry and infantry, accompanied by the greater part of their artillery. They moved on gently and in good order to the brink of the river's bed below them: it was an object with their leaders, no doubt, to pass this obstacle without the confusion which might attend a more rapid course. But scarcely had they formed upon the nearer bank, than uttering a fearful yell, the greater part of their cavalry dashed forward at full speed to the charge.

"The space between the water-course and our position might be something less than half a mile, but we were quite prepared for this onset; the word was rapidly passed along to keep steady till the signal should be given, and then to pour upon the advancing enemy the full discharge of our matchlocks and arrows. On they came; the thunder of their innumerable hoofs increasing every moment till it shook the very earth; their spears in rest and their naked scymetars gleaming over their heads, filling the air with their war-cries. It was a moment of breathless suspense; not a sound was to be heard throughout our host until the foremost of the Affghauns had reached within eighty yards. Human nature could have endured no longer, when the report of three cannon parting in quick succession rose above the uproar. Instantly they were answered by a volley from forty or fifty other pieces, and by the quick dropping fire of muskets, which soon increased to a continued roar. The whole line was enveloped in smoke, which for a few moments hid the enemy from our view; but when the light breeze of morning wafted it in part away, a striking change was seen in their condition. From the close order of the enemy, who had charged in a dense body, every shot we fired must have taken effect, and the front ranks were therefore almost totally destroyed: the plain was now strewed with men and horses, and those behind, who were spur-

ring up at full speed, increased the confusion by stumbling over the bodies of their fallen friends. The deadly fire of matchlocks and of arrows still continued; and ever and anon the cannon scattered havoc among the amazed Affghauns, who, confounded at a resistance so determined, wavered, drew up, and then turned and fled beyond reach of our shot.

"A strong body of cavalry from each wing was immediately dispatched to take advantage of their disorder, and for a while the fugitives were slaughtered almost unresistingly; but as they fell back upon their reserve, and our fire ceased, they recovered somewhat from their panic, and drawing off on either hand, left our horsemen exposed to a heavy fire from the cannon and musketry of their centre division. This checked us in our turn; but instead of forming and making an orderly retreat, as they should have done, our men, flushed with success, thought only of carrying all before them—of galloping on, and cutting down the topechees of the Affghauns at their guns. This unlucky mistake was observed simultaneously by Nader and the enemy: the latter detached a farther force of horsemen to complete the confusion which their fire was fast effecting among our men, while his Highness pushed forward a strong body of cavalry, including the remainder of his own guards, to support and bring them off; and moved on himself in good order, with the matchlockmen and infantry, to act as circumstances should determine.

"The engagement now became general and furious: what the Affghauns lacked in discipline, they possessed in personal strength and courage. They charged the most compact bodies of our cavalry in parties of ten or twenty, and often broke them with great loss, by dint of determined bravery; and though their desultory devotion generally proved fatal to them in the end, it was not without a serious expense of lives to ourselves. So bloody was the struggle, that even the portion of his Highness's guards which had accompanied the first detachment in pursuit, thinned by discharges of cannon in front, and furiously assailed on either flank by the heavy battle-axes and long spears of the horsemen, began to fall into confusion and give back. I had hastily collected a small number of men to rally another corps of cavalry, which was shrinking under its heavy loss, when, casting my eyes towards my own companions, I saw them struggling with a fresh and powerful troop of Cadanharaes, who were led by some of the Sultaun's gholaums. The crisis was urgent in the extreme: calling out to my followers, and shouting aloud the well-known cry of the 'Shurtee Naderee!' we charged the new assailants, who, thinking that a fresh reinforcement had come up, were checked in their career.

"At this moment, I observed Caleb Allee Beg, who was actively cheering on his men, hurled with great violence from his horse to the earth. A cannon-shot had struck him on the shoulder, and carried off his arm, with half the muscles of his side. I flew to him as he lay gasping on the ground, when, gazing wildly at me for a moment, he recognised me, and said with a ghastly smile, 'Ah, my friend, you will not laugh at me now! But go—you are required; take my place and do your duty; mine is over!' There was, truly, no time for delay; consigning him to the care of two trusty men, I flew to the front, where the ground was still hotly contested, though the superiority of the enemy became every moment more decided. My presence and my voice, calling on them to remember who they were, exhorting them to fight for Nader, who was even now at hand with assistance, restored their sinking spirits; and by a strenuous effort, we once more gained ground upon our adversaries, and placed them between us and their own cannon. The junction of a party of our comrades, who succeeded in cutting their way through to where we stood, enabled us to support the struggle with better advantage; but by this time I discovered that the body of the guards, of which I was now the leader, had been completely separated from the rest of the army in the fluctuations of the fight, and was opposed, unassisted, to a large force of cavalry, with the infantry and artillery still threatening in front. There was nothing for it but to fight while we could; so, shouting out once more to those around me, that Nader was driving them before him on our left, and that we must open ourselves a path to join him, I called on them to close their ranks, and charge in that direction.

"The name of Nader, echoed from hundreds of tongues in reply, startled the enemy, and aided the force of our charge. Their horsemen were borne down and fled before it, and we found ourselves fast closing with the line of artillery and musketeers. But from them we did not meet the reception I expected;—they seemed to have their attention divided. 'Charge them also,' cried I; 'charge them, in the name of God, and they are ours!' The spirits of my companions were elevated by the success of our first effort, and the effect of this order was electrifying; scarcely was there time for the guns to be fired, when the gunners were cut and trampled down, and their infantry were flying in all directions. At this moment an unlucky shot struck our banner-man, and the colours, as they fell, were seized upon by one among the enemy more bold than the rest; fortu-

nately I saw the accident, and, clapping stirrups to my horse's side, reached and cut down the Affghaun, whose sacrilegious hand had dared to touch the sacred ensign, catching it in my left hand, so that it never touched the ground. Burning with enthusiasm, I cleared a path to the right and left with the sweep of my scymetar. 'Onward! onward!' cried I; 'who will abandon his colours?—who fears to follow his leader?' and, gallantly followed by the whole of my remaining band, I plunged into the thickest of the enemy.

"But though surprised and confounded, the Affghauns by no means gave way to their first panic. They turned upon us, and hemmed in our greatly diminished troop on all sides, depriving us of the power to charge them, as, with their long sharp swords, they rushed upon our horses, and dealt them ghastly and disabling wounds, while their riders were engaged with other assailants. And now did I suffer a loss which cost me a keener pang than many a graver misfortune in life;—my faithful Boorrauk had been severely wounded during our first successful charge, by a spear which broke in his chest: yet still he bore me gallantly through the fight, and trampled down many a one who attempted to assail his master. But the sword of an Affghaun reached his side at last, and inflicted another fearful wound. I saw the deed and revenged it dearly; for, with a blow of my sword, I clove the villain from shoulder to chest; but my unfortunate horse, staggering forward a pace or two, sank on his knees with a convulsive shudder; and scarcely had I time to disengage myself, when he fell on his side, and giving me one look with his bright intelligent eye, stretched out his quivering limbs, and breathed his last. Had my dearest friend been murdered at my feet, the pang I felt could not have been more keen, nor my indignation greater, than that which I experienced at the loss of this most faithful and invaluable companion of my toils.

"The colours were still safe, and, entrenched behind my slaughtered horse, I kept all assailants at bay; but how long we could have held out against the odds opposed to us, I cannot say, for the unequal struggle was brought to a sudden close. Loud cries were heard on the left; and even through the infernal din which surrounded us, I could distinguish the loud and terrible voice of Nader shouting out his orders, and encouraging his men. All now was over; the shout was returned by every one of us that remained alive; the enemy, assailed in rear, broke, and melted from before us like snow in the April sun; and we, who but a moment before had been gasping and struggling for our lives, were left undisputed possessors of the ground, now covered with the flying foe.

"Too much exhausted to pursue them, we were resting, panting on our arms, when his Highness, accompanied by a strong party of gholaums, rode up to us at speed. Checking his horse, he threw a single keen glance at us, and then gave rapid orders to several of his attendants to go and stop the pursuit, which had already led some of the troops too far. 'The place of encampment for this night is yonder, on the ground deserted by the enemy;—go! Let the several corps be mustered there, and let me have immediate returns of our loss in killed and wounded; leave only Muhabut Allee and half-a-dozen gholaums with me—I shall find guards enough here, and trusty ones too. What news?—how fares it, Ismael? No children's play this—you have found enough to do, it seems?—these fellows have fought like devils as they are.—Come, muster the men now; you must be my guard to camp. But how is this? on foot?'—'Your Highness sees my horse,' replied I, pointing to poor Boorrauk. 'What! my old acquaintance?—your friend of the Desert? This is in truth a loss; but we must try to repair it; meantime, some of you give him a horse.'—'Your Highness has sustained a greater loss—Caleb Allee Beg.'—'Punah-be-khodah! killed?' demanded Nader, in a voice of great emotion.—'Struck by a cannon-shot, while bravely leading your Highness's guards;—he cannot survive, if not already dead.'—'Where is he? let me once more see my old and faithful servant,' said Nader, stifling a groan; and motioned immediately to lead the way. The spot where I had left Caleb Alee was not far in our rear, for every inch of ground had been hotly contested, and we had advanced but little. We found him attended but by one aged soldier, for many years under his command, who bent over his mangled officer with a look of fixed sorrow, while his tears, mingling with the blood that trickled from a large wound in his head, dropped heavily on the breast of the dying man. A party of Affghauns, who swept this part of the plain after we had quitted it, had cut down the other attendant, and wounded this old man; but when they observed his white beard, and saw how he was occupied, the blow was not repeated;—they left him to himself, and, wounded as he was, he had propped up the body of the unfortunate Caleb Allee, supporting his head in his lap, and, covering his ghastly wounds with his garments, thus awaited the painful struggle of expiring nature."

We now approach the conclusion of the story, which may be briefly told. Ismael fights like a tiger, and is raised by Nader to the dignity of a Khan. He encounters his old friend Selim, and through his means is restored to the young and beautiful Shireen, who

is suffering all manner of affliction. Her story is given at full length. Many misfortunes had befallen her since they parted; but through all the vicissitudes of her fate, she had remained true to the man by whom her virgin heart had been subdued. There is some pathos in the meeting with Shireen, but more in that with Selim. Selim is a prisoner, and condemned by Nader to death. Ismael exerts all his influence to procure his pardon, but in vain. Stung to madness by this, he determines to share the fate of his friend—beards Nader to his face, and bares his neck to the executioner. The heart of the great chieftain, albeit unused to the melting mood, softens at the sight of so much disinterested friendship. Selim is pardoned, and Ismael made happy by the hand of his first love.

Such is the termination of the third volume, but we rejoice to say, that should his first attempt be successful—of which we entertain no doubt—the author intimates his intention of continuing his labours, and presenting us with a continuation of the life of the Kuzzilbash. In this we trust he will not disappoint us. We trust he will go on as he has begun, and introduce us to the hearths and homes of Khorasan; picturing, with the skill of which he has already given abundant specimens, all interesting particulars of the habits, modes of thought, and domestic life, of the various tribes which own the dominion of the Shah.

Of the characters delineated in these volumes, we have said little; yet not because little deserved to be said. In truth, many of them are excellent. Nader, Ibrahim, Omer Khan, Foujee Allee, and several others whose names we cannot at this moment recall, though their lineaments are imprinted on our memory, are drawn with skill, vigour, and effect. The besetting danger into which the author of a work like the present is most apt to be betrayed, is that of representing his characters as influenced by motives altogether alien to the whole habits of their mind. Orientals drawn by an European are always likely to have an unnatural tinge of Europeanism in their modes of thought and action. The poles are not more opposite than a Hindoo or Persian is, in the whole cast and structure of his mind, to an Englishman. They acknowledge no common principles of right and wrong. Their motives, their tone of sentiment, and consequently their actions, are altogether at variance, and must be judged of by a different standard. In a work of Eastern fiction, a writer cannot look into his own heart, to learn what feelings any given circumstances would excite in those whom he delineates. If he does, he will draw Europeans, not Asiatics.

In this respect, however, the vigilance of the author has been unceasing; and though in one or two instances we think he has not been eminently successful in avoiding the error we have mentioned, we do not hesitate to assert that his failures have both been fewer and more venial than those which are abundantly discernible both in Anastasius and Hajji Baba. We now bid farewell to the Kuzzilbash, a book we have read with greater interest than any which has recently issued from the press. We anticipate for it a wide popularity; but should we be deceived in this, we shall not hesitate to attribute our error rather to the obtuseness of the public, than to any want of merit in the work itself.

THE USURY LAWS.

The conviction is very generally entertained, and loudly uttered, that the House of Commons—speaking of it as it is for the time composed in respect of persons—has, in so far as knowledge and wisdom are concerned, greatly lost the confidence of the country. Never did any House of Commons exist, since this generation came into being, which was so much ridiculed on the score of ignorance and imbecility, and so much feared on that of pernicious principle and measure, as the present one. The conduct which this House has displayed touching the projected change of the Usury Laws, proves, that the character it has acquired is by no means an undeserved one. Mr P. Thompson, the worthy parent of the change, feels, as he frankly owns, an intense longing for the total repeal of the laws in question; but being seized with a paroxysm of "conciliation" and "liberality," he throws out the weather-beaten flag of compromise, and proposes a measure which is to satisfy all sides. He will content himself with taking a part to satisfy himself and his friends; and he will generously leave a part to satisfy his opponents. How does the munificent man make his division? He actually seizes the lion's share—he monopolizes the operation of the Usury Laws, and leaves to his opponents a name and mutilated form utterly worthless! He will abolish the laws in so far *only* as they vitiate contracts and impose penalties; that is, he will abolish them in so far *only* as they have material effect. In making the division, Mr Thompson commits absurdities truly indescribable. He will not punish usurers, whatever may be their extortions, but he will not suffer them to recover by law more than five per cent. He places a law in the Statute Book, the violation of which he not only exempts from all punishment, but declares to be highly meritorious. He states it to be an infallible principle, that all men have a clear and undoubted right to obtain as much interest for their money as possible, and yet he prohibits them from asserting this right by law. He, however, is careful that his absurdities shall do no injury to his object; while he refuses to usurers the aid of the law, he gives them ample power to extort whatever they may wish without it. His measure annuls the Usury Laws in the most material parts of their operation. Well, separating his absurdities from what he seeks to accomplish, no individual has been found amidst his senatorial brethren to make an effort for protecting the reputation of the House from the disgrace and ridicule they must bring upon it. His opponents are gained. One has his objections wholly removed, another finds his scruples greatly weakened, and a third will say nothing. All seem to be delighted that a pretext is afforded them for ranging themselves with the "liberal and enlightened."

We are well aware, that a defence of the Usury Laws made by an angel from Heaven, would not have the smallest weight with the House of Commons, or certain of the Ministers; and we are not undertaking to write such a defence, in the hope that we can make any impression on either. We are free from all such folly. Mr Thompson's Bill, we imagine, will pass the House we have named, supported by Ministers, and without encountering anything worthy of being called opposition. A few Members will make long speeches in favour of it, consisting of assertions and assumptions, and evading the merits of the question—a few more will, following the example just set by Mr Goulburn, laud these speeches very extravagantly—a few more will renounce the errors and heresies they have so long cherished, and dilate on the transcendent wisdom they and their brethren are displaying—a few more will grumble a little—and then it will be sent in triumph to the Lords. We know not that it will have worse success with the latter. But we find nothing in this to scare us from our undertaking. A vast portion of the community knows, alas! from bitter experience, that in these days the sanction of both Ministry and Parliament is no evidence that a change of law is wise in principle, and will be salutary in operation; and it will listen impartially to both sides. If we can prove that the enemies of the Usury Laws are completely in error in their leading principles, and are in utter ignorance touch-

ing various essentials of the question, we shall not write in vain, even though we create no impediments to their success. We shall strengthen those feelings, which, if we are not greatly mistaken, will speedily make mighty changes and innovations amidst seats in Parliament.

We derive much comfort from the knowledge, that if we err on this question, we err in reputable company. Saying nothing of various foreign names of the first eminence, we think as Bacon, Locke, Child, D'Avenant, Adam Smith, the late Lord Erskine, &c. thought. Here is an assemblage, which comprises philosophy, learning, talent, and practical knowledge, quite sufficient to shield us from disgrace. It may be very true, that no authorities on any subject ever existed, until these great living men were born, who call themselves the only authorities on all subjects; and that the names we have cited are below contempt, when compared with those of Bentham, M'Culloch, Thompson, Warburton, Brougham, &c. All this may be very true, but if we doubt it we shall be pardoned by those whose favour we covet.

Mr Thompson proves that he is very poorly qualified for attempting to change the Usury Laws, by the ignorance he manifests touching their origin. He asserts, that they originated in superstition. It is, however, due to him to say, that he has been led into this error by the great teachers of the school to which he belongs; he only repeats what they printed for the use of their pupils.

Laws against usury existed in the Roman empire many centuries before they were known in this country. They were re-considered, altered, extended, and enforced on public grounds, in the most enlightened days of the Empire, by the greatest of its children. From such an example they were introduced into this country. To what our Usury Laws owed their birth, is in truth of no moment, for their establishment was in reality for some time a mere matter of experiment. In 1545, the interest of money was fixed by statute at ten per cent. This statute continued in force for seven years, and was then repealed. Then for nineteen years the interest of money had no legal limit. Then the statute of 1545 was restored by Queen Elizabeth on this preamble—"That the repeal of the 37th Henry VIII. had not been attended with the hoped-for effects, but that usury had more and more abounded, to the utter undoing of many gentlemen, merchants, occupiers, and others, and to the hurt of the commonwealth."

In 1625, the rate of interest was reduced by law to eight per cent; the preamble of the Act assigns these as the reasons.—"Whereas there is at this time a very great abatement in the value of land, and in the merchandizes, wares, and commodities of the kingdom, both at home and also in foreign parts, whither they are transported; and whereas divers subjects of the kingdom, as well the gentry as merchants, farmers, and tradesmen, both for their necessary occasions, for the following of their trades, maintenance of their stocks, and employments, have borrowed, and do borrow, diverse sums of money, wares, merchandizes, and other commodities, but by reason of the said general fall and abatement of the value of land, and the prices of the said merchandizes, wares, and commodities, and interest on loan continuing at so high a rate as ten pounds in the hundred pounds for a year, doth not only make men unable to pay their debts, and continue the maintenance of trade, but their debts daily increasing, they are forced to sell their lands and stocks at very low rates, to forsake the use of merchandize and trade, and to give over their leases and farms, and so become unprofitable members of the commonwealth, to the great hurt and hinderance of the same."

Now for the effects which were believed to flow from this reduction of interest. Sir Thomas Culpepper, in a treatise written some years afterwards, states,—"This good success doth call upon us not to rest here, but that we bring the use for money to a lower rate, which now, I suppose, will find no opposition, for all opposition which before the statute was made against it, is now answered by the success; and most certainly the benefit will be much greater to the commonwealth, by calling the use for money down from eight to six, or even five per cent, than it was from calling it down from ten to eight per cent."

Sir Josiah Child, an eminent merchant, writes,—"In 1635, within ten

years after interest was brought down to 8 per cent, there were more merchants to be found upon exchange worth each a thousand pounds and upwards, than were formerly, that is before 1600, to be found worth one hundred pounds each. That in 1621, before the reduction of interest, the current value of land was twelve years purchase, which soon after rose considerably higher."

Cromwell reduced the rate of interest from 8 to 6 per cent in 1651, and the reduction was confirmed, after the Restoration, on these grounds,—"Forasmuch as the abatement of interest, from ten in the hundred, in former times, hath been found, by notable experience, beneficial for the advancement of trade, and improvement of lands by good husbandry, with many other considerable advantages to the nation," — — — "and whereas, in fresh and recent memory, the like fall, from eight to six per cent, hath found the like success to the general contentment of the nation, as is visible by several improvements," &c. &c.

Touching the effects of this reduction, Sir Josiah Child thus speaks,—"Now, since interest has been for twenty years at six per cent, notwithstanding our long civil wars, and the great complaint of the dulness of trade, there are more men to be found upon the Exchange now worth ten thousand pounds, than were then of one thousand pounds.

"Which ever way we take our measures, to me it seems evident, that since our first abatement of interest, the riches and splendour of this kingdom are increased above four (I may say above six) times as much as they were. Our customs are much improved, I believe above the proportion of six to one, which is not so much an advance of the rate of goods, as by the increase of the bulk of trade. If we look into the country, we shall find lands as much improved since the abatement of interest as trade in cities. I, and those I converse with do perfectly remember, that rents did generally rise after the late abatement of interest."

In 1714 the rate of interest was finally reduced to five per cent, on the ground that—"the reducing of interest to ten, and from thence to eight, and thence to six in the hundred, hath from time to time, by experience, been found very beneficial to the advancement of trade, and improvement of lands," &c. &c.

We have said abundantly sufficient to prove, 1. That the Usury Laws had their origin in public necessity; they were enacted to remove great and manifest evils.

2. That they were re-enacted, after having been for some time abolished, because it was believed their abolition had been prolific of individual and national injury.

And, 3. That they have been again and again, at distant intervals, discussed, revised, and confirmed by the greatest men of different periods, solely upon principles of individual and public benefit, and without any reference to superstition and prejudice.

And now, what are we to think of that Member of the House of Commons, who attempts to destroy these laws, on the ground that they are the offspring of superstition and prejudice; and what are we to think of his law-making brethren who support him? In this House intellect marches in a very odd manner, and knowledge displays itself in a manner equally odd.

We have said this much of the origin of the Usury Laws, because assertions like this of Mr Thompson have, in these distempered times, infinitely more weight than valid evidence of pernicious nature and effect. The capacity of our present race of law-destroyers is capable of very little, beyond heaping slanders on the laws they wish to destroy; and the conviction of those, by whose aid they work, can scarcely comprehend anything save such slanders.

The following are the great objects of the Usury Laws. To keep the price of the loan of money at the lowest rate, compatible with the just rights of the lender—to make it the same to all borrowers, the poor as well as the rich, and thereby to protect the mass of the community from scarcity of loans—to keep it from sudden and violent fluctuations, and make it, as far as possible, the same in all times and circumstances—and to prevent lenders of money from taking unjust and ruinous advantages of borrowers, and place both on an equality.

Of course, to prove that these laws are erroneous in principle, the usurers

ought to prove, that what they are intended to do ought not to be done. They ought to prove that scarcity of loans to the mass of the community—sudden and violent fluctuations in the rate of interest—a high rate of interest—a rate of interest varying according to person, favouring the rich, and ruinously high to the less wealthy, are things highly beneficial, or at the least, not pernicious. They ought to prove that lenders of money should possess baleful advantages over borrowers. Do they prove this? They do not attempt it; on the contrary, they own that the state of things, which the laws are intended to prevent, ought not to be.

At any rate, the usurers ought to prove, not by assertions of their own, but by evidence tendered by the community at large, that these laws operate perniciously. Do they cite such evidence? No. A Parliamentary committee examined witnesses, and reported on the Usury Laws in 1818; and not one of the witnesses, even of those who were hostile to the laws, had ever heard it remarked, that this country, as a great commercial one, was subject to inconvenience in consequence of their existence. Previously to the last few years, not a complaint was made against these laws by the community, but, on the contrary, the belief that they were highly beneficial was universally entertained. In late years, a very few petitions were presented to Parliament against them; but they were manifestly dictated by other things than practical suffering. Up to the present hour, the community at large has never made the least complaint, and this forms the most decisive proof imaginable, that the Usury Laws, at any rate, have not operated injuriously. To abolish laws of such gigantic and incessant operation, in the teeth of a proof like this, is, in our poor judgment, what would be proposed only by the most crazy theorist, and what would be attempted only by a government regardless alike of its duty and its reputation.

As the usurers cannot plead any of the rational and valid reasons, which alone can justify the abolition of laws of great operation, what do they plead? They naturally take their stand chiefly upon abstract principle. Casting practical effects to the winds, they affirm that money is a commodity, similar to commodities of trade: taking this as their fact, their inference is, that money ought to be treated by law like such commodities. Their strength lies principally here. This fact and inference are with them irresistible evidence, that the Usury Laws ought to be abolished, independently of other reasons.

Now, is it a fact in reality, or is it a fiction miscalled a fact, that money is a commodity similar to other commodities? If the fact be demolished, nothing, of course, can save the poor inference. Men of common sense are well aware, that in regard to this question, money employed as trading capital is a perfectly different thing from money employed in making loans. Money employed in buying and selling land, merchandize, manufactures, &c. is a commodity like other commodities, and so the law treats it. When so employed, it is exempted from the operation of the Usury Laws, and its owner may charge any rate of interest whatever.

But money as a loan differs wholly from commodities of trade, in both nature and circumstances. Speaking generally, the price of the commodity is regulated by the intrinsic value, and it is the same to all; but the price of the loan of money is regulated by the credit of the borrower, and to almost every borrower it varies. The poor can buy the commodity as easily and cheaply as the rich; but the difficulty of procuring the loan is increased, and its price is raised, in proportion to the poverty of the borrower. The commodity is an article of barter, and all who traffic in it can obtain about the same rate of profit, and can proportion their selling to their buying price, so as to make it commonly yield them a profit; but the loan is a thing which is only lent to be returned—borrowers can only gain about the same rate of profit from employing it, while each has to pay, for the use of it, a different price from what is paid by the others. They cannot alter their rate of profit, as the price for the use of it is raised to them. The profit derived from trafficking with the commodity is often the greatest when the price is the highest; the profits derived from the loan commonly fall as its price rises.

But it is with reference to its effects amidst the community that we must

consider the question. If money, in the shape of loan, differ in nothing from commodities of trade, there cannot possibly be any difference between the lending and borrowing of money, and the selling and buying of commodities: the lenders and borrowers of money must of necessity stand in precisely the same relative circumstances as the sellers and buyers of commodities. What is the truth?

The sellers and buyers of commodities form one body; the seller is commonly a buyer likewise, and he can gain in the one capacity, if he lose in the other. The lenders and borrowers of money form distinct classes; the borrower cannot lend, therefore he cannot gain from lending what he may lose from borrowing.

The seller and buyer of commodities are on an equality; they both act from choice; the one can make his needs public, and go from man to man in search of an advantageous bargain, in as much security as the other. There is no more discredit in wanting to buy, than there is in wanting to sell; and the seller has no more means of taking advantage of the buyer, than the buyer has of taking advantage of the seller. There is commonly an abundance of commodities in the market, and competition favours not the seller more than the buyer. The seller can make nothing of his commodities until he sells them; he can only hold them for a short period, and it is as necessary for him to sell, as it is for the buyer to buy. If the buyer have to pay a higher price, he can still obtain the same rate of profit; and he is not compelled to buy, if he cannot do it without loss. The bargains are the work of a moment, and they are attended with no cost and trouble. Prices are the same to the poor man as to the rich one. This forms the general rule; when the case is different, it is the exception.

The reverse forms the general rule to the lender and borrower of money. They are not on an equality; but the one has very great advantages over the other. The lender gains credit and respectability from making it public that he has money to lend; the borrower suffers in both from making it public that he wants to borrow. The former can select his customer, the latter is often bound to one individual, whatever terms may be demanded from him. The supply of money is very irregular, and competition is greatly in favour of the lender. The latter can vest his money in public securities, &c. until he finds a borrower to his mind; and if he keep it so vested for years, he suffers comparatively nothing; he is free from the compulsion which rests on the borrower. If the borrower have to pay a higher rate of interest, he can neither raise the profits of his business, nor do without borrowing. At the time when his profits are the worst, his need for borrowing is the greatest, and he must pay the highest rate of interest. The borrowing of money, in various cases, occupies much time, and is attended with much expense and trouble. The rate of interest varies greatly, and it is the highest to the poor man, and the lowest to the rich one. It is not regulated by the profits of business, and its variations clash with the weal of the community. In respect of both time and person, it is the highest when public good prescribes that it should be the lowest; and the contrary. When the case is different, it forms the exception to the rule.

If the price of the commodity become very high, this creates its own remedy, by enlarging production and foreign supplies. In most cases it cannot sensibly injure the body of the community; and in others it cannot produce any large and lasting portion of public evil. But if the price of the loan become very high, this creates what will perpetuate and increase the advance; it paralyses and destroys agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and domestic trade; it diminishes public revenue and raises taxes; it has the most pestilential effects on the whole community.

Much more we could say on this point, but more is not necessary. The single truth, which no man living can impugn, that a very high rate of interest for borrowed money must have the most destructive effects on all the best interests of the empire, is of itself sufficient to demonstrate that money, as a loan, differs essentially and wholly from any commodity of trade. The fact, therefore, of the usurers is worthless fable, and the inference we must necessarily cast to the winds.

The Usury Laws take their stand upon the difference between money

as trading capital and money as a loan. They interfere not with money, in so far as it resembles commodities; the man who employs it in buying and selling may draw from it twenty, fifty, or eighty per cent, and they will give him no molestation. But when it ceases to resemble commodities, they take it under their regulation. Why do they do this? To make it as far as possible a commodity like other commodities. The difference is created, not by them, but by the nature of things; and their object is to remove it. It is acknowledged by the most competent judges, that they have always taken the natural rate of interest for their guide—that they have never made the legal rate lower than that at which people of good credit could borrow. That rate of interest which people of good credit could borrow at, if they were not in existence, they make the rate for the whole community; in order that the loan may bear the same price to all, as the commodity bears the same price to all. They endeavour to preserve money as a loan from scarcity, pernicious monopoly, and an injuriously high price; and to establish that equality between borrowers and lenders of money which exists between buyers and sellers of commodities.

As a subsidiary reason, the usurers urge, that, from the altered circumstances of the country, nothing of what the Usury Laws were intended to prevent could take place, should these laws be abolished. This is equivalent to asserting, that there would be no extortion, and that there would be no injurious variations in the rate of interest, in respect of either time or person.

The question now arises—Are lenders so changed in disposition, that, possessing the means, they will scrupulously abstain from extortion on principle; or are borrowers so changed in circumstances, that they can effectually protect themselves from extortion? With regard to lenders, it will, we imagine, be generally conceded, that they are wholly unchanged in disposition; every man will admit that they are as anxious as ever to make the most of their money. We say not that they are a whit more mercenary and rapacious than other people; but we say that they are not less so. The truth is, that merchants, manufacturers, farmers—all who are in business, constantly labour to obtain the highest price possible; and if they had their customers at their mercy, they would be as ready to extort from them a profit of 40, 60, or 100 per cent, as any usurer whatever. They are content with moderate profits, only because they are compelled to be so. It may be safely taken for granted, that if no such compulsion rested on the money-lender, he would grind the borrower to powder, by extorting from him exorbitant profit, just as men in other lines of business would do in similar circumstances. In fact, the usurers maintain that they have a right to obtain the highest rate of interest in their power.

Are then borrowers so changed in circumstances, that they can never be at the mercy of lenders? The question, of course, refers to more than the present moment; legislation must have something to stand upon beyond the state of things in a particular year, or term of years; it must be based upon what will be, as well as what is; its regulations must be of a nature to suit all times and circumstances. The borrowers are practically divided into three great classes, which differ widely from each other in the mode of borrowing; in giving a reply, we will look at these separately. One consists of those traders and others who constantly require to have bills discounted, and who frequently need loans for a short period. Another consists of land-owners, &c. who borrow for a long term upon mortgage. And the third consists of farmers, tradesmen, &c. who borrow upon bond or note for a period of considerable and uncertain duration.

The first class borrows almost exclusively of the Banks, except in London, where it borrows to a considerable extent in other quarters. At present, money is as plentiful as it can ever be expected to be, and a few members of the class can borrow at $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 per cent in London, but not elsewhere. They cannot do this from the Banks and the money-lenders generally; they can only do it from a few individuals. The money lent at this low rate belongs to certain capitalists, who wish to keep it loose for speculation, and who lend it in heavy sums for the moment, to those only whose

solidity is above question. It is not constantly employed in lending, and the body of borrowers cannot have access to it. This low rate may therefore be thrown out of the question, as the trifling accidental exception to the rule. In London, and some parts of the country, the Banks discount at 4 per cent, and in many parts of the country they discount at 5 per cent. In the metropolis, and the other places where 4 per cent has been adopted, 5 per cent is still charged on bills which are not of undoubted respectability, unless they are discounted under the banking account; and 5 per cent is still charged on direct loans, if the security be not of a very high description. Even in those places, the most numerous part of this class of borrowers has to pay 5 per cent; and in many parts of the country the whole class has to pay the same.

There is never much competition amidst money-lenders in London. The bill-brokers and capitalists keep up a little with the Banks in respect of discounting; but the banks act to a great degree in concert. In the country, the Banks have the market to themselves, and they do not compete with each other. Money-lending is not of a nature to admit of competition and underselling. The competition, solicitation, and tempting with terms, must be confined to the borrowers of money. While the Bank suffers comparatively nothing if it refuse to lend, the merchant, manufacturer, or tradesman, must almost daily have his bills discounted, and he must frequently have his temporary loan, to save him from heavy loss, or perhaps ruin. He cannot hawk about his bills, and go from Bank to Bank to borrow at the cheapest rate; the whole he would draw from this would be, the destruction of his credit. He borrows from necessity, and he must borrow from one source. The laws establish equality on this point. The lender may refuse to lend, but he cannot make his refusal an instrument of extortion; the borrower may solicit, but he cannot bribe with high terms. The price is fixed, neither of them can alter it, and the lender must take it, or keep his money.

If the laws should be abolished, competition would have precisely that effect here, which it has in trade. If the buyers of cotton, sugar, or any other article, compete with each other, and press upon the sellers, while the latter hold off from selling, the price rises; when the reverse is the case, the price falls. In respect of money, the borrowers would continually press upon the lenders, and of course the price of money would rise. These lenders, like the sellers of goods, would always be anxious to obtain the highest price; and in the first moment they would raise their price to necessitous borrowers.

Although the Banks at present profess to discount and lend at a certain rate, they still, in many cases, vary the rate according to the credit of the borrower; if the Usury Laws should be abolished, they might, perhaps, to their regular connexions and the opulent, charge one rate, but to needy borrowers they would have no fixed rate whatever. If they do not like a bill or security, they now refuse to lend: but the case would be widely different, if an offer could be made them on either of ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty per cent. If the laws be abolished, they will be constantly solicited and tempted with high terms by necessitous borrowers; and they will cultivate a trade with such borrowers. They have now a great interest in keeping bad bills out of being; they will then have a great interest in multiplying such bills. They will accommodate many borrowers, who are now unable to obtain discounts and loans, on being offered an exorbitant rate of interest; and to the vast body of those who can now barely borrow at the legal rate, they will raise the rate to eight, ten, or fifteen per cent. If the small merchant, manufacturer, or tradesman, who keeps an account with them, and whom they know to be in their power, take to them a bill, they will tell him it is of a kind which they cannot pass to his credit, without charging a high rate of discount; if he ask for a loan, they will complain that money is scarce, and demand a high rate of interest; and whatever they may charge, he must pay. An immense portion of the smaller, and even middling merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, are generally at the mercy of their bankers; from some cause or other they have not the means of closing and removing their accounts; and when they take in bills, or ask for loans, they must have money, no matter what they may pay for it. Amidst a very large and most meritorious por-

tion of this class of borrowers, a high rate of interest will become general; and this will raise the rate to other borrowers.

This applies to the present state of the money-market, but how long will it remain in this state, putting the chance of war entirely out of the question? Every one knows—barring perhaps the members of the House of Commons—that the supply of money continually varies, even in times of peace; and that in every two or three years a fit of commercial and manufacturing distress, of several months duration, takes place, which creates a great scarcity of money. If this country remain in peace, it is matter of certainty, according to all experience, that once in every two or three years, there will be for a considerable time a great scarcity of money. As in such a scarcity, the Banks, &c., if the Usury Laws be repealed, will naturally charge the highest rate of interest possible, how will the borrowers be circumstanced? Will they be independent of the lenders? Will they be able to obtain money on fair terms in one place, if they cannot in another; or will they be able to do without it, if they cannot obtain it on such terms? The whole of this class will then be completely at the mercy of the lenders; money it must have, no matter what the terms may be; and it will be compelled to pay any rate of interest they may require.

In time of war there is a constant scarcity of money, and frequently it is very great. In such a time the lenders will almost always have it in their power to charge a scarcity price, and the whole of this class of borrowers will be almost always at their mercy.

We will now look at the second class of borrowers—those who borrow on mortgage. Money can at present be obtained on mortgage at 4½, or even 4 per cent; but then the security must be of the first character. Those who borrow on second and third-rate securities must still pay the legal rate. Those who borrowed before interest fell, have, to a very great extent, still to pay the legal rate on first-rate securities. If they apply for a reduction, the answer perhaps is—no, I will sooner have my principal. They must therefore either continue to pay 5 per cent, or be at expenses in transferring, which will swallow the difference of interest for two, four, or six years to come. They cannot perhaps conveniently pay these expenses, and they prefer the former. The legal rate is still paid by a large portion of this class of borrowers.

This class generally borrows from necessity; from some cause or other the borrower must have money, no matter what the interest may be. We have here a different class of lenders. The Banks do not lend on mortgage. The money is advanced by individuals, who are constantly on the watch to make the most of it; many of them are people of small income, and what they lend constitutes a large part of what they possess. The large lenders, who are content with the lowest interest, will frequently only lend in large sums, and on first-rate securities. Speaking generally, when a man borrows money on mortgage, he parts with it immediately; and if he be called on for repayment, his only alternative is, borrowing the amount of some other person, or the forced sale of his property. If the Usury Laws be abolished, he must in any scarcity of money pay any price that the lender may think good to demand. If money be abundant as it now is, there must always be a scarcity of it to borrowers whose security is slender, whether they borrow on personal security, or on mortgage; and they must pay for it a scarcity price. On all the inferior securities—the second mortgages, those on leasehold property, &c. &c.—the interest will be raised to 7 or 8 per cent, if the Usury Laws be abolished. In fits of general scarcity, the interest will be pushed up on these securities; and in the fits of abundance, the borrowers will not be able to get it down. Such securities are very numerous; and the rise on them will create a rise on the best. The rise on trading money will operate greatly on mortgage money. In time of war this class of borrowers will be ground to powder by the lenders. The latter, then, knowing that the borrowers must pay whatever they may require, will be continually calling for an increase of interest, not only from those who may want to borrow at the time, but from those who have borrowed previously.

We will now turn to the third class of borrowers. A vast number of farmers and tradesmen begin business partly with borrowed money: one fourth, one third, or in many cases,

one half of their capital consists of such money. They borrow it—not of the Banks, for these will only lend for a longer period than three months to such as can keep an account with them, yielding them adequate profit; and the body of farmers and various small tradesmen cannot do this—but of country neighbours and individuals to whom they are known. The money is placed in their hands on personal security for an uncertain period, but with an understanding that they will be suffered to keep it for a few years. They now pay the legal rate. If they borrow to begin business with, it is in a great degree a matter of necessity, for they cannot begin without; and if they borrow after they have been some time in business, it is still from necessity. The moment they receive the money they fasten it in stock, fixtures, &c. and then if they be called on for repayment, they must borrow of some other person, or be ruined. To this class of borrowers there is always a scarcity of money, although it varies in degree. If the Usury Laws be abolished, it will be completely at the mercy of the lenders, and the rate of interest to it will be at once greatly raised. Then if a member of it wish to begin business, and have not sufficient capital, he will only know perhaps one man of whom he can borrow; and he must give any interest that may be demanded, or be kept out of business; an individual may lend to a farmer, or tradesman, and a few months afterwards, when he sees that the money is fixed in farming stock, goods, &c. he may demand double, or treble interest, with a certainty that his demand must of necessity be agreed to. In time of war, the rate of interest to this class will be ruinous.

The Usury Laws keep money-lending, as a regular trade, in the hands of respectable men: out of London, scarcely any one thinks of making such a trade of it save bankers, putting pawnbrokers out of the question. But if they be abolished, unprincipled persons in almost every large place will convert it into a regular trade of extortion and plunder.

We have said sufficient to prove that the lenders of money are still men who will extort the highest rate of interest in their power from borrowers—that putting the Usury Laws out of sight, a very large portion of the borrowers of all kinds are constantly at the mercy of the lenders—that frequently in times of peace, and almost always in times of war, the whole body of borrowers must be at the mercy of lenders—and that there must be the most violent and ruinous variations in the rate of interest, in regard to both time and person. It proves abundantly that no change has taken place in the circumstances of the country, to render the Usury Laws inoperative for good.

But then the committee of 1818 says in its Report,—"That it is the opinion of the committee, that the laws regulating or restraining the rate of interest, have been extensively evaded, and have failed of the effect of imposing a maximum on such rate."

Now, how have these laws been evaded? In war and in peace, when money has been scarce and when it has been abundant, the first class of borrowers up to this hour has never paid more than the legal rate. The Banks have never evaded the laws. The merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen—those whose industry and integrity were their all—as well as the opulent, have never been asked for more than 5 per cent. We deny not exceptions, but these have been confined in a great degree to London. Never were any laws of any kind so little evaded as the Usury Laws have been, in regard to this class of borrowers. The case has been the same with the third class. The farmers, tradesmen, &c. throughout the country, who borrowed on personal security of individuals, to begin or carry on business with, have never been asked for more than the legal rate, up to this moment. In respect of these two classes, the Usury Laws have constantly had the most complete success in imposing a maximum on the rate of interest.

Touching the second class, those who borrow on mortgage, various individuals during the war borrowed at a high rate by way of annuity; and this forms the evasion discovered by the committee. Could they do this legally? Yes. Then how, in the name of common sense, could the committee call it an evasion of the Usury Laws? These laws prohibited a higher rate than five per cent on money borrowed in the ordinary way on real security; was, then, a higher paid on money so borrowed in spite of

them? No; such money never paid more than the rate they fixed upon it. But they fixed no rate on money borrowed on annuity; and because from this such money obtained a high rate, they were charged by the committee with not producing their intended effect. It might just as truly have pronounced them non-effective, because they did not prevent the pawnbroker from obtaining twenty or fifteen per cent. Laws of any kind may as well expressly sanction a thing as tolerate it; for that is lawful which is not contrary to law. Lenders were allowed by law to lend at five per cent, according to the common mode of mortgaging, or to lend at a high rate in the way of annuity; and they naturally preferred the latter. This proves precisely the reverse of what the committee in its wisdom imagined; it proves, not the want of efficacy, but the great efficacy of the Usury Laws; it proves that usury is only restrained to the point prescribed by these laws; and that when it is free from their prohibition, it exacts a rate of interest ruinous to borrowers.

But who were those who thus, during the war, borrowed at a high rate on annuity? They consisted in a considerable degree of profligate spendthrifts, gamesters overwhelmed with debts, men who, from some cause or other, had lost their credit, or individuals who had only a life-interest in their estates, and therefore could not mortgage. A man may offer a first-rate security in vain when money is plentiful, if it be probable that he will not pay the interest punctually, or that his estate will be sold or involved in litigation. Borrowers like those had no resource but the annuity system, they made this system familiar to lenders, they took a large amount of money from the market, and they made it necessary for many of the best character to borrow in the same manner. Through the option which they gave to lenders, many men of high credit and ample estates were compelled to borrow on their system; but nevertheless, even then a great portion of the borrowers obtained money at five per cent. The evil was confined to the individuals who at that time were constrained to borrow; the rate was not raised on money which had been borrowed previously; and the vast body of those who had mortgaged never paid more than five per cent.

The case, therefore, stands thus:—The Usury Laws had always effectually imposed a maximum on the rate of interest throughout commerce, manufactures, and domestic trade; they had done this in regard to all the money borrowed on mortgage in the ordinary manner; they had done it to the whole community, with the exception of a comparatively small number of individuals; and they had done it in the whole lending and borrowing of the country, saving such only as were expressly exempted from their operation. In the teeth of all this, and because they had not prevented usury where it was actually lawful, the committee solemnly declared that they had failed of the effect of imposing a maximum on the rate of interest. That such a declaration was put forth, and was put forth as a reason for making a gigantic change of law, by a body of British legislators, is a certain fact, however incredible it may appear. Alas! it is far from being the only fact which will dye the cheeks of the man of common sense with shame, as he looks at the modern history of Parliament.

That the Usury Laws have always effectually imposed a maximum on the rate of interest, except where usury was lawful, is thus a truth wholly above question. They have been perhaps much less violated and evaded, according to the judicial construction of their letter, than any other laws of equal operation. If a law ought to be abolished, because it does not wholly prevent what it is intended to prevent, or because it is frequently violated and evaded, the House of Commons ought forthwith to abolish the laws against theft and murder.

The usurers urge, that these laws, during the war, imposed great hardships on the mortgage-borrowers, by increasing to them the difficulty and cost of obtaining money. We deny it. There was then, as every one knows, a great scarcity of money—did the laws produce it? No; it was produced by the enormous wants of the State, and it would have been as great had they not existed. If there had been no such laws, how would these borrowers have been circumstanced? The wants of the State would have been the same, and it would still have outbid competitors; if to them the rate had risen to fifteen per cent, it would have given twenty in case it

could not otherwise have procured money. The scarcity, the high rate, and chance for a large increase in the value of the principal, given by the State, and the liberty enjoyed by every lender, of demanding any rate whatever, would in all probability have raised the rate in the first instance to ten per cent; this would have been the rate paid, not only by those who borrowed at the moment, but by all who had previously borrowed. Every man whose property was encumbered would have been called on for the market rate of the day, and refusal would have been out of the question. The rate on trading money would have risen to the same point, and the funds would have fallen until they paid a higher one, for the borrowing of the State was a matter of imperious necessity. No matter what rate might have been paid by other borrowers, the State would have been compelled to pay one still higher; and it was because the laws kept the rate down to them, that it was enabled to borrow so cheaply. The difficulty of borrowing would not have been in the least diminished, in respect of scarcity and competition. Higher offers would have been necessary, lenders with a rising market would have kept back, and the rate would have risen to a height on inferior securities perfectly ruinous. Our conviction is, that borrowers would have had to pay a considerably higher one, than that which was paid by those who borrowed on annuity. This would not have been the worst. The high rate would have greatly diminished the value of land, and the magnitude of securities; rents must have been not raised, but lowered; and the same quantity of land would scarcely have formed a security for half the money. Then, in consequence of the high rate paid by the State, the taxes would have been greatly raised.

When this is looked at in connexion with the fact, that a large portion of those whose estates were encumbered, were never put to the expense of a penny by the scarcity of money, that a great number of those who borrowed during the scarcity did so at 5 per cent, and the ordinary expenses, and that the body of those whose property was mortgaged never paid more than 5 per cent, it will, we think, be readily acknowledged, that the Usury Laws did anything rather than injure the mortgage-borrowers. If we concede that they were a cause of expense to particular individuals, this is below notice when weighed against the vast benefits they yielded to the body.

As to many of those who borrowed on annuity at a high rate during the war, they were people who could not have borrowed in any other manner, had no Usury Laws existed. Such must ever be the resource of spendthrifts, who are overwhelmed with debts, and who have only a life interest in, or who cannot, from some other cause, give a satisfactory mortgage on, their property. Such men must always pay a far higher rate than other people; and they would have had to pay a much higher one during the war than they did, if these laws had not kept the rate down to other borrowers. Mr Thompson, in the House of Commons, alluded, in support of his case, to what was disclosed by the bankruptcy of Howard and Gibbs. He could not, we think, have given a more striking proof of his utter incompetency as a changer of law. He spoke as though the Usury Laws were the sole cause why men destitute of credit and property could not borrow as readily and cheaply, as men amply endowed with both. What he thus cited in his favour, formed, in reality, a decisive argument against him. It proved to what a ruinous extent improvidence and need on the one hand, and rapacity and power on the other, will go, when they have not these laws to restrain them.

The argument, that the Usury Laws prevent the necessitous traders from borrowing in times of commercial distress, now claims our attention. It is alleged, that the evils they produced in this way, during the late panic, prove conclusively, that they ought not to exist; and have even wrought wonderful *conversions* to their disadvantage. The political changes of opinion in these days frequently excite our disgust, but they are rarely of a kind to effect our conviction. Our opinion of these laws is not to be shaken, because a banker, that is, a money-lender, changes his, to assist in their destruction. Far be it from us to say, that such a man must necessarily do this from interested motives; but we will say that he is too much interested in the matter to be taken as an example. Now, according to probability, what would have happened, if no Usury Laws had exist-

ed previously to and during the panic?

When the pressure for money was first felt, which was some time before the panic commenced, the lenders would naturally have advanced largely the rate of interest. If a scarcity take place in corn, cotton, or any other commodity, the sellers in the first moment make a large addition to the price; and what they do would always be done by money-lenders in similar circumstances. This advance would have been made to nearly the whole trading world; and it would inevitably have added greatly to the difficulty of procuring discounts and loans, to the embarrassments, to the bankruptcies, and to the general losses. It would have been, from its tendency to destroy the credit of borrowers on the one hand, and that of Banks on the other, precisely the thing to create a panic.

But then it is said, that many would have been able to borrow money, who were ruined, because they could not do so. Where are the proofs? The Bank of England rejected many bills, which were offered it for discounting—would it have done differently, had the rate of discount been higher? No! Would a higher rate of interest have made it more liberal in its loans? No! In so far as it is concerned, there would have been the same difficulty in obtaining money.

Why did not the London and Country Banks lend more liberally? Did they refuse necessitous borrowers, merely because the rate of interest was too low? No, they refused because they had not money to lend. In general they did lend to the utmost of their ability—money which they owed was called from them on all hands—they could scarcely meet their obligations—many of them were compelled to borrow—and not a few lent beyond their means and became bankrupt. It cannot be doubted that, upon the whole, they accommodated borrowers to the farthest point which their means and safety would permit; and that from the sheer want of money, they could not have gone farther, no matter what interest might have been offered them.

With regard to individuals, did they hoard their money because they could not obtain sufficient interest? No! They drew it from the banks from the fear that these should fail, and of course offers of high interest would not have tempted them to let it remain. They hoarded it, because they believed that it would be safe only in their own keeping, and that,—no matter what interest might be,—it would be the most profitable to hoard it. Now what temptations could borrowers have offered them? Our readers must bear in mind, that the loans were only wanted for short periods; the generality of them were only wanted for two and three months. Suppose a man had wanted to borrow, on bill or otherwise, L.1000 for three months; the interest of this, for the term, at 5 per cent, would have been L.12, 10s. at 10 per cent L.25; and at 20 per cent L.50. If this man had been in danger of bankruptcy, who would have lent him the money for the sake of even the 20 per cent? Who would risk L.1000 to gain L.50, with the probability before him, that by so doing, he would lose the chief part of his principal? When the borrower is in such danger, the price of the loan loses its character of interest, and assumes in some degree that of the premium of insurance. It must be proportioned to the risk. In such a case, L.250 would have been scarcely sufficient to tempt the lender, although it would have been at the rate of 100 per cent per annum. The needy borrowers, who, as it is alleged, would have been saved from ruin, were men whose credit was gone; and from this cause, prudent people would not have lent them money on any terms. The truth is, the individuals who had money, would not part with it, because they thought it would not be safe in any hands but their own; many of them held it for the sake of holding the gold of which it consisted; the offer of 10 or 20 per cent for it would have been disproportioned to the risk, and would have had no weight with them; and the needy borrowers were people, who, from the want of credit, could not have borrowed on any terms.

We may observe farther, that many of the individuals and trading houses possessed of money, would not have been tempted by any rate of interest to part with it on loan; because they conceived their most profitable plan would be, to take advantage of the forced sales and low prices, and employ it in purchases.

When the Bank of England, the London Banks, and the Country ones,

lent all the money they could part with—when individuals hoarded their money, regardless of interest, from the idea that it would be safe in no hands but their own—when borrowers collectively were accommodated with all the money at 5 per cent, which, under any rate of interest, could have been expected to be lent—when the credit of needy borrowers was destroyed—and when the offer of 10, 15, or 20 per cent, would have been no temptation in the eyes of the possessor of money, we ask, where is the evidence that the Usury Laws produced evil? We ask in vain, for the usurers do not deal in evidence. Assuming that the offer of exorbitant interest might have induced the Banks to lend somewhat more than they did, what would have followed? It is notorious that many of them lent beyond their means and became bankrupt, and that the remainder generally only retained what was barely sufficient to preserve them from the same fate; it may therefore be regarded as certain, that if they had been more liberal in lending, the failures among them would have been much more numerous. Of course a few individuals might have been benefited, but the community at large would have suffered far more than it did. If there had been no Usury Laws, a few individuals might have saved themselves from ruin, by borrowing at high interest; but then the whole trading world would have been compelled to pay an exorbitant rate for several months; and in consequence, the loss on one side would have greatly outweighed the gain on the other. To the mass, the difficulty of procuring money would have been much greater, and, on the aggregate, the failures would have been far more numerous. The Usury Laws yielded to the community during the panic, not evils, but benefits of the highest order.

The evils then prevented by these laws will assuredly, after the abolition, always be experienced on similar occasions.

Then it is asserted by the usurers, that the Usury Laws are a prolific source of embarrassment and litigation. A more groundless assertion was never made use of to delude a blind and infatuated country. As to embarrassment, they are free from ambiguity, and every man, if he think good, may easily avoid violating them. But if they even were obscure, and were frequently violated unintentionally, this would form a reason for amending them, but not for their abolition. As to litigation, they produce infinitely less of it than any other laws of equally comprehensive and incessant operation. That which is founded upon them, arises chiefly from deliberate efforts to evade them; and a large part of it may be easily prevented by making in them amendments. All effective laws are the parents of embarrassment and litigation; and if their value is to be estimated by the small portion of these they produce in proportion to the magnitude of their effects, the Usury Laws are more valuable than any other.

We have, we think, said sufficient to convince our readers, that if the Usury Laws be abolished, these consequences must follow—there will be constantly great variation in the rate of interest; the rich will borrow at a comparatively low rate, while the poor will have to pay an excessively high one—in time of peace, a large portion of the borrowers must be always, and the whole trading and manufacturing world must be very frequently, at the mercy of the lenders; there must be always to many, and frequently to all, a great scarcity of money; and the rate of interest must undergo continual and violent fluctuations. In time of war there will be a constant scarcity of money, which will keep all borrowers more or less at the mercy of lenders; the whole body of the mortgage-borrowers will have to pay an extremely high rate of interest; all other borrowers, including the State, will have to pay a much higher one than they paid heretofore; and during war, as well as during peace, the rate will fluctuate continually and violently. We will now inquire how this will operate on the individual and collective interests of the community.

When a man begins business, he always greatly overrates his chances of success. He is weary of a master—he wishes to marry—he is ambitious of rising in the world—he estimates his qualifications to be far greater than they really are—he magnifies profits, and overlooks losses—and if he have not capital to begin with, he thinks he could afford to pay almost any interest for borrowed money. He will

agree to pay almost any rate that may be asked, provided a Bank or an individual will accommodate him. When he gets fairly commenced, he must then borrow from necessity; he must retain the money, have his bills discounted, and have frequent further loans for a short term, to save his credit, or escape utter ruin. A vast portion, we may say the chief portion, of the merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, begin business partly with borrowed money, which they obtain from the Banks or individuals. The capital of many of them, when they begin, consists in a great degree of such money. As to their borrowing at a certain rate for a term of years, it is out of the question: no man, when he lends money on personal security, will bind himself to that which would prevent him from attempting to regain it, should the borrower be likely to become bankrupt. Beginners will borrow at an exorbitant rate when they commence; and when they get the money fastened so that they cannot repay it, they will be sponged for higher interest until they are ruined.

The smaller merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, will generally have to pay a much higher rate of interest than the richer ones. If they have not a farthing of capital borrowed in any other way, they must almost daily, particularly the merchants and manufacturers, have their bills discounted, or, which amounts to the same, taken in account by their bankers. While they will have to pay this higher rate of interest, they will be compelled to sell their goods at the prices taken by the richer ones. They are so circumstanced, that it is impossible for them to be successful, or to maintain themselves in business, if loans of money cannot be generally within their reach, at a moderate and unvarying rate of interest; therefore they must reap the most bitter evils from the abolition of the Usury Laws.

The middling and small traders and manufacturers have hitherto been of the highest value to the state, not only on account of their numbers, industry, and good conduct, but because they have formed the nursery of talent, enterprise, and opulent houses. Those who have a large capital of their own to begin business with, are, in comparison, few in number; they are reared in a manner which disqualifies them for being good men of business; they seldom possess much ability; and they more frequently diminish their capital than increase it. The most eminent and wealthy traders and manufacturers are, and generally have been, men who began the world with very little capital, and in many cases with none, exclusive of borrowed money. He who has little or no fortune, is bound to good instruction and discipline, while he is a clerk or an apprentice; when he commences business, the smallness of his capital binds him for some years to a further course of good instruction and discipline; the double apprenticeship confirms his habits, and brings out his powers to the utmost. How much the commerce and manufactures of this country depend on the ability, skill, and enterprise of the merchants and manufacturers, independently of capital, is a matter on which we need not dilate; and nothing could be more fatal to them than to place them under the monopoly of capitalists by birth. The abolition of the Usury Laws, by fettering, ruining, and annihilating the middling and small men of business, will in various ways injure the State in the most serious manner.

We have shewn that every second or third year may be expected to bring a fit of distress, and a scarcity of money. At the beginning of such scarcity, the lenders will not only push up interest, but they will refuse to lend, in the hope, that by holding their money for a week or two, they will make much more of it. Now, the whole trading and manufacturing world has at all times to borrow almost daily from necessity; the rich, as well as the poor, must have their loans, and their bills discounted or passed to account. In such a fit, this necessity for borrowing is rendered far more general and imperious. In the first moment many will be refused, to their ruin, merely from the wish of lenders to make the most of their money; while, to the remainder, interest will be made destructively high just at the time when they are all sustaining grievous losses. Whenever the whole trading and manufacturing world shall be plunged into loss and distress, its loss and distress will be fearfully augmented, by the refusal to lend, and the exorbitant interest of

the money lenders. The middling and small traders, &c., must then be ruined, either by inability to borrow, or by the high terms of the lenders. To place before the lenders of money, an irresistible temptation to refuse loans, and demand a ruinous rate of interest, at all times when the whole of the merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen, shall be enduring heavy losses, and be compelled to give any rate of interest that may be asked, would be, in our judgment, one of the most fatal errors that the State could commit.

While it is essential that the Banks, in times of general distress, should lend as far as their own safety will permit, it is much more essential that they should not lend farther. If a Bank ruin itself by lending, it does a grievous injury to the community, even though its loans save two or three trading houses from ruin. Its loans cannot save so many, as its fall will destroy. The abolition of the Usury Laws will, in such times, place before the Banks almost irresistible temptations to lend beyond their means. They will be entreated and bribed; they will be supplicated to fix their own terms on satisfactory securities; while they will be exposed to this, they will know that they possess money which they shall not want, in case they be not assailed with run, and, as a run never gives warning, they will think they are in little danger of one. They will be tempted, and then a run will compel them to stop payment. That they will benefit from the ability to borrow at high interest, is what we cannot subscribe to. A Bank could scarcely offer to do this, either to friends or strangers, without blasting its credit. The abolition of the Usury Laws will tend powerfully to increase the number of failures amidst Banks in times of distress.

This country is at present in the enjoyment of peace; but how long will the peace continue? No man, whose judgment is of any value, will venture to say in reply—two years. Thanks to that destructive system by which we have been in late years governed, war is almost unavoidable. It is not for us to know what the present Ministers will do, but we cannot be ignorant, that do what they may, it will be scarcely possible for them to preserve peace without sacrificing—not the honour of the empire, for that has been done already—but the interests and security of the empire. In time of war, the whole of the mortgage borrowers will be compelled to pay 8 or 10 per cent, and many of them will have to pay more. What will be the effects? Such of them as now have to pay half their rents for interest, will then have to pay about the whole. How widely this will operate, may be judged of by the fact, that half the whole land of the country is estimated to be under incumbrances. A vast portion of them will be deprived of income. Their incumbrances must be greatly increased in extent, if even the amount remain unaltered; their property must suffer an enormous loss of value; and many of them must be stripped of property.

In war, the mortgage borrowers are the great competitors of the State in borrowing. The rate paid by the latter must rise, as their rate rises; and it must always be the highest. If they have to pay 8 or 10 per cent, the State will have to pay more; the public funds must be low, in proportion as the rate on mortgage money is high. The increase of interest paid by the mortgage borrowers universally will, by its inroads on rents, and its creation of arrears of interest, add mightily to the scarcity of money caused by the war. What will be the consequences here? This will perhaps be the best answer to the question—if such had been the state of things during the last war, the State would, in all probability, have been compelled to borrow one-third more, in respect of the amount of its debt; and to levy one-third more of taxes. Whether it could have done this—and what the fruits would have been to both itself and the community, whether it could have done it, or could not have done it—are matters which we leave to the decision of the reflecting.

If an empire like this, which is frequently for a long term of years embroiled in such war as compels it to borrow an enormous sum annually, do that which has the effect of almost doubling the rate of interest during war, it does what madness could only be expected to do—even if it do it when it is in the enjoyment of peace, which is likely to be of long duration. But if such an empire do so, when, like this, it is, if not on the eve of

war, at least in danger of war, it is guilty of such ruinous conduct as madness never exhibited. The effects are not confined to times of war; they are felt always, and their pressure is often the greatest during peace.

Do the merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen expect they will escape—that they will be able to borrow at 5 per cent when the mortgage borrowers and the State will have to pay almost twice as much? Let them not deceive themselves—the Banks will not lend them money at 5 per cent, when they can obtain 8 or 10 for it on government securities. They must at any rate pay as much as the State. At the best, they will have to pay this high rate of interest; and the fluctuations of trade will frequently compel them to pay one much higher. Let them beware of believing those who tell them that the repeal of the Usury Laws is a question between them and the Landed Interest, and that it will benefit them however much this Interest may suffer from it. They are as much benefited by these laws, as the landowners; in time of peace they are more so; and consequently they will be the greatest sufferers by the repeal.

The farmers, &c. who borrow on personal security, will in both peace and war, but especially in the latter, be ground to powder by exorbitant interest. The effects of this on their own interests, and on those of the State, we need not describe.

Questions, like this, deeply affect in one way or another the interest of the working classes. Great numbers continually rise from these classes, and begin business in different lines, through the ability to borrow a little money at a low rate of interest. Give them a high rate, and place them at the mercy of lenders, and this will be prevented; or at any rate they will then only borrow to their own ruin. If the merchants and manufactures generally have to pay a much higher rate of interest, they must add the increase to the price of their goods, or subtract it from the labour which enters into such price. The merchants will raise their goods. The manufacturers will have their interest and raw produce raised; they will be unable to raise their prices in foreign markets, and in consequence they will be compelled to reduce wages. Husbandry wages will suffer in a similar manner.

A high rate of interest must tend materially to diminish manufactures and foreign trade, both by diverting capital from them, and by raising prices so, in some branches, as to prevent exporting. It must operate most balefully on the home trade.

A high rate of interest must almost constantly diminish the national capital. At its commencement, it must, by lowering the public funds and the price of land, annihilate hundreds of millions of property. It must continually plunder the many for the benefit of the few; and much of its plunder must be destroyed in the course of transfer, by litigation, expenses, and losses. By impoverishing the mass of the community, it must constantly narrow the field of the lenders, and destroy the general profits which to a very great extent supply them with money to lend. It will injure a vast portion of the lenders much more in one way, than it will benefit them in another. Such a rate of interest must therefore generally operate to increase scarcity of money, and raise itself.

How Mr Thompson means to deal with the pawnbrokers, we do not know. It will be an uncouth anomaly to make money a commodity to every one else, and to refuse to make it one to them; it will be monstrous injustice to deny to them a right granted to all the rest of the community. If they be allowed to make the most of their money, a rate of 100 per cent will not satisfy them. They will be rendered a scourge to the poor in towns.

We do not know whether it be necessary to notice the example of Holland and Hamburgh, on which the usurers place so much reliance. Are they circumstanced like this country? Are they so extensively engaged in trade and manufactures, that fluctuations in these can produce such scarcities of money as they produce here? Are they frequently involved in long wars which compel them to borrow vast sums annually? Their example bears in a very small degree on the question; and, in so far as it does so, it is in favour of the Usury Laws; in them the rate of interest fluctuates violently, and when money is scarce, it is perniciously high. We too may cite an example. In 1793 the National Convention in France declared that "money was merchandise," and abolished

all restraints on usury. What followed? The consequences were so fatal, that twenty-three days afterwards, the enlightened measure was revoked. From this example our Turgots and their followers will draw no instruction.

But then Mr Thompson, in compassion to his illiberal and bigoted opponents, does not ask for the *total* abolition of the Usury Laws, although he is exceedingly anxious for it. He still will not suffer the usurers to obtain more than 5 per cent by law, notwithstanding that he suffers them to obtain any rate they please without it. If the House of Commons adopt his measures, we trust it will scoff no more at the ignorance and barbarism of former ages. To declare that men have a clear right to do a thing, and then to incapacitate them for exercising this right by law—to declare contracts to be just and necessary, and then to prohibit the law from being called on to enforce their fulfilment—to encourage men by law to violate their agreements, to borrow money on false pretences, and to vest money on promises made only to be broken—to make the law the source of lying and cheating—to proclaim that a principle is wholly at variance with knowledge, right, justice, and the public weal, and then to fashion it into a negative law—all this forms such a specimen of barbarous, blind, childish ignorance and folly, as never disgraced any former Parliament.

Now, what will be the real effect of this reservation? To a great extent in the discounting of bills, the discount is deducted when the money is advanced; the borrower here pays the interest before he is suffered to touch the principal; in truth, the former never comes into his hands; therefore it makes not the least difference to him, whether the laws be wholly abolished, or be thus far spared. If the Banks grant discounts and loans at a higher rate than 5 per cent to those who keep accounts with them, they will, instead of giving credit for the interest to the end of the half year, or year, exact it at the moment when they advance the money. If they lend to chance customers, they will have the interest in advance, instead of giving credit for it until the time for receiving back the principal. Here Mr Thompson's boon places the borrowers in a worse situation than they would be in, should the laws be wholly abolished. Those who borrow on mortgage, or personal security, at a higher rate than 5 per cent, will be compelled to pay the interest constantly in advance: and they will be deprived of all indulgence in respect of time. The lenders will not be able to give them much indulgence, without losing the power of recovering the rate agreed on by law. Here again the borrowers are placed in a much worse situation, than they would be in should the laws be wholly abolished. It is absurd to suppose that lenders will lend to borrowers on terms, which the latter, after they have had the use of the money, may pay or not, as they think proper; and it is wicked to give to men the power of violating solemn engagements, by which they obtain the money of others. But, however, the lender in many cases could recover usurious interest by law in one way, if he could not in another. He could arrest, or foreclose, for his principal; and this would be sufficient for obtaining any interest he might claim, provided he would let the principal remain. If it be right for borrowers to covenant to pay, and to pay voluntarily, more than 5 per cent, it must be equally right to place them under legal compulsion to pay more when they agree to do it: In generosity to them, let the Usury Laws be abolished wholly, rather than to the extent contemplated by Mr Thompson.

And now when the repeal of the Usury Laws will manifestly produce such gigantic evils, what do the usurers promise as countervailing benefits? Assuming that all they promise will be realized, do they offer anything worthy of being put into the balance against these evils? Do they prove that the repeal will, in general, make loans more plentiful to all classes, or any class, of borrowers? They cannot; for the common complaint is, that under the laws, lending even to the poorer borrowers is carried to excess. They admit—they even make an argument of the admission—that during peace the laws place no restraint whatever upon the mass of borrowers of all classes, except for a few months occasionally. They here stand on the exception to the general rule. They do not plead that even in these few months the repeal will benefit borrowers in general; they only aver that it will benefit a comparatively small

number of individuals. Here again they stand on the exception to the rule. They do not assert that during war the laws injure borrowers in general; they merely maintain that they injure an insignificant portion of them. Again they stand on the exception to the rule. Do they prove that the laws prevent lenders from making just and equitable profits? They cannot, for it is notorious that no regular trade will afford more than 5 per cent for borrowed money: we doubt whether at present any such trade will fairly afford 5 per cent; land will never afford more than 3 or 4 per cent; farming, when times are good, will scarcely afford 5 per cent, and in these days we fear it will not afford anything. It is manifest that if the lenders could obtain more than the legal rate, they would deprive the borrowers of their just and equitable profits: it would be the gain of the few, to the loss of the many. The usurers cannot say that business in general will afford more than 5 per cent; and they can only aver that occasional speculations will. Again they stand on the exception, and a very indefensible one, to the rule. They own that in general during peace, the lenders cannot obtain the legal rate, and they cannot deny that if the latter could always obtain a higher rate, it would be extremely injurious to the mass of the community and the interests of the empire. They cannot prove that in times of trading distress, the merchants and manufacturers can afford to pay more than 5 per cent; or that in time of war the mortgage borrowers can afford to pay more; on the contrary, it is notorious to all, that if in either case more be paid, it is paid, not out of profits, but out of capital; it is at the best, the incurring of one loss, to avoid another. The whole they promise in the way of benefit is in reality this—In general none shall be benefitted; occasionally a few shall be benefitted, by being allowed to choose one loss instead of another, at the risk of grievously injuring the many. A little litigation shall be prevented, a little expense shall be saved, a few bankruptcies shall be avoided, certain estates shall be preserved from the hammer, and a small number of money lenders shall be permitted to make large profits, no matter what evils it may bring on the community and the empire.

According, therefore, to the confession of the usurers, laws ought to be destroyed, which are only injurious in the exception and the special case. On the ground that the exception and the special case should be followed instead of the general rule, eternity should be disregarded for the sake of the passing moment, the body should be sacrificed to the individual, and the separate and collective interests of the community should be made subservient to abstract principle.

This forms the general ground of fashionable legislation, and one of its most baleful characteristics is, its evils fall the most heavily on the lower and middle classes. All the new laws made, or projected, touching trade, currency, pauperism, &c., are calculated to injure these classes far more in proportion than the higher ones. One takes away business—another destroys employment—a third annihilates capital—a fourth cuts down wages—and a fifth seizes the means of subsistence in distress; all operate harmoniously to second each other; and to enable one to destroy, what another may overlook or be unable to reach. The repeal of the Usury Laws will benefit largely a part of the rich, while it will do comparatively small injury to the remainder; but it will injure the rest of the community in proportion to their want of riches, and it will have the most pestilential effects on the interests of the most needy. It is a measure to sacrifice the body of the population, to a few individuals.

Before this article will see the light, the question, as far as appearances go, will be decided in the House of Commons; and we think it will be decided as we have described. How it will fare in the House of Lords, is a matter on which we will offer no conjecture. This House may, like the Lower One, rush to the most perilous conclusions, on no better evidence than erring abstract propositions; it may, like the literary teachers of the Lower One, decide measures to be wise and necessary, merely because they emanate from this individual or that party, or one dubbed with this or that gorgeous party appellative; it may, in imitation of the great egotists of the age, pronounce laws to be pernicious, because they have been longer than five years in existence, and have never been sanctioned by those whose legis-

lation has filled the empire with evils:—it may do all this, but we hope it will do something far more consistent with justice and wisdom. We hope it will decide at once, that no case—that not the shadow of a case—has been produced to justify the repeal; and that reason and experience are wholly in favour of the Usury Laws. If it will not do this, we hope that, at the least, it will institute an inquiry altogether different from that of 1818. Parliamentary inquiries, when properly conducted, yield vast benefits; but when improperly conducted, they yield only delusion and evil. It has been asserted, that of the twenty-one witnesses, who were examined touching the Usury Laws, by the committee in 1818, two were lawyers, nine were attorneys, six were merchants, and one was a stockjobber. Now, in the name of common sense, ought the evidence of witnesses like these—witnesses having, in their own estimation, a deep personal interest in the repeal—to decide the question? They gave no information touching several essential parts of the question, and on other essential parts, they gave no information that was satisfactory. The committee acted, as Parliamentary committees too often act: it was led by those whose object was, not to collect facts to enable them to make a just decision, but to collect evidence to support a decision which they had made previously. If the Lords find themselves compelled to institute an enquiry, let it be a proper one; let it embrace the interests of all classes of borrowers, and particularly of those which are the most numerous and valuable; and let it apply chiefly to facts, without attaching too much importance to individual opinions.

We will conclude with saying a few words to the Duke of Wellington, who, we think, is not publicly pledged against the Usury Laws: they flow from that spirit which prompted us, not many months ago, on more than one occasion, to employ our pen in his favour. We are the friends of him and his Ministry, but we are not their menials; our limbs were not made for fetters, and we neither have had nor will have cause to regret it; we are sure we shall render far more service to both by steadily opposing them when they do what is calculated to work their own injury, than by daubing all their measures with panegyric. It has been most truly said, that the Duke enjoys a greater share of public confidence than any other Minister has enjoyed since the days of Mr Pitt. Does he know why the country reposes this confidence in him? Is it on account of his splendid military talents and services? No! Is it on account of his past political labours? No, he never before was placed in a situation to acquire fame as a statesman. It is because the country HOPES that he will employ his great powers in the right manner—it is because the country believes him to be a man of business, a practical statesman—a Minister whose acute, solid, straight-forward understanding will terminate that system of frantic quackery and destructive experiment, from which it has suffered so long and so deeply. On this momentous point, let him not deceive himself. If he continue this system, he will soon be as little confided in by the country as any Minister ever was, since the death of Mr Pitt. Proofs surround him in abundance. What stripped such a Ministry as the Liverpool one of public confidence in the latter days of its existence, in spite of nearly the whole Press? What stripped Mr Canning of public confidence when he was made the Premier, in spite of nearly the whole Press? Why was the Goderich Ministry shook to pieces by public contempt and derision, in spite of the chief part of the Press? And why has the retirement of Mr Huskisson been made almost a matter of national rejoicing? The answers to these questions are pregnant with instruction to his Grace, of inestimable value; and he may find in them what his duty is, touching the Usury Laws. They may suggest to him that this duty is—

TO DECLARE THAT HE WILL NOT COUNTENANCE SPECULATIVE CHANGES WHICH ARE NOT CALLED FOR BY PUBLIC NECESSITY; AND THAT NO EVIDENCE EXISTS TO PROVE THAT SUCH A CHANGE OUGHT TO BE MADE IN THESE LAWS AS WOULD IN THE FIRST MOMENT OF ITS OPERATION DERANGE AND EMBARRASS AGRICULTURE, MANUFACTURES, COMMERCE, AND DOMESTIC TRADE—ADD LARGELY TO THE SUFFERING WHICH ALREADY EXISTS AMIDST THEM—AND, IN ALL PROBABILITY, PRODUCE A MORE TERRIBLE FIT OF RUIN AND DISTRESS THAN THAT OF 1825, AND THE FOLLOWING YEAR.

BRIEF REMARKS ON A LATE LONG DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR NORTH,

I am going to say something *new* upon the Catholic Question. Nay, suppress that incredulous laugh, my worthy friend; I am very serious, I assure you: I love a joke as well as most people, but I can be serious too upon awful occasions. I think I would have been serious in contemplating the ruins of what had been London, just after the great fire in the year sixteen hundred and something, and I am sure I am serious after reading three long long nights' debate upon the Catholic Question. I well know what a tedious tough subject I have got to deal with—'tis like a piece of Indian rubber, and drag it out to what length you may, even to the length of three nights' debate, the moment it slips from your fingers, slap it goes back again to its old place and dimensions. I do not mean, however, to grapple with the great question upon its own merits, if any it have; but I have something to say about the three nights' debate, which hath not before been said or sung; and in the course of my brief remarks, I hope to expose some of the fallacies which are but too commonly attendant upon the consideration of the Roman Catholic claims.

The first thing that strikes me, from a view of the debate, is that this question is considered and argued throughout as an Irish question. This is perhaps natural enough, from the very important share which Ireland has in it; but still I cannot help thinking it rather hard on the English Roman Catholics, that their claims should be lost sight of in the wide and boisterous sea of Irish politics;—first, because whatever has anything to do with Ireland is pretty sure to go wrong—the course of Irish affairs, like that of love, "never did run smooth;" and next, because the English Roman Catholics are a much more respectable, better-behaved class of subjects than are the Irish, and therefore more deserving of being favourably regarded. This claim, by the by, on the ground of good behaviour, seems to be entirely lost sight of by the Irish Catholics, or to be thrown by as a thing not worth regarding. No, no, they are an "*organized*," rent-paying, seditious-speech-making people; quite above so homely a means of obtaining emancipation, as that of endeavouring to deserve it. They will *terrify* the English nation into submission; and, with shame be it said, they find people in the British Senate with folly sufficiently monstrous to echo this sentiment. How miserably short-sighted is this policy. How inadequately, how falsely do they judge of the English nation, who suppose it is to be bullied, or to be frightened, into anything. We were not frightened when all Europe stood in arms against us, led on by the unquenchable hatred, and lofty abilities of Bonaparte; and shall we give way to the *menaces* of the Irish Papists?

"Oh," but say the Catholic advocates in general, and the *Times* newspaper in particular, "this is all very fine talk; you may pretend to be offended at intimidation, but we say the enemy is at the gate, and however galling it may be to your pride, you *must* yield to their menaces, or they will compel you after a fashion, to you still more humiliating." Good God! is it not enough to rouse the anger, the loud determined opposition of every English heart, to hear such a falsehood as this put forth in order to influence his vote. Falsehood! I wish I could find a stronger word. It is impossible to conceive anything more false. There is no enemy, nor number of enemies, in Ireland or elsewhere, that England is not able to meet and to defeat, if they attempt to force her to do that which she is unwilling to yield. The Irish Papists force England! Ridiculous!—But I return to the debate.

The Catholic advocates rested their claims upon two grounds, that of the obligation of treaties, and that of expediency; which two were subdivided into,—claims founded on the Treaty of Limeric, claims founded on the pledges given at the Union, the expediency of doing something to relieve the dreadful state of Ireland, and the expediency of giving the Irish Roman Catholics what they asked, to prevent them rising up, and taking it by violence.

The fate of the first two arguments was ridiculous enough, considering the pompous manner and the lengthy speech with which they were introduced. Sir Francis Burdett informed

his auditory that the case of the petitioners rested upon two grounds, the Treaty of Limeric, and the pledges entered into at the Union. He assured the honourable members, that he should establish the violation of the one and of the other; and on this ground he called for their decision in his favour. Then he talks on for six columns good measure, addressing himself to these topics, and to these topics only, and subjoins, that "this is the case on the part of the Roman Catholics," and he hopes and trusts he has made it out to the satisfaction of the House. Such was the Quinbus Flestrin of the Catholic claims which Sir Francis set up, adorning his champion with a curious quilted garment, composed of numerous irrelevant quotations, pedantically culled from all manner of Latin authors. But lo! on the third day of the debate we find him *genubus minor,* down on his knees, cheated of his fair proportions, biting the dust, with North, and Huskisson, and Brougham, (*et tu, Brute!*) pelting him into contempt and derision. Mr North, while he takes up the helmet of necessity, and the sword of expediency, hopes that the advocates of this measure will never again found any argument upon such untenable footing as the Treaty of Limeric, or the Articles of Union, and deeply deplores that these shambling legs were ever allowed to put their foot into the debate. Mr Huskisson most unkindly protests that he agrees not in Sir Francis's view of these questions, but in Mr Peel's, and the Solicitor-General's; but Winchelsea Harry gives the unkindest cut of all, by hastening to say, that though he still thinks there are perhaps some ambiguities, which might be favourably construed, he will not drag back the honourable members to the consideration of arguments, which are now below par on every side of the House. Such was the fate of this grand case, ushered in with so pompous an air of irrefragability. These notable arguments, which occupied the attention of the House of Commons of the United Kingdom for the greater part of two nights' debate, are on the third abandoned by all as too absurd and ridiculous to be worth any consideration in the question at issue.

Nor is there any wonder in this, but rather in the extraordinary front of the men who could venture to bring forward such arguments upon such a subject. As to the treaty of Limeric, clear as the case is against the construction sought to be put upon it by Sir Francis and some of his friends, yet he might perhaps have expected that, from the remoteness of its date, he should be able, notwithstanding the presence of Mr Peel and the Solicitor-General, to make something of the "ambiguities," as Mr Brougham was pleased to call them, which must attend the circumstances of a treaty made in a disturbed country nearly 140 years ago. But to attempt to argue the House into what Mr Pitt's pledge was at the Union, while those were still living and sitting in the House, who had heard Mr Pitt declare, in words as plain as words could be, that no pledge at all was given—this, indeed, was a stretch of oratorical audacity that Sir Francis and the Knight of Kerry have some reason to take credit for. I shall pass over the indecent attack of Sir Francis upon the venerable ornament of the Upper House of Parliament, the late Lord Chancellor. If he be not himself sorry and ashamed by this time that he was betrayed into such indecency, Sir Francis is not the man I took him for. With all the violence of his party spirit, I thought he possessed some of the good feelings of the class to which he belongs, and as one of the landed gentlemen of England, I believed him incapable of the low malignity which a deliberate approbation of his own language concerning the late Lord Chancellor would indicate.

Another matter seemingly rather out of the record, into which Sir Francis thought proper to travel after the six columns on the treaty and the pledges were got over, was the "scandal about Queen Elizabeth;" for if she indeed had displayed any favour or affection for the Roman Catholic body, she would have shewn herself a very foolish old woman, and not what she most certainly was, one of the greatest sovereigns that ever a great people was blessed withal. How sickening it is to hear such stuff talked in the House of Commons! Who does not know, that Elizabeth, (glory and honour to her memory,) after a long and patient endurance of Popish plots for her assassination, for insurrection, and invasion, was at length compelled to

make root and branch-work with the Papists, after a fashion consistent with the vigour of her character. There is a curious and interesting treatise still extant, known by the style and title of Hume's History of England, which, notwithstanding the more modern and shining lights, afforded by Doctors Lingard and Hallam, is still much read, and most potently believed by the major part of the reading population of this kingdom. Now this Hume flatly affirms, that after the seminary of Rheims pronounced, in its wisdom, that the Pope's bull, excommunicating and deposing Elizabeth, was dictated by the immediate inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and after they had sent cargoes of ecclesiastics to her dominions to preach up sedition, and treason, and murder, the Queen found it expedient to hang up fifty Popish priests, and to banish a yet greater number, within a very few years, for the good of the nation, and the security of her Majesty's government. That this terrible woman, whom Sir Francis would impose on them for a wise and magnanimous confider in Papists, actually declared to her Parliament, that she considered the Romanists inveterate enemies to her person; and obtained their concurrence to a law by which the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, was now at length *totally suppressed*. That the law for the capital punishment of priests, and of such as harboured them, was enacted and executed on account of the treasonable views and attempts of the *Roman Catholic sect*, and did not require any other overt act of treason to be proved against the individuals who suffered the penalty. So much for the love and regard which the good Queen Bess bore to the Papists.

It may, moreover, be found in the narrative of the same Hume, that up to the period of the Revolution, celebrating, or attending mass, was an indictable offence; that during the reign of Charles II., "the old persecuting laws of Elizabeth," as the liberal historian expresses it, "still subsisted in their full vigour," and that the immunities which the law now guarantees to Roman Catholics, in the exercise of their religion, are as much superior to the privileges they were entitled to, in Charles the II.'s reign, as the temporal power of the Pope was then superior to what it is now.

It is now time to come to the other branch of the argument of the Roman Catholic advocates, as applied to the present state of Ireland. I am interested in the welfare of Ireland, and I know the country well. With that interest and that knowledge I do not hesitate to pronounce the late descriptions of its present state, the most astoundingly audacious artifice to carry a measure by storm that ever was attempted to be palmed upon the country. It was worthy of the ferocious genius of the *Times* newspaper, which boasts, I believe, the honour or the infamy of the device. If any English gentleman, who does not much concern himself about the peculiar affairs of Ireland, and there are many of the worthiest to whom the description will apply, could bring himself to believe one tittle of the representations he listened to on that debate, representations, too, made by men who had an opportunity of knowing and judging of the truth, he must have carried away with him an impression of the existing state of Ireland, so grossly exaggerated, as to lose all resemblance to a true picture, in the mis-shapen proportions of a hideous caricature.

It is very unfortunate for the reputation of Ireland, that those who are pleased to be oratorical upon her political and domestic condition, to whatever party they may belong, think they find their account in magnifying with all the force of their eloquence, that which is bad in the country, and lightly passing over the other parts of the picture. The Roman Catholic advocate says, "look at the dreadful state of the country, and then if you can," or some say, "if you dare, refuse that emancipation, which is the only cure."—The opponent of the Catholic claims draws a similar picture of the dreadful state of the country, but founds an opposite argument upon it, and asks, "will you place power in the hands of wretches so wicked and ferocious?"—And these worthy people, irreverently ycleped saints, shocked at the Popish superstitions, describe Ireland as the very sink of all that is corrupt and abominable, and call upon their brethren to subscribe for Bibles and other good books, to send some of the light of religious knowledge into a place where the most horrible deeds are continually enacting under cover of the thick cloud of

spiritual darkness. Thus, on every hand, Ireland is assailed by exaggeration of her faults and her misfortunes, and the already monstrous heap of her imputed misdeeds gradually increases, like those cairns upon spots where some horrid murder has been committed, upon which, by superstitious custom, every hand as it passes flings another stone. Again and again, I say, that there is nothing in Ireland to warrant these dark and terrifying descriptions. The country is still fertile, and beautiful beyond compare; the people are in general kind-hearted, hospitable, and good-natured, and though they are unsteady, passionate, and easily led into wrong, yet they are perfectly manageable by a union of kindness with firmness; and if the mass be turbulent, it is chiefly because a few men are allowed to exercise, without control or punishment, their foolish and wicked plans, for the disturbance of the people.

Nor is it to be wondered at that they persevere, since not only are they left unpunished, but their power and their importance is everywhere, even in the Houses of Parliament, spoken of so seriously, and yet so erroneously, that they must feel their vanity most exceedingly gratified, and they are invited to go on in a course which places them, according to the orators, not only on a level with, but above, the legitimate government of the country.

"The people," says the Knight of Kerry, in his place in Parliament, "are *organized*, the country is *organized*." "He did not mean to say, that this organization was intended for bad purposes, but he did say that it existed, and that it was an awful circumstance, that a country in such *a state of disaffection to the Government*, from disappointed hope and protracted expectations, could be wielded and directed as one man." Now this is said of *all* Ireland, and undoubtedly, if it were true, it would be a fact very frightful and alarming; but it is not true that the country could be wielded as one man; on the contrary, it is true, that whatever preponderance the Roman Catholics of Ireland may have in numerical force, yet—for I am forced to the painful comparison, by the way in which Mr Fitzgerald has thought fit to state the matter—it is more than balanced by the superior wealth, intelligence, and firmness of the opposite party; and if the affairs of Ireland come to that dreadful state, (which God forbid they should come to,) and which there is in reality and truth no reason to apprehend, that it were necessary to withdraw the English troops, and leave the population of Ireland to fight for the sovereignty of it; I maintain, and the Catholics themselves know it to be true, that they would be conquered. What means this imposing word "organization?" If Mr Fitzgerald wishes the country to believe, that the respectable and wealthy part of the Roman Catholic body, are organized in such a way as to be wielded as one man, he wishes it to believe that which is not the fact. The Catholic Association, which those who have been on the spot, and have looked at the matter with their own eyes, know very well does not comprise the real strength of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, but is, with some dozen or two of exceptions, a crew of vulgar, illiterate, uninfluential brawlers—this Catholic Association is no doubt in regular communication with the priests, and the priests have considerable influence over the very lowest of the people, whose ignorance they may take advantage of to lead them into error; but here is the whole machinery of this wonderful "organization." No doubt to certain Irish members this organization appears a very formidable affair, for by means of it the Association may keep them in, or turn them out of, their seats; but the reason it can do this, is because the law unfortunately places the elective franchise in the hands of the very lowest of the people; and, if this law were amended as it ought to be, I have no doubt that the importance of this dreaded organization would sink very fast in Parliamentary estimation. But if it were true, that this organization and wonderful power did really exist, and, if it be also true, that the people are so extremely wicked as they are described to be, what are we to think of the persons who wield this power, and yet who take no steps to prevent the frequent commission of dreadful crimes?

If the Popish leaders have not the power ascribed to them, then the argument for emancipation, grounded upon it, falls to the ground; if, on the other hand, they have the power, and will not exercise it for the prevention of crime in the country, then

they are undeserving of emancipation, and ought not to obtain it. It will perhaps be said, and with some appearance of truth too, that they do not prevent, but encourage crime, for the sake of making the aspect of the country more terrifying to the English; but, if this were true, what politician could advise that to people capable of thus acting, additional political power should be given? I say *given*, for as to the Irish Catholics taking it by force, it is, as I said before, ridiculous. They have no notion of any such thing. It is possible, but it is not at all likely, that the mass of the population who have nothing to lose, might be led into insurrection, and a dreadful scene of slaughter would then ensue; but who would be their leaders? The Roman Catholics of Ireland who possess property, know too well the value of what they have, to risk it by any such desperate measure. They must know, that unless they take delight in slaughter, they would obtain no good from the attempt, but that confiscation of property, banishment, and death in the field, or on the scaffold, would be to themselves the final and dreadful consequences. But I do them wrong in supposing for a moment, that it is fear of the consequences which restrains them. It is a calumny to impute "disaffection" to them; and, whatever the forty-shilling freeholders, lay or ecclesiastical, might be disposed to do, I am sure the Roman Catholic gentlemen of Ireland would, if an insurrection broke out to-morrow, instead of supporting it, give it their zealous opposition.

"Ireland united as one man!" Alas! for Ireland's national honour, never did she exhibit such a union; never did a foreign foe plant his foot on the Irish shore, that he did not find some of her own people ready to join him, for the sake of revenging their intestine quarrels. What is the disgraceful legend of Irish history—is Dermod forgotten, who, for the sake of avenging himself upon Roderic, brought the English invaders into the heart of his native country? Shall we not remember, that when Henry the Second marched through the land as a conqueror, instead of meeting with opposition, and "a country united as one man," disunion and private hatred laid the country prostrate at his feet? "O'Brien of Thomond," says the historian, "having submitted to King Henry, Donchad of Ossory, *dreading the advantages which his rival might acquire* by his forward zeal, hastened to the King, and submitted to become his *tributary and vassal.*" The conduct of the other Irish chiefs was similar. The manners, customs, and language of nations may alter and improve; but there are certain great national characteristics which, however modified, remain in their leading features the same. England, as long as we know her, has been sturdy, inflexible England. She never would be bullied or driven into anything, nor will she yet. Scotland would never abide the stranger to dwell within her quarters; but whether he came with bow and spear, or with surplice and prayer book, she drove him forth; and still she stands, maintaining her own laws and her own religion. Ireland—wild Ireland, the land of quick feeling and unsettled principles, never was constant or unanimous in any purpose, nor is she now. Leave her to herself, and treachery and disunion would continue to tear her in pieces. "United as one man!" changed indeed must she be, before that can be truly said of her.

Still the insecurity of life and property in Ireland is dreadfully, shamefully exaggerated by the orators.

In some districts, particularly the county of Tipperary, there certainly does prevail a dreadful recklessness of human life, of which the consequences are too horrible to be described; but even this is the result of feuds amongst themselves. They have a wild notion, that their own people should submit to the lawless regulations which they lay down amongst themselves; and, while it is a shocking truth that, in the county of Tipperary, an Irishman who takes a farm from which another has been ejected, may be murdered in the daylight, without his neighbours interfering to prevent the crime, or to secure the criminal, an Englishman who had taken the same farm would probably escape; they would consider him without the pale of their revenge, which is truly with them, as Lord Bacon defines it, "a kind of wild justice." But the horrid state of Tipperary is by no means general over the whole country; and I myself know of instances in the county Limeric, where

gentlemen's houses—Protestant gentlemen, I mean, with their houses full of valuable property,—are left, even in the middle of the night, almost without bolt or bar, and certainly much more insecure against invasion from without than would be safe in any part of England.

It is melancholy to contemplate the enormous mischief which is done by these continual exaggerations of the lawless, and wicked, and wretched state of Ireland. People are quite frightened at the name of the place. Men who have capital to lay out in agriculture and manufactures sooner think of going to Van Diemen's Land, than to a country of which they hear such dreadful descriptions. They transport themselves to the Antipodes, rather than go three days' journey to a country, which they are not allowed to think of, without thinking at the same time of murder. This is the evil which the orators bring upon their country; and while they take credit to themselves for boundless patriotism, they ruin their native land.

As to a general rebellion, there is no idea of any such thing at present in Ireland, and if there were, there is no place in the world where it would be sooner known. The Irish are so completely abandoned to the influence of feeling and passion, that keeping a secret is with them quite out of the question. The gathering storm, too, would manifest itself in a variety of ways—the people would not work, they would abandon their fields, well knowing that in a time of disturbance, they would be masters, and no rent would have to be paid. Letters would be sent to particular individuals occasioned by gratitude for some individual act of kindness, and warning them of their danger. Disclosures would be made by some, fearing like Donchad of Ossory, that others would get before them, and be exclusive sharers of the reward, and many other indications would infallibly appear.

Mr Grant is so well pleased with the opportunity for making a fine speech, which Mr Fitzgerald's statement furnishes, that although he knows it is not correct, yet "he will not inquire to what degree, in some respects, the picture may be overcharged." And why will he *not* inquire? Is it his business, or his duty, as a statesman, to make a glowing powerful speech, (I did not think, by the by, that Charlie Grant had it in him to make such a speech,) founded upon statements which he well knew to be "overcharged?" "Overcharged," indeed! What a delicate word! False—false is the word, good St Charlie—but let us have your own flourish. "There exists in Ireland, a power, compact, well organized, not recognized by the constitution, disavowed and condemned by Parliament, usurping the functions of the executive, exercising even final authority, extending its dominion over every part of the country, and able at its will to command and direct the movements of the whole people." Very fine indeed. The first part of the description, however, has this advantage over the latter, that it is true, which the other is not. But it being true that a power exists, not recognized by the constitution, and disavowed and condemned by Parliament, why is it suffered to exist? Oh! for one year's wise and vigorous decision in the Government of Ireland!

You know, Mr North, I hate a long argument, when the pith of it begins to decline, so I shall not detain you much longer. The state of Ireland at present, is certainly not an enviable one, for party feeling rankles with an excessive soreness, of which previous times, bad as they have sometimes been, scarcely afford an example. But let Parliament men, newsmen, or Catholic Association men, say what they please, I say, much might be done for Ireland, without Catholic Emancipation—and the first thing is, to let the truth be known, for it is quite incredible the quantity of falsehood that is abroad, concerning that country. I wish a Society were established, to send some of its members regularly into Ireland, for the sake of actually beholding what was going on there. I will ensure the safety of the lives of the travellers at a small premium. What a "refreshing" thing an unprejudiced report would be!

I am, with great respect,
Mr North,
Yours,

7th June 1828. X.

P.S.—I annex a note of the proceedings and divisions in Parliament on the Catholic Question, which may be interesting to some of your readers.

CATHOLIC QUESTION.

1805. Mr Fox moved for a Committee to take into consideration the Catholic claims. Ayes, 124; Noes, 336.—Majority against the Catholics, 212.
1806. Question not brought forward.
1807. Question not brought forward.
1808. Motion for a Committee to take into consideration the Catholic claims. Ayes, 128; Noes, 281.—Majority against the Catholics, 153.
1809. Question not brought forward.
1810. Motion for a Committee to take into consideration the Catholic claims. Ayes, 109; Noes, 213.—Majority against the Catholics, 104.
1811. Motion for a Committee. Ayes, 83; Noes, 146.—Majority against the Catholics, 63.
1812. April 24. Mr Grattan's motion for a Committee. Ayes, 215; Noes, 300.—Majority against the Catholics, 85.
June. Mr Canning's motion for a Committee early in the next Session, to take into consideration the Catholic claims. Ayes, 235; Noes, 106.—Majority for the Catholics, 129.
June. A similar motion in the Lords by Lord Wellesley.—The order of the day being moved in opposition to Lord W.'s motion—Contents, 126; Non-contents, 125.—Majority against the Catholics, 1.
1813. Feb. 3. Debated for three nights.
Mr Grattan's motion for a Committee to take into serious consideration the Catholic claims. Ayes, 264; Noes, 224.—Majority for the Catholics, 40.
March 9. First reading of the Bill. Ayes, 186; Noes, 119.—Majority for the Catholics, 67.
May 11. Motion by Sir J. C. Hippesley to inquire into the state of the laws affecting Roman Catholics.—Opposed by Mr Canning, on the ground of its being a manœuvre to delay the Bill. For the motion, 187; Against it, 235.—Majority for the Catholics, 48.
May 13. Second reading.
On the motion that it should be read that day three months—Ayes, 203; Noes, 245.—Majority for the Catholics, 42.
May 24. Bill in Committee. On the motion to omit the clause enabling Catholics to sit in Parliament—Ayes, 251; Noes, 247.—Majority against the Catholics, 4; and the Bill withdrawn.
1814. Question not brought forward.
1815. May 31. Sir Henry Parnell's motion for a Committee. Ayes, 147; Noes, 228. —Majority against the Catholics, 81.
1816. May 21. Mr Grattan's motion for a Committee early in the next Session. Ayes, 141; noes, 172.—Majority against the Catholics, 31.
1817. May 9. Mr Grattan's motion for a Committee. Ayes, 221; Noes, 245.—Majority against the Catholics, 24.
1818. Question not brought forward.
1819. May 4. Mr Grattan's motion for a Committee. Ayes, 241; Noes, 243.—Majority against the Catholics, 2.
1820. Question not brought forward.
1821. Feb. 28. Mr Plunkett's motion for a Committee. Ayes, 227; Noes, 221.—Majority for the Catholics, 6.
March 16. Second reading of the Bill. Ayes, 254; Noes, 243.—Majority in favour of the Catholics, 11.
March 23. Division on first clause of the Bill. Ayes, 230; Noes, 216.—Majority in favour of the clause, 14.
March 26. Mr Bankes' amendment to exclude Catholics from Parliament. Ayes, 211; Noes, 223.—Majority for the Catholics, 12.
April 2. Third reading. Ayes, 216; Noes, 197.—Majority for the Catholics, 19.—Bill passed the Commons.
House of Lords.—Second reading of the Bill. Contents, 120; Non-contents, 159.—Majority against the Catholics, 39.—Bill thrown out.
1822. April 30. Mr Canning's motion for a Bill to enable Catholic Peers to sit in the Upper House. Ayes, 249; Noes, 244.—Majority for the Catholics, 5.
May 13. Second reading of the Bill. Ayes, 235; Noes, 223.—Majority for the Bill, 12.
May 17. Bill passed without a division.
June 21. House of Lords.—Second reading of the Bill. Contents, 129; Non-contents, 171.—Majority against the Bill, 42.—Bill thrown out.

1823. April 18. Mr Plunkett's motion for a Committee. Sir Francis Burdett, and several other Whigs, abruptly left the House. Motion met by a counter-motion for an adjournment. Ayes, 313; Noes, 111.—Majority against the Catholics, 202.

1824. Question not brought forward.

1825. Feb. 28. Sir Francis Burdett's motion for a Committee. Ayes, 247; Noes, 234.—Majority for the Catholics, 13.

April 22. Second reading of the Bill. Ayes, 268; Noes, 241.—Majority for the Catholics, 27.

May 10. Third reading of the Bill. Ayes, 248; noes, 227.—Majority for the Catholics, 21.—Bill passed.

May 17. House of Lords. Contents, 130; Non-contents, 178.—Majority against the Catholics, 48.—Bill thrown out.

1826. Question not brought forward.—Parliament dissolved.

1827. New Parliament.—March 5. Sir Francis Burdett's motion for a Committee. Ayes, 272; Noes, 276.—Majority against the Catholics, 4.

SIEGE OF BHURTPORE.

Letter from an Infantry Officer.

Sir,

I observe in your last Number a letter from "A Bengal Engineer," complaining of the article in your April Number, "The Siege of Bhurtpore," as attaching much blame to the operations of the engineers. Being the author of the journal referred to, consequently the culpable person, I request you will insert, for his information, in your next Number, the following explanation and remarks:—

The journal in question was never intended as a full and minute account, but merely a rough sketch taken on the spot, when duty permitted, *during the siege.* The little information contained therein I was in nowise indebted to the engineers for, who, by the by, were singularly reserved in their communications to infantry officers on the most trivial subjects. Before I proceed further, I must disclaim any intention of throwing blame to the degree stated on that distinguished corps, "The Bengal Engineers." The operations were, generally speaking, carried on with talent, as the result proved, and with zeal, as no one can deny. That an engineer should necessarily be better acquainted with his peculiar department and details than an infantry officer, no one will question, but that he is not liable to error in judgment at times, he will scarcely affirm.

Regarding his remark,—"that had the ditch been filled with water, no failure would have taken place," it is a strong assertion—at best, a matter of opinion—failures not many years since occurred under as favourable circumstances, and this is a point impossible to decide without trial. Certain I am, "The Bengal Engineer" had seldom (if ever) an opportunity of seeing a ditch, such as that at Bhurtpore, full of water, crossed in the neat way he undoubtedly could have advised.

Speaking of the curtains being low, was in reference to the bastions, several of which were from 80 to 93 feet high—by his own account the curtains were from 50 to 55 feet.

That the points of attack, at first chosen, were two curtains, I now well remember, and stand corrected accordingly; still I cannot refrain from thinking it would have proved equally profitable to his comments, had he been blessed with a short memory on this occasion, unless he had explained, "why two curtains" were fixed on, in preference to two salient bastions. That the two curtains were ill selected, and contrary to the common principles of fortification to form breaches in, is indisputable, when the flank fire of the bastions, as well as the bastions themselves, were complete and occupied. That I am borne out in this statement, is evident from the fact, that, after eight days' struggling to form a sort of breach, they were given up entirely, and the bastions, which ought to have been attacked at first, were at last determined on. The gun-breach to the left of the long-necked bastion I examined the day after the fort fell, and have no hesitation in stating, that had it been attacked, there was great chance of failure in that quarter, from the impossibility of a sufficient number of men being able to reach its summit at once. At the

bottom was a great quantity of fine dust, that hid an entire escarp of 30 feet, although at a distance it had the appearance of an easy slope up to the breach. To the remark, that the taking of Kuddum Kundie, &c. *is extremely incorrect,* I answer, the chances are, the "Bengal Engineer" was not at the post during the day, or he would have seen *four* guns instead of *two,* under Lieutenant H. of the artillery; also the guns in question were frequently fired that day against the fort. That an attempt to make a battery of sand-bags and cotton-bales, is correct, I assert, and was only prevented by the heavy fire from the fort. Had the engineer been behind these bales a few hours, he would have had an opportunity of seeing specimens of Bhurtpore gunnery, and witnessed round shot pass through them, though two abreast, at 600 to 700 yards; that the loss is exaggerated in regard to men I am aware, and was occasioned by mistake; but many bullocks were destroyed. His remarks concerning the ramparts I have since learnt to be tolerably exact; still the breach at the long-necked bastion was composed of a heap of stones and masonry, mixed with mud, &c. Two days after the storming I was obliged to leave Bhurtpore, and could not ascertain how far the above description answered the ramparts in general.

My observation, regarding the escarp being 60 feet, was a matter of conjecture. This remark I noted down on 6th January. Now, by his own account, the real height was not known before the 8th January. Considering that my view was from the advanced trenches, and his, perhaps, quietly measured after the place was in our possession, the difference of six feet was not worth mentioning—this remark is equally applicable to the counterscarp.

His next remark refers to what was evidently an error in printing from the manuscript, (it scarcely requires an engineer's abilities or education to distinguish between scarp and counterscarp, much less to suppose a mine under a bastion could blow in the counterscarp,) and adds no weight to his review by noticing it. The loss of materials by the explosion, I had no means of ascertaining the amount of, and thought it of no importance to do so, when abundance of wood was at hand to replace them.

His next paragraph requires notice. The sap crowning the counterscarp opposite the left breach, (if it could be so called,) was very badly constructed, and without excavation, on the morning of 12th January, (unless a foot in depth, and as much in breadth, is deemed sufficient.) The gabions, stuffed with cotton, were in no part musket proof, "having no earth behind them." I had the pleasure of twenty-four hours duty in it, soon after its construction, and can speak to its qualities, and found it necessary to request both sand bags and tools might be sent to complete it—it was by the soldiers in it, that it was rendered fit to hold the firing party, after some loss.

I do not mean to say the sap leading to it was not tolerable, or the corner where the shafts were sinking a very snug birth, and where I observed the engineers most part of the day, of course superintending the mining. That the quantity of water at the foot of the gun-breach, on the left attack, was known on 8th January, I was not aware. On the 12th, at four o'clock in the evening, an attempt was in contemplation, but laid aside. The only method I had of obtaining an idea of the powder used in the various mines, was, by observing the number of bags passing, and making a calculation from them. When the engineer states 28° to be the angle the left breach formed with the horizon, his instrument must have been out of order, or he took his base-line at the extreme clod thrown into the ditch; it appeared nearer 38° or 40°, than 28°. This I had no time to determine. Not being certain of the disposition made for the two small columns, I omitted mention of them on that account only. In conclusion, I humbly conceive, that, had the "Bengal Engineer" waited till the full account appeared, he so exultingly announces to be at hand, he would have had at least more chance of triumph than has attended his present attempt.

Sir, I am, yours, &c.

An Infantry Officer.

12th June, 1828.

P.S.—If the "Bengal Engineer" could inform me when the Bhurtpore prize-money is to be paid, I shall willingly excuse, and patiently bear his corrections.

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE LIBERALS.

We have this month to congratulate our readers, that is to say, all the good men and true who live under the British flag in every quarter of the world, upon a most important change which has taken place in the constitution of his Majesty's Ministry. We have at last, thank God, got rid of the Liberals, and once more have the happiness to live under a pure Tory government. Not a remnant, we rejoice to say, of that bastard political sect, that cunning, cowardly, compromising, conciliatory school, has been left to divide and weaken the measures of the Cabinet. The Liberals are gone, one and all—root and branch have been plucked up and cast forth, to the unspeakable relief of the country. If these people had been downright decided enemies, we might have felt some qualms of conscience, in rejoicing with such exceeding great joy upon their overthrow, but there never was anything bold, or decided, or manly, or straight-forward, about them; they were infinitely more dangerous; they hung about the Government, shifting and shifting, and leaving everything as it were trembling upon a balance, so that one could not tell what was to preponderate. Thus the Government was weakened, its old friends were cooled or disgusted, its enemies were encouraged, and the pretty gentlemen, the Liberals, were so busy in showing how vastly clever they were themselves, that they did not perceive how fast the Government was losing that, without which no Government can be useful, namely its energy. The satisfaction, and good humour, and confidence which this overthrow of the Liberals has diffused over the country, are much greater and more general than any one could have previously calculated upon. There was throughout society a suppression of feeling respecting these men, for they had so praised themselves, and had got the newspaper press so much into their hands, that each individual, however satisfied he himself was, that, as a political sect, none could be more pernicious, yet had a notion that public opinion was somehow in their favour, and that for the present they should be submitted to, like cigars or big bonnets, or any other nuisance, because they were the fashion. But when, by one vigorous step of the noble Duke at the head of the Government, which, like every public act of his, was at once wise, decisive, and promptly to the purpose, the Liberals have been deprived of official power, and the people have begun to speak their sentiments to one another concerning them, it turns out that every one is well pleased at their dismissal; and whatever the newspapers may say, there is throughout Great Britain an almost universal exultation at the return of a decided unanimous Government.

Nor is this at all surprising, when we consider the character of the policy which those, calling themselves Liberals, profess to adopt,—a policy which, whatever we may think of it upon general principles, seems particularly objectionable, when viewed with reference to the temper and disposition of the people of Great Britain. The disposition of a genuine Briton is to make up his mind upon what he ought to do, and having once determined that, to adhere to his resolution with a fixedness of purpose, which more frequently proceeds to the length of obstinacy, than deviates into vacillation and uncertainty. Now this is a character quite opposite to that of the Liberals, and much to be preferred before it; for while the Briton of the old school may possibly carry his principle to an extent which is not right, he of the new or Liberal school will most probably tumble through sheer weakness into what is wrong. In the Liberal there is a total absence of the sound healthy firmness, which is absolutely essential to eminent usefulness; he yields this; he concedes that; he compromises the other thing; he winds, and twists, and hesitates; and when he wants to accomplish a thing, chooses rather to do it by a trick or stratagem, than by candour and plain dealing. You are never sure of him; you are doubtful as to his object, and quite uncertain as to the means he will adopt. Even his principles he yields to circumstances, and he is particularly deferential to a vague impalpable something, which he is pleased to call "the spirit of the age," but which, on investigation, ap-

pears to be nothing more than the affected tone of the weak trash, which the press pours forth in such quantity. Your Liberal has no strong hold of anything; he has cast away the anchors of the old law, and national feeling, and exclusive privileges of Britons, as mere prejudices, and useless shackles to his enlarged comprehension. He floats about upon the wide sea of the world's opinion, and is blown hither and thither by every gust which may come from the various quarters of the globe. He neglects the interests of the people round about him, while he considers what may most promote the prosperity of the new kingdoms of the new world, and sacrifices the most important interests of his own country in a paroxysm of general philanthropy and universal benevolence.

But in everything he does, he is most anxious that he himself should appear; he is not only of opinion that he knows better than all who have gone before him, but that the world should see, that he is the person who has made the grand discovery that every one else was wrong; and this he generally accomplishes, not in the *ego hoc feci* fashion of Mr Canning, but by getting some other disciple of the same school to beslobber him with nauseous flattery, for which he on the next suitable occasion beslobbers his friend in return; and thus, sickening effeminate praises get forth into the newspapers, and these people get a name amongst the million. All this time, however, nothing solid is done; your Liberal is the worst man of business in the world; it is true, he seems busy, but it is in making speeches, and devising plans and complicated refinements upon what works well enough already, while the more arduous and important concerns of the State are frequently neglected, because they afford no opportunity for display, or for shewing off the advantages of the new and improved system. To make amends, however, for the little he does, he is always ready to talk, or if you choose, to write you an essay, which is English in nothing but its language, and not always even in that. His vanity is concerned in this, his name is in the mouths of men, as a speaker or an author, and his childish desire for popular attention towards himself is gratified.

The injurious effect which the interference of such men must have had upon the British Government scarcely needs to be pointed out. The effects are obvious; we lost our ground in the world, and instead of holding the high station which under the guidance of a pure Tory Government we had through unparalleled exertions obtained, we in some measure ceased to be either respected or dreaded by other nations. How indeed could they see anything formidable in measures not built upon experience, but suggested by theorists, and planners of visionary improvement, careless alike of their own interests, and of the encroachments of other powers? What could they see to be respected in policy as unsteady as the breath of popular opinion, which was guided by those who forsook what was old and well known, and who were evidently destitute of ability to conceive, or of strength and unanimity to execute, what was new and untried? Foreign powers laughed at us, and took advantage of our folly to obtain for themselves those advantages which, through our excessive "liberality," we had ceased to guard for ourselves. Our treaties, misnamed treaties of reciprocity; our free importations of the things which formerly employed our own industry; and unrestricted exportations of those things which enabled other nations to triumph over us, where formerly we triumphed over them; our pledges to support the turbulent and discontented and unsettled spirits in all parts of the world—and our efforts to force liberty upon an unwilling people at the point of the bayonet—all these things must have appeared, and certainly did appear, to the other nations of the world, as not only unwise, but absolutely ridiculous. England, under the guidance of the Liberals, appeared as if governed by schoolboys, vain of their newly acquired knowledge, and eager to turn poetry and philosophy into practice, but destitute of the caution and firmness which are only to be learned by experience.

At home, the consequences of "liberal" government were not less unfortunate. The people were injured in their property, by the concessions made to foreigners; and those who had not property to lose, were disturbed, and set on to "imagine vain things," by the cookery, and quackery, and experi-

mental nonsense, of their political idols. Fools were not crushed as they ought to be, when they opened their mouths to pour forth their folly; it was considered liberal to listen, and to consider, and to speechify in return, and thus the folly spread and settled, instead of being checked and stopped at the very outset.

The taint of Liberalism has infected the Cabinet in a greater or less degree, from the accession of Mr Canning in 1822 until the late turn-out. Upon Mr Canning the disease gained gradually like a consumption, until it completely destroyed a political character which was previously worthy of almost undivided admiration. In the time of his true glory, no one despised or lashed the doctrines of the Liberals more heartily than Canning; but he had one fault, or weakness rather, in common with them—He was open to flattery, and led away by popular applause. This was, perhaps, the consequence of his inimitable talents as a public speaker. He felt the power he possessed, and was fond of the homage which it extorted. His weakness, however, was seen by the Whigs, and formed the germ of that union which they strove so assiduously to promote, after they found that themselves, and the policy which they had advocated during the war, were sunk as low as contempt and scorn could sink them. Their system now was to give up a good deal themselves, to flatter Mr Canning into giving up something, and thus to approach a mongrel species of policy, which was begotten by artifice on the one side, and indiscretion on the other, and was brought forth under the foreign and affected title of Liberalism. Brougham was at first unwilling to join in this yielding system. His fierce spirit recoiled from submission to Canning, whose superiority he would not acknowledge; but at last he, too, like those spirits from whom he sometimes appears to borrow a portion of his energy, believed and trembled—he ceased to threaten, and began to praise. The Tories were indolent, and if they saw, they made no effort to prevent, the great loss which they and the country were sustaining by the change which was going on. The game, on the part of the Whigs, was cunningly played—they won, and Mr Canning was lost. The great leader being gained over, others were easily induced to follow in his train. Upon Mr Huskisson, the force of early and long-suppressed political feelings probably operated; the rest were weak enough to be led by anything which was on the surface plausible. Thus was the Liberal party established; and though the country was, by good fortune, never wholly abandoned to their guidance, yet, for some time after the dissolution of the ministry, in April 1827, they bore the chief sway in the government. How long they might have stood under the leadership of so clever a man as Mr Canning it is useless now to inquire. The difficulties of his situation were too much for him, and he died. While he lived, his talents threw a glitter upon the party; but when he died, and Lord Goderich was placed at their head, then indeed they appeared in all their pitiable helplessness. If the affairs they had to manage were of less importance, one might have described their conduct as laughable; but as they were, it was quite disgusting, and it was soon found necessary to get some men of sense into the places of most of them, in order to put an end to a state of things which was at once dangerous and ridiculous.

It was extremely fortunate for the country at that time that it possessed such a man as the Duke of Wellington. We shall not enter upon so superfluous a task as praise of the Duke. We are content to say, "Look at his career, examine his whole progress, see what he has done, what he is now doing, and let the facts speak for themselves." It will be found that he has attempted nothing which he has not been able to accomplish, and that in all he has done he has earned from his friends praise and joyful congratulations, and from his enemies involuntary respect. When he, at the command of the King, formed a new Government, he retained some of the Liberals in their places, thinking, as we conjecture, that while their experience in the routine of official business would make them useful auxiliaries, they would not venture to thwart or impede that line of policy which every one who knew him must have known he would adopt. This, which we imagine to have been the opinion of the Duke in January last, was conformable to the course which subsequent events took for some time; and

it was quite pleasant to see how energetically Mr Huskisson worked in support of a Government precisely opposite in its principles to that which it is known he wished to see formed in November and December last. There was a little wincing, to be sure, on his part and that of Mr Grant, on the introduction of the Corn Bill this session; but even this only proved, that, in the teeth of their own opinion, they were discharging their official duties, and carrying into effect the policy of the Duke of Wellington.

It is evident, however, that with men acting in this way upon constraint, that perfect cordiality and unlimited confidence could not exist, which must be so desirable amongst those to whom the Government of the country is intrusted; and, therefore, it is not surprising, that when this want of cordiality broke out into an overt act of opposition, the Duke was very stern and inflexible as to the exclusion of the offender. In an unlucky hour for Mr Huskisson, he gave an imprudent pledge about the East Retford Disfranchisement Bill. This pledge he had to fulfil, because (as he says himself,) he was "called upon" to do so, and not because he thought it his duty; and then having found himself in a difficulty, he thought he would as usual get out of it by a stroke of cunning. On this occasion, however, he mistook his man. He over-reached himself when he thought to over-reach the Prime Minister. Mr Huskisson manifestly, and indeed we may almost say by his own confession, intended that the Duke's anger for his disobedience should be swallowed up in regret for his resignation, and that he would have sent for him, and soothed his irritated spirits, and entreated him to stay. Never was man more completely disappointed; he seems hardly to have been able to believe, that he who had always managed matters so cunningly and so successfully before, who had tried the very same trick with other Prime Ministers and gained his point, should now have utterly failed. He thought it the strangest thing imaginable, that a resignation, written and signed with his own hand, should be taken as a final resignation, without parley or explanation; and that when he said he placed his situation in the hands of the Duke, it was not understood that it was for the purpose of being handed back to him again. He is quite thunderstruck that his words should be taken according to their plain distinct signification; and he sends to assure the Duke, "that there is a mistake in the matter." We almost think we see the look of astonishment and mortification in Mr Huskisson's countenance, when Lord Dudley returned to him and told him, that the Duke said, "There was no mistake at all."

We really wonder how Mr Huskisson prevailed upon himself to tell the story in the House of Commons, and we cannot be surprised at the general laugh with which the House received it. The "old stager" now found, that he should make a real struggle to keep the office which he had pretended to resign, and a most pertinacious struggle he certainly made; but still he could not bring himself to forsake his old habits, and, instead of openly and plainly saying that he was sorry he had resigned, and that he would be extremely happy to have his place again, he went on insinuating that he had not resigned at all. This would never do with the Duke; it is in vain to practise twisting of words or facts with him. We recommend his letters on this occasion to be read over and over again by those who have a notion that a statesman cannot be a candid straight-forward honest man. They form a most excellent commentary upon Lord Bacon's text, that "plain and sound dealing is the honour of man's nature." The end of the whole matter is, that Mr Huskisson found himself, in spite of all his ingenuity, turned out of office, and another appointed in his place; and then it would appear he thought of his revenge, and summoned all his party to quit the camp along with him.

We have heard much of the persuasion made use of upon every official person, with whom this party had influence, to quit their posts, and thus embarrass the Prime Minister; and we know that several of those who have resigned do not scruple to express their regret, that the requisition of their party almost compelled them to do that which as individuals they were not in the least inclined to; but we suppress the indignation which we might justly express on this occasion, in consideration of the contempt which

such an endeavour from such a party deserves. The Liberals were so puffed up with a false idea of their own strength, that they vauntingly declared it was impossible the Government could go on without them, and that even if the official places were filled without their assistance, the first division in the House of Commons would show how completely triumphant they were in that assembly. They reckoned without their host. The Tories, who had of late forsaken the House, sickened by the Liberalism of a part of the Treasury bench, yet unwilling to oppose a Government with the Duke of Wellington at the head of it, now rallied round a Ministry, to which they could give their full and hearty support; and the Liberals, even in the very hour of their boasting, were beaten into a ridiculous minority. The annals of Parliamentary conflicts scarcely furnish an example of such a complete overthrow in a trial of strength between parties. The next day,—

—— "Their giantships were somewhat crest-fallen,
Stalking with less unconscionable strides."

The country, already disgusted with their folly, now laughed at their weakness, and the Liberals have sunk, we hope never to rise again. As to the fellows who put forth shallow nonsense in the newspapers, about "military government," they are hardly worth noticing, except that, in this age of superficial knowledge, they may have some effect upon those who have been taught to read, but not to think. We wish to tell these people, that a military government is one thing, and a civil government, partly administered by military men, another. It is impossible that, while our constitution lasts, we can have a military government; but if it so happen, that the habits of vigorous observation, and of prompt and decisive conduct, acquired in a military life, are useful for civil purposes, it would be the greatest conceivable folly not to make use of them, merely because they have been previously serviceable for military purposes. This would be true at any time, but at present its truth is particularly obvious when the wavering and timorous, yet rash policy of the Liberals, has put our affairs in such a state as nothing but the habits we have just described would recover them from. Upon the present state of the Government we have but to echo the hearty congratulations which are to be found in the mouth of almost every honest man, gentle or simple, throughout the country. It is not merely in places where politics form the chief subject of conversation, that these sentiments are to be found; it is not only in the clubs, and in London streets, but at fair and market, you see hale stout fellows meeting with a more vigorous shake of the hand than usual, and proposing an extra glass of ale to the health of the Duke and the new Ministry. Such is the triumph of honesty and plain dealing; the people are cheered at the sight of it, and England is herself again. The pleasure which men of observation feel at the change, is proportioned to the danger from which they see the country delivered; for it was an alarming fact, that the system of the Liberals to entrap the young men who were coming out into public life, was pursued in many instances with the success that too frequently follows when flattery is applied to inexperience.

There was a set within the doors of the House, a knot of "bustling botherbys with nothing in 'em" but a confused mass of crude ideas upon every subject, who went buzzing and fizzing about, a-telling of the wonderful wonders of political economy, of their own philosophical and enlightened views, and pronouncing the subversion of our constitution, and of all our ancient institutions, the sovereignst thing on earth for procuring the greatest happiness to the greatest number.

They persuaded the young men of enthusiastic minds and unsettled opinions, with assurances that it was the most old-fashioned and stupidest thing in the world, to think, or speak, or act, as their fathers did before them. They extolled the wisdom and the wit of the rising generation, and then they mixed in a few modern witlings of their own brood, to act as decoys; smart young men for small affairs, who come up from the semi-whig university, brimfull of prate and pedantic affectation. These deafened their less fidgetty companions with endless argumentations about fiddle faddle, to which the others listened with sad civility, and if they remained proof against the flattery of the old ones, at

length gave in, through mere weariness and exhaustion, to the pertinacity of the young. It would be a curious calculation to see how many votes the cunning old stagers obtained, by making cat's-paws of the *novi homines*, whom they patted on the back, crying, "See what an interesting creature! with such a mind! he must be one of us." We trust that all this is now at an end, and not only so, but that those young men of ability who have, unfortunately for themselves and the public, become connected with the party of the Liberals, will see their error, and return to solid and fixed principles. It is indeed almost certain that this will be the case, because it will be the natural result of the progress of knowledge and experience—the old stagers of the Liberals, we think, will find that their party must die with them. Independently of political distinction, it is necessary for the success of young men in good society, that they should get out from the circle of the Whigs and Liberals. A true gentleman, with manly feeling and a knowledge of the world, had rather, at any time, meet a furious bull, a mad dog, or another gentleman at twelve paces, than one of these pests who canvass for applause among Whig people of both sexes, as interesting young men. There is a class of persons advertised for in the streets, in bills a yard square, as "spirited young men," to enlist at L.16 a-head, in the service of the African Company, whom we take to be far more respectable and useful members of society, than the smirking, mawkish, awkward apes of the other set. But we are wearied at the thought of them, and must bid the subject good by, ending, as we began, by the expression of our great joy, that the Liberals have fallen.

NORFOLK PUNCH.

AN INCANTATION.

TWENTY quarts of real Nantz,
Eau-de-vie of southern France;
By Arabia's chemic skill,
Sublimed, condensed, in trickling still;
'Tis the grape's abstracted soul,
And the first matter of the bowl.

Oranges, with skins of gold,
Like Hesperian fruit of old,
Whose golden shadow wont to quiver
In the stream of Guadalquiver,
Glowing, waving as they hung
Mid fragrant blossoms ever young,
In gardens of romantic Spain,—
Lovely land, and rich in vain!
Blest by nature's bounteous hand,
Cursed with priests and Ferdinand!
Lemons, pale as Melancholy,
Or yellow russets, wan and holy.
Be their number twice fifteen,
Mystic number, well I ween,
As all must know, who aught can tell
Of sacred lore or glamour spell;
Strip them of their gaudy hides,
Saffron garb of Pagan brides,
And like the Argonauts of Greece,
Treasure up their Golden Fleece.

Then, as doctors wise preserve
Things from nature's course that swerve,
Insects of portentous shape—worms,
Wreathed serpents, asps, and tape-worms,

Ill-fashion'd fishes, dead and swimming,
And untimely fruits of women;
All the thirty skins infuse
In Alcohol's Phlogistic dews.
Steep them—till the blessed Sun
Through half his mighty round hath run—
Hours twelve—the time exact
Their inmost virtues to extract.

Lest the potion should be heady,
As Circe's cup, or gin of Deady,
Water from the crystal spring,
Thirty quarterns, draw and bring;
Let it, after ebullition,
Cool to natural condition.
Add, of powder saccharine,
Pounds thrice five, twice superfine;
Mingle sweetest orange blood,
And the lemon's acid flood;
Mingle well, and blend the whole
With the spicy Alcohol.

Strain the mixture, strain it well
Through such vessel, as in Hell
Wicked maids, with vain endeavour,
Toil to fill, and toil for ever.
Nine-and-forty Danaides,
Wedded maids, and virgin brides,
(So blind Gentiles did believe,)
Toil to fill a faithless sieve;
Thirsty thing, with nought content,
Thriftless and incontinent.

Then, to hold the rich infusion,
Have a barrel, not a huge one,
But clean and pure from spot or taint,
Pure as any female saint—
That within its tight-hoop'd gyre
Has kept Jamaica's liquid fire;
Or luscious Oriental rack,
Or the strong glory of Cognac,
Whose perfume far outscents the Civet,
And all but rivals rare Glenlivet.

To make the compound soft as silk,
Quarterns twain of tepid milk,
Fit for babies, and such small game,
Diffuse through all the strong amalgame.
The fiery souls of heroes so do
Combine the *suaviter in modo,*
Bold as an eagle, meek as Dodo.

Stir it round, and round, and round,
Stow it safely under ground,
Bung'd as close as an intention
Which we *are* afraid to mention;
Seven days six times let pass,
Then pour it into hollow glass;
Be the vials clean and dry,
Corks as sound as chastity;—
Years shall not impair the merit
Of the lively, gentle spirit.

Babylon's Sardanapalus,
Rome's youngster Heliogabalus,
Or that empurpled paunch, Vitellius,
So famed for appetite rebellious—
Ne'er, in all their vasty reign,
Such a bowl as this could drain.
Hark, the shade of old Apicius
Heaves his head, and cries—Delicious!
Mad of its flavour and its strength—he
Pronounces it the real Nepenthe.

'Tis the Punch, so clear and bland,
Named of Norfolk's fertile land,
Land of Turkeys, land of Coke,
Who late assumed the nuptial yoke—
Like his county beverage,
Growing brisk and stout with age.
Joy I wish—although a Tory—
To a Whig, so gay and hoary—
May he, to his latest hour,
Flourish in his bridal bower—
Find wedded love no Poet's fiction,
And Punch the only contradiction.

Ω

N. B. The Arabians, notwithstanding the sober precepts of their prophet, are supposed to have discovered distillation, as the word Alcohol plainly indicates. The Dodo is a clumsy good sort of a bird, the Lord G——h of the feathered creation, whose conciliatory politics have nearly, if not quite, occasioned its extinction.

SUMMER MORNING LANDSCAPE.

BY DELTA.

I.

The eyelids of the morning are awake;
The dews are disappearing from the grass;
The sun is o'er the mountains; and the trees,
Moveless, are stretching through the blue of heaven,
Exuberantly green. All noiselessly
The shadows of the twilight fleet away,
And draw their misty legion to the west,
Seen for a while, 'mid the salubrious air,
Suspended in the silent atmosphere,
As in Medina's mosque Mahomet's tomb.—
Up from the coppice, on exulting wing,
Mounts, mounts the skylark through the clouds of dawn,—
The clouds, whose snow-white canopy is spread
Athwart, yet hiding not, at intervals,
The azure beauty of the summer sky;
And, at far distance heard, a bodyless note
Pours down, as if from cherub stray'd from Heaven!

II.

Maternal Nature! all thy sights and sounds
Now breathe repose, and peace, and harmony.
The lake's unruffled bosom, cold and clear,
Expands beneath me, like a silver veil
Thrown o'er the level of subjacent fields,

Revealing, on its conscious countenance,
The shadows of the clouds that float above:—
Upon its central stone the heron sits
Stirless,—as in the wave its counterpart,—
Looking, with quiet eye, towards the shore
Of dark-green copse-wood, dark, save, here and there,
Where spangled with the broom's bright aureate flowers.—
The blue-wing'd sea-gull, sailing placidly
Above his landward haunts, dips down alert
His plumage in the waters, and, anon,
With quicken'd wing, in silence re-ascends.—
Whence comest thou, lone pilgrim of the wild?
Whence wanderest thou, lone Arab of the air?
Where makest thou thy dwelling-place? Afar,
O'er inland pastures, from the herbless rock,
Amid the weltering ocean, thou dost hold,
At early sunrise, thy unguided way,—
The visitant of Nature's varied realms,—
The habitant of Ocean, Earth, and Air,—
Sailing with sportive breast, mid wind and wave,
And, when the sober evening draws around
Her curtains, clasp'd together by her Star,
Returning to the sea-rock's breezy peak.

III.

And now the wood engirds me, the tall stems
Of birch and beech tree hemming me around,
Like pillars of some natural temple vast;
And, here and there, the giant pines ascend,
Briareus-like, amid the stirless air,
High stretching; like a good man's virtuous thoughts
Forsaking earth for heaven. The cushat stands
Amid the topmost boughs, with azure vest,
And neck aslant, listening the amorous coo
Of her, his mate, who, with maternal wing
Wide-spread, sits brooding on opponent tree.
Why, from the rank grass underneath my feet,
Aside on ruffled pinion dost thou start,
Sweet minstrel of the morn? Behold her nest,
Thatch'd o'er with cunning skill, and there, her young
With sparkling eye, and thin-fledged russet wing:
Younglings of air! probationers of song!
From lurking dangers may ye rest secure,
Secure from prowling weasel, or the tread
Of steed incautious, wandering 'mid the flowers;
Secure beneath the fostering care of her
Who warm'd you into life, and gave you birth;
Till, plumed and strong, unto the buoyant air,
Ye spread your equal wings, and to the morn,
Lifting your freckled bosoms, dew-besprent,
Salute, with spirit-stirring song, the man
Wayfaring lonely.—Hark! the striderous neigh!—
There, o'er his dogrose fence, the chesnut foal,
Shaking his silver forelock, proudly stands,—
To snuff the balmy fragrance of the morn:—
Up comes his ebon compeer, and, anon,
Around the field in mimic chase they fly,
Startling the echoes of the woodland gloom.

IV.

How sweet, contrasted with the din of life,
Its selfish miseries, and ignoble cares,

Are scenes like these; yet, in the book of Time,
Of many a blot, there is a primal leaf,
Whose pictures are congenial to the soul,
Concentring all in peace, whose wishes rest;—
With rapture to the Patriarchal days—
The days of pastoral innocence, and health,
And hope, and all the sweetnesses of life—
The thought delighted turns; when shepherds held
Dominion o'er the mountain and the plain;
When, in the cedar shade, the lover piped
Unto his fair, and there was none to chide;—
Nor paltry hate—nor petty perfidy:
But Peace unfurl'd her ensign o'er the world;
And joy was woven through the web of life,
In all its tissue; and the heart was pure;
And Angels held communion with mankind.

V.

Far different are the days in which 'tis ours
To live; a demon spirit hath gone forth,
Corrupting many men in all their thoughts,
And blighting with its breath the natural flowers,
Planted by God to beautify our earth:—
Wisdom and worth no more are chiefest deem'd
Of man's possessions; Gain, and Guilt, and Gold,
Reign paramount; and, to these idols, bow,
All unreluctant, as if man could boast
No loftier attributes, the supple knees
Of the immortal multitude. Ah me!
That centuries, in their lapse, should nothing bring
But change from ill to worse, that man, uncouch'd,
Blind to his interests, ever should remain—
The interests of his happiness; and prove,
Even to himself, the fiercest of his foes.
Look on the heartlessness that reigns around—
Oh, look and mourn; if springs one native joy,
Doth art not check it? In the cup of Fate,
If Chance hath dropp'd one pearl, do cruel hands
Not dash it rudely from the thirsting lip?
With loud lament, mourn for the ages gone,
Long gone, yet gleaming from the twilight past,
With sunbright happiness on all their hills,
The days, that, like a rainbow, pass'd away,—
The days that fled never to come again,—
When Jacob served for Leah; and when Ruth,
A willing exile, with Naomi came
From Bethlem-Judah; glean'd the barley-fields
Of Boaz, her mother's kinsman, trembling crept,
At starry midnight, to the threshing floor,
And laid herself in silence at his feet.

VI.

Thou, Nature, ever-changing, changest not—
The evening and the morning duly come—
And spring, and summer's heat, and winter's cold—
The very sun that look'd on Paradise,
On Eden's bloomy bowers, and sinless man,
Now blazes in the glory of his power.
Yea! Ararat, where Noah, with his sons,
And tribes, again to people solitude,
Rested, lone-gazing on the floods around,
Remains a landmark for the pilgrim's path!

And thus the months shall come, and thus the years
Revolve; and day, alternating with night,
Lead on from blooming youth to hoary age,
Till Time itself grows old; and Spring forgets
To herald Summer; and the fearful blank
Of Chaos overspreads, and mantles all!

VII.

Farewell, ye placid scenes! amid the land
Ye smile, an inland solitude; the voice
Of peace-destroying man is seldom heard
Amid your landscapes. Beautiful ye raise
Your green embowering groves, and smoothly spread
Your waters, glistening in a silver sheet.
The morning is a season of delight—
The morning is the self-possession'd hour—
'Tis then that feelings, sunk, but unsubdued,
Feelings of purer thoughts, and happier days,
Awake, and, like the sceptred images
Of Banquo's mirror, in succession pass!

VIII.

And first of all, and fairest, thou dost pass
In memory's eye, beloved! though now afar
From those sweet vales, where we have often roam'd
Together. Do thy blue eyes now survey
The brightness of the morn in other scenes?
Other, but haply beautiful as these,
Which now I gaze on; but which, wanting thee,
Want half their charms; for, to thy poet's thought,
More deeply glow'd the heaven, when thy fine eye,
Surveying its grand arch, all kindling glow'd;
The white cloud to thy white brow was a foil;
And, by the soft tints of thy cheek outvied,
The dew-bent wild-rose droop'd despairingly.

Δ

June 2.

HUSKISSON'S COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER.*

We do not remember ever to have seen the country looking more beautiful than it did during the month of May, or than it continues to do now that it is Midsummer. It was altogether such a month of May as we read of in the old poets. Dædala Tellus is an expression of which we now thoroughly understand and feel the beautiful spirit. Thomson's Seasons by no means do justice to Spring and Summer—at least those of 1828 have far transcended his richest descriptions, which absolutely seem poor, tame, and wishy-washy, when compared with the glowing and glorious originals. Our face and frame have undergone a change most pleasing to ourselves and others; the crowfeet at the corner of our eyes have disappeared; spectacles we have laid aside; our forehead is without a wrinkle; cheeks full—complexion clear—lips ruddy—nose not so—pricked-up ears quite pinky—and our queue, or tail, bobbing upon our shoulders (not so narrow as many suppose) as we walk along, with all the vigour and alacrity of a Jack-Tar's tie in a jig. As we walk along? Yes! For, would you believe it, for the first time these twenty years, the gout has left his card, "*pour prendre congé*," at our feet; we have kicked our cloth-shoe to the devil and over the back-of-beyond, like an old bauchle; our crutch is now at this blessed moment not for use but ornament; we can shew a toe with any man of our years, weight, and inches, in all Britain; and intend accompanying that active old Irishwoman, Mrs M'Mullan, on her next match of a hundred miles within the twenty-four hours. No such instance of the renewing of youth has been exhibited by any other Eagle of modern times.

With all possible affection and respect for the seasons of spring and summer, candour obliges us to confess that the effects on our health and happiness little short of magic, to which we have now alluded, have, we verily believe it, been produced partly by the change in the atmosphere, and partly by the change in the Cabinet. The coldest and gloomiest weather would probably, to a person of our political temperament, have felt warm and bright, as the Liberals were seen slinking behind the horizon—nothing left of them but so many jellies, which are popularly supposed to be shot-stars. Politics are a subject on which we never speak—seldom think—and still seldomer write. But it would appear that when we do think on politics we think deeply; and as deep thoughts generally are allied to deep feelings, our emotions on the late "occasion" have been profound—partly tragic and partly comic, such as are beautifully expressed by those two fine lines:

> "Says a smile to a tear
> On the cheek of my dear!"

Perhaps not one of all our many hundred thousand readers had ever seen a gentleman kick himself out of a company. They may, one and all of them, have seen a gentleman kicked out of a company by another gentleman; but there is nothing particularly laughable in that—on the contrary it is, what the Americans would call, *tedious*. Mr Huskisson has proved himself a man of a very original mind—a man of genius—by anticipating and preventing, and improving upon, the ancient practique. He foresaw the foot of Wellington slowly uplifted; turned suddenly and shortly round upon himself, and with pump applied to his own posteriors, absolutely kicked himself out of the Cabinet, with apparently the most perfect resignation.

Of all things in this world, the most difficult to us is the writing of a letter. Yet, when we have occasionally overcome the difficulty, and got through a letter, we find it the easiest thing in the world to understand what we, the writer, would be at; nor does it ever enter our heads to maintain that yes means no, that we have said no when we said yes, or that black and white are convertible terms. Not so with Mr William Huskisson. He is as bad a letter-writer as you may meet with during the 22d of June; but though clumsy, he is clear; intelligible to all mankind but himself; and his text

* London, 1828.

can be understood without a commentary, by all men, women, and children, saving and excepting the late Colonial Secretary. His late correspondence with the Duke of Wellington must be included in all subsequent editions of the Complete Letter-Writer.

Having no room for a Noctes this month, our readers must be contented with a laugh at Mr Huskisson in his epistolic character. Not to mince the matter, no man ever made of himself such a fool, (at the least,) as our late Atlas, on whose shoulders was thought to repose, in succession, the weight of the last half-dozen administrations. In the first place, who in his senses would dream of writing a letter on business at two o'clock in the morning? You might as well write an article for Maga after ten tumblers. It won't do. Mr Huskisson had been bothered, and badgered, and bitten for hours; and yet nothing would satisfy him, before going to bed, but to indite an epistle to the Duke of Wellington, at that moment, it is to be hoped, in a sound, strong, snoring sleep. Had Mr Huskisson felt disinclined to tumble in, we should have had no objection whatever to his sitting up all night long, and cruelly braying Lord Sandon, with unsparing pestle, in the mortar of his imagination. After a few broiled chickens, and pots of porter, the languor, and irritation, and excitement, "the frail and feverish being of an hour," would have given place to alacrity, composure, and strength of mind; his vote on the East Retford question,

> "In his flowing cups freshly remembered,"

would have been dismissed with a chuckle or a hiccup; the sour looks of friends with forbidding faces, which he complains frowned on him at the close of the debate, "however unimportant in itself the question which had given rise to that appearance," would have risen before him through the misty vapours of the hot toddy, clothed in the tenderest effulgence of their wonted smiles; pen, ink, and paper, would have appeared things not of use, but ornament; and he would ultimately have lain down to balmy slumbers, with his fine countenance placid beneath its tufted night-cap, as the face of a child asleep in its simplicity, after its lisped prayers. Instead of such Christian course of conduct, nothing would satisfy the Secretary but to keep prancing about the parlour, with his tail cocked like that of a nag under ginger, his eyes fiery as a ferret's, lips pale and quivering, sallow cheeks, discoloured with crimson, dilated nostrils, and clenched fists, big with inflating self-importance, as an elderly matron with what she vainly imagines to be a child, but known to all the rest of the wise, but wicked world, to be but wind—and then pulling a chair with great violence to his escritoire, down with a thud on his hurdies, determined to demolish, by one magnanimous epistle, the poor helpless creature, scarcely known by any greater achievement than having had the good fortune to win Waterloo!

Surely there was a sad want of judgment in all this, betokening a diseased mind, that must have rendered its owner unfit for a place in the Cabinet. Hear the words of his vain regret, his imperfect penitence, and his angry remorse—"For that statement I am sure I shall receive the indulgence of every gentleman, when I say it was made under a state of health far from good, and after sixteen hours toil of mind between official business in Downing-street and attendance in the House of Commons: under these circumstances I wrote that letter, which I now acknowledge it would have been better to postpone till next morning."

Let us have a look at the letter.

"Downing-street, Tuesday Morning,
Two a. m. May 20.

"My dear Duke,—After the vote which, in regard to my own consistency and personal character, I have found myself, from the course of this evening's debate, compelled to give on the East Retford question, I owe to you, as the head of the administration, and to Mr Peel, as the leader of the House of Commons, to lose no time in affording you an opportunity of placing my office in other hands, as the only means in my power of preventing the injury to the King's service, which may ensue from the appearance of disunion in his Majesty's councils, however unfounded in reality, or however unimportant in itself the question, which has given rise to that appearance.

"Regretting the necessity of troubling you with this communication, believe me, my dear Duke, ever truly yours,

(Signed) "W. Huskisson."

This is the only good letter of the whole batch—and is as plain as any pike-staff. Neither does it betray any symptoms of having been written at two o'clock of the morning, after 16 hours' toil, in a state of bad health, hastily, or under the influence of strong feelings. It is an honest-looking epistle—and good for sore eyes. But we have Mr Huskisson's own word for it—that it did not express his real sentiments, wishes, and intentions. It is, he has himself told us, a piece of mere humbug. It was not intended to be—it is not—a resignation.

Now, gentle and hungry reader, suppose that you had been engaged to dine with a friend in his own house—day and hour distinctly specified, and that you had, on the morning of the feast, written a letter to himself or lady, expressing your sorrow that it would not be in your power to appear before your plate, what would you now think of yourself, and what would the whole world think of yourself, had you complained that your chair had been occupied by another bottom—that it never had been your foolish intention to lose your dinner—and that had Mr and Mrs Ramsbottom, in great alarm and consternation at your intimated absence, written, conjointly and severally, calling upon you for Godsake not to leave their table desolate at such a crisis, you would have been prevailed on to eat in your words, as well as their turtle-soup and venison-pasty, and played a knife and fork to the admiration of all beholders?

This first letter of the series is certainly what Mr Coleridge would call a "Psychological curiosity." Written hastily and hurriedly, it is as cool as a cucumber—produced at midnight, the very witching hour of night, it is clear as day—penned at an hour when Mr Huskisson "could drink hot blood," it is mild as milk,—composed "after sixteen hours toil of mind, between official business in Downing-Street, and attendance in the House of Commons," it has all the character of a composition by an elderly gentleman, sitting by the side of a purling stream in literary leisure,—and though the writer himself has the amiable modesty to say that "it would have been better had he postponed it till the next morning," we beg leave to assure him that he, in saying so, does injustice to himself and his epistle; for all parties have unanimously pronounced it the very best letter he ever wrote during the course of his pretty long, active, and miscellaneous life.

Well—off went the letter in a box by itself—to the Duke of Wellington. It had not far to go—only a few yards—but the more hurry the less speed; and though written at two, it did not meet the eyes of his Grace till ten o'clock of the morning. For eight hours it enjoyed a private and confidential nap in its cabinet-box. Did Mr Huskisson expect that the Duke was to be wakened out of his sleep at two or three o'clock of the morning? That would have been most unreasonable indeed; and if he knew that the Duke seldom sat down to the dispatch of public, till he had finished private business—say about ten o'clock—after a hearty breakfast—why not wait for a few hours—why all this strangely mingled impatience and resignation?

Mr Huskisson has not favoured us with a detailed account of his meditations between the hours of two of the morning and one of the forenoon of May 20, 1828. He must have thought the Duke of Wellington a very dilatory correspondent. Eleven hours had elapsed, and no reply to his letter. Lord Dudley, it seems, had meanwhile called upon the Secretary, about one o'clock; and after transacting some business connected with his department—business which occupied about an hour—Mr Huskisson "observed to my noble friend, in a *passing jocular way*, that I was guilty of a little act of insubordination last night, in the East Retford Bill, but felt myself bound, in point of honour, to vote as I did. Allusion to the subject began and ended there, and my noble friend was still sitting with me when I received from the noble Duke a letter"—yes,—a letter—which there can be no doubt Mr Huskisson snatched off the salver—for we are not told that it was in a cabinet-box—with an eagerness that must have astonished his orderly. We shall suppose the letter read—once—twice—thrice—that there might be no misunderstanding of its contents,—and on the close of the final perusal, we think it will be granted, that a sight of Mr Huskisson's face must have been worth a trifle. As the Duke's letter is not long, we shall quote it.

"London, May 20, 1828.

"MY DEAR HUSKISSON,—Your letter of two this morning, which I received at ten, has surprised me much, and has given me great concern.

"I have considered it my duty to lay it before the King.

"Ever yours, most sincerely,
(Signed) "WELLINGTON."

Mr Huskisson persisted to the last in maintaining, that his own letter was not a letter of resignation; but he never for a moment seems to have doubted the meaning of the Duke's. Lord Dudley, however, who is well known to be the most pleasant person possible, seeing his friend Huskisson much ruffled and discomposed, exclaimed very good-naturedly, in a "passing jocular way," "The Noble Duke must labour under some mistake—I'll go to him and explain the circumstances, and settle it all." Nothing could be more obliging; yet it occurs to simple people like ourselves to ask, how my Lord Dudley could "explain circumstances," of which, from Mr Huskisson's account, it was absolutely impossible he could know anything whatever? The only two things that could require explanation were Mr Huskisson's own letter, which Lord Dudley had not seen; and Mr Huskisson's motives for writing it, of which Lord Dudley knew nothing—for all that the former had as yet said to the latter, was, "I was guilty of a little act of insubordination last night," and "allusion to the subject began and ended there;" and yet off runs, at a round and high trot, one of the most accomplished peers of the realm, to "explain the circumstances," of which he was as ignorant as the man in the moon, or more so—and "settle it all" in a jiffey. Meanwhile Mr Huskisson, we may suppose, sought to compose his nerves by a calker of "summat;" and after some time "my noble friend" returned, but to tell him that he was not successful, as the Duke said to him, "it is no mistake, it can be no mistake, and it shall be no mistake." On hearing this uttered by Lord Dudley, not in "a passing jocular way," but with a sober tone and solemn aspect, Mr Huskisson, we venture to say, moved towards the sideboard, and, turning up his little finger, emptied the second calker—and all little enough, too, for a gentleman in his situation, or predicament.

Recovering from the shock, but not yet satisfied with Lord Dudley's communication from the Duke, "it is no mistake, it can be no mistake, and it shall be no mistake," Mr Huskisson shook hands with the noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs—who took his leave, with that elegance and amenity that characterise his whole deportment in public and private life—and then, after biting his nails and scratching his head for a quarter of an hour, he determined to employ Lord Palmerston on the same mission. Lord Palmerston went to the Duke—hardly expecting, we guess, as Lord Dudley had done, "to explain the circumstances, and settle it all;" and Lord Palmerston returned from the Duke, and "told me precisely what I had already heard from my noble friend at the head of the Department of Foreign Affairs, namely, that it was a positive resignation, and could not be understood otherwise." This was really a trial of temper harder to put up with than any recorded in Mrs Opie's ingenious Tales; and we are entitled, on general principles, and reasoning *a priori*, from our knowledge of human nature, to affirm that Mr Huskisson tossed off, somewhat hurriedly, another—that is a third—calker. If he did not—then "it was a mistake, it could not but be a mistake, and it shall be a mistake."

Lord Palmerston now took his departure, and poor Mr Huskisson, instead of sitting down to a good hot dinner, and a bottle of old port, began to puzzle his pate over a second letter to the most obstinate Duke that ever presided over a Cabinet—a precious epistle it is indeed!

"Downing-street, May 20, 1828,
half past 6 P.M.

"MY DEAR DUKE,—Having understood from Lord Dudley and Lord Palmerston, that you had laid my letter of last night before the King, under a different impression from that which it was intended to convey, I feel it due both to you and to myself to say, that my object in writing that letter was, not to express any intentions of my own, but to relieve you from any delicacy which you might feel towards me, if you should think that the interests of his Majesty's service would be prejudiced by my remaining in office, after giving a vote, in respect to which, from the turn

which the latter part of the debate had taken, a sense of personal honour left me no alternative.

"Believe me, my dear Duke, yours very sincerely,
(Signed) "W. Huskisson."

Now, suppose for a moment, that Mr Huskisson states the case here truly and fairly, and that he had no other wish or intention, "scope or tendency," in writing his first letter to the Duke, but "to relieve him from any delicacy" he might feel, in thinking that the interests of his Majesty's service would be prejudiced by Mr Huskisson remaining in office,—this assertion is in the teeth of everything else contained in Mr Huskisson's explanation in the House. For he admits, that he wrote the letter when fatigued, ill, sick, worried out of tone and out of temper—"in a state of excitement," as Lord Palmerston said—disturbed and angry at the recollection of the black faces frowning on him,—and justly frowning,—from among his friends; and yet in that admitted mood of mind he sat down to indite a letter to the head of the government, for no other purpose but the sweet, soft, and amiable one, of "relieving the Duke of Wellington from delicacy,"—under which, it has since appeared, his Grace did not groan, and which was not incumbent on any human being out of Sterne's Sentimental Journey. Delicacy is one of the prettiest things in this world, when exhibited by a young gentleman, in a pair of well-cut inexpressibles, towards a young lady in a waltz, whose gossamery gown is ever and anon getting involved in inevitable entanglement with her partner's legs, requiring the utmost and promptest delicacy to be relieved during the airy evolutions of that Dance of Danger. But when an old stager of a Secretary opens his jaws in the House of Commons, and gives vent to the wrong monosyllable,—to save what he chooses to call his honour,—at the expense of the discredit of the Cabinet to which he belongs,—why distress himself about such a purely imaginary evil as the delicacy of other people's situation? The Duke of Wellington has relieved himself ere now, without permission granted by anybody, from situations of far more delicacy, and difficulty, and danger, than any in which he and his government could ever have been placed by Mr Huskisson. What his Grace would have done, had Mr Huskisson not written that or any other letter, we do not pretend to know—but we think it most probable that he would either have cashiered him, or imposed a thorough apology, and promise, under penalty of instant dismissal, never again, while in his Majesty's service, to vote with his Majesty's Opposition. Be that as it might, Mr Huskisson's letter, even had it been such a letter as he absurdly and insolently maintains it *bona fide* to be, —a letter written to "relieve from delicacy,"—would have been altogether unnecessary; for is the Duke of Wellington a Prime Minister of such a feeble mind, as even for one single moment to dream of "delicacy," when it is his duty to take care that the consistency, dignity, and honour of his Cabinet, shall be preserved, or their violation punished?

The Duke's reply to Mr Huskisson's second letter, is necessarily rather longer than his reply to the first, but still concise and laconic. Nothing can be better.

"London, May 20, 1828.

My dear Huskisson,—I have received your letter of this evening. I certainly did not understand your letter of two o'clock this morning as offering me any option; nor do I understand the one of this evening, as leaving me any, except that of submitting myself and his Majesty's Government to the necessity of soliciting you to remain in your office, or of incurring the loss of your valuable assistance to his Majesty's service. However sensible I may be of this loss, I am convinced that in these times any loss is better than that of character, which is the foundation of public confidence.

"In this view of the case, I have put out of it altogether every consideration of the discredit resulting from the scene of last night; of the extent of which you could not but have been sensible, when you thought proper, as a remedy for it, to send me the offer of 'placing your office in other hands.'

"Ever, my dear Huskisson, yours most sincerely,
(Signed) "Wellington."

Mr Huskisson told the House, "I will say that when I received this, I was in some degree surprised." Why should he? The Duke's first letter should have prepared him for something of the sort. There is a great

deal of meaning neatly wrapped up in these few words: "I have considered it my duty to lay it before the King." Could Mr Huskisson hope, after that, that the Duke, with a tremulous voice, and a tear in his eye, was to call upon him, and beg him for Godsake not to allow the Government to tumble to the ground? "I cannot," quoth the Ex-Secretary, "understand how the noble Duke could reason in this manner." Then he cannot understand that which is level to the meanest capacity. Not an honest man in all England who would not have reasoned in the same way. "If," he continues, "I had suffered a grievance, and said that unless that grievance be redressed, I must resign; and if then that grievance was redressed, I can understand that I would have enjoyed some triumph, — if there had been a division of opinions in the Cabinet, and I had said, unless you come over to my side of the question I must resign, and my colleagues in office had made this concession, I could understand that then I would have triumphed—but—" Now all this is a very silly, and a very insolent supposition. No doubt, had Mr Huskisson had the foolish presumption to say so and so; and had the Duke of Wellington had the foolish servility to do so and so, Mr Huskisson would have had a triumph, and held up his head, while Great Britain would have blushed to the very ears with shame, and grief, and indignation. But never was there such a visionary hypothesis. So violent a fiction can serve to illustrate nothing in a world such as that which we inhabit. Had Mr Huskisson dared to behave in that manner, he would have been kicked out with equal expedition, and less ceremony than was observed to him on the late occasion,—his letter would have given the Duke even a greater "surprise," but less "concern;" and the nation would have expressed itself otherwise than in a general roar of laughter. There is always something awkward in illustration by hypothesis. Mr Huskisson had reason to know and feel that, when, not very long ago, the Duke of Wellington said, that *if* he, Mr Huskisson, had spoken at Liverpool of "pledges and guarantees," he had for ever disgraced himself and ruined his character. Your *if* is often an excellent peace-maker, but then it must here have cut to the bone—to the heart. For that Mr Huskisson did use the words imputed to him, on the hustings at Liverpool, is at this moment the avowed belief of every man in the island, except himself and Parson Shepherd.

A high-minded man, who knew that he had been wilfully misunderstood, in a matter of this kind, would have indignantly closed the correspondence. But Mr Huskisson is anything but a high-minded man—and shews in his subsequent letters how close is the connexion between insolence and servility, the haughtiest arrogance and the most abject submission. After being hit on the temple—the mark—and the jugular—why should he not have given in, instead of coming up to the scratch all abroad, puffing like a porpoise, and bleeding like a pig? Was there ever anything so lumbering and ineffective as the following attempts at warding off and putting in blows, in the London Ring? He uses his maulies like a yokel.

"Colonial Office, May 21, 1828.

"My dear Duke,—In justice to myself, I cannot acquiesce for a moment in the construction which your letter of last night puts upon my conduct.

"You cannot refuse to me the right of knowing the motives of my own actions; and I solemnly declare, that, in both my letters, I was actuated by one and the same feeling. It was simply this:—That it was not for *me*, but for *you*, as head of the Government, to decide how far my vote made it expedient to remove me from his Majesty's service. I felt that I had no alternative, consistently with personal honour, (in a difficulty not of my own seeking or creating,) but to give that vote; that the question in itself was one of minor importance; that the disunion was more in appearance than in reality; but I also felt, that possibly you might take a different view of it; and that, in case you should, I ought, as I had done on a similar occasion with Lord Liverpool, to relieve you from any difficulty, arising out of personal consideration towards me, in deciding upon a step to which you might find it your public duty to resort on the occasion.

"It was under this impression alone that I wrote to you immediately upon my return from the House of Commons.

"If you had not misconceived that impression, as well as the purport of my second letter, I am persuaded that you could not suppose me guilty of the arrogance of expecting, 'that you and his Majesty's government should submit yourselves to

the necessity of soliciting me to remain in my office,' or do me the injustice of believing that I could be capable of placing you in the alternative of choosing between the continuance of my services, (such as they are,) and the loss to your administration of one particle of character, which, I agree with you, is the foundation of public confidence.

"If, understanding my communication as I intended it to be understood, you had in any way intimated to me, either that the occurrence, however unfortunate, was *not* one of sufficient moment to render it necessary for you, on public grounds, to act in the manner in which I had assumed that you possibly might think it necessary, or that you *were* under that necessity, in either case there would have been an end of the matter. In the first supposition, I should have felt that I had done what, in honour and fairness towards you, I was bound to do; but it never could have entered my imagination, that I had claimed or received any sacrifice whatever from you, or any member of his Majesty's government.

"On the other hand, nothing can be further from my intention than to express an opinion that the occasion was not one in which you might fairly consider it your duty to advise his Majesty to withdraw from me the seals of office, on the ground of this vote. I do not, therefore, complain; but I cannot allow that my removal shall be placed on any other ground. I cannot allow that it was my own act; still less can I admit, that when I had no other intention than to relieve the question on which you had to decide from any personal embarrassment, this step on my part should be ascribed to feelings, the very reverse of those by which alone I was actuated, either towards you or his Majesty's government.

"Believe me to be, my dear Duke,
"Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) "W. HUSKISSON."

Here Mr Huskisson absolutely *whines.* "You cannot refuse to me the right of knowing the motives of my own actions!" Yes, the Duke can refuse to him that right. "There is no mistake, there can be no mistake, and there shall be no mistake." To know the motives of our own actions is the veriest most difficult thing in all this world. Know that, and you are indeed a Christian philosopher. The Duke judges Mr Huskisson's motives from his words and deeds—nor will he suffer him to attribute such words and such deeds to any other motives but to those from which, according to the laws of nature, they did most certainly flow. Men's motives are often *mixed;* and so, probably, were Mr Huskisson's in writing that silly and insolent letter. He has himself told us that his mind, during its composition, was under various excitation—that he was fatigued, unwell, disturbed, annoyed, dissatisfied,—and probably, we add, hungry, thirsty, and perhaps not a little sleepy—and yet he had no other motive, he avers, but an anxiety to relieve the Duke, from "delicacy" forsooth, and embarrassment! Now, this very statement, from his own pen and his own lips, proves that he did not know the motives of his own actions, and that, under the circumstances, the Duke was perfectly justified in refusing to him the right of knowing them—for in one and the same breath he attributes his letter to motives utterly irreconcilable, and such as might rapidly succeed each other, but could not be co-existent. Mr Huskisson is surprised at the notion of anybody presuming to look into his heart—and expects the whole world to take all he says about himself on trust. The whole world is not quite so weak as that comes to; the whole world is now engaged in the "march of intellect," and on the present occasion the whole world has paused to "mark time," and by that movement to declare unequivocally, that though Mr Huskisson did certainly lose his temper at last, along with his office, yet that at first he behaved, beyond all doubt, with the most complete resignation.

The Duke must by this time have wished "my dear Huskisson" at the devil. The man was getting very prolix, tedious, and tiresome, to no earthly purpose; and going on at that rate, who could predict when and where he was likely to put a period to his political existence? Had he put in even one single hit, through the Duke's guard, we could have tolerated the prolongation of the contest. But it was plain from the first, that it was no match; that, to make use of an expression invented in our own hearing, by Mr Wyndham, the Colonial Secretary could not "make a dent in a pound of butter." Had the Duke not been one of the best natured men alive, he must have waxed wroth on such a sample of floundering pertinacity; but no—he kept sweet as a pot of honey, and pray do admire with us the point and suavity of No. 6.

"London, May 21, 1828.

"My Dear Huskisson,—In consequence of your last letter, I feel it to be necessary to recall to your recollection the circumstances under which I received your letter of Tuesday morning.

"It is addressed to me at two o'clock in the morning, immediately after a debate and division in the House of Commons. It informs me that you lose no time in affording me an opportunity of placing your office in other hands, as the only means in your power of preventing an injury to the King's service, which you describe. It concludes by 'regretting the necessity for troubling me with this communication.'

"Could I consider this in any other light than as a formal tender of the resignation of your office, or that I had any alternative but either to solicit you to remain in office contrary to your sense of duty, or to submit your letter to the King?

"If you had called on me the next morning after your vote, and had explained to me in conversation what had passed in the House of Commons, the character of the communication would have been quite different, and I might have felt myself at liberty to discuss the whole subject with you, and freely to give an opinion upon any point connected with it. But I must still think, that if I had not considered a letter couched in the terms in which that letter is couched, and received under the circumstances under which I received it, as a tender of resignation, and had not laid it before the King, I should have exposed the King's government and myself to very painful misconstructions. My answer to your letter will have informed you that it surprised me much, and that it gave me great concern. I must consider, therefore, the resignation of your office as your own act, and not as mine.

"Ever yours most sincerely,
(Signed) "Wellington."

Mr Huskisson had told us that he now considered the matter at an end; and well he might; but not so, it appears, the Duke, who, with a rare generosity, seems, after all this botheration, to have been not altogether unwilling to allow Mr Huskisson to continue a while longer in office, justly considering, that his talents might be made useful to the Government, under proper direction and control. He therefore sent Lord Dudley to tell the half-disconsolate half-sulky Sec. that he "was a man of sense,"—and, therefore, must know what should be done to set everything right again—a message, which, when let out of the bag by Mr Huskisson, in his explanatory speech, shook the House with laughter—as well it might—till it had nearly fallen down with a pain in its side. This message Mr Huskisson called "oracular." To us it sounds the least oracular response that ever was submitted to the interpretation of the wit of man. It was in truth equivalent to this—"tell Huskisson that he is a sad blockhead—has put his foot through it—and is *out*—but though capsized, he knows how to right himself again—Let him withdraw that foolish letter of his, and I shall see what may be done as to permitting him to come in again." Mr Huskisson having succeeded by this time in mounting his high horse, in a very clumsy and awkward way it must be admitted, he was too big and mighty to slip off over the tail—so he continued astride, holding fast by the mane, although the "fine animal" never moved an inch, and there he sits till this day, deprived, as he dolefully whimpered, "of all that relates to personal gratification, such as the rank, the honours, the privileges, and emoluments of office."

Yet, had Mr Huskisson felt assured that there was no intention on the part of the Duke of Wellington to *take him in*,—and that there was no such intention must be known to every honest man—he seems to hint that he might have availed himself of the "oracular" message. "I did not, and could not, know what might have been intended; I might have engaged in a game of political blind-man's buff, and furnished amusement for the noble and distinguished individuals about the noble Duke. The dress circle might have laughed at my awkward, and, perhaps, irretrievable tumbles, while, at the end, I might be just where I was." There is more candour than dignity in the declaration.

Mr Huskisson's next cause of grief and astonishment, was the difficulty thrown in his way by the Duke of Wellington, when seeking to have an audience of the King. To understand how far he was entitled to complain on this ground, it is only necessary to read the letters referring to it in uninterrupted succession.

Mr Huskisson to the Duke of Wellington.

"Downing Street, 25th May, 1828.

"My dear Duke,—On Tuesday last I wrote to the King to solicit an audience.

His Majesty has not yet been pleased to grant me this honour.

"In the expectation (not unnatural for me to entertain in the situation which I hold) of being afforded an opportunity of waiting upon his Majesty, I have deferred acknowledging your letter of the 21st, which, passing by altogether all that is stated in mine of the same date, you conclude in the following words:—'I must therefore consider the resignation of your office as your own act, and not as mine.'

"I will not revert to the full explanation which I have already given you on this subject. Not denying that my first letter might be capable of the construction which you put upon it, I would ask you whether it be usual, after a construction has been from the first moment explicitly disavowed, to persist that it is the right one? It being, however, the construction to which you adhere, I must assume, as you laid the letter before his Majesty, that you advised his Majesty upon it, and that his Majesty is therefore under the same misapprehension as yourself of what I meant; the more especially, as I have no means of knowing whether any subsequent letters have been laid before his Majesty.

"It was for the purpose of setting right any erroneous impression on the Royal mind that I sought to be admitted as soon as possible into his Majesty's presence.

"I was then, as I am still, most anxious to assure his Majesty, that nothing could have been further from my intention, than that the letter in question should have been at all submitted to his Majesty—to make known to his Majesty the circumstances and feelings under which it had been written—to point out to him that I had taken the precaution (usual between Ministers in matters of a delicate and confidential nature, when it is wished to keep the subject as much as possible confined to the respective parties) of marking the letter 'private and confidential;' that I understood that this letter, so marked specially to guard its object, had been, without previous communication of any sort with me, in respect to the transaction referred to, but not explained in the letter itself, laid before his Majesty, as conveying to the foot of the Throne my positive resignation.

"I should further have had to state to his Majesty the great pain and concern which I felt at finding that a paper should have been submitted to his Majesty, and described to him as conveying my resignation of the Seals, in a form so unusual, and with a restriction so unbecoming towards my Sovereign, as is implied in the words 'private and confidential;' that in a necessity so painful (had I felt such a necessity) as that of asking his Majesty's permission to withdraw from his service, my first anxiety would have been to lay my reasons, in a respectful, but direct communication from myself, at his Majesty's feet; but that, most certainly, in whatever mode conveyed, the uppermost feeling of my heart would have been to have accompanied it with those expressions of dutiful attachment and respectful gratitude, which I owe his Majesty for the many and uniform proofs of confidence and kindness with which he has been graciously pleased to honour me, since I have held the Seals of the Colonial Department.

"If I had been afforded an opportunity of thus relieving myself from the painful position in which I stand towards his Majesty, I should then have entreated of his Majesty's goodness and sense of justice to permit a letter, so improper for me to have written, (if it could have been in my contemplation that it would have been laid before his Majesty as an act of resignation,) to be withdrawn. Neither should I have concealed from his Majesty my regret, considering the trouble which has unfortunately occurred, both to his Majesty and his government, that I had not taken a different mode of doing what, for the reasons fully stated in my letter of the 21st, I found myself bound in honour to do, so as to have prevented, perhaps, the misconception arising out of my letter, written immediately after the debate.

"I have now stated to you frankly, and without reserve, the substance of all that I was anxious to submit to the King. I have done so in the full confidence that you will do me the favour to lay this statement before his Majesty, and that I may be allowed to implore of his Majesty that he will do me the justice to believe, that of all who have a right to prefer a claim to be admitted to his royal presence, I am the last who, in a matter relating to myself, would press that claim in a manner unpleasant to his Majesty's wishes or inclinations. I bow to them with respectful deference, still retaining, however, a confidence founded on the rectitude of my intentions, that in being removed from his Majesty's service, I may be allowed the consolation of knowing, that I have not been debarred from the privilege of my office in consequence of having incurred his Majesty's personal displeasure.

"Believe me, my dear Duke, yours very sincerely,

(Signed) "W. Huskisson."

The Duke of Wellington to Mr Huskisson.

"London, May 25, 1828.

"My dear Huskisson,—It is with great concern that I inform you that I have at last attended his Majesty, and have

received his instructions respecting an arrangement to fill your office.

"I sincerely regret the loss of your valuable assistance in the arduous task in which I am engaged.

"Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,
(Signed) "WELLINGTON."

Mr Huskisson to the Duke of Wellington.

"Downing street, half past 9 p.m.
25th May, 1828.

"MY DEAR DUKE,—Lord Dudley has just sent to me, unopened, my letter to you, which I forwarded to Apsley House about 5 o'clock this afternoon.

"This letter was written as soon as I was given to understand by Lord Dudley, who called here after an interview with you this morning, that his Majesty had not signified any intention of granting me the honour of an audience. No other mode, therefore, remaining open to me of conveying my sentiments to the King, I address myself to you, for the purpose of bringing before his Majesty, in the shape of a written communication, what I am prevented from stating to his Majesty in person.

"I feel confident that you will not deny me this favour, and you will be satisfied by the contents of my letter, (which I now return,) that in writing it, nothing was further from my intention than to intrude myself between you and the arrangements which, upon my removal from office, (for such I have considered the result of our correspondence since your letter of the 21st,) you have received his Majesty's instructions to make.

"Your letter, communicating this fact, reached me about half past 7 this evening. I thank you for the information, and for the kind manner in which you advert to any feeble assistance which I may have been able to give to your administration, as well as for the expression of the concern with which you have advised his Majesty to place my office in other hands.

"Believe me to be, my dear Duke, ever yours very sincerely,
(Signed) "W. HUSKISSON."

The Duke of Wellington to Mr Huskisson.

"London, May 26, 1828.

"MY DEAR HUSKISSON,—I have received your letter of yesterday, accompanied by another letter from you, dated also yesterday, which I had returned to Lord Dudley, under the impression that I ought not to open it without your previous consent, under the circumstances that existed at the time I received it.

"I have laid both before the King. In answer, I have only to repeat, that I considered your letter of the 20th as a formal tender of the resignation of your office, and that the circumstance of its being marked 'private and confidential' did not alter the character of the letter, or relieve me from the painful duty of communicating its contents to his Majesty, as I did in person.

"Your subsequent letters did not, according to my understanding of them, convey any disavowal of your intention to tender your resignation. I laid them before his Majesty, and my answers to them, and communicated to Lord Dudley that I had done so.

"The King informed me, I think on Wednesday the 21st, that you had desired to have an audience of his Majesty, and that he intended to receive you on the day but one after. I did not consider it my duty to advise his Majesty to receive you at an earlier period.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to observe, that your letter to me of the 20th was entirely your own act, and wholly unexpected by me. If the letter was written hastily and inconsiderately, surely the natural course was for you to withdraw it altogether, and thus relieve me from the position in which, without any fault of mine, it had placed me—compelling me either to accept the resignation which it tendered, or to solicit you to continue to hold your office.

"This latter step was, in my opinion, calculated to do me personally, and the King's Government, great disservice; and it appeared to me that the only mode by which we could be extricated from the difficulty in which your letter had placed us was, that the withdrawal of your letter should be your spontaneous act, and that it should be adopted without delay.

"The interference of his Majesty, pending our correspondence, would not only have placed his Majesty in a situation in which he ought not to be placed in such a question, but it would have subjected me to the imputation that that interference had taken place on my suggestion, or with my connivance.

"I did not consider it my duty to advise his Majesty to interfere in any manner whatever.

"His Majesty informed me this day, that he had written you this morning, appointing an audience in the course of the day.

"Believe me, ever yours most sincerely,
(Signed) "WELLINGTON."

All this speaks for itself too plainly to need a word of explanation. Throughout the whole affair, the Duke acted with equal delicacy, determination, and discretion. He had mentioned half past two on Sunday, as the last hour for receiving the final

answer of Mr Huskisson. No answer had arrived up to that hour; in an interview which the Duke had with the King, a successor to Mr Huskisson was proposed; and under these circumstances, the Duke returned him his letter unopened, as he thought that it would not be fair to open it, while Mr Huskisson did not know that an interview had taken place, and that his successor had been appointed. This is a kind of delicacy more easily understood, and more difficult to be appreciated than that exhibited by Mr Huskisson in his first letter. It is genuine—the other is spurious—and of all spurious things, spurious delicacy is the most disgusting.

The audience of the King, solicited with such a parade of loyal gratitude, by this reformed Jacobin, was granted—and enjoyed, no doubt, with those feelings peculiar and appropriate to the least enviable situation in which a minister of the crown can be placed, by his own folly and intrigues. His Majesty's gracious favour was, however, rich recompense to this disinterested Patriot for the loss of office, and he is now—no wonder—no doubt—one of the happiest and proudest of men.

He is, we say, one of the proudest of men. Hear him crow. "I hope I have preserved self-approbation, my personal honour, my public character, the support and approbation of my personal and political friends—an untarnished public character!!!" Oh! that Heaven would give us "the gift to see ourselves as others see us!" Then would this person feel the folly of such vaunting; and, brazen-faced as he is, hang down his head beneath the universal contempt and scorn with which it has been assailed all over the empire.

Why, even the often-purchased Whig and Radical Press is mute in his defence. Not a greasy chin wags in behalf of his "untarnished reputation." Untarnished indeed! It is dyed black—so that the spots are not visible. Never was public man sunk so low—so meanly and so basely low. Willing to work for pay under any Ministry—even under the men who, in his opinion, murdered his best Friend, his Patron, his Benefactor, his very Maker! Yet, with all his greedy meanness, proud as a piece of red flesh, Beelzebub, or a Turkey Cock. As if excellent business abilities like his were not the commonest article to be found in a great manufacturing and commercial country! If all clever and acute clerks were to be collected together in Smithfield Market, to the sound of a horn, heavens what a heap of Huskissons in every hurdle!

The praise, however fervent and sincere, which a public character bestows on himself, never impresses us half so much as that which comes, even coldly and reluctantly, from the lips of others. During the whole of these explanations, nobody said a single good word for the ex-colonial Secretary but Mr Huskisson—but he, it must be allowed, laid it on thick—over eyes, nose, and mouth, till the object of his panegyric must have been really both blinded and smothered. "Usefully I will not say, but zealously I can promise, to attend to the public interests of this great empire, to the utmost of my power, and the best of my ability. Sir, these last best titles and honours to win and wear, is, in this country, fortunately, not the exclusive, the peculiar privilege of any one particular class of the community. There exists here no confederacy of any great families—no array of noble houses, which can deprive me of my fair claim to compete for them. These are my birth-right as an Englishman—not being a Catholic, and in the earnest exercise of that admitted birth-right, I shall still continue, sir, to endeavour to deserve the good opinion of this House, and the approbation of my country." Mr Crabbe, in one of his poems, after indulging himself in a larger dose of description than he generally allows himself—a fine description of a ghost—seems to be suddenly struck with a sense of the absurdity of making use of so many fine words about little or nothing, and breaks off with a line something like the following:—

"Bah! bother! blarney! what the deuce
is this!"

Mr Huskisson might have so ended his peroration with great effect and perfect propriety—for never was there a clumsier edition of Much Ado about Nothing published in that House. Nothing can be more unlike eloquence than such miserable and misapplied commonplaces. A third or fourth rate man, and Mr Huskisson is no more, looks inexpressibly absurd on his legs, be-

daubing himself all over with fetid flattery, and playing the Spirit of the Age in the hearing of some hundreds of people who all very well know him to be a capital hand at accounts, but not one of whom would care twopence though he were dead to-morrow. Mr Huskisson, in that inspired fit of self-laudation, stood in that predicament. The House, who knew him to be an able man, was perplexed to hear him braying on this occasion like the creature that chews the thistle. There he stood—for nearly three hours as we have heard it calculated—visibly and audibly in the wrong—floundering along like a half-drunk man in a moss and a mist—and often planted up to the middle in a quagmire. All the House smirking, smiling, leering, laughing, guffawing—even like the Blue Parlour in Picardy during a Noctes Ambrosianæ—and yet the orator convinced all the while of his "continuing to deserve the good opinion of this House, and the approbation of the country!" It is painful to see a fool publicly expose himself; but pleasant to see a person do so of an entirely different description; and we lost a treat by losing our passage in the James Watt Steamer the week before Mr Huskisson's exposé and exposure.

As Mr Huskisson waxed warm, indeed wroth, towards the conclusion of his harangue, so did he also wax imprudent. The veil of affected moderation, and humility, and delicacy, and so forth, with which he at first shaded his fair features, fell off, or rather was thrown aside by the impassioned Ex-secretary, and he gave vent, in terms somewhat abusive and Billingsgate, to the rancour which it then appeared must have been long gathering within his bosom. The large pustule, having come to a point, burst, and there was a copious discharge of green and yellow matter. According to his first letter, all was unanimity in the Cabinet.

"Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell!"

Of that perfect unanimity his vote on the question of East Retford was, he tells us, but a seeming disturbance. All was right and tight, like a bundle of sticks—and he himself the band which bound them all infrangibly together; but ere a couple of hours have expired, hear—see how he lets the great big red thundering cat out of the bag—how he hates the aristocracy of England,—how he fears, distrusts, and dislikes the Duke of Wellington!

"I began by stating, sir—and I really am sorry to have been compelled to detain the House at such length—that I have not the time, neither is it for me to attempt, to account for the motives which led to my dismissal. With these motives (of which I cannot profess to know anything) I have now nothing to do; but this I will say, that when the present administration was formed by the noble Duke who is at the head of it, I did (contrary to the advice of several of my friends, contrary to the deliberate judgment of many who would have dissuaded me from that step) consent to take a share in that administration. I consented to do so exclusively on public grounds. When I considered that the proposal which was thus made had been made to me jointly with so many of my friends, who had, like myself, held office under the administration then recently dissolved; when I looked to the perfect similarity of opinions and general policy which had so long subsisted between me and the parties to whom I allude; when I reflected that the great executive departments of the state, one of which, indeed, I myself was invested with, were committed to their charge; when I reverted to our former perfect union, cordial co-operation, and good understanding; and when I considered, also, the nature of certain intimations which I received at the same time—I did think, sir, that, as a public man, I was bound to continue in the King's service. I felt that by so continuing, jointly with my friends, under the circumstances I have just been referring to, I should find the best chance of following out and establishing those principles, and those measures, of free trade and commercial policy, to which I am known to be attached, and for the full developement and ultimate success of which I have long been so anxious. (Hear, hear.) Let it not be supposed, however, I was blind, in the meanwhile, to the mighty influences which were so actively opposed to those principles—let it not be supposed, that after the hostility which had been manifested to those measures—that after all that I had experienced, and all that I had witnessed, on this head, for the twelve months then last passed, I was blind to the prejudices which existed against them, or unconscious of the antipathies which had been excited and encouraged against all men who entertained such views and such opinions—let it not be imagined that I was not aware of all the difficulties which would beset our perseverance in that system. I did know of them. But as those

influences, powerful as I felt assured they were, and the sway of these prejudices and antipathies, had again become predominant, I did feel, that if a victim to them were required, it were better that that should be the individual advocate than the general principles which he had endeavoured to support. Without these, I believed it would not be long possible to retain that influence and support of the present political connexions of the noble Duke, as we had retained them during the last session of parliament, unless I was to suppose that different views and principles were really to be acted on by that noble person, and that those of which I have spoken, were no longer to form any part of the policy of the new government. But when I look to the—satisfaction (shall I say)—with which I must infer that my communication was received ; to the incidents which attended, and the result which has followed from it ; I do think it must have been considered necessary, in order to pacify the powerful party I have adverted to, that the state of things for which they were anxious should be supported by the removal of the individual whose principles were most opposed to it. (Hear.) I own that it would have been far more satisfactory to my feelings if I had been ingenuously told that a necessity for my resignation had arisen out of their apprehensions about those principles, and that policy ; that they augured so much danger to the public and to themselves from the views which I espoused, that, short of this, nothing would allay their fears. It would have been far more satisfactory if the noble Duke had said to me :—'Such are the alarms entertained by the individuals on whose assistance I principally rely for carrying on my administration, that I am obliged, on their account, to act upon the only option which remains to me, by parting with you.' I do say, looking to what was the feeling of certain parties during the last session of parliament, and comparing it with that which seems to be evidenced by the events that have occurred within the last two months ; and looking to the very different manner in which circumstances, similar in their nature to some that were then dealt with, have now been taken up, I cannot help thinking that some such sentiment as this has really operated in respect of myself. If I must assume the fact of this resignation as an intimation, if not of a reversal, yet of a change of this system of policy, I cannot but regret that this unfortunate two-o'clock-in-the morning letter of mine was written, or that, when it was received, it did not occur (as it might have occurred) to the recollection of some persons, that on an occasion somewhat analogous to this, and which happened not more than two months ago, certain sentiments were uttered upon the highest authority, which did the individual from whom they proceeded the highest honour."

Here he runs off into some details not very intelligible to us—and most profoundly uninteresting—yet spiced throughout with meanness and malice. Suffice it that we now ask the reader one question—and be he Whig or Tory, to that question he will return but one answer, if an honest man. Is the passage we have now quoted from Mr Huskisson's speech consistent with his assertion, that on writing his first letter to the Duke, he was influenced solely and entirely by an earnest desire to relieve him from the "delicacy" of the situation in which, by that unlucky and unavoidable vote, he had unexpectedly been placed? But one answer, we say, can be returned to that question by every honest man. For here is a confession of latent fears and suspicions, and dislikes in his own bosom—towards his colleagues, and the friends and supporters of his colleagues—here is something like the old leaven of Jacobinism, seeking to leaven the whole mass.

But, emboldened by the sound of his own voice, harshly grating on all ears but his own, during so long a period of precious time, (half an hour would have done the business, had his cause been good,) Mr Huskisson lifts up his leg, and exclaims, "Lo! there is the cloven foot—ye Tories — ye enemies of all improvement." Let us hear the blundering blusterer :—

"Notwithstanding the many zealous and mutual congratulations which the friends of Tory principles, as they call themselves, which the enemies of all improvement, have so liberally interchanged since my removal—notwithstanding, sir, I say, those ebullitions of zeal, and those oversteppings of prudence, which I have witnessed in some intemperate individuals, who think that the removal from office of those friends of mine, my late colleagues, who are now no longer members of his Majesty's government, is the only adequate apology which the noble Duke can make for ever having at all connected himself with us ; and although I find that some of those individuals think it is the best mode of doing honour to the feelings of the noble Duke, (in which action they are most egregiously mistaken,) to say that his best excuse is to be found in the removal of my colleagues all at once—notwithstanding all these ebullitions, and in spite of—I know not what to call them—the boisterous fits of mirth of those clubs—I should rather

say of those venerable buffoons—(cheers)—who congregate once a-year to attempt a fraud on the ignorance of some classes of the people, under pretence of doing honour to the memory of an illustrious statesman—I say, sir, notwithstanding these extravagant expressions of joy now bursting from the same quarters where, but a few days before, all was deep and bitter wailing at the progress which the cause of civil liberty had made in this House, and at the prospect thus opened, so far as a vote of this House could indicate it, of giving religious and political tranquillity to Ireland—(hear)—notwithstanding these clamorous exultations, these untoward signs of the times, I for one do not think that the triumph of this party is so great, so certain, or so complete, as they are pleased to anticipate—(cheers)—and I cannot think that my right hon. friend, (Mr Secretary Peel,) who, as far as I know, has never entertained any opinions different from those which I had the honour to advocate in this House, connected with all measures of general policy—the Roman Catholic question alone excepted—I cannot believe that my right hon. friend has abandoned principles to which he has heretofore given his cordial support—I cannot believe that while the feelings of this House and of the country in favour of that general policy remain unchanged, they will sympathize with those exultations, whatever may be the doctrine now about strict discipline—(cheers)—I cannot suppose that my right hon. friend will think or believe the substantive power of the State ought to be in powerful, but unknown hands; in the hands of persons who, for reasons which I will not call in question, because I do not know them, and which they who do know them will not divulge, declare that they are not candidates for public honours, and who yet, not being candidates for such honours, attempt to put a veto upon the councils of the country, and endeavour to exclude from those councils such public servants as they happen to disapprove. (Hear.) I cannot imagine that my right hon. friend either believes, or can be taught to believe, that such a party is a more proper tribunal than the House of Commons or the public of England to decide upon the merits or demerits of individuals connected with the executive departments of the state: as little can I believe that he is one of those persons who deem it to be the first duty of the legislature to resist the progress of improvement, and to counteract every attempt to remedy those defects in our ancient institutions, whether existing in our legal tribunals, or in our system of commercial policy, for example, which have grown up in the lapse of ages, and of which public opinion and the exigencies of society demand the removal—I cannot believe that he is one who looks with apprehension at the spread of knowledge, or contemplates with alarm the extension of a system which shall communicate and reciprocate in all parts of the world the benefits resulting from commercial intercourse, or from the interchange of those improvements which have been for some time past gradually diffusing themselves over all the civilised states of the world—an interchange which involves the surest principles of general advantage with the capability of its widest possible diffusion. (Hear, hear.) I will not think such things of such an individual—I will not think so lightly of a man of whose judgment I entertain so high an opinion. I should be indeed passing the foulest libel on him if I were to suppose that he could wish to see England again placed in that political position in which she should occupy but the fifth or sixth station among the nations, or in which she should be again dishonoured by a connexion with, or a dependence on, the Holy Alliance (loud cheers); or if I could imagine that he would think it a cheap price to pay for the support of such prejudices as I speak of—the putting down public opinion, the freedom of discussion, the freedom of the press, and all those other moral causes which now operate to the improvement of our common nature and of our political institutions. (Cheers.) I will not believe that my right honourable friend would give the sanction of his support to measures calculated, or at least intended, to restrain the advance of human improvement—to impose fetters upon the energy of the human mind—to place it again under the tutelage of superstition or the bondage of ignorance, or that he would oppose those measures of commercial policy which are the best, and safest, and most permanent securities of the prosperity and grandeur of states, without compelling them to have recourse to the more ancient and much more dangerous defences of standing armies. (Hear, hear.) I trust that if such mischievous projects should ever be the views of any party in this country, my right honourable friend would be the first to repel and discountenance everything of that sort, and in that arduous task I am confident he would at all times receive the support of parliament and the countenance of the British public."

John Lord Eldon called a venerable buffoon, by such a vulgar fellow as William Huskisson! How must the gentlemen of England, spite of all party spirit, despise in disgust the insolent slanderer! As for Mr Peel, we hope, for the sake of his high honour and his high talents, that he scorns the insidious eulogy thus spitefully spat upon him; and certainly, though in some few parts rather too

mild and mawkish, his speech in reply to Huskisson was most triumphant. Huskisson seems to think the powers of a Minister far greater than they ever were in his hands, and that Secretaries, Home, Foreign, and Colonial, can place Britain as low down as they choose in the scale of nations. He cautions Mr Peel not to reduce her to the fifth or sixth order. That is childish folly, and impertinence. Britain will take too good care of herself, in the midst of all imaginable mismanagement, to suffer any minister, or set of ministers, to class her among the junior optimes—to place the wooden spoon in her mouth. To any man, who will tell us what this brawler means, by hoping that Mr Peel will not put down public opinion, and destroy the liberty of the press, and stop the march of intellect, and all those other moral causes which now operate to the improvement of our common nature and of our political institutions, we here come under a solemn engagement in the face of Europe to give, on the arrival of the first month with an R in it, a bushel of Powldoodies.

Mr Peel is in all things Mr Huskisson's superior. Were the world all at once to be darkened, Mr Peel would feel exceedingly uncomfortable, and call for lights. Mr Peel knows well, and much delights in a thousand things, of which Mr Huskisson knows no more than a Bat knows of rainbows. Mr Huskisson, therefore, should not give his advice till it is asked for; Mr Peel is no patient of his, and needs not powders; to attempt thrusting medicine down a man's throat, who, the quack himself admits, is, for the time being, in good health, is, though Mr Huskisson be no Catholic, a work of absurd and insolent supererogation. That is not a privilege, or birth-right of his, by any manner of means; there certainly are confederacies of noble families in Great Britain to prevent that; and the aristocracy of the country will not endure such practices at the hands of any Jacobin that ever wore a red cap, or applied his feeling finger, with a well-satisfied grin, to the fine edge of a guillotine.

Mr Huskisson concluded his long and windy harangue, by declaring his belief that "he has not incurred the displeasure of his Sovereign, nor placed himself in any situation to stain the fair character which he hopes he has always maintained in this House." He is grossly mistaken; his Sovereign cannot but have been displeased by his most suspicious resignation; the House cares little about him; and he knows that the whole country is rejoiced that he is out of the Government.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

In the press, "The Casket;" a Miscellany, consisting of Original Poems, by some of the best living Authors. To be published, by subscription, in 8vo, by Mr Murray, Albemarle Street.

A Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps. By the Rev. J. A. Cramer, M.A. and H. L. Wickham, Esq. A new edition, with Additions, in 8vo.

Captain G. Beauclerk is preparing his Journey to Morocco.

Dr John Crawford Whitehead is engaged on a Tragedy, to be called the Reign of James II. or the Revolution of 1688; with Historical Notes, &c.

Mr Edward Upham, after much laborious research, has just completed his Work on Buddhuism; it will appear in imp. 4to, illustrated with numerous Engravings, from Cingalese originals.

A Supplement to the Rev. G. S. Faber's Difficulties of Romanism, in Reply to an Answer by the Bishop of Strasbourg, late of Aire.

Brief Remarks on the practicability of applying a Spheroidical Correction to the Bearings by Compass at Sea. By Lieut.-Col. J. Hobbs, Royal Engineers.

Dr Burrows has in the press, Commentaries on Insanity. In 8vo.

Nearly ready, in 2 vols. 8vo, Recollections of a Three Years' Service during the War of Extermination in Venezuela. By an Officer of the Colombian Navy.

The Bride, a Tragedy, from the pen of Joanna Baillie, the celebrated dramatic poetess, will speedily be published.

Mr Chandos Leigh has in the press a second edition of his Poems, to which will be added a Fourth Epistle to a Friend in Town.

The History of the Rise and Progress of the Mahomedan Power in India, from its commencement in the year 1000 till 1620. Translated by Lieut.-Col. John Briggs, late Resident in Satara, from the original Persian of Mahomed Kasim Astrabady, entitled Ferishta. In 3 vols. 8vo.

The Life and Times of Archbishop Laud, by John P. Lawson, M.A., is preparing for publication, in one volume 8vo.

The Rev. Richard Warner will shortly publish an edition of the Book of Psalms, according to the authorised Version, with Practical Reflections and Notes, in one octavo volume.

The ninth No. vol. X. of Neale's Views of Seats, will appear on the 1st of June. Amongst other subjects in hand for this publication are the following:—Aldermunster, Cothelstone, and Holland Houses, Holme Park, Dalkeith Palace, &c.

An 8vo edition of Mr Waterton's Wanderings in South America, is in the press.

Twelve Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles, by the Bishop of Chester, are announced for publication.

A new Quarterly Magazine, to be entitled the "Cheltenham Album," is expected to make its appearance on the 1st of July next.

The second edition, enlarged, of Popular Premises examined, or a Philosophical Inquiry into some of the Opinions of Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Newton, Clarke, King, Lawrence, &c. on Deity Doctrines and the Human Mind in connexion with the Eternity of Matter and the Origin of Moral Evil, by R. Dillon, will be published early in June.

MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LONDON.

A Companion for the Visitor at Brussels. Sm. 8vo, 4s. 6d.
Addison on Malvern Waters, Scrofula, and Consumption. 8vo, 6s. 6d.
Alcock's Hospitals of Paris. 18mo, 3s. 6d.
Anderson's Memoirs of Catharine Brown. 18mo, 1s. 6d.
Asiatic Costumes, forty-four coloured plates. 12mo, 18s.
Atherstone's Fall of Nineveh. 8vo, 12s.
Auldjo's Mont Blanc. 4to, L.1, 1s.
Bailey's Exposition of the Parables. 8vo, 14s.
Bartlett's Discourses. 12mo, 3s. 6d.
Bayldon on the Poor's Rate, 8vo, 7s. 6d.
Benta's Antiquities of Rome. 2 vols. crown 8vo, 15s.
Bennett's Fishes of Ceylon. 4to, No. I. and II. L.1, 1s. each.
Best's Transrhenane Memoirs. 8vo, 8s.
Blunt's Eight Lectures. 12mo, 4s. 6d.
Bretschneider's Reply to Rose's Protestantism in Germany. Post 8vo, 2s. 6d.
Bridges' Roman Empire. 8vo, 12s.
Browne's Ada, &c. 8vo, 8s. 6d.
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Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended June 6.

Wheat, 56s. 4d.—Barley, 30s. 6d.—Oats, 21s. 2d.—Rye, 38s. 9d.—Beans, 37s. 7d.—Pease, 37s. 2d.

Winchester weekly Average.

Wheat, 54s. 7d.—Barley, 39s. 6d.—Oats, 20s. 6d.—Rye, 32s. 6d.—Beans, 36s. 5d.—Pease, 36s. 0d.

London, Corn Exchange, June 9.

	s. s.		s. s.
Wheat, red, old	— to —	White pease .	40 to 42
Red, new . .	48 to 52	Ditto, boilers .	— to —
Fine ditto . .	54 to 57	Small Beans, new	44 to 46
Superfine ditto	61 to 63	Ditto, old . .	— to —
White, new . .	50 to 54	Tick ditto, new	33 to 37
Fine ditto . .	56 to 6	Ditto, old .	— to —
Superfine ditto	65 to 67	Feed oats .	17 to 19
Rye	— to —	Fine ditto . .	20 to 22
Barley, new .	26 to 29	Poland ditto .	18 to 22
Fine	28 to 30	Fine ditto .	23 to 25
Superfine ditto	32 to 34	Potato ditto	22 to 24
Malt	48 to 54	Fine ditto . .	25 to 26
Fine	56 to 60	Scotch . . .	27 to 28
Hog Pease .	32 to 33	Flour, per sack	50 to 55
Maple . . .	34 to 35	Ditto, seconds	42 to 46
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran . .	8 6 to —

Seeds, &c.

	s. s. d.		s. s. d.
Tares, per bsh.	40 to — 0	Rye Grass	26 to 40 0
Must. White, .	5 to 8 0	Ribgrass . .	38 to 41 0
— Brown, new	10 to 15 0	Clover, red cwt.	42 to 56 0
Turnips, bsh.	25 to 30 0	— White . . .	50 to 76 0
—Red & green	28 to 34 0	Foreign red	48 to 54 0
— White	25 to 30 0	——— White	— to — 0
Caraway, cwt.	38 to 42 0	Coriander . .	14 to 17 0
Canary, per qr.	60 to 63 0	Trefoil. . . .	17 to 32 0
Cinque Foin	40 to 45 0	Lintseed feed	38 to 40 0

Rape Seed, per last, £30.

Liverpool, June 10.

	s. d. s. d.		s. d. s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.		Amer. p. 196 lb.	
Eng.	7 9 to 9 3	Sweet, bond	— to — 0
Scotch .	7 8 to 8 9	Sour, do. .	23 0 to 26 0
Irish . .	7 0 to 8 4	Oatmeal, per 240 lb.	
Foreign	0 0 to 0 0	English	23 0 to 26 0
Do. in bond	4 0 to 4 6	Scotch . .	— to — 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.		Irish . . .	22 0 to 26 0
Eng. . . .	4 0 to 4 2	Bran, p. 24 lb.	0 10 to 11
Scotch .	0 0 to 0 0		
Irish . .	3 10 to 4 0	*Butter, Beef, &c.*	
Foreign	3 10 to 4 0		
Oats, per 45 lb.		Butter, p. cwt.	s. d. s. d
Eng. . . .	2 10 to 3 2	Belfast	86 0 to 88 0
Irish . . .	2 9 to 3 1	Newry . .	82 0 to 84 0
Scotch . .	2 10 to 3 2	Waterford	84 0 to 86 0
For. in bond	— to —	Cork, pic. 2d	83 0 to 84 0
Do. dut. fr.	— to —	3d, dry	74 0 to 76 0
Rye, per qr.	30 0 to 32 0	Beef, p. tierce.	
Malt, per qr.	58 0 to 64 0	— Mess	107 0 to 107 6
—Middling	— 0 to — 0	— p. barrel	— 0 to — 0
Beans, per q.		Pork, p. bl.	
English .	40 0 to 46 0	— Mess .	70 0 to 80 0
Irish . .	38 0 to 44 0	— half do.	40 0 to 50 0
Rapeseed	— to —	Bacon, p. cwt.	
Pease, grey	30 0 to 33 0	Short mids.	50 0 to 51 0
—White .	28 0 to 30 0	Sides . .	48 0 to 49 0
Flour, English,		Hams, dry	— 0 to — 0
p. 240 lb. fine	41 0 to 45 0	Green . .	— 0 to — 0
Irish .	41 0 to 44 0	Lard, rd. p. c.	56 0 to 58 0

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 2d to 23d May 1828.

	2d.	8th.	17th.	23d.
Bank stock,	—	207	208 $6\frac{3}{4}$	$207\frac{1}{4}$ 7
3 per cent. reduced,	$84\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$	$84\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	84	$84\frac{7}{8}$ $5\frac{1}{8}$
3 per cent. consols,	86 $5\frac{7}{8}$	$85\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	$85\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	$85\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{7}{8}$
$3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. consols,	$92\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	$92\frac{1}{8}$	$92\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	$92\frac{7}{8}$ 93
New 4 per cent. cons.	$102\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$	$102\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{5}{8}$	$102\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{3}{4}$	$102\frac{3}{8}$ $\frac{3}{4}$
India bonds,	98 97	—	98	97 99
—— stock,	—	—	248	—
Long Annuities,	19 3-$16\frac{1}{4}$	19 3-16	19 3-$16\frac{1}{3}$	19 3-16
Exchequer bills,	63 64	64 65	63 64	61 62
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	—	—	—
Consols for acc.	$85\frac{5}{8}$ $\frac{1}{2}$	$85\frac{1}{8}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{3}{8}$	$85\frac{3}{8}$	$85\frac{3}{4}$ $6\frac{1}{8}$
French 5 per cents.	102f. 60c.	103f.	103f. 15c.	103 f. 50 c.

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.

April.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach Ther.	Wind.	
Apr. 1	M.36 A. 45	29.862 .790	M.45 A. 46	Cble.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.	Apr. 16	M.40 A. 47	28.996 .996	M.51 A. 51	SW.	Rain morn. day fair.
2	M.36 A. 43	.875 .955	M.46 A. 46	NW.	Fair, with some sunsh.	17	M.37 A. 42	.999 29.312	M.47 A. 47	NE.	Dull, and very cold.
3	M.33 A. 38	.804 .762	M.45 A. 43	N.	Frosty, fair, very cold.	18	M.37 A. 43	.313 .396	M.48 A. 47	NE.	Ditto, and rain night.
4	M.34 A. 39	.622 .602	M.43 A. 43	N.	Cold, with showers hail.	19	M.41 A. 44	.525 .743	M.46 A. 45	NE.	Rain morn. aftern. cold.
5	M.35 A. 38	.559 .530	M.43 A. 42	Cble.	For. sh. hail, aftern. snow.	20	M.40 A. 42	.840 .858	M.45 A. 42	NE.	Rain morn. day fair.
6	M.32 A. 35	.530 .226	M.42 A. 45	NW.	Frost morn. day fair, cold.	21	M.37 A. 40	.856 .610	M.42 A. 41	NE.	Dull, shwrs. rain, cold.
7	M.30 A. 42	.265 .153	M.47 A. 47	Cble.	Ditto.	22	M.36 A. 38	.592 .367	M.41 A. 41	NE.	Heavy rain, and cold.
8	M.30 A. 45	28.975 .979	M.49 A. 47	Cble.	Ditto.	23	M.39 A. 41	.336 .336	M.42 A. 42	W.	Dull, with showrs. rain.
9	M.37 A. 45	.996 .850	M.46 A. 47	Cble.	Foren. fair, after. h. rain.	24	M.39 A. 42	.250 .250	M.45 A. 45	W.	Hail aftern. rain even.
10	M.39 A. 47	.819 .916	M.50 A. 48	SW.	H. shrs. rain. aftern. cold.	25	M.40 A. 41	.192 .118	M.46 A. 46	W.	Dull, showrs. rain, aftern.
11	M.40 A. 45	29.175 .125	M.50 A. 49	SW.	Fair foren. rain aftern.	26	M.38 A. 48	.451 .590	M.50 A. 52	SW.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.
12	M.40 A. 48	.246 .141	M.50 A. 37	SW.	Dayfair, sun. rain night.	27	M.43 A. 53	.739 .603	M.56 A. 56	SW.	Morn. mild, day cold.
13	M.46 A. 46	28.951 .951	M.51 A. 50	SW.	Dull, shrs. rain.	28	M.50 A. 60	.666 .690	M.59 A. 55	SW.	Dull, but fair.
14	M.41 A. 46	29.203 .310	M.50 A. 51	Cble.	Rain morn. day fair.	29	M.50 A. 56	.684 .784	M.59 A. 59	W.	Foren. sunsh. after. sh.rain.
15	M.41 A. 49	.310 .289	M.52 A. 51	SW.	Heavy rain afternoon.	30	M.48	.999 .999	M.55 A. 55	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.

Average of rain 2.211.

May.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.			Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.		
May 1	M.41 A. 58	29.999 .930	M.62 A. 59	SW.	Fair, with sunshine.	May 17	M.43 A. 49	29.816 .725	M.54 A. 56		Sunshine.
2	M.42 A. 56	.929 .820	M.60 A. 58	Cble.	Ditto.	18	M.42 A. 56	.774 .74[illegible]	M.60 A. 57		Ditto.
3	M.45 A. 53	.810 .592	M.61 A. 60	Cble.	Foren. fair, dull aftern.	19	M.38 A. 50	.472 .725	M.57 A. 56		Ditto.
4	M.46 A. 50	.389 .426	M.52 A. 54	Cble.	Rain morn. day fair.	20	M.42 A. 48	.675 .530	M.54 A. 53		Dull, but fair.
5	M.43 A. 47	.360 .470	M.53 A. 52		Rain most of day.	21	M.43 A. 46	.485 .526	M.50 A. 50		Clear, and sunshine.
6	M.42 A. 45	.602 .710	M.50 A. 50	NE.	Rain foren. fair aftern.	22	M.42 A. 46	.460 .398	M.41 A. 44		Ditto.
7	M.41 A. 46	.771 .790	M.50 A. 50	NE.	Rain morn. fair day.	23	M.41 A. 53	.430 .421	M.66 A. 58		Ditto.
8	M.39 A. 50	.736 .730	M.53 A. 52	Cble.	Fair, but cold.	24	M.41 A. 57	.338 .120	M.52 A. 50		Heavy Rain.
9	M.42 A. 51	.730 .806	M.52 A. 54	W.	Frost morn. fair.	25	M.44 A. 47	.291 .375	M.54 A. 55		Cloudy, with Showers.
10	M.43 A. 53	.806 .601	M.56 A. 55	W.	Foren. shrs. rain aftern.	26	M.49 A. 52	.553 .472	M.60 A. 59		Heavy Rain.
11	M.48 A. 51	.640 .812	M.56 A. 56	W.	Fair.	27	M.48 A. 56	.504 .504	M.58 A. 56		Morn. dull, day rain.
12	M.48 A. 54	.998 .994	M.58 A. 58	W.	Foren. dull, aftern.sunsh.	28	M.46 A. 52	.504 .306	M.56 A. 58		Foren.sunsh. rain aftern.
13	M.45 A. 50	.996 .915	M.54 A. 56	W.	Fair, with sunsh.	29	M.49 A. 46	.330 .414	M.59 A. 57		Cloudy.
14	M.44 A. 42	.915 .916	M.58 A. 58	W.	Foren.cloudy aftern. sunsh.	30	M.59 A. 54	.375 .409	M.59 A. 59		Sunshine.
15	M.42 A. 54	.912 .911	M.58 A. 58	W.	Sunshine.	31	M.59 A. 58	.325 .420	M.60 A. 55		Cloudy, shrs. rain night.
16	M.43 A. 56	.833 .864	M.61 A. 51	W.	Foren.sunsh. aftern. dull.						

Average of rain, 1.717.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

April.

1 Dr. Gds. Lt. Manning, Capt. by purch. vice Quicke, ret. 3 Apr. 1828
Cor. Smith, Lt. do.
W. Locke, Cor. do.
1 Dr. Bt. Lt. Col. Allen, from ret. full p. R. Irish Art. Paym. vice Hanbury, ret. h. p. 27 Mar.
7 As. Surg. Beavan, from 86 F. As. Surg. vice Chermside, cancelled do.
Gren. Gds. Lt. and Capt. Dirom, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Fead, ret. do.
Ens. and Lt. *Sir* F. H. Bathurst, *Bt.* Lt. and Capt. do.
J. Balfour, Ens. and Lt. do.
3 F. Maj. Maclean, from h. p. Maj. paying diff. vice Gillman, 69 F. 20 do.
8 Lt. Col. *Hon.* G. Cathcart, from 57 F. Lt. Col. vice Duffy, ret. h. p. do.
9 H. Paynter, Ens. vice Murray, 42 F. 26 Apr.
12 Lt. Bradfute, Capt. vice M'Kedy, dead 27 Mar.
Ens. West, Lt. do.
—— Hadfield, from 10 F. Ens. do.
16 Bt. Lt. Col. Bird, Lt. Col. 25 Apr.
Bt. Maj. Turner, Maj. do.
Lt. Brand, Capt. do.
—— Strode, from 31 F. Lt. do.
—— Macfarlane, from h. p. 91 F. Lt. do.
—— Deakins, from Ceylon Rifle Regt. Lt. do.
Ens. O'Dwyer, Lt. do.
—— Munro, from 26 F. Lt. 26 do.
—— Bell, from 85 F. Lt. do.
—— Hudson, from 17 F. Lt. do.
—— Foley, from 65 F. Lt. do.
F. Crumpe, Ens. vice O'Dwyer 25 do.
D. M. Cameron, Ens. vice Hannagan, 26 F. 26 do.
17 E. B. Owen, Ens. vice Hudson, 16 F. do.
18 R. Silver, Ens. vice Dwyer, 49 F. do.
19 Ens. Bernard, Lt. vice Atkins, dead 25 Jan.
G. Landman, Ens. 3 Apr.
25 Ens. Bristow, from 77 F. Lt. by purch. vice Stanton, ret. 27 Mar.
26 Maj. Campbell, Lt. Col. 25 Apr.
Capt. James, Maj. do.
—— Marshall, from h. p. Capt. do.
Lt. Thompson, from 6 F. Lt. do.
—— Kelly, from 38 F. Lt. do.
Ens. Campbell, Lt. do.
—— Thomson, from 42 F. Lt. 26 do.
—— Ffrench, from 76 F. Lt. do.
—— Heming, from 67 F. Lt. do.
—— Hannagan, from 16 F. Lt. do.
A. E. Shelley, Ens. vice Campbell 25 do.
G. S. Fitz Gerald, Ens. vice Munro, 16 F. 26 do.
31 Ens. Primrose, Lt. vice O'Leary, Adj. 13 Sept. 1826
—— White, Lt. vice Douglas, dead 3 Apr. 1828
A. Dickson, Ens. vice Primrose 2 do.
J. C. Kelly, Ens. vice White 3 do.
42 Ens. *Hon.* D. H. Murray, from 9 F. Ens. vice Thompson, 26 F. 26 Apr.
49 Maj. Bentley, Lt. Col. 25 do.
Bt. Lt. Col. Dennis, Maj. do.
Lt. Blyth, Capt. do.
—— Henderson, from 54 F. Lt. do.
—— MacAndrew, from 40 F. Lt. do.
Ens. Sparks, Lt. do.
—— Wightman, Lt. do.
—— Birch, Lt. do.
—— Reignolds, Lt. do.
—— Sealpin, from 98 F. Lt. 26 do.
—— Richardson, from 55 F. Lt. do.
—— Dwyer, from 18 F. Lt. do.
J. L. Dennis, Ens. vice Sparks 25 do.
J. Malcolm, Ens. vice Wightman 26 do.
T. G. M. Edden, Ens. vice Birch 27 Apr.
J. T. Grant, Ens. vice Reignolds 28 do.
53 A. F. Bond, Ens. vice Prettijohn, dead 3 Apr.
54 Lt. Kennedy, Capt. by purch. vice Kelly, ret. 27 Mar.
Ens. Mellis, from 66 F. Lt. by purch. 3 Apr.
55 Capt. Nicholson, from h. p. Capt. vice Cameron, dead 20 Mar.
G. A. Robertson, Ens. vice Richardson, 49 F. 26 Apr.
56 Hosp. Assist. Bradford, Assist. Surg. vice Allmann, canc. 25 Mar.
57 Lt. Col. Allan, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Cathcart, 8 F. do.
60 Lt. Murphy, Capt. by purch. vice *Hon.* H. M. Upton, ret. 27 do.
2d Lt. Churchill, 1st Lt. do.
Lord E. Thynne, 2d Lt. do.
Qua. Mast. Ottey, from h. p. 56 F. Qua. Mast. vice Mitchell, rev. to his former h. p. 20 do.
65 C. E. Gold, Ens. by purch. vice Maxwell, 87 F. do.
G. F. Murray, Ens. vice Ponsonby, 76 F. 26 Apr.
J. Haining, Ens. vice Foley, 16 F. 27 do.
66 N. D. Lane, Ens. by purch. vice Mellis, 54 F. 3 do.
67 W. Gomm, Ens. vice Heming 26 F. 26 do.
69 Maj. Gillman, from 3 F. Maj. vice Downing, ret. h. p. rec. diff. 20 Mar.
72 Hosp. Assist. Malcolm, Assist. Surg. 25 do.
73 Capt. Lloyd, Maj. vice Kenny, dead 20 do.
Lt. Dawson, Capt. do.
Ens. Bamford, Lt. do.
W. H. Kenny, Ens. 3 Apr.
76 Ens. Ponsonby, from 65 F. Ens. vice Ffrench, 26 F. 26 do.
77 G. Bell, Ens. by purch. vice Bristow, 25 F. 27 Mar.
85 C. T. Egerton, Ens. vice Bell, 16 F. 26 Apr.
86 Hosp. Assist. Gordon, Assist. Surg. vice Beavan, 7 Dr. 27 Mar.
87 Lt. O'Brien, Capt. by purch. vice Masterton, ret. 20 do.
2 Lt. Wood, 1 Lt. do.
Ens. Maxwell, from 65 F. 2 Lt. do.
93 J. M. Grant, Ens. by purch. vice Arthur, ret. do.
98 Lt. Eyre, Capt. by purch. vice Baron ret. 3 Apr.
Ens. Edwards, Lt. do.
G. D. Blakiston, Ens. do.
—— Adye, Ens. vice Halpin, 49 F. 26 do.
99 P. Smyly, Ens. by purch. vice Macdonald, 30 F. 27 Mar.
1 W. I. R. Hosp. Assist. Ingram, Assist. Surg. vice Brown, h. p. 25 do.
2 Ens. Russell, Lt. by purch. vice Dickinson, Adj. 3 Apr.
J. Findley, Ens. do.

Staff.

Bt. Maj. Mitchell, from h. p. Sub-Insp. of Mil. in Ion. Isles. vice Knox, dead 27 Mar. 1828
Lt. Col. Fitz Roy, from h. p. Insp. F. O. of Mil. in Ion. Isles. vice Col. *Sir* C. Sutton, dead 3 Apr.
A. G. Grubb, to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces, vice Ferguson, prom. 20 Mar.

Exchanges.

Bt. Col. Neyno, 84 F. with Lt. Col. Macalester, h. p.
Bt. Maj. *Sir* J. S. Lillie, 46 F. with Capt. O'Meara, h. p. 31 F.

Capt. Calcraft, 66 F. with Capt. Wingfield, 95 F.
Lt. Petit, 22 F. with Lt. Ross, 50 F.
—— Heathcote, 53 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Sargeant, h. p. Cape Cav.
—— Mac Nair, 67 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Robinson, h. p. Cape Cav.
—— Booth, 88 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Benyon, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieutenant-Colonel.

Fead, Gren. Gds.

Captains.

Quicke, 1 Dr. Gds.
Kelly, 54 F.
Hon. H. M. Upton, 60 F.
Masterson, 87 F.
Baron, 98 F.

Lieutenant.

Stanton, 25 F.

Cancelled.

Assist. Surg. Chermside, 7 Dr.
———— Allman, 56 F.
———— Gordon, 11 F.

Deaths.

Lieutenant General.

Skene, Aberdeen, 6 April, 1828

Colonel.

Sir C. Sutton, *K.C.B.* Insp. F. Off. of Mil. in Ion. Isles.

Lieutenant Colonels.

Scott, 6 F. Bombay 8 Oct. 1827
A. Macdonald, Adj. Gen. in the East Indies, Bengal 24 Nov.

Majors.

Kenny, 73 F.
Macintyre, 1 W. I. R.
Jacks, h. p. 21 F. London 4 April 1828

Captains.

Brotheridge, 48 F. New South Wales 26 Oct. 1827
M'Kedy, 12 F.
Beckwith, Rifle Brig. Gibraltar 21 March 1828
Knox, Sub-Insp. of Mil. in Ion. Isles
A. M'Farlane, h. p. Unat. late of 54 F. 24
Douglas, h. p. 30 F. 3 March
Burghaagen, h. p. York Light Inf. Vol. Mar. 28
Charlton, late Roy. Art. Drivers, Exeter 19 do.

Lieutenants.

Amiel, 3 F.
Bruce, 3 F.
Rawlins, 4 F. 22 March 1828
Atkins, 19 F. Barbadoes 24 Jan.
Douglas, 31 F.
Ashurst, 46 F. Secunderabad 21 Nov. 1827
Croker, 48 F. Madras 6 do.
Holmes, 84 F. Clifton 19 Mar. 1828
Smith, 93 F. Antigua, 22 Feb.
Walton, 1 W. I. R. Trinidad 26 do.
W. Smith, h. p. Roy. Art. Drivers, Weymouth 5 March
Le Quin, late Foreign Art. France 25 do.
Armstrong, h. p. 27 F. Lisnaskie, Fermanagh 8 Nov. 1827
Singlehurst, h. p. 3d Prov. Bn. of Mil. 31 Jan. 1828

2d Lieuts. and Ensigns.

Turton, 3 F.
Prettijohn, 53 F.
Lindsay, late 9 Roy. Vet. Bn. 29 Jan. 1828
Ensor, Roy. Engineers 1 April

Quarter-Masters.

Bailes, 47 F. at Fort William, Calcutta 1 Nov. 1827
Innes, h. p. 83 F. 25 March 1828
Marotti, h. p. Corsican Rang. 17 Sept. 1827
Jackson, h. p. Perth Fen. Cav. Galston, North Britain 26 Oct.

Commissariat Dep.

Dep. Com. Gen. Haden, Gibraltar 13 Mar. 1828
———— Ord, h.p. Havre de Grace 20 Jan.

Medical Dep.

Surg. Gen. Insp. of R. Art. Dr. Irwin, Woolwich 21 April 1828
Surg. Erskine, h. p. Staff, London 14 do.
—— Edon, h. p. 8 W. I. R. March
Assist. Surg. Bush, 46 F. Madras 6 Dec. 1827
———— Birmingham, 87 F. India 22 Sept.

May.

R.H.Gds. Lt. Shelley, Adj. vice Hill, res. Adj. only 22 Mar. 1828
3Dr.Gds. Cornet Dyson, from 14 Dr. Cor. vice Innes, ret. 17 April
6 Dr. Capt. Warrand, Maj. by purch. vice Whichcote, ret. 24 do.
Lt. White, Capt. do.
Cor. *Hon.* C. W. S. Jerningham, Lt. do.
T. D. Buckeridge, Cor. do.
8 J. King. Cor. by purch. vice Sharpe, ret. do.
14 Gent. Cadet E. S. Curwen, from Roy. Mil. Col. Cor. by purch. vice Dyson, 3 Dr. Gds. 17 do.
15 Cor. Wood, Lt. by purch. vice Hall, ret. do.
T. H. C. Terry, Cor. do.
3 F. Serg. G. Edwards, Qua. Mast. vice Coulson, dead 25 Oct. 1827
6 Lt. Holyoake, Capt. by purch. vice Irwin, ret. 17 Apr. 1828
Capt. Dawson, from h. p. 3 Gn. Bn. Capt. vice Cheape, 96 F. 24 do.
Ens. Johnstone, Lt. by purch. vice Holyoake 17 do.
J. B. Home, Ens. do.
20 Ens. Horn, Lt. by purch. vice O'Connor, ret. do.
G. Hutchinson, Ens. do.
21 C. H. Edmonstone, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Leahy, ret. 23 do.
F. G. Ainslie, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Gregory, ret. 24 do.
26 R. Chearnley, Ensign by purch. vice Bathe, 30 F. do.
30 Lt. Light, Capt. by purch. vice Powell, prom. 17 do.
Ens. Bathe, from 26 F. Lt. 24 do.
58 Assist. Surg. Hughes, M.D. from 14 Dr. Assist. Surg. 17 do.
71 Lt. Cuming, Adj. vice Jones, res. Adj. only do.
85 T. M. M'Neill, Ens. by purch. vice Ward, prom. 24 do.
93 Ens. Watt, Lt. vice Smith, dead 22 Feb. 1828
J. M. Brown, Ens. 17 Apr.
Qua. Mas. Serg. Gordon, Qua. Mast. vice Christian, canc. 24 do.
96 Capt. Cheape, from 6 F. Capt. vice Drummond, canc. 24 do.
Rifle Brig. Lt. Simmons, Capt. vice Beckwith, dead 17 do.
2d Lt. Napier 1st Lt. do.
Rifle Brig. S. Beckwith, 2d Lieut. 17 April
R. Staff Corps, Qua. Mast. Serg. W. Clarke, Qua. Mast. vice Heatly, full p. 24 do.
1 W. I. R. Capt. Mills, Maj. vice Macintire, dead do.
Lt. Mackenzie, Capt. do.
Ens. Robeson, Lt. vice Walton, dead 17 do.
—— Pole, Lt. vice Mackenzie 24 do.
W. H. Meehan, Ens. vice Robeson 17 do.
H. C. Donavan, Ens. vice Pole 24 do.
Ceyl. Regt. Lt. Jefferson, Adj. vice Rogers, prom. 10 Dec. 1827
R. Engineers, W. Yolland, 2d Lieut. 12 Apr. 1828

Exchanges.

Maj. Turner, 16 F. with Maj. A. G. Campbell, h.p.
Capt. Ross, 8 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Cochran, h.p.
—— Popham, 29 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Dalyell, h. p.
—— Parker, 46 F. with Capt. St John, h. p. Cape Cav.
—— Mallett, 61 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Wallett, h. p. 60 F.
—— Stuart, 90 F. rec. diff. with Capt. *Hon.* F. G. Howard, h. p.
—— Ashe, 93 F. with Capt. Spiers, h. p. 39 F.
—— Dickens, 95 F. rec. diff. with Capt. J. T. Fuord Bowes, h. p.
Ens. and Lieut. *Hon.* W. H. Drummond, 3 F. G. with Lieut. Gambier, 36 F.
Lieut. Binney, 31 F. with Lieut. Vallancey, 74 F.
—— Lane, 65 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Rowley, h.p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major.

Whichcote, 6 Dr.

Lieutenant.

O'Connor, 20 F.

Cornets, and 2d Lieuts.

Innes, 3 Dr. Gds.
Sharpe, 8 Dr.
Leahy, 21 F.
Gregory, 21 F.

Cancelled.

Captain.

Drummond, 96 F.

Ensign.

Bayly, 34 F.

Qua. Master.

Christian, 93 F.

Deaths.

Lieutenant-Generals.

Backhouse, London 22 May 1828
Hon. S. Mahon, London, 7 Dr. Gds. 27 do.

Major-Generals.

Streicher, Strasburgh 8 May 1828
L. Davies, Aberystwith 10 do.

Lieutenant-Colonel.

Williamson, h. p. 85 F.

Majors.

Kysh, Paym. 86 F. London
Conolly, h. p. 81 F.

Captains.

Hay, 73 F. Madras 18 Nov. 1827
Arrow, 89 F. Ellichpoor, Madras 28 do.
Pemberton, Rifle Brigade
Maclean, h. p. 27 F. 21 Feb. 1828
Grant, h. p. 37 F. Edinburgh 20 April
Young, h. p. 60 F. 21 Jan.
Hayes, h. p. 8 W. I. R. 16 Sept. 1827
Morrison, h. p. Unatt. late of Roy. Wagg. Train, Compton, Hants 13 March 1828
Richard Kelly, h. p. Unatt. 30 do.
J. S. Smith, do. 25 Nov. 1827
John Grant, Invalids, Forres, N. B. 24 Jan. 1828

Lieutenants.

Gray, h. p. 3 Dr. Gds. 8 Mar. 1828
Sword, h. p. 14 F. 21 April
Pooler, h. p. 17 F. 23 do.
Boyton, h. p. 30 F. Pondicherry 18 Oct. 1827
White, h. p. 90 F. Thornhill, Dundrum, Ireland 1 May 1828
Pollock, h. p. 115 F. 25 Feb.
Usher, h. p. 5 W. I. R. 24 July 1827
Matteson, h. p. Unatt. Fort Clarence, Chatham 26 April 1828
Drew, late 1 R. Vet. Bn. Cradley, near Stonebridge 27 Feb.
Wilkinson, h. p. 3 Gar. Bn. Bristol 25 Apr.

Ensigns.

Henley, h. p. 44 F. 4 Jan. 1828
Allan Grant, h. p. 108 F. Aberlour, N.B. 15 May
Chambers, late 3 R. Vet. Bn. London 26 Apr.

Adjutant.

Warrington, h. p. 15 F. Edinburgh 26 Apr. 1828

Qua. Masters.

Pulsford, h. p. Surrey Fenc. Cav. 18 Apr. 1828
Brown, h. p. Ayrshire Fenc. Cav. 10 do.
Humphreys, h. p. Unatt. Cape of Good Hope 9 Feb.

Medical Dep.

Dr Nooth, late Superintendent Gen. of Hospitals, Bath 1828
As. Surg. Arundel, h. p. 36 F. Finsbury 16 May
Purveyor Innes, h. p. Taunton, Somerset 13 do.
Chief Vet. Surg. Harrison, h. p. 24 Jan.

Alphabetical List of English Bankrupts, from 22d April to 23d May, 1828.

Burke, P. Haymarket, victualler.
Bakewell, J. Manchester, glue manufacturer.
Bowman, E. Penrith, Cumberland, timber-merchant.
Bedford, J. and T. Croose, Wood Street, warehousemen.
Butts, T. jun. Crayford, Kent, mill-sawyer.
Bevill, J. W. Cheltenham, tobacconist.
Bullivant, C. F. Ripley, Derby, dealer.
Bryant, W. H. Mile-end-road, coal-merchant.
Brown, J. Adam's Court, Broad Street, auctioneer.
Buck, W. Queen Anne Street, Cavendish square, coachmaker.
Brook, J. L. Okehampton, druggist.
Browne, J. Kidderminster, silversmith.
Bramley, H. Throgmorton Street, bill-broker.
Back, R. and J. Bateman, Compton Street, Clerkenwell, malt-roasters.
Bevan, J. and J. Rigby, St Helen's, Lancashire, soap-boilers.
Clough, J. Addingham, York, cotton-manufacturer.
Clayton, J. Mottram-in-Longendale, Chester, flour-dealer.
Chittenden, J. Dover, chemist.
Clarke, T. Marlborough, woollen-draper.
Davies, W. Camberwell, coal-merchant.
Darby, J. Rood-lane, perfumer.
Emmerson, R. Aldermanbury, warehouseman.
Ensor, T. Long Malford, tallow-chandler.
Freeman, E. Cheltenham, lodging-house keeper.
Fountain, J. St Neot's, draper.
Fisk, W. Gate Street, dealer.
Frame, W. Jones Street, Berkeley Square, bootmaker.
Fitch, C. A. Allen Street, Goswell Street, bacon-drier.
Gallemore, J. sen. J. and J. Gallemore, and T. Liddell, Manchester, calico-printers.
Germain, T. Drury-lane, baker.
Gelder, B. North and South Cliff, East Riding, York, farmer.
Gamble, C. Shottlegate, Derby, joiner.
Gains, T. Loughborough, corn-factor.
Gibbon, J. sen. Canton Place, Commercial Road, blockmaker.
Hooper, T. St Phillip and Jacob, Gloucester, maltster.
Holt, C. Coventry, baker.
Hunter, R. Aldgate, oilman.
Hockin, P. C. Launceston, money-scrivener.
Hobbins, R. Cheltenham, innkeeper.
Harker, W. Cropton, York, schoolmaster.
Handcock, J. Exeter, victualler.
Holdich, T. Spalding, grocer.
Hodson, G. Sheffield, bone-merchant.
Haigh, J. Milnsbridge, York, scribbling-miller.
Hopkins, M. E. St Peter's Alley, merchant.
James, N. Bristol, wine-merchant.
Johnson, S. Margate, coachmaster.
Jenkinson, T. Manchester, calenderer.
Kelley, J. Leeds, bricklayer.
Kingsbury, H. Broad Street, Radcliffe, builder.
Llewellyn, T. Bridgend, Glamorgan, innkeeper.
Longbottom, T. Keighley, York, machine-maker.
Laporte, D. Portland Street, tailor.
Levy, L. Birmingham, slopseller.
Mortimer, J. and W. Rawfolds, Yorkshire, machine-makers.
Mitchell, J. Robert Street, Southwark, victualler.
Maybruch, F. Old Cavendish Street, tailor.
Masson, W. Queen Street, Cheapside, merchant.
Mills, G. St James's Street, bookseller.
Moorhouse, J. L. and J. Hebden Bridge, Halifax, cotton-spinners.
Marsden, J. Sowerby Bridge, York, corn-merchant.
Menzies, J. Charles Street, Manchester Square, tailor.
Nicholls, J. Kidderminster, innkeeper.
Pearson, T. and W. Reeves, Savoy Street, wine-merchants.
Pratt, S. Crispin Street, Spitalfields, drysalter.
Powell, W. Wetherby, York, ham factor.
Pinder, T. Halifax, porter-merchant.
Parsons, J. Fulham Road, upholsterer.
Parsey, I. Brighton, haberdasher.
Powell, J. Bishopsgate Street, grocer.
Parsons, J. Standon, Herts, horse-dealer.
Phillips, J. Tavistock Street, linen-draper.
Pennell, J. D. Exeter, picture-dealer.
Pate, M. Bennett Street, tailor.

Pringle, W. H. London Road, St George's Fields, victualler.
Prior, J. Worksworth, Derby, small-ware-manufacturer.
Pilcher, S. Ramsgate, baker.
Rock, P. Wollastone, Stafford, farmer.
Robinson, J. Clare Street, Clare Market, linen-draper.
Rashleigh, W. Falmouth, grocer.
Rumnev, T. Gough Square, furrier.
Read, A. Lower Grosvenor Street, hotel-keeper.
Roper, W. T. Houndsditch, carpenter.
Rhodes, J. Gomersal, York, maltster.
Revans, J. junior, and H. S. Chapman, London and Quebec, merchants.
Smith, T. High Street, Lambeth, smith.
Shore, T. B. Kidderminster, victualler.
Stevens, J. Deveral Street, Great Dover Road, builder.
Sunderland, J. Leeds, woolstapler.
Sugden, T. Haworth, York, worsted-manufacturer.
Swann, W. Bungay, linen-draper.
Swalwell, M. Kennington Gravel Pits, school-mistress.
Torry, J. Little Union Street, Hoxton, builder.
Tolson, M. Regent Street, milliner.
Valerio, D. Crown Court, Threadneedle Street, wine-merchant.
Wisedill, W. Friday Street, ironmonger.
Williams, H. St George's Circus, Southwark, wine-merchant.
Warrington, H. W. Johnson Street, Shadwell, brewer.
Wells, T. W. High Street, Shadwell, tobacconist.
Woodhead, B. Thongsbridge, York, scribbling-miller.
Williams, R. Cheltenham, builder.
Wilson, J. Wigton, draper.
Ward, G. A. Birmingham, cabinet-maker.
Walker, R. Manchester, woollen-shawl-manufacturer.

Alphabetical List of Scottish Bankrupts, from 1st April to 31st May, 1828.

Ballingall, Robert, residing in Balmacom, a partner in the Fife Banking Company.
Barclay, Robert, horse and cattle dealer, sometime at Southsidebank, near Edinburgh, now at Bankrigg, near Edinburgh.
Bartie, Thomas, jeweller, Glasgow.
Bell, Robert and William, manufacturers in Ceres, Fife.
Crichton, David, spirit dealer, Watergate, Edinburgh, and Robert Moffat, gardener and spirit dealer, Comely Bank, near Edinburgh.
Davie, James, and Co. music sellers, Aberdeen.
Drummond, George, and Co. clothiers, Glasgow.
Fraser, Charles, vintner and innkeeper, Lanark.
The Company carrying on business as distillers, at Mains, near Linlithgow, under the firm of James Glen.
Hearn, William, spirit merchant, Leith.
Hinshelwood, John, china and earthenware dealer in Glasgow.
Jackson, James, cloth merchant, Paisley.
Kirk, John, brewer in Aberdeen.
Lyle, Charles, grocer, Glasgow.
M'Leod, Norman, shipowner and merchant, Greenock.
Moncrieff, Thomas and James, merchants and victual dealers, Glasgow, and millers and grain dealers at Duntiblae, near Kirkintulloch.
Robertson, Alexander, maltster, Damhead, near Denny.
Robertson, Peter, coal broker and ship owner, St Andrews.
Robertson, John, and Co. merchants in Perth.
Smith, Andrew, maltster, grain dealer, and baker, at Carron, near Falkirk.
Thomson and Hill, storekeepers at Calder iron-works.
Thomson, David, wine and spirit dealer in Castle Douglas.
Waldie, Pringle, and Co. hosiers in Hawick.
Walker, John, merchant, Glasgow.
Walker, James, and Co. nursery and seedsmen, Aberdeen.
Watt, James, tenant and cattle dealer in Orrock.
Weddell, John, merchant and retail woollen draper and haberdasher, Kelso.
Whyte, James and William, merchants in Leith.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 2, 1827. At Madras, the lady of Captain Archibald Inglis, of a daughter.

28. At Simla, the lady of George Govan, Esq. M.D. attached to the Himalaya Survey, of a son.

Dec. 11. At Quillon, East Indies, the lady of Lieut. William Hope Smith, Hon. Company's service, of a daughter.

March 16, 1828. At Naples, Mrs William Scott, of a son.

23. At St Marys, the lady of W. H. Dowbiggin, Esq. of a daughter.

25. At his Lordship's house, Berkeley Square, London, the Countess of Jersey, of a daughter.

26. At Dollar, Mrs Robert Haig, of a son.

— At Aberdour Manse, Fife, Mrs Dr Bryce, of a son and daughter.

27. At the Manse of Luss, Mrs Carr, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of William Ogilvie, Esq. younger of Chesters, of a son.

— At Leckie, Mrs Moir of Leckie, of a daughter.

April 1. At Balbedie House, Lady Malcolm, of a son and heir.

— At Ingsdon House, Devonshire, the lady of Charles Hale Monro, Esq. of a son and heir.

3. At Menie, the lady of Major Turner, of a daughter.

5. At Farme, the lady of Hugh Mosman, Esq. younger of Auchtyfardle, of a daughter.

5. At Barnton, the lady of Lieut. Archibald Dunbar, younger of Northfield, of a son.

6. At Cairnhill, Mrs Nisbett, of a son.

7. Mrs Scott Moncrieff, 51, Howe Street, of a son.

9. At Castlehill, near Ayr, the lady of the Rev. A. Utterson, rector of Layer-Marney, county of Essex, of a son.

— At 2, Roxburgh Street, Mrs William Reid, of a son.

10. At London, the lady of D. Charles Guthrie, Esq. of a daughter.

11. At Blair Adam, the lady of Rear-Admiral Adam, of a daughter.

— At Finlaystone House, Mrs Bontine of Ardoch, of a son.

12. At 8, George Square, Mrs Huie, of a son.

— At 3, Nicolson Square, Mrs D. Rymer, of a son.

— In Connaught Square, London, (the anniversary of Admiral Rodney's victory over the French fleet,) the Hon. Mrs William Rodney, of a son and heir.

— At Cowes, Isle of Wight, the lady of Lieut. George Bisset, R. N. of a daughter.

13. At Ainslie Place, Mrs S. Buchanan of Cunninghamhead, of a son.

— At Park House, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Gordon, of a daughter.

14. At Edinburgh, the lady of Walter Campbell, Esq. of Sunderland, of a daughter.

— At Powderhall, Mrs Macdonald, of a daughter.

18. At Buccleuch Place, Mrs W. A. Lawrie, of a daughter.
21. At St Mary's Cottage, Trinity, Mrs Patison, of a son.
22. At 13, Atholl Crescent, the lady of J. B. Daubiez, Esq. of a son.
— At Balgarvie, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, Hon. East India Company's service, of a daughter.
23. At Edinburgh, Mrs Welsh, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.
— At 17, Elder Street, Mrs Walker, of a daughter.
24. At Rozelle, the lady of Alex. West Hamilton, Esq. of a son.
25. At 22, George Street, Mrs Dr Maclagan, of a son.
— The lady of Charles Kinloch, Esq. of Gourdie, of a son.
26. At the Royal Circus, Edinburgh, Mrs Lamont, junior, of Knockdow, of a son and heir.
27. At Drummond Place, Mrs Cook, of a daughter.
— At Berwick, Mrs Brown, wife of the Rev. J. R. Brown, of a son.
— The lady of Geoffrey Meynell, of Meynell Langley, Esq. of a son.
28. At Mill Hill, Musselburgh, the lady of Major Dods, of a son.
— At Naples, the lady of James Hay, Esq. of Belton, of a son.
— At 18, Albany Street, Mrs Begbie, of a daughter.
29. At Ely Lodge, the Marchioness of Ely, of a daughter.
— At 13, St Andrew Square, Mrs John James Boswell, of a daughter.
— Mrs Ivory, of a daughter.
May 1. At 11, Windsor Street, the lady of the Rev. G. Coventry, of a daughter.
2. At Charlotte Square, the lady of George Macneal, Esq. of Ugadale, of a son.
— At James's Place, Links, Leith, Mrs G. Goodlet, of a daughter.
3. Mrs Abercrombie, York Place, of a daughter.
4. At Kilmarnock Manse, Mrs Smith, of a son.
6. At Carberry House, the lady of Colonel Turner, of a son.
— At Edinburgh, the Countess of Morton, of a daughter.
8. At Lyncombe, near Bath, Lady Sarah Murray, of a daughter.
11. At Lochnaw Castle, Wigtonshire, the lady of Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart. of a daughter.
— At Kirkwall, Mrs Sheriff, of a daughter.
— At 13, Forth Street, Mrs Orr, of a daughter.
— At 38, Great King Street, Mrs Spence, of a daughter.
12. At Kersiebank House, Polmont, Mrs Ball, of a daughter.
13. At London, the lady of the Right Hon. Stratford Canning, of a daughter.
— At Dewar Place, the lady of Captain Archibald Fullarton, of a son.
15. At Valleyfield, Mrs Charles Cowan, of a daughter.
— At Edinburgh, the lady of David Maitland Makgill, Esq. of Rankeilour and Lindores, of a son and heir.
— Mrs Alex. Douglas, Albany Street, of a daughter.
— At the College of Glasgow, Mrs Sandford, of a daughter.
17. In Charlotte Square, the lady of the Right Hon. the Lord Justice Clerk, of a son.
18. At Viewforth, Mrs Crichton, of a son.
— Mrs Burnett, Dublin Street, of a daughter.
19. Mrs Patrick Robertson, Great King Street, of a son.
20. At Dysart, Mrs Brotherston, of a daughter.
— At Fathom Park, Newry, Mrs Benson, of a daughter.
22. At Springwood Park, the lady of Sir John Scott Douglas, Bart. of a daughter.
23. At Montrose, Lady Ramsay of Balmain, of a son.
25. At 26, Albany Street, Mrs Ballantyne of a daughter.
26. At Auchinleck, Ayrshire, the lady of Sir William Francis Eliott of Stobs and Wells, Bart. of a daughter.
27. At Tayfield, Mrs Berry, of a daughter.
27. At 17, Fettes Row, the wife of Robert Dunlop, Esq. W.S. of a son.
28. At Kirkaldy, Mrs Lundin Cooper, of a son.
— At London, the Viscountess Duncannon, of a son.
— At 30, South Castle Street, Mrs Cornillon, of a son.
— At Wellington Square, Ayr, Mrs John Fullarton, of a daughter.
Lately, At Gloucester Place, Mrs Fothringham Scrymsoure, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

Sept. 15, 1827. At Hobart's Town, Van Diemen's Land, Major Turton, of the 40th regiment, to Catharine, eldest daughter of Josiah Thomas, Esq. colonial treasurer of Van Diemen's Land.
Nov. 3. At Lucknow, East Indies, Captain Charles George Ross, to Mary Anne, second daughter of Brigadier-General W. G. Maxwell, C. B. commanding in Oude.
Jan. 22, 1828. At Antigua, Captain Rowland Edward Williams, late of the 10th Royal Hussars, of Weston Green, Surrey, and of Antigua, to Clara Susanna, second daughter of his Excellency Major-General Sir Patrick Ross.
Feb. 17. At Rio Janeiro, Commander Thomas Maitland, royal navy, to Amelia, daughter of William Young, Esq.
March 24. At Musselburgh, James Kemp, Esq. to Jane Sommerville, daughter of Thomas Macmillan, Esq. of Shorthope.
— At Arbroath, the Rev. Andrew Cromar, to Miss Philip, only daughter of Geo. Philip, Esq. Arbroath.
27. At Edinburgh, Robert Marsham, Esq. Warden of Merton College, Oxford, to Lady Carmichael Anstruther, widow of Sir John Carmichael Anstruther of Anstruther and Carmichael, Bart.
— At Edinburgh, James Anstruther, Esq. second son of Colonel Robert Anstruther, to Marian, daughter of the late Sir John Anstruther of Anstruther, Bart.
29. At London, R. C. Nisbet, Esq. of Tweed Bank, Roxburghshire, to Mary, youngest daughter of Peter Cameron, Esq. Banff.
31. At 73, Great King Street, James Aynsworth, Esq. of Clanmahery, county of Down, to Anne, second daughter of John M'Neill, Esq. of Collonsay.
April 1. At Dysart, the Rev. William Muir, Dysart, to Christian, daughter of Mr James Bain, factor to the Earl of Roslyn.
— At James's Place, Leith Links, Mr William Ford, merchant, Leith, to Rebecca, daughter of the late James Thomson, Esq. builder there.
2. At West Richmond Street, Mr Alexander Stewart, of the General Post Office, to Christiana Anderson, daughter of the late Mr Peter M'Laren, clothier, Edinburgh.
— At Hanover Street, Alex. Brodie, Esq. Colstonmains, to Jourdiana C. Gray, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Gray, Esq. of Craigs.
— At Edinburgh, Mr James Mullo, to Miss Helen Farmer, eldest daughter of Mr George Duncan, St John Street.
— At Rankeillor Street, Mr John Anderson, Kirkcaldy, to Grace, only daughter of the late Mr James Scrymgeour, merchant, Glasgow.
3. At Paris, Lord Sussex Lennox, to Mary, daughter of Lord Cloncurry.
7. At Edinburgh, Robert Strachan, Esq. distiller, Leith, to Margaret, only daughter of the late Archibald Burnet, Esq. Calcutta.
8. The Rev. Graham Mitchell, A.M. to Catherine daughter of the late Rev. John Webster, of St Peter's Chapel, Edinburgh.
— At Oxgang, John Graham, Esq. yr. of Ballagan, advocate, to Mrs Major Davidson, youngest daughter of the late Sir John Stirling of Glorat and Renton, Bart.
— At Edinburgh, Wm. Napier, Esq. to Isabella, daughter of the late Captain Rodgerson of the Stirlingshire local militia.
— At Badminton, Gloucestershire, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, Thomas Henry Kingscote, Esq. of Kingscote, in that county, to Lady Isabella Somerset, sixth daughter of the Duke of Beaufort.
— At 20, Union Place, Glasgow, Mr Archibald Fullerton, bookseller, to Mrs Ann Bell.
12. At Keith, Mr John Dean, of the Post Office,

Leith, to Eliza, Anne, second daughter of John Gatherer, Esq. Keith.

15. John H. Gow, Esq. Mecklenburgh Street, London, to Catherine, second daughter of John Mackinlay, Esq. Royal Terrace, Edinburgh.

16. At Edinburgh, David Anderson, Esq. of St Germains, to Charlotte, sixth daughter of Sir James Nasmyth of Posso, Bart.

19. At Allesly Church, Warwickshire, William Robertson, Esq. younger of Kinlochmoidart, advocate, to Sarah Adams, eldest daughter of James Beck, Esq.

21. At Edinburgh, M. P. Brown, Esq. advocate, to Maria, second daughter of the late Robert Monteith, Esq. of Rochsoles.

22. At Teignmouth Church, Alexander Watt, Esq. H. E. I. C. S. eldest son of the late Isaac Watt, Esq. of Logie, to Susanna, eldest daughter of Stephen Kelso, Esq. of Preston.

23. At Riccarton House, John Hay Mackenzie of Newhall and Cromarty, Esq. to Anne, third daughter of James Gibson Craig of Riccarton, Esq.

— At Bellevue, Haddington, William Bogue, Esq. of Kirkland, to Katherine, eldest daughter of Major William West, late of the 9th Royal Veteran Battalion.

24. At St Rollock's, near Glasgow, William Couper, Esq. writer, Glasgow, to Mary, daughter of Charles Tennant, Esq. St Rollock's.

— At St Luke's, Chelsea, the Marquis of Caermarthen, to Lady Hervey.

25. At North St James Street, Edinburgh, Mr William Drysdale, writer, General Register House, to Margaret Williamson, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Beveridge, writer there.

28. At Aberdeen, William Napier, Esq. writer to the signet, to Mary, eldest daughter of Alex. Low, Esq.

— At Nunton, South Uist, the Rev. Duncan Maclean, to Flora, daughter of Kenneth M'Leod, Esq. Ebost, Isle of Skye.

29. At the Governor's house, Edinburgh Castle, Archibald Douglas, Esq. to Harriet, second daughter of Lieut.-General Hay.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Knox, Esq. Leith Walk, to Miss Elizabeth Forman, Broughton Place.

30. At Leith, Mr G. Glenny, papermaker, Denny, to Catherine, only daughter of the late William Lang, Esq. of Leys.

— At Edinburgh, William James Fraser, Esq. son of Lieut.-General Sir John Fraser, to May Anne, daughter of the late Robert Cumming of Logie, Esq.

— At Fettes Row, Edinburgh, Richard Francis G. Poore, Esq. late of the King's Dragoon Guards, to Margaret Henrietta Cotnham, youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Maclean, of the Tower of London.

— At 41, St Andrew Square, William Vertue, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr William Crosbie, Gamerigg, Dumfriesshire.

May 1. David Tytler, Esq. to Maria Catherine, second daughter of Dr Ferguson, Aberdeen.

2. At Edinburgh, Joseph Teale Sigston, Esq. Leeds, to Ann, second daughter of the late Mr William Walker, Edinburgh.

3. At 18, Warriston Crescent, the Rev. James Smith, minister of Ettrick, to Miss Barbara Paterson, Galashiels.

— At Hillhousefield, Thomas Singer, Esq. writer, Moffat, to Christina, daughter of the late Robert Bayne, Esq. merchant, Leith.

6. At Blair Vaddock, Dumbartonshire, William Wootton Abney, Esq. of Measham Hall, in the county of Leicester, to Helen John Sinclair, eldest daughter of Mr and Lady Janet Buchanan, and niece to the Earl of Caithness.

8. At Moulsoe, Bucks, Alex. Blair, Esq. of Edinburgh, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late George Smith, Esq. of Northampton.

13. At London, Colonel Buckley, to the Lady Catherine Pleydell Bouverie, eldest daughter of the Earl of Radnor.

17. At the parish church of St James, Piccadilly, the Hon. William Russell, eldest son of Lord William Russell, and nephew to the Duke of Bedford, to Miss Campbell, daughter of Lady Charlotte Bury, and niece to the Duke of Argyll.

20. At Sandown Place, Esher, the residence of R. A. Oswald, Esq. Archibald Hamilton, Esq. fifth son of the late John Hamilton, Esq. of Sundrum, to the Right Hon. Lady Jane Montgomery, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Eglinton.

23. At Edinburgh, Mr John Stevenson, bookseller, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr John King, Innerwick.

24. At London, Alexander Sutherland Græme, Esq. of Græme's Hall, in the Orkneys, to Mary Anne, second daughter of the late Robert Grahame, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service.

26. At 1, Forres Street, Edinburgh, Jonathan Richardson of Lisburn, Esq. to Margaret, only daughter of Alexander Airth, Esq.

— At Craigs, Mr Thomas Hodgson Boazman, youngest son of the late John Boazman, Esq. of Great Ayecliffe, in the county of Durham, and Acorn Bank, Westmoreland, to Jessy, youngest daughter of Peter Gibb, Esq. of Earshag.

27. At Edinburgh, Alexander Meldrum, Esq. of Easter Kincaple, to Margaret Louisa, eldest daughter of the late William Roy, Esq. of Nenthorn.

29. At Uphall, Daniel Ross, Esq. of the Solicitor's Office, Excise, Scotland, to Miss Isabella March, daughter of the late Mr William March, of the Excise, Glasgow.

Lately, At Linton, Kent, Charles Wykeham Martin, Esq. to the Lady Jemima Isabella Mann, only daughter of the Earl Cornwallis.

DEATHS.

May 8, 1827. At sea, on his return to his native country, Mr Daniel Shaw, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, in the 36th year of his age.

Sept. 29. At Keitah, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Lieut. Charles Erskine, of the Bengal army, third son of David Erskine, Esq. of Cardross.

Oct. 24. At New Orleans, Dugald Campbell, Esq. of Skerrington.

Nov. 11. At Cawnpore, East Indies, Alex. Burnett, Esq.

24. At Muttra, Lieut. James Mansfield, 1st regiment Bengal Native Infantry, third son of the late James Mansfield, Esq. of Midmar.

— At Mirzapore, Lieut.-Col. Archibald Macdonald, K.C.H. Adjutant-General of the King's troops in India.

Dec. 2. At Penang, on board his Majesty's ship Hind, Captain Furneaux, Robert Morrice, M.D. assistant-surgeon.

17. At Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, John Mackenzie Cameron. Esq. Captain in his Majesty's 55th regiment of Foot.

20. At Calcutta, Dr George Paxton, of the Hon. East-India Company's service, and son of the Rev. Mr Paxton, Edinburgh.

Feb. 1, 1828. At Jamaica, Captain Colquhoun, R.N. son of the late Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, Bart.

21. At Springfield, Leith Walk, Alexander Muckle, aged 19, and, on the 19th March, J. Y. Muckle, aged 22, sons of the late M. Alex. Muckle, Leith Walk.

29. At Rome, the Right Hon. Charlotte Viscountess Stopford, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry.

March 13. At Dumblane, Mr M. Coldstream.

— At Grangemouth, Mr George Gibson, in the 77th year of his age.

16. At Falkirk, Peter Bell, Esq. tea-merchant.

19. At her father's house, Melville Street, Georgina, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir George Leith, Bart.

— At Alloa Manse, the Rev. James Maxton, minister of Alloa.

22. At Newhall House, Mrs Brown of Newhall.

— At Strathmiglo Manse, Ann, daughter of the Rev. George Bennet.

— At Leith, Thomas, son of Thomas Thomson, glassworks there.

— At Dalkeith, Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr William Ballantyne, nursery and seedsman there.

— At Chatham, Lieut. Charles Douglas Clapperton, of the Marines; a native of Annan, and brother of the celebrated African traveller.

— At Westwater, near Langholm, Anne Park, the Lady of Captain Maxwell.

24. At Comely Bank, Miss Eliza Bayne, daughter of the late Rev. K. Bayne, Greenock.

— At Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn-Fields, London, Anne Laurence, the wife of Horace Twiss, Esq. M.P.

25. At Elgin, the Rev. Mr Robert Crawford, minister of the Associate Congregation, Elgin.

— At Hoddam Manse, Mrs Yorstoun, wife of the Rev. Mr Yorstoun, minister of Hoddam.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Walker, Esq. New Street.

— At Dunbar, Mr Robert Purvis, block-maker.

26. At Leopold Place, Mrs Mackenzie, relict of the Rev. Donald Mackenzie of Fodderty.

— At Oxford, Mr James Saddler, the celebrated aeronaut, aged 73.

— At Leith, Mrs Partis, aged 79.

— At Bottesford, Rutlandshire, of apoplexy, Colonel Sir Charles Sutton, K.C.B. and K.T.S.

— At Annan, Edward Hill, Esq. writer there.

27. At Hastings, Mr David Nicoll, after a long and painful illness.

— At Hamilton, Mrs Fullarton of Carstair, widow of William Fullarton, Esq. of Carstair.

28. At Glasgow, Mr James Robertson, engineer, aged 70.

29. At Musselburgh, Mrs Joan Stirling, wife of Captain Home, late 42d Regiment, and daughter of Major-General Stirling.

— At the Town's Hospital, Glasgow, the Rev. James Moffat, D.D. Governor and Chaplain of that Institution.

31. At Edinburgh, Mr Ralph Kellock, second son of Dr Kellock, physician in Berwick.

April 1. At Leith, Mrs Elizabeth Nisbet, widow of William Hamilton, Esq. Lanarkshire.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Isabel Welsh, Rosemount, Musselburgh.

— At Musselburgh, the Rev. Wm. M'Kechney, minister of the Relief Congregation there, in the 68th year of his age, and 42d of his ministry.

— At Sidmouth, Devon, William Creech, youngest child of the Rev. Charles Watson, minister of Burntisland.

2. At Edinburgh, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Charles Macquarrie of Ulva.

— At North Hanover Street, Mrs Margaret Lawrence, relict of Mr Peter Marshal, artist, aged 59 years.

— At Fala, John Little, A.M. in his 27th year.

— At Alloa, Mr Robert Meiklejohn, brewer, aged 79.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alexander Calder, late merchant in Stonehaven, aged 74.

— At his house, No. 8, Tobago Street, Mr Robert Taylor, late builder in Edinburgh.

— At Carlisle, aged 66, Mrs Dorothy Carlyle, youngest daughter of the late George Carlyle, M.D. and sister of the late Rev. J. D. Carlyle.

— At Bermuda Hospital, Captain James K. White, of his Majesty's ship Tyne.

3. At Kirktown, Keithhall, Alexander Grant, at the advanced age of 105 years.

— At her house, Warriston Crescent, Mrs Jane Anderson, widow of Francis Anderson, Esq. W.S.

— At Stafford, John Young, Esq. late of George Street, Edinburgh.

4. At the College of Elgin, Major George Duff of Milton.

— At Blairgowrie, Lieutenant Alexander Brodie, on the half-pay of the 24th Light Dragoons, and formerly of the 78th Highlanders.

— At Netherley, Jane, eldest daughter of George Silver, Esq. of Netherley.

— At his house, Inveresk, Steuart Boone Inglis, Esq.

— At London, Major George Jack, late of the 21st, or Royal Scots Fusileers.

5. At No. 18, Abercromby Place, John Kirkaldy, youngest son of Dr Hunter.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Mason, Esq. one of the assistant clerks of Session.

— At Gordon Castle, Musselburgh, Christina Campbell, wife of the Rev. James Richardson, of the Scots Church, Hexham.

6. At Aberdeen, Lieut.-General John Gordon Cumming Skene of Pitlurg and Dyce.

— In Upper Grosvenor Street, London, the Earl of Carysfort, K.P. in the 78th year of his age.

— At Ayr, Peter M'Taggart, Esq.

6. On board the Kingston East Indiaman, on his way home in bad health, in the 21st year of his age, Craufurd Tait, Esq. Ensign, 28th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry, fourth son of Craufurd Tait of Harvieston, Esq.

— At New Saughton, Mrs Janet Ramsay, widow of James Watson, Esq. of Saughton.

— At Philipstoun, Janet Balfour, second daughter of the late William Keir, Esq. of Milnholm.

— At 9, Greenside Place, Edinburgh, Mr William Rogers, merchant.

8. At Stockbridge, Edinburgh, Euphemia, elder daughter of Mr James Grahame, writer.

— At Hillside, Miss Anne J. H. Stewart, youngest daughter of the late William Stewart of Hillhead, Esq.

— At Lerwick, Mr Gilbert Paterson, merchant there.

9. At the Mills of Airthrey, near Stirling, Mrs Macdonald of Invercoe.

— At Pleasant Hill, James Miller, Esq. of Milton.

— At Leith, Mr John Westwater, flax-merchant.

— At Woodslee, Harris Richardson, youngest son of George Scott Elliot, Esq.

10. At Edinburgh, Patrick, second son of the late Captain Patrick Hunter, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— At Torquay, Henriett Balfour Wemyss, eldest daughter of the late Colonel J. Balfour Wemyss of Wemyss-hall, Fifeshire.

— At Stirling, Mrs Small, relict of the Rev. Dr Small, minister of Kilconquhar, Fife.

11. At Dunbar, Mr William Richardson, flax-dresser.

12. At No. 122, George Street, Edinburgh, Miss Murray of Henderland.

— At his house in Berkeley Square, London, William Finch Palmer, Esq.

13. At his seat at Killochan, Sir Andrew Cathcart of Carleton, Bart. in the 90th year of his age.

— At Portman Square, London, the Countess Nelson, in the 79th year of her age.

14. At London, John Turnbull, son of Mr William Turnbull, architect, Peebles.

— At Kirkaldy, Robert Philp, Esq. of Edenshead, merchant in Kirkaldy, in the 77th year of his age.

15. At his house, 13 George Square, Mr Cameron, paper-maker, aged 72.

— At Bedford Street, Bedford Square, London, Charles Stables, Esq. one of the Sheriffs of London.

— Mr George Macqueen Fyfe, teacher of languages, and nephew to Dr Wilde.

16. At South Lambeth, Henrietta Dasent, wife of Captain Robert Brereton, 42d Regiment.

— At Newington, Mr John Alison, builder.

— At Inch House, near Edinburgh, Major Robert Gordon of Hallhead, Aberdeenshire.

17. At Powderhall, Wilhelmina, the infant daughter of William Macdonald, Esq.

— At Bonington Place, Helen, daughter of James Gladstone, Esq. Toft Combs, Biggar.

— At the Manse of Weem, the Rev. James M'Diarmid, minister of that parish.

— At 24, Hill Street, Mrs Niven, wife of R. W. Niven, Esq. W.S.

18. At 5, Mansfield Place, Alexander, third son, and, on the 19th, Helen, infant daughter, of Mr Sylvester Reid, writer to the signet, depute-clerk of teinds.

— At 78 Lauriston Place, Mrs Dick, widow of John Dick, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

19. At Poldrait House, Haddington, Mrs Helen Banks, relict of Mr Thomas Christie, merchant, Dunbar.

— At Montague Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Waters, wife of Mr Peter Brown, bookseller.

— In Charlotte Square, Miss Anderson, only daughter of the late David Anderson, Esq. W.S.

— At Bellfield, Musselburgh, John Veitch, Esq. late of the Hon. East India Company's Naval Service.

— At Dunfermline, the Rev. Robert Brown, minister of the United Secession Church of that town.

20. At Kirkaldy, William Russell, Esq. merchant, Kirkaldy.

— At Edinburgh, Captain Alex. Grant, late of the 37th Regiment.

20. At his house, Park Road, Edinburgh, after a few days' illness, George Wilde, M.D. treasurer of the Royal Physical Society.

— At London, Lady Harriet Finch, sister to the Earl of Aylesford.

— Mr John Macdonald, ironmonger, Edinburgh.

— At 21 Montague Street, Edinburgh, Miss Mary M'Lean.

21. At Gibraltar, Thomas Sidney Beckwith, Captain in the Rifle Brigade, only son of Major-General Sir Thomas Sidney Beckwith, K.C.B.

22. Mrs Dalrymple, wife of North Dalrymple, Esq. of Campie.

— At Dean Lodge, James, infant son of Mr Cargill, wine-merchant.

— At Thankerton, Miss Ellenor Campbell, eldest daughter of the late Walter Campbell of Shawfield, Esq.

23. At 4, St James Square, Jane, third daughter of the Rev. James Porteous, in her 26th year.

— At her house, Park Street, aged 90, Mrs Bathgate, relict of Mr Andrew Bathgate, farmer, Blanee Burn, East Lothian.

24. At Dunbar Foundry, Georgina Sked, daughter of Mr George Sked.

— At Rosend Castle, Fifeshire, Mrs Broughton, widow of Major-General Broughton of Rosend.

— At Broomhouse, Roxburghshire, Mr William Scott, aged 64.

25. At 9, Montague Street, Abram Newton, Esq. late merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Henry Cockburn's, Esq. in Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, Miss Mary Anne M'Dowall, third daughter of the late James M'Dowall, Esq. Glasgow.

— At Gellet, Fifeshire, John Purvis, younger of Lochend, Esq.

26. At Lerwick, Mrs Robertson, senior, of Gussaburgh, Shetland.

27. At Dalkeith, Ebenezer Scott, Esq. surgeon.

— At Park Gate, Regent's Park, London, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir R. Waller Otway, Commander-in-Chief in South America.

— At Leith, Mrs Ann Macandrew, wife of Mr John Henderson, Custom-house, Leith.

29. At Rattray, near Blairgowrie, Mr David Robertson, of the late firm of Goldie and Robertson, ironmongers, Edinburgh.

30. Agnes, the wife of R. D. Menzies, Esq. shipbuilder, Leith, and daughter of the late Rev. David Pyper, minister of Pencaitland.

— At No. 1, Hill Street, Edinburgh, David Ramsay, Esq.

— At Kinross, Captain Daniel Menzies, of the Royal Perthshire Militia.

— At Dullomuir, Blair-Adam, Mr Thomas Mather, many years factor to the Right Hon. the Lord Chief Commissioner.

May 1. At Comely Bank, Mr Robert Harper, senior, late of the Excise.

— At St Bernard Crescent, the Hon. Catharine Murray, third daughter of the late Alexander Lord Elibank.

2. At Delvine, Laura Jemima, third daughter of Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart.

3. At No. 28, Heriot Row, Margaret, daughter of the late Humphry Colquhoun, Esq.

— At Drumpellier, Miss Margaret Buchanan, grand-daughter of the deceased Andrew Buchanan, Esq. of Drumpellier, and daughter of the late George Buchanan, Esq. of Mount Vernon.

— At Kirkton, Keithhall, Alexander Grant, at the advanced age of 105.

4. At Edinburgh, Mrs Catherine Simpson, relict of the Rev. James Simpson.

— At the house of John Pirie, Esq. Camberwell, London, the Rev. James Gray, minister of Albion Chapel, London Wall.

— At No. 69, Great King Street, Mrs Alison Home, widow of Mr William Finlayson, depute-clerk to the Bills.

— At Florence, aged 55, the Russian Prince Nicholas Demidow. The immense fortune of this nobleman has often furnished matter of curious speculation. He is said at one time himself to have estimated his income at a louis d'or a-minute, or about L.500,000 a-year.

— At Borrowstounness, Agnes Waugh, wife of Mr Peter Petrie.

5. At 47, North Castle Street, Mr James Vary, second son of the late R. Vary, Esq. of Crossford.

— At Castledykes, Ebenezer Stott, Esq. of Castledykes.

— Theophilus, youngest son of Captain Hodgson, Royal Navy.

— At Abbeville, in France, Mr Peter Moore, aged 76. He was for 25 years the representative of Coventry, and during a much longer period he had taken an active part in the most important political transactions of the day.

6. At Bannockburn, William Wilson, Esq. manufacturer.

— At 3, George Place, Leith Walk, Mrs Margaret Barclay, relict of the Reverend Dr Barclay of Middleton, minister of the gospel, Haddington.

— At Kilmarnock, Captain Robert Crawford, late a commander in the Hon. East India Company's Bengal flotilla.

— At Peterhead, Mrs Hutchinson, formerly residing at Stockbridge, Edinburgh.

7. At Haddington, Mr John Aitchison, senior, late baker there.

— At Grangemouth, Mr Joseph Bogue, senior, merchant there.

— At Gorgie Park, Mrs Helenor Campbell, relict of Dougall Campbell, Esq. late of Craignish.

— At Kenmure Castle, Catharine, youngest daughter of the late James Dalzell, Esq. of Barncrosh.

8. At Kinnaber House, near Montrose, Robert Gibson, Esq. aged 73, well known for a series of years as one of the most respectable and enterprising agriculturists in that part of the kingdom.

9. In Upper Seymour Street West, London, Matilda, wife of Thomas Campbell, Esq.

— At No. 11, Henderson Row, Edinburgh, John Graham of Robshill, aged 56.

— At Broughton Street, Mrs Charlotte O'Keefe, wife of Mr Charles Mackay, of the Theatre Royal.

11. At Dunfermline, Helen, youngest daughter of Mr Andrew Rutherford.

12. At Woodhead, near Bathgate, Mrs Douglas, late of Easter Inch.

13. At Bath, Mrs Maria Maclean, widow of Lieutenant-Colonel Maclean of Kinlochaline, and eldest daughter of the late Sir Allan Maclean of Maclean, Bart.

14. In Bethlem Hospital, the celebrated Margaret Nicholson, who attempted the life of his late Majesty. She has been confined in the above establishment 42 years, and during the whole of that period has been insane. She always appeared much pleased whenever any of the Royal Family visited the institution, and, on the occasion of the death of the late King, requested to be allowed to wear a black ribbon. Her age is supposed to have been nearly 100 years.

15. At her house, No. 6, Charles Street, Elizabeth, daughter of the late William Alston, Esq. Crown Agent for Scotland.

— Eustatia Harriet, eldest daughter of William Sharp, Esq. late of Kirkton, West Lothian, collector of Customs, Borrowstounness.

— At Charlestown of Aberlour, Captain Allan Grant, Advie, in the 90th year of his age.

16. At the Manse of Strachan, where he had been on a visit, Dr Garioch of Tarland.

— At Carlisle, William Christian, youngest son of Captain William Cochrane Anderson, Royal Artillery.

17. At Rosebank, Elizabeth Bauchop, wife of Mr Robert Walker.

— At Tarbolton Manse, the Rev. John Ritchie, D.D.

18. At Brechin, Miss Mary Gillies, in the 72d year of her age.

— At Mary's Cottage, Trinity, William Crawford, eldest son of John Patison, jun. W.S.

— At Flemington Mill, Mrs Elizabeth Gibson, relict of James Murray, Esq. of Craigend.

— At his house, London street, Mr Thomas Nimmo, in his 89th year.

— At Edinburgh, Mary Chapman, aged 16, third daughter of the late W. Ritchie, Esq.

19. At Dalhousie Grange, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late James Hay, Esq. of Collipriest, Devonshire.

20. At Warriston Crescent, near Edinburgh, Alexander, youngest son of Archibald M'Nab of M'Nab, Esq.

— At Lowhouse, near Berwick, Adam Murray, Esq. of Mountpleasant, late surgeon in his Majesty's 28th regiment, and purveyor on hospital staff, aged 76.

21. At Cupar Angus, the Rev. John Halket, minister of that parish, in the 51st year of his age, and 21st of his ministry.

— George, son of Mr James Webster, writer in Cupar.

22. At Bath, Lieut.-General John Thomas Layard.

— At Torbain, Mr George Smith.

23. At his house, Belgrave Square, London, after continued suffering from the gout, the Right Hon. Lord Forrester. He was married to a sister of the present Duke of Rutland, by whom he had six sons and five daughters.

— At his house, No. 1 Windsor street, Mr John Dickson, builder.

— At London, Miss Maria Grant, eldest sister of the Right Hon. Charles Grant.

24. At Hamilton, Andrew Barrie, Esq. surgeon royal navy, aged 50.

— At Edinburgh, Mr John Lauder Carphin, merchant, Leith.

— At Murraythwaite, Mrs Murray.

25. At Old Liston, Thomas Allan, Esq. of Allanfield.

— At Crichton House, Sophia, daughter of Mr Alexander Dallas, W.S.

26. On board the City of Edinburgh steam-packet, off Scarborough, Captain Duncan Chisholm Mackenzie, commander in the royal navy, second son of the late Roderick Mackenzie, Esq. of Scotsburn, in the county of Ross.

— At London, Mr James Jones, for many years proprietor of the Royal Circus, and founder of the Coburg Theatre.

28. At Longridge, parish of Whitburn, Agnes Stephens, aged 75, and, five hours afterwards, her husband, Alexander Easton, aged 84. They had been married nearly 60 years.

— At London, the Hon. Anne Seymour Damer, the only child of the late Right Hon. Field-Marshal Henry Seymour Conway and the Lady Caroline Campbell, daughter of John, fourth Duke of Argyll, and widow of Charles Earl of Aylesbury.

Lately, at Oldham Common, Bitton, aged 108, Samuel Haynes. He has left a widow two years older than himself; also four daughters, all widows, and 22 grand-children, 29 great-grand-children, and two great-great-grand-children.

— At Leghorn, Mrs Colonel Colquitt, widow of the late Colonel Colquitt, of the Guards, and youngest sister of Mr Wallace of Kelly.

— At his residence, Newtonville, near Limerick, at the advanced age of 74, the Right Rev. Charles Tuohy, D.D. Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick for the last fourteen years.

— At his house at Woolwich, Dr Irwin, late Surgeon-General of the Royal Artillery.

— At Liverpool, on his way to London, after a few days' illness, Captain James Coutts Crawford, Royal Navy.

— At Euston Square, London, Charles Grant, Esq. of Wester Elchies, Morayshire, and of Bembridge, Isle of Wight.

— At Bath, in the 91st year of her age, Mrs Ricketts, widow of William Ricketts, Esq. formerly of Longwood, in the county of Hants, mother of the Viscount St Vincent and Countess of Northesk.

— At Yarmouth, Mr David Service, author of the "Caledonian Herd Boy," and many other poetical productions.

— On his passage to Calcutta, Neil Somervell, Esq. late wine-merchant, Edinburgh.

— In the neighbourhood of Putney, William Jewell, Esq. at the age of nearly 100 years, although, from the peculiar cast and character of his features and person, no one, unacquainted with the fact, would have suspected him to have been more than sixty. Jewell was the early friend of Foote and George Colman, the elder, for both of whom, during their lives, he superintended, with great probity and correctness, the pecuniary affairs of the Haymarket Theatre.

Lately, At Thoulouse, aged 57, Sir William Congreve, General of Artillery, who acquired so much renown by the deadly rockets which he invented. Towards the latter part of his life, having totally lost the use of his legs, he had invented a mechanically arranged chair or sofa, which enabled him to move himself about his apartments without any assistance. This machine occasionally served him as a bed whereon to repose. He latterly also discovered means of propelling ships at sea, without the aid of oars, sail, or steam. He has left a widow, several children, and an immense fortune.—*Moniteur*.

Death of Captain Clapperton.—The late Captain Clapperton's servant arrived on 7th May at Portsmouth, in the Esk sloop of war, and from him we learn that Captain Clapperton died on the 13th of April 1827, at Sockatoo, where he had been detained for five months, in consequence of the Sultan Bello of Sockatoo not permitting him to proceed, on account of the war between him and Bornou. He had waited there in hopes of getting permission to go on to Timbuctoo, and lived in a circular clay hut belonging to the Sultan's brother, the size of which was about fifty yards each way. He was attacked with dysentery, and latterly fell away rapidly, and became much emaciated. Two days before he died, he requested his servant to shave him, as he was too weak to sit up. On its completion, he asked for a looking-glass, and remarked he was doing better, and should certainly get over it. The morning on which he died, he breathed aloud and became restless, and shortly after expired in his servant's arms. He was buried by him at a small village (Jungah), five miles to the S.E. of Sockatoo, and followed to his grave by his faithful attendant and five slaves. The corpse was carried by a camel, and the place of interment marked by a small square house of clay, erected by his servant, who then got permission from the Sultan to return home. He accordingly journeyed to Badagry, which occupied him seven months, and was taken off the coast by Captain Laing, of the merchant brig Maria, of London, in January 1828, to whom he expresses himself most grateful for his attentions, and the preservation of his being. He states, that he nearly lost his life while at Badagry, from the Portuguese setting the minds of the natives against him; and that they attempted to administer poison to him in his drink. He landed at Cape Coast, whence he was brought by the Esk. When travelling to Badagry, he lost four horses and two asses, from their being exposed to the sun, and fording the rivers, which were much swollen by the rains. He also confirms the account that Mungo Park was lost on a reef of rocks, which runs from the Island of Busa, (or Boussa,) in the Niger. Park got on the reef, and was unable to get off. When the natives saw him, they came down and fired on him and his party. Three black slaves and two white companions threw themselves in despair, in each other's arms, into the river, and perished.

Death of Thomas Park.—In Africa, on 31st October, of yellow fever, after an illness of some days, Mr Thomas Park, son of Mungo Park. Akitto, the king of Aquambo, in whose country he died, treated him with the greatest kindness, and immediately upon his death, sent intelligence to Captain Fry, the commandant at Acra, requesting that some person might be sent to take care of Mr Park's effects, which was done, and they have now arrived in England.

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A SPEECH WHICH OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN DELIVERED IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS DURING THIS SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

TO JOHN BULL, ESQ.

London, July 8, 1828.

My dear and honoured Parent,

A letter which I addressed to you through the medium of this Magazine on the eve of the last General Election, will justify me for soliciting your attention to the following Speech. The feeling which made me wish to influence you in the choice of your Representatives, now makes me anxious to prevail on you to examine how the Representatives you selected have discharged their duties.

Let not the Speech have the less weight with you, because it is not presented in a newspaper, graced with the name of some accomplished orator. In so far as concerns your interests, it is a far more important and valuable one than any speech that was delivered in either House during the session. Of its other characteristics, it does not become me to speak, and they are of minor consequence. In order that it may make the greater impression on you, imagine that it was actually uttered in Parliament by one of your favourite speakers, that it was greeted with thunders of applause, and that it now meets your eye in a newspaper, eulogized as a specimen of finished eloquence.

Your imagination, my dear sir, has in late years been accustomed to flights infinitely more difficult, daring, and extravagant; but, however, if, in your present sober and dejected condition, it be incapable of this, let it slumber, and have recourse to other and more trust-worthy faculties. Look at your agriculture—your shipping—your silk and glove trades—in a word, at all your interests. Look at the records of your criminal courts, and at the general state of your working population. Look, with a determination to use your eyes as you were wont to use them; and to reason from ocular proofs as you were wont to reason. Do this, *and then read the Speech.*

To prevail with you, I need not on this occasion employ reproach and remonstrance. You have not trod the flames in vain; the cup of afflic-

tion has not visited your lips, to be disregarded. I speak not now to a man infatuated and prejudiced, deaf to reason and blind to demonstration; but I address one, rational, free from delusion, anxious to discover truth, and open to conviction. Alas, alas! that the change has not been wrought in you by other things than loss and misery!

After you have read the Speech again and again, compel your Representatives, while they are separated, to accompany you singly through the confiscation, want, and suffering, which they have produced. Make them examine the books of the farmer, shipowner, and their other victims—show them the family which they have dragged from affluence into bankruptcy—and let them see not only the agonies of the husband and father, but the privations and sorrows of the wife, the mother, and the children—take them to those whose hopes they have for ever blasted, and to the graves of those whose hearts they have broken—constrain them to enter the hovel of the labourer, whose wages they have taken away or reduced, so that he cannot provide his family with necessaries; and let them analyze fully his penury and wretchedness—and lead them through your prisons to observe the insolvency, vice, and crime, which have flowed from their measures. Spare them not—suffer them not to close their eyes—but force them into the most perfect knowledge of the ruined fortunes, the miserable insufficient meal, the rags, the hunger, the ignorance, the distress, and the wickedness, not only of the individual and family, but of the class—the tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, and millions. If all this will work in them no reformation—if it will extort from them no contrition, and no confession of error—then brand on the forehead of each,—A STRANGER TO ALL THAT THE ENGLISHMAN SHOULD KNOW; AND AN ENEMY TO ALL THAT THE ENGLISHMAN SHOULD LOVE.

In my last letter, I was compelled, by the conduct you were displaying, to use language scarcely warranted by filial duty; and I, therefore, did not mention my relationship. I now avow myself to be in birth, blood, residence, and affection, one of your offspring. I make the avowal, that my words may have the greater influence. I have been proud of my descent; I have valued my plain English name above the most splendid title of foreign nobility; and I have never trod the hallowed dust of my native land, without having had elasticity imparted to my spring, and haughtiness to my demeanour, by the reflection that I was an Englishman. In me, this has been something better than prejudice, for I have known it to be amply justified by what my country contained. But, alas! where is now the boasted superiority of my country over all others, in security of property, and the means of happiness? When I see the vast mass of my countrymen stripped of their property and comforts, doomed to endure greater privations than the inhabitants of almost any foreign nation, and placed in circumstances which must demoralize them, and plunge them into barbarism—when I see this, I must exchange my pride for humiliation; I must blush and weep for England, or be a disgrace to the name of Englishman.

By that blood with which you have filled my veins, in the name of all that you have taught me to love and worship, and for the sake of every thing dear to your character and weal, I conjure you to shake off your dejection, and do your duty. Speak as you were wont to speak—let the plain, comprehensive, powerful, and majestic common sense of JOHN BULL again be heard—and you will be obeyed by your House of Commons.

I remain, my dear sir, your affectionate and dutiful son, and faithful and unchangeable friend,

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

Mr Speaker,

The grand characteristic, not only of wisdom, but likewise of sanity, in the individual is—he continually refers to the fruits of his past conduct for his guidance in the present and the future. Does he regulate his family by particular rules—he examines what they yield, to ascertain whether he shall adhere to, or change them. Does he adopt a new system of management on his estate or his farm, in his counting-house or manufactory—he rigidly scrutinizes its products, to determine whether he shall persist in it, or return to the old one. Does he make experiments in the conducting of his affairs—he carefully watches their results, to decide whether he shall continue or abandon them. Does he deport himself in any peculiar manner in society—he acquaints himself with the impression it makes, in order to judge whether any change in it be called for by his interests and character. If he do differently—if he follow maxims, persist in systems, continue experiments, and persevere in demeanour, without noticing or regulating his conduct by what they produce—it forms a conclusive proof that he is destitute of the reason which distinguishes man from the beast of the field; and that he will plunge himself into irretrievable ruin. On such a proof, the world pronounces him a lunatic, and the law treats him as one.

The case, with little exception, is the same with the body of men in its collective capacity. This body can no more act in utter disregard of what its past conduct has produced, without proving that it is destitute of the essentials of common reason, and that it will plunge itself and others into ruin, than the individual. The world may call its members severally sane, but in the aggregate it will treat them as madmen; the law may not restrain them as lunatics in its letter and acts, because it cannot, but it will do this in its principle.

To no body of men, sir, would this apply more powerfully, than to that of which this House consists. Our duties are of a kind, which nothing but a perpetual and severe examination of the fruits of our past conduct can enable us to discharge properly. And our errors are of a kind which must be destructive alike to our character, our interests, and the interests of the community. Our loss of character alone, independently of what it is to ourselves, is a mighty public evil; and we may, by a single pernicious measure, take away the fortunes, bread, and peace of millions. If we act the part of lunatics, we are above the reach of the law; our lunacy is despotic; it may by a breath sink half the nation into beggary and wretchedness, and there is no appeal from its mandates. If this House, sir, be at this moment in the possession of common reason, it will require from me no farther proofs that it is its duty to do, what it is my object to induce it to do, viz. to institute a rigid inquiry into the consequences which its conduct in late years have yielded to itself and the community. Other proofs, however, I shall place before it; and such proofs too, as must either gain its conviction, or show it to be labouring under lunacy, perfect and incurable.

This House, sir, from nature, duty, and desert, as well as from interest and prejudice, ought always to hold a very high place in public estimation. In it, speaking constitutionally, the nation should find a child born of its own loins, uttering its own sentiments, and loving it with filial fondness—a champion to protect it from every enemy—a comforter to assuage every sorrow—and a friend and benefactor to remedy every ill, and remove every distress. If ever the nation withdraw from us its confidence, and array itself against us, it must be taken as conclusive evidence, that our conduct is fearfully erroneous and injurious.

What, sir, is the case at present? This House has lost public confidence. The country—I do not mean by the term the multitude disqualified by ignorance and delusion from judging correctly, but I mean the intelligent part of the community, the knowledge, sense, and wisdom of the country—has arrayed itself against us. While the independent and enlightened men of all parties unite to condemn our conduct, it is only supported by the thick-and-thin interested partizans of our leaders. Amidst that part of society, which can only forsake us when we deserve to be forsaken, nothing is more common than to hear this House called "a public nuisance;" it constantly looks forward to our as-

sembling with sorrow and dismay, and to our separating with pleasure; it anticipates from our labours little beyond loss and suffering, and it hopes for an interval of ease when we cease them.

To those who, with ignorance and assurance which can never be sufficiently wondered at, assert that our conduct is popular, and the country is with us, I will put this question—What do you call the country? Does it consist of a few of the London newspapers and periodicals, and the place-hunting, profligate, untaught, half-witted part of the population of London, or of the community at large? If the reply be—the community at large, I will ask, What has it told us? The Agricultural Interest—the different Colonial Interests—the Shipping, Mining, and Monied Interests—the Silk Manufacture, and various other Manufactures—the Aristocracy—and the Church, have furnished us with the most conclusive evidence that they are opposed to us. And it is notorious, that amidst the rest of the community we have more opponents than friends. If these, sir, do not constitute the country, we must, of necessity, find it in a minority, as insignificant in number as in all other things. We cannot call this minority the country, without affording evidence either of lunacy, or of something much less pardonable. The overwhelming majority, whether we look at rank, wealth, intelligence, wisdom, independence, patriotism, or mere numbers, is against us—the voice of general society is against us. With the proofs of this we have been overwhelmed, and it follows, as a matter of course, that the country is against us.

This, sir, has not resulted from speculative fears and groundless assumptions. The cry of corruption has ceased. It is no longer alleged that we are bought by the Ministry, or bound by the dictates of the borough proprietors. The opposition to us rests wholly on our principles and measures—on what we say, and what we do—without reference to any other matter.

What have been the principles and measures which have operated so calamitously?

Some years since, an incomprehensible and portentous delusion seized the Ministry, and through the latter it was enabled to seize this House, and for a time the country. We were taught by those who ought to have given us better instruction, that it was our duty to act solely on abstract principles, directly the reverse of the principles on which we had previously acted. Were these abstract principles matter of experimental truth, or were they based on such a collection of facts as gave them the colour of it? No. They were merely the OPINIONS of individuals. Granting that they had been promulgated by able men and philosophers—by Adam Smith, Mr Ricardo, and others—they still were only the *opinions* of their parents. They were not even represented to be more. Experimental truth was flatly opposed to them. The fact was before us, as well as the rest of the world, *that every country had been poor and barbarous, or had advanced in wealth, power, and happiness, in proportion as it had adhered to or departed from them.* This was not the assertion of this writer or that—the mere opinion of individuals—it was a truth rendered alike notorious and unquestionable by history. It stared us in the face, let us look where we would; and no one could be ignorant of it. When I reflect on this, I am lost in astonishment that any person, not wholly insane, could be found to believe in the new opinions.

We were taught by the Ministry and the press, that these opinions were perfectly unerring; and that dissent from them would prove us to be destitute of knowledge, wisdom, and understanding, and brimful of prejudice and bigotry.

It is our grand, paramount duty, to deliberate before we act, even in respect of mere belief; but, sir, we forgot that we were legislators, and of course we forgot the duty of deliberation. When certain of the Ministers, by their shameless threats and scurrilities, endeavoured to stifle discussion in this House and out of it, we tamely submitted to them, instead of driving them from office for the audacious outrage on British rights. We made ourselves the instruments of them and the press, in virtually establishing an Inquisition of the most tyrannical and detestable description in favour of these new opinions. We were like school-boys, eager to pronounce the lessons of our pedagogues

unerring, in order to escape the rod and the fool's-cap. A moment's deliberation might have told us, that to dissent from an unproved proposition was no proof of ignorance; and that to differ from the mere opinion of another, was no evidence of bigotry. But we did not deliberate. Our conversion, after the Inquisition was established, was a matter of compulsion; it was the work of the moral rack and faggot; it needed but little aid from our understanding and conviction, when it was supported by the terrors of martyrdom.

This conversion extended, of course, far beyond mere belief: it imposed on us the duty of making wholesale changes in laws and systems. To work we went, with all the sightless enthusiasm of zealots: The materials on which we had practically to labour, were agriculture, commerce, and manufactures—the fortunes and bread of the community; inquiry and evidence were out of the question, our abstract principles forbade the use of them; we commenced when the country was in unexampled prosperity, and when our toils had endured for only a few short months, it fell into unexampled suffering. Then, sir, the country shook off its delusion; bankruptcy and hunger convinced it of the fallacy of our abstract principles by their fearful demonstrations; it called us its deluders, and withdrew from us its confidence.

I say not, sir, that we ought to have embraced martyrdom, rather than have changed our faith; I will allow for human infirmity and error, and admit that much may be pleaded for our deplorable change and consequent labours, in the way of palliation. But I say tnat we ought to have duly examined the tremendous evidence which restored the country to its senses. Had we done this, we should have retraced our steps, and regained what we had lost in public opinion. We, however, shut our eyes to refutation; we closed our ears to the public voice, and we persevered, regardless of every thing save the impulses of our new bigotry. In this we were not a House of Commons according to the constitution. It had its natural consequences; momentary public distrust was changed into lasting public dislike, and even hostility.

In perfect consistency with this has been our conduct up to the present hour. Our abstract truths made us all in a single moment finished legislators. They rendered fact and deduction—the application of knowledge—and the exercise of talent, wholly unnecessary. They declared that particular opinions were erroneous, and that particular laws and systems ought to be abolished, or changed in a particular manner, without any reference to circumstances. Of course, they reduced the science of legislation to the mechanical rules of the work-shop; they placed us all on an equality in every qualification, save perhaps manual skill; they made the stripling the equal of the most experienced Minister; and in truth, through them, the inhabitants of the other hemisphere could have legislated for the British empire just as wisely as the wisest man in this House. Our boys found that, instead of having any thing to learn, they were admirably fitted to teach; and our aged and other members, who had never dreamed that they understood the principle of a law, or were qualified to utter an opinion, discovered that they were raised to the elevation of leaders. Fame and distinction were placed within the reach of all, and all naturally scrambled to partake of them. Our leaders felt that they could not retract without covering themselves with shame, and the rest of us felt that we could not retract without abandoning our eminence, and sinking again into obscurity and insignificance; therefore we have persevered with constancy unparalleled. In endeavouring to save and benefit ourselves individually, we have ruined ourselves as a House of Commons.

Our protesting, sir, that we were right, was of no avail, when the country knew us to be wrong. While our abstract principles were mere matter of opinion and promise, we obtained credence; but when they were tested by experiment, they were judged of by other things than our protestations. It was useless for us to vow to the silk manufacturer that our measures had benefited him, when bankruptcy and want proved to him the contrary. It was idle for us to declare to the shipowner that we had conferred on him advantages, when he possessed arithmetical proof that our measures had visited him with confiscation. It was fruitless in us to assure the farmer, or husbandry labourer, that we had pro-

moted his interests, when he had conclusive evidence before him, that what we had done had annihilated his property, or taken away his bread. The country traced the fruits of our conduct from interest to interest, and trade to trade; it found, from physical demonstration, that they were only injury and calamity; therefore it scoffed at our asseverations that we had been its benefactors. When we, sir, pronounced all who opposed us to be the slaves of prejudice and bigotry, the country saw that we believed in doctrines, in spite of every kind of refutation—that we believed in these doctrines in utter contempt of glaring fact and decisive experiment—that to justify our adherence to these doctrines, we stifled investigation, refused inquiry, and asserted that beggary was prosperity, loss was gain, want was abundance, and misery was comfort; it saw this, and it knew that it was not our opponents, but OURSELVES, WHO WERE THE SLAVES OF PREJUDICE—WHO WERE THE BIGOTS. It saw that we were sacrificing its interests to prejudice and bigotry, surpassing all that human nature had ever previously displayed. Our nick-names and insults were cast upon a high-minded nation; they had their effect, and they gained us what we deserved.

When at last we were fairly beaten out of our assertions, that we were increasing prosperity and happiness, what did we do? We actually declared that we were intentionally producing distress and misery, in order that we might prevent them from visiting the country hereafter. Effectually silenced in respect of benefiting the present, we owned that, for the sake of the future, we were deliberately causing much loss and suffering. We broadly confessed that our measures for a time would scatter, far and wide, destruction to property and bread; and we entrenched ourselves on the ground, that they would in time to come supply re-payment. A disgrace, sir, to my country should I be, if my cheeks were not crimsoned with shame by the repetition of the crying enormity. To *intentionally* cause loss and suffering—to *intentionally* destroy property, and the means of subsistence—to *intentionally* subject, not individuals, but vast classes, to practical confiscation and penury—to *intentionally* sacrifice the present generation to the next—to do this on the pretext that it would be beneficial hereafter, formed such barbarous iniquity, as had never disgraced the most blind and savage government known to history. What could the landowner, manufacturer, farmer, or tradesman, think of us, when we were thus intentionally destroying his property, and placing him in danger of ruin? What could the mechanic, the artisan, or the labourer, think of us, when we were thus intentionally taking away the bread of himself and family? What could the country think of us, when we were so acting? When we even could not say confidently that our measures would produce future prosperity—when our great argument was, that we were causing loss and distress, to prevent loss and distress—and when the most ignorant hind saw, that according to our own confession we were doing little more than bringing that upon the community, which we predicted would be brought upon it at some future time by other means—what could even charity itself say of our conduct? It was by good fortune almost miraculous, that we were called madmen, and escaped more opprobrious titles. Our pretext of future benefit, which we half abandoned, and half acted on, was ridiculed by all, because all saw it to be groundless. The landowner saw, that we were binding him to a rent which took away for ever a large part of his income, and the worth of his estate. The farmer saw, that we were binding him to prices which took away for ever a large part of his profits, and the value of his farming-stock. The shipowner saw, that we were binding him for ever to freights that were ruinous. The manufacturer saw, that we were binding him to prices which took away for ever a large part of his profits, and the worth of his stock in trade. The labouring classes saw, that we were taking away for ever a large part of their wages. The country saw, that we were annihilating for ever hundreds of millions of property and income. We declared, sir, that what we took, we took for ever; and in the same breath we protested that we took it in order that it might be restored with abundant interest: in the selfsame moment we held out hopes, and solemnly vowed they should never be realized; we gave pledges, and enact-

ed laws to prevent their redemption. The avowed object of our measures formed a confession that our pretext was worthless. Had the country asserted far worse of us than that we did not know what we were doing—that we had lost our reason, it might have produced evidence to give some colour to its assertions.

It had always previously been the enviable privilege and honourable characteristic of the House of Commons, to labour to increase prosperity and happiness, but not to destroy them—to remove loss and suffering, but not to create them. Its measures were always intended to make the good of the moment better; and if they happened to have a contrary effect, it zealously and promptly applied a remedy. If any interest or trade languished, the House of Commons, almost without solicitation, laboured to restore it. If any class or portion of his Majesty's subjects were in distress, the House of Commons attended at once to their petitions, and spared no efforts to relieve them. In the House of Commons, the wronged knew they had a friend to redress their wrongs; and the suffering knew they had a benefactor to remove, or mitigate to the utmost, their sufferings. But what, sir, has been our conduct? When vast portions of the community complained to us by petition, that our measures would involve them in ruin, we treated them with contempt; when they afterwards assured us that their worst fears had been realized, and implored us to inquire and to receive at their hands the most irrefragable proofs that we had plunged them into bankruptcy and want, we treated them in a worse manner. A man who was then a Minister, but who, thank Heaven! is no longer one, heaped on them every species of insult and contumely; and we, to our eternal shame I speak it, imitated him. When the silk manufacturers, the ship-owners, and others, were thus treated—when their prayers for inquiry were refused—when their supplications, for us to examine their proofs, and deal with them only according to what they might prove, were scornfully rejected—when they were denied all opportunity of refuting the aspersions we cast upon them—and when their efforts to obtain an impartial hearing only caused us to add to their loss and misery, it naturally followed, that they did not content themselves with merely taking from us their confidence. We did that which irresistibly tended to make them detest us, and it had its effects.

It was not possible, sir, for the country to be kept in ignorance of this conduct, or to be restrained from judging of it. It saw that we opposed assertions to facts, and that our reply to the offer of proofs was a volley of slanders. It heard us dared in vain by our victims to the test of inquiry; it beheld us sneak away from the combat, when we were threatened with overpowering evidence. When we deliberately charged the petitioners with falsehood and bad motive, and then silenced them with our power as they challenged us to the proof, it found in this sufficient to convict ourselves of falsehood and bad motive. In our obstinate refusal to inquire into the fruits of our own measures, and to receive evidence that these measures had operated injuriously, it found testimony that we knew they would not bear investigation. In our admission that inquiry would be useless, because we could not grant relief without departing from a system, it perceived a confession that we could not refute the petitioners, and that we were determined to sacrifice everything to a system which we knew to be producing the most baleful consequences. We re-echoed the delusive dogmas and fallacious statements of the Minister, only to convince it, that our object was, not its weal, but the Minister's protection; and that to save him, we would plunge it into ruin. Within these walls we were triumphant, because we were careful to make ourselves the sole witnesses and judges; but in the Supreme Court without, the judge found evidence and confession against us without any thing to counterpoise them, and the decision was accordingly. The country found that we were not a House of Commons to protect it from the injurious measures of the Executive—to listen to its petitions—to redress its wrongs—to relieve its distresses—and to watch over and foster its prosperity and happiness; therefore it found that we were the reverse of that House of Commons, which the Constitution intended to create.

Up to the present moment we have

continued to act in this manner. How have we dealt with the petitions which in every session have been poured upon us from large portions of the community, complaining of bitter suffering, and imploring from us relief? Have we instituted inquiry? No. Have we ever attempted to mitigate the distress of the petitioners? No. Has the existence of the distress been problematical? No, it has been wholly above doubt. Have we been destitute of the means of relieving it? No, we have possessed them in abundance. We have received the petitions, and without calling for evidence to refute a single allegation, or asking a question as to our means of granting what they prayed for, we have been silent, or we have contented ourselves with saying—We know you to be distressed, but you are mistaken touching the causes, and we can do nothing for you. We have acted as though our duty extended only to the creation of public misery, without having any thing to do with the removal of it. Never before, sir, in the history of civilized England was such conduct displayed by the House of Commons. Never before, in the history of civilized England, did the House of Commons see immense numbers of the community involved in suffering, without toiling heartily and incessantly, without exhausting inquiry and effort, however fruitlessly, to administer a remedy. And how have we employed ourselves while these petitions have been flowing upon us? In perfecting our measures of public evil—in promoting visionary experiments calculated only to increase the suffering—in threatening laws with destruction, and thereby filling the land with apprehension and embarrassment—in devising gimcrack changes and experiments—in vilifying the laws and systems yet spared by our innovations—in boasting of our own transcendent talents and wisdom—and in covering all who have called our conduct in question with slanders.

Such proceedings, sir, could only have one effect on the opinion of the country. If in the gallop of our abolitions, we could have abolished the laws of nature and the maxims of common reason, we might perhaps have persuaded it, that we were, what we called ourselves; but this we could not accomplish. We have therefore placed before it our dazzling character of ourselves to no purpose; we have poured our own eulogy into its ears in vain; it has rejected our new rules of judgment for the ancient one, of judging of the tree by its fruits; and in consequence it has arrived at the conclusion, that we are the reverse of what we describe ourselves to be.

All things have conspired against us, to sink us in public estimation. It has unfortunately happened that while we have dilated on our surpassing ability, we have furnished the most incontestable proofs of our destitution of ability. The country knew the best of the leaders in our proceedings to be scarcely second-rates, and it found in their speeches evidence of gross incapacity. This was bad enough, but it was nothing to what follows. Men among us who were utterly unknown, and who displayed the most rare assemblage of disqualifications conceivable, actually undertook to re-model or abolish laws of the greatest complexity and the most sweeping operation. Nothing could have been more admirably calculated for covering us with public derision. Worse yet remains. Our beardless striplings—beings not yet released from boyhood—youngsters just entering on their senatorial apprenticeship, to whom experience was utterly unknown, whose knowledge was barely sufficient to enable them to find their way to our doors, and in whom it was an unpardonable fault to think that they were capable of forming an opinion—these, sir, forgetting that they had every thing to learn, thrust themselves forward as teachers; and excelled us all in oracular dogma and noisy declamation—in scoffing at the wisdom of the greatest men of former times, and covering the sufferers who petitioned us, with insult and calumny. It is one of the most loathsome things in nature, to hear one of these striplings, in a voice which has scarcely divested itself of the treble tone of childhood, reviling laws and institutions, the operation of which is wholly above his comprehension; and advocating changes to throw the affairs of a great empire into confusion, when it is impossible for him to understand their nature and tendency. The country felt inexpressible disgust, when it saw that its injuries flowed mainly from the vociferous ignorance and

riotous imbecility of senatorial infants. Then, to crown all, our proceedings were the most rapturously applauded by such of us as had through life distinguished ourselves by holding absurd and dangerous opinions; and they were dissented from by such of us as had always been honoured by the country for experience, prudence, wisdom, integrity, and patriotism.

In pointing out, sir, thus freely our errors and faults, I must not spare some of those who had the chief share in leading us into them. I mean the more prominent members of the executive, who belonged to this House. Regularly acknowledged as at least a part of our leaders, and officially invested with the duty of watching over and promoting the public weal in all things; it is natural for us to look up to them to a certain extent as guides, without compromising our independence. They proclaimed that attachment to our laws and institutions was not merely erroneous, but disgraceful; and it was impossible for any of us to avow such attachment, without drawing upon ourselves their ridicule and calumny. We could not object to change and innovation, without being treated by them as criminals; and we could not laud change and innovation without being overwhelmed with their panegyrics. They thus by intimidation on the one hand, and seduction on the other, insensibly led us to act as we have done. They caused us to pronounce the whole system of the country erroneous; and they incited us to rival each other in attempts to pull this system to pieces. It was from their encouragement that our incapable members so outrageously mistook their own powers, as to think themselves qualified to abolish old laws and frame new ones; and that our young members made such a barbarous display of folly and culpability. And it was from their example that we acted in so unconstitutional a manner to those who petitioned us for redress and relief.

I plead this conduct, sir, in the Ministers, not to justify, but to explain in some degree our own. We are not sent here to obey or imitate them; our duties are of a widely different description; but nevertheless, while human nature remains unchanged, we shall always, no matter how pure our own motives may be, be largely influenced by them. Speaking of them as Members of this House, I trust for its sake that they will never again act in a similar manner.

This relates to the fruits which our conduct has yielded to ourselves; it is sufficient to prove that for our own sake inquiry is imperiously necessary. I will now turn to what our conduct has yielded to the community.

The late Minister, sir, asserts that no evils have been produced by our abolition of the Navigation Laws. On what evidence does he make the assertion? Simply and solely on the tonnage entries inwards and outwards. Does this evidence establish all that is required? No, it is utterly silent respecting the essentials of the subject. If we be satisfied with it, we must be deservedly ridiculed, as being ignorant of our duty, and only competent to plunge the empire into ruin. To know what the Abolition has yielded, we must know what effect it has had on the capital, freights, and profits, of the shipowners, and on the number of ships and seamen possessed by the community. Here is the pith of the question. If we, sir, by the abolition, have annihilated a large part of the shipowner's property, and compelled him to accept freights which subject him to constant loss, we have done—no matter what the tonnage entries may be—a fatal deed to our country. In this I advance a truth, which no man, in this House or out of it, can question. If we have done this, we have demonstrably wasted a vast amount of national wealth already; and we have subjected the wealth and naval power of the nation to a constant decrease. A losing trade may be carried on for a shorter or longer time, according as its annual losses are greater or smaller; but nothing can be more certain, than that it must be ultimately destroyed.

This applies to the community at large. We will now look at that part of it which is more directly and seriously interested in the matter. If we, by the abolition, which no public necessity called for, have destroyed a large part of the shipowner's property, taken away his profits, and surrounded him with almost inevitable ruin, and if we have taken away the bread of numbers of seamen, and ground down the remainder to wages which not only strip them of many comforts

they previously enjoyed, but refuse to their families a sufficiency of common necessaries, we have, in respect of consequences, done to an immense number of our innocent fellow-subjects a deed of iniquity as dark as any that human nature could commit. I cannot, sir, be refuted, if there be any truth in the commonly received definitions of right and justice. The very apprehension that we may have—however inadvertently, and with whatever good intentions—done such a deed, ought to banish sleep from our pillows, until we make the most searching inquiry, and, if necessary, the most ample reparation.

Now, sir, what have we before us touching these points? Since the abolition took effect, shipping has sustained an enormous loss of value. This we—deaf and blind as we have made ourselves—know to be a fact which cannot be disputed. Since the abolition took effect, freights have been so low as to subject the shipowners to almost constant loss—the shipowners, as a body, have suffered the most serious losses—many seamen have lost their employment—seamen's wages have been inadequate for the due support of their families—the quality of British ships has greatly declined—and the ships and seamen possessed by the community at large have decreased, and in the last year they decreased considerably. These we—deaf and blind as we have made ourselves—know to be other facts which cannot be disputed. And, sir, it is another fact equally well known to us, and equally indisputable, that the shipowners charge all this mainly upon the abolition. The charge is unanswered; the Minister does not supply a single satisfactory proof in its refutation; and, so far as we know to the contrary, it may be wholly unanswerable.

Need I then define our duty? I trust, sir, there is not one of us so unworthy of his seat, as to be ignorant that we are bound, by all our obligations to our country, to ascertain, by satisfactory evidence, what effect the Abolition has had on the worth of shipping, on freights, on the property and profits of the shipowners, on the employment and wages of seamen, and on the number of ships and seamen possessed by the community; and likewise what effect it has had, and is calculated to have in future, on the naval power of the empire.

How have our free-trade measures operated on the silk manufacture? Have we ever inquired? No. Has then their beneficial operation been so apparent as to render inquiry useless? Alas! No. We made changes which vitally affected a most important manufacture—a manufacture estimated to employ many millions of capital, and to give bread to half a million of souls; of course one of the highest worth to the country; and we have never asked a question touching their consequences. The manufacturers and throwsters declare, that these changes have annihilated a large part of their property, bound them to a trade which they must either carry on at a loss, or abandon, by sacrificing much of the remnant of their property, and rendered the comparative destruction of the silk manufacture at no distant period almost a certainty. The weavers and working throwsters declare that these changes have stripped them of many comforts, deprived great numbers of them wholly or partially of employment, and reduced wages so that they cannot earn what will supply themselves and their families with the necessaries of life. The united declarations, sir, have not been uttered in a corner—the knowledge of them has not been confined to the public—they have been again and again rung in our own ears, even in the present Session. Here then we have been once more solemnly charged before our country with having wasted a large portion of its wealth, subjected its wealth to constant decrease, brought upon it much penury and wretchedness, and grievously injured its general interests. We have been solemnly charged before our God with having done what has utterly ruined many of our innocent fellow-subjects, deprived many more of a large part of their property, and plunged hundreds of thousands more into penury and misery. And where are the proofs of our innocence? Have they been supplied by the Minister? No; his proofs leave the merits of the subject untouched: they are utterly silent as to the loss sustained by the manufacturers, as to whether the manufacture can be continued at a profit, and of course preserved from comparative annihilation, and as to whether the workmen have sufficient employ-

ment, and can earn sufficient for their support; therefore they are worthless. To evidence against us of the most grave and conclusive pretensions, we have nothing to oppose; we are destitute of defence; we can only offer a simple negative, which no one will believe.

What sacred duty to our country rests upon us here? Inquiry, immediate, impartial, and unsparing: Inquiry that shall ascertain whether the silk manufacture has not been seriously injured, and placed in danger of ultimate ruin—whether the manufacturers have not been subjected to great loss of property, and their workmen have not been ground down to wages which must keep them in penury, suffering, and the inseparable attendants of penury and suffering. The interests of our country, sir, solemnly and loudly, demand from us such Inquiry; and we cannot refuse, without acting the part of traitors to these interests.

We have made changes which have had the same operation on various other manufactures and trades; and we have manifested the same disregard touching their consequences. We have not asked a question; we have acted as though we could not err; or as though any evils, no matter how gigantic, which our acts might produce, ought to be produced. These manufactures and trades have brought against us similar charges, of having injured the interests of our country, and plunged great numbers of our innocent fellow subjects into loss and suffering; and we are in similar circumstances in respect of reputation. The Minister has furnished us with no defence, and we have none. His assertion, sir, that these changes have caused no evil, because they have brought no material quantity of foreign goods into the country against these manufactures and trades, is of no value. Whatever lamentable proofs of incapacity we may have given, there cannot be a man in this House so destitute of understanding, as to be ignorant, that, if they have so far lowered prices, as to take away the profits of the masters, and render it impossible for the workmen to earn what will support their families in comfort, they have produced mighty evils, even though they have not brought a shilling's worth of foreign goods into the country. That a measure which deprives a large part of the working classes of the comforts proper for their station, which takes from them the means of sending their children to school, and which binds them to penury and ignorance, is a most injurious one to the country, if it have no other effect whatever, is a truth which will be irresistible against any speeches or enactments that we may make against it. We have no evidence to prove that these changes have had no such effect; but, on the contrary, we have the most powerful evidence of an opposite character. Here again the interests of the country imperiously call upon us for Inquiry.

That agriculture has been long in a state of suffering, is a notorious truth; and that we have had the chief share in producing its suffering, is another truth, equally notorious. Mr Huskisson himself has admitted in this House, that our measure of last year brought such a quantity of foreign corn into the market, as did great injury; and this is equivalent to an admission, that what the agriculturists have suffered since the last harvest, has been produced solely by ourselves. When I remember, sir, how those who opposed our measure were treated by the Right Honourable Gentleman, his colleagues, and their eulogists, I think his admission goes very far towards forming a confession, that those opponents were —I need not say by whom—very vilely slandered. We may find in it a very beneficial lesson; it may teach us to renounce the doctrine, that all who differ from us must of necessity be both knaves and fools; and to speak of them somewhat more courteously than we have done. Here, then, we have conclusive evidence that we have erred greatly; and that our errors have deeply injured the country, and an immense number of our fellow-subjects. What is the irresistible inference? Inquiry, in order to discover and apply the necessary remedies.

On what, sir, have we been legislating respecting the Currency? Mere individual opinions. The speeches of Mr Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, amounted to nothing more. Have we any solid reasons for believing that these opinions are correct? We have none whatever. Mr Baring has confessed that we yet know, comparatively, nothing of the Currency question;

and that we have thus far done little more than flounder on from one error to another. Such a confession, from a man of his ability, independence, and acquaintance with the subject, ought to have made us pause, and inquire if we could not find something better than opinion to proceed on. It has had no effect on us. We have owned that on former occasions we acted on fallacious opinions; but we have held it to be impossible for our present opinions to be fallacious. We have declared that Mr Horner and Mr Ricardo erred greatly; and we have acted as though the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel were incapable of erring. We have acted on mere opinions, which had not even plausibility to recommend them—which were apparently at variance with fact, when it was in our power to act on evidence. Had we any proofs that Mr Goulburn's estimate of the amount of small notes in circulation was correct? No.—Proofs were offered us that it was grossly incorrect, but we refused to receive them. Had we any proofs that his estimate of the amount of gold in circulation was correct? No.—His own speech proved it to be highly erroneous, by leaving out of calculation a large amount which must of necessity have been exported. Did Ministers accompany their assertion that the notes of Country Banks caused the speculations of 1825, with proofs? No.—They made it in defiance of both probability and possibility. Did Mr Peel prove his assertion that the Banks were prepared for the suppression of small notes? He did not attempt it. Did the Duke of Wellington prove his assertion that the measure of 1826, for suppressing these notes, was necessary? No.—All the proofs that are known show it to be erroneous. Did the Duke justify his opinion by proof, that the suppression of the small notes would cause no injurious diminution of capital? No.—He even offered nothing worthy of being called argument in its favour.

Boast of the knowledge and wisdom of Parliament—Alas! Where were they during the debates of this session on the Currency? If any member of either House can now read the debates without a blush, he is but miserably qualified for being a lawgiver.

The country, sir, was not to be deluded by these opinions. On a question which we owned was of the very highest importance to its interests—which affected in the most serious manner the property of every man, rich and poor, it saw us bewildering ourselves with the unsupported assertions of this writer or that, of one Minister or another, when it was in our power to obtain authentic information by inquiry. It treated an assertion, that the Currency governed prices, with ridicule; because it saw us voting constantly on other occasions that prices were governed by the corn-laws—restrictive commercial laws—any thing except the Currency. It laughed at us when we gravely declared that the notes of Country Banks caused the speculations of 1825; because it knew that these speculations were almost wholly confined to places in which they did not circulate. It knew, in contradiction to the Premier, that the suppression of small notes would contract capital very mischievously; because it knew that the abundance of capital of which he spoke, was confined to London, and two or three other large places, and would not go to replace that, annihilated by the annihilation of these notes.

If a Country Bank call in ten thousand pounds in small notes, it will not borrow ten thousand sovereigns in London to replace them with; it will call in ten thousand pounds which it has lent to the trade and industry around it—it will take permanently ten thousand pounds from the capital of the trade and industry around it—for the purchase of the sovereigns. The country knew this; and it of course knew that the Premier was in error. It knew that in 1825, as many London Banks, which did not issue small notes or notes of any kind, failed, in proportion, as Country Banks; therefore it held us and the Ministers to be more simple than school-boys, when we charged the failures of that year upon small, or any other notes. It saw that we were grossly ignorant of facts, which since 1825 had been rendered perfectly notorious—that we had not studied the question—and that, instead of seeking proofs, we wilfully closed our eyes to such as were before us. It knew, in spite of all our foolish declamation concerning high prices, and over issues, and contractions, and depreciations, that it had enjoyed infinitely greater pros-

perity with its small notes, and slandered Country Banks, than it had ever enjoyed without them; and it knew, too, that they had never produced such great and destructive variations in the value of property, as we had produced by our blind changes of law. It saw and knew all this, therefore it treated our Currency opinions with scorn; and it treated us but little better for entertaining them.

When it is matter of demonstration that the Currency question affects vitally the collective and individual interests of the community—that it affects as deeply the poor man's bread, as the rich man's fortune; and when it is equally matter of demonstration, that we have erred on it very greatly, and have followed mere opinions, which the country believes to be fallacious, I trust I need not insist on the duty of Inquiry. If there be any man in this House who believes that we ought to adhere to these opinions, instead of seeking for proofs—that we ought to content ourselves with what we have done, instead of sifting the question, and calling for all the evidence within our reach—he is in a place which he ought never to have entered.

But then, sir, the late Minister, to prove that our conduct in late years has done no injury, tells us, that in the last year there was a considerable increase of imports and exports. Alas! for our own character, and alas! for our country, if we mistake such an increase for a proof of such a nature. With regard to the imports, their increase consisted in part of the increased import of foreign corn. The increase here was but a temporary one; it proved that the country was sustaining loss, and it caused public injury in a part of its operation. The increased import of tallow probably arose in part from the diminished production in the United Kingdom, caused by the heat of the seasons, the reduced export of salted provisions, and the inability of the working classes to procure so much animal food; it manifestly arose in part from the activity and extension of machinery, which consumes much of it; and it doubtlessly arose in part from the increased stock of it held by the community. The increase in various articles was added to stock, and went not into consumption. In part, it arose from the increased import of foreign silks and other manufactured goods; and here it took place, to the injury of the country. An increased import of wool and certain other articles, may be taken as evidence of public loss, rather than of the contrary. If, sir, the increase of imports did not consist of such articles as the country really needed, if it took place in any degree to the injury of the community, and if it was not attended by a corresponding increase of consumption, taking into account the increase of population; it proves nothing in our defence whatever.

With regard to exports, did the increase arise from the proper demand and consumption in foreign markets, and did it take place without imposing any evils on the community? It proves nothing for us, if this question cannot be answered satisfactorily. What then is the answer? The increase to a very large extent, only formed additional stock in foreign markets; it arose in part, from speculation caused by an expected change of law in the United States; and it arose in no inconsiderable degree from speculative exports made by the manufacturers, without even a cause like this to justify them. To many of the exporters, it has yielded not profits, but heavy losses. Public distress was to a great extent its parent; it could not have taken place, had it not been through the privations and sufferings of the working classes; it practically prohibited the manufacturers from obtaining profits, and their workmen from obtaining adequate wages; it incited foreign countries to raise their protecting duties against us; and it is now operating to produce public distress. The increase of exports does not in the least benefit our cause.

It is time, sir, that this vulgar, drivelling error of judging of the state of the country solely by the amount of imports and exports, should be abandoned, not only by us, but also by the executive. Foreign trade can only be beneficial, in so far as it yields benefits to the population; if it injure the latter, it must be a source of evil. This is an axiom which we must admit to be unassailable. We and the government have, however, in late years, been taking the reverse for our guide. We have been intentionally and confessedly distressing the population to increase foreign trade. We have been

openly taking away the capital and profits of employers, and restricting the labouring classes from earning a sufficiency of common necessaries, on the sole pretext that foreign trade would be benefited by it. I cannot, sir, mention such tremendous errors and follies, without being almost deprived of utterance by shame and sorrow.

Let us then turn from the imports and exports, to look at the state of the population. Putting occasional fits of loss and distress out of the question, this state is, and has been, for the last eighteen months, worse than the present generation ever knew it to be. In agriculture, manufactures, trade, and commerce, profits have been reduced almost to nothing; and wages have been brought down to a point wholly inadequate for the comfortable subsistence of the labouring classes. The mass of the population is in worse circumstances than it has been in for many years, excepting, as I have said, occasional fits of loss and distress. Even in these fits, the loss and distress were seldom felt by the body of the community; if agriculture suffered, manufactures perhaps escaped the suffering; if manufactures and commerce were in distress, agriculture perhaps was reasonably prosperous; if wages were excessively low in agriculture, they were perhaps good in manufactures; or if they were bad in the latter, they were perhaps good in the former. Agriculture would have suffered very little in 1825 and 1826, notwithstanding the manufacturing and commercial distress, had it not been for our measures. But at present the badness of profits and wages —the impoverishment and privations —the decline in circumstances, are felt in nearly an equal degree by all the interests of the empire—by nearly the whole population. This House cannot be, and it is not, ignorant of this. We know it to be unquestionable, that profits are in general very bad—that wages are in general very low—that the labouring classes are in general in great penury—that pauperism has increased—and that there has been a fearful increase in vice and crime.

We cannot, sir, call this a temporary state of things—the mere exception to the rule; we have clear proof that it cannot amend, in our own enactments; we have by law practically prohibited the agriculturists from raising their profits, and of course their wages; we have done the same to the manufacturing and trading interests; we have made it the general rule by statute. We cannot charge it upon the old causes; we can no longer plead that it has arisen from overtrading, wild speculation, and bank-notes; blind are we as the inanimate stone, if we cannot see that it is impossible for it to be better, unless our own laws lose their operation. Appearances indicate the reverse of improvement; they shew but too clearly that it is on the eve of resolving itself into a state of general and severe distress.

If this continue, what must it produce? The inevitable operation of continued bad profits is, to destroy the capital of all but the rich. Agricultural capital in late years has sustained enormous diminution; it is still diminishing; and if it continue to diminish, our farmers will soon be in general an extremely poor body of men. Manufacturing and trading capital has likewise sustained great diminution, and it is still diminishing: another fit of distress amidst merchants and manufacturers would have the most fatal consequences. If this general decline of capital, amidst all the less wealthy, continue, it will at no distant period strip all of capital save the very wealthy. It is admitted that a lamentable change for the worse has already taken place in the feelings and conduct of the lower orders; that penury into which they have sunk, has, we know, had its natural and certain fruits; if the cause continue to operate, the consequences must become more comprehensive and appalling. If these orders continue thus to retrograde, they must soon be in a condition and display characteristics, which no friend of his country can reflect on without affliction and dismay.

This will suffice to shew that we can find no defence in the amount of imports and exports; at any rate it establishes the imperious necessity for inquiry. Such inquiry as it is our sacred duty to institute, will exhibit to us the exact operation of the imports and exports; we can ascertain in what articles the increase has been; we can take each article separately, and trace its effects upon the population.

But, sir, conceding every thing that the Minister can claim in favour of the imports and exports, there still is that in the circumstances of the population which commands us by all that we owe to ourselves, as well as by all that we owe to our country, to inquire rigidly into the causes. We have been for some years laboriously occupied in sweeping away by wholesale, not only laws and systems, but even the regulations and feelings of society; and as we have advanced in this, the weal and character of the community have declined. That our labours have not produced, what we declared they would produce, is matter of demonstration; that they have produced directly the reverse, is rendered almost certain by the appalling fact, that the reverse has been produced since we commenced them. We declared that we should benefit trade and manufactures; they have been more distressed than they even were previously. We declared we should serve agriculture; it has fallen into a state of constant suffering. We declared we should better the condition of the labouring classes; they have sunk into the worst condition they ever were placed in. We declared we should promote the spread of knowledge and good conduct; ignorance and bad conduct have gained ground fearfully amidst the body of the people. While this is the case, our labours are very far from being terminated; we have been as anxious to prosecute them during the present session, as we were when we commenced them; and they contemplate even greater changes than we have yet made. If we advance a step farther—if we make a single alteration or abolition more, without first making ourselves thoroughly acquainted with what our past labours have produced, we ought to be, not merely confined for life as lunatics, but expelled from our country as men who seek its ruin.

With reference to what I have said touching the working classes, I may observe, that we have been told during this session, that the cheaper labour is, the better, and that we ought to make it as cheap as possible; it has been stated in pamphlets on Irish affairs, that it is beneficial to a country if its population can be made to feed on potatoes. I have seen in print, the bacon and beef fare of English labourers loudly condemned; and we have been very recently assured that the condition of part of the Irish people, as described by the evidence of the Committee of Inquiry, and the Emigration Committee, needs no remedy. Looking at this in conjunction with the opinions which we are countenancing, touching the Poor Laws, and the cheap labour opinions on which we have been so long legislating, I am very far from being convinced that this House may not deem it wise to act on the doctrines, that the cheaper labour is, the better; and that it must be beneficial to a country if its population can be made to feed on potatoes. I, therefore, holding as I do, that such doctrines are alike false in political economy, barbarous in feeling, and iniquitous in morals—solemnly disavow all participation in, and record my decided hostility to them, before my God and my country. I protest against being implicated in their dissemination, and against having the suspicion fixed on me by the words or acts of any man, or any men, that I am other than their conscientious and zealous opponent. But, sir, if this House collectively think fit to act on such doctrines, I fervently hope that it will not do so without ample inquiry. If the comfort of the labourer and his family are unworthy of notice—if they are to be treated worse than the brute which labours for us, in being denied a sufficiency of food for their labour—still let us not lose sight of the interests of the empire, and of ourselves as individuals. Let us ascertain what benefits Ireland draws from its cheap labour; and what advantages it would reap from its potatoe food, if it did not fortunately happen to have Britain to send its corn and cattle to. Let us inquire whether penury in the lower orders, be not poverty and evil in the higher ones,—whether privation and want to the labourer, be not ignorance, vice, crimes, outrage, and insubordination to the state.

I must now, sir, turn to a subject, different in its nature, but of equal importance.

Several years ago we adopted what we called a new system of governing Ireland: we reversed the principles on which that part of the United Kingdom had previously been governed. According to our predictions, sir, this

was to yield benefits of the first magnitude; it was to extinguish party spirit, and fill Ireland with harmony. We put forth these predictions with our wonted confidence—we proclaimed that they could not be falsified—we eulogized ourselves, as statesmen incapable of error—and we cast on all who ventured to differ from us every odious name and imputation.

What, sir, has this new system produced? I ask not in the name of this party, or that—I speak not for Orangeman, or member of O'Connell's Order of Liberators—but I put the question in the name of the British empire. It has produced a specimen of misgovernment wholly without example—a hideous series of growing evils, having the most destructive effects on the present, and ensuring a future of calamity and horrors. Speak of destroying party! Ireland in comparison never knew what party was, until it was compelled to swallow our nostrum for its destruction. Speak of creating peace and harmony!—Ireland was comparatively a stranger to discord and convulsion, until it was scourged by our system for terminating them. If, sir, Ireland had been studiously governed on the principle of reversing every maxim of common sense, filling it with flame and strife, overthrowing the Church, and severing every bond that binds it to England; it would have been governed precisely as it has been. If Ireland had been studiously governed on the principle of strengthening Catholicism to the utmost, not in it only, but in England; and of enabling the Catholic Church to do the most deadly injuries to the Established Church and Protestantism in England; it would have been governed precisely as it has been. Ireland for several years has been governed as the most bitter enemies of England and Ireland—as the most bitter enemies of the British empire—would have governed it.

We have, sir, destroyed one party, but it has unhappily been that which bound Ireland to England—we have terminated party strife, but we have unhappily done this only to involve Ireland in hostility with all the best interests of the empire. Who have enabled the Catholics to become what they are, in power and outrage—in crime and danger—in every thing that they ought not to be? We, sir, by our new system.

The Catholics in Ireland now form a party which has its separate Parliament—levies taxes—tramples on the laws—arrays the tenant against the landlord—prohibits the Catholic from dealing with the Protestant—monopolizes the elective franchise—does every thing in its power for the overthrow of the Established Church—and calls for the repeal of the Union. They now form a party which is lawless—which fills Ireland with rage, convulsion and disaffection—and which terrifies both the Irish government, and the British one, into dastardly inaction and submission. This, sir, is the offspring of our attempts to annihilate party. Predictions! we have drawn upon ourselves the mockery of the world by our predictions. If we have a single shred of character left, in the name of that shred, let us never utter another. Concession and conciliation!!! to save ourselves from the most bitter derision that ever visited the errors of man, let us expunge the words from our language for ever.

Here are what are called the Catholic Association, and the Order of Liberators, levying taxes through the priesthood, which are expended in feeding the flame of convulsion and disaffection, doing every possible injury to Protestantism and the Church, and getting up war and separation between Britain and Ireland. The truth of this is notorious. As an Englishman, I ask, in the name of all that has hitherto been called law, and right, and freedom, why this is tolerated? Here are this Catholic Association, and Order of Liberators, avowedly doing every thing in their power to prevent the Catholics from having any dealings with Protestants who differ from them in politics. As an Englishman, I ask, in the name of all that has hitherto been called law, and right, and freedom, why this is tolerated? Here are this Catholic Association, and Order of Liberators, collecting money for the purpose of influencing elections in the most pernicious and corrupt manner; and they are threatening every Irish Member of this House who may vote against their dictates, with the loss of his seat, by the most foul and unconstitutional means. As an Englishman, I ask, in the name of all that has hi-

therto been called law, and right, and freedom, why this is tolerated? Here are the Catholic Bishops and Priests openly using their tremendous religious despotism for the attainment of the most baleful political objects; they are openly, by the terrors of future perdition, rending asunder the bonds of society, involving their flocks in ruinous war with those whose bread they eat, and constituting their Church the sole Elector of Irish Members of Parliament. As an Englishman, I ask, in the name of all that has hitherto been called law, and right, and freedom, why this is tolerated? Here are the Catholic Association, the Order of Liberators, and the Priesthood, openly violating the laws, stripping the people of their rights, subjecting the Protestants to the most grievous oppression, tyrannizing over Ireland in the most outrageous manner, and, in reality, committing almost every variety of treason. As an Englishman, I ask, in the name of all that has hitherto been called law, and right, and freedom, why this is tolerated?

At present, sir, Ireland has no government, and Britain, in as far as concerns Ireland, has no government. The offices may be filled, and the salaries may be paid; there may be an Irish Lord-Lieutenant, and Lord-Chancellor, and a British Prime Minister, and Home-Secretary, in existence; but it is clear, from the spectacle which Ireland has long formed, that, in respect of duty, and in so far as Ireland is concerned, there is not at present either an Irish government or a British one. Had the case been different, I would have put my questions to both governments; but, as it is, I will put them to any man who will answer me. If I am told, in reply, that this hideous, this portentous, this destructive, and this criminal state of things is tolerated, because it is impossible to apply a remedy, or because it might be dangerous to apply one, I will treat the folly and cowardice of him who answers me, with the scorn they merit. Impossible to apply a remedy!—such an opinion uttered in England, and in the House of Commons, cannot surely need refutation. Dangerous to apply a remedy!—the blindness, sir, is wilful, which cannot see that it is the only thing in which we can find safety. If I am told, in reply, that this state of things ought to be tolerated, in justice to the Catholics, to enable them to gain the political power they seek, I will tell him who answers me, that in defending the use of such means for the attainment of such an end, he is an enemy to his kind, and a traitor to his country.

It is universally acknowledged that the toleration of these atrocities in the Catholics, aids them greatly in their struggles for the power they claim—that it crushes opposition to them in Ireland—compels many Protestants to support them through interest and terror—forces many landlords to vote for them against conviction—makes many of the Members of this House their abject slaves—forms a powerful weapon in the hands of their advocates—and operates in their favour on the ignorance, timidity, and interest of many people in this country. As a man steadily opposed to their claims, I ask those Ministers who profess to think as I do, why they suffer the Catholics to render themselves so potent by such atrocities? The man who, with the power to prevent it in his hands, tamely suffers the Catholics to render themselves, by illegal and unconstitutional means, almost irresistible—that man, sir, whatever he may call himself, is a promoter of what bears the name of Catholic Emancipation. The man who is conscientiously opposed to such emancipation, will zealously labour to keep from the Catholics the means of attaining it.

And what are we doing amidst these horrible fruits of our new system? One part of us is looking on in speechless timidity, while the other is indulging in savage drunken triumph. If any honest man call on the Government to do its duty, he is clamoured down by those ignorant, superficial, crack-brained menials, who hold their seats at the breath of the Catholic Association and Priesthood. In this House the Association and Priesthood find not only blushless eulogists, but victorious defenders; their robberies and oppression, their outrages and crimes, are successfully lauded as things legal, constitutional, just, and most meritorious. All this has its natural effect on the opinion of the country. Our conduct is seen by the country in its true character.

If we have not formed a determination never again to look at, or discharge our duty, I need not say more

to induce us to inquire rigidly into the consequences which have flowed from our new system of governing Ireland.

In advocating this extended Inquiry, sir, I am not calling on this House to adopt the opinions of any writer, or the policy of any party. I am not asking it to wander into speculation, to institute experiments, or to abandon any principle or system. I am merely craving it to discharge a plain and obvious duty, which has not the most remote connexion with party interests. Its own interests call for compliance, as a matter of imperious necessity. If we, sir, have been acting wisely and justly, the Inquiry will supply us with ample proofs to silence our opponents, sanction us in proceeding farther, and regain public confidence.

We may refuse to inquire, and persevere in the conduct we have of late displayed; but if we do, we shall not escape the penalties. The spell, through which we were wont to lead the community, is broken; and it will never more be known to the present generation. So long, sir, as our labours were confined to foreign policy, and the making of laws which were obviously necessary, our infallibility escaped suspicion; the bulk of the nation was compelled to take our words on trust, or it saw that we did, what it was our duty to do. But when we began to make speculative changes in agriculture, manufactures, trade, currency, and the relations of society; we enabled the country to take exact measure of our qualifications. Then, alas! it discovered that we were, not only imperfect, erring men, but that we displayed more imperfection and error, than the generality of men. The humble member of the community perceived, to his inexpressible astonishment, that individuals who were leaders in this House and the country —that individuals who were even the rulers of the empire—were grossly ignorant on matters perfectly familiar to himself. He heard them assert that to be truth, which he knew from ocular demonstration to be fiction; and he saw them enact laws on principles and assumptions, which had been proved to him to be erroneous by the daily experience of his whole life. The charm of names vanished, and the reign of trust ceased.

Let not our leaders and this House hope that mere *opinions*, no matter from whom they may emanate, will again lead the country. Mr Huskisson will utter his *opinions* on trade in vain—Mr Peel will utter his *opinions* on currency in vain—Mr Brougham will utter his *opinions* on education and the relations between master and servant in vain—this House will utter its *opinions* on all manner of subjects in vain; for the domination of *opinions*, I devoutly thank Heaven for it! is no more. We may persevere—we may vaunt of our omniscience and infallibility—we may cover all who oppose us with slander and obloquy—we may worship our "liberal principles" and "enlightened views"—we may be puffed to our hearts' content by the newspapers—but the issue will be, the loss of all that in our public character we ought to value; and the production of all that in our public duty we ought to prevent.

I have said, sir, that this Inquiry has nothing to do with party creeds; and I will now say, that I am not advocating it for the sake of any party of public men. My party bonds extend not beyond principles; they have nothing to do with persons. I oppose those who hold principles which I oppose; and I support those who hold principles which I support, without looking at name and condition. The principles and policy which I steadily withstood in Mr Canning and Mr Huskisson, I will as steadily withstand in any other Minister; the iniquity of acting otherwise shall not stain my forehead. In respect of mere persons, I care no more for the Duke of Wellington than for the Marquis of Lansdown or Lord King—for Mr Peel than for Mr Brougham or Mr Huskisson. Personal politics have been too long the shame and scourge of my country, for me to have any further connexion with them. From the humiliation of combating for one knot of public men against another; when, after their quarrelling and resigning, their treachery, and vituperations of each other, they shake hands, and protest that they have never differed in principle, and have only had a temporary squabble from dirty personal pique and interest;—from such humiliation I will be careful in future to preserve myself. With the coalitions and alliances, which are the scandal

of the age, I will have nothing to do: to me they are as loathsome in one man or party as in another; my judgment tells me that no man, no matter what his rank, reputation, name, and situation may be, can be a party to them without losing his character in the eyes of the honest and consistent. I fear I can only escape being contaminated with them, by standing aloof from all parties of public men.

Nevertheless, sir, I have a party. I belong to one which the proudest man that ever trod the proud soil of Old England might be proud of belonging to. I hold the principles which are held by the flower of my country, and by my country; therefore these constitute my party. In its name I now speak. Let not the heads or followers of personal party—the innovators—the turncoats—the men who hold one creed out of office and another in it—and those who are deaf to reason and blind to demonstration, degrade me by voting in favour of my motion, for I crave not their support. I appeal only to those whose party is their country—who revere their laws and institutions—whose souls glow with the sacred flame of Old English integrity and honour—whose fame is unsoiled by guilty coalition and alliance—whose consistency is unimpeached—who, disregarding opinion and theory, follow fact and experience—who are anxious to make, not this portion or that, but ALL their fellow-subjects prosperous and happy—and to whom the honour, greatness, and felicity of their country are as dear as the dearest of their personal possessions. To such men I appeal, in confidence that they will find in my appeal an irresistible summons to the discharge of the highest of their duties.

I therefore move, &c. &c.

HORÆ GERMANICÆ. No. XXV.

The Golden Fleece. By F. GRILLPARZER.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE, entitled by its author a dramatic poem, is in three distinct Parts, or Plays (what is learnedly denominated a Trilogy) — of which the first is a sort of prologue, or induction, to the other two, namely, "The Guest," in one act only, containing the arrival of the Fleece in Colchis, with the murder, in violation of the laws of hospitality, of the Greek, Phryxus, who brought it.—The Second, "The Argonauts," in four acts, contains so much of their celebrated expedition for its recovery, and satisfaction of this crime, as had its scene in Colchis,—and the Third, in five acts, is, in name and subject, the usual tragedy of "Medea."

The spirited opening scene of The Guest shews the liveliness of conception with which our author transports himself and his reader into the place, and time of his action. The stage represents,

COLCHIS. *A wild place, with rocks and trees—in the background the sea—On the strand an altar of unhewn stones, on which is the colossal statue of a man, naked, bearded, with a club in his right hand, and over his shoulders a golden ram's fleece—On the left, at half the depth of the stage, the entrance of a house, with steps, and rude pillars. Day-break.*

MEDEA, GORA, (*her Nurse*), PERITTA, ATTENDANT DAMSELS. *As the curtain is drawn up,* MEDEA *is seen standing in the foreground, with her bow in her hand, in the attitude of having just discharged the arrow. On the steps of the altar lies a roe, pierced with an arrow.*

The Damsels, (who had stood back, hastening to the altar).
The victim bleeds.
Med. (In her former attitude). Hath it hit?
One of the Attendants. Right in the heart.
Med. (giving her bow.) A sign for good!—So let us haste!—Go one,
And speak the prayer.
Gora. (Advancing to the altar). Darimba! mightiest queen!
Preserver and destroyer! Giver of wine!
Of the ripe ear, and the wealth of the jocund chase,
And the death-foe's blood!—Hear! I have called thy name!
Pure virgin daughter of Heaven!

Chorus. Hear! hear our prayer!
Daughter of Heaven!—Dread Maid! Darimba! hear!
Gora. See, I have slain thee a swift-footed roe!
From the strong bow loosing mine air-wing'd shaft!
Let its blood please thee, Goddess!—It is thine!—
Send blessing upon field, and forest stored!—
Give to do justly, to fight happily,
That love us, well to love, to hate that hate!
Make us rich! make us strong!—Great Queen!—Darimba!
Hear me!
Chorus. Hear us! Darimba!—Hear! Darimba!
Gora. The victim on the bloody altar-stone
Quivers and dies!—So end thy foes, Darimba!
Thy foes so end, and ours!——It is Medea,
The princely daughter of wide Colchis' king,
Whose voice re-echoes in thine high abodes.
Hear, Goddess, hear!—and what I asked fulfil.
Chorus. (*Striking Cymbals and Timbrels*).
Darimba! Goddess! hear!—Hear! hear! Darimba!
Med. Therewith enough!—The victim offer'd is;
And a slow business ended.—Now have ready
Arrow and stiff-drawn bow; set the dogs forward,
And with the alarums of our loud-voiced chase
Let the green forest clamour near and far!
The sun doth mount!—Out! out!—And she amongst us,
Who runs the fleetest, who the lightest bounds,
Shall be the Queen o' the day.
——Thou here, Peritta? &c.

Medea, aware that the damsel, so named, (who had lately, by giving way to the weakness of love, and against a positive formal promise not to desert her mistress, intending, at least, to marry, incurred her displeasure, and been, in consequence, forbidden her presence,) has transgressed the prohibition, bitterly upbraids her falsehood, and dismisses her with great scorn to the lowly duties she has chosen in the poor and "smoky" cabin of her lover. The incident is given to display her character, and present haughty freedom from feelings which will fatally overrule her will and life. A Colchian, now entering, announces, that a ship, manned with strangers, has touched their coast. The Princess refers him to her father, Aietes, who, upon hearing the tidings, comes out immediately after from his palace.

Not one of all the characters is more forcibly and entirely conceived, or more successfully drawn, than this old barbarian king.—Without law—inflamed instantaneously with the prospect of plunder—artful, false, courageous in his person, whilst suspicious of men, mistrustful even of events, he is timid in his expectations and purposes,—strongly loving his children, yet wayward and harsh in his humour and conduct towards them—as a king, challenging compliance with his will, yet dishonouring his state, and not seeming to know that he does so, by the frank avowal of unkingly fears—eager in his hate of a stranger, to whom he feels no tie—superstitious, but, under the impulse of his passion, impious. He discloses, although in doubt, to his daughter, his quickly-taken resolution to possess himself of the "gold, treasures, wealthy spoil," which the vessel bears; then desires from her counsel and aid, versed as she is in her mother's arts to draw from herbs and stones potions that bind the will and fetter the strength, able to summon spirits, and conjure the moon. Whilst he is in anger at her wilful slowness in her part, a second Colchian brings him the request of the strangers for an audience, which may result in a friendly covenant. The result he foresees, and now distinctly requires of his daughter a drink known to him as within her skill, infusing irresistible sleep, which she, having first asked "for what use," and received no answer, but the command repeated, goes out to prepare.

The strangers prove to be Phryxus, the well-known importer of the Fleece into Colchis—here, indeed, accomplishing the adventure, with aid but of the wings of a ship, not, as in the pure fable, on the back of a flying ram,—and the companions of his voyage, driven by storm of the past night upon the Colchian coast. Of the noblest Grecian blood, (thus he relates of himself to Aietes,) Jove-descended, but a fugitive from his father's house, and from envy and hate of the second marriage-bed, seeking his fortune among strangers, he came, his father's spies dodging his flight, to Delphos. In the Temple, in which he stood in the light of the evening sun, weary with the burden of his way, and with gazing on the rich wonders of the place, statues and offerings—he had sunk down in sleep. In his dreams appeared the figure of a man, surrounded with light, in naked strength, bearing in his right hand a club, with bushy beard and hair, and on his shoulders a golden ram's fleece, the very "PERONTO," in a word, whom we saw lately, and whom, for the scene does not change, we still see, guarding from his altar the Colchian shores. This illustrious personage graciously inclined himself towards the sleeper, and smiling, bade him "take with him Victory and Revenge," and, unfastening the Fleece from his shoulders, tendered it to him. Awaking at this instant, he perceived standing before him, amidst the glitter of morning sunshine, the same Form in marble, mantled with even such a Golden Fleece, and, on examination, the name "Colchis," graven on the pedestal, an ancient offering, though, it appears afterwards, not directly from the country, of the Statue of this Deity. Boldly construing the vision, or what was but the wonted fairy-work of fancy and the senses blending their play into a human dream—too small well-head of the stream of ineffable calamity—and acting his interpretation—he took off the Fleece from the shoulders of the God, and, lifting it as a banner on his spear, hastened through the temple gates, through the midst of his father's pursuers awaiting him without, the priests and the people all suddenly awe-struck, and yielding him open way to the sea. It seems his vessel and comrades lay expecting him there, for he embarked, he tells us, forthwith, and, with the Fleece flying high, "a golden streamer" from his mast-head, stemmed the raging flood under wrathful skies, to Colchis.

This story, cast in good classical form, graced with something of a voluble and picturesque Greek eloquence, and very apt to the impressible and unwary speaker, is liable to this censure, that it supposes no deeper origin than the chance-illusion of sleep, to an Act, namely, this earliest Abreption of this famous Fleece, that carried consequences which to Greek thought involved heavenly leading and peculiar dispensations of wrath, first, an expedition of heroes and demigods for its recovery, and, finally, the overthrow of princely houses. The story little avails the young adventurer who relates it; for it moves in the breast of his royal auditor no singular favour to himself, who is self-convicted, unless a God gave his dream, of *double* sacrilege—no belief, anxiously solicited, in the protection of Peronto—no misgiving of the murderous purposes, touching himself and his companions, which had found their way into the heart of Aietes, with the intelligence of their arrival. The strangers are all killed, *off the stage*, at the King's table; and their leader, Phryxus, who, on noticing as his friends dropped one by one into strange sleep, the ominous looks, whispers, and gestures of the attendants, has quitted the house in alarm, is slain by the King's own hand, at the foot of his God's Altar.

The Barbarian has flattered himself, that from this slaughter and spoliation of unoffending strangers, he has removed all criminality and all violation of hospitable right, when, by having neither offered nor refused Phryxus his house's shelter and welcome, he had entangled his victim into inviting himself. But the unfortunate Greek, in the instant of his fate, re-annexes, if one may so speak, to the act this much inseparable guilt, by placing in the hands, and therewith in the custody, of the for one moment incautious Aietes, his property, the Fleece; thus constituting him, it appears, his Host. The poet's private faith as to the efficacy of one or the other remarkable manœuvre, is not, indeed, as he does not speak in his own person, easily put past doubt. Yet, that he does not judge the last to have been wholly unsuccessful, and if so, then neither

wholly unrequired, we might seem left to guess, from the ingenious, if we should not almost say excessive pains which he ever afterwards takes to attach the mischiefs successively arising, and every turn almost of his drama's varying fable, to what the reader, no doubt, will own to be now enough weighted with blood and retribution—the Golden Fleece.

SECOND PLAY OF THE TRILOGY.

The Second Part renews the history, after an interval, apparently, of years. Medea, stricken, if this can be said, with *remorse* of her father's crime, (in which, however in a degree ministering to it, the poet does not consider her as participating,) bowed with agony of the deed—still more, perhaps, with the terrific foresight which haunts her of its consequences—the vision glaring in the prophetess's soul, and refusing to be dispelled, of wrath disturbed out of darkness, inexorable, inexpiable—has fled from human commerce, and shut up in an old desolate tower amongst woods, there mixing past and future in her ceaseless miserable dream, she broods over woe. Hither, by night, Aietes, with his son Absyrtus, now first introduced, comes, seeking her counsel and succour; for the Revengers, the ARGONAUTS, claiming the spoils of the murdered Phryxus, and above all, the splendid and fatal Fleece, are on his land. Absyrtus, whose innocence of extreme youth, joined with the aspirations of dawning heroism, and with much manly tenderness of filial and brotherly affection, is very happily thought and depicted, leads, with the sprightly pride of a boy, making their way through the thicket with his newly-given sword. The old King follows, full of irritation and apprehensions, incensed by the approach of his enemies, trembling at once with belief of their power, and with reflections that rise and are not to be kept down on the cause of their coming, and seeing listeners or spectres, in stones and trees. After some words which explain the posture of affairs, Medea's altered temper, and her manner of life made available by her, it appears, for the prosecution of her magical studies, Absyrtus, at the King's bidding, summons her to descend. She hesitates, till compelled by her father's will and voice, which, either from an habitual irresistible ascendancy, parental and kingly, held by him over her—or from the sense of duty, she does not disobey. She bears a torch, which the king, whom light offends, desires her to extinguish. He then asks, by what leave, forsaking the protection of the paternal roof, and holding fellowship but with the desert and her own wild mood, she has refused compliance with a message from him, calling her to him. Her answer is in a strain, meant, doubtless, as more deeply tinged with imagination, to be the expression of a mind acting upon itself in long solitude, with vehement and extraordinary thought. It well expresses, though perhaps too apparently in the forms of a later and different age of thought, one distinguishing constituent in our author's invention of his heroine's character—boldly assigned and well applied, for the most part, to support the interest of his poem—and not often much taken out of its dramatic propriety—the Moral Sensibility with which he has endowed her—and to which, if the reader will add passion measureless in depth and force—self-reliance indestructible—and an understanding in comprehensiveness, insight, and clearness, of the highest order—he will possess the outline of Grillparzer's Medea. Need we observe to him, that the impressions which she appears here as suffering, the consternation, from retrospect and prospect, fallen upon her spirit, evidenced indubitably in the manner we have described, and seeking utterance in her words, all tell in tragic effect, far beyond the moment of the drama in which they are made present to sight and hearing, that the gloom thus loaded upon its opening scenes, passes not along with these from the spectator's heart.

Medea (*speaks.*) Hear if thou canst, and if thou dar'st, be wroth !—
O that I might be silent, ever silent !
Thine house is hateful to me—I am fill'd

With shuddering, being near thee. When thy hand
Fell on the stranger, shielded of the Gods,
The Guest, and took his wealth—into thine House
It brought a spark, that glimmering lives, and lives
Unquenchable, though thou didst on it pour
The upwellings of the holy fountain, pouredst
Rivers and sea, the innumerable streams,
And the salt flood's limitless—depthless waters all—

* * * *

Unhappy ! what hast thou done ?
A fire from thee goes forth, and wraps around
The pillars of thine House, that crashing falls,
Burying all.

* * * *

Aietes. Hast thou sought in the stars ?
Med. Deem'st thou that I
Had power ?—An hundred times have I look'd up
To the glittering signs on the broad heaven of night,
And all the hundred times mine eye return'd,
Fear-vanquish'd, to the earth, and uninform'd.
The skies to me have seem'd an unroll'd book,
And MURDER therein written, thousand fold—
In adamantine letters writ—REVENGE,
On its black ground. But look not thither Thou !
Oh ! not of yonder bright immortal fires,
Not the betokenings of mute nature ask,
Nor voice, through the god's quivering temple peal'd.
Observe in the still brook those wandering stars,
That under thy dark brows gleam loweringly,
The tokens which the deed hath left on thee,
The god who in thy silent bosom speaks—
For they can give thee oracle and sign,
Clearer and more assured far than my poor art,
From what is, and hath been, and is to be !

On being told that Greeks are come, and with what intent, Medea exclaims, " Woe! the stroke has fallen!" Upon much solicitation, conceiving the emergency to be out of hope, she consents to use her Art, first, in learning if it be permitted her to afford assistance to her father and her country, and should it appear so, in giving it: On condition, however, that, this need answered, she shall return for ever to her solitude. They enter the tower, in which the preparations for her consulting the invisible powers are immediately to be made, and presently afterwards Jason, and Milo, another Argonaut, come upon the stage.

They have left their companions—suffering, it seems, or in danger of doing so, from hunger,—with the ships, and are in quest of food and intelligence. They are led by the voices, but, on coming before the tower, find no one. Light is visible, however, in it, and Jason resolves to enter. They converse on their enterprise, of which Milo believes the purpose to be desperate, and regrets it was undertaken. He goes on.

Milo. Well ! right if thou hadst led me any whither,
Only not to this God-forsaken land !
Comes a man elsewhere into peril, good !
'Tis but—Out Sword ! and Courage, on !—But here,
In this foul region's dank and sullen air,
Rust to the spirit clings as to our swords.
You hear the surges, one incessant roar ;
The pines that murmur, and the blasts that rave ;
Scarce through the grisly covert sees the Sun
Of air-hung mist, and uncouth matted boughs.
Nothing, all round, of men, no hut, no trace,

It makes the heart seem empty, hollow, starved,
Till one grows half-affrighted with himself.
I, who, a boy, in admiration heard,
When men told of a thing called Fear—almost
I turn ghost-seer here. Each blasted trunk
Looks like a giant to me; and a light
Appears a walking man of fire.—'Tis strange!
What is indifferent elsewhere, here seems frightful;
And what is elsewhere hideous, common here.
'Tis not an hour ago, I saw i' the wood
A Bear, perhaps the hugest I have seen;
It was to me almost as I should stroke
The shaggy monster with familiar hand,
An 'twere some fawning Fondling at my foot,
So small and insignificant it shew'd,
To the grim lowering world of which it was.
—Thou hear'st me not!

Jason (*who has been observing the tower.*) 'Tis so—I'll enter.

Milo. Where?

Jason. I' the tower there.

Milo. Art thou raving?—(*Seizing his arm.*) Hear me, Jason!

Jason (*disengaging himself, and unsheathing his sword.*)
I will—and who shall stay me?—See, my sword:
My help with foes, and inconvenient friends.
Here the first human traces have I found,
And I will in. With menace of my sword
One of this building's dwellers I enforce
To follow with me, and to lead our band
Securely from the circuit of this wood,
Where hunger, and the ambush of the foe,
Strike them much surer, than me danger here.
Say not!—It is resolved!—Return thou to them—
Hearten our band. I bring them speedy rescue.

Milo. Think!

Jason. It is thought!—

Jason, in reconnoitring the antique structure, has remarked an opening in the dilapidated wall, by which he proposes to enter, using the good offices of the sea, that flows deep beneath, to reach it. Much against the will and reason of his elder and more circumspect, though perfectly tried and intrepid friend, he now leaps in from the cliff on which they stand, and swims to it.

It lets him into vaulted and secret chambers, dedicated, it seems, by the secluded Princess, to religious or magical rites, or what at once are both, and which her attendants have just been disposing for her use. He conceals himself behind a Statue, till she, entering soon after, has proceeded far enough in her invocation to make her known to him in the character of a Sorceress, when he leaps out upon her, his sword being still drawn in his hand, and, in the darkness of the place, unintentionally wounds her. On holding up to her face the single lamp which she carried, but had presently set down, he is surprised at her beauty. His discourse, heard by her silent and motionless, discovers the sudden passion which has touched him, and enforces the similar impression made by the unexpected, adventurous appearance of the young and fiery warrior on her—till the sound of arms, of approaching feet, and thereupon the entrance of Absyrtus, with a number of followers, who have found their way, we do not well know how—for the king and his son came unattended and secretly to the solitary tower—break it off. There is now some clashing of swords; and Jason fights his way through—but not till Medea, by opposing her brother's first assault upon him, has made it appear to the so far successful intruder that his safety is not indifferent to her.—This ends the first Act.

The two which follow, are taken up with effecting such changes in the position and relations of the divers

parties, as are needed to leave Medea at the point of conducting her so far triumphant lover to the cavern, where the ulterior prize of his great adventure is mysteriously and fearfully guarded. The new emotion which invades her bosom, has in a few hours wrought such alteration there, that when, on her reappearance amongst her damsels on the following morning, with which the Second Act begins, one of them, whose charge he was, comes, full of trepidation, to tell her, that, during the confusion of the night, her favourite Tiger-Horse has escaped, she answers simply that "it is well;" —and upon Peritta, whose disgrace is fresh in the reader's recollection, presenting herself to her, to implore assistance in her distress, her husband having been made a prisoner, and their hut burnt by the strangers, Medea leans her head upon her shoulder and bursts into tears. Either she does not understand her feelings, or seeks to hide them from herself; for, in conversing with Gora (who witnesses all this mutation with surprise enough) on the transactions of the night, she communicates to her her conviction, which the shrewd old woman can by no means be brought to partake, that the stranger, whose sudden presence disturbed her ceremonies, was Heimdar, the God of Death! Heimdar, wont to manifest himself to mortals at the point of their passing under his power —who had come to set on her his seal —(we did not say that Jason, ere he yielded to retreat from the arms of Absyrtus and his followers, had placed on her lips a hasty and unresisted kiss)—and presignify her approaching fate. She could know, by the annihilation of her spirit as he stood before her, that he was not of terrestrial birth; as the oppression that gathers over her, the fading away of her senses, and the desire that draws her to the grave, all give promise of her near dissolution. If she has deceived herself, she is speedily undeceived. For her father, entering with her brother, demands account of her conduct, in rescuing the bold violator of her mysteries from the sword bent to punish him, and placing it out of question that he was no God, but a Greek, taunts her quiet endurance of the insult offered her. She is overwhelmed with shame, and impatiently proffers herself to assist in the destruction of the invaders.

The Scene changes to an open place in the forest, with the King's tent in the background. Eight delegates of the Argonauts appear, on the King's invitation, to a conference. Whilst they await him, under some dismay, from the prolonged absence and surmised possible loss of their leader, Jason and Milo join them. Presently the King enters to the conference. Jason—in whom is fitly represented the adventurer of a desperate, almost of an impossible enterprise, that must speed, not by prudence, but out of the hope of prudence, by a will moving, rushing irresistibly to its aim, kindling at the show of opposition, and leaping, like one allured, into the arms of danger,—in a few words exchanged, so daunts and masters the spirit of the Barbarian with haughty and reckless defiance, as to betray him into acknowledging, after he had denied, his possession of the Fleece: if that information indeed, may be needed, from his mouth, by the Argonauts, who appear to have come well instructed in respect not only to the country which contains it, but the particular art and terrors by which it is secured. The King is not so, however, disarmed of his wiles. A question which he, in his turn, extorts from Jason respecting the tower in the forest, uncovers the power which he holds over him, and he sends for Medea; who brings, as on the like former occasion, the draught, by her father again required, of fatal *sleep*. She is veiled, but Jason recognises her habit, and though he has till now steadily refused the offer of Aietes' dangerous hospitality, giving solid and plain reasons for doing so, he instantly accepts the offered cup, and would drink, when Medea warns him of the treason mingled with it, and he throws it from him. He now plucks away her veil; and twice saved by her, begins on this plea to press with eager words, the pretensions of his passion; from which she escapes into her father's tent.

The curtain falls and rises again, the interval sufficing to transfer the audience from without to the interior of the Royal Pavilion, into which Jason is seen endeavouring to force an entrance, opposed by Aietes. The Colchian soldiers, hitherto inactive as

in truce, incited by Medea, assail the Argonauts, who are driven back, fighting, towards their ship. In the tent is now consulted what further shall be done. To her father's angry reproaches of her faithless preservation of his enemy, Medea replies by entreaty, earnest and inspiriting, that he will muster his strength, and before the coming dawn, have cast out the strangers from his land. To her further urgently expressed desire, he grants that she shall proceed, under her brother's escort, to some concealed place of safety in the heart of the country: "Thither," says he, "where is the Fleece kept;" to which she vehemently but fruitlessly objects. There are two roads. One, passing near the encampment of the Greeks; the other, rough, difficult, and less trodden, by a bridge over the river. The last is made choice of. As she is departing, her father again slighting her repugnance and horror for every thing which threatens to connect her with the blood-stained sorrow-teeming Fleece, forces into her hand the key of the hidden entrance, or *falling*-door as the Germans have the advantage of calling it, to its subterranean strong-hold: and she takes her leave.

We extract, chiefly for the view which they present of her feelings and character, one or two speeches of hers out of this scene, although perhaps chargeable with the same fault, in a still higher degree, on which we have already remarked. The passage will explain for itself the connexion in which it occurs.

Aietes. Good, then! I arm my friends. Thou goest with us.
Med. I?
Aietes. Strange one, thou. Not only from the bow
To wing, I know, the shaft, but thou art train'd
To whirl the ponderous spear, and swing on high
The sword in dreaded hand. Come on with us:
And drive the foe.
Med. Never.
Aietes. No?
Med. Send me back
To the land's heart, my father, deep, where only
Woods, and dark-rifted vales are,—where no eye,
Ear, voice, finds way—where solitude shall dwell
Alone with me. There will I sue the Gods
For thee,—for aid, strength, victory to thee;—
Pray, father, but not fight!—And when thy foes
In flight are driven, and not one stranger's foot
Wounds more our gentle soil, then will I, father,
Come back to thee, and stay by thee, and tend
Truly thine age,—till Death, the peaceful God,
With hushing finger laid to breathless lip,
Steals nigh, and on his pillow of dust and moss
Bids the thoughts sleep, and the quick wishes rest.
Aietes. Thou wilt not with us! and shall I believe thee?
Tremble, thou unadvised!—Jason!—Ha?—
Med. Why ask me, if thou know'st it? Must thou hear
From my own lips what I unto this hour
Hid from myself?—I hid?—the Gods hid from me.
Let not my troubled transport, the warm flush
That clothes, I feel, my cheeks, mislead thee. Thou
Willest to hear, and I will bear to tell.
Not amid darkness can I guess and fear:
Light must be round Medea. It is said,
And truly—I have found it—in our being
Is something that, unmaster'd of our will,
Blindly draws and repels. Like that which calls
Lightning to metal, iron to the wondrous stone,
Felt and unknown, a strong coercion flows
From human breast to breast. It is not Form,
Not the soul's winning Grace, not Virtue, Right,

That knits, or can unknit, those magic bands.
Invisibly is spann'd the enchanted bridge
Of inclination. Many as have trod,
Seen it hath none: what pleases thee, *must* please:
This nature works. But if not thine to bid
The affection, 'tis of thee to follow; there
WILL's sunny realm begins:—and I will not—
Will not.
When I beheld him,—first beheld him,—
The blood stood in my veins, while from his eye,
Hand, lips, fire stream'd, and sparkled over me,
Whereto within me flamed. Yet from myself
I had conceal'd it. Then first, when he spake it,
Spake, in the fury of his mad endeavour,
Of love—Oh, too fair name for cursed thing!
I *saw* it—and thereafter will I do.
But wish not that I meet him! let me fly him!
Weak are we, even the strongest weak. When I
Look on him, round my senses turn, a dull
Oppression over head and bosom creeps.—
I am not she I am.—Drive out, hunt, kill him.
Yea, if he yield not to thee, kill him, father.
The dead will I look on, were it through tears,
Not on the living.

As may easily be supposed, the river during the night, in flood, has "disdained its bridge," and the first intelligence which meets Absyrtus on setting out, is that the only road open to him is that which endangers his sister's falling into the hands from which she flies. Accordingly, the escort has not proceeded far when it finds itself engaged with the lately retreating Argonauts, who have taken up, on the way to their camp, a position favourable, as they think, for cutting off the King's communication with his interior. The eight or ten Greeks—if, as we incline to think, the reinforcement sent for cannot yet have come up,—drive out the forty or fifty Colchians, leaving Jason to urge his suit alone with Medea. He woos her characteristically, with passion that will not be withstood, and successfully, if it could appear to him success to shake her spirit from height to depth, with uncontrollable, unconcealable emotion. But he finds her inexcusably self-willed and perverse; and he conceives that he does nothing unless he wring from her what is not easy, and it seems, in truth, too early to exact, an avowal, in words, of her love. At the moment when he is compelled to confess himself in this point frustrated—(we regret not to insert the scene, or monologue, as it might almost be called—it is long, eloquent, and original,)—Aietes, who has in the meantime succoured his son, follows the now in turn again retiring Argonauts; and Jason, utterly impatient of his discomfiture, without difficulty or hesitation, on the first word said, makes over to him his daughter Medea.

It might seem that the advantage of the accident which had effected their meeting to the movement of the drama was, with the assistance of Medea to the Argonautic enterprise, for the present, at least, here lost. On the contrary, she no sooner feels herself again under the protection of her father, than her inflexibility, unmoved whilst she seemed to be in her lover's power, falters; and when he, eager to prosecute his perilous achievement unaided, bids her a passionate and final farewell, she is conquered, and breathes his name. Quite satisfied, he herewith claims her as his wife; with one hand taking her by the arm, whilst with the other he throws off her father's hold, and leads her back amongst his own party. More fighting does not, for the present, ensue. Aietes challenges his daughter to elect between passion and duty; and, when she has answered him by her silence, pouring out on her his parental maledictions, he gives her over to the self-chosen miseries which he foresees awaiting her, turns from her, and departs.

Jason now desires her to lead him to the Fleece, which she refuses. He will go alone. With importunate and pathetic entreaty, as prescient of the

sorrow he will disinter, she essays to avert his resolution. He persists. It is not possible for her to see him taking his way to destruction, which she has power to control, and she consents to go with him.

It is necessary that the reader should bear this dependence of the calamities that are to come on the Fleece itself, and Medea's foreknowledge of this, strongly in mind, that he may understand one part of the passion of the next scene, which is that in which the action of the present section of the poem is consummated; and one, too, in which some of the peculiar powers of our author's dramatic genius are exerted, as it strikes us, with great strength and effect. We give it entire.

FOURTH ACT.

The inside of a cavern.—The stage shortened.—In the foreground, on the right, the end of a staircase, leading from above to the bottom.—In the wall of rock of the back-ground, a large door, shut.

Med. (*With a goblet in one hand, and a torch in the other, comes down the stairs.*) Come down. We are at the goal.
Jason. (*Above and still behind the scenes.*) The light! The light!
Med. (*Holding the light up the stair.*) What is 't?
Jas. (*Entering with his sword drawn, and coming hastily down the steps.*) It brush'd close by me. Hold there! See!
Med. What?
Jas. It stands at the door, and guards the entrance.
Med. (*Holding the light to the door.*) See, it is nothing, and none bars the entrance,
If thou thyself do not.
[*She sets the goblet down on one side, and fixes the torch in a ring at the foot of the stairs.*
Jas. Thou art so calm.
Med. And *thou* art not!
Jas. Whilst it was yet to do,
When I but will'd it, thou didst quake,—and now—
Med. I shudder that thou will'st, not that thou dost it.
With thee 'tis otherwise.
Jas. Mine eye doth faint.
My heart is strong. Quick, quick, to work!—Medea!
Med. What dost thou glare on?
Jas. Pallid shadow, flee!
Yield clear the door: thou dost not stay me. What!
[*Going towards the door.*
I go despite thee, through thee, to mine aim.
So. He is vanish'd. How does the door open?
Med. Strike on the middle with thy sword.
Jas. Good! Thou
Await'st me here.
Med. Jason!
Jas. What yet?
Med. (*Tenderly and soothingly.*) Go not!
Jas. Thou mov'st me. Do not so!
Med. Go not, O Jason!
Jas. O temper hard to bend! Shall nothing win thee
To my resolve to yield thy fantasy?
Med. The fantasy of those we love is dear.
Jas. Now then, enough. I will.
Med. Thou wilt?
Jas. I will.
Med. And nought avail to turn thee all my prayers?
Jas. And nought avail to turn me all thy prayers.

Med. What! nor my death?

[*She wrests, by a sudden movement, the sword out of his hand.*

Lo, thine own sword. 'Tis bent
Against my bosom. One step more, and see,
Stretch'd at thy feet, Medea, cold and dead.

Jas. My sword!

Med. Back! back!—Thou draw'st it from my heart.
Wilt thou turn back?

Jas. No.

Med. And if I should strike?

Jas. Weep over thee I can, turn back I cannot.
All for my word, and were that all thy life. [*Going towards her.*
Room, woman! and my sword!

Med. (*Giving him the sword.*) Well, take it then!
And from my hand, thou lovely bridegroom!—Kill
Thyself and me!—I hinder thee no more.

Jas. (*Going towards the door.*) Now, then.

Med. Hold. One word yet. Wilt thou straight die?
The Fleece upon the unviolated tree
A dragon watcheth, grim, invulnerable
His scaly skin, iron his all-piercing teeth.
Thou mightst not slay him.

Jas. I him, or he me.

Med. Inhuman!—Merciless!—Or he thee!—And thou—
Wilt thou still go?

Jas. Wherefore more words?

Med. Yet stay.
This cup, see, take it. 'Tis a drink of strength.
Of the mountain-honey mix'd, of the dews of night,
And the she-wolf's blood, it foams. Set it on the earth,
When thou art enter'd, and at distance stand.
For the uncoil'd serpent now shall come,
Seeking his food, to lap it. But go thou
To the tree, and take the Fleece.—No. Take it not.
Take it not, and stay here.

Jas. Madwoman! Give
The drink. [*He takes the goblet out of her hand.*

Med. (*Falling about his neck.*) Jason! I kiss thee, thus, thus, thus.
Into thy grave go, and leave room for me.
O! stay!

Jas. Let go! I hear a higher call. [*Going towards the door.*
And if thou grisly hell and horror hold,
I do invade thee. [*He hews with his sword against the door.*
Open, portals!——Ah!

[*The doors spring open, and discover an inner small cavern strangely lighted. In the back-ground a tree—on it hangs the Golden Fleece. About the tree and Fleece a serpent is coiled, that, on the sudden opening of the doors, stretches forwards its head, before concealed in the leaves, and darting with its tongue, looks steadily before it.* JASON *cries out, and starting back, comes again to the front of the stage.*

Med. (*Laughing wildly.*) Dost tremble? Dost thou shudder in marrow and bone?
Thou'st will'd. Then go. Why goest thou not?—Ho! ho!
Strong one, and bold, and mightiest—against me,
A woman!—Dost thou fear the snake?—Ah! snake!
That didst round me writhe most entangling folds,
Destroyed'st, and gavest to death.—Look at it: look!
The horrid reptile,—and go on, and die.

Jas. Hold out! my tortured senses, hold it out!
Thou heart, why tremble?—What is it but dying?

Med. Dying? Dying! It is a matter of death.
Go, thou sweet bridegroom, to thy wishing bride!
See how she trolls with the tongue!
Jas. Let be! let be!
Keep from me, in thy woman's raving. Thou
Dost whelm my spirit in the wild storm of thine. [*Towards the door.*
Look at me then! here hast thou found thy foe.
And wert thou tenfold hideous, I am here. [*Going forwards.*
Med. Jason!
Jas. On!
Med. Jason!
Jas. On!
[*He goes in. The doors shut after him.*
Med. (*Shrieking, and throwing herself on the closed doors.*) He goes! He dies!
Jas. (*Within.*) Who shut the door?
Med. Not I.
Jas. Open!
Med. I cannot.
In name of all the Gods, set down the cup!
Delay not! If thou linger, thou art lost.
Ho! Jason! dost thou hear?—Set down the cup.
Alas! he hears me not. He is about it.
About it!—O help! Ye that dwell on high!
Look down, good Gods, upon us. No! no! no!
Look not upon the sinful daughter down:
Not on the husband of the guilty!—I
Remit your aid,—will ye so your revenge?
No holy eye behold—let dark night cover
Our deed and us.—Jason! dost live?—Give answer!
Give answer!—All is mute—dead. Ha! he is dead.
He speaks not—he is dead—dead.
[*She sinks upon the ground by the door.*
Hath thine hour ta'en thee?
My bridegroom!—Room—leave room! Room for thy bride!
Jas. Ha!
Med. (*Springing up.*) 'Twas his voice. He lives! and round him death!
To him! Give way, ye gates!—Will ye withstand?—
I mock ye.—Now!
[*With a violent effort she tears open both the doors.* JASON *rushes out with unsteadfast steps, carrying the Fleece as a banner upon a spear.*
Med. Thou livest!
Jas. Live? live?—Yes!
Shut to there!—Close! close!— [*In great anxiety shutting the doors.*
Med. And thou hast the Fleece!
Jas. (*Holding it from her.*) Touch it not.
'Tis fire. Look at my hand where I have touch'd it—
Scorch'd.
Med. (*Taking his hand.*) It is blood.
Jas. Blood?
Med. And on thy head blood.
Hast hurt thee?
Jas. Ay, I know.—Come now! Now come!
Med. Didst thou fulfil all that I said?
Jas. I did.
I set the cup down, and myself to the side,
And waited, panting. I heard thee call, but durst not
Make answer, for the beast—that now began,
With winking eyes, to move; and I believed,

That towards me it push'd on its rustling coils.
But 'twas the drink alone the monster sought.
And at its length stretch'd out on the cave's floor,
Unheeding me, drank thirstily and deep,
And soon, drunken or dead, lay motionless.
I made me hastily from that poisonous breath
To the tree, and took—See here the Fleece—Away.

Med. Come then, and quick.

Jas. As from the tree I bare it,
A sound like sighing pass'd among the leaves
And I behind heard call—Woe!
Ha!—who calls?

Med. Thyself.

Jas. I?

Med. Come.

Jas. Whither?

Med. Away!

Jas. Away!
Go foremost thou. I follow with the Fleece.
Go on! Go! Tarry not!—Away! Away!

What follows is little else than matter of course, except that our author properly spares his heroine the crime of her brother's death. In the last conflict near the ship, as the Greeks are at the point of embarking, he is made prisoner. Jason uses the danger of his life to deter Aietes from further violence, intending, he says, to take him on board, and reland him where pursuit must cease, at the extremity of the Colchian coast. But the gallant-spirited boy calls impatiently on his father to free him with arms; and when he sees that the menace of Jason is effectual, and that fear of the consequences to himself keeps back Aietes from the attempt to release him, or further to obstruct the proceeding of the Greeks, not bearing that his safety should blunt his Colchians' weapons, and disdaining even for a little while to live without liberty, he throws himself from the rock, on to which he has been led, into the sea, and perishes. The unhappy father,—bereaved of his last child—and in the same moment vanquished in his last hold of hope and courage, by being shewn the pledge, as he, with inconsistent superstition, has, from the dream of Phryxus, believed it to be, of Victory and Revenge to its possessor—the Fleece—in the hands of his enemy—falls upon the earth, which he invokes to unclose its graves; and the Argonauts embark unmolested.

THIRD PLAY OF THE TRILOGY.

Four years, since she turned her prow from Colchis, have seen the Argo a wanderer of the deep. One month has passed since she gave back the last—and leader—of her hero-crew to his birth-place, Iolcos; and already, driven out by the citizens in tumult, on suspicion of having part in the sudden death of its king, his usurping uncle Pelias, Jason is in flight, with his family, through Greece. They have reached Corinth, where, connected in ties, hereditary and personal, of ancient hospitality with Creon the King, he hopes for an asylum. This Third Drama, opening, discovers the Tent, which he has pitched without the walls, awaiting the opportunity to prefer his supplication. The time is "early morning, before daybreak." Medea is seen, with a slave, in the act of interring, in a chest of singular appearance, the implements and memorials of her inherited Art; of which some are enumerated:—"the veil and rod of the goddess;" one vessel inclosing flames, ready to seize and consume him who imprudently opens it; another, filled with sudden death; many herbs, and many stones of might; to all which she lastly adds the "monument of her own shame and guilt," and token of her house's calamity, the unhappy Golden Fleece. She explains that she makes this sacrifice to the Country of Light, of which she is

become, as she trusts, an inhabitant,—and to her husband's weakened affection. For the woe denounced and imprecated against her by her father, dead of sorrow, as she has heard, since her flight, has fallen on her. The love, suddenly inflamed amidst dangers and wild difficulty, at a distance from the country which nursed and stamped his early feelings and impressions, has, in some measure, during their exiled houseless wandering, but far more since they set foot in Greece, decayed in Jason's breast; giving way, in a mind not generous or tender,—and which, it should seem, asked, therefore, some incitement, by obstacles, to its passion,—in part, to the tranquillity of possession,—but more actively altered and estranged by the reawakening of thoughts, which only vehement passion suppressed,—the disdainful aversion of the Greek for the Barbarian. To which add that which this author has selected as the deep and invincible ground of their separation,—the *abhorrence* of the Greek for dark and terrible arts, unknown to his own superstition. Since his return, the open and violent utterance by the people of indignation, scorn, and loathing for the Colchian and sorceress,—and for *him* who has united himself with her, has not only most deeply wounded his pride and self-love, but by pain brought into these strongest principles of his nature referring to her, has exasperated, it seems, what was languishing kindness, or incipient alienation, into a resentful and bitter *hostile* feeling, profounder and stronger than he has yet chosen to declare to her, or perhaps acknowledged to himself.

Jason has entered among the interlocutors of the first scene, speaking with a countryman, whom he had charged with his message to the King. When he has received the answer, Medea comes forward.

Med. Have greeting.
Jas. And thou!—But ye, (*to the Slave,*) thou and thy fellows, go,
And break yourselves green branches from the trees,
As is of supplicants the usage here;
And hold you quiet then, and still. Hear'st thou?—
(*To the Countryman.*) Enough.
[*The Countryman and the Slave go out.*
Med. Thou'rt busied.
Jas. Ay.
Med. Thou sparest thyself
No hour of rest.
Jas. A *fugitive,* and rest!
Divorced from rest, *is* he a fugitive.
Med. Thou hast not slept to-night: thou wentest forth,
And lonely walkedst through the o'ershadowing dark.
Jas, I love the shadowy night. Day hurts mine eye.
Med. Thy message hast thou sent unto the king—
Receives he us?
Jas. I stay here waiting for him.
Med. He is thy friend?
Jas. He was.
Med. He will comply.
Jas. Men shun the fellowship of the plague-touch'd.
Thou know'st it well, that all the world doth fly us;
That even my false uncle's, Pelias, death,
The guilty, whom a god in wrath destroy'd,
On me the people charge it, me thine husband,
From the dark land of magic the Return'd.
Know'st thou it not?
Med. I know.
Jas. Cause, and enough,
To wander and to wake amidst the night.
But what hath driven thee up before the sun?
What was thy quest in the wild darkness? Eh!
Calling old friends from Colchis?
Med. No.

Jas. Indeed?
Med. I have said, No.
Jas. Then do I say to thee
Thou doest well to leave it quite undone.
Brew not from cull'd herbs juices, drinks of sleep;
Speak verses not to the moon, move not the dead.
They hate that here; and I—I hate it too.
Not now in Colchis are we, but in Greece;
Nor among monsters living—among men.
But now I wot thou dost it not again;
For thou hast given me, and thou keep'st thy word.
The crimson veil, companion of thy head,
Brought shadows of the past into my mind.
Why put'st thou not our country's habit on?
As I a Colchian was, on Colchian mould,
Be thou in Greece a Greek. Why will we stir
Remembrances of the fled time, if they
Are rife, unstirr'd—and all too prompt to spring?

* * * * *

—There do they lie, fair Corinth's warlike towers,
Stretch'd in rich beauty on their sea-beat shore;
The cradle of my youthful golden prime;
The same, illumined by the self-same sun.
I only changed—I in myself another.
Ye gods! why was my morning's splendour given,
If ye decreed so dark the evening's close!
—Oh!—Were it night!

* * * * *

Judge me not stern, not harsh of soul, Medea!
Trust thou, I feel thy sorrow deep as mine.
Faithfully dost thou urge the heavy stone,
That, tumbling back, rolls down again upon us,
And every path shuts up, and every outlet.
Hast thou done—have I done it?—It hath been.

* * * * *

Thou lov'st me: nor I know it not, Medea.
After thy nature—yes!—but thou dost love me.
Not that look only tells me—many a deed!

* * * * *

I know thy head droops under many a grief,
Which answering pity in this bosom mourns.
—Then carefully and ripely let us weigh
How best t' avert the mischief threatening near.
This city is Corinth. In my earlier day,
When I, from boy yet but to man half grown,
Before my uncle's grim displeasure fled,
This country's King received me to his hearth,
Allied in friendship of our fathers' days,
And as a dear son duly warded me,
Who in his house secure lived many a year.

Creon, and his daughter Creusa, going out to sacrifice to Neptune, on the sea-shore, pass by their tent. Jason, who had charged his messenger with his request, and the title by which he made it, but not his name, makes himself known. Creon's first anxiety is to understand the truth of the accusation, divulged through Greece, from which he flies; and being satisfied, by Jason's solemn asseveration, of his innocence, he offers him *for himself* the protection he had formerly enjoyed. This Jason afterwards explains to him, that he cannot accept, unless with those who are dependent on him; to which also the King consents, unwillingly, suspecting and fearing Medea; but not before Creusa, from regarding her at first with dislike as a Barbarian, and with horror as a Sorceress, gradually won,

when they converse alone, to more tenderness, by the natural expression of her melancholy desolate feelings, has already extended the invitation to her and her children.

There is something entirely new, we believe, and in the first effect happy, in our author's management of this ancient story—in the idea of thus associating Medea and Creusa. And there is one scene, which, how far to praise for discreet execution we know not, but it is well-purposed, *where* the kindness of one, and gratitude of the other, are worked together into a sort of placid charm, like a vernal gleaming of gentle affections and hopes, before the storm seize its possession of the sky. The temper, naturally austere, and now gloomy with sorrows and self-reproach, of the Colchian wife, is attracted and softened by the serene, still, gracious spirit of her destined rival, who pities, and is zealous to aid her, in fashioning herself to her new country. She has taken its dress; and in the scene of which we speak is trying, not aptly, with hand wont to the grasp of bow and spear, to repeat the sweet skill of Creusa's on the lyre; and, with the voice, that better knew to compel reluctant spirits, to catch from hers the sprightly music of a song, which was Jason's when a boy. These are unforbidden arts, which the compassionate instructress does, and the forlorn pupil fain would hope shall have power to re-attach, at least gently to touch, one altered heart. The lesson is interrupted by him who is its object. He finds Medea a reason for her absence; and, in the conversation that follows with Creusa, returning upon their earlier years, discovers that, under the guise of brotherly and sisterly kindness, a stronger affection had arisen between them, and that the idea of their future union, by others than themselves had been—half-seriously, perhaps, half-sportively—entertained. She, clear-thoughted and calm, in that past divided inseparably from the present, sees only pleasant recollection. He joins the two; and, throwing himself back with ardent fancy into that season of his rejoicing youth, contrasts, though not so as to make sensible to the innocent-hearted maiden the reference to herself, the unhappy marriage into which he has fallen, with that which the pure heart dictates, and the gods favour. The return of Medea does not check these thoughts, nor, however painful to her, nor, for a time, however patiently borne, their utterance. When this torture, with variations, has gone the length of the poet's use for it, it is diverted by the King entering much disturbed, to declare the coming, and on what errand, of a herald of the Amphictyons. He follows, and proceeds to execute his office, by proclaiming the ban of the holy sovereign council against the *murderers* of King Pelias—Jason and Medea. Against her, as the herald is led to explain, for he employs the criminal designation with latitude, the perpetrator of the death—against *him*, who brought the Sorceress into Greece—who further, according to the rudeness of judicial thought in such early times, joined with her in marriage, is joined in the condemnation of her guilt, or, as the herald words it, "The partner of one infamous, himself infamous." Jason attempts to repel the charge, by denying that his wife had the access alleged to the King's person, since, when, as the herald has recited, the daughters came to solicit for their father the succour of her skill, *he* had refused her going. "Yes!" the herald says, "for the *first* time;" but adds, that on the request being repeated, she had, *unknown to him*, gone with them, conditioning only, in requital of her aid, for possession of the Fleece, which Jason had, on his return to Iolcos, delivered up to his uncle, the author of the Expedition. The messenger pursues his narrative:

The maidens, much rejoicing, promised this;
And she forthwith went in where the King slept.
Dark words of mystic meaning utter'd she,
And deeper into slumber sunk the King.
The evil blood to quell, she bade a vein
Be open'd; which was done. He lighter breathed;
They bound the salutary wound, and joy
For health restored is in the daughter's heart.
Thy wife went forth the chamber, as she said;
The daughters too went forth, seeing him sleep.

At once a cry is heard. In fearful haste
The maidens turn and enter. Horrible!
The old man lay on earth, wildly convulsed;
The bandage that had held his veins was rent,
And in black tides his blood was streaming forth.
Before the Altar, where the Fleece had hung,
He lay, and that was gone. But SHE was seen,
The golden splendour wearing, through the night,
As with swift step she guilty strode away.

On this, perhaps not wholly incontestable proof of circumstances, he as commissioned banishes them from the earth, walked by gods, of the Greeks; to any, that, after three days and three nights shall harbour them, denouncing, if a private person, Death, —if a people, if a king, War.

But Creon makes reply, that he avouches Jason innocent, takes him under his protection, and answers for him before the Amphictyons. Who, moreover, he demands, shall dare impeach the clear name of his *son-in-law?* "Yes! of his son-in-law, for the purpose of the happy shall be brought to effect in the darker days; and the hand of Jason united to his daughter." With which answer he dismisses the herald.

Creon now turns to Medea, the detested offspring of the wilderness, the doer of crimes, of which Jason sustains the shame and pursuit, and, in his own kingdom her judge, but adopting the conviction of another tribunal, pronounces her death, if the morrow find her within his borders.

She answers that she is innocent; and when this declaration changes not the King's doom, calls upon *her husband* to go with her. He refuses; and, either authorized to himself by the solemn public judgment under which she stands, using, without remorse, its force to dissever intolerable ties, or letting loose the expression of his hate, he delivers her over to her father's curses. She demands her children—they are denied her—and she goes out, fired with her wrongs, and menacing vengeance on the Three.

Struck with her threats, and having from the first seemed to labour under uneasy impressions of her powers, she has no sooner left them than Creon takes alarm at the leisure allowed by himself for her departure, which he now limits to the passing day. This alteration is not without consequences.

In the first place, as she refuses to receive any communication from the slave sent, it leads to the King's going in person with Jason to acquaint her with it—this leads to her obtaining from the latter, against Creon's prudent and strong dissuasion, a private colloquy—and this again to an incident of our author's devising, which he has made of much force, in bringing on the peculiar catastrophe of this drama.

In this unwitnessed colloquy she begins by clearing herself to Jason, who is without power to doubt her simple recital, from his uncle's imputed murder. She next, returning to tenderness,—for latterly her language has been, more exasperated perhaps, with such cause as she has had, we should hardly say, but more marked, we think, with intimations of anterior alienation, than we possibly, from want of due attention or reflection, had expected,—makes her final suppliant appeal to all kindly, all generous, all honourable feelings in his bosom, that he will not abandon her; and, this failing,—for the unmanly hardness of his spirit is not vulnerable,—in the last place, now resolvedly divorced, as the least favour that can be granted to a mother, and to her the latest, she sues and wrings from him permission for one of their children to go with her, which induces the peculiar incident before alluded to.

She gives the following account of the King's mysterious death:—

Pelias, it should be understood, who, upon some quarrel with his brother Æson, Jason's father, touching his son's expedition, treacherously slew him, had, from the time he acquired it, as in consecration suspended over his domestic altar its Golden trophy, and sat before it in immovable horror, fancying that out of it he saw the face of his brother looking at him, till he fell into seemingly mortal sickness. Thus much we learnt long since from Jason's conversation with Creon. To the fur-

ther particulars furnished by the herald, Medea now adds, "that when, as he had said, she went back to take 'her right, the Fleece,' suddenly she heard an outcry behind her. She turned, and saw the king leap from his couch, howling with furious and frightful gestures and contortions. 'Ha! brother!' he cried, 'comest thou for vengeance?—vengeance upon me?— —Once more shalt thou die! —yet once more!'———And onward springing, at me he catches——— whose hand bare the Fleece——— But I trembled, and lifted my cry ———To the gods which I know ———*Holding the Fleece as a shield before me*———Then the grinning of madness deformed his face——— With shrieks the bindings he seized of his veins———They break! In gushes the life-stream pours——— And, as I look round me, horror-stiffening,———Lo! at my feet the king,———In his own blood weltering,———Cold and dead!"

Medea had obtained permission from Jason, in their private conversation, to take one of her children with her in her exile. They who from the beginning give signs of having been brought up under the nurture of Gora, in a sort of wild and shy estrangement from both parents, occupied, it is to be supposed, with their own passions, cares, and griefs, neither attracting, nor perhaps much desiring childish endearments, have from the first moment attached themselves to the Corinthian princess, in marked preference to their mother. That it may be put to their own option which shall go with her, *she* now conducts them to Medea, from whom, on the choice being proposed to them, they shrink together, seeking refuge with her rival, whom they can by no persuasion be induced to leave. It is from this spontaneous and unexpected rejection of her by her offspring, finishing her anguish, and wholly "changing her milk for gall," that Grillparzer has drawn, as we understand him, the suggestion wholly, and in some part the resolution in her mind, to destroy them.

The *fourth* Act, against our usage, but not possibly against either effect or law of the highest art, is that of the Catastrophe.

The scene of the third still remains, the court before Jason's house. It is seen forward on one side the stage—the palace towards the back on the other. Medea discovered lying, as she was left, upon the steps before the door, still overcome with the despair of her children's rejection.

In abrupt and fitful converse with Gora, she begins, not intelligibly to her, and at first hardly to herself, as if she had no purpose in what she thought, to figure the actions of her revenge. Presently, as her will, solicited, as it might seem, by her fancy, mixes more in the act of her intellect, she turns to lament, that self-deprived of the means of her art, which, guarded by that token, pledge, and cause of her house's calamity which she has buried with them, she dreads to recover,—she is helpless. Opportunely to the working of her mind, the King, having imagined a project for Jason, to which it seems important that he should be master of the Fleece, and found, upon inquiry, that he knows nothing of it, comes to demand this of her. From her answers he learns that it is in his own hands. For his servants, in digging for the place of an Altar to Jove, the Hospitable, to be raised where he and Jason had that day met, in most solemn acknowledgment and sanction of their ancient and renewed alliance, have a little while before found, and brought him, Medea's chest. By his order it is now produced. She recognises it with a transport of joy,—promises, when she has opened it, which for the present she declines to do, to send the Fleece; and desires to add a gift for Creusa. The King hesitates, fearing to distress her, but on her assurance that her means are ample, assents; and, having said that by his daughter's suggestion, to which he had at first objected, but from the calm and reasonable temper in which he finds her, does so no longer, her children will be brought to take their last farewell of her—leaves her.

Alone with her treasure, with the consciousness of recovered strength awakes the full storm of deadly desires in her soul. Even Gora, who has thus far incessantly exerted herself in rousing her to revenge, becomes alarmed when she sees the terrible Magician resume her power.

The nuptial gift, intended by Medea for Creusa, whose former kindness, it must be said, has, since the

plighting of her hand to Jason, become envenomed to her thoughts, appearing to her now only wily and deceitful blandishment, is the vessel spoken of in the first scene, among the contents of the chest, as filled with flames, ready to break forth and prey upon the unwary opener of it. Even as Gora holds it, supporting it awkwardly in part by the lid, from the slight aperture a tongue of flame darts out, which Medea sings back into its place. She places this vessel on a golden salver, and, covering it with the wished-for Fleece, and this with a rich mantle, gives it to Gora to carry in, who, shuddering with her anticipations, obeys.

The children are now brought, and left with her, and her spirit darkens towards its last horrible act. Their replies discover the same sort of alienation from her, and love for her rival, which has before distracted her;—but which, as the future impressed with her own will draws on, she bears, it seems, more tranquilly. It is growing late, and the younger boy is sleepy. She directs them to lie down on the steps of her house. The following lines, thrown in *here*, are very affecting:—

How carefully he leads along his brother,
And takes his own cloak off, wrapping it warm
Around the shoulders of the little one;
And now, their little arms enfolded close,
Lies down with him to sleep.—Ill was he never!—

The lines immediately subsequent, in which, in a sudden dream-like rest from her perturbations of anguish and passion, the vision of her former self, as of another, with other departed forms, shews itself to her, are full of genius. She is sitting opposite to her children, who sleep. Night is gradually coming on.

Med. The night hath fall'n: the glittering stars come forth,
Looking down on us with their still soft light,
The same to-day that yesterday they were,
As if all, to-day, were such as yesterday;
Whereas, between them lies a gulf as wide,
As betwixt happiness assured,—and ruin.
So changeless, self-resembling, Nature is,
So full of changes, Man and his wild lot.

When I think over to myself the tale
Of my past life, I could believe another
Spake, while I listen'd, interrupting him
With——Friend! that cannot be! She to whose soul
Thou givest thoughts of death——lo! thou, erewhile,
Didst let her wander in her own loved land,
Lit with the gleam of even these gentle stars,
As mild, as pure, as naked of all sin,
As a child upon its mother's breast at play.
Whither goes she?—'Tis to the poor man's hut,
Whose green-ear'd tilth her father's chase trode down,
To bear him gold, and in his trouble joy.
—What will she on the forest-paths?—She hies,
Seeking her brother, who i' the wood awaits her;
Till met, they, like twin-stars on the dusk heaven
Glide on, in radiance, their accustom'd way.
Now joins them One, gold-diadem'd his brow,
It is their Sire, the Monarch of the land!
His hand on her he lays, her and her brother!
Welcome! O, welcome! friendliest, gracious forms;
Visit ye me in my dark solitude.
Come nearer, let me look you in the face,
Thou kind, good brother. Dost thou smile on me?
How art thou fair, thou my sick soul's glad light?
My father's look is grave; but he too loves me,
Loves his good daughter. Ha! good! good!
[*Starting from her seat.*

The tongue
Lies that hath said it. Old man, she will betray—
She *hath*—thee—and herself. But thou didst spread
The hovering of thy curses o'er her paths.
—Thou shalt be outcast, said'st thou, driven to roam
Like the wild beast of the desert. No friend left thee,
Of earth no place to lay thy faint head down.
And he, for whom thou fliest me, he shall be
The avenger—shall forsake thee—cast thee forth—
Then kill—thee and himself. It hath befallen!

On fire with her thoughts, she seeks to allay them in her children's embraces, whom she therefore, for that purpose, wakens. To remove what is to follow from the eyes of "the people,"—she bids them return to sleep within a colonnade, which opens obliquely upon the stage. A cry is heard from the palace:—a light is seen — and Medea knows that the first part of her vengeance is taken; which Gora, rushing out in horror, confirms. Apprehensive of interruption from longer delay, she now enters to where her children sleep. What has passed there appears, in the next instant, by the agony in which Gora, who, on missing, has followed her, returns; and by Medea herself immediately after crossing the stage with a dagger in one hand, with the other uplifted, enjoining silence.

The concluding Act, which shows the Palace of Creon burnt to the ground, dismisses Gora to death, as guilty, in part, of that of Creusa,—and Jason, as a presence waited on by misfortune, into banishment from the Corinthian territory. Creon, from pronouncing these judgments, turns to the care of his daughter's obsequies, and "then, to everlasting mourning."

We refrain from disturbing, with any remarks, the judgment of the singular scene, which shuts up together this Third Drama, and the Poem.

A wild, solitary place, surrounded by wood and rocks, with a hut.
The Countryman entering.

How beautiful day rises!——Bounteous Gods!
After the tumult of this fearful night,
In freshen'd beauty lifts your Sun his head. [*Goes into the hut.*

JASON (*who, in the conflagration of the Palace, has been wounded on the head with a falling brand*) *enters, with unsteadfast steps, leaning upon his sword.*

Jas. I can no farther.—Woe! my head!—it burns!
My blood's on fire. The tongue cleaves to my mouth.
None near?—Must I draw my last gasp alone?
Lo! here, the hut, which lent its sheltering roof,
When I, a rich man, lately a rich father,
Came hither, full of new-awaken'd hopes. [*Knocking.*
Only a drink!—only a place to die!

The Countryman comes out.

Countryman. Who knocks?—Poor man!—what art thou,—death-like faint?

Jas. But water!—Give me but to drink!—I am Jason.
The Conqueror of the Fleece!—A prince: a king.
The Argonauts' famed leader:—Jason I!——

Countryman. Jason thou art?—Betake thee quickly hence!
Nor with thy foot pollute mine innocent house.
The daughter of my king thou hast brought to death:
Ask thou not succour at his people's door.
[*He goes in, and shuts the door.*

Jas. He goes, and leaves me lying by the way-side,
For the wayfaring foot to trample on.
Come, Death! I call thee. Take me to my children.
[*He sinks upon the ground.*

MEDEA, *entering past a rock, stands suddenly before him.—She wears the Golden Fleece as a mantle over her shoulders.*

Med. Jason!

Jas. (*supporting himself.*) Who calls?—Ha! do I see?—Is it thou?
Horrible One!—Again appear'st thou to me?
—My sword!—My sword!——

[*He attempts to spring to his feet, but falls back.*

O grief!—My strengthless limbs
Refuse their office!—Shatter'd!—crush'd!—o'erthrown!

Med. Cease!—for thou touchest me not. I am reserved
A victim to another hand than thine.

Jas. What hast thou done with my children?

Med. They are mine.

Jas. Where hast thou them?—Speak!

Med. They have found the place
Where better 'tis with them than thee and me.

Jas. Dead!—they are dead!—

Med. Worst ill to thee seems death.
I know a sharper:—to live miserable.
Had'st thou not prized life higher than life's worth,
Our lot were other. *Therefore,* now we bear.
—To them 'tis spared.

Jas. Thou say'st it, and art calm?

Med. Calm?—Calm!—Were not to thee this bosom shut
Still, as it ever was, thou shouldst see pain,
Endlessly tossing, like a surging sea;
That all the several parcels of my grief
Swallowing, in desolate night and horror wrapt,
Sweeps forth with them into the infinite deep.
—I weep not that our children are no more:
That they were ever, that we are, I mourn.

Jas. Woe is me!—Woe!

Med. Thou, what falls on thee bear!
For, sooth! not undeserved it falls on thee.
As thou, before me, on the bare earth liest,
So lay I once in Colchis, thee before,
Beseeching thee forbearance;—and in vain.
Guiltily, blindly, was thy hand put forth
To seize,—albeit I forewarn'd thee, death.
So take, what proudly, lightly, thou hast will'd,—
DEATH.—But from thee asunder now I go,
For evermore. Lo! 'tis the last time, in all
The ever-flowing ages, the last hour,
That we two may change word with word, my husband!
O, farewell!—After all our earliest joy,
'Mid the thick woes now night-like round us stretch'd,
To the strange anguish, which the future bears,
I say, farewell! Thou once espoused, and mine!
A life of gloom and care is risen upon thee;
But whatsoever may betide, endure:
And be to suffer mightier than in deed.
Should pain go near to kill thee, think on me!
And in my more affliction, comfort thee,—
Me, who have done, where thou but left'st to do.
Now go I forth, my huge and peerless grief
Carrying with me into the world's wide room.
A dagger's stroke were solace!—But not so!
Medea dies not by Medea's hand.
Mine earlier life hath of a better judge
Made me deserving, than she, fallen, is.
And I toward Delphi turn my steps—on the altar,
Whence erst the unhappy Phryxus ravish'd it,
To hang, to the dark God his own restoring,

The Fleece, on which not the dread flames had power,
Which issued whole, unscorch'd, and nothing dimm'd,
When fiery death o'er Corinth's princess rose.
Myself presenting to the Priests, there ask
If they receive this head in sacrifice,
Or bid me to the wilderness remote,
And longer punishment of longer life.
See! knowest thou the sign for which thou hast striven,
That was thy glory, and that seem'd thy bliss?
—What is the bliss of this poor earth?—A shade.
—What is all glory of the earth?—A dream.
Unfortunate! that hast of shadows dream'd.
The dream is at an end, and not the night.
—I leave thee, and am gone. Farewell, my husband!
We two, for mutual bale and dolour met,
In dolour and in bale depart. Farewell!

Jas. Bereaved and desolate! O my children!
Med. Bear!
Jas. Lost! lost!
Med. Be patient!
Jas. Could I die!
Med. Atone!
I go. Thine eye henceforth sees me no more!

[*As she is turning to go, the Curtain falls.*

TO IANTHE, IN ABSENCE.

By Delta.

I.

The Star of Evening glitters in the West—
Look'st thou upon it from thy home afar?
Yes, look upon it—'tis the Lover's Star,
And speaks to all of beauty, bliss, and rest;
Oh, loveliest of earth's creatures, to my heart
Bound by a thousand cords more dear than life,
When Day hath hush'd its labours and its strife,
Thus doth it soothe me, thus to roam apart,
From all, and muse on thee,—for oh, more sweet
It is to ponder on thee, though unseen,—
It is to wander where thy steps have been—
Than any other breathing form to meet.
Seest thou the clear Star, 'mid the blue serene,
Lone sitting thoughtful in thy green retreat?

II.

'Tis midnight, and I stand beneath the stars,
Light of my life, musing on love and thee,
All-beautiful in thought thou comest to me,
Heralding happiness 'mid Earth's loud jars:—
Yes, as the soldier, on the field of war,
In visions of the night, delights to see
The hallow'd fields of his nativity,
From which broad waves and lands his step debar—
So turn I to thee, my beloved—more dear
To my lorn heart, since thou art far away—
More dear to me in absence, grief, and fear,
Than e'er thou wert in Fortune's sunniest day;
Yearning I pine, (would Heaven that thou wert near!)
Thy voice to list, thy blue eyes to survey!

ANE RYCHTE GUDE AND PREYTIOUS BALLANDE.

COMPYLIT BE MR HOUGGE.

"O, DEAREST Marjorie, staye at home.
For derkis the gaite you haif to goe;
And theris ane snaike adowne the glenne,
Hath frichtenit mee and many moe.

"His leggis are lyke two pillars talle,
And stille and stalwarde is his stryde;
His faice is rounder nor the mone,
And, och, his muthe is awsum wyde!

"I saw him stande, the oder nychte,
Yclothed in his gryzely shroude;
With ane fote on ane shadowe plaicit,
The oder on a misty cloude.

"Als far asunder were his limbis,
On the firste storye of the ayre,
Ane shippe colde haif sailit thru betweine,
With all hir coloris flying fayre.

"He noddit his heide againste the hevin,
Als if in reverende mockerye;
Then fauldit his armis upon his breste,
And aye he shoke his berde at mee.

"And he poynted to my Marjorie's cotte,
And be his motione semit to saye,
'In yon swete home goe seike thy lotte,
For there thyne yirthlye lotte I lay.'

"Myne very herte it quaikit for dredde,
And turnit als colde als beryl stone;
And the moudyis cheipit belowe the swairde,
For feire their littil soulis were gone.

"The cushat and the corbye craw
Fledde to the highest mountayne heichte;
And the littil burdyis tryit the saime,
But felle downe on the yirthe with frychte.

"But there wals ane shaimfulle heronshu,
Wals sytting be the plashy shore,
With meager eyne watching powhoodis,
And oder fyshis, lesse or more;

"But quhan she sawe that gryzelye sychte
Stande on the billowe of the wynde;
Graice, als she flapperit and she flewe,
And lefte ane stremorye tracke behynde!

"And aye she rairit als she were wode,
For outter terror and dismaye;
And lefte ane skelloche on the cloude,
I toke it for the milkye waye.

"Had I not seine that heydeous sychte,
Quhat I had done I colde not saye;
But at that heronis horryde frychte,
I'll lauche until myne dying daye.

"Then, deirest Marjorie, staye at home,
And raither courte ane blynke with mee;
For gin you se that awsome sychte,
Yourselfe againe you will nevir bee."

"But I haif maide ane tryste this nychte
I may not brikke, if take myne lyffe;
So I will runne myne riske and goe;—
With maydin spyritis haif no stryffe.

"Haif you not hearit, Sir Dominye,
That faice of vyrgin beris ane charme,
And neither ghaiste, nor manne, nor beaste,
Haif any power to doe hir harme?"

"Yes, there is ane, sweite Marjorie,
Will stande thy frende in derksum evin;
For vyrgin beautie is on yirthe
The brychtest teipe wee haif of hevin.

"The collie couris upon the swairde
To kisse hir fuite with kindlye eye;
The maskis will not moofe his tung,
But wag his tayle, if she pass bye;

"The edder hath not power to stang;
The sleue-wormis harmlesse als ane eile;
The burlye taed, the eske, and snaike,
Can not soe moche als wounde hir heile.

"The angelis lofe to se hir goode,
And watche her wayis in bowre and halle;
The devillis paye her sum respeck,
And Gode lofis hir, that is beste of alle."

"Then, soothe, I'll taike myne chance, and wende
To keipe myne tryste, quhateuir may bee;
Quhy wolde ane virtuous maydin dredde
The tale of ane craizit dominye?"

"Ochon, ochon, deire Marjorie,
But of your virtue you are vaine!
Yet you are in ane wonderous haiste,
In runnyng into toyle and payne.

"For maydinis virtue, at the beste,
(May Hee that maide her kynde, forgive hir!)
Is lyke the blewe-belle of the waste,
Swete, swete a whyle, and gone for ever!

"It is lyke quhat maydin moche admyris,
Ane bruckle sette of cheenye store;
But ane fals stumbil, sterte, or steppe,
And downe it fallis for evermore!

"It is lyke the floryde Eden roze,
That peryshithe withoute recallyng;
And aye the lovelyer that it growis,
It weris the neirer to the fallyng.

"It is lyke the flauntyng mornyng skie,
That spreddis its blushes farre before;
But plash there comis ane storme of raine,
And all its glorye then is cuir.

"Then bee not proude, swete Marjorie,
Of that whiche hathe no sure abode:
Man littil knowis quhat lurkis withynne;
The herte is onlye knowne to God."

But Marjorie smylit ane willsum smyle,
And drewe her frocke up to hir kne;
And lychtlye downe the glenne sho flewe,
Though the teire stode in the Dominyis ee.

Sho had not gone ane myle but ane,
Quhille up there stertis ane droichel manne,
And hee lokit rewfulle in hir face,
And sayis, "Fayre maydè, quhare be you gaunne?"

"I am gaunne to meite myne owne true lofe,
So, Maister Brownie, saye your reide;
I know you haif not power to hurte
One syngil hayre of vyrginis heide."

The Brownie gaif ane goustye laughe,
And said, "Quhat wysdome you doo lacke!
For if you reche your owne trewe lofe,
I maye haif power quhan you come backe."

Then nexte sho mette ane eldron daime,
Ane weirdly wytche I wot wals shee;
For though sho wore ane human faice,
It wals ane gruesum sychte to se.

"Staye, prettye mayde, quhat is youre haiste?
Come, speike with mee before you goe;
For I haif newis to telle to you,
Will maike youre very herte to glowe.

"You claime that vyrginis haif ane charme,
That holdes the universe at baye:
Alas! poore foole, to snare and harme,
There is none so lyabil als thaye.

"It is lofe that lyftis up womanis soule,
And gifs hir eyis ane hevinlye sway;
Then, wolde you bee ane blyssit thyng,
Indulge in lofe without delaye.

"You goe to meite youre owne true lofe,
I knowe it welle als welle can bee;
But, or you passe ane bowshotte on,
You will meite ane thryce als good als hee.

"And hee wille presse youre lillye hand,
And hee will kisse your cheike and chynne,
And you moste goe to bower with him,
For he is the youthe youre lofe moste wynne.

"And you moste doo quhat he desyris,
And greate goode fortune you shall fynde;
But quhen you reche youre owne true lofe,
Keipe closse your secret in youre mynde."

Awaye wente Marjorie, and awaye
  With lychter steppe and blyther smyle;
That nychte to meite hir owne true lofe,
  Sho wolde haif gane ane thousande myle.

She had not passit ane bowshotte on
  Until ane youth, in manlye trim,
Came up and pressit the comelye maye
  To turne into ane bower with him.

He promysit hir ane gowne of sylke,
  Ane mantil of the cramosye,
And cheyne of golde aboute his necke,
  For ane hour of hir companye.

He tooke hir lillye hande in his,
  And kissit it with soche fervencye,
That the poore maye began to blushe,
  And durste not lift hir modeste ee.

Hir littil herte began to beatte,
  And flutter moste disquyetlie,
Sho lokit eiste, sho lokit weste,
  And alle to se quhat sho colde se.

Sho lokit up to Hevin abone,
  Though scaircelye knowyng how or why;
Sho hevit ane syghe—the daye wals wonne,
  And brycht resolf bemit in hir eye.

The first sterne that sho lokit upon,
  Ane teire stode on its browe for shaime;
It drappit it on the flore of Hevin,
  And aye its blushes wente and caime.

Then Marjorie, in ane momente thochte,
  That blissit angelis mighte her se;
And often sayit withynne her herte,
  Doth Godis owne plennitis blushe for mee?

That they shall nevir doe againe—
  Leille virtue still shall bee myne guyde.—
"Thou stranger youthe, passe on thy waye;
  With thee I will not turn asyde.

"The Angel of the Glenne is wrothe,
  And quhare shall maydin fynde remeide?
See quhat ane heydeous canopye
  He is spreddyng high abofe our heide!"

"Take thou no dredde, swete Marjorie;
  It is lofis owne courtaine spredde on high;
Ane tymeous vaile for maydinis blushe,
  Yon littil crombe-clothe of the skie.

"All the goode angelis take delichte
  Swete womanis happinesse to se;
And quhare colde thyne be soe complete
  Als in the bower this nychte with me?"

Poor Marjorie durste no answer make,
  But stode als meike als captif dofe;
Her truste fyxit on hir Maker kynde,—
  Hir eyis upon the Heuin abofe.

That wyckede wychte (for sure no youthe,
But Demon of the Glenne wals hee)
Had no more power, but spedde awaye,
And left the mayden on hir knee.

Then, all you vyrginis swete and yongue,
Quhan the firste whisperingis of synne
Begynne to hanker on your myndis,
Or steile into the soule withynne,

Keipe aye the eyis on Heuin abone,
Bothe of youre bodye and youre mynde ;
For in the strengthe of Gode alone,
Ane womanis weaknesse strengthe shalle fynde.

And quhan you goe to bowir or delle,
And knowe noe human eye can see,
Thynke of ane eye that neuir slepis,
And angelis weipyng over thee.

For manne is but ane selfyshe maike,
And littil reckis of maydinis woe,
And all his pryde is to advyse
The gaite sho is farre ower app to goe.

Awaye wente bonnye Marjorie,
With all hir blossomis in the blychte ;
Sho had not gone ane bowshotte on,
Before sho saw ane awesum sychte.

It wals ane maike of monsterous mychte,
The terror of the sonnis of menne ;
That by Sir Dominye wals hychte,
The Gyaunt Spyrit of the Glenne.

His maike wals lyke ane moneshyne cloudde
That fillit the glenne with human forme ;
With his graye lockis he brushit the hevin,
And shoke them farre abone the storme ;

And gurly, gurly wals his loke,
From eyne that semit two borrelis blue ;
And shaggy wals his sylver berde
That down the ayre in stremoris flewe.

Och, but that mayde wals harde bystedde,
And mazit and modderit in dismaye !
For bothe the guestis of hevin and helle
Semyt hir fonde passage to belaye.

Quhan the Greate Spyrit sawe her dredde,
And that sho wiste not quhat to saye,
His faice assumit ane mylder shaidde,
Lyke midnychte meltyng into daye.

" Poore waywarde, airtlesse, aymless thyng,
Quhare art thou gayng, canst thou tell?"
The Spyrit said—" Is it thyne wille
To rinne with open eyne to helle?

" I am the guardianne of this glenne,
And it is myne sovereygne joie to see
The wycked manne runne on in synne,
Rank, ruthless, gaunte, and gredilye ;

"But stille to gairde the virtuous herte
From pathis of dainger and of woe,
Shall bee myne earneste, deireste parte;
Then tell me, daime, quhare dost thou goe?"

"I go to meite myne awne deire lofe,
True happynesse with him to seike,
The comelyest and kyndest youthe
That evir kyssit ane maydinis cheike."

The Spyrit shoke his sylver hayre,
That stremit lyke sunne-beime thru the rayne,
But there wals pitye in his eyne,
Though mynglit with ane mylde disdayne.

He whuppit the mayde up in his armis
Als I wolde lyfte any tryveal toye—
Quod hee, "The upshotte thou shalte see
Of this moste pure and virtuous joie!"

Hee toke two strydis, he toke but two,
Although ane myle it semyt to bee,
And showit the mayde hir own true lofe
With maydin weping at his knee;

And, och, that maydinis herte wals sore,
For stille with teris sho wet his feete;
But then he mocked and jeerit the more,
With thretis and language moste unmeite.

Sho cryit, "O deire and cruelle youthe,
Thynk of the lofe you vowit to mee,
And alle the jois that wee haif pruvit,
Benethe the beilde of birken tree.

"Synce nevir mayde hathe lofit lyke mee,
Leafe mee not to the worldis scorne;
Be youre deire hande I will raither dee
Than live forsaiken and forlorne."

"Als thou haste sayde soe shalt thou dree,"
Sayde this moste cursit and cruelle hynde;
"For I moste meite ane maye this nychte,
Quhom I lofe beste of womankynde;

"So I'll let forth thyne wycked blode,
And neither daunte nor rewe the deide,
For thou art loste to graice and goode,
And ruinit beyonde alle remeide."

Sho openit up hir snowye breste,
And ay the teire blyndit her ee;
"Now taike, now taike myne harmlesse lyffe,
All guiltlesse but for lofing the."

Then he toke oute ane deidlye blade,
And drewe it from its blodye shethe,
Then laid his hande upon her eyne,
To blynde them from the stroke of dethe.

Then straight to perse hir broken herte,
He raisit his ruthlesse hande on hie;
But Marjorie utterit shriek so loude,
It made the monster starte and flie.

" Now, maydin," sayde the mightye shaide,
" Thou seest quhat daingeris waited thee ;
Thou seest quhat snaris for thee were laide
Alle underneathe the grenewode tree.

" Yet straighte on ruine woldst thou runne !
Quhat thynkest thou of thyne lovir meike ;
The comelyest and the kyndest youthe
That evir kyssit ane maydinis cheike ?"

Then sore sore did poore Marjorie weipe,
And cryit, " This worlde is ane world of woe,
Ane plaice of synne, of snaire, and gynne ;
Alace, quhat shalle poore woman doe ?"

" Let woman truste in hevin highe,
And bee alle venturis rashe abjured ;
And nevir truste hirself with man,
Tille of his virtue welle assured."

The Spyrit turnit him round about,
And up the glenne he strod amayne,
Quhille his whyte hayre alangis the hevin
Stremyt lyke the cometis fyerie trayne.

Highe als the egillis mornyng flighte,
And swifte als is his cloudy waye,
He bare that maydin throughe the nyghte,
Enswathit in wondir and dismaye,

And he flang hir in the Dominyis bedde,
Ane goode softe bedde als bedde colde bee ;
And quhan the Dominie hee came hame,
Ane rychte astoundit man wals hee.

Quod hee, " Myne deire swete Marjorie,
Myne beste belovit and dawtyit daime,
You are wellcome to myne bedde and borde,
And this braif housse to bee thyne haime.

" But not tille wee in holye churche
Bee bounde, nevir to loose againe ;
And then I wille lofe you als myne lyffe,
And long als lyffe and brethe remaine."

Then the Dominie toke hir to holie churche,
And wedde hir with ane gowden ryng ;
And he wals that daye ane joifulle man,
And happyer nor ane crownit kyng.

And more unsmirchit happynesse
Nere to ane yirthlye paire wals given ;
And all the dayis they spente on yirthe,
They spente in thankfulnesse to hevin.

Now, maydinis deire, in grenewode shawe,
Ere you maike trystis with flatteryng menne,
Thynk of the sychtis poore Marjorie sawe,
And the GREAT SPYRIT of the Glenne.

MOUNT BENGER, *July* 9, 1828.

NOTICES, TRAVELLING AND POLITICAL, BY A WHIG-HATER.

My Dear North,

Suppose a well-written and flowery introduction to this letter; and let us come to the point at once. I most heartily congratulate you upon the last grand change in the Ministry. I ought to have done so before, and shall presently explain why I did not; in the mean time, I have gained this advantage by the delay, that it enables me in the same letter to congratulate you on the cheering display of political strength in the last Number of Maga, that renowned periodical, of which you are at once the inspiring and the tutelary genius. This is no flattery, my excellent friend, but the simple truth; you are not only witty and vigorous and spirited yourself, but you are the cause of wit and vigour, and spirit, in others. What man, except he be a Whig or an idiot—for they are not always synonymous—can read a page of Maga, and not feel his mind braced, and his very frame invigorated, by the stream of ideas which has been poured into him! There are other modes of exhilaration—a swim for fifteen minutes in the rough sea, while the saucy waves bear you along, swift as a wild-duck, upon their foamy tops—a gallop on your favourite hunter against the breeze upon a fresh October morning—a caulker of whisky as you pursue grouse upon the heathy mountain's side—each and all of these are excellent in their season; but they produce nothing like the flow of life and spirits which an honest man imbibes from a page of Maga. A politician who wishes to write a good dispatch—a lawyer who intends to make a powerful speech, or any man who is weak in the hams, let him read a page of Maga before he "goeth forth to his labour in the morning." There are only two cases in which this is dangerous, and these are when a man intends afterwards to put on tight breeches or tight boots. If he reads Maga previously, he will tear the best buckskins all to pieces at the first haul; or, at the first chuck of his brightly-polished Wellingtons, away come the straps with a crack, and the unlucky man knocks out both his eyes with the handles of the boot-hooks. I can tell, by seeing a man sit down to read, what Magazine it is he has got in his hands. When it is the New Monthly, he fixes his fundamental feature upon the outer edge of a chair, and leaves his legs sprawling out, as if courting disturbance from the mere idling in which he is engaged. Then if you watch his face, you shall perceive his lips relaxing into a smile half-contemptuous, and half-mirthful, as he reads some far-fetched pun, or elaborated piece of small wit. You can see that he turns over two pages or three at a time, till at last he comes to some politics of Lady Morgan, or Sir James Mackintosh, and then with a "pish," he takes the Magazine betwixt his finger and thumb, and tosses it to the far-end of the table. Far different is the treatment of Maga: the servant, a shrewd elderly man, whom experience hath made wise, asks, as he lays it on the table, "Shall I say not at home, sir?"—"Yes, John, except to any one that I know." And then the worthy subscriber proceeds towards his favourite chair, the gold box—for he takes snuff in moderation—is laid before him on the table, and he seats himself firmly and deliberately, as one who should say, "Now am I fixed for two good hours of rational enjoyment." One o'clock comes, and reluctantly he is obliged to quit his beloved Maga, for he is on a Committee of the House of Commons, to which he must attend. The sharpness of his queries, and the sagacity of his remarks that day, are felt by all his brother committee-men; and it is whispered from one to another, as he leaves the room, that if the member for Senseborough had chosen an official life, he would by this time have been Prime Minister. It is the spirit of North which has been upon him, and the effects of his inspiration have drawn forth these praises. Such, my dear friend, are the reflections which the mention of your last month's political articles have drawn forth. I used to glory in the strength which you displayed during those less auspicious times, when good men spoke of the state of the Government with regret; and then I said that you seemed to soar above circumstances, and became more powerful as your task became less encouraging; but now I perceive that you have been

able to gather fresh vigour from success, and that your march as a conqueror indicates yet more energy than your rapid step when you went forth to battle.

But it is time to tell you why I am thus late in congratulating you upon the "fall of the Liberals." The fact is, I was roaming in the country, endeavouring for a season to forget politics. As soon as our late spring had acquired settled strength, and the balmy breath of May was felt along the hill-side, I set forth to regain the health and vivacity, which the anxiety, that I in common with all good Tories had felt during the absurd administration of Lord Goderich and Company, had in some measure taken away. From the time that the Duke took the command in the Cabinet, I of course felt tolerably comfortable on the score of politics, notwithstanding the admixture of a few Liberals, because I was confident that he would not allow them to do mischief; yet while it was winter, and while things were not *entirely* as one could wish, the lost ground was not to be recovered, and I gladly seized the first opportunity to leave the dusty atmosphere of this metropolis, which was crammed beyond all endurance, and to seek

> "The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
> Of the wild brooks."

I do not know that I ever enjoyed them so much. In the first place, I was far away from the sight of Whigs, and those people yet more detestable, who call themselves Liberals. It was impossible to get into vigorous health, while I was under the necessity of meeting these fellows every day, as I walked down Whitehall at four o'clock. You know how I hate the sight of them—it sends all the bile from the liver, whizzing through the system—

> "Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur,"

and the discharge is repeated, till the whole frame is saturated. Now, this is bad enough in winter, when the sharp air causes not only the aforesaid Whigs and Liberals, but even decent honest people to be wrapped up in great-coats, and to look meagre and sorry, with a drop at their nose; but when winter passes away, and the honest people begin to look rosy and hearty, while the others retain their cadaverous appearance, the aspect of these latter is utterly unendurable by a genuine Whig-Hater, whose nervous system is a little out of order.

Away then I sped, and never stopped till I paid my compliments to Helvellyn, and drank down the mountain air beneath a blue and cloudless sky, delighting in my loneliness, and in the glorious silent majesty of nature—

> "To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
> With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
> Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean—
> This is not solitude, 'tis but to hold
> Converse with Nature's charms, and see her stores unrolled."

I believe I ought here rather to have quoted Wordsworth than Lord Byron, both because it is to Wordsworth it is peculiarly owing that this is classic ground, and because he surpasses all men in the depth, and almost holy intensity of feeling, which is best fitted for such scenes, and for their description; but what is writ, is writ. Lowther I visited too, its sweet romantic river, and thick woods, where Wordsworth tells us he wandered in his youth. You should have been there too, my dear North, you who are such a famous brother of the angle, and who love trees so well. You soon would know, if you do not know already,

> —— "Each lane, and every alley green,
> Dingle, or bushy dell of the wild wood,
> And every bosky bourne from side to side."

And, Lord save us! what heaps of trout you would catch—they are not large, but the river is full of them.

> "There softly stealing with your watery gear
> Along the brook, the crimson-spotted fry
> You may delude; the whilst amused you hear,
> Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh
> Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody."

Keswick, too, I saw, beautiful Keswick! and crossed the brook to "cloud-cleaving" Skiddaw. Next day I found myself at the bottom of a Whitehaven coal-pit—This was by way of variety. But I had almost forgot. We had a thunder-storm between Keswick and the coal-pits,

which was the grandest thing imaginable. We drove under the shelter of a thick wood, and by the margin of that huge lake—You know its name, which I cannot remember—and you will recollect the mountainous shore opposite to that on which we were. The change from clear hot sunshine to thick dark clouds, came with a rapidity only known amongst the hills, and the lake almost seemed to scowl with a grim and awful tranquillity. Thunder is magnificent anywhere. Even in a city, it is awful to lie upon one's bed in the silent night, and listen to the majestic sound, which comes upon the soul like the dread voice of Deity; yet how poor is it when compared with thunder amidst lakes and mountains! Down it came, bellowing and rocking from side to side of the gorges of the mountains, until it burst in one wild roar upon the wide surface of the lake, while the sheeted rain struck upon the water with a hissing sound, and thick dark mist shut up the view.

From Whitehaven I got a steamer to Liverpool, a seaport on the west coast, which *at present* returns Mr Huskisson to Parliament. Thence made direct for Capel Cerrig, and after three hours' sleep, climbed Snowdown, whose top I reached earlier than the sun-beams. The evening of that day found me at the Menai Bridge, a stupendous and magnificent work, which, were it at Cape Horn, it were well worth going to see. 'Tis a pleasant morning's drive from the strait to Holyhead, from which six hours of a steamer brings you to Ireland, a Popish country, annexed to the crown of Great Britain, and governed by a self-elected body called the Roman Catholic Association. This is a fine country, and were English law put in force here, I doubt not but it would become a rich and pleasant place. Nothing, however, can exceed the distraction which prevails in consequence of the violent misgovernment of the Association. I went to one of their debates, and was quite shocked to think that an extensive country should be left to the management of such a rude, illiterate, and boisterous set of people. They spoke a kind of corrupted English, with a strange uncouth accent, accompanied with occasional yells, and strange gesticulations, which convinced me that most of them were partially, if not wholly, deranged. It is well known, that formerly, the Imperial Parliament used to make laws for this country, and the executive took care that they were put in execution; but by some unaccountable neglect, those who were of late years charged with the execution of the Parliament laws, omitted to enforce them, and the strange misgovernment of this Association arose in consequence. The Association is a mixed assembly of laymen and ecclesiastics; the former are the most active in the debate, (if indeed their discussions may be dignified with that name,) and the latter charge themselves with putting the edicts of the assembly in force amongst the people.

I understand a seat in this assembly, and consequently a voice in making these edicts, can be obtained for a small sum of money; but the general character of the members for violence is such, that no one ventures to go in amongst them, and endeavour to restrain the popular frenzy. If any one did so, the probable consequence would be, that an edict would be passed against him, which being handed over to the priests for execution, they would give the necessary orders to the mob, and the rash patriot would be immediately torn in pieces. The Association raises considerable taxes, the payment of which is enforced by the executive, that is, the priests, and severe punishment inflicted upon those who go in arrear; but with all this appearance of strength in the government, it is the most destructive imaginable, for its energy is to be found in nothing but acts of severe oppression, to which the bigoted and ignorant people submit with a delirious passion for slavery, that is quite revolting. The Association neither encourages arts, nor agriculture, nor manufactures, nor education. To the last the priests openly avow their determined opposition, and yet the besotted people suffer themselves to be driven along by them, in droves, like swine with rings in their noses.

It was not, however, to view the politics, but the mountains of Ireland, that I came to this country; so, after a brief sojourn in Dublin, I started off over the hills for the county of Wicklow. It could hardly be believed that within ten miles of so large a city as Dublin, I came upon a wild hilly tract covered with heath, where, but for the

existence of a good road, made by the military engineers in 1798, I might have supposed that human foot had never trod before. Pursuing this line, which is called by way of eminence the Military Road, a great variety of wild, bare, and picturesque scenery is presented to the view, which I am informed is, notwithstanding its vicinity to the city, very little known or frequented by the dwellers therein. This road leads to the place, where, in the ancient days of Ireland's glory, the city of Glendalough stood. It is now called the Valley of the Seven Churches, and there are remains of antiquity still standing, which, when viewed under the impressions produced by the gloom and grandeur of the scene around, cannot easily be forgotten. I spent a day, and half a moonlight night, wandering about the dark lake which bears the same name which tradition assigns to the ancient city;—

> " Glendalough, whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never warbles o'er."

My rambles had now brought me into the month of June, and I began to feel the country too hot to hold me. London I hoped by this time had dispatched some of its crowds to the haymaking, and I thought of returning, to lie still until September again brought weather fit for exercise. I was cogitating by what route I should again seek the English shore, as I strode over the hills; my meditations now interrupted by some striking prospect which opened on the view, and now by the recollection that it was neither wholesome, nor like a Tory, to walk before breakfast until dinner-time. Suddenly I found myself upon the margin of a small deep lake of dark water, which lies so completely embosomed in the hills as not to be visible until one is just upon it. My route lay right across the water, and as the distance did not appear above two miles, I stood a moment to consider whether I should plunge in, and swim to the far side, or walk round, when I perceived a man, whom I guessed to be a forty-shilling freeholder from his appearance, which indicated that he was not worth sixpence in the world. I hailed him without delay, and found I was right in my conjecture. In answer to my queries about the lake, he said it was Lough Dan,—not O'Connell; and as to breakfast, that there was a cabin hard by, where there was " plinty of praties and buttermilk." To this cabin then I proceeded, where I presently found father and mother and seven sons and daughters round a table, upon which smoked about a bushel of hot potatoes with their jackets on, and each hand grasped a small wooden vessel, like a miniature tub, with one handle, which is called in Irish phrase a noggin, and was then and there filled with churned milk.

I don't know whether my announcement, that I wished to partake of the victual, caused more surprise or pleasure,—certes, it produced no small quantity of both, and the good woman wiped a stool with her apron, that I might sit down, and sent Mary, and Judy, and Nelly, all at once, to " fetch a clane noggin for the gintleman," which being procured, and filled with the buttermilk, I set to work, and, I flatter myself, did as ample justice to as good a breakfast, as did any other man in the United Kingdom, on Thursday morning the 5th of June, A.D. 1828. It was after I had dispatched about seven pounds of this excellent food, that a young lad, Hibernice, a " gossoon," entered with a bundle of newspapers and some letters, which he was conveying from the nearest post-town to the residence of the great man of the district, who bears a strange name, with a Spanish sound, and, as I have no doubt, a Milesian. As the youth seemed in no particular hurry with his parcel, I took up a newspaper to see what was going on in that part of the world where there were neither lakes nor mountains; and then first I learned that Huskisson, and all the Liberals, were absolutely and irrevocably out. I had learned a few evenings before to dance the Irish jig, and sing a tune called " Lillybolero," and now, by an irresistible impulse, I jumped up from my stool, and holding the newspaper in the one hand, while I snapped my fingers with the other, I set about practising my vocal and saltatory lessons, with astonishing vehemence and good-humour. Had I been in England, I should undoubtedly have been considered mad, and the constable would have been promptly and privately sent for, to have his sage advice taken upon the subject; but here, the people being more than half-mad themselves, the thing was

looked upon as no more than a sudden fit of sprightliness, and the man of the house, with a sly look and a smile, observed, that "by his sowl I futted it well," and hinted something about bringing out his pipes, if it would be agreeable. I afterwards understood that he was a proficient upon this instrument of mirth and music, and the reason he did not bring forth the pipes at once, was from a feeling of delicacy, lest I should suppose that he considered my humming of Lillybolero, inadequate music. Such is the ordinary politeness of an Irish peasant, who would doubtless, if he had been so ordered by his priest, have had no hesitation in assisting to pitch me neck and heels into the lake. I, however, wanted no music to make me dance, or rather let me say, the imagined sound of the hundreds of thousands of joyful voices repeating "the Liberals are out," was to me all-sufficient music. I burst forth into soliloquy. "Now, indeed," said I, "there is good hope of the revival of our former glory.—Shade of Castlereagh, (for by that name you were best known,) rejoice! Eldon, stanch and true, thou veteran champion of the Tories, rejoice! Health, and honour, and long life to the Duke, intrepid every where, whose stern honesty stands triumphant over prostrate Whiggery and Liberalism, defeated, and cast down by the mean and miserable cunning which was intended for their support. Now shall England feel again as it ought to do. Now shall the Tories unite once more in their strength, and carry all before them, as they always must do, when they act with firmness and unanimity. All England, all the empire shall rejoice.

"The dumb shall sing, Kit North his crutch forego,
And leap exulting, like the bounding roe."*

There are, I doubt not, some persons writhing in the agonies of disgrace and disappointed cunning, who, had they seen me striding about over three-legged stools and small children, and the other furniture which occupies the floor of an Irish cabin, pronouncing this my soliloquy in a voice between speaking and chanting, would have called it "buffoonery;" or, if I happened to be a very respectable-looking old gentleman with grey hairs and heavy eyebrows, would perhaps have termed it "venerable buffoonery;" but let such persons howl on; I care not. What—shall we hold our tongues when our hearts rejoice? Shall our cachinnatory muscles remain rigid and fixed as those of a dead man, while inwardly we shake with laughter? Shall we, to please defeated Liberals, put on a vinegar aspect like theirs, and be, like them, hypocrites? Forbid it, mirth and honesty. No—we shall cheer and laugh, and laugh and cheer, until universal England rings again. England, now waving with standing corn, teeming with fruits and flowers, rich with leafy woods, and rejoicing in the glad prospect of peace and plenty, shall re-echo our merry shout. Nor shall Scotland be without its peal of triumphant laughter; for North is there to lead the chorus; and his voice shall be heard over hill, and lake, and level plain. No ordinary lungs are his; and his joyful cheer shall be heard over all the land; and sweeping across the sea, shall startle the mermaidens as they sing, and wring the spray from their dripping locks, upon the rocky shores of Staffa and Icolmkill. How very wretched does the spite of these Liberals appear, who would give to the just and natural expression of a conqueror's exultation the name of "buffoonery!" It is very possible for a man to preserve his respectability even in defeat, if he bear it like a man, with calmness and good temper; but this waspish irritation, this pitiful bitterness, exhibited in paltry vituperation against the wisest and most respected subject in the empire, is exceedingly worthy of the Liberals, and of the contempt of all opposed to them. They have, however, with their usual short-sightedness, exceedingly mistaken the man whom they have assailed. They perhaps considered that he was too old, or too careless of any spirit of virulence they could put forth, to stand up and crush them; but Lord King has found the contrary to his cost. It is really wonderful the vigour, the almost youthful elasticity of mind which Lord Eldon still possesses. He parries and thrusts at the same instant, with as much readiness and vigour as if he were not "the old Lord Chan-

* Pope.

cellor," and is as powerful with an epigrammatic retort, as with a deliberate argument. His reply of a single sentence * to Lord King, when he presumed to speak about "buffoonery," was a complete smasher, and if the noble Baron was capable of feeling shame, would have made him very silent and serious for the remainder of the session.

But to return to my travels. I inquired from mine host of the cabin what was the best means of getting across the lake; and learned from him that he possessed a boat, in which he would be "proud to take my honour acrass the wather." I availed myself of his offer and his boat, in which he stuck a pitch-fork to serve for a mast, and hung his jacket upon the handle thereof for a sail, and having but one misshapen piece of wood, which he called an oar, he steered with it to the other side, telling me many incredible stories by the way, of the fish he had caught in the lake by moonlight, which it appears is the best time for the angler's sport in these parts. Having, by the blessing of Providence, and the assistance of the pitch-fork and old jacket, got safe to the opposite shore, I made my friend, whose guest I had been by land and by water, very thankful and happy by a small sum of money, which in England would have been considered as a bare remuneration for his services, and continued my walk, in, as near as I could guess, the direction of Dublin. A description of my walk that day might form a pretty poem in eight cantos, with prose notes to explain what was unintelligible in the rhyme; but this is for future consideration, and for the present you must be content to learn, that I walked right over the top of a hill about three thousand feet high, which lay directly in my way, and enjoyed from it a most superb view of land and sea. The coast lay within a few miles of me, and the day was so beautifully clear, that from the mouth of the Boyne to Arklow, an immense stretch, it was distinctly visible. The ground between and the sea is beautiful and well laid out. Upon the whole, the county of Wicklow is as pretty a place as one could wish to see. Descending with rapid steps from this eminence, I gradually came upon a level with the top of a conical mountain called the Sugar Loaf, and shortly afterwards found myself at the top of a far-famed waterfall, which tumbles down from this height into the domain of Powerscourt. Following the steep descent of the water by a slippery and perilous path, I reached the domain below, which vies in beauty with any in the kingdom. At the extreme end from the waterfall is a village charmingly situated, called Enniskerry. I was astonished at the neatness and good order apparent in this place, so different from the general aspect of Irish villages; and, on inquiring the reason, I learned that it was the property of the Powerscourt family, who are distinguished by a wholesome aversion from dirt and papistry, which manifests itself in something more substantial than mere words. Some part of the family, I was informed, was constantly resident here, and the benefit of their active and personal superintendence of the tenantry, was abundantly manifest in the decent, orderly, and industrious aspect of the country around their magnificent and beautifully situated mansion. I can hardly tell you the pleasing sensations which crowd upon one's mind, when one finds in Ireland a beautiful little rural village, with its day-school and Sunday-school, and house of industry for the children of the poor—when one sees the wild, and almost riotous, spirits of the young subdued into decent cheerfulness, and the headlong recklessness of the elder people exchanged for quiet confidence in their own industrious habits, and the protection of their landlord. Yet must the landed gentry, who effect all this in Ireland, lay their account with receiving the most violent and coarse abuse. They must either submit to the direction of the Roman Catholic clergy, or these clergy will endeavour to prevent their tenantry from submitting to them: but principally if they attempt to teach religion; to make the young acquainted with the Bible—even the Roman Catholic version of it—the priest instantly directs all the influence he possesses to thwart and annoy them. This makes the task of improvement very troublesome, and

* "It is not the first time that the noble Lord has shown this House he does not understand the difference between merriment and buffoonery." Vide Report.

sometimes very painful; but still these priests may be baffled in matters which are not of a purely public and political nature; and landlords who will take as much pains, either of themselves, or through some branch of the family who will be respected in their place, as the family whose residence I have just alluded to, will be likely to conquer the priest, and oust him from all influence, beyond that just and proper respect which all people should pay to the ministers of religion, so long as they behave themselves as such.

If you get to Enniskerry in the morning, breakfast there by all means. The place is famous for eggs, and cream, and butter—you may trust them to make tea too, but as to coffee, I have my doubts; indeed that is a beverage which must be either excellent or execrable, and therefore I should advise that a man should proceed with deep caution, and be well aware of where he is, before he order it. Should you arrive somewhat late in the day, as I did, and come from the waterfall side, order your lunch, and while it fizzes on the fire, run out to look at the Scalp, an imposing sight. A chain of mountains once ran across the line which is now that of the Dublin road—this has been by some convulsion of nature rent asunder, and the road passes through the chasm. The rent is quite palpable, and the inequalities in the surface on either side exactly correspond, so that if you could suppose any power strong enough to push the separated masses together again, it is manifest they would fit as nicely as the dove-tailed joints of a ten-guinea dressing-box.

Go back and lunch, but as you value your happiness, do not stay to dine. No, that must be done at Bray, to which you proceed with renovated strength, amazed, as you walk along, that any one could feel satisfaction in being an absentee from so beautiful a country. Arrived at Bray, order dinner at Quin's, and proceed to view Bray Head—a very bold and precipitous headland, standing out into the sea—which, viewed from the water, is in time of calm a very formidable-looking, and in time of storm, must be a very dreadful-looking affair. When you get back to Quin's, you find yourself in a place where the degree of civilization is such, that but for a slight taste of the brogue from master and men, you would forget you were in Ireland. Once more you are in the region of silver forks and napkins—sauterne and madeira tolerably fairish, and the claret excellent. In short, after a few hours, you become excessively comfortable, and then you may get a post-chaise, as well appointed as any in England, or fifty of them, if, like the sailor in the story, you be too rich to travel in one coach, and you are hurled in your thirteen miles into Dublin, along a road, *almost* as good, as if the great MacAdam himself had superintended its formation.

I made the mistake of coming all the way to Dublin, instead of stopping at Kingstoun, which is on the way thither, and lies on the shore outside the bar of Dublin bay. From this place the large steam-packet starts, and I had therefore to return to it in the morning, and embarked for Bristol, a huge way off, some seventy odd leagues, I think; but we dashed along so merrily, that we were under the terraces of Clifton in twenty-four hours. England—England—let us go where we will, how are we struck with its splendour, its rich comfort when we return!

The Clyde and the Forth, you say—Yes; and I acknowledge it, they are very beautiful, and abounding in spirit-stirring objects, but still there is some slight touch of the "Caledonia stern and wild," which makes them still more dear to a native, but less gorgeous, less emblematic of social strength and peace, and huge prosperity. How many steamers did we meet going up to Clifton? Some twenty, I suppose, crowded with people, streamers flying, and bands playing on the decks, and then would come occasionally a big West Indiaman, its tall masts rustling the leaves of the trees which overhang the deep and narrow river. The magnificent terraces of Clifton too, the residences of British merchants, who can keep houses, appearing without, and furnished within, like palaces, these were in view, and supplied the imagination with additional materiel to swell the idea of British greatness.

I don't suppose the Bristolians could exist at all without Clifton. Bristol seems to me a horrid place. I could as lief live in a sugar hogshead—what a thick, dingy, sluggish atmosphere, and black toilsome streets! Did not Southey or Coleridge, or both, once lecture there? I wonder they did not

choke; but poets are a race by themselves, and not subject to all the rules of ordinary humanity.

Now we are at Bath—delicious retreat of ancient ladies and invalid gentlemen. Fair Bath, how pleasant are thy chairs, how eloquent of carefulness and quietness, is the gentle pace of thy chair-porters! I could almost fain be sick—not *very* sick, but have a gentle all-overness—a tranquil debility, a mild necessity for the waters, and a soft and silent roll along the circus and through the gardens. And then the evening, the quiet confab, and the game at whist,—sixpenny points, no higher,—and that benevolent old lady for a partner, who does not get cross, notwithstanding that you have played the last game most atrociously, while listening to that beautiful girl with the soft blue eyes, her daughter, who has been playing on the harp, and singing in the next room.

What a glorious fine country it is, the most part of the way from Bristol to London. Rich in woods—substantial, ancient woods—enormous timber magnificently going to decay—huge and hollow, and beautifully useless. I like them not the less; we'll think about utility another time. What farming, too! the land is tilled like a garden. Look at that huge field of thirty acres, with a thick hedge round about it, in which, at every interval of sixty feet, there is a big tree; it has been ploughed, and harrowed, until you might almost suppose it had been every bit raked, as if for a flower garden. The soil looks as if it would pass through a riddle, and on the whole of the smooth surface, you cannot discover even the vestige of a weed. Yet the man who occupies that field has no lease. He works away, carrying the ground to the very highest pitch of improvement. He knows his landlord can put him out at Michaelmas, should he be so disposed, but he relies on the honesty, the honour, and the protecting care of his landlord. He feels almost as sure as he is of his own existence, that no extortion will be practised, no unfair advantage taken of him, nor of his children after him. He respects his landlord as his superior in society, but he does not fear him as one who exercises, or wishes to exercise, over him a despotic sway. There is no one to go between, and destroy this excellent feeling; there is no Roman Catholic priest, as in the country I had just quitted, to teach him, and his children as they grow up, to hate the landlord as an enemy and an oppressor—to point out his religion as a thing to be abhorred, and the ministers of it as robbers of the poor, to whom resistance is meritorious. Yet if Whigs got their way, this, or something like this, is the point to which happy England would come. The men without hearts, and with heads filled with the doctrines of Political Economy, have no room for the entertainment of those higher and better feelings—that something so far above the mere pursuit of wealth, which makes English gentlemen the kind protectors of their tenantry, and makes the tenantry feel secure in the protection of their landlords. These men, forsooth, take " larger views"—they see nothing more worthy protection in the farmer, whose sole resource is in the land upon which he and his fathers before him have lived and sunk all their earnings, than in the artisan of yesterday, who carries his capital in his fingers, and in his box of tools, and who is prepared to quit the country to-morrow, and take all his wealth with him, if, by crossing the sea, he can better his wages. They will tell the farmer, too, that what he pays the Church is an unreasonable expense to support a useless monopoly; that his landlord supports the Church, because his family reap the benefits of it, and because they thereby obtain an excuse for taking more money out of his, the farmer's, pocket; they would, in short, make him like themselves discontented, by all manner of specious representations, which are every one of them as hollow and as false as they are productive of unhappiness.

I got to London, and found Westminster Abbey and the Duke's Ministry about as firmly fixed as any work of human hands can be expected to be, the funds 2 per cent higher than when I left town, and every thing indicating the highest degree of confidence in the force and steadiness of the Government. The Whigs and Liberals are in a most pitiable, yet ludicrous, condition. They absolutely grin with rage as they walk along; yet they are almost afraid to open their mouths, for as soon as they do, people begin to laugh. They are found out. Many were deceived by their swagger, and now, when it is discovered that it was but swagger, there seems to be the

greatest possible inclination to be merry at their expense. I understand that even Mr Brougham is exceedingly ashamed of them, and his late abstinence from exertion in the House, arises not from any meditations about changing his politics—a report which some of the very lowest of the Liberals were the most industrious in disseminating—but merely through disgust at the folly of the party with which he has been connected, which operated upon him like sea-sickness whenever he went into the House. It is probable, however, that a little time will wear this off. Alas! for Huskisson, and his dolorific strains upon the pertinacious "misunderstanding" of the Duke—"præcipe lugubres cantus, Melpomene." Yet no; you have already given him his due, and he may now rest in quiet upon his pension, happy if his leisure will give him time to contemplate the real effect of the commercial policy he has pursued, and that contemplation lead him to assist in undoing the mischief he has done. The world has now excellent authority for believing that Mr Huskisson is a "man of sense;" if he use that sense, he must soon perceive what a vast deal of mischief he has done, and in his declining days, when a better system shall have taken place of his, it would be pleasant to hear him speaking, like Æneas from his lofty couch, commending the return to the old prosperous rules, and contrasting the consequences, with the state of things which he in his error had brought about—

——"Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui."

As to the Stanleys and Normanbys—the Preston Woods and Dover Thompsons, and such like small fry, who put themselves in a passion, and endeavour to talk big in opposition—I really know not what to say of such sour skimmed milk. Hume has more sense than they, and magnanimously puts his objections to the candour of Ministers, protesting he has more confidence in them than in the House—(of course he means that part of the House who do not vote with the Ministers.) I am sorry that poor Joseph brought upon himself the castigation about the palaces; he does not himself perceive the gross impropriety of the things he says, and therefore I think it would be but common humanity to receive his animadversions with some grains of allowance.

I arrived in time to hear the debate on Mr Michael Angelo Taylor's motion about the L.250,000 which the Treasury lent out of the surplus of the money the French sent us at the close of the war, to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, for the purpose of proceeding with Buckingham House improvements. There were grand hopes formed about this affair. It was considered quite a mare's nest by the Opposition, and mis-statements the most outrageous were flying about the town. The solemnity with which Mr Angelo Taylor opened the matter was extremely edifying; his pauses and his cadences gave fearful note of the dreadful tale he was about to communicate, and which at length he did communicate in a manner so tedious and so—Why has not the old gentleman some one to take care of him, and put him to bed early? He is doubtless a pleasant enough person at home, but it is too bad that the House of Commons should be so taken up. Well, the whole affair was the least worthy of a fuss that could possibly be. Parliament had by one act recognised the expenses of Buckingham House, and appropriated indefinite funds towards it. Parliament had also recognised a surplus of the fund sent here by France to pay English claims, and had expressly provided in the act that the surplus should be at the disposal of the Treasury.

The funds appropriated to the repair of Buckingham House were found insufficient, and the Treasury, in pursuance of the act of Parliament, which they recited in their warrant, did dispose, as they were therein authorized to do, of a part of the surplus fund sent here to defray English claims on France, in the way of loan to the Commissioners whose funds had been appropriated by Parliament to the repairs of Buckingham House. It is clear then that the Treasury did nothing but what Parliament had plainly authorized them to do; and if the thing were wrong, it was the error of Parliament in giving the permission, and not of the Treasury in acting under the permission.

A good deal was said about the violated principle of no money being applied to any purpose without the consent of Parliament; but every one knows that this principle applies to the monies which have been raised by the consent and authority of Parlia-

ment, and that this is the full extent to which the constitutional principle goes. Now this surplus money never was raised from the people by the authority of Parliament, and therefore the principle does not apply to it at all, and accordingly the Parliament had placed it at the discretionary disposal of the Treasury, without appropriation to any particular service. It is easy to give a false colouring to any matter by only stating part of a case, and as it is not regular to meet a public charge by any official statement till it is made in Parliament, an advantage is thereby gained for a time, which, as in the present case, is completely overthrown when the Parliamentary statement comes round.

One excellent effect of the late changes, is, that Mr Peel seems to meet the impertinences of the left side of the House, with more vigour and spirit, than in the early part of the Session. I mentioned in a letter to you early in the year, that he was doing wrong, in dealing softly with these people. That is a part of the conciliation trash, and will never do; they must be scourged, for their respect is always very nearly allied to fear. The impertinences, however, are only troublesome for the instant, and not in the least dangerous; but there is another and quite an opposite line of tactics adopted by the outs, which is really dangerous, and which should be vigilantly guarded against. It is that "insidious eulogy" of which your last Maga speaks, which is nothing but a vile method of crawling into confidence; it succeeded before, and it will be tried again, but it ought, and I trust it will be scornfully repelled. If Mr Peel, or if any other Tory Minister, find any of these people crawling about his feet, creeping like adders out of their dunghill, I hope they will be used like adders, which the startled husbandman perceiving, strikes with his fork, and dashes them against the wall in anger and disgust.

Mr W. Horton has been again at his emigration. , This matter is now treated by the House as an "amiable weakness" of the Right Hon. Gentleman. It is certain that he means well, and if upon this particular subject, he seems a little out of his right mind, it is but courteous to let him down easy, and in this respect I shall imitate the example of the Honourable House. There was, however, something interesting to a man who reads reviews in the speech with which Mr Horton favoured the House. It is not quite new to the House to allude to these publications, but there was some novelty in regular citations, as authorities, from three of them.

That Mr Horton should quote the Quarterly, and particularly an article which is, I believe, correctly attributed to Mr Southey, is very reasonable, on account of the high character of the reviewer, and the great attainments of the author of the particular article, which must both deserve and obtain respect any where. To the Edinburgh, too, some respect is due; nor would I now, in the weakness of its declining years, seek to deprive it of the weight which its bygone vigour and early talent obtained for it in the world of letters. But I cannot conceive what Mr Horton expected to gain in the House of Commons by quoting "The Westminster." He might as well, when he was about it, have quoted the various dead walls, and beplastered gates about the metropolis, where, in company with the celebrated names of Mr Hunt and Dr Eady, may be found, "Horton and Emigration," in good chalk characters, which I suppose must be taken as a succinct expression of admiration of the Emigration System, and its champion. For my own part, I should consider these same eulogies of the wall and gate, much more important, more read, and more influential, than those of The Westminster. However, Mr Horton has had the credit of its approbation in the House, of the which I wish him much joy.

Up to this date, every thing goes on in the most satisfactory manner that a good Tory could desire. The King is in excellent health and spirits. The quarter's revenue presents a most favourable aspect. The divisions, night after night, in the House of Commons, shew the overwhelming strength of the Tories in that assembly. The weather is most propitious for the harvest; and altogether we get on most amazingly well.

Long live the King to reign over us, and the Duke of Wellington to be his Prime Minister!

Ever, my dear North,
Most sincerely yours,
A WHIG-HATER.

London, July 7, 1828.

ZUINGLIUS, THE SWISS REFORMER.

We live in an age which pre-eminently affects the title of philosophic, inquiring, and enlightened, and proceeds to establish its claim by sixpenny treatises on science, unworthy of even the sixpence; by insolently scorning and traducing every principle and institution valuable to our country; and by putting out the lights of moral experience with the one hand, and the lights of religion with the other. Who are the heroes of popularity among us now, and what are their expedients for fame? The men who run from the public assembly to the hovel, looking only for the means of public convulsion in both; turning with the speech of party-contumely and convicted baseness on their lips, to inflame the paltry irritations of the poor against their betters, into furious vindictiveness against the whole constitution of civil society — who cannot plan a Mechanics' Institution, without publicly applauding themselves on having prepared a new bed of riot and disordered dreams for the populace; nor harangue their audience of boors and blacksmiths, defrauded as they are of their time, money, and understanding, in listening to this nonsense, without telling them, in the gall of the most livid Jacobinism, that "their toe shall tread upon the heel of the noble."

But the great object of their attacks is Christianity; and this they attack through its most perfect form among ourselves. The hideous superstitions of Popery, that compel man to shut up his Bible, bow down to a stock or a stone, and be the slave of a priest, adverse as all such restraints are to the vaunted love of universal freedom in the mouths of those traitors, become instantly entitled to their protection, when, through them, they can shake the Protestant Church. To shew by what struggles that church was erected, we shall give, from time to time, brief narratives of some of the founders of the Reformation. The Apostles were commanded to go forth, not in the strength of human powers, not relying upon genius, eloquence, or authority, but in the strength of the gospel; and they conquered, where the noblest powers of man would have been but as the dust of the balance.

The command was given for all times, as well as for the apostolic age. While it declared, that the great work of God was not to owe its triumph to any vanity of man, it declared, that simplicity, sincerity, and moral courage, qualities that may be found in every rank of man, however divested of the more showy gifts of nature or fortune, are enough to achieve the hallowed and immortal successes of the Gospel. No Christian can be suffered to shelter his indolence under the pretext, that he has not the brilliant faculties which influence the world. The mightiest changes that the earth has ever seen, were made by men whose chief talents were love of truth, love of man, and love of God. The life of the first Reformer of Switzerland is an illustrious example.

Ulric Zuinglius was the son of a peasant of the Swiss valley of Tockenburg. He was destined for the church, and was sent successively to Basil, Bern, and Vienna, where he acquired the meagre literature usual in the fifteenth century, in the eighty-fourth year of which, on the 1st of January, he was born. After four years residence at Basil he was ordained by the Bishop of Constance, on being chosen by the burghers of Glaris as their pastor. From this epoch commenced his religious knowledge. It occurred to him, still in the darkness of Popery, that to be master of the true doctrines of Christianity, he should look for them, in the first instance, not in the writings of the doctors, nor in the decrees of councils, but in the Scriptures themselves. He began to study the New Testament, and found, what all men will find who study it in a sincere desire of the truth, and in an earnest and humble supplication to the God of all light and knowledge for wisdom, that in it was wisdom not to be taught by man.

In this study he pursued a system essential to the right perception of the Scriptures. He was not content with reading over the text, he laboured to investigate its difficulties. He studied it in the *original*, and with so much diligence, that, to render its language familiar to his memory, he wrote out the entire Greek of St Paul's Epistles, and crowded the margin of his ma-

nuscript with notes of his own, and observations from the Fathers. As his knowledge grew, he was astonished to find, that some of those doctrines of the Romish Church, which he conceived fixed as fate, were not discoverable in the New Testament. To clear up his perplexing doubts, he peculiarly examined the texts on which the Canon of the Mass was declared to be founded; but by adopting the natural rule, of making Scripture its own interpreter, he convinced himself of the feebleness of the foundation. He now passed from discovery to discovery. He examined the writings of the primitive Fathers, the immediate followers of the apostolic age, and ascertained, that they differed in a singular degree from the prevalent doctrines of Rome. From the Fathers he passed down to a general study of the later theologians, and found in some, denounced by Rome as heretics, the very opinions which he had been taught by his solitary labour of the Scriptures. In the works of Bertram on the Eucharist, he found opinions in the ninth century opposed to those of the Papacy. In Wickliffe's writings he found fatal arguments against the Invocation of Saints, and Conventual Vows; and in those of Huss the Martyr, open and resistless reprobation of the tyranny of the Papal power, and the temporal ambition of the Romish priesthood. To eyes once opened by the Book of all holiness and wisdom, the delusion rapidly gave way on all sides. From seeing that the doctrines of the Romish Church were grounded on perverted interpretations or imperfect knowledge, he turned to its practices. In unaccountable contrast with the inspired denunciations of the worship of idols, he saw the people bowing down to images, and attributing the power of miracles to pictures, statues, and fragments of the dead. He saw the Scriptures, on one hand, proclaiming ONE MEDIATOR, and one alone. He saw Papacy, on the other, proclaiming hundreds and thousands in saints, statues, and bones. One sacrifice, once offered for all, "without money or without price," was the language of inspiration. A thousand, a million sacrifices every day, and for the individual who purchased them, was the act of Popery. "Be not lords over God's heritage," were the dying words of the Apostle. "Be kings, conquerors, rulers of all nations," was the maxim of those who declared that they held their right in virtue of St Peter's supremacy. "The servant of the Lord must not strive," said the Scriptures. "The servant of the Lord must strive, and hunt down, and chain, and massacre those who will not believe that he is the Supreme Depository of the Wisdom of God, the Vicar of God on earth, the Spiritual Lord of mankind, the Opener of the Gates of heaven, the Sentencer of Eternal Misery to whom he will."

It is one of the most admirable features in the character of Zuingle, that nothing could urge him into precipitancy. Those truths were irresistible, yet he knew the hazard even to truth from rashness. He had a double distrust, first of his own mind, next of that of the multitude. He felt, that the eagerness to throw off prejudices has sometimes been itself a prejudice; and he determined to abstain from all public declarations of his sentiments until they were unchangeable. To try them by every test, he kept up a private theological correspondence with a large circle of learned men; but in his sermons he avoided all dispute, and by a course which is perhaps, after all, the true way to shake error from its strongholds, the simple preaching of the uncontradicted and essential doctrines of Christianity, he gradually softened the repugnance, and purified the corruption, of the public mind. In this course he continued for ten years.

But his career was at length to receive a more vigorous and defined direction. It would be presumptuous to conceive, that Providence always overrules the common chances of life in favour of its distinguished servants; but the chief circumstances of Zuingle's life were among the most fortunate that a preacher of the Gospel could have chosen.

The direction of the opulent and highly privileged abbey of Ginsiedeln, in the canton of Schweitz, had been lately given to Theobald, Baron of Geroldseck, a man of noble birth, who, after receiving an education more fitted to the noble and the soldier than to the churchman, had become a monk. He brought with him from the world ideas superior to the cloister, and one of his first purposes was to make his community entitled to

literary distinction. Zuingle's character for intelligence and study reached him, and he offered the pastor of Glaris the preachership of the convent. Its opportunities of knowledge and literary association were so obvious, that Zuingle accepted the offer, though the people of Glaris were so much attached to him, that they kept their pulpit open for two years, in the hope that he might change his mind and return.

At Ginsiedlen, Zuingle found all that was still necessary to invigorate and accomplish his mind for the great work that lay before him. The library contained the chief theological labours of the church, a large collection of the Fathers, and the volumes of the leading restorers of learning in Germany. Among the monks were some active and zealous minds, whose names are still distinguished among the Reformers. And at their head was a candid and high-spirited noble, who, in an age of papal violence, had the manliness to encourage their inquiries, the sincerity to follow the truth, and the singular intrepidity to reduce it to practice. Zuingle had no sooner proved that it was unscriptural to believe in the pardon of sins for money, than Geroldseck ordered the effacing of the inscription over the Abbey gate, " Here plenary remission of all sins is to be obtained." It was no sooner proved to him that the worship of relics was unholy, than he ordered the relics to be taken from the altars and buried. The nuns had hitherto read only the Romish liturgy; he ordered that they should be supplied with the New Testament. Their vows had hitherto been irrevocable; he ordered that all conventual license should be strictly restrained, but that every nun should be at liberty to leave the walls, and marry if she so willed. Under such a governor, prudence alone was necessary to solid success, and prudence was one of the finest attributes of Zuingle. In his twofold office of preacher and confessor, a rash or ambitious spirit might have had great means of disturbing the general peace by irritating public opinion. He wisely abstained from this hazardous and fruitless course; left the prominent superstitions to be detected by the increasing intelligence of the people, and holily laboured to convince them only of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Thus, without offending their prejudices, he enlightened their understandings, and having disclosed the pure and visible beauty of the truths of God, safely left his hearers to sentence for themselves the humiliating observances, groundless doctrines, and tyrannical assumptions, of Rome.

With the force of his clear and sincere mind turned to the great subjects of Christianity, he must have been in a constant advance to a more vigorous conviction of the errors of the Popish system; and the time must arrive when that conviction would declare itself. But the piety of Zuingle was the direct reverse of the desire of exciting popular passion. It has been remarked, by one who knew human nature well, that a reformer who seeks only improvement, applies to the higher ranks; but that he who seeks only innovation, applies to the lower. By the course of society, all beneficial reform must be transmitted from the possessors of property, knowledge, and public experience, to their inferiors; with the educated the instrument must be reason, with the uneducated the instrument is always violence.

The first appeal of the Swiss Reformer, was to his ecclesiastical superiors. His addresses to the Bishop of Constance, and the Cardinal of Sion, pointed out for their correction the errors which it was in their power safely to extinguish, but which could not, without public danger, be left to be extinguished by the people.

" The revival of letters," said some of those manly documents, " has lessened the popular credulity. The people begin to blame the idleness of the monks, the ignorance of the priesthood, and the misconduct of the prelates."

" If care be not taken, the multitude will soon lose the only curb capable of restraining its passions, and will go on from disorder to disorder."

" A reformation ought to be begun immediately, but it ought to begin with superiors, and spread from them to their inferiors.

" If bishops were no longer seen to handle the sword instead of the crosier; and ecclesiastics of all kinds to dissipate in scandalous debauchery the revenues of their benefices, then we might raise our voices against the

vices of the laity, without dreading their recriminations. Yet a reform in manners is impossible, unless you first get rid of those swarms of pious idlers who feed at the expense of the industrious citizen, and unless you abolish those superstitious ceremonies and absurd dogmas, equally calculated to shock the understanding of reasonable men, and to alarm the piety of religious ones."

The Cardinal of Sion was a man of talents, who had raised himself from obscurity into high political influence with the court of Rome. The strength of his understanding made him feel that his remonstrant was in the right, and he promised to lay the statement before the Pope. But the Cardinal was more a politician than a priest, and he shrunk from offering so obnoxious a topic to the stately and luxurious selfishness of Leo X. The son of the Medici had more engrossing objects than the purification of the church,—to aggrandize his family; strengthen himself as a monarch by foreign alliances; distinguish his name as that of the great Mæcenas of the age; adorn his city by noble monuments of the arts, and in St Peter's build a temple worthy of the pride of a religion which claimed the supremacy of mankind.

But the period had arrived when profound study, continued interchange of opinion with the leading philosophers and divines of his country, and holy convictions, matured during many years, had fitted Zuingle for the solemn and public commencement of his work of immortality.

For this perilous effort, which required the heroism of the age of the martyrs, the great Reformer chose a prominent occasion. The history of the Convent of Ginsiedlen was a striking compound of the wild legend and fantastic miracle of the dark ages. In the ninth century, a monk of noble family, probably disturbed by some memory of the furious excesses of the time, determined to hide himself from human eyes, in the most lonely depths of Switzerland. The spot which he chose was even then called "The Gloomy Forest." Here he built a chapel and a hermitage, and after a solitude of twenty-six years, closed his career under the daggers of a banditti. A miracle sanctified his death. Two crows, his only associates in the wilderness, flew on the track of the murderers, screaming round them, until, in the market-place of Zurich, the popular suspicion was fixed on the robbers, and the crime was finally confessed and avenged.

Pious curiosity was now attracted to the forest; wealth followed curiosity, and a monastery rose on the foundation of the hermitage. A further miracle attested the good-will of the "Virgin," to whom, and to the "Martyrs of the Theban legion," the establishment was dedicated. The Bishop of Constance, with some of the neighbouring prelates, had arrived to consecrate the convent, when, in the night before the ceremony, the bishop heard superhuman voices chanting hymns in the church. His pious scruples started at the guilt of adding superfluous consecration to that shrine which had been already declared holy by celestial homage; and he next day refused to perform his function. He was, however, entreated so perseveringly, that he was on the point of mingling the human office with the divine, and he approached the altar. But a mysterious oracle pronounced in the ears of the terrified prelate, and the wondering people, "Cessa, cessa, frater; divinitus capella consecrata est"—"Forbear, brother; the chapel is divinely consecrated." The rebuked bishop shrunk before the supreme sanctification, and the multitude returned home, only to bring the fruits of sanctity that monkism loves, to the altar thus conspicuously hallowed. The robber-nobility and princes of the tenth century, who had many an act of blood to atone, washed away their crimes by giving a portion of their pillage to the convent of Ginsiedlen. In the spirit of a time which always combined temporal ambition with spiritual influence, the Abbot of this opulent establishment soon disdained the humble rank of a pastor, and demanded to be a sovereign. Through what intrigues the dignity was obtained, we cannot now inquire; but under Rodolf of Hapsburg, the founder of the Austrian monarchy, the Abbot of Ginsiedlen took his place among the princes of the "Holy Roman Empire." Where opulence and rank were fully obtained, sanctity could not be far. An image of the Virgin was discovered accordingly, more genuine than all the past, more

wonder-working and more productive to the sacred treasury. The glory of this wooden Empress of the Heavens, healer of diseases, and extractor of money, beamed with undiminished radiance for nearly half the duration of Rome, and even in the sixth century from her rising in the eyes of the faithful, her splendours had scarcely approached their setting.

Once every seven years the consecration of the chapel was solemnized with great pomp. The event itself had been fixed in the Papal history by a bull of Leo the Eighth, and the details had been preserved for posterity in a volume entitled, "*De Secretis Secretorum.*" It was there stated to have been performed "according to the Romish ritual in such cases made and provided; the Saviour himself officiating, attended in this ceremony by the necessary number of angels, evangelists, martyrs, and fathers." To give farther evidence of which fact, "our Saviour concluded the ceremony by striking the fingers of his right hand into a stone at the chapel door." The marks were worshipped, kissed, and prayed to by thousands of pilgrims, down even to the year 1802, when the stone fell, and the holy marks never recovered the disaster.

On the festival of this "Consecration of the Angels," Zuingle ascended the pulpit. The concourse was immense from the whole range of Switzerland, and every ear was turned to catch the panegyric of the "Mighty Mother" and the "Host of glory" that had descended to pour the oil of holiness on that selected spot of the world. But a mightier strength, that was to break the power of the idol, was there. With the sincerity and the zeal of a new apostle to the Gentiles, Zuingle thundered on them.

"Blind are ye," exclaimed he, "in seeking thus to please the God of Earth and Heaven. Believe not that the Eternal, He whom the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain, dwells especially here. Whatever region of the world you may inhabit, there He is beside you, He surrounds you, He grants your prayers, if they deserve to be granted. It is not by useless vows, by long pilgrimages, by offerings to senseless images, that you can obtain the favour of God—that you can resist temptation—repress guilty desires—shun injustice—relieve the unfortunate—or console the afflicted. Those alone are the works that please the Lord.

"Alas, alas! I know our own crime. It is we, the ministers of the altar—we who ought to be the salt of the earth, who have plunged the ignorant and credulous multitude into error. To accumulate treasures for our avarice, we raised vain and worthless practices to the rank of good works, until the people neglect the laws of God, and only think of offering compensation for their crimes instead of renouncing them. What is their language? Let us indulge our desires—let us enrich ourselves with the plunder of our neighbour—let us not fear to stain our hands with blood and murder. When all is done, we shall find easy expiation in the favour of the Church.

"Madmen! Can they think to obtain remission of their lies, their impurities, their adulteries, their murders, their treacheries, by a Litany to the Queen of Heaven? Is she to be the protectress of all evil-doers? Be deceived no longer, people of error! The God of Justice disdains to be moved by words which, in the very utterance, the heart disowns. The Eternal Sovereign of Truth and Mercy forgives no man his trespasses, who does not forgive the trespasser against himself. You worship the saints. Did those sons of God, at whose feet you fling yourselves, enter into heaven by relying on the merits of others? No—It was by walking in the path of the law of God, by fulfilling the will of the Most High, by facing death rather than deny their Lord and Saviour!

"What is the honour that you ought to pay those saints? Imitate the holiness of their lives—walk in their footsteps—suffer yourselves to be turned aside by neither seduction nor terrors.

"But in the day of trouble put your trust in none but God, who created the heaven and earth with a word.

"At the coming of death, invoke no name but that of Christ Jesus, who bought you with his blood, and who is the ONE and ONLY MEDIATOR between God and man!"

This discourse struck at all the pillars of Popery at once. Absolution for money—pilgrimages—the worship

of the Virgin—and the intercession of the saints. It was listened to in mingled astonishment, wrath, and admiration. Its effect upon the multitude was to inflame in some instances the jealousy which no prudence of the pastor could have stifled; of the monks, some were indignant, yet many heard in it only the doctrines that had been the subject of long meditation among themselves. In some instances, the conviction was immediate and complete, and pilgrims who had brought offerings to the shrine, now refused to join in what they had learned to be an act of impiety, and took their offerings home. The great majority were awakened to a sense of their condition, and, from that hour, were prepared to abjure the crimes and superstitions of Rome. But, like the light that fell on St Paul in his journey, the fullest illumination descended on the preacher himself. Others heard and acknowledged the voice of Heaven; but it was to the preacher that the words of God came with living power. From that day forth, he was no longer the same man. His energy, intrepidity, and defiance of the common obstacles of Christianity, in the popular prejudices and the tyranny of the Popedom, raised him to the highest rank of the champions of the gospel.

The mind of this great man, deeply imbued with Scriptural knowledge by his ten years' residence in his pastorship of Glaris, and farther matured by his three years' enjoyment of the literature and association of the intelligent members of Ginsiedlen, was now prepared for the sterner duties of a leader of the Reformation. Through the advice of Myconius, a Greek professor in the school of Zurich, whom he had known in the convent, Zuingle was chosen preacher in the Cathedral of Zurich, Dec. 4, 1518; a memorable period, one year from the commencement of Luther's preaching at Wittenberg.

In his new office the preacher lost no time in giving evidence of his vigour. It had been the custom to restrict the Scriptural teaching to the Dominical lessons, portions of the text marked out for the Sundays and saints' days. Zuingle declared that he would take the whole of the sacred volume and explain it in succession, that the entire Scriptures might be made familiar to the people. He over-ruled the objections that were made to this formidable innovation on the practices of the Romanists; and on the 1st of January, 1519, the first day of his 35th year, he commenced his course of Scripture lectures. From various motives, he was attended by a multitude of all ranks, and exercised the functions of a teacher of the truth with the boldness of a sacred servant, accountable to but one Master. In his course of exhortations, he struck at the prevalent crimes of all classes; the partiality of the magistrates, the violence, licentiousness, and intemperance of the lower ranks, and the national guilt of ambitiously espousing the cause of sovereigns for aggrandisement, and the old and peculiar crime of selling the services of their armies to strangers.

He was fiercely threatened for this exposure; but his fortitude never relaxed, and he persisted in the plain and direct reprobation of every practice obnoxious to Scripture. He was described alternately as a furious partisan and as a furious fanatic, as the prey of a mad enthusiasm, and the accomplice of dangerous designs against the state. But his sincerity, guided by his prudence, gained the day, and all men, distinguished for honour and intelligence, were soon ranged on the side of the hallowed and intrepid teacher of the truth.

A striking instance now occurred to give him a still stronger hold on the affections of his country.

Leo the Tenth, in his eagerness to build St Peter's as a monument of his reign, had exhausted the Papal treasury, and demanded that it should be filled up from the purses of the faithful. He sent friars on missions to sell the forgiveness of sins. Those demands had been frequently made before, on occasions of the failure of the Roman exchequer, and they had in general excited great opposition among the bishops and local clergy. The Franciscan Bernardine Samson, the missionary to Switzerland, had thus come on an unpopular message, and his own conduct, though personally adroit, was too strongly marked with the character of the Popish modes of raising money, not to increase the unpopularity. He published a scale of absolutions for the poor and the rich, six sous being the cheap purchase of a soul of the former, while a crown was the price of the higher worth, or deeper depravity, of the latter. A no-

bleman of Bern is recorded to have made a single sweeping bargain of the divine grace for himself, his ancestors, and his vassals. The friar, by the authority of Leo, an authority claimed to this hour, and to the same extent, which no conviction of its blasphemy can reclaim, and no improvement of the general mind can induce to withdraw an iota of its usurpations and follies, publicly declared that the power of the Pope had no limit in either heaven or earth—that at his disposal was the blood of Christ and the martyrs—that he had a heavenly right to remit both sin and the penance for sin—and that the sinner would be the heir of Divine grace, the "moment his money rattled in the missionary's box." He proceeded granting absolution alike to individuals and states, pardoning sins alike past, present, and to come, and selling bulls authorizing their fortunate purchasers, if harassed by a too strict confessor, to choose an easier one, who should release them from vows, absolve them from the obligation of oaths, and extinguish the guilt of perjury. The habitual effrontery of those tax-gatherers of the Pope, rose into a ludicrous contempt for appearances. On a crowd of the common people pressing round the seller of the peace of heaven, he was heard to cry out in the open streets, "Let the rich come first, who are able to buy the pardon of their sins. When they have been settled with, then the poor may come."

Zuingle declared, in the face of the Papal vengeance, that this traffic was a crime; and he succeeded in prevailing on his fellow-citizens to repel the Franciscan. He did more, he successfully appealed against him to the Deputies of the Thirteen Cantons, which happened to be then assembled at Zurich. The final result was, that the Franciscan was driven out of Switzerland.

The history of the Reformation derives its value to us, not more from its noble display of principle and character, than from its instruction in the mode by which religion is to be best recovered in a degenerate age. The study of the Scriptures was the light that led the Reformers to knowledge; and the knowledge of the Scriptures was the great instrument by which they laboured to break the Popish fetters from the public mind. We find all the preachers devoting their whole strength to the making known the inspired word, and that alone. The Reformer of Zurich, a man acquainted with a vast range of the literature of his day, yet brought into the pulpit only the elucidations of the Bible. "On my arrival at Zurich," says he, "I began to explain the Gospel according to St Matthew. My next labour was the Acts of the Apostles, in order to shew how the Gospel had been diffused. I then proceeded to St Paul's first Epistle to Timothy, which may be said to contain the rule of life to a Christian, to clear up the errors introduced into the doctrine of faith. I then interpreted the Epistle to the Galatians, which was followed by the two Epistles of St Peter, to prove to the detractors of St Paul, that the same spirit had animated both Apostles. I then commenced the Epistle to the Hebrews, as making known, in its full extent, the benefits of the mission of Christ. In all my discourses, I avoided indirect modes of speech, artful turns, and captious arguments. It was only by the most simple reasonings that, in thus following the teaching of our Lord Christ, I attempted to open every man's eyes to his own disease."

Zuingle had been hitherto merely a private preacher of the truth; he was now to come in direct collision with ecclesiastical power. His preaching had begun to produce its natural effects, more permanent, because less clamorous, and more formidable to Popery, because wrought in the hearts rather than borne on the lips of the people. About the year 1522, it was observed with sudden suspicion by the priests, that some of their flocks had given up the practice of fasting in Lent, and, which was the unpardonable crime, without the usual dispensation. A heresy which struck at the power of the Church in this most tender of all its feelings, must be extinguished root and branch; the whip of persecution was instantly brandished; the culprits were summoned before the magistrates, and were cast into prison. The Swiss Reformer now came forward to defend his principles. In a writing on the "observation of Lent," he laid down the unquestionable doctrines, that with God mercy is better than sacrifice,—that Christianity has abolished all distinction of holy and un-

holy food,—and that the true fast is that from sin. He shewed that Scripture and common sense alike left every one at liberty to fast or not as he found it desirable to his pursuits, his health, or his Christian edification. After throwing into merited contempt the idea that one food is more acceptable to God than another, or that the soul is the holier for the stomach's receiving a fish rather than an egg, he founds the rule on the necessities and circumstances of society. "Let the opulent fast if they will; it may form a suitable interruption to their life of habitual indulgence. But the workmen in your manufactories, the labourers in your fields, find in the hardships and privations of their cases enough to mortify the flesh. The Romish regulations for those fasts, were unknown to the majority of those very Fathers by whom they are said to be founded. They are still unknown to large bodies of Christianity throughout the world. The true purpose for which they were adopted, and for which they are sustained, is, by the payment for dispensations, to raise a large revenue for the See of Rome."

The controversial war was now declared. Hugh of Landenberg, the Bishop of Constance, published a rescript to his clergy, exhorting them to adhere with increased fidelity to the "Mother Church." His letter, addressed to the Council of Zurich at the same period, peculiarly desired that they would not suffer the ancient rites to be infringed. The Council, already awakened to the truth, answered this letter by a request that the chief pastors of the diocese should have a conference to examine into the causes of the dissension. But Landenberg knew too well the peril of disturbing absolute absurdities; and declined the examination. He next wrote to the Chapter of the Cathedral, on whom the preacher was of course dependent, complaining of "certain innovators, who, stimulated by the madness of pride, pretended to reform the Church." The Bishop's language was in the form which the wrath of Rome uses to this hour. "Receive not as a remedy this detestable poison, perdition for salvation. Reject opinions, which are condemned by the heads of Christendom. Allow them not to be preached among you, nor discussed, publicly nor privately."

Zuingle had not been yet named, but he was conscious that the blow was meant for him; and he demanded leave of his Chapter to state the grounds of his opinion. The principle of the paper, with which he refuted the charge of heresy, was, that "the Scriptures alone are the great authority to Christians."

"The word of God," says this holy and high-minded man, in one of those passages, whose truth is superior to all eloquence, "has no need of human sanction. The Fathers of the Church did no more than reject the spurious Gospels, the work of feigned or unknown writers. Neither do we desire more than to purify religion of whatever is foreign to it,—to deliver it from the captivity in which it is held by its enemies,—to dig again those fountains of living water, which those enemies have filled up.

"In defence of human tradition, you say that the writings of the first disciples of our Lord do not contain all that is necessary to salvation. You quote the text—'I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now,' (John, xiv. 12.) But here our Lord speaks to the Apostles, and not to Aquinas, Scotus, Bartholus, or Baldus, whom you elevate to the rank of supreme legislators. When Jesus says, immediately after, 'Howbeit, when the Spirit of truth is come, he will guide you into all truth'—it is still the Apostles whom he is addressing, and not men who should be called rather disciples of Aristotle than of Christ.

"If those famous doctors have added to Scripture doctrine that was deficient, it must then be acknowledged, that our ancestors possessed it imperfect,—that the Apostles transmitted it to us imperfect, and that Jesus Christ the Son of God taught it to us imperfect.

"What blasphemy! Yet do not they who make human traditions equal or superior to the law of God, or pretend that they are necessary to salvation, really say this? If men cannot be saved without certain decrees of councils, neither the Apostles nor the early Christians, who were ignorant of those decrees, can be saved!

"Observe to what those doctrines drive you. You defend your ceremonies, as if they were essential to religion. Yet religion exercised a much

more extensive empire over the heart, when the reading of pious books, prayer, and mutual exhortation, formed the only worship of the faithful! You accuse me of overturning the state, because I openly censure the vices of the clergy. No one respects more than I do the ministers of religion, when they teach it in its purity, and practise it with simplicity; but I cannot suppress my indignation, when I see shepherds, who by their conduct say to their flocks, 'We are the elect, you the profane. We are the enlightened, you the ignorant. It is permitted to us to live in idleness, you must eat your bread in the sweat of your brow; we may give ourselves up to all excesses with impunity, while you must abstain from all sin!'

"I will now tell you what is the Christianity that I profess. It commands men to obey the laws and respect the magistrate,—to pay tribute where tribute is due,—to be rivals only in beneficence,—to relieve the poor, —to share the sorrows of our neighbour,—and to regard all mankind as brethren.

"It farther requires the Christian to expect salvation from God alone. Jesus Christ his only son, our Master and Saviour, who giveth eternal life to those who believe on him. Such are the principles from which, in the exercise of my ministry, I have never departed."

Those expositions of doctrine have a value measureless beyond even their historical interest. They give us the sincere impression of the Scriptures as they stamp their immortal truths on the minds of men newly awakened to a sense of religion. We see how deeply and purely the wisdom of the Scriptures speaks from the beginning to every man who will fully bring his heart to their study. In human science, the progress is gradual; every succeeding generation discerns error in the midst of the brightest discoveries of the past. But here truth is developed at once,—the first generation acquires a knowledge not to be surpassed by the remotest that is to be born. If intellectual science rises like the sun from the verge of the earth, by light upon light towards the meridian,—spiritual science, like the light that heralded the birth of the Messiah, bursts upon us at once from the zenith, and fills the midnight with celestial glory.

The Papacy had until this period been content to watch the proceedings of the Reformers with a jealous eye. Leo the Tenth, busied with state intrigues, fond of the lazy indulgence of the throne, and, like all voluptuaries, disbelieving the power of any thing but pleasure or ambition to stir the energies of man, listened with reluctance or disdain to the rumours of religious change in the North. The accomplished Italian, nurtured in the elegance of southern life, and surrounded with the Arts in their day of splendour, looked with native and habitual disdain on the barbarian Swiss and German. But the day of indolence must at length be at an end; and Leo, startled by the stern remonstrances of the German Popish sovereigns, and by the justified alarm of the Popish priesthood, was roused to final action by the more perplexing intelligence, that his sacred treasury was on the point of losing its northern revenue.

The repulse of the Papal sellers of indulgences, was not to be forgiven. Without the money, for which Rome had during a thousand years laid her claim on the human mind, the whole Papal fabric must come to the ground. In 1528, Luther's forty-one propositions were declared heretical, and his writings ordered to be burnt; while to himself was offered only the alternative of falsifying his doctrines, or being excommunicated. This act of tyranny was followed, in the next year, by the citation to the Diet of Worms, where refusing to appear, he was put under ban, and declared an enemy to the Empire, as "a schismatic, a notorious and obstinate heretic, and a gangrened foe to the Holy Church."

The war which broke out between Charles the Fifth and Francis the First, at the moment when the sword seemed about to fall on the necks of the Reformers, providentially put off the visitation from the day of weakness till the day of strength. But the minor persecutions by the hands of the prelates and local authorities vexed the Church of God; and in 1523, Zuingle appeared before the Council of his canton, and demanded to be heard in public conference in behalf of his doctrine, in presence of the deputies of the Bishop of Constance.

The decree of the Council was issued, ordering the ecclesiastics of their canton to appear and argue against the

new doctrines, as far as they could, from the Bible.

Zuingle now published his "Seventy-six Articles." They and the controversy are memorable, the former as being a masterly elucidation at once of the Reformed and the Popish principles of the time; the latter as giving rise to a signal change in church government.

The "Seventy-six Articles" declared that—"It is an error to assert that the Gospel is nothing without the approbation of the Church of Rome.—It is an error to esteem other instructions equally with those of the Gospel.—The cause of the divisions of the church lies in the traditions by which the priests justify their riches, pomps, and dignities.—The observances enjoined by men do not avail us to salvation.—The mass is not the sacrifice of Christ.—The power arrogated to themselves by the Pope and his bishops is not founded on Scripture.—The jurisdiction claimed by the priesthood rightfully belongs to the secular magistrates, to whom all believers ought to submit themselves.—The Law of God has not forbidden marriage to the clergy.—Celibacy of the clergy is one great source of licentiousness.—Confession to a priest may be considered as an examination of the conscience, but is not an act which can deserve absolution.—To give absolution for money is to be guilty of Simony.—Holy writ says nothing of purgatory. God alone knows the judgment that he reserves for the dead. Since he has not been pleased to reveal it, we ought to refrain from presumptuous conjectures.—No man should be molested for his opinions. The magistrate should prohibit those alone which threaten the public peace."

The conference was attended by two hundred ecclesiastics, and a great multitude of other persons. The Grand Vicar and the Intendant of the Bishop of Constance were present as his representatives, and addressed the meeting. But the most pressing instances of Zuingle could not urge them into the examination of his tenets; they spoke in general terms, and repeated the importance of avoiding all schism. The controversy was on the point of closing in this inefficient manner. But a complaint was tendered to the Council of the arrest of a priest for denying the invocation of the Saints and the Virgin. This act of oppression excited loud remark, and the Vicar General, in vindicating the act of his superior, accidentally said, that he himself had conferred with the priest, and brought him to acknowledge his heresy. Zuingle, with equal boldness and sagacity, started forward at this unwary acknowledgment, and demanded that the Vicar should state the reasons that had so suddenly converted the priest. The Grand Vicar attempted to recover the false step of suffering himself to be thus drawn into a detail of his doctrine, and he attempted to escape under cover of a harangue on the danger of disturbing the decisions of the Church. Particular synods he declared to be unfit for settling doctrines. General councils were the only instruments. "The gift of interpreting the Scriptures," said he, "is a precious one, which God does not grant to all. I do not boast of possessing it. I know no Hebrew, little Greek, and though I know enough of Latin, yet I do not give myself out as an orator in the language. Far be it from me to erect myself into a judge in questions where salvation is concerned; these only a general council can decide, to whose decisions I shall yield without murmuring."

His vigorous adversary insisted on his original point. He was answered by the Vicar and the Bishop's Doctors by quotations from the Fathers, the canon of the mass, the litanies, and appeals to the miracles still wrought by the Romish saints. Such answers he threw into the contempt that they deserved.

"What kind of unerring guides," exclaimed he, "are those Fathers of the Church? How often do they disagree? What are not the differences of Jerome and Augustine, for example, on the most important principles of Christianity? Look to the canon of the mass, is it not the composition of men, of popes and bishops, who were any thing but infallible? The litanies of Gregory may prove that saints were invoked in his day. But do they prove that the invocation was grounded on Scripture? If we are to believe that the miracles attributed to the Virgin and the saints took place, who is to prove that they occurred by their intercession?"

He concluded with this forcible and intrepid peroration:—"You demand

my submission to the decisions of your Church, on the plea, that it cannot err. Now, if by the Church you mean the popes and their cardinals, how dare you assert it cannot err? Can you deny that among the popes there have been several who lived in licentiousness, and surrendered their minds to all the furies of ambition, hatred, and revenge? Men who to aggrandize their temporal power, have not hesitated to stir the subject into rebellion against his prince? But how is it possible for me to believe that the Holy Spirit could have guided men whose conduct thus seems to brave the direct commands of Christ?

"Or do you mean by the Church, the Councils? Can you forget how often those Councils have accused each other of perfidy and heresy? There is indeed one Church that cannot err, and that is guided by the Holy Spirit. The members of this Church are all true believers, united in the bonds of faith and charity. But this Church is visible only to the eyes of its divine founder, who alone knoweth his own. It has no pompous assemblages, it dictates no decree, like the monarchs of this world; it possesses no temporal sovereignty; it solicits neither honours nor power; it has one care, and but one, to fulfil the commands of its Lord!"

The Popish advocates had no answer to this manly and scriptural appeal. And the Council recorded its decision—"That Zuingle having neither been convicted of heresy nor refuted, should continue to preach the Gospel as before; that the pastors of Zurich should rest their discourses on the *words of Scripture alone*, and that both parties should abstain from all personal reflections."

The conference was now closed, and the great question settled which was to place the faith of Switzerland on its hallowed foundation. But in the necessary ceremonial of publishing the decree, the clergy were again convoked on the same evening, and the Grand Vicar, anxious to recover the ground that he had lost, protested against the haste of the proceeding, and offered to refer the question to the doctors of some university, answering the demand of making Scripture the sole standard, by saying that its meaning was often so dubious, that a judge of Scripture itself was necessary. Zuingle started forward, and repelled this thousand times overthrown subterfuge of Rome, with noble sincerity.

"Scripture," exclaimed this champion of the truth, "explains itself; and has no need of a Romish interpreter. If men understand it ill, it is because they read it ill. It is always consistent with itself; and the Spirit of God acts by it so strongly, that all readers may find the truth there, provided they will seek it with an humble and sincere heart. Thanks to the invention of printing, the sacred books are now within the reach of all Christians; and I expect the Ecclesiastics here assembled to study them unremittingly. They will there learn to preach Christianity as it was transmitted to us by the Evangelists and Apostles.

"As to the Fathers, I do not blame their being read and quoted in the pulpit, provided it be where they are conformable to Scripture, and provided they are not considered as infallible authority."

It is a striking circumstance that in Ireland, in our own day, the Reformation should have been sustained by the same species of public conferences. Their adoption by the early Reformers in England and on the Continent, ought to stamp their value with ourselves as the most efficient, natural, and extensive means of extinguishing popular errors in religion. Even the ablest writings are feeble, tardy, and circumscribed, when contrasted with the public energy of a reasoner on the side of truth. He shews, by his open defiance of the adversary, that he has nothing to fear and nothing to disguise; by the directness of his answer, how easily objections may be answered, which, to the solitary reader, might seem strong as demonstration; and he shews the vigour of the truth, and the hollowness of error, to thousands at a time. If the Popish multitude can understand nothing else, they can understand that the doctrines which they had never dreamed of controverting, are actually doubted, nay denied, nay sternly reprobated, by others whom they know to be men of character—qualified by rank and leisure for the inquiry—of acknowledged learning, and of obvious ability. They can hear general principles stated, which

are like instincts in the heart of man, enslaved as he may be; the right of every human being to think for himself; the utter improbability that the God of justice and mercy would give a revelation of his will to all men, which yet none but the priest was intended to understand; the palpable absurdity of supposing, that, while every man is a creature of weakness, a body of a hundred, or a thousand, could be incapable of error—The idleness and inconsistency of supposing, that the Gospel, one of whose glories and characteristics was, that of being preached to the poor, should, in contradiction to the express words of its Giver, have been preached only to the priest; or that the Jewish poor were of higher intelligence than the Christian; or that, when God has given us faculties, and commanded us to live by their exercise here, he should have shut up these faculties the moment they should venture to contemplate the mighty truths by which we are to live in the world to come; or that he should put this eternal knowledge, which is the eternal welfare of the soul, into the hands of the priest, to be by him given out in what portions he pleased; or that, having commanded the Gospel to be declared, and the Scriptures to be searched by all men, he should yet contradict himself, and ordain that the Gospel should be at the mercy of a chosen class, often not purer, nor wiser, nor more Christian, than others; and that the Scriptures should not be searched, and in the hands of every man.

The value of books is not denied. They may be of high importance. Their calm arguments may bring conviction to men in the calmness of the closet. They may abound with more extensive and various illustration than is compatible with the rapid glance of the public speaker. They may review arguments which escaped the listener's hurried ear. They may adduce arguments too profound for the hurried ear. They, too, must furnish the materials out of which the public speaker is armed. They are the mine out of which the ore is to be drawn, that the speaker stamps with the energy of the moment, and sends out, at once shining and solid, to enrich the circulation of hallowed knowledge.

But the grand instrument of effect must be the living appeal. It has its inconveniencies, as has every thing touched by man; but it has none that are beyond the power of prudence, and a sincere desire to serve the cause of God, pure from personal irritation, the low vanity of human triumph, and the guilty commixture of human ambition.

Zuingle had now triumphed nobly, and the fruits of his success were rich and rapid. He had by this conference obtained the opportunity which he so long wished for, that of declaring himself in the presence of the great body of the clergy, and shewing with what ease the truth could put down the falsehood. His learned and holy habits had been well known; but the manliness, dignity, and Christian mildness, exhibited by him on this trying occasion, excited high public homage. The reformed were proud of a leader who shewed, that neither in learning nor in intrepidity he would fail them. The wavering between both opinions was decided by his palpable superiority; and even among the prejudiced partizans of Rome, there were men who acknowledged the force of unexpected truth, turned to the neglected Scriptures, that alone can break the chains of the mind.

But it had an additional advantage of peculiar importance to the considerate wisdom of the Reformer. It relieved his cause of the imputation of being the work of private influence, or personal enthusiasm. He was no more to hurt his own feelings, or those of others, by the appearance of standing forth a cleric to resist clerics. He was now under the sanction of the State. His reform was now the work of regular authority. His Church was placed as he had always desired to see it, under the secular power; and the tyranny of Rome was superseded by the mild majesty of the law.

It is characteristic of the Reformer's sleepless prudence, that he had hitherto abstained from every practical innovation in the worship of his Church, obviously for the sufficient reason, that while on the one hand they might give unnecessary offence to those who still adhered to Rome, on the other, they might give a cloak to the hypocrisy or violence of the populace. In his colloquies he had, without hesitation,

confuted the leading doctrine of Rome, that the mass was an actual sacrifice of Christ, yet he had suffered the usual celebration of the ceremony. He had expressly denied the doctrine of saint and image worship, yet he had not removed the images from their shrines. He safely left this result of an improved public understanding to the course of time, and to the truths inculcated in his powerful and indefatigable preaching.

The wisdom of this conduct was soon displayed by the unhappy effects of its opposite in others. Some of the reformed at Zurich, imputing this forbearance to want of zeal, commenced an attack upon image worship.—They began by publishing a vehement pamphlet, which they called, " The Judgment of God against Images." The measure soon transpired in the shape of a mob riot, in which the Crucifix standing over the city gate was torn down. The offenders were brought before the Council, and the matter was long debated. The question was delicate, for an acquittal would have involved Zurich with the Catholic Cantons, already sufficiently jealous of its reformed spirit. Zuingle gave his opinion with his habitual manliness. He declared that images were not to be made objects of worship, they having been expressly prohibited by the Jewish Revelation, and the prohibition not having been revoked by the second. The accused, then, could not be found guilty of sacrilege. But they deserved sentence as culprits against the laws, for " having committed the act without magisterial authority."

The Council, to relieve themselves from the difficulty, summoned the neighbouring theologians to another conference. But no results followed, except to the prisoners, who, in consideration of their confinement, were dismissed, the ringleader, Hottinger, being banished from the canton for two years. But this was the sentence of death to the unfortunate exile. He fatally fixed himself in one of the bigoted Cantons, where his openness of speech caused his arrest. On being asked his doctrine on the adoration of saints and images, he boldly pronounced such worship contrary to the Divine law. The Senate of Zurich interposed in vain; Hottinger was condemned to the axe. From the scaffold he addressed the deputies of the Cantons, entreating them to join with Zurich, and to refrain from opposition to the reform, for which he declared that he died with joy. He then addressed his judges, for whom he prayed the mercy of God, and the opening of their eyes to Gospel truth. His last appeal was to the people, in words which only Christianity could have taught, and which at once expressed his charity, his courage, and his doctrine:—" If I have offended any one among you, let him forgive me, as I have forgiven my enemies. Pray to God to support my faith to the last moment. When I shall have undergone my punishment, your prayers will be useless to me!" Thus died the first Swiss martyr.

The Image controversy was revived, by an Epistle of the Bishop of Constance vindicating images—by a distinction between idols, which represented false gods, and images of saints, who had been since their death received into heaven. " The homage to whom," he pronounced, " was so far from criminal, that it nurtured piety."

Zuingle, now no longer on his own account, but by command of the Council, published a reply, of which the following sentences are a portion.

" The law of Moses is express on the subject of images. Its declarations on that point have not been abolished by the Gospel.

" That law forbids not only the adoration of any God but the Eternal; it forbids the making of the likeness of any thing in heaven, earth, or the waters under the earth; and this prohibition extends to images of all kinds used for worship.

" The extravagant impieties of idolaters, and the abuses produced by image worship among Christians, sufficiently prove the wisdom of the law. He who first placed the statue of a holy man in a temple, had certainly no other intention than to offer him as an object of adoration to the faithful.

" But men did not stop there. The images were soon surrounded with a pomp, which impressed the imagination of the people; they were transformed into divinities, and honoured as the Pagans honoured their gods. Their names were given to temples and altars, and chapels were conse-

crated to them in woods, fields, and mountains. How many men in the hour of trouble, instead of invoking the Omnipotent, call upon men who have been dead for ages, whose virtues have placed them in the mansions of the blessed, but who can neither hear nor succour us? How many Christians, instead of having recourse to the mercy of the Redeemer, expect salvation from some saint, the object of their superstitious devotion?

"There are even some who attribute supernatural virtues to these images. To increase the veneration for them, they are sometimes kept concealed, and sometimes brought forth in pompous processions. Men consult them to learn the future; and to such a degree is the credulity of the vulgar abused, that they are made to believe that these inanimate images have uttered words, shed tears, and given commands. Look at the votive tablets that cover the walls of our churches; is there one that testifies the gratitude of a Christian towards God, the dispenser of all good, or Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world?

"No; it is to men whose condition on earth was like our own, that they attribute the miraculous cure of a disease, or unexpected succour in the hour of danger, or a wise resolution taken in some important circumstance of life. Is this true piety? No; believe me, such superstitious worship only serves to enrich those who patronise it.

"If you would honour the saints, honour them, not by addressing prayers to them, which belong to God alone,—not by lavishing upon them offerings of which they have no need, but by following their example."

This nervous and just appeal produced its solid effect, in the determination of the Council of the Canton to reform the public worship. By a decree, dated 1524, it enjoined the removal, by individuals, of these pictures and statues, which had been consecrated by themselves or their forefathers. Two magistrates visited the churches of Zurich, to see that the order was put in force. The superstition of the monks was still active, and it was declared that the images would resist this desecration, and spontaneously return to their shrines. But the magistrates proceeded in their work, and the credit of these inactive images sunk prodigiously. The dethroned saints were laid up in a public hall, in order to be preserved.

But the prudence of the Reformer and the Council was defeated by popular violence. It was loudly pronounced, that things so capable of being again made instruments of superstition should be destroyed. The pictures were burnt, the images broken, and thus some works of art were sacrificed, which the more intelligent Reformers regretted, but whose sacrifice involved a much heavier calamity, in the offence and misrepresentation furnished by the act to the Catholic Cantons.

But, for the time, the great Reform proceeded effectually, because guardedly. The relics were taken from the churches, and interred secretly, to avoid disturbing the remaining prejudices of the people. The tolling of bells for the dead, and in storms, with other superstitious ceremonies, was discontinued. The prohibition of images was not made a law throughout the Canton; it was more mildly declared, that the matter should depend on the vote of the people. Where the majority desired the removal, the magistrates were authorized to carry it into effect. The natural consequence followed; the images disappeared.

But a grand difficulty remained, the Mass. While this pillar of the Romish worship stood, all true reform was incomplete. Zuingle had, from the commencement of his career at Zurich, openly declared himself against the continuance of a rite, which he had ceaselessly proved to be in direct contradiction to the letter and the spirit of the Gospel.

Scripture pronounces that Christ died once, and that his one sacrifice is sufficient for the sins of those who will in repentance and faith seek for pardon.

The doctrine of the Mass pronounces that the Mass is an actual sacrifice; that this sacrifice may be offered every day, in every corner of the earth at once, ten times, or a million times a-day; that it may be offered for money; that it may be offered for the dead; that it may redeem from future agonies men who never had a thought of repentance; that the actual body and blood of Christ are offered up; that they exist in what to the human senses is but a wafer; that the hun-

dred or ten thousand wafers are each the whole and complete body and blood of Christ; that the priest can make his Maker; and that the people should worship as the Eternal God, what the priest himself will acknowledge to have been but flour and water the moment before consecration; and what to the eye, the touch, and the taste, is but flour and water still!

Zuingle denounced the whole error of this inconceivable delusion; but with his characteristic reluctance to urge the public understanding, he desired to limit his first changes to some alterations in the canon of the Mass, allowing the priests to retain their vestments, and tolerating whatever ceremonies were not decidedly opposed to the spirit of religion. Circumstances induced the Council to delay even those changes for a year. At the close of that period, the rapid intelligence of the public mind had prepared it for the more complete reform, and Zuingle declared the necessity of the entire abolition of the Mass. Yet even then no hasty zeal was suffered to interfere. The Mass was still suffered to be performed. The law was limited to taking off the command, by which priests were to solemnize the rite, or laics to be present at it. It was thus gradually abandoned, until, in the year 1525, Zuingle was empowered by the public will to complete the abolition of the Mass, and solemnize in its place the Lord's Supper. His reform now required but some civil additions, and they were effectually made. The chapter of his cathedral, by his influence, acknowledged the paramount authority of the State, and the mendicant orders were suppressed. But in these alterations, so tempting to human cupidity, the manliness, foresight, and justice of the great Reformer, were worthy of his religion. The property of the convents was not plundered, nor even alienated to the secular purposes of the state. It was kept together, and duly directed, more wisely and usefully, to the objects of public instruction in the Gospel and literature. The infirm members, male and female, of those establishments, were retained in the possession of their customary emoluments; but at their deaths their benefices and estates were appointed to the support of professorships, for general and gratuitous teaching.

The cells of a great adjoining abbey were turned into a seminary for the education of young ecclesiastics; the nuns having been previously pensioned. The Dominican convent was made an hospital. The Augustan convent was given up to the reception of the poor, and of destitute strangers travelling through the Canton. The other convents were similarly employed. The revenues were in no instance embezzled by the claims or cupidity of the State, or private persons. The great Reformer had in this preservation to contend with avarice and every bad passion of our nature, but he was at once sincere and prudent; and he accomplished his work by putting the conventual property under the care of a responsible administrator, thus saving it from future plunder, and directing its employment to objects of the highest public utility.

His next work was a system of public instruction. He had driven out the ancient superstition; his business now was to prevent its return; and this he knew was to be most effectually done by teaching the people to think for themselves. He revived the almost dead school of Zurich, brought to it some able professors of classical and Oriental literature, and established public lectures, chiefly in the knowledge of the Scriptures, which he justly placed at the head of all learning. He banished the old system of studying only the schoolmen, and made it the principal duty of the theological teachers to study the Bible in the original languages, comparing them with the chief versions, illustrating them by the commentaries of the Rabbins and Fathers; ascertaining the customs and traditions of Judea, connected with the Scriptures, and finally directing this knowledge to the general Christian improvement of the country. The theological lectures were given in the cathedral that had so long echoed the gloomy doctrines and wild reveries of monkery. The clergy of the city, and the students in divinity, were enjoined to attend them, but the spontaneous will of the people brought crowds of all classes; a taste for literature was deeply rooted, and long after the great Reformer had passed away, men of professions the least connected with literature were to be found in Zurich, distinguished for classical and theological knowledge.

The career of Zuingle was now about to close. But it was still to be signalized by a triumph of the faith. In 1527, some districts of Bern, the most powerful of the Cantons, petitioned its senate for the introduction of the system established at Zurich, and for the suppression of the Mass. The senate was divided, but the proposal was finally referred to a council of the clergy of Bern, and the other states of the league. Some of the Cantons objected to the meeting, but it was at length held, and attended by names still memorable in the history of Protestantism, Æcolampadius, Pellican, Collinus, Bullinger, Capito, and Bucer. On Zuingle's arrival the sittings commenced. The Protestant doctrines were proposed in the shape of ten Theses, and they were so powerfully sustained by the learning and talent of the Reformers, that, after eighteen debates, the great majority of the Bernese clergy signed their adherence to them, as the true doctrines of the Gospel.

The "Grand Council" of Bern then proceeded to act upon the decision. It declared the Bishops of Lausanne, Basil, Sion, and Constance, to be divested of all rights in its territory; ordered the priests to teach nothing contradictory to the Theses, permitted priests to marry, and monks and nuns to leave their convents, and appropriated the religious revenues to lawful purposes. Within four months Protestantism was the religion of the whole Canton; but this triumph was finally purchased by the death of the great leader and light of Switzerland. The accession of so powerful a state as Bern threw the Catholic Cantons into general alarm. A league, prohibiting the preaching of the Reformation, was made between the five cantons of Lucerne, Uri, Schweitz, Unterwalden, and Zug. Protestant ministers were persecuted, and in some instances put to death, and alliances were formed with the German princes hostile to Protestantism. Civil discord inflames all the bad passions; and the remaining enemies of the Reformation in Zurich and Bern laboured to represent the public disturbances as the work of Zuingle. He suddenly appeared before the senate, and tendered the resignation of his office. "I have," said he, "for eleven years preached the Gospel to you in its purity; as became a faithful minister, I have spared neither exhortations, nor reprimands, nor warnings; I have declared to you on many occasions how great a misfortune it would be to you, that you should suffer yourselves to be again guided by those whose ambition is their god.

"You have made no account of my remonstrances; I see introduced into the Council men destitute of morality and religion, having nothing in view but their own interest, enemies of the doctrine of the Gospel, and zealous partizans of our adversaries. These men are they who are now listened to. As long as you act in this manner, what good can be hoped for? But since it is to me that the public misfortunes are attributed, though none of my counsels are followed, I demand my dismission, and will go and seek an asylum elsewhere."

This act of noble self-denial was received by the Council as it deserved. A deputation was sent to entreat him to rescind his resolution. But they objected political and personal grounds in vain. At length they laid before him the unquestionable injury that must be sustained by the Reformation, if it were thus to lose its principal champion in its chief seat, Zurich. To this argument Zuingle gave way, and three days after appeared before the Council, and pledged himself to adhere till death to the cause of his country.

The persecutions of the Protestants had awakened the fears and resentment of the Reformed Cantons, and to enforce the treaty by which the Reformed were to be protected, the Cantons of Zurich and Bern determined to blockade the five Cantons. The blockade was contrary to the advice of Zuingle, who deprecated it as involving the innocent with the guilty. At length the five Cantons collected their troops, and advanced towards Cappel, a point where they might prevent the junction of the Zurichers and Bernese. Zurich was thrown into consternation, and when four thousand men were ordered to march, but seven hundred were equipped in a state to meet the enemy. News came that the division already posted at Cappel was attacked by a superior force. The officer in command of the Zurichers instantly marched to sustain the post. It was

the custom of the Swiss, that their clergy should follow their troops to the field, to administer the last consolations to the dying. Zuingle attended this detachment, but with a full consciousness of the hazard. "Our cause is good," said he to the friends who crowded anxiously round him, as the troops marched out; "but it is ill defended. It will cost my life, and that of a number of excellent men, who would wish to restore religion to its primitive simplicity. No matter; God will not abandon his servants; he will come to their assistance when you think all lost. My confidence rests upon him alone, and not upon men. I submit myself to his will."

Cappel is three leagues from Zurich. On the road the roaring of the cannon attacking the position of the Zurichers, was heard. The march of the troops was slow, from the height of Mount Albis, and the weight of their armour. Zuingle, agitated for the fate of the post, urged the officers to push forward at speed. "Hasten," he cried, "or we shall be too late. As for me, I will go and join my brethren. I will help to save them, or we will die together." The little army, animated by his exhortation, rushed forward, and at three in the afternoon came in sight of the battle. The troops of the five Cantons were eight thousand, an overwhelming superiority. After some discharges of cannon, they advanced to surround the Zurichers, who amounted to but fifteen hundred. The enemy were boldly repulsed for a while, but their numbers enabled them to outflank the Protestants, and all was flight or slaughter.

Zuingle fell by almost the first fire. He had advanced in front of his countrymen, and was exhorting them to fight for the cause of freedom and holiness, when a ball struck him. He sunk on the ground mortally wounded, and in the charge of the enemy was trampled over without being distinguished. When the tumult of the battle was past, his senses returned, and raising himself from the ground, he crossed his arms upon his breast, and remained with his eyes fixed on heaven. Some of the enemy, who had lingered behind, came up and asked whether he would have a confessor. His speech was gone, but he shook his head in refusal. They then exhorted him to commend his soul to the Virgin. He refused again. They were enraged by his repeated determination. "Die then, obstinate heretic!" exclaimed one of them, and drove his sword through his bosom.

The body was not recognised until the next day, and then it was exposed to the sight of the Catholic army, as the most consummate trophy of their victory. To some it was a sight of admiration and sorrow, but to the multitude a subject of savage revenge. In the midst of shouts over the remains of this champion of holiness and truth, the clamour rose to "burn the heresiarch." Some of the leaders would have resisted, but the fury of the crowd was not to be restrained. They dragged the body to a pile, held a mock trial over it, burned it, and scattered the ashes to the winds.

Thus perished a saint and a hero, at a time of life, when he seemed to be only maturing for a more extensive and vigorous career. He fell at the age of forty-seven. But he had gone through his course well, he had sowed the seeds of virtue in a land barren before; he had let in light on a land of darkness, and his immortal legacy to his country was strength, wisdom, freedom, and religion!

AWKWARDNESS.

Man is naturally the most awkward animal that inhales the breath of life. There is nothing, however simple, which he can perform with the smallest approach to gracefulness or ease. If he walks,—he hobbles, or jumps, or limps, or trots, or sidles, or creeps—but creeping, sidling, limping, hobbling, and jumping, are by no means walking. If he sits,—he fidgets, twists his legs under his chair, throws his arm over the back of it, and puts himself into a perspiration, by trying to be at ease. It is the same in the more complicated operations of life. Behold that individual on a horse! See with what persevering alacrity he hobbles up and down from the croupe to the pommel, while his horse goes quietly at an amble of from four to five miles in the hour. See how his knees, flying like a weaver's shuttle, from one extremity of the saddle to another, destroy, in a pleasure-ride from Edinburgh to Roslin, the good grey kerseymeres, which were glittering a day or two ago in Scaife and Willis's shop. The horse begins to gallop—Bless our soul! the gentleman will decidedly roll off. The reins were never intended to be pulled like a peal of Bob Majors; your head, my friend, ought to be on your own shoulders, and not poking out between your charger's ears; and your horse ought to use *its* exertions to move on, and not you. It is a very cold day, you have cantered your two miles, and now you are wiping your brows, as if you had run the distance in half the time on foot.

People think it a mighty easy thing to roll along in a carriage. Step into this noddy. That creature in the corner is evidently in a state of such nervous excitement that his body is as immovable as if he had breakfasted on the kitchen poker; every jolt of the vehicle must give him a shake like a battering-ram; do you call this coming in to give yourself a rest? Poor man, your ribs will ache for this for a month to come! But the other gentleman opposite: see how flexible he has rendered his body. Every time my venerable friend on the coach-box extends the twig with a few yards of twine at the end of it, which he denominates "a whupp," the suddenness of the accelerated motion makes his great round head flop from the centre of his short thick neck, and come with such violence on the unstuffed back, that his hat is sent down upon the bridge of his nose with a vehemence which might wellnigh carry it away. Do you say that man is capable of taking a *pleasure* ride? Before he has been bumped three miles, every puff of wind will be jerked out of his body, and by the time he has arrived at Roslin, he will be a dead man. If that man prospers in the world, he commits suicide the moment he sets up his carriage.

We go to a ball. Mercy upon us! is this what you call dancing? A man of thirty years of age, and with legs as thick as a gate-post, stands up in the middle of the room, and gapes, and fumbles with his gloves, looking all the time as if he were burying his grandmother. At a given signal, the unwieldy animal puts himself in motion; he throws out his arms, crouches up his shoulders, and, without moving a muscle of his face, kicks out his legs, to the manifest risk of the bystanders, and goes back to his place puffing and blowing like an otter, after a half-hour's burst. Is this dancing? Shades of the filial and paternal Vestris! can this be a specimen of the art which gives elasticity to the most inert conformation, which sets the blood glowing with a warm and genial flow, and makes beauty float before our ravished senses, stealing our admiration by the gracefulness of each new motion, till at last our souls thrill to each warning movement, and dissolve into ecstasy and love? Maiden, with the roses lying among the twinings of thy long red hair! think not that the art of dancing consists merely in activity and strength. Thy limbs, which are none of the weakest, were not intended to be the rivals of a pavior's hammer: the artificer, who trimmed thy locks, had no idea that his labours were to be lifted three feet higher than thy natural height from the ground; spare thyself such dreadful exertion, we beseech thee, and consider that thine ankle, though strong and thick as St George's pillars, may still be broken or sprained with such saltations.

People seem even to labour to be awk-

ward. One would think a gentleman might shake hands with a familiar friend without any symptoms of cubbishness. Not at all. The hand is jerked out by the one with the velocity of a rocket, and comes so unexpectedly to the length of its tether, that it nearly dislocates the shoulder bone. There it stands swaying and clutching at the wind, at the full extent of the arm, while the other is half poked out, and half drawn in, as if rheumatism detained the upper moiety and only below the elbow were at liberty to move. After you have shaken the hand, (but for what reason you squeeze it, as if it were a sponge, I can by no means imagine,) can you not withdraw it to your side, and keep it in the station where nature and comfort alike tell you it ought to be? Do you think your breeches' pocket the most proper place to push your daddle into? Do you put it there to guard the solitary half-crown from the rapacity of your friend; or do you put it across your breast in case of an unexpected winder from your apparently peaceable acquaintance on the opposite side?

Who, in the name of wonder, taught you to touch your hat? Do you imagine that any lady will be pleased by your doffing your castor, as if it hurt your head, or throwing your hand up to it, as if to hold it on against a sudden gust of wind, or tapping it on the brim with the point of your fore-finger, as if it were the interior of a snuff-box? Why will you be so awkward? Most learned expounder of the intricacies of law, remember when your hat is fairly and genteelly off, the best thing you can do is to put it quietly and calmly on again. Recollect in these easterly winds that you have left your wig in the Parliament House, and besides, that some booby of a phrenologist will set you down in his next philosophical essay, as endowed with an enormous organ of offhattiveness, and the proportions of your neck may be quite as well concealed. Stop, my dear George, you intended to take off your hat to the ladies in the blue pelisses,—your nod was pretty well, but your salute, as we say in the army, was bestowed upon two lady's maids and three children in a window three doors farther on.

Is it not quite absurd that a man can't even take a glass of wine without an appearance of infinite difficulty and pain? Eating an egg at breakfast, we allow, is a difficult operation, but surely a glass of wine after dinner should be as easy as it is undoubtedly agreeable. The egg lies under many disadvantages. If you leave the egg-cup on the table, you have to steady it with the one hand, and carry the floating nutriment a distance of about two feet with the other, and always in a confoundedly small spoon, and sometimes with rather unsteady fingers. To avoid this, you take the egg-cup in your hand, and every spoonful have to lay it down again, in order to help yourself to bread; so, upon the whole, we disapprove of eggs, unless, indeed, you take them in our old mode at Oxford; that is two eggs mashed up with every cup of tea, and purified with a glass of hot rum.

But the glass of wine—can any thing be more easy? One would think not—but if you take notice next time you empty a gallon with a friend, you will see that, sixteen to one, he makes the most convulsive efforts to do with ease what a person would naturally suppose was the easiest thing in the world. Do you see, in the first place, how hard he grasps the decanter, leaving the misty marks of five hot fingers on the glittering crystal, which ought to be pure as Cornelia's fame? Then remark at what an acute angle he holds his right elbow as if he were meditating an assault on his neighbour's ribs; then see how he claps the bottle down again as if his object were to shake the pure ichor, and make it muddy as his own brains. Mark how the animal seizes his glass,—by heavens he will break it into a thousand fragments! See how he bows his lubberly head to meet half way the glorious cargo; how he slobbers the beverage over his unmeaning gullet, and chucks down the glass so as almost to break its stem after he has emptied it of its contents as if they had been jalap or castor-oil! Call you that taking a glass of wine? Sir, it is putting wine into your gullet as you would put small beer into a barrel,—but it is not—oh, no! it is not taking, so as to enjoy, a glass of red, rich port, or glowing, warm, tinted, beautiful caveza! Nights of enjoyment! dear, fleeting, but the more loved then, and oh, the more regretted now that ye were so fleeting and so dear! do not the feelings of our old heart grow

warm again, and the beating of our thinn'd blood start at once from 57 up to 76, when we recall your bright and beautiful, and evanescent existence! Where are ye now, companions of our joyous hours, when we drew round our blazing fire after the drudgery of hall-dinner was over, when we became serious over port, or maddened over delirious champaigne! Is thy long nose, oh Thomas, shining with as rosy a tint in the precincts of the Middle Temple as it did when its appearance at our wine parties was hailed—as the watery Pleiads were by the sailor on the pathless deeps? Art thou indeed a Barrister of standing almost as long as thy long thin body? or hast thou left the forensic for a more congenial bar, and married the cynosure of some country inn, the captive of her bewitching smiles as well as of her brandy-punch? Thou too, my Barnacles, couldst distinguish between sherry and strong ale, which half the cognoscenti in Oxford could hardly do—where art thou gone? Hast thou become steady and active as a country parson—Oh, enviable lot—and smilest thou with ill-disguised satisfaction when thou catchest a glimpse, the first perhaps for years, of thy once-boasted foot, which has been hidden from thy admiring vision by the increased rotundity of thine anterior configuration—while we!—but caparisons are odoriferous—and we return to the point we started from in this irresistible fit of enthusiasm and regret. Men are decidedly more awkward than "all-commanding woman," everywhere, except on the road.

A newly married couple are invited to a wedding dinner. Though the lady, perhaps, has run off with a person below her in rank and station, see when they enter the room, how differently they behave.—How gracefully she waves her head in the fine recover from the withdrawing curtsy, and beautifully extends her hand to the bald-pated individual grinning to her on the rug! While the poor spoon, her husband, looks on, with the white of his eyes turned up as if he were seasick, and his hands dangle dangle on his thighs as if he were trying to lift his own legs. See how he ducks to the lady of the house, and simpers across the fire-place to his wife, who, by this time is giving a most spirited account of the state of roads, and the civility of the postilions near the Borders.

Is a man little? Let him always, if possible, stoop. We are sometimes tempted to lay sprawling in the mud fellows of from five feet to five feet eight, who carry the back of their heads on the extreme summit of their back-bone, and gape up to heaven as if they scorned the very ground. Let no little man wear iron heels. When we visit a friend of ours in Queen Street we are disturbed from our labours or conversation by a sound which resembles the well-timed marching of a file of infantry or a troop of dismounted dragoons. We hobble as fast as possible to the window, and are sure to see some chappie of about five feet high stumping on the pavement with his most properly named cuddy-heels; and we stake our credit, we never yet heard a similar clatter from any of his Majesty's subjects of a rational and gentlemanly height—We mean from five feet eleven (our own height) up to six feet three.

Is a man tall? let him never wear a surtout. It is the most unnatural, and therefore the most awkward dress that ever was invented. On a tall man, if he be thin, it appears like a cossack-trowser on a stick leg; if it be buttoned, it makes his leanness and lankness still more appalling and absurd; if it be open, it appears to be no part of his costume, and leads us to suppose that some elongated habit-maker is giving us a specimen of that rare bird, the flying taylor.

We go on a visit to the country for a few days, and the neighbourhood is famous for its beautiful prospects. Though, for our own individual share, we would rather go to the catacombs alone, than to a splendid view in a troop, we hate to balk young people; and as even now a walking-stick chair is generally carried along for our behoof, we seldom or never remain at home when all the rest of the party trudge off to some "bushy bourne or mossy dell." On these occasions how infinitely superior the female is to the male part of the species! The ladies, in a quarter of an hour after the proposal of the ploy, appear all in readiness to start, each with her walking-shoes and parasol, with a smart reticule dangling from her wrist. The gentlemen, on the other hand, set off with their great heavy Wellingtons,

which, after walking half a mile, pinch them at the toe, and make the pleasure-excursion confine them to the house for weeks. Then some fool, the first gate or stile we come to, is sure to shew off his vaulting, and upsets himself in the ditch on the opposite side, instead of going quietly over and helping the damosels across. And then, if he does attempt the polite, how awkwardly the monster makes the attempt! We come to a narrow ditch with a plank across it—He goes only half way, and, standing in the middle of the plank, stretches out his hand and pulls the unsuspecting maiden so forcibly, that before he has time to get out of the way, the impetus his own tug has produced, precipitates them both among the hemlock and nettles, which, you may lay it down as a general rule, are to be found at the thoroughfares in every field.

Long, long ago, (and the mists of thirty years are lifted from our retrospective vision as we speak,) we went with a party of amiable girls to see one of the grandest objects in England. Shall we forget the sunny day which lighted us merrily over valley and plain, till we entered at last on the magnificent defiles of the Cheddar Cliffs, in Somersetshire?—Never!—We still, with a minuteness of which, as we look at our diminished legs—which are at this moment swathed in flannel—we are half-ashamed, remember the fawn-coloured pelisse, and white straw bonnet, of a young and beautiful maiden of the party. We remember the beauties of her flexible form, and the moving lights which danced across her countenance as she spoke, and still more the bright wild innocence which sealed Love's seal upon her downy cheek, whene'er her soft sweet lips were curled into a smile. On we went, the maiden and ourself, and what we talked of, or if we talked at all, we do not remember, or at least we have no inclination to reveal. As we wandered up the pass, and the gradual winding of the ascent brought us every instant into view of some more sublime and grander aspect of the scene, our conversation became less sustained, till when we came to the middle of the steep, where on each side of us rose, "in wild and stern magnificence," the grand and rugged crags, with their rude projections clothed in brushwood, and mellowed by the warm tints of the noon-day sun, we should have thought it a profanation of nature's holiest mysteries, if we had uttered one word even of admiration to the mute and interesting girl who rested on our arm. The hawk poised himself on his broad and moveless wing, far up within the shadow of a beetling cliff, and then dashed into the sunshine and away! a joyous and delighted thing, down the windings of the mountain. The wild pigeon, too, came sailing with a flood of light upon his wings, and circling for a moment round a jutting ledge, folded his pinions on that desolate pinnacle, and brought to our fancy, amid all the wildness and majesty of the scene, thoughts, humbler and more gentle, of the quiet cottage in the far-off land which had been the shelter of our boyhood, and which, with such a companion as we then possessed, might be the no less fondly cherished shelter of our age. Yes, young and beautiful Honora! even amid the sternness of Nature's works, our heart was softened by thy calm and lovely smile! But what the devil you could see in that thin-necked curate, it passes our comprehension to divine. He was the most enormous eater we ever encountered in our life. Could such a being, after swallowing two pounds of mutton, fourteen potatoes, three rounds of bread, two quarts of beer, besides pudding and cheese, dare to hint a syllable of love towards any thing but a Southdown sheep? Could he have soothed thy young heart in its lonely, and perhaps its melancholy thoughts, as we could have done? Could he have looked into the blue recesses of thy rich deep eyes, and forgotten every thing but gratitude to Heaven for having bestowed on him a creature so pure, so beautiful? Could *he* have wandered into the calm solitudes, by the side of some romantic burn, and pulled the long blue bells wet with the spray of the dashing linn, and twined them in thine auburn hair, and rested beside thee with a sweet and chastened affection, and read to thee "through the lang simmer day," on some heathery knowe, far from the noisy and observing world—a world within yourselves? Oh, no! But thou, Honora! thou art the mother, we hear, of nine boys and girls, while we are slowly

recovering from a four months' fit of the gout!

We hold that every man behaves with awkwardness when he is in love, and the want of the one is a presumption of the absence of the other. When people are fairly engaged, there is perhaps less of this directly *to* the object, but there is still as much of it in her presence; but it is wonderful how soon the most nervous become easy when marriage has concluded all their hopes. Delicate girl! just budding into womanly loveliness, whose heart, for the last ten minutes, has been trembling behind the snowy wall of thy fair and beautiful bosom, hast thou never remarked and laughed at a tall and much-bewhiskered young man for the *mauvaise honte* with which he hands to thee thy cup of half-watered souchong? Laugh not at him again, for he will assuredly be thy husband. Yes! he will tremble for a few months more as he stands beside thy music stool, and join no others in the heartless mockery of their praise; but when every voice which has commended thy song is hushed, and every note which thou hast clothed in ethereal music is forgotten by all besides, to him it will be a theme to dream upon in his loneliness, and every look which thine eye vouchsafed to him, will be laid up as a sacred and a holy thing in the inmost sanctuary of his secret soul. Thou wilt see in short time that the tremulousness of his nerves is only observable when his tongue is faltering in its address to thee; pity will enter into thy gentle heart, and thyself wilt sometimes turn the wrong page in thy book of songs, and strike the wrong note on thy double grand piano, when thou knowest that *his* ears are drinking in thy voice, and his eyes following thy minutest action. Then will he, on some calm evening when the sun is slowly sinking behind the large lime-trees which shake their ripened beauties before thy windows, tell thee, that without thee he must indeed be miserable—that thou art the one sole light which has glowed and glittered upon "life's dull stream;" and then—how bitterly wilt thou repent that thou hast ridiculed the awkwardness which only thine own charms have caused! In a few months more—we see with prospective clearness—thou art sitting at the same piano in a large and newly-furnished room, snuffing thy candles every now and then thyself, and turning with thine own hands the leaves of the National Melodies, while he—O, he!—is stretched along one of Mr Trotter's finest Ottomans, fast asleep!

> Have I not woo'd your snarling cur to bend
> To me the paw and greeting of a friend,
> And all his surly ugliness forgave,
> Because, like me, he was my Emma's slave?
> Think you, thus charm'd, the spell I would revoke?
> Alas! my love, we married, and it broke!

Love, when successful, is well enough, and perhaps it has treasures of its own to compensate for its inconveniences; but a more miserable situation than that of an unhappy individual before the altar, it is not in the heart of man to conceive. First of all, you are marched with a solitary male companion up the long aisle, which on this occasion appears absolutely interminable; then you meet your future partner dressed out in satin and white ribbons, whom you are sure to meet in gingham gowns or calico prints, every morning of your life ever after. There she is, supported by her old father, decked out in his old-fashioned brown coat, with a wig of the same colour, beautifully relieving the burning redness of his huge projecting ears; and the mother, puffed up like an overgrown bolster, encouraging the trembling girl, and joining her maiden aunts of full fifty years, in telling her to take courage, for it is what they must all come to. Bride's-maids and mutual friends make up the company; and there, standing out before this assemblage, you assent to every thing the curate, or, if you are rich enough, the rector, or even the dean, may say, shewing your knock-knees in the naked deformity of white kerseymeres, to an admiring bevy of the servants of both families, laughing and tittering from the squire's pew in the gallery. Then the parting!—The mother's injunctions to the juvenile bride to guard herself from the cold, and to write within the week. The maiden aunts' inquiries, of, "My dear, have you forgot nothing?"—the shaking of hands, the wiping and winking of eyes! By Hercules!—there is but one situation more unpleasant *in* this world, and that is, bidding adieu to your friends, the or-

dinary, and jailor, preparatory to swinging from the end of a halter *out* of it. The lady all this time seems not half so awkward. She has her gown to keep from creasing, her vinaigrette to play with; besides, that all her nervousness is interesting and feminine, and is laid to the score of delicacy and reserve.

What a piece of work is man! In every situation he is infinitely inferior to the softer sex,—except, indeed, as we remarked before, upon the road. Here a man of the minutest intellect is fifty degrees more sensible than the trotting, plodding, weary-looking woman by his side. Do you see that bunch of red rags swaying from side to side on the back of that wandering Camilla? In it repose two chubby children, while the nine others, of all shapes and sizes, are straggling along the way. The insignificant individual, with the tail of his coat (for it has only one) dangling down nearly to the junction between his battered stocking and his hard brown shoe; that mortal with but the ghost of a hat upon his head, —a staff within his hand,—his shoulders not distinguishable beneath the ample sweep of his deciduous coat; that being is the husband of the woman, and, in the estimation of the world, the father of the eleven children. A gig sweeps on, containing some red-nosed, small-eyed Bagman, with his whip stuck in the arm-rod, a book in his hand, and the reins dangling in easy flow over the long bony back of his broken-knee'd charger. Hey! hey! cries the conveyer of patterns. The paternal vagabond slips quietly to the side, but guineas to sixpences the woman creeps steadily on, or even if she be on the right side, diverges into the path, as if on purpose to cause the Bagman's apprehension for careless and furious driving along the King's highway. Often and often in our own young days, when mounted in our friend Seckham's most knowing Stanhope, bowling along the beautiful road between Bicester and Summertown, at the easy rate of thirteen miles an hour, have we halloed till our throats ached again to the female part of a pedestrian cavalcade, —but all in vain. And then, when we were inspired, partly by Deakins's imperial port, and partly by wrath at the impediment to our course, have we slang'd till our very self was frightened at our vehemence, and our sleeping friend has awakened and stared with mute horror in our face! But there the insensate termagant stands flatly in your way, and unless you have the eloquent vituperations of Jon Bee or Mr Brougham to aid you, your best plan is to lay your whip on the right flank of your restive horse, and trot out of hearing of her abuse (celerrimo curse you!) Once, and once only, were we happy at such an interruption. It was in that beautiful tract of country between Stirling and the Trosachs. We were slowly driving our old horse, Tempest, in our quiet easy shandrydan, admiring, as all who have hearts and souls must do, the noble vistas which open every moment upon the sight. Far down we heard the gurgling of the joyous river leaping over rock and stone, yet saw not the glittering of its bubbling course for the thick leaves which clustered on its precipitous bank. Then at a winding of the way we saw a smooth calm reach, circling with its limpid waters round a projecting point, and just below us the tiny billows glistening to the noonday sun, half-seen, half-hid by the brushwood which decked with greenness and beauty the rocky ledge over which we gazed. We gave Tempest a gentle hint to proceed, and not far had we gone, when, gliding before us in solitude and loveliness, we beheld a form—and by the quickened pulses of our heart—we knew whose only that enchanting form could be. Immersed in " maiden meditation," she heard not the rolling of our chariot wheels. Nearer and nearer we approached, and at last, as if roused from a dream, she started and turned round. The large brown eye, glistening in its lustrous beauty, till it appeared almost in tears,—the dark arched eye-brows, the glowing cheek, and then the enchanting smile,—it was—it was our Ellen! Three years were passed since we had seen the fawn-like maiden. We had seen her in the lighted hall, where she was the cynosure of every eye,—the loadstone of every heart. We had gazed on the ringlets of her dark auburn tresses that floated in many a curl along the pure marble of her snowy neck; we had followed with admiration every movement of her graceful form, and looked with more than rapture on the twinkling of her small and fairy-like feet, and we

had wondered that a flower so fair was still left alone, and was not gathered to bloom on in blessedness, the ornament and delight of some faithful and loving bosom. And here we saw her in this romantic region, communing with her own pure spirit.

We spoke in the words of overflowing friendship. And old as we were, our heart yearned with kindness and affection to a being so young, so beautiful. Again we heard her voice as we used to delight to hear it, gay, joyous, free. She spoke with an enthusiasm, which made her still more lovely, of the beauties of the wild scene round us. "Go on, blessed creature," thought we, in the fulness of our heart, as we descended from our vehicle, and trusted Tempest to his own discretion up the hill,—"Go on, blessed creature, spreading light with thy pure smiles upon the darkness of a clouded and care-disturbed existence,—be the pride of some youthful bosom, that will beat only as thy wishes point! For ourself! we are old and failed, but thy beauties have scattered a leaf of the tree of happiness upon the dull and lagging course of our thorn-encircled thoughts." We wondered, but inquired not the reason of her being solitary in so desolate and wild a scene; our thoughts were otherwise employed, and we were regretting that we had fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, and picturing scenes of happiness and delight, had fate and fortune willed it otherwise. Even yet, could we win the heart of one so beautiful, we might be happy; attention would atone for disparity of years,—and Ellen, the lovely, the accomplished Ellen, might deign—

> "——to bless
> With her light step our loneliness."

Yet why for our vanity or selfish gratification doom a creature so young to waste her best years in the dull and joyless society of an infirm old man? —perish the ungenerous thought!—but would not she herself laugh at the mere idea! Perchance even now she is musing on some young and betrothed admirer; perchance she is dreaming of her future happiness, when the wife shall make it her pride to compensate for the coyness of the maiden. In the midst of our reverie and regrets, a carriage swept up the hill; a venerable old man looked out of the window as it stopped, and said, in an almost surly tone,—"We have got the shoe replaced—how fast you've walked; come in." And Ellen, the young, the pure, the innocent, the beautiful, was the wife of a man older by a good dozen years than ourself! We handed her in without a word, bowed, as she said farewell, and stood gazing after the carriage long after a turning of the road concealed it from our view. We remembered, that on remounting our shandrydan, we caught ourself muttering something, which we are afraid sounded almost like an oath.

R. H.

ELEGIAC STANZAS. BY DELTA.

I.

Calm wakes the beauty of the vernal morn,
The small birds chirp amid the budding trees;
But thou, lost sweet one, from our presence torn,
Feel'st not the freshness of the genial breeze.

II.

The thoughts of thee are as a pleasant dream,
Soft, soothing, holy, beautiful, and bright;
As of a star, that sparkles o'er a stream,
Gemming the dewy coronal of night.

III.

To see thee—was with raptured heart to own
Angelic loveliness might blend with earth;
To hear thee—was to feel there dwells a tone
In sadness, more enchanting far than mirth.

IV.

Thy pensive, snowy brow, thy glossy hair,
  Thy soft carnation'd cheek, and hazel eye,
Seem'd lent but to illume a world of care,
  And oh—to think that such a form could die!

V.

Closed is thy grave; we heard the doleful knell,
  When thou wast blooming in refulgent youth;
We heard the warning of that passing bell,
  Which seem'd the dirge of Beauty, Hope, and Truth.

VI.

We dreamt not thus that thou shouldst pass away,
  A lily opening to life's vernal sun;
That envious night should overcloud thy day,
  Ere half the sands of gladsome youth were run.

VII.

Thou need'st no stone; thy tablet is the love
  Of all who knew, remember thee, and grieve;
Soft shine the sun thy simple turf above,
  And sing the birds thereon from morn to eve!

VIII.

We see thee in the blue rekindling sky;
  We see thee in the green that clothes the tree;
We hear thee in the stream that murmurs by;
  In solitude and cities think of thee.

IX.

So shed thy looks a sanctifying balm,
  That the far scenes awoke before our eyes,
When sorrow was unfelt, and sunshine calm,
  Slept on the evening fields of paradise.

X.

Farewell! thou wast a flower that to the day,
  In beauty and in bloom, sweet perfume gave;
A star that shone o'er earth with lucid ray;
  A white bird floating on the halcyon wave.

XI.

Farewell! thy like again we may not know;
  Farewell! to die untainted was thy lot;
Farewell—farewell—although we are below,
  And thou in Heaven, thou shalt not be forgot.

XII.

The blackbird singing, when the woods are mute;
  The clear blue sky; the blossom on the tree;
The tenderest breathing of the gentlest lute;
  All things of pure and fair are types of thee!

THE CLARE ELECTION.

Bunratty, Clare, July 7, 1828.

A STRANGE accident befell at Ennis on Saturday last. A man of the name of Connell, a papist lawyer, was elected, by a large majority of votes, to represent the county of Clare in the Imperial Parliament.

I shall not fatigue you by describing how the rabblement shouted and tossed up their sweaty caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath that, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Connell had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. Neither shall I dwell upon the objections that have been raised respecting the legal qualifications of Connell as a candidate; that, and undue influence, and a hundred other things I could name, would form excellent grounds for a petition against the return, but I have no desire to get rid of the real question by any such sidewind. Since it has been started at all, let it be grappled with and settled on its own merits, fairly and at once.

This is a perfectly novel era in the history of the Catholic Question. A vacancy occurs in the representation of our county, by Mr Vesey Fitzgerald's acceptance of office. A Roman Catholic candidate, hitherto believed ineligible, is set up in opposition to Mr Fitzgerald, not even on the ground on which Lord G. Beresford, Colonel Leslie, and other Protestant candidates were ousted by the Popish priests at the last general election,—for Mr Fitzgerald has always been a most strenuous advocate for what is called Emancipation,—but on this plea, that by the fiat of the Roman Catholic Association, no man shall be allowed to represent a county in Ireland, who does not proclaim war to the death, against any ministry which contains in it any the least leaven of Protestantism. The person so set up, appears, on the Sheriff's return, as having a majority of votes, and is of course by him declared elected. One of the called he certainly is, whether he shall be the chosen is yet to appear. The Legislature has thought fit in its wisdom to appoint certain conditions, under which alone it is competent for persons elected by the freeholders to sit or vote in their House. This man says he can brave their decision, set at nought their conditions, and sit and vote, because he has been elected; any regulation, or law, or *custom* of Parliament to the contrary, or in anywise to the contrary, notwithstanding. This is very strange if it be true. The man has pledged his honour as a lawyer, and a *gentleman* (save the mark!) to the voters, that if they give him a majority, as they have, he will sit and vote without fulfilling the conditions appointed by the Legislature. I who am no lawyer, but a plain man, who can read and understand English, assert, that if words have meaning, he cannot do so without violating several distinct legislative enactments which I can adduce. Prejudice, I presume, has blinded him in his own cause. As to the second part of his pledge, it is a small matter. Every one has heard of the Knight who swore by his honour the pancakes were good, but the mustard was naught, when in truth the mustard was good, and the pancakes were naught, and yet the knight was not forsworn.

I cannot forget that all the uproar and brawling without, and all the honest earnestness and anxiety within the House, which have attended the discussion of this *vexatissima quæstio* for the last twenty years, have been wholly founded on the universally notorious fact, that the expressed intention not merely of existing acts of Parliament, but of our blessed constitution itself, was to exclude Roman Catholics from sitting or voting in either House of Parliament; and that their admission to this privilege, whether deemed expedient or not, was acknowledged on all hands to be *pro tanto* an alteration of the existing laws and constitution of this realm. In short, that when our constitution was framed and ratified by the Convention Parliament in 1688, the thing uppermost in men's minds, writhing as they were under the wrongs and mischiefs heaped upon them by a Popish King, and his Popish creatures, was, by one grand national struggle, to expel al

Roman Catholics from dominion and power in this Protestant kingdom, at once, and for ever.

I put it to the candour, and fairness, and good sense of the warmest parliamentary advocates of Catholic emancipation, whether their anxiety for the success of that measure, can justify any the least support or countenance of so outrageous an attack upon the privileges and respectability of their House, as this attempt to embarrass their proceedings, by thrusting upon them, as a member of their body, an individual who refuses to comply with the pre-requisites ordained by themselves to be fulfilled by every person seeking admission into their order? Let them consign to oblivion the impotent effort to fool and cheat them into a change of the constitution, with the scorn and indignation it deserves. But if (which I do not at all anticipate) a simple declaration of the existing laws and custom of parliament be not deemed sufficient,—if it be possible that any case can be at present hung upon a lawyer's quirk, so as to afford even the shadowy semblance of a doubt in this matter,—then let them legislate anew and calmly, upon the plain sense of the question, that there may be no hasty ebullition of anger, and that not merely the present outrage may be suppressed, but the repetition of a similar trick be rendered hopeless for ever.

I remember once a friend of mine, an excellent but somewhat passionate gentleman, was grossly insulted by a chimney-sweep: he lost his temper, and rolled the fellow in the kennel; up again got sweepie, flourished his sooty bags, uttered torrents of abuse, and at length succeeded by a coup-de-main in planting a facer on my friend's nether jaw; flesh and blood could not stand this, so he betook himself seriously to the task of pommelling the unfortunate wretch; and being "develish cunning of fence," he did give him a most dreadful though deserved trouncing. But mark the scholia and corollaries. Independently of the suffocating stench of soot, the utter demolition of a "bran" new Stultz, and some ugly contusions on the knuckles, his friends used to ask in a whisper, "Good heaven! was G— drunk? To get into a scuffle with a ruffian in the streets! Why on earth did he not call on Sir Richard Birnie, and send the police to put the rascal in the stocks, instead of getting into a personal squabble, and raising a disgraceful riot in the open day?"

The honourable House may apply my apologue. It was once their misfortune to stake the dignity of the legislature upon the issue of a petty personal conflict with a miserable individual selected as the mouth-piece of an infatuated mob. Their experience in the case of Wilkes will make them act more cautiously, should similar circumstances again arise. It is scarcely possible for the House of Commons to get into a contention with any individual whatever, without compromising the dignity of their order; but when the individual is merely the nominee of a desperate band of brawling demagogues, the foul-mouthed organ of a senseless multitude, there is contamination in exchanging breath in such a conflict.

I own I think the whole question of Catholic Emancipation now comes before the country in a perfectly novel point of view. Many a man who supported it a fortnight ago, must conscientiously abjure it now. Hitherto all arguments against the admission of Roman Catholics to political power on the ground of their avowed and systematic hostility to the ordinary ties which bind society together, and their open opposition to the will of the legislature, have been answered by alleging the impossibility of urging them to such extremities on any other than the one question. Take away the real substantial grievance, it was asserted, and you disarm the agitators of the only weapon which enables them to unite these men in endeavouring to thwart the law of the land. This can be said no longer. No man will dare to maintain *now*, that the same degree of excitement could not be produced to pull down the Union, to restore the forfeited estates, or to confiscate the property of the Church, in Ireland, as has been lately exhibited for an object purely and confessedly fanciful. With the declaration of the noble Duke at the head of his Majesty's affairs yet sounding in their ears, that it was not while the public mind was irritated to exasperation by their violence, the question of their claims could possibly be taken into consideration, they proceed to supplant a steady advocate of their own measure, in order to enjoy the idle, and somewhat *Irish* triumph,

of returning a representative whom they know to be incapable of voting for them at all.

It has been argued, too, and with great apparent force, that since the continued denial of the privileges sought for does enable those who find their account in it, to pervert and rankle the minds of the Roman Catholic population; since the spirit which has been roused can never be effectually allayed, but by granting the boon, the sooner we disarm those ill-disposed persons, and calm those bitter and stormy passions which poison the springs of social happiness, and "render life unsweet," by removing the alleged grievance, the more wisely will we act. That the continuance of the Roman Catholic disabilities, does enable this knot of bold bad men to produce and to perpetuate, with somewhat greater facility, a feeling of irritation among the peasantry of Ireland, and a pre-disposition to extend and to aggravate any outrage that local or temporary circumstances may give birth to, I am not prepared to deny; and so far as the agitation of the question nourishes into vulgar importance a class of persons, whom perfect order and tranquillity would consign to their natural insignificance, I acknowledge it to be a political evil; but I am more than dubious of the policy of seeking to frustrate the wicked machinations of designing persons, by granting all that they affect to desire, and, however we may doubt their sincerity, running the risk of ruining ourselves for the sake of disappointing them.

I freely admit, that if we make any concessions, they should be the free gift of our bounty, and not wrung from us, as is now sought to be done, by the struggles of an importunate claimant; but it is the paramount excellency of our constitution, that it contains within itself the principle of adaptation to the varying wants and wishes of those for whose well-being and happiness it has been devised; and I would not forestall the operation of this wise presiding principle for one hour, for the importunity of those who would make their fears to pass for dangers, or alleged appearances for truth. I would never consent to consider this question as an Irish question, any more than a Lancashire question, but I would have it always borne in mind, that our laws are made for the weal of twenty millions of people; and when it shall appear, that, with a due regard to those, *quibus est equus, et pater et res*, a majority of this collective people desires such a modification of our present constitution as will admit members of the Roman Catholic communion to the discharge of legislative and judicial functions, then, and not before, if ever that time come, may such a change be deemed warrantable.

And now, as to the immediate cause of all the vexation and annoyance in Clare,—the forty-shilling freeholders. It is certainly a fearful thing, that those who are utterly destitute of property, or any thing else to lose, should obtain even a temporary control over those who possess all. This is at present the case in Ireland. We have called these freeholders into existence, for the purpose of adding to our own political power, and, to our astonishment and disgust, we find them used as weapons of annoyance in the hands of priests and agitators. Every country has its plagues: Egypt had its locusts, and Ireland has its orators: Also, the land stinks with the stench of Popery. But what earthly business had these straggling interlopers in Clare?

It is a light thing to ruthless and reckless babblers such as these, that they untwine the dearest bands of life, and wither every flower that, but for them, might be thrown upon the path of the poor and the afflicted. What is it to them that the peasant may pine unheeded in want and in sickness? They will not be near to witness his wretchedness and his despair, as he curses those who have wantonly goaded him on to estrange, by his own misdeeds, the affections of a kind and sympathizing protector. One single hour of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas, outweighs with them whole years of national misery, which they know full well must fall upon the wretched victims of their vile ambition. They have no touch of nature in their hearts: faction has dried and burnt up within them all the issues of life: they laugh, with a bitter scorn, at the idiots whom they gull, and they desire to cause and to perpetuate calamity and wretchedness, that they may gloat over the pompous description of it, and attract attention to their own insignificance by the interest of the heartless and theatrical display.

They have "no large stake" in the

country, or, if they have, it is only one with a large pike-head at the end of it; and therefore they freely goad, and bully, and menace, in the earnest hope and expectation that they may drive the landlords to withdraw all fostering care and kindness from the peasantry. The priests probably make a cat's-paw of the orators themselves, for a deeper purpose. They justly anticipate, that in a few years more, the forty-shilling freeholds will have ceased to exist on the estates of Protestant proprietors, as they will get rid of them in indignation and disgust, as fast as they possibly can. Meanwhile, the Romanists will split the little land they possess, into as many freeholds as it can possibly afford, and thus, by a simple process, and apparently by the act of the Protestants themselves, the great preponderance of the elective franchise will be thrown into the hands of Roman Catholics, while they are as nothing in wealth and respectability. I see no possible remedy against this absurd, as well as fatal anomaly, but the legislative abolition of that sink of iniquity and corruption, the forty-shilling franchise system.

What possible motive can be assigned for Sheil's fiendish vituperation of Sir Edward O'Brien,—his loathsome description, gloating over the worms creeping in, and the worms creeping out, of Sir Edward's body in the church-yard,—unless it were with the insidious and detestable design to which I have alluded? Aggravated, no doubt, but certainly not altogether produced, by that insane malignity which meanness and insignificance so often cherish against every thing ancient and respectable. Sir Edward is the representative of an old and honourable, and purely Milesian line; he is a resident and most kind landlord; he is, and his family has ever been, the strenuous advocate of Catholic Emancipation. Every conceivable tie that could bind dependents to their protector, existed to knit the hearts of his tenantry to that man, above all others. But no: Mr Sheil would see Sir Edward, and every other Sir in Christendom, to the d—l, before he would give up an opportunity of laying on a little more rhetorical colouring, (the Association periphrasis for uttering malignant falsehoods,) and accordingly a little hypothesis is gratuitously cooked up, on the spur of the moment, that Sir Edward is to withdraw his protection from his renegade tenantry, actually to demand his rents and arrears, and no longer to shower down kindness on the miscreants who have insulted him; and thereupon he is denounced as an "infamous tyrant," and the sickening revels of the maggots in his dead corpse are jauntily detailed.

I can answer for Sir Edward O'Brien, that he is as incapable of committing any act unworthy of a gentleman and a christian, as Mr Sheil is incapable of appreciating or conceiving the motives which actuate his conduct; but I CANNOT answer for Sir Edward, nor for any gentleman, that he may not become somewhat indifferent about the welfare of men who have deserted their master, of whose house their forefathers have been dependents for centuries, to enlist under the banners of an itinerant upstart. Truly these strolling vagabonds of the Association will do well to beware in time. The cup of bitterness has gone on filling to the brim; a drop may overflow it: hitherto, we have opposed to them only the *vis inertiæ* of silent scorn; but if they once rouse us to a pitch of excitement corresponding to that in which they themselves indulge, with law and power on our side, they will find us fearful adversaries to cope withal.

The feeling which exists among the *gentlemen* (emphatically speaking) of Clare, is well and simply expressed in the first resolution entered into at the county meeting held by them—the Right Hon. Mr Vandaleur, formerly member for the county, in the chair. The resolution was moved by the Hon. Baronet above-mentioned, also formerly a member, and father of the present member, Mr L. O'Brien.

Resolved, "That we have witnessed with surprise and indignation the attempts which have been made through *strange* and *unconstitutional channels,* to dissolve the connexion and good feeling which have hitherto subsisted between the landed proprietors and the tenantry under their protection."

Men are not always least determined in their actions, when most moderate in their language.

One word in conclusion to the conscientious supporters of Catholic Emancipation in the Commons House of Parliament:—You are gentlemen of England, and as such, I approach you with the profound deference and re-

spect due to men who bear the proudest title in the world. Once I thought as you do. Mournful experience has made me a sadder and a wiser man. The question now comes before you in a light in which it never presented itself before. It is no longer whether Roman Catholics are to be admitted, by the will of the Legislature, to sit and vote in Parliament, but whether they are to take that privilege by storm, in the Legislature's despite: Whether the House of Commons, like the kingdom of Heaven in the days of John the Baptist, is to suffer violence, and the violent to take it by force. When the Act of Union is pleaded by the assailants of decency and order, remember that one of the things to which that Union pledged you in reality and truth, was to maintain the Protestant religion, and the Church of Ireland in full possession of her rights, privileges, and dignities. I ask you to look into your own hearts, and say, can you, consistently with the letter and the spirit of that Union, strengthen the hands of the vile and now insignificant party of radical reformers? Can you swell the ranks of London shopkeepers and Scotch apothecaries, by drafting in a supplement of association demagogues, who ground their claims to support, upon their avowed advocacy of the reversal of that Union, the spoliation of that Church, and the overthrow of the existing constitution in both State and Church, couched under the idle name of radical reform?

Gentlemen of England! you have estates, and common sense to wish to keep them. Do you believe, that if rotten-hearted temple-robbers be allowed to crowd the benches of Saint Stephens, and mouth at you to your beards, any sane man can deem his own property a whit more secure than that of an ecclesiastical corporation?

In addition to the foregoing communication, which is written with the heat and lively indignation natural to one writing from the scene of such actions as disgraced the Clare Election, we subjoin a notice from a London correspondent on the same subject.

The storm of "agitation" which shook Ireland during the Clare election, was slightly felt for a few days even here, where we have happily something better and more important to do, than to trouble ourselves much about the wholesale madness which it has pleased the Irish to display upon the present occasion. We were at first a little startled at the new and imposing form which the audacity and absurdity of the Irish Papists had assumed; but a very brief consideration was sufficient to change our feelings into disgust at the ferocious folly, and pity for the miserable and slavish bigotry, which were the most prominent features of the scene presented by the Clare election. It is really an afflicting thing to behold in a part of the United Kingdom, within a few hundred miles of us, thousands of people driven along like cattle by Popish priests,—thousands of men so destitute of knowledge, so abandoned of reason, so lost to principle and decency, that they turn their backs upon all natural ties and connexions, insult those to whose protection they owe their existence, and yoke themselves like beasts, to the chariot wheels of a noisy bully, and an utter stranger, merely because the Popish priests tell them it is the cause of God and of religion, and denounce damnation as the penalty of their disobedience. The English look at this with disgust and pity, and turn with pride and confidence to the state of their own island, where the law alone is paramount, and no priest dares to assert more influence over his fellow men, than his character and property may give him a claim to, in common with the rest of society. This confidence in our law, and its strength, has the pleasant effect of rendering us very indifferent about the proceedings of this O'Connell, who makes so great a fuss where he has the priests at his back, who again have the necks of the common people under their feet. We no doubt regret, that the law not happening to contemplate such monstrous folly as that of a man seeking to be returned to Parliament, who was disqualified from sitting in either of the houses, did not provide against such a one being elected; but we see clearly the point where his folly and presumption

must be stopped, because the law will check him, and he will have no rabble, with priests at their head, to carry things by brute force. Mr O'Connell may swagger about, and listen to the shouts of his Irish mob, and exercise with a childish delight the petty privilege of franking, by which his correspondents will have to pay for his letters only exactly what they are worth—these things he may do for a little time; and if he can enjoy any pleasure from things so paltry, he is very welcome to it; but we despise him here as heartily as we ever did—and if he should come to presume to take his seat in Parliament, without taking the oaths, which our law says he shall take, or not sit, we shall laugh at his impudence, read the account of his dismissal from the House, in the morning papers at our breakfast, and presently forget him, as we turn to the next paragraph about some other "new monster just arrived."

As to the Catholic question, I have not the least doubt that it has greatly lost ground in England, by this exploit in Clareshire; and the reason is, that it has opened the eyes of the people in this country to the real state of the case. When the people here judge erroneously about any thing, it is generally because they are misled about the facts, either of the case itself, or the circumstances which bear upon it. It has been incessantly preached up by certain orators, chiefly Irish, who were either deceived themselves, or wished to deceive others, that the Roman Catholics were very enlightened and liberal in their politics, very anxious to unite with their Protestant friends, if the Constitution would put them on an equality, and particularly *abounding in gratitude;* so that if power were granted them, they would be most happy to use it for the benefit of those who had been so kind as to give it to them. "Talk of securities," said the orators; "what better security can you have than the lively *gratitude* of those millions, whose chains you have struck off?" Such *was* the metaphorical flourish; but what *is* the truth? What do the English people now see to be the truth? They see an example of base ingratitude, the like of which a whole people has scarcely exhibited since the days of Themistocles and the fickle Athenians. They see a people manifestly without sense or discretion to use with prudence or decency any power which might be conceded to them, and totally enslaved to Popish priests, a description of persons for whom the English certainly have no particular respect, and in whom they have not such confidence as to place that additional power in *their* hands, which they might yield, if they believed it would be fairly and discreetly exercised by the people. They see, in fact, that there is no such thing in Ireland, as what we in England emphatically call "The people." There are brawling demagogues and Popish priests—the rest of the Romanists are mere mob—mere ignorant bigoted slaves, that may be either goaded into terrific fury, or driven peaceably along the road, even as bullocks may be. They have nothing but mere animal force, and animal passions, and these are completely at the disposal of their drivers, the above said demagogues and Popish priests. Is this a state of society to which more political power is to be given? Is our constitution to be altered to enable these demagogues and Popish priests to send some seventy of their body into the Lower House of Parliament, and to qualify some seventeen to sit in the Upper? I am persuaded the English people will now pretty unanimously reply in the negative. They see that by doing so they would give the people nothing, and the demagogues and the priests every thing.

It is in Ireland a notorious truth, that five-sixths of the mob called forty-shilling freeholders, are not freeholders at all, at least, not *bonâ fide* freeholders. So far from having any freehold interest, they are unable to pay the rent, and in many cases the land could not possibly pay the rent, to which they are bound. The men who voted in the teeth of their landlords at Clare, almost all owe a year's rent, and have grossly insulted the gentlemen to whose forbearance they are indebted for a house to shelter themselves, and their wives and children. The punishment which follows in such a case must cause great misery, and if the legislature be not disposed to abolish the forty-shilling franchise altogether in Ireland, it would be a charity to the poor priest-ridden people, to enact that their votes should not be valid, unless they could produce a receipt for the last gale of

the rent reserved in the lease under which they claim to vote.

Some people expect that Lord John Russell's motion respecting Ireland, will draw from the Government a declaration of their sentiments respecting the late affair in Clareshire. Others say the motion will not be brought on at all. Even if it should, the report can hardly reach you in time to be noticed in your next Number.

London, July 13, 1828.

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

[The Ancients entertained an idea, that the Celestial Bodies emitted melodious sounds on their passage through the Heavens—every Planet and Star, according to this strange fiction, being accompanied with Music of its own creating.]

Soft are your voices, O! ye spheres,
Even as the tones of other years—
Unheard, and yet remember'd still,
'Mid gleams of joy or clouds of ill.
Why move ye on from day to day,
Scattering sweet sounds upon your way?
Wherefore those strains, like incense flung
By white-robed priest upon the wind,
Or music from an angel's tongue,
Whose echo lingers long behind,
And fills with calm delight our ears?
For such your murmurs are, O spheres!
Solemn your march, and far remote
The fairy region where ye float.
No human power your tones may catch,
No seraph voice their softness match—
Fancy alone, with listening ear,
Their echoing streams of sound can hear;
And thinks, as with enraptured eye
She marks your bright orbs sweep the sky,
To seize those notes which mortals deem
A fabulous unsubstantial dream.

But never, tuneful orbs, to me
Shall your strange music fable be.
I hear ye float on airy wing
Upon the genial breath of spring.
By you the pointed beams of light
Are wing'd with music on their flight.
On falling snow and cloudlet dim
Your spirit floats—a holy hymn.
Methinks the South wind bears your song,
Blended with rich perfumes, along:
Even Silence with his leaden ear
Your mystic strain is forced to hear,
And Nature, as ye sail around
Her viewless realm, is fill'd with sound.
Such the wild dreams of airy thought
By Fancy to the poet taught.

Roll on, roll on, majestic spheres,
Through the long tide of coming years;
Voices to you of old were given
To sing your glorious path through heaven;
Voices to hail the dawn of light,
Voices to charm the ear of Night,
And make sweet music as ye stray
In myriads through the milky way.

A Modern Pythagorean.

RESIDENCES OF OUR LIVING POETS.

No. I.

BREMHILL PARSONAGE.

A VERY delightful series of Articles might, we think, be written with some such title as "Residences of our Living Poets." We know of nobody else so well qualified to write such a delightful series of articles as ourself; so suppose we begin with Bremhill Parsonage, the residence of the Rev. William Lisle Bowles.

Mr Bowles has, fortunately for us, published The Parochial History of Bremhill, in the county of Wilts; containing a particular account, from authentic and unpublished documents, of the Cistercian Abbey of Stanley, in that parish, with Observations and Reflections on the Origin and Establishment of Parochial Clergy, and other circumstances of General Parochial interest, including Illustrations of the Origin and Designation of the stupendous Monuments of Antiquity in the neighbourhood, Avebury, Silbury, and Wansdike. It is a book the most interesting of the kind we ever read; and therefore, before giving our readers a peep of the Parsonage, let us all take a stroll together, Mr Bowles, Christopher North, and a reasonable number of our subscribers, through the parish, feeling at every step the truth of the motto to this volume:—

> "Nor rude nor barren are the winding ways
> Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers."

Before we go farther, indulge us in one little remark; namely, that we wonder why clergymen do not oftener write accounts of their parishes; not mere statistical accounts, though these are most valuable, as witness the contributions of the Scottish Clergy to the truly patriotic Sir John Sinclair's work; but accounts comprehending every thing interesting to all human beings, whatever be their political or religious creed. A description of a church that has principally ceased to exist, is in general very, very, very dry; inscriptions on tomb-stones, without comment, or moral, are hard reading; an old pan dug up among rubbish proves a sore affliction in the hands of the antiquary, and twenty pages quarto, with plates, about a rusty spur without a rowel, is, in our humble opinion, an abuse of the art of printing. But how easy—how pleasant, to mix up together all sorts of information in due proportions into one whole, in the shape of an octavo—epitomizing every kind of history belonging to the parish, from peer's palace to peasant's hut! What are clergymen perpetually about? Not always preaching and praying; or marrying, christening, and burying people. They ought to tell us all about it; to moralize, to poetize, to philosophize; to paint the manners living as they rise, or dead as they fall; to take Time by the forelock, and measure the marks of his footsteps; to shew us the smoke curling up from embowered chimneys; or, since woods must go down, to record the conquests of the biting axe; to celebrate the raising of every considerable roof-tree, to lament all dilapidations and crumbling away of ivied walls; to inform us how many fathoms deep is the lake with its abbeyed island—why the pool below the aged bridge gets shallower and shallower every year, so that it can no more shelter a salmon—what are the sports, and games, and pastimes of the parishioners—what books they read, if any—if the punishment of the stocks be obsolete—or the stang—or the jougs—if the bowels of the people yearn after strange doctrine—if the parish has produced any good or great murderer, incendiary, or other criminal. In short, why might not the history of each of the twenty or thirty thousand parishes of Great Britain—we speak at random—be each a history of human nature, at once entertaining and instructive? How infinitely better such books than pamphlets on political economy, for example, now encumbering the whole land! Nay, even than single sermons, or bundles of sermons, all like so many sticks—strong when tied all together, but when taken separately weak and frush. We have no great opinion of

county histories in general, though we believe there are some goodish ones, from which we purpose erelong to construct some superior articles. A county history, to be worth much, should run from sixty to six hundred volumes. No library could well stand that for many years. But a judicious selection might be made from the thirty thousand parish histories—that would afford charming reading to the largest family during the longest nights—in the intervals between the Scotch Novels. Take this history of Bremhill as a specimen. Form the circle round the fire—when winter crimps and freezes—or round the open bow-window, now that summer roasts and broils, and get her whose voice is like a silver bell to read it up, right on from beginning to end, only skipping a few lists of names now and then, and we pledge our credit on the prediction, that you will be delighted as on a summer ramble, now in sunlight and now in moonlight, over hill and dale, adorned with towers, turrets, pinnacles of halls and churches, and the low roofs,—blue or brown, slated or strawed,—

"Of huts where poor men lie!"

Indeed, if it were not that we have a strong, natural, and acquired repugnance to every thing in the remotest degree resembling self-flattery, we should not scruple to say, that in reading Mr Bowles's book, we could sometimes have believed we were perusing some of the best parts of this Magazine. There is the same admirable—but no—modesty is ever, we have heard, the accompaniment of true genius—so let us

"No farther seek our merits to disclose,"

but get, if possible, into the volume supposed to be now under review.

There are, you well know, three ways of reviewing a book. First, to take no more notice of it, or of its author, than if neither the one nor the other had ever been produced—cautiously to avoid the most distant allusion to their names, characters, or professions, thereby avoiding all personality, in their case at least, all intrusion, either into public or private life. Secondly, to select all the good passages, and to comment upon them with such power and vivacity, that beside your pearls they seem paste. We are partial to this mode, and have often extinguished considerable stars, by purely outshining them,—so that they became invisible to the naked eye, in the midst of our effulgence. Thirdly, to select all the best passages, and to string them all together on a very slight thread—like dew-drops on gossamer—and boldly palm it upon the public as an original article. Were any other periodical but ourselves thus to outrage the eternal principles of truth and justice, it would be cut off ere another moon had filled her horns. In us the public not only pardons the enormity, but approves. For, to speak plainly, such is our originality,—the sin, indeed, that does most easily beset us,—that plagiarism, theft, robbery, becomes in us absolutely graceful, and connects us by brazen links with our periodical brethren of mankind.

Like Robin Hood, and his merry-men, we never rob the poor. A bishop—an abbot—a priest—a sheriff,—any body who is rich,—him we rejoice to rob and rifle, and, after supplying our own wants, to fling his treasures to the public. Starving knaves—like Hunt or Hazlitt—we dismiss with a kick, a curse, and a crust. But Scott — Wordsworth — Southey—Coleridge—Crabbe—Moore — Montgomery — James — Bowles, "and the rest," we plunder without compunction or remorse, just as we would think nothing of carrying off a huge venison-pasty, a dozen brace of grouse, a fish of 30lbs. and some hares, from Lord Fife's pantry at Braemar.

Now, Mr Bowles is, in the best sense of the word, a well-beneficed clergyman,—and, therefore, we shall make no bones of his book, but present it to the hungry public in large morsels. Let her now eat and be thankful.

He is, we say, a well-beneficed clergyman. We make but a distant allusion to the value of his living—which is very considerable—but not more—nay, less than he deserves; for although a Whig, he is one of the most elegant, pathetic, and original living poets of England. His benefice is from nature—genius. Therein he is nobly endowed. His living is in good truth immortal. We really know not whether most to admire his poetry or his prose. In the famous controversy about Pope, with Byron, Campbell, Roscoe, Gifford, Gilchrist, and North,

he exhibited great critical acuteness and powers of illustration. He luxuriated in examples drawn from a wide range of the best reading; and certainly, though not without a few hard knocks from his sturdy antagonists, he came off victorious and with flying colours. The present book will not only support but add to his reputation as a man of great and various talents —and what is better, a man of genuine goodness, virtue, and piety.

Now for it.

The Parish of Bremhill, in the Deanery of Avebury, is situated partly on a commanding eminence, and partly in a luxuriant and extensive vale. It consists by admeasurement, independent of a small rectory annexed, (called Highway,) of nearly six thousand acres, chiefly of rich pasture and arable land. In Domesday Book it is called Breme, where it is described as among the lands belonging to the Abbey of Malmesbury.

Mr Bowles quotes from Wyndham's translation of Domesday Book, a curious description of Breme, on which he makes many admirable comments. In the first place, he remarks, that nothing is said in it of any church, or of any lands or tithes belonging to such a functionary as a parochial presbyter. Indeed, out of the three hundred and twenty-four parishes in Wiltshire, only twenty-two with churches are enumerated in Domesday Book; of these, two are quite in ruins, and one of them was held by Nigellus, a physician. Of this number, four belonged to foreign abbeys, and only one (Aldebourne) appears as having a priest, as well as a church. The others belonged chiefly to the King, bishops, or abbeys. Whatever services were performed, the presbyter performing them had a precarious stipend, paid by those who held the land. How, asks Mr Bowles, can we account for the fact, that almost every parish, in two hundred years after, had a church and clergyman? He answers—William of Normandy and his immediate descendants strewed the kingdom with abbeys; and wherever the Norman Barons settled, having dispossessed the English, they built and endowed churches to conciliate the favour of the Saints, to whom these churches were dedicated, through whose intercession they might have a long and prosperous possession. The monasteries were first founded—parish churches followed, built and endowed by the earliest Norman possessors, or their immediate descendants. So the son of Henry the First, the brave half-brother of Matilda the Empress, built St James's Church at Bristol, and was there buried. How false, then, is that generally received tradition, that William created the vast solitude of the New Forest, by destroying thirty villages with their churches, when there was not, probably, a single church in the whole district!

In another part of the volume Mr Bowles discusses, at much greater length, the important and interesting subject of the establishment of the parochial clergy: and we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of introducing here some of his excellent observations. When Augustine was sent by the Pope to this country, about the year 596, it is said he found already seven bishops in the British Churches. These bishops, consecrated by their own archbishops, denied all subjection to any other church; but Ethelbert, King of Kent, being converted by Augustine, and Cebert, king of the East Saxons, converted through him, the temple of Diana was succeeded by the church of St Paul, and the temple of Apollo by that of St Peter at Westminster. A kind of dubious contention soon afterwards took place; the idols of Paganism disputing, if we may be allowed the expression, the ground with the symbols of the Cross. Religion and civilization, as it were hand in hand, were now slowly advancing in England. The church of York, under the auspices of Edwin, King of Northumberland, was built of stone instead of wood. The influence of the Gospel began to pervade the dark and remote districts of the kingdom. Morals and law spoke with more definite authority; and a stronger instance of their predominance cannot be found than in the words of the old chronicle, "A woman, with her child, might walk through England, from sea to sea, without fear of injury." Works, also, of public beneficence attested the influence of the same spirit. The profession of Christianity was still further extended, in the north of England, under the mild, charitable, and truly christian Oswald, anno 633, who, having been banished to Iona, where first shone the morning light of knowledge,

had received there the rudiments of the Christian faith, and procured from thence an instructor. With what success they both laboured is recorded by an immense number of those said to have been baptized in seven days; and it may be safely inferred, that a very great number rejected idolatry, and were admitted into the pale of the rude but early church.—But why not quote in small type?

"Honorius, archbishop of Canterbury, it is said, first made the divisions now called parishes. All the lands in the country had at least their names and limits when the Conqueror issued orders for that singular survey Domesday Book, called, in the Saxon Chronicle, Rotulus Wintoniæ, because it was presented to the king when he held his court there, being there also afterwards deposited.

"Presbyters were fixed, it is further said, by Ina, among the West Saxons (anno 694), and when Withred was king of Kent. That any number of presbyters were fixed may be well doubted from the nature of the inhabited country; but whatever few places of worship there might be at any distance from the cathedral, the ministers were sent out from the cathedral towns in the nature of itinerants, and what they received for their services was arbitrary, and at the discretion of the episcopal clergy and convents."

On reaching that authentic period, illustrated by the genius and knowledge of Bede, our information on this subject becomes more accurate. Mr Bowles gives us a most interesting quotation from his celebrated letter to Egbert, Archbishop of York. "In some woody and almost impassable parts of the county, seldom bishops come to confirm, or any priest to instruct the people." "When a clerk, or priest, comes to a village, at his command, all people flocked together." Few parish churches, as we have already seen, had then been built. The Saxon Chronicle, which ends in the reign of Stephen, is entirely silent as to the foundation of any; and, from the minuteness with which the founding of Medhamstead abbey (Peterborough Cathedral) is recorded, Mr Bowles remarks, that even the founding of an upland church, if it had happened, would have been recorded.

"An observation here occurs, which appears to me not unimportant. We find very few monasteries founded after the twelfth century; the great majority, which rose through the kingdom 'like exhalations,' were founded between the eleventh and twelfth centuries; and in all county histories and authentic records, we scarce find a parish church, with the name of its resident rector recorded, before the twelfth century. The first notice of any village church occurs in the Saxon Chronicle, after the death of the Conqueror, A.D. 1087. They are called, there, 'upland churches.' 'Then the king did as his father bade him ere he was dead; he then distributed treasures for his father's soul to each monastery that was in England; to some ten marks of gold, to some six; to each *upland* church sixty pence.' Ingram's Saxon Chronicle. Gibson's note on the passage is, 'unicuique ecclesiæ rurali.' These rare rural churches, after the want of them was felt, and after the lords of manors built, endowed, and presented to them, spread so rapidly, that in 1200 in almost every remote parish there was an 'upland church,' if not a resident minister, as at this day.

"The convents, however, still remained in their pristine magnificence, though declining in purity of morals and in public estimation. In place of new foundations of this august description, the—

'Village Parson's modest mansion rose,'

gracefully shewing its unostentatious front, and, at length, humbly adorning almost all the scattered villages of the land."

With respect to convents, he goes on to remark, avarice and corruption grew out of luxurious ease. In 1381, the intrepid rector of Lutterworth (Wycliff) hurled his thunder on the papal domes; but this being before the art of printing, it rolled comparatively harmless over those spiritual palaces. The more unassuming daughter of piety, in the mean time, grew in the national esteem as her sumptuously arrayed sister declined; so that, in the fourteenth century, by contemporary poets and writers, the "Parsonne" generally was spoken of with respect, as much as the lordly abbot and the monks were decried. "The fate of the sumptuous elder establishments," says Mr Bowles very beautifully, "has sometimes moved a sigh, when we recollect the early industry they promoted, the learning and the piety they encouraged, and also the charities they dispensed. But they were smitten in their pomp and pride; and the magnificent ruins through the kingdom now only add to the beauty of the landscape, wherever their grey remains are contemplated. May the other, the Protestant establishment of the Church of England, which stands as the handmaid to the laws through all the re-

mote villages of the land, and in cities holds up her mitred front, dignified but sober, flourish as long as the State, whose protection she so amply repays!"

Many reflections arise in the mind of our amiable and enlightened author, excited by the fall of the splendid abbeys and religious houses, before the establishment of the humbler parsonages.

"In the Saxon and Norman period of our history, the religious feelings of the community were directed to the foundation and establishment of those vast edifices of early piety which rose in opposition to the barbarous magnificence of the feudal castle.

"Rapacity which defied imperfect laws, and a lawless petty domination, made the castle a seat of terror and robbery. The Norman baron ruled his subordinate district, and was little less powerful than his monarch, and certainly more oppressive. The haughty character of the turbulent chieftain was well represented by the sullen gloom of his moated and jealous abode. The countryman dreaded the incursions of the lawless foresters; his halls echoed the noise of boisterous revelry, and his banners, waving from the solitary battlements, flouted, as it were in disdain, the miseries of the subject serfs.

"But, where the abbey or convent rose, turbulence and oppression seemed almost awed to disdainful peace. Here learning, such as it was, had her first and only asylum; here, only, silent art was cultivated, in illuminating missals, and other books belonging to the service; here, only, history composed her chronicles and rude memorials. By the monks, the wild tracts of land granted by various charters, and surrounding their august walls, were brought into culture. By them chiefly were manufactures introduced, and in their quiet abodes grief and penitence found a sanctuary. The morning and vesper hymn, heard, afar off, among wildering woods, announced the knowledge of God and a Saviour, however that knowledge was encumbered with superstitious rites. At the convent, the rich found their inn, and the neighbouring poor their subsistence. As these venerable buildings, which in the time of the Saxons were thinly scattered, arose in greater number and in rival splendour to the baronial castle, the country became, after the Normans, to a certain extent, civilized.

"The instability of worldly station and power; the uncertainty of worldly wealth; the consciousness that, he who to-day saw thousands and ten thousands bending to his nod, might, to-morrow, be deserted by those 'his former bounty fed,' and himself in need of the charity he bestowed—these, and many other causes of the kind, operated in a rude age to make the great and powerful turn their thoughts to the contemplation of eternity.

"William the Norman was prone to superstitious terrors; the thought of building Battle Abbey rose when he sat in his tent at midnight, among the thousands of the slain on that field of blood which won him a kingdom. His children partook of the same feelings. The most afflicting of earthly sorrows weighed down the heart of Henry the First, after he lost his only son, who was drowned, in the prime of life. Matilda, his daughter, in her long and desperate conflicts for the crown with Stephen, was naturally led to seek refuge in melancholy aspirations to Heaven—through all her fortunes—in prosperity or adversity. Her son, Henry the Second, became a slave to these feelings in his later days. We have seen, that before he was of age he joined with his mother in granting the lands in the forest of Chippenham to the monks of Drogo's Fount; and I have thought myself warranted to make the reflection, that the removal of that abbey, built in a far more sumptuous manner, at Stanlea Imperatricis—the Empress's Stanley—was owing to a religious vow, that she would thus shew her gratitude to God, when the contested crown should belong to her son. From this time she removed from the busy stage of the world, and her ambitious career probably closed in religious peace, as history is silent respecting her last days.

"Those among the great and powerful who were animated by such feelings, had no other mode of manifesting them than by founding, and munificently endowing, such sumptuous sanctuaries as that of which I have spoken.

"At this period the want of a parish church was scarcely felt, when the population was so scanty, and the convents were nurses of religion and charity. In those times I have shewn that the cathedral church was the parish church, if I may say so, of the whole diocese.

"I have shewn that from this residence of the bishop, *itinerants* were sent out to officiate wherever there were inhabitants, and these were paid by the general administrator, in the cathedral town, the bishop receiving all tithes, except where tithes were in possession of convents. These itinerants were sent out into the country, in all directions, before parochial churches were built.—The reader has been directed to an interesting account in Bede of the enthusiasm with which, in the wild parts of Yorkshire, these missionaries of the cathedral were received. In some places a tree, perhaps in others a rude cross, was the consecrated scene of village instruction. This was in the eighth century."

The great and truly venerable Bede was the intimate friend of Egbert, then Archbishop of York. From his advice and direction, it is probable, that what are called the " Constitutions of Egbert" were framed, by which the episcopal missionary was first made independent; that is to say, he was no longer paid precariously at will, but for his trouble a *fourth* of the tithes was given. The bishop still kept *one* part; one portion being set apart for repairs, a third for the poor, and a fourth for the officiating missionary. Mr Bowles then goes on thus,—

" To the Normans the country was indebted for a more enlarged policy; for religious establishments so multiplied, that in most districts the poor, for four or five miles, could resort to a convent for subsistence. Hoveden is the first historian, I believe, who gives an idea of any clerical parochial residences in the time of the Normans. I must not omit that Weever adds (from whom I quote), parish churches were built at a far earlier period, long before the time of Honorius; but the very same page disproves the assertion, for, it is said in the year 490, when Dubritius was made archbishop of South Wales, ' *divers* churches,' with their endowments, were appropriated to *him,* the said Dubritius, and his successors!

" The expression ' divers churches' gives no idea of parish churches; and to whom were the tithes appropriated? not to any resident clergyman, ' ubique per Angliam,' but to him ' the said Dubritius, and his successors!' After the small but regular subsistence had been granted by the bishops, and most *unwillingly* by the convents, the itinerant minister became a kind of curate, called ' the vicar.'

"There were two kinds of these vicars, the one endowed by the bishop, with a certain portion of the products of the land, the other employed by the convents. The obligation indeed was imposed on the convents to employ their *curates* after the same manner, and with the same liberality; but their *vicar* had only what is called ' Portio congrua,' that is, as much of the tithes as the abbot thought fit.

" In this parish we find the first presentation by the bishop to have been in 1299, when a church was probably built, and the desultory service from the abbey discontinued, after some contention with the abbots, on the part of the bishop. In the thirteenth century we find, all through England, a minister regularly and generally instituted, to his particular parish. So gradually grew up our parochial establishments, from the increasing idea of their moral and civil utility.

" We see the gathering of the storm that afterwards swept away the more ancient and illustrious establishments from this remonstrance of the Commons, in the fifteenth year of Richard the Second:

" ' The spiritual patrons of benefices, namely, the religious men, through divers colours and pretences, *mischievously* apply and appropriate the same benefices, and grievously throw *down the houses* and *edifices* of the same to the ground, and cruelly take away and destroy Divine service, hospitality, and other marks of charity, which were accustomed to be done in the said benefices, to the poor and maimed,' &c.

" When the ' *spiritual patrons,*' that is, those of the convent, thus became equally traitors to duty, religion, and charity, it is no wonder that the lords of the convent were exposed to satirical scoffs and public scorn. Among such sounds, the deep voice of Wycliff was now heard, denouncing abuses, and heralding, but still afar off, the dawn of the approaching Reformation. William of Wykeham, to whom I am indebted for holding the pen, and other illustrious prelates, founded seats of education instead of cloisters for oscitancy; and thus struggling, step by step, the English parsonage establishment, from the umbrage of the ambitious convent, stole into more interesting light, and moral beauty.

" Long before the Reformation, the fostering munificence was gradually withdrawn from the abbeys. The taper spire, or embattled tower, marked every retired village; nor must we ever forget, that the first sounds of that storm which fell on the ancient establishments, and at last shivered them to fragments, issued from the rectory. Still, before the Reformation, the parsonage-house was as cheerless as the Cenobite's cell.

" The more readily to account for the slow progression of an establishment so useful, it must always be remembered, that soon after William the Conqueror's accession, and during the reign of his immediate successors, as I have shewn, such was the public ardour towards monastic devotion, that most of the *advowsons*, or right of presentation to parochial churches, through the kingdom, became the property of conventual societies.

" Whatever might have been the painful and precarious revenue of a parish priest, even this was often monopolized by the monks of the neighbouring convents, so that in the course of nearly three hundred years from the Conquest, a very great part of the property, which would have supported a resident minister, was absorbed by those who thus neglected the duties, whilst they grasped with avidity the enormous wealth, of the church.

" A *perpetual* vicar was at length appointed by the bishops, (Henry the Fourth,) with a *permanent* and adequate allowance,

which was the *first step* to the resident clergyman, with full rights, where those rights had not been before vested in the abbeys or convents. The provision for a vicar (that is, for him who performed the church duties, and resided among his parishioners) now was as follows,—ample enough it will be allowed: 'Every week twenty-one loaves of bread, forty-two gallons of convent ale, seven loaves of the finest bread, of the same weight as those made for the canons, twenty-three smaller loaves, fifteen marks of silver *every year*, six cart-loads of hay, seven bushels of oats weekly for his horse; he was to have a house and curtelege, and two quarters of wheat from the prior's granary.' This endowment was in 1308, and it is no great wonder that, with such allowance, the vicars became more generally resident!—(Lyson's View of the Condition of the Parochial Clergy.)

"Our blithe country vicar, with 'his curtilege,' (small garden-plat,) regardless of his baronial prelate, or the princely abbot, might now be said to be in the condition so facetiously described by poor Tom Warton—

——— 'Content he *taps* his barrel,
Exhorts his neighbour not to quarrel;
Thinks that church-wardens have discerning,
Both in good *liquor* and good learning.'

"He who now had an independent and ample '*provisœ frugis* in annum copia,' though only '*fifteen marks of silver*,' owed this liberal allowance, part of which must have been for the poor, to the bishops, and to the views entertained of the importance of the service of a resident functionary. But even here, on the part of the convent, the attempt was often made, not unsuccessfully, to get rid of the scale of *produce* for that of a *fixed stipend*. Thus, however, *resident* vicars were *first* established by the bishops, whilst the convents sent out a weekly or monthly priest, with a *stinted* allowance of five marks per annum, where there were no resident vicars, called capellari, or assisting curates.

"It was not before the year 1439, (Henry the Sixth,) that the vicar was placed in permanent respectability and property above the convent missionary; and it was provided that he should never have less than *twelve marks*, making his vicarage, according to the value of money in 1704, (when Kennet wrote,) upwards of seventy pounds, now possibly about the value of, in our currency, one hundred and twenty.

"In looking back, for a moment, on the reigns of Richard and John, we shall perceive other obvious causes, besides that of the grasping monastery, for the little attention paid to the humbler parish church. The parish church might well be forgotten in Richard's reign, when all thoughts were devoted to the crusade; and when Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, and his 'venerable' squire, the Archdeacon of Menevia (St David's) Geraldus, beat up for recruits through the wildest districts of Wales. In the reign of King John the public attention was occupied by the stern and inflexible barons on one hand, and the crafty ambition of the Roman Pontiff on the other. But, in the reign of Henry the Third, regular institutions being given, we find the injunction issued, 'that *all* clergymen shall reside at their benefices!'

"The great tithes, however, were still in the hands of most of the convents. The fruits of this misapplication were, not long after, so visible, that it led the way to that universal language of contempt and satire with which the cloistered clergy were assailed. At length that cry 'reformation,' 'reformation,' in morals as well as doctrines, never ceased, till it was taken up, and echoed from the press through the greatest part of Europe. It was not LUTHER, but the OPEN BIBLE, and the ART of PRINTING, which produced this great work. These, united at an era of awakened energies, of which they were the cause and consequence, let in a light on the discomfited conclave of human infallibility, which, till the press itself becomes the corrupted herald of darkness, as it once spread knowledge and light—never can be quenched.

"Since that time the resident parochial priest has become a silent, but not unimportant member of the state, and the state finds the advantage of having such a character placed in every part of the kingdom, with such an independence that he may never be induced to become a traitor to the Gospel he holds in his hand, or to the state which gives him that independence. The advantages of a resident clergy becoming so important, the bishop tacitly relinquished his claims, and, almost simultaneously, from one end of the kingdom to the other, the opulent landed gentry bequeathed part of their possessions. The incumbent, appointed by the bishop, or by the possessor of the chief estate, (who, in consequence of endowment, was allowed this privilege,) became *rector*, independently, 'et loco episcopi.' This was the origin of parishes with independent jurisdictions, and of that order established through the remotest villages,—the generally learned and exemplary parochial clergy."

In Domesday Book, (so called, not from Doom, because of its severity, a vulgar error—but from the Liber Judicialis, or Dom Boc of Alfred,) there is a census of the working population of the parish of Breme. The Abbot of Malmesbury was lord, and the cultivators were—

Cotarii 7—Bordarii 22—Villani 34—Servi 16.—Total 79. The Cotarii

were, Mr Bowles thinks, probably a kind of superintendents, as well as obliged to contribute their own services—the Bordarii furnished the meat, corn, fowls, and every thing required for the lord's table—the Villani were next above the "Servi," being only less servile. The Servi were not more regarded than the swine they fed. Of these four descriptions of occupants, then, the parish consisted at the time of the Domesday Survey—with their wives and families amounting, perhaps, to about four hundred. The same extent of cultivated land, says Mr Bowles, now supports upwards of fourteen hundred. The village labourer is now the most exemplary, the most industrious, the most soberly-religious, the most uncomplaining class of the community. How far superior his lot to that of the brutified slave in Saxon or Norman times, over whom his lord had a petty sovereignty to imprison or brand at his discretion! It might be interesting, he adds, for a moment to compare the present state of an agricultural parish with its state in those days of servitude in the country, and of tyranny in the castle and on the throne. The lordly Abbot seldom appeared here, except when he had to pass a day or two at his Grange. Now,

"The English agricultural labourer, when 'bells knoll to church' for one day in the week, seems independent and important. The grey-haired rustic appears, with perhaps a grandchild by his side, in the place where 'the rich and poor meet together,' to kneel down before their common Father. Look at him on this day, and you would think he never felt poverty or depression. He takes his seat among three or four hundred of his fellow-creatures, and appears humble, but not abased, among those whose situation in life is above his own, with the feelings of a Christian in a Christian land. But, in the time of this survey, with any feelings of devotion, he must have gone twelve miles to the abbey of Malmesbury, unless when the itinerant priest collected his straggling worshippers round the village cross.

"The mode in which parish churches were served, where there were any, cannot be better explained than by a charter granted by Joceline, bishop of Salisbury, to the monks of Notley, near Thame, in Buckinghamshire, in confirmation of the grant of the church at Maiden Bradley, by Walter Gifford; 'Sicut personæ et Domini habeant illius ecclesiæ plenam et liberam, et expeditam administrationem, ita quidem ut canonicus sacerdos, de congregatione illorum, sicut eis sede apostolicâ, in præfatâ ecclesiâ ministret, et curam habeat animarum.'

"The monks had often the tithes granted by the bishop, and were required to select, as from the '*apostolic seat*,' one of their number to minister in the church.

"A question of interesting inquiry, connected with the foregoing observations, would be, where, in their long and last repose of the grave, did

'The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep?'

Cuthbert, the eleventh archbishop of Canterbury from Augustine, we know was the first who procured burial-places in towns: 'Cœmeteria ubique in Angliâ fieri constituit,' in the eighth century; but through the country a village spire was now rarely seen; and its usual sacred and affecting accompaniment, the churchyard, was more rare.

"In Weever, and other books of the kind, we have long descriptions of the ostentatious monuments of the mighty; but nothing is said, or comparatively nothing, of

'The name and date spelt by the unletter'd muse;'

or the text on the stone which now, in the various country churchyards,

'Teaches the rustic moralist to die.'

Certainly neither churches nor churchyards, nor the 'village pastor's modest mansion,' marked the rural landscape *generally* through the country at that time. The slave, who it appears was yoked sometimes with the oxen or horses, may have been sullenly committed to earth without any sacred rite in that last depository of human sorrow, where, in the pathetic language of Job, 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

"At the time of Domesday survey, the dead were not even buried in their parishes; for in the national synod, held at London 1102, it was ordained that 'the dead shall be buried in their parishes.' 18th article. But the village decent funeral, the sublime and affecting service, the picturesque and consecrated temple in the remotest places, the churchyard 'strewed with many a holy text;' these hallowed and interesting associations with village society were, at that time, in most parts of the country, unknown."

Mr Bowles then makes a few observations suggested by the account in Domesday Book, on the wages, and some of the prices of agricultural produce on the farms where these *villani* and *servi*, literally *slaves* and *villans*, laboured. When we find two oxen

sold for seventeen shillings and fourpence, we must bear in mind that one Norman shilling was as much in value as three of ours; when we find that thirty hens were sold for three farthings each, we must bear in mind the same proportion. The price of a sheep was one shilling, that is three of ours. Wheat was six shillings a-quarter; that would be, according to our scale, two shillings and threepence a-bushel. Now, at the time of this calculation, every thing must have borne a greater price, reckoning by money, than at the time of Domesday; for the prices of articles now set down (from an authentic document of the accounts of the Duke of Cornwall, first published from the original by Sir R. C. Hoare, in his History of Mere,) bear date somewhat more than two hundred years afterwards, in the reign of Edward the First, 1299. But at that time, what were the wages of the labourer? The ploughman's wages were about five shillings a-year, fifteen shillings by the present scale; a maid for making "pottage" received a penny a-week!

"These particulars, at this time, may not be unimportant, as they decide, in some measure, the comparative comforts of the poor in the reign of Edward the First. I leave the fact to the consideration of those who talk of the present deprivations under which the labourer sinks. In those happier times he could not purchase a bushel of wheat under nine weeks' labour; granting that he received, *in produce*, sufficient for bare subsistence. More than a bushel of wheat can now be purchased by the lowest wages of husbandry in a week; and every child in a poor man's family, which he cannot maintain himself, be they more or fewer, is maintained for him. But the religious houses were, at the time of these items, so numerous, that they were within the distance of ten or twelve miles of most parishes. The abbeys supported the neighbouring poor, as, with their immense endowments, now in the hands of lay lords, they well might. In fact, there was no other way of dispersing the immense superfluity of rents in kind. This is not said to detract from the utility of such institutions in the then state of the country, or in the spirit of vulgar invective against lazy and luxurious monks; for however ease and prosperity might have vitiated their general character in after-times, at the period we are speaking of, piety, learning, and charity, found their only asylum in the convent; and as to industry, the wildest region was reclaimed, and the lands in their hands the best cultivated of any in the country."

In the Domesday Book certain woods are spoken of, and to us the following passage from Mr Bowles's work has, we confess, a charm, which we might find it difficult to explain. It is an interesting "bit of local."

"The wood, which is spoken of as three miles in length, is that wood which terminates the long wide range of Pewsham forest to the north. This is extra-parochial, and in the time of Henry the Third, from Lockswell to Melksham, was so thinly inhabited and wild, that it only contained seven inhabitants; at least 'septem hominibus ibi manentibus' are spoken of in a grant of this period to Stanley monastery.'

"This tract is now distinguished by the beautiful woods of Bowood, the picturesque and ancient demesne of Spye Park. Immediately opposite Spye Park is the fine seat, commanding the most extensive view in the county, belonging to Mrs Dickinson, at Bowden Park; and let me add, in an age when genius finds its estimation, in the immediate neighbourhood is the cottage of our living Catullus—Thomas Moore.

"The 'wood' in this parish, mentioned in the survey, belongs partly to the Marquis of Lansdowne, and partly to Dr Starkey, who succeeded to the property of Sir Edward Baynton, and to the demesne of Stanley Abbey.

"This wood descends almost to the verge of the spot where the Abbey of Stanley was situated, founded in this parish by the Empress Matilda, and her son Henry the Second; having been transferred from Lockwell, in the forest, about four miles distant. This forest was among the possessions of Henry the First, and was granted to his daughter Matilda after the premature death of his only son. Almost immediately under the hills which terminate its sweep to the north, arose the pinnacles and smoke of the royal abbey. The hill, over which, through part of the forest, the road winds from Bath to London, is called Derry Hill. The name, I have no doubt, is derived from the first royal possessor: 'De Roy Hill.'"

The Marquis of Lansdowne is the lord of the manor, and proprietor of the greater part of the parish. The farms are generally of between a hundred and fifty and two hundred acres each. Much of the land, from feelings of benevolence in the noble owner, is let out in small portions, so that there are few of the poorer inhabitants without a garden to their cottage in the whole parish. No great proprietor of lands is now resident in the parish; the

cotarii, bordarii, villani, and servi, have quietly, in the course of years, and by the gradual improvement of society, subsided, some into independent free-holders, farming their own estates—some renting tenants—all supporting numerous agricultural labourers and their families. The farms (of which twenty-five belong to the Marquis) are generally let at this time, under the great pressure which agriculture sustains, at about thirty-four shillings per acre; but they are so let in consequence of their being now tithe-free, the tithes of this portion of the living having been commuted by act of parliament in 1774, for land and money payments. The living consists of Bremhill, nominatively a vicarage, but endowed with great tithes, and the rectory of Highway annexed, consisting of about 800 acres, five miles distant, but held under the same presentation and institution. Now the agricultural interest, Mr Bowles truly says, pays to the poor, throughout the kingdom, upwards of four millions, ascertained from authentic documents; and the whole manufacturing population, for its factories, steam-houses, power-loom-houses, &c. pays not one million! Though it be true, that the amount of what the land pays to the poor be increased by the custom (a very bad one—there cannot be a worse) of paying the labourer's wages, in part out of the rates, yet without adequate protection, such protection only as such exclusive burdens require, neither the poor, those who are strictly so, the sick and the old, nor the labourers themselves, can receive support.

So humane and enlightened a man as Mr Bowles cannot be an enemy to the entire principle and practice of the English Poor-Laws. It is impossible. But he speaks wisely and well on their abuse.

"Owing to early marriages, and consequent rapid increase of population, there is here, as in almost every place in England, a superabundance of labourers, so that labour can no longer, if I may say so, find its level and attain its fair price. That most lamentable state has in consequence taken place, in which a man with three children, under the *regime* of the poor laws, instead of feeling the proud and conscious comfort that he is bringing up his children, humbly but honestly, with the fruits of his own toil, receives, without any regard to his moral character, as a dole from the parish, just so much as will give to his wife and to each child, including his own earnings, a gallon loaf, with the proportion of two for himself; and this dole, losing all ideas of independence, he calls 'his pay.' This circumstance tends to deteriorate his character—how materially every reflecting gentleman in the country knows and feels—operates even as a bounty on idleness, paralyses all the better affections of the heart, treads down all consciousness of humble and contented worth, and spreads on every side immorality and cheerless poverty; yet many labourers bear up against these pressures, quietly perform their daily toil, are most anxious for the education of their children, and though under the unfeeling superintendence of a hard overseer, who would sometimes leave them to starvation but for the interference of the magistrate or resident clergyman, still the condition of the English agricultural labourer at this time, in every thing that can affect the heart of man, is as much superior to the villanus or servus of 1086, as the nobleman or English gentleman exceeds in knowledge or humanity the feudal or ecclesiastical lord of that day. But the most deplorable and most hopeless evil of these benevolent but improvident poor-laws, is the state of the unmarried female population. The population rapidly increases, from the bounty these laws give both to immorality and improvidence, and girls from fifteen to thirty, or till they are married and have a family, work in the fields with the men. In the winter months, five out of six of those young women, however prudent or industrious they may be, have absolutely no employment whatever! If they go to the overseer, he must either employ them, or grant them an allowance. It is a most mournful fact, that thirty or forty, some naturally well-disposed young women, make a compromise with the overseers, and struggle through the long winter on eighteenpence a-week! and yet we hear of nothing but the starving manufacturers, who, in their prosperity, earn from fifteen to twenty-five shillings a-week, all of whom, in the hour of distress, are turned for subsistence on the land, which, like the fabled Atlas, bends already with its own weight."

At the time of the Domesday survey, the Abbot of Malmesbury had a grange near the church. The old walls, probably as ancient as the church, extend some way at the entrance of the parish, mantled over with the ivy of centuries. Of two illustrious abbeys, one, Malmesbury Abbey, from the time of the Dissolution, has become the humble parish-church, still preserving the traces of its original majesty.

It fronts the title-page of the volume, and we hope, next time we visit Bremhill, that it may be Sunday, for we wish much to hear Mr Bowles preach, which we are told he does with a simple fervour, very impressive and appropriate; feeling and genius, as might be expected from such a poet, pervading all his addresses to his flock. The other abbey—a Norman one—has entirely disappeared. The lands, says our excellent author, belonging to each of these establishments, which maintained the neighbouring poor, are severed; but the mansion of the clergyman, and the parochial-school, yet smile, sheltered and in peace, amid the rural landscape. The hideous Henry, he continues—with great animation—smote to the dust the last of these monastic piles; and our modern reformers evince the same spirit towards all that remains of utility and national interest in the Church establishment, as anxious for farther spoil; but granting their wish, would it add one comfort to the poor? No!—for all the tithes of a parish would not pay half the poor-rates; they would go into the sordid coffers of such an oppressor as has been described, exonerating his lands from part of its poor-rates and tithes, which lands were purchased subject to both, and depriving the parochial poor of the only friend who stands between them and the oppressor—the clergyman!

"The language of adulation," says Mr Bowles, "in verse or prose, is as far from my heart, as I know it would be unwelcome to those whose unostentatious and silent works of charity shrink from notice; but I should feel it as almost an offence against truth and justice, if I could conclude these notices of the past and present condition of the English peasantry in the neighbourhood, without one testimony to the benevolence I have so often witnessed."

"Go, to assemblies of the rich and gay,
  The blazing halls of grandeur, and the throng
  Of cities, and there listen to the song
Of festive harmony; then pause, and say
Where is *she* found who in her sphere might shine,
  Attracting all? Where is *she* found, whose place
  And dignity the proudest court might grace?
Go, where the desolate and dying pine
On their cold bed; open the cottage door;
  Ask of that aged pair, who feebly bend
  O'er their small evening fire, who is their friend?
Ask of these children of the village poor?
  For this, at the great judgment thou shalt find
  HEAVEN'S MERCY—LADY, MERCIFUL AND KIND."

Mr Bowles now shuts up Domesday Book, and next considers the Antiquities belonging to his parish, or in the immediate neighbourhood; and we wish it were in our power to give a fuller abridgement of this part of his volume. There are no antiquities in the parish prior to the Roman era; but that vast and ancient rampart, the Wansdike, (Woden's-dike, from the Saxon deity,) is distinctly visible on the edge of the opposite hill, from its junction with the Roman road, extending, at the distance of ten miles, over the highest elevation of the Southern Downs, called St Anne's, or Tan Hill.

The question has been often asked, Whether this vast mountain-rampart, extending so many miles, was constructed prior to the Roman establishment in Britain, or since that period? for it must have been since, if it were the work of the Saxons after the Romans had left the Britons to their fate. In discussing this question, Mr Bowles is led to treat at considerable length of the origin and designation of those stupendous Celtic monuments adjoining—Avebury and Silbury Hill—or, to use his own appropriate and poetical expressions, "the vast and mysterious temple at Avebury, the gigantic Silbury, and the tumuli clustering at its feet." In Stukeley's time, the remains of a Celtic temple were visible on what are still called "Temple Downs," and there yet remain Kistvains, Cromlechs, the lofty mound at Marlborough, only inferior in magnitude to Silbury; and just on the other side of the rampart, the hill call-

ed St Anne's, or Tan Hill. In the vale, in a direct line to Stonehenge, was a mound thirty-five feet high, at Marden, about midway, since levelled.

The names of the deities which were the peculiar objects of Celtic worship, and the terrific rites of that worship, are spoken of by Lucan.

——" Feris altaribus Hesus
Et Taranis, Scythicæ non mitior ara Dianæ."

This Scythian Diana, whose altars were so terrible, was the Diana of Tauris Chersonesus, the subject of what Mr Bowles, with his usual taste, calls the most sublime and affecting tragedy of antiquity, the Iphigenia in Tauris of Euripides. Thus, then, we come in contact with the Celtic deities, Hesus, and Tanaris, the Bell, or Baal, of the Scriptures. But Lucan mentions Teutates also—the Egyptian Thoth; and there was another deity of the Celts, Belinus, or the Sun. Now, there is an extraordinary passage in Diodorus Siculus,—" In an island, as large as Sicily, opposite the Celtic continent, is a round temple, where Apollo (or the Sun) is worshipped with hymns and songs," &c. This passage can only be applied to Stonehenge, as there is no island, except Britain, immediately " opposite the Celtic coast, no less than Sicily;" and there is only one island where there is at this day to be seen such a round temple. The existence of the Druids and the Bards in Britain, is ascertained from Cæsar and Tacitus. If, then, Belinus, or Apollo, or the Sun, was worshipped at Stonehenge, can it be doubted but that the monuments to the north of Wansdike were dedicated to some others of the most distinguished Celtic deities? Who were these? Teutates, whom Cæsar calls Mercury, the greatest of the deities of Britain; and Tanaris, the Jupiter Fulminans of the Celts. to whom high places were constantly sacred.

The Wansdike, in its course, passes within view of the greatest ancient Druidical monument in the kingdom, the magnificent Celtic Temple at Avebury, on the Marlborough Downs. Immediately in front appears the vast mound called Silbury Hill, supposed to be spoken of in the Welsh Triads, as the third great work of the kingdom connected with the mystical and gigantic stones at Avebury. The Wansdike strides on, over the highest elevation on the Downs, about three miles distant, in a direct line from Avebury, where an annual fair is kept, established time out of mind, and called generally Tan-hill, being a supposed corruption of St Anne's-hill. The fair is certainly held on St Anne's day; but Mr Bowles shews that that is no reason for supposing that the place must have been originally St Anne's-hill. For there cannot be a stronger proof of the early Britons adopting heathen names, or applying Christian names in place of heathen, than the circumstance of our Easter having the name derived from the feast of the Saxon goddess, " Eoster," celebrated in April, as may be seen in Speed. We have frequent examples of such adaptations in the early Christian churches, according to the nearest similitude of their names, as Mithras was converted into Michael. We learn, too, that the first Christian churches were built on the foundation of the Temple of Diana; the name Tanaris is easily converted to St Anne, as Dionysius (Bacchus) was changed to St Denis; and the Temple of Mars, to the Church of St Martin. The Temples of Jupiter Tonans were generally on the most elevated spots; and hills of this kind are often found dedicated to St Anne, from the prior name, Tanaris. The transition is as easy as obvious. At this day, the Hill Soracte, near Rome, is converted to *Saint Oreste,* to which Saint a chapel is dedicated!

The question then is—and we think with Mr Bowles, that it should be decided in the affirmative—whether the common name for this hill, over which the Wansdike winds, in front of which, to the north, stood the immense and mysterious stone circles of Avebury, with the gigantic Mound of Silbury, (all Celtic,) whilst the southern apex of the hill carries the sight over Marsden, another Celtic temple, whose mound has been spoken of, on to Salisbury Plain, Stonehenge;—whether, after all, *Tan-hill* is not the proper name, and that of St Anne given subsequently? The common people, from tradition, probably, therefore call it Tan-hill, that is, the Hill of Tanaris —the Ζευς Βϱονταιος of the Celts.

Mr Bowles next proceeds to offer his views on the most ancient Celtic temple, and magnificent mound, immediately opposite—the mound of the immense Silbury, and the vast but unhewn monument, which, though

shattered, disjointed, and bereft—yet in many places

Spirat adhuc imperiosa minas.

Who, then, of all the Celtic deities, was most honoured in Britain at the period of, and prior to, the Romans? Not, says Mr Bowles, the God of Thunder, nor the terrific Deity of War, nor he who was worshipped under the name of Belinus, or the great and illustrious Sun, but a minor deity, the messenger of the Thunderer, called by Cæsar, Mercury; by the Britons, Teutates; by the Egyptians, Thoth.—Why had this deity, so much inferior to Jupiter in Grecian and Roman mythology, the first place in that of Celtic and Druidical Britain? Because, answers Mr Bowles, he taught the Druids their sacred mysteries, their learning, and above all, their knowledge of an immortal life, derived obscurely from its sacred sources in the East. Is it likely, then, that the Druids should have left no positive record of their veneration to the god who taught them their highest mysteries, and connected those mysteries with eternity? Is it likely that neither veneration nor gratitude should have left the most adored of the deities without altar, temple, or monument?

We have been stealing in the most bare-faced manner from Mr Bowles; so let us now quote in small type the interesting close of this discussion.

" Let us then only suppose that such monuments must somewhere have been raised to the honour of this god, what would these monuments have been? The stone and the lofty mound. For I need not say that the aboriginal representation of Mercury was a stone; but a fact is present, a most singular and conclusive one, respecting this circumstance. Pausanias expressly says that thirty stones distinguished places consecrated to Mercury, the exact number of the larger inner circle at Avebury. But why a mound? We have only to turn to Livy, where we find not only the promontory, but that very kind of mound which is called by Livy TUMULUS, dedicated to him: 'Quod ubi ingressus Scipio in TUMULUM, quem MERCURII vocant,' &c.

" The very same kind of artificial mound, which Livy calls tumulus, we find dedicated to the god Mercury. This is a most remarkable fact, nor need we go far to ascertain the reason. He bore the messages from the king of the thunder to earth, and these hills were places, either natural or artificial, on which he might be supposed to alight;

'New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.'

" His action, as he is generally represented, is that of a god new-lighted from heaven, with one foot just touching the earth, and with the other as yet almost in the act of flying.

" Here then we have, in a small compass, the hill of the Thunderer, and the great artificial monumental mound, where his messenger, in his flight from heaven, might be supposed first to alight close to his own temple.

" We have stated on what account Mercury received so distinguished a rank and foremost station among the Celts. Because, originally derived from the Egyptian Hermes, or Thoth, he taught the Druids their knowledge, and the most important part of that knowledge, the ideas of this life, connected with immortality, from obscure patriarchal traditions.

" Now here we come into immediate contact with the most ancient emblem of the most important part of Druidical knowledge, the serpent. None can deny, after Sir R. Hoare's survey, that this gigantic temple consisted of stones so placed as to resemble the coil, and head, and tail, of the serpent. None can deny, that all antiquity confirms this shape and appearance as the most ancient emblem of eternity. None can deny, that the Egyptian Mercury taught this, as the most sacred mystery! None can deny, who read Livy, that mounds were dedicated to this god; and putting all these things together, leaving all vision, and adhering to facts, can we have any doubt of the origin of this great and mysterious temple, and the vast mound adjoining? The most singular circumstance to me appears, that a man so learned as Stukeley should have come so near this conclusion as the idea of the Dracontine temple, and yet not have proceeded to its most remarkable and decisive corroboration. I must proceed a step farther. The caduceus of Mercury was entwined with two serpents.

" Much has been said about this caduceus, or rod of Mercury. 'Mercury saw two serpents fighting,' says one learned mythologist; 'he beat them with his rod, and they twined round it!' A little common sense would far better instruct us.

" It was one of the most important of this god's offices to bring souls to Hades, and to restore them, and by this very wand;

'Hac animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit.'

" Now, what is a serpent the emblem of? We have said, through all antiquity, of eternity. Why? For two reasons: every year it casts its old skin, and its cir-

cle, or coil, represents successive time, without beginning or end: but here are two serpents; what do they represent? Plain truth would answer, the serpent who casts his skin, and the serpent restored—death and vital restoration. One serpent denoted the power with which this deity,

'Pallentes animas evocat Orco;'

the other, with which,

'Sub tristia Tartara mittit:'

and of this vital restoration the Druids, who especially worshipped Mercury, had more knowledge than the Greeks and Romans.

" For the same reason that Mercury had the power over death, he is described as having the power over sleep; for sleep, among the ancients, is called 'consanguineus Lethi.'

" On more minutely observing this wand entwined with serpents, I will not add that they form openings in their folds, which are oblong, and in form of an egg, as this might be considered fanciful; but the egg was, of old, an emblem of another life; for this reason, to-day the inert matter is inclosed in the shell, to-morrow it bursts out and lives; the snake's egg had more value as this representation, because the snake itself, for the reasons given, was the chief emblem of renovation; and the serpent was held in the greatest veneration by the Britons, who considered Mercury, so distinguished with the serpents on his potent rod, as their greatest deity.

" But what are the wings of this deity on his cap, his feet, and his serpentine rod? emblems that connect death with restoration. This is at least my mythology, without the learning of Banier, and which, I think, reflection will justify; though, as far as I know, both the reasons and the application have never yet been pointed out.

" The reason I have given for the association of promontories and lofty mounds (tumuli) to the

'Magni Jovis et deorum nuncium,'

appears to me obvious, from considering his flying action as the messenger of Jupiter to the earth. But it must not be forgotten, that another cause for this association, is his being born on the top of a mountain,

———'Quem candida Maia
Cyllenes gelido conceptum vertice fudit.'
VIRGIL.
Quem montibus olim edidit.'
OVID.

" Every consideration leading us to admit that the Celtic Teutates was originally the Egyptian Thoth, it will be remembered that the science of astronomy formed part of his mystic books; and that his books on this subject were publicly carried in processions to his honour.

" Mr Maurice has adduced many reasons for considering Avebury as connected with ancient astronomy. My observations will go some way to confirm his opinions, Thoth being the original Teutates; indeed, this whole supposition seems to me far more consistent and coherent than any other hypothesis, and has a far greater number of authentical facts for its support.

" The stones which compose the innermost circles were twelve, according to the months; the outermost were thirty, the number of days in the month; many other circumstances of the kind might be easily adduced in corroboration of these views.

" Upon the whole, I have very little doubt that the more we investigate this point, the greater light will be thrown on my supposition, that this mysterious monument was dedicated to Teutates, the great teacher of the Druids' knowledge and mysteries; that the mounds of Marlborough, Marden, and Silbury, were raised to this most distinguished of the British deities; and that these mounds, and the most elevated spot dedicated to the god of thunder, and the magnificent temple, &c. were all component parts of one mighty monument, of which we see only imperfectly its vastness, whilst all the details are lost in the night of years."

After all, we find we have given but a very imperfect account of Mr Bowles's superior speculations on these antiquities—but we are sure that we have said and quoted enough to induce all our readers who take delight in such studies, to purchase the volume. On closing his speculations, Mr Bowles beautifully says—"These monuments, like the altar to the 'unknown God at Athens,' in the sight of a Christian, only tend to make him deplore the deviations of human reason, and to bless with more fervent devotion that light which, unlike the obscure hints of immortality, which were feebly conveyed by mystic emblems, now shines full on the Christian's lowly path, and throws its imperishable radiance on the silence and the darkness of the grave." He then concludes a truly delightful chapter with a few lines extracted from his own "Village Verse Book," an excellent little work, in which the objects of rural life are applied to excite in young minds, and particularly village children, the first feelings of humanity and piety.

The Shepherd of the Wiltshire Downs and his Dog.

" With his lean dog, and both grown old,
The shepherd watches here all day;

Thro' his white locks the wind blows cold,
And thus methinks I hear him say :—

" ' The grey-stone circle is below,
The village tower is at our feet;
We nothing hear but the sailing crow,
And the wandering flocks that roam and bleat.

" ' Far off, the giant Wansdike hies,
O'er vale and mountain striding on,—
Yonder, the dusty whirlwind flies;
Sarum's far spire is seen and gone.

" ' Though solitude around is spread,
My dog, alone we shall not be :
And when the turf is on my head,
Thou only wilt remember me !' "

We must unwillingly skip nearly two hundred pages of the volume and get to the Parsonage, if possible, just as the worthy Prebendary is sitting down to dinner. Pleasanter two hundred pages are rarely to be found—and the genius of the poet spreads an interest and a beauty over every object he describes, whether modern or of the olden time. The chapter on Stanley Abbey, in particular, is most delightful—and from it we must extract some lines in Mr Bowles's very best style—full of piety, poetry, and pathos. There is a magnificent spring rising at Lockswell on the very top of a hill, which is on all sides surrounded with wild and romantic scenery. It appears on the spot from which it bursts nearly three feet broad; and to shew the idea of its sanctity, many years after the removal of the Abbey from Lockswell to Stanley, this pure stream was thought so important to the inhabitants of the abbey, that with great labour and expense, (as appears from the MS. of a monk of Stanley in the Bodleian Library,) it was conveyed by an aqueduct from Lockswell, between four and five miles, to Stanley. Mr Bowles was greatly affected on first seeing this singular and beautiful stream rushing into day from beneath the foundation of a farm-house that stands, most probably, on the very site of the old building, and then winding its precipitous and solitary way, till it is lost among the wildest glades of the ancient forest of Chippenham. He carefully examined the nearest adjoining grounds, with a view of tracing marks of the original foundation of this fleeting monument of the piety of our ancestors, but was disappointed. Probably some relics will be found on digging near the spot, but it must be remembered that the Cistercian abbeys, of which so many were founded about the same period in various parts of England, were in those early times built of wood; that this abbey was so constructed, is the more probable, as it was raised in the midst of a forest, where such materials were at hand, and removed about four miles distant in so short a space of time. According to all accounts, it continued at Lockswell not more than three years. No traces are now discernible—and the stream alone, once famous and hallowed, has flowed for centuries through its wild course, as disconsolate and forgotten. The account of this spring was sent, at the time of its discovery, to that excellent repository of antiquarian research, " The Gentleman's Magazine," and has been since reprinted in the last splendid edition of Dugdale. But now for Mr Bowles's beautiful verses.

" Pure fount, that, welling from this wooded hill,
Dost wander forth, as into life's wide vale,
Thou to the traveller dost tell no tale,
Of other years, a lone, unnoticed rill,
In thy forsaken track, unheard of men,
Making thy own wild music through the glen.

Time was when other sounds, and songs arose,
When o'er the pensive scene, at evening's close,
The distant bell was heard, or the full chant,
At morn, came sounding high and jubilant;
Or, stealing on the wilder'd pilgrim's way,
The moon-light Miserere died away,
Like all things earthly.—
Stranger, mark the spot—
No echoes of the chiding world intrude—
The structure rose, and vanish'd—solitude
Possess'd the woods again—old Time forgot,
Passing to wider spoil, its place and name.

Since then, even as the clouds of yesterday,
Seven hundred years have wellnigh pass'd away:
No wreck remains of all its early pride;
Like its own orisons, its fame has died.

But this pure fount, through rolling years the same,
Yet lifts its small still voice, like penitence,
Or lowly pray'r. THOU, pass, admonish'd hence,
Happy, thrice happy, if, through good or ill,
CHRISTIAN, thy heart respond to this forsaken rill."

We shall now ascend, by a singular paved foot-way, to the church and the parsonage. Of this foot-way, Mr Bowles gives a pleasant and poetical history.

"Respecting this ancient paved foot-way; nothing can more decidedly prove the almost impassable state of the roads in the reign of Edward the Fourth, than this benefaction for the accommodation for foot passengers, bequeathed by a woman of the name of MAUD HEATH, of Langley Burrel, the intervening parish between Bremhill and Chippenham. Land and houses were bequeathed by her to trustees in 1478, to keep this paved foot-path in constant repair. It passes through Langley Burrel-common to Bremhill, from Chippenham. The tradition is, that this Maud Heath had acquired her property by carrying her farm-produce between Bremhill, her own parish, and Chippenham; and having thus acquired property, left in perpetuity a sum to be applied to the sole purpose of keeping in repair the accommodation of a more clean and convenient foot-way.

"The trustees are generally the clergymen of Bremhill and Langley, and the chief possessors of land in the neighbourhood. As the funds have accumulated, and the purpose for which they are to be applied are definitively described, there is now some difficulty in the application. Whatever has become of other charities, that of this benevolent spinster still flourishes, and, as one of the trustees, I hope to live to see a monument, more worthy of her name, erected on the hill which overlooks the extensive vale.

"On the apex of Wick-hill now stands a plain upright stone, with the following lines in commemoration of the donor:—

'From this Wick-hill begins the praise,
Of MAUD HEATH'S gift to these HIGH-WAYS.'

"On the eminence which overlooks the town of Chippenham, another plain stone is erected, with the following inscription:—

'Hither extendeth MAUD HEATH'S gift,
For where I stand is CHIPPENHAM cliff.'

"But there is a somewhat more superb monument recording her singular bequest, half-way between Bremhill and Chippenham, on the banks of the Avon, remarkable for the beauty of the brief Latin inscription. In the inscription on the side of the dial, facing the rising sun, the passenger is called on, generally, to remember the fleetness of the passing moment—

'Tempus volat.'

"On the side fronting the meridian sun is the inscription to remind man, the passenger to another world, of his duties in *this*—

'Dum tempus habemus, OPEREMUR BONUM.'

"The inscription fronting the setting sun, as addressed to the evening traveller, is both novel and affecting—

'REDIBO—TU NUNQUAM.'

"As few who pass the road are capable of feeling the force of the admonition, from the inscription being in Latin—at a late meeting of the trustees, the writer of this account ventured to offer his services to render the sentiments of the inscription into the 'vulgar tongue,' *pro bono publico!* The following poetical paraphrase is now engraving on the pillar below the dial:—

'MORNING SUN.—*Tempus volat.*
Oh! early passenger, look up—be wise,
And think how, night and day, TIME ONWARD FLIES.

'NOON.—*Dum tempus habemus, operemur bonum.*
Life steals away—this hour, oh man, is lent thee,
Patient to 'WORK THE WORK OF HIM WHO SENT THEE.'

'SETTING SUN.—*Redibo, tu nunquam.*
Haste, traveller, the sun is sinking now—
He shall return again—but never thou.'"

Leaving behind a humble and interesting Moravian burial-ground, and a sun-dial, admonishing that "Life is but a passing shade," Mr Bowles says, "Reader, as we slowly ascend the hill of this ancient paved-way, and avail ourselves of one of those rustic seats so well described by Pope,

'Whose seats the weary travellers repose,'

let us—for to pass this village without noticing its natural history, would be unpardonable—let us take up one of the stones before us, with which the highway is being repaired; it is full of small, but distinctly marked sea-shells! break it, and a greater profusion of these small marine shells dart out!" And then off our poet goes into the mysteries of mineralogy, in which

he seems an adept. But let us cast our eye, quoth he, on the overhanging hedges; and with equal enthusiasm and knowledge he descants on the botany of the parish. The following is surely a very beautiful passage:—

"I wish I could shew that beautiful small red flower that in spring shoots as if ambitious of shewing itself through the green under the unfrequented hedges—and

'Makes so gay the solitary place,
Where no eye sees it.'—COWPER.

"It is now gone with its sisters, the violets; but we want not beauty, for look, as far as the eye can see, in July, the whole bank is radiant with the purple bloom of a geranium, as beautiful as any of the five hundred of the same species which the Historian of the county in his sumptuous green-house can boast; which smile there in rows, and seem to look consciously on each other like fine gentlemen and ladies, despising the rustic, but beautiful, peasant-flower of the fields. This geranium, so abundant in our hedges, is called botanically, I believe, geranium campestre, and it unites the elegance of the cultivated geranium with the simplicity of the hedge-primrose. There is also the geranium columbinum vulgare, flore minore cœruleo. And now, reader, 'you are welcome to Maud Heath's stone.'

"We will here, at this corner of the road, turn short to the left, and winding a small circuit, cross, by the village path-way, the glebe-lands, which are sprinkled with wood like a small park. From hence we look down on the village, and the church, and parsonage; and from this stile the old massy grey tower of the church is seen most prominently among the elms before us."

Here we are, then, in view of the Church and Parsonage; but before entering the one or the other, let us hear Mr Bowles descant on the character of such edifices. In open and extensive down countries, he remarks, the only spire, seen at a distance in the haze of morning, appears to have had its use in directing the traveller when lost. Salisbury spire is seen in almost every direction, at nearly thirty miles distance. Tilbury, in Gloucestershire, and the various steeples in the levels of Leicestershire and Lincolnshire, present the same pleasing variety in a flat uniform country. Shenstone has sketched such a picture very pleasantly, in his sweet poem, "The School-Mistress"—

"In every village *mark'd by little spire*,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame," &c.

The massy square tower, with buttresses and battlements, has a more solemn effect in a rich and cultivated country, and gives a peculiarly interesting character to eminenees that are not sufficiently elevated or aspiring, to become picturesque themselves. A slender spire, or battlemented tower, harmonize equally well when partially discovered above surrounding woods. Nothing can equal in picturesque beauty the towers and churches in Somersetshire. Banwell Church, as a parochial edifice, is perhaps the most perfect in the kingdom.

"Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees."

Seen as an accompaniment to the landscape in wooded plains, or rising abruptly from the bosom of the picturesque landscape, at morning and evening, and associated with so many feelings of interest, the massy tower, or the tapering spire, do indeed add a beauty and grace to the English landscape throughout the land. Hear Wordsworth, and let every heart respond to his noble chant,—

"And O, ye swelling hills, and spacious plains!
Besprent from shore to shore with steeple-towers,
And spires whose 'silent finger points to heaven;'
Nor wanting at wide intervals, the bulk
Of ancient Minster, lifted above the cloud
Of the dense air which town or city breeds
To intercept the sun's glad beams—may ne'er
That true succession fail of English hearts,
Who, with ancestral feeling, can perceive
What in those holy structures ye possess
Of ornamental interest, and the charm
Of pious sentiment diffused afar,
And human charity, and social love.
—Thus never shall the indignities of Time
Approach their reverend graces, unopposed;
Nor shall the elements be free to hurt
Their fair proportions; nor the blinder rage

Of bigot zeal madly to overturn ;
And if the desolating hand of war
Spare them, they shall continue to bestow
Upon the throng'd abodes of busy men,
(Depraved and ever prone to fill their minds
Exclusively with transitory things)
An air and mien of dignified pursuit ;
Of sweet civility—on rustic wilds."

But let Mr Bowles describe, in his own beautiful language, his own beautiful church,—

" But we can now look nearer at this sacred building before us. Besides the square massy tower, it consists of a large porch, above which, now devoted to silence and the bats, the small village school was held before the Reformation. The ceiling was lately dismantled of two centuries of white-wash, and the figures, which had been so splashed over, that it was impossible to know what was intended, stand out in elegant stone carving, an emblematical lamb among the vines ! The united roses of the houses of York and Lancaster, ascertain that the porch was an addition to the church, in the reign probably of Henry the Seventh. The windows of the side aisles, north and south, are of the kind called Tudor arches ; the large window, at the end of the chancel, was a mere common square window, looking as if it belonged to a barn rather than to a church. This has been formed into a window more in unison with the rest of the building, by adding Gothic compartments of handsome stone work on the top.

" But the elegant small turret with which the church-roof terminates on the top, must not be forgotten ; a small opening is left for the bell, which rung the early villager to prayer before he began work. Though the bell has been silent for centuries, and the aperture only remains, the form of the small projection where it hung gives a graceful finish to the roof. This projection was surmounted by a small cross.

" Before we enter the building, let us look down on the stone that lies directly under our feet, in the porch. In the year 1818, the Rev. Edward Lambert, of the family of Lamberts of Boyton, who married the eldest sister of the writer of this account, having expressed a wish to be buried at Bremhill, was here deposited. I regretted afterwards that this spot was selected, for in digging the grave a stone coffin was found lying across the porch, east and west, containing possibly the bones of the founder, or some benefactor. This stone coffin was unfortunately broken, but the bones, of course, carefully deposited in the place of their ancient sepulture.

" The *old seats* of freestone, on either side the porch, are deeply worn. These seats are therefore evidently of an age long prior to the porch itself.

" The door is very old, and surrounded by curious carved work ; and, as it slowly opens, we remark on either side of the aisle, large pillars, with small capitals, which are probably Norman. These pillars are four on each side, the capitals varying, and apparently coeval with the ancient font.

" Between the aisle and chancel stands an entire and elegant rood-loft, beautifully carved with lattice work, bending over in a small arch above, on the centre of which stood, before the Reformation, the rood or large crucifix of wood, with a row of saints on each side, as thus described in the old ballad :—

'Oh! hold thy peace, I pray thee,
The house was passing trim,
To hear the fryars singing,
As we did enter in.
And then to see the *rood-loft*,
So bravely set with saints—'

" The Virgin and St John stood on each side.—There is a small stair-case for the priest to ascend ; and the under arch, beneath this small gallery, is curiously studded by what were evidently intended to represent *stars*, so that the arch being painted blue, and the stars of gold, the coping might represent the firmament, above which appeared the cross."

Mr Bowles then conducts us into the chancel, and points out some remarkable memorials of those long passed away. Before leaving the sanctuary of the dead, he turns over some leaves of the parish register—then launches into a critical eulogy on the parochial Psalmody, and the Choir Service, exhibiting a thorough knowledge of music and musicians ; and concludes with a few chords on the organ, to a verse in one of the most affecting and beautiful anthems of that composer, (Purcell) whose name on a country church marble occasioned part of his remarks.

" Oh, pray for the peace of Jerusalem !
They shall prosper that love thee !"

Issuing again into the open air, our poet expatiates on the churchyard—memorials of the dead—ancient tombs by the way-side—ancient inscriptions —Jortin's beautiful lines inspired by

the representation on the Barbarini vase — and churchyard inscriptions. He concludes with a few epitaphs, written by himself for the young and the aged dead among his own parishioners—some of which are exceedingly touching and appropriate. Thus,—

On an old Soldier, aged 92.

" A poor old soldier shall not lie unknown,
Without a verse, and this recording stone.
'Twas his, in youth, o'er distant lands to stray,
Danger and death companions of his way.
Here, in his native village, stealing age
Closed the lone evening of his pilgrimage.
Speak of the past—of names of high renown,
Or brave commanders, long to dust gone down,
His look with instant animation glow'd,
Though ninety winters on his head had snow'd.
His country, while he lived, a boon supplied,
And Faith her shield held o'er him when he died.
Think, Christian, that his spirit lives with God,
And pluck the wild weeds from the lowly sod,
Where, dust to dust, beneath the chancel shade,
Till the last trump, a brave man's bones are laid."

Poets, however, are not always greatly admired in their own parish; and Mr Bowles' epitaphs are amenable to the criticism of a modern and rural Aristarchus. An epitaph of his, on an aged father and mother, written in the character of a most exemplary son—the father living to eighty-seven years—ran thus—

" My father—my poor mother—both are gone,
And o'er your cold remains I place this stone,
In memory of your virtues. May it tell
How *long one* parent lived, and *both* how well," &c.

When this was shewn to the stone-mason critic, (and Mr Bowles acknowledges he has heard worse public critics in his time,) he observed, that the lines *might* do with a *little* alteration—thus—

" My father, and my mother too, are dead,
And here I *put* this grave-stone at their head;
My father lived to eighty-seven, my mother
Not quite *so long*—and *one* died after *t'other*."

Having thus taken a survey of the parish of Bremhill, and a view of the parish church, we come at last to the Parsonage. But before we allow you to look at it, you must hear Mr Bowles, for a few minutes, on the character of the English parsonage-house and garden. Among the buildings appropriated to residences, which are scattered over the English landscape, and form the chief features of almost every village, may be distinguished, he well says, the nobleman's seat—the old baronial house—the parsonage—the ornamented cottage—and the cottage of the village labourer; to which may be added a *non-descript* style of building, very aptly designated " a folly." These have all their distinguishing characteristics. Before speaking of the architectural appearance and character of the parsonage, he says a few words on the modern castle. Here is a very fine passage:—

"In a wild and picturesque country, with abrupt hills, and dark sweeping woods, including a vast extent of territorial domain, a castellated mansion might appear appropriate, as more picturesque; but in all modern structures of this kind, however picturesque or magnificent in themselves, there appears something not exactly in accordance with our ideas of propriety. The dislike probably arises from this cause. A vast baronial castle, in times of perfect security, appears like a massy fiction. It is the idea of defence which gives any castle its most appropriate interest. Its clustering towers its shade of buttresses, its range of battlements, as far as mere pictures are concerned, must be the same to the eye, whether the castle be old or new. But take away the associations,

which the least thought must instantly do, the ideas connected with appropriateness instantly vanish.

"In the next place, massiveness and extent appear so necessary, that, in all modern attempts of the kind, the mind feels that something is always deficient; it is not large, it is not massy *enough!* But, supposing a castle as large and massy, and magnificent, as that of Windsor were now built, it would not be *congenial* to our feelings, because all harmonizing associations are cut off. Even Windsor Castle loses a great deal of its architectural impression (if I may use that word) by the smooth neatness with which its old towers are now chiselled and mortared. It looks as if it was washed every morning with *soap and water*, instead of exhibiting here and there a straggling flower, or creeping weather-stains. I believe this circumstance strikes every beholder; but most imposing, indeed, is its distant view, when the broad banner floats or sleeps in the sunshine, amidst the intense blue of the summer skies, and its picturesque and ancient architectural vastness harmonizes with the decaying and gnarled oaks, coeval with so many departed monarchs. The stately long-extended avenue, and the wild sweep of devious forests, connected with the eventful circumstances of English history, and past regular grandeur, bring back the memory of Edwards and Henrys, or the gallant and accomplished Surrey.

On Windsor Castle, written 1825, *not by a* LAUREATE, *but a poet of loyal, old Church-of-England feelings:* *

" Not that thy name, illustrious dome, recalls
The pomp of chivalry in banner'd halls;
The blaze of beauty, and the gorgeous sights
Of heralds, trophies, steeds, and crested knights;
Not that young Surrey here beguiled the hour,
'With eyes upturn'd unto the maiden's tower;' †
Oh! not for these, and pageants pass'd away,
I gaze upon your antique towers and pray—
But that my SOVEREIGN here, from crowds withdrawn,
May meet calm peace upon the twilight lawn;
That here, among these grey primæval trees,
He may inhale health's animating breeze;
And when from this proud terrace he surveys
Slow Thames devolving his majestic maze,
(Now lost on the horizon's verge, now seen,
Winding through lawns, and woods, and pastures green,)
May he reflect upon the waves that roll,—
Bearing a nation's wealth from pole to pole,—
And feel (ambition's proudest boast above,)
A KING'S BEST GLORY IS HIS COUNTRY'S LOVE!"

" The range of cresting towers have a double interest, whilst we think of gorgeous dames and barons bold, of Lely's and Vandyke's beauties, and gay, and gallant, and accomplished cavaliers like Surrey. And who ever sat in the stalls at St George's chapel, without feeling the impression, on looking at the illustrious names, that here the royal and ennobled knights, through so many generations, sat each installed, whilst arms, and crests, and banners, glittered over the same seat?

" But, to leave princely residences, times of social comfort and security demand, we might say, buildings for residence in unison with ideas of comfort and security in society. Some chord within us *jars*, when a castle, whose primary *idea* is that of *defence*, in an age of turbulence, stands in solitary grandeur, as if to awe the country round, when scarce a hen-roost fears nightly invasion.

" We have few remaining manorial houses earlier than the times of Elizabeth or James. These are, from their windows and chimneys, picturesque, and commonly built adjoining the church. Other buildings for residence have each their peculiar distinctive features, and we shall, therefore, turn from the residence of the nobleman or country gentleman to

'The village Parson's *modest* mansion.'

" The first idea which such a building ought to excite, is undoubtedly its *unobtrusiveness*, justly characterised by Goldsmith, who has also so affectionately pourtrayed its retired inmate, by the word 'modest.'

" Secondly, it seems obvious that it should, in outward appearance, harmonize with the church. But what can be so remote from the idea of a parsonage house as that Turnham-Green structure, which we

* The author had been chaplain to the Prince Regent.

† Surrey's poems.

often see, consisting, on each side, of two rooms, sixteen or eighteen feet square, with no appearance, in the character of the edifice, to designate the residence of a clergyman, except its proximity to the church!"

We come now to the subject of this article, the Parsonage-house of the parish of Bremhill. Lo! here is a view of the north front, given originally in Mr Britton's Beauties of Wiltshire. How beautiful—how decent—how humble—how elegant—how sweet—how solemn, with its tall chimneys, its cool porches, its various-sized windows, irregular roof, acute-angled gable-ends, graceful turret cross-crowned, the whole parapetted with a simple Gothic ornamental railing, by which unity has been given to the whole exterior, and the long low roofs have put on a truly ecclesiastical appearance! In cathedral towns, the residence of prebendaries and canons are, in general, remote from characteristic propriety. But here, in this pleasant parsonage, the ideas of consonance and picturesque propriety have been consulted—the house being old, but large and convenient.

"The garden contains upwards of two acres, with a gravel walk under the windows. A Gothic porch has been added, the bow-windows being surmounted with the same kind of parapet as the house, somewhat more ornamental. It lies to the morning sun; the road to the house, on the north, enters through a large arch. The garden is on a slope, commanding views of the surrounding country, with the tower of Calne in front, the woods of Bowood on the right, and the mansion and woods of Walter Heneage, Esq. towards the south. The view to the south-east is terminated by the last chalky cliffs of the Marlborough downs, extending to within a few miles of Swindon. In the garden, a winding path from the gravel walk, in front of the house, leads to a small piece of water, originally a square pond.

"This walk, as it approaches the water, leads into a darker shade, and descending some steps, placed to give a picturesque appearance to the bank, you enter a kind of cave, with a dripping rill, which falls into the water below, whose bank is broken by thorns, and hazels, and poplars, among darker shrubs. Here an urn appears with the following inscription:—'M. S. Henrici Bowles, qui ad Calpen, febre ibi exitiali grassante, publicè missus, ipse miserrimè periit—1804. Fratri posuit.'—Passing round the water, you come to an arched walk of hazels, which leads again to the green in front of the house, where, dipping a small slope, the path passes near an old and ivied elm. As this seat looks on the magnificent line of Bowood park and plantations, the obvious thought could not be well avoided:—

'When in thy sight another's vast domain
Spreads its dark sweep of woods, dost thou complain?
Nay! rather thank the God who placed thy state
Above the lowly, but beneath the great;
And still his name with gratitude revere,
Who bless'd the sabbath of thy leisure here.'

"The walk leads round a plantation of shrubs, to the bottom of the lawn, from whence is seen a fountain, between a laurel arch; and through a dark passage a grey sun-dial appears among beds of flowers, opposite the fountain.

"The sun-dial, a small antique twisted column, grey with age, was probably the dial of the abbot of Malmesbury, and counted his hours when at the adjoining lodge; for it was taken from the garden of the farm-house, which had originally been the summer retirement of this mitred lord. It has the appearance of being *monastic*, but a more ornate capital has been added, the plate on which bears the date of 1688. I must again venture to give the appropriate inscription:—

'To count the brief and unreturning hours,
This Sun-Dial was placed among the flowers,
Which came forth in their beauty—smiled and died,
Blooming and withering round its ancient side.
Mortal, thy day is passing—see that Flower,
And think upon the Shadow and the Hour!'

"The whole of the small green slope is here dotted with beds of flowers; a step, into some rock-work, leads to a kind of hermit's oratory, with crucifix and stained glass, built to receive the shattered fragments, as their last asylum, of the pillars of Stanley Abbey, before spoken of.

"The dripping water passes through the rock-work into a large shell, the gift of a valued friend, the author of 'the Pleasures of Memory;' and I add, with less hesitation, the inscription, because it was furnished by the author of 'the Pains of Memory,' a poem, in its kind, of the most exquisite harmony and fancy, though the author has long left the bowers of the muses, and the harp of music, for the severe professional duties of the bar. I have some pride in mentioning the name of Peregrine Bingham, being a near relation, as well as rising in character and fame at the bar. The verses will speak for themselves, and are not unworthy *his* muse whose poem suggested the comparisons. The inscription is placed over the large Indian-shell.

'Snatch'd from an Indian ocean's roar,
I drink the whelming tide no more;
But in this rock, remote and still,
Now serve to pour the murmuring rill.
Listen! Do thoughts awake, which long have slept—
Oh! like his song, who placed me here,
The sweetest song to Memory dear,
When life's tumultuous storms are past,
May we, to such sweet music, close at last
The eye-lids that have wept!'

"Leaving the small oratory, a terrace of flowers leads to a gothic stone-seat at the end, and, returning to the flower-garden, we wind up a narrow path from the more verdant scene, to a small dark path, with fantastic roots shooting from the bank, where a grave-stone appears, on which an hour-glass is carved.

"A root-house fronts us, with dark boughs branching over it.—Sit down in that old carved chair. If I cannot welcome some illustrious visitors in such consummate verse as Pope, I may, I hope, not without blameless pride, tell you, reader, in this chair have sat some public characters, distinguished by far more noble qualities than 'the nobly pensive St John!' I might add, that this seat has received, among other visitors, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir George Beaumont, Sir Humphry Davy —poets as well as philosophers, Madame de Stael, Dugald Stewart, and CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq.!

"Two lines on a small board on this root-house point the application—

'Dost thou lament the dead, and mourn the loss
Of many friends, oh! think upon the cross!'

Over an old tomb-stone, through an arch, at a distance in light beyond, there is a vista to a stone cross, which, in the seventeenth century, would have been idolatrous!

"To detail more of the garden would appear ostentatious, and I fear I may be thought egotistical in detailing so much. Having conducted the reader through the parish thus far, I shall take him, before we part, through an arch, to an old yew, which has seen the persecution of the loyal English clergy; has witnessed their return, and many changes of ecclesiastical and national fortune. Under the branches of that solitary but mute historian of the pensive plain, let us now rest; it stands at the very extreme northern edge of that garden which we have just perambulated. It fronts the tower, the churchyard, and looks on to an old sun-dial, once a *cross*. The *cross* was found broken at its foot, probably by the country iconoclasts of the day. I have brought the interesting fragment again into light, and placed it conspicuously opposite to an old Scotch fir in the churchyard, which I think it not unlikely was planted by Townson on his *restoration*. The accumulation of the soil of centuries had covered an ascent of four steps at the bottom of this record of silent hours. These steps have been worn in places, from the act of frequent prostrations or kneeling, by the forefathers of the hamlet, perhaps before the church existed. From a seat near this old yew tree, you see the churchyard, and battlements of the church, on one side; and on the other you look over a great extent of country. On a still summer's evening, the distant sound of the hurrying coaches, on the great London road, are heard as they pass to and from the metropolis. On this spot this last admonitory inscription fronts you—

'There lie the village dead, and there too I—
When yonder dial points the hour, shall lie.
Look round, the distant prospect is display'd,
Like life's fair landscape, mark'd with light and shade.
Stranger, in peace pursue thy onward road,
But ne'er forget thy long and last abode!'"

Gentle author—gentle reader—gentle critic, we must now part, and each pursue his own appointed path in life. Our parting shall be kind—and being in Mr Bowles's own delightful words, it shall not be unaffecting.

"Christian reader! we have passed a few hours together, I hope not entirely unprofitable to you. But the sun is shining out—the bells are ringing—we will now leave the parsonage, the garden, the churchyard, and pass along this village terrace. I may take up a few moments more of your time, whilst we slowly pace along the pathway which leads to the road, and listen to the village peal. * *

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"Before we part look round once more. Yonder is the termination of Wiltshire downs; there winds alone, Wansdike, of whose mighty march I have spoken in the commencement of this parish perambulation. The distant Tower of Devizes crests the further hill beyond that eminence, the scene of the great battle in the days of Charles the First—Round-way-hill. We have now come to the end of this meadow. *Here* is the path that once led to the rural abode of the royal Abbot of Malmesbury, and which still leads to the humbler parsonage. *There* is the road that conducts you back to the *Great World*. Companion of a few hours, while the sunshine of life lasts, and ere the church-bell shall toll, when we are beyond the sound of all human things, you will hear the morning music of these bells at a distance, and remember, if any thing should have been said worth remembering in this account of a retired parish in Wiltshire,

"——— in peace pursue thy onward road,
But ne'er forget *thy long and last abode*."

SALMONIA.*

This is a book on a very delightful subject, by a very distinguished man. But although it is occasionally rather a pleasant book than otherwise, it is not by any means worthy either of the subject or the man—the one being Angling, and the other Sir Humphry Davy. It formed the occupation of the Author, he tells us, during many months of severe and dangerous illness, when he was wholly incapable of attending to more useful studies, or of following more serious pursuits. Now, in our humble opinion, no man should write a book of any kind during severe and dangerous illness; for, under such circumstances, how can it escape being mortally stupid? Perhaps a man might write a tolerable sermon during a season of dangerous illness, a passable prayer, or a fair last will and testament. But a good book upon Angling can be written, take our word for it, only in a state of vigorous health of mind and body—tongue pure, eyes bright, stomach strong, pulse steady, and palate tremblingly alive to the taste of Glenlivet. Sir Humphry must have been in a bad way indeed during the composition of the greater part of Salmonia—very comatose—his physician must have been fearful of the result—and his recovery may be placed among the modern miracles of the Healing Art.

Were Sir Humphry to write a book on Angling, in high health and spirits, we are disposed to think it would be a good one; for, independently of his great scientific attainments, he has the reputation of being a man of taste and literature. Nay, in his early manhood, Sir Humphry was even a bit of a poet; and we have read a published poem of his, that appeared to us to lift up and set down its feet with considerable vigour and alacrity, even like one of Mr Ducrow's horses dancing on a platform to a band of music.

It is at all times agreeable to see men of eminence, men who are "conspicuous objects in a nation's eyes," descending from their proud and airy height to the level of ordinary mortals,—to see them eating, drinking, yawning, sleeping, walking, trotting, cantering, and galloping, shooting, fishing, and fox-hunting, like the οἱ πολλοὶ of the human race. By doing so, so far from degrading themselves, they elevate others; "they justify the ways of man to man;" and by connecting the pastimes and amusements of this life with its cares and duties, why, they bring all its discordant components into harmonious amalgamation. Thus a bishop, sans wig and petticoat, in a hairy cap, black jacket, corduroy breeches, and leathern leggins, creel on back, and rod in hand, sallying from his palace, impatient to reach a famous salmon cast ere the sun leave his cloud, attended by his chaplain, brandishing a gaff and lister, appears not only a pillar of his church, but of his kind, and in such a costume is manifestly on the high road to Canterbury, and the Kingdom-Come. Paley never was a bishop,—nor, with all his great virtues and talents, did he deserve to be one,—for he was not orthodox either in his morality or his religion. And we will never allow heterodoxy to wear the lawn sleeves, and ominously squint on bench episcopal. But Paley was a pellucid writer, and a bloody angler; he was a ten-dozen-trout-a-day-man,—dressed his own flies, and threw as far and fine a line as ever dropped, gossamer-like, on deep or shallow. Lord Nelson was an angler till he lost his right-arm; and—But, in our article, we must touch on topics, not exhaust them—so suffice it to say, that to the list of anglers, we are now authorized to add the name of the First Chemist of his day, and the illustrious inventor of the Safety-Lamp.

We had often heard, before Salmonia, of Sir Humphry's fame as an angler. Tom Purdy says "he flings a gude flee for a gentleman." The Kerss—He of the Trows—threeps "he can fish nane;" and poor Sandy Givan, at name of the Baronet, used to shake his head like Lord Burleigh. It is true that these three great artists, having

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* Salmonia: or Days of Fly Fishing, in a series of Conversations; with some account of the Habits of Fishes belonging to the genus Salmo. By an Angler. London. Murray. 1828.

themselves reached the top of the tree, may, very possibly, look down rather too contemptuously on a philosopher like Sir Humphry sitting among the lower branches—and their opinion on a salmon fisher must, just like a salmon itself, be taken *cum grano salis*. Still the amateur in angling, as in any other of the fine arts, painting for example, is amenable to the judgment of the artist. Tried by his peers, Sir Humphry might be pronounced a first-rater—by a jury of genuine fishermen from the Tweed, the Tay, the Awe, the Spey, the Dee, and the Findhorn, but a pretender. It is painful, indeed, to be forced to believe that almost nothing is perfectly well done by—gentlemen. Billiards? There are hundreds of markers who could give four to the best gentleman player in all England. Cricket? Beauclerk and Harbord themselves were nothing to the Marsdens. Race-riding? Poo-poo-poo—look at Chiffney, Buckle, or the worst of the Three Days, and Delme Ratcliffe himself is transmogrified into a tailor. Fiddling? Nay—Sandy Ballantyne himself—beautiful as is his bow, and fine his finger, must lower his tone to Cramer or Spagnoletti. Shooting? Lord Kennedy, Mr Osbaldeston, and Captain Ross, are all beaten by Arrowsmith. Boxing? Ury, the best gentleman sparrer that ever flung down or took up a glove, was but a boy in the hands of John Jackson. Running? Abraham Wood could have distanced all the Universities. Leaping? Ireland, at hop, step, and leap, could have given two yards to young Beattie of the Border. And to return to angling—why, Mulcocky of Killarney could have safely and easily allowed a salmon an hour to the late Lord Somerville.

All this being the case, the only remaining question respecting Sir Humphry is this—is he, among gentlemen anglers, a first-rate gentleman angler? We shrewdly suspect—not. We judge of his skill and prowess from his book; and, as a proof of the confidence we repose in our own judgment, we hereby challenge Sir Humphry (a cool five hundred) for the first seven salmon, in any river and any month, week, or day, he may choose to appoint, in Great Britain or Ireland. We object decidedly to Norway—where Sir Humphry, we perceive, has angled a little—as too far off; and the same objection applies, with even more force, to all the rivers of the New World.

If he prefer weight to number, he has but to say the word—tackle on and off at six and six. Our fish to go to scale in or out of basket—whichever is the more agreeable to the fancy of the Baronet—and if he will give 5 to 4, we engage that Kit's creel shall draw Humphry's by TWO STONE TRON.

A public challenge may perhaps appear impertinent. But it is not so—it is the perfection of politeness. For he who publishes a book on angling—say Salmonia, or Days of Fly-Fishing—thereby declares that he is "open" to all the world. Sir Humphry cannot be a stranger to our skill—at least not to our fame,—

"Whereof all Europe rings from side to side."

He must acknowledge that we are a "foeman worthy of his steel," although his hooks are the handy-work of O'Shaughnessy of Limerick; to be vanquished by Us can, he well knows, be no dishonour; whereas to beat Us (even by a grilse) would be undying keudos—everlasting glory—immortal fame. Were he to outangle North at Coldstream, Sir Humphry might hang up his rod in wreaths of ivy and laurel—just as Wellington his Field-marshal's baton, after the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo.

We have said that we judge Sir Humphry's skill as an angler by his Book. Now, no sooner did we see his Book advertised in Mr Murray's list, than we ordered it to be sent down to Us per mail, on the very day of its publication—that we might laud it to the skies. We love all brothers of the angle, and shall praise them always both in written and oral discourse, provided we can do so by moderately stretching the strings of our conscience. Obscure scribblers on the Gentle Craft, if they shew but a true feeling, shall by Us be brought forward into the light, and their place assigned them among angling authors—towards the bottom of the country dance. But when the Illustrious not only put the pieces of their rods together, but undertake to

"Teach the old idea how to fish,"

then we feel that such formidable preparation "must give us pause;" we

put our spectacles astraddle on our sharpened nose, clear our throat with a few sharp short hems; place our arms akimbo—so; and fixing our face on the philosopher, so insufferably bright with expression, that it seems all oculus—like the very eye of day—we see into and through him—be he as dark and as deep as he may—and intuitively know the precise place he is destined to occupy in company with Walton and Bainbridge.

Salmonia is certainly, on the whole, stupid. The servile adoption, or rather slavish imitation, of old Izaak Walton, is, at this time of day, not to be endured in any writer having the slightest pretensions to original power—and is of itself enough deservedly to damn the volume. Sir Humphry informs us, that "the conversational manner and discursive style were chosen as *best suited to the state of health of the author*, who was incapable of considerable efforts and long-continued exertion; and he could not but have in mind a model, which has fully proved the utility and popularity of this method of treating the subject—*The Complete Angler*, by Walton and Cotton."

What does he mean by speaking of "considerable efforts and long-continued exertion"? Good gracious! are either the one or the other necessary in writing a book upon Angling? "Days of Fly-fishing" is a light and airy title, and such a volume might have been written off-hand, just as you would talk familiarly to an old friend, or scribble an epistle, without any effort at all, or any attention. One does not expect a work on Fly-fishing to be in several folios, on which had been bestowed the unremitting and undivided labour of a long life—the pulse on the thin wrist of the author stopping just as his shrivelled fingers had written "Finis." Had Sir Humphry been as strong as a horse, his health equal to that of Hygeia herself, would he have chosen a style mainly different from "the conversational and discursive," and belaboured his volume with "considerable efforts and long-continued exertion?" Surely he would not have been so silly. If so, then would his book have been even duller and heavier than it is—which is saying a good deal—for even in its present shape we should be sorry to swim the Tweed with it in our creel. It is the weight of a good fish.

The *Complete Angler*, by Walton and Cotton, has indeed fully proved "the utility and popularity of this method of treating the subject;"—but Sir Humphry must know very well that even a good copy of an invaluable original is worth not very much—an indifferent one, very little—a bad one, nothing. Old Izaak is often very tiresome—very prosy—but then he is a very endearing character. So, too, more or less, are all the other interlocutors. We become intimate with them—like, nay love them—and it is very pleasant to put up with the failings of such friends. Indeed, nothing endears one's friends to a good-hearted man so much as their little failings. Peculiarities beget affection. Who cares a straw for a person of perfectly irreproachable character in all the littlenesses of life? Something absurd even must there be in the face or figure, the dress or manner of a man, before you can take him to your heart. How pleasant the absence—the departure of an intimate and wearisome bosom-friend! You love him for the relief. You feel a tender contrition for having wished him at the devil. You set down every yawn of yours, ere he breathed farewell, as a separate sin to be atoned for by the aggravated cordiality of the return. You become pensive at the remembrance of your own guffaws—the quiz in absence is thought of with much of that tenderness and pity with which we regard the dead—and we vow if ever we meet again in this wicked world, to laugh at him less immoderately, to do more honour to his modest worth, to look on all his singularities in the light of originalities, and to own that, with all his qualities, he must indeed have been a character. Much of all this we experience in reading, and laying aside, and returning to, the Complete Angler. Walton himself we always reverence, even through our smiles. Cotton we always admire, wild though we know him to be; but the queer cits, with names as queer, who prate and prose through the dialogues, we regard with kindly affection, chiefly on account of the amiable specific silliness by which each is distinguished, and which proves one and all of them, beyond possibility of error, to be good anglers, true Christians, and blameless men.

But the interlocutors in Salmonia are introduced without the smallest dra-

matic skill. Never was there such drawling discourse by the side of a murmuring stream as that indulged in by these elderly gentlemen. The characters chosen to support these conversations are, quoth Sir Humphry, HALIEUS, who is supposed to be an accomplished fly-fisher; ORNITHER, who is to be regarded as a gentleman generally fond of the sports of the field, though not a finished master of the art of angling; POIETES, who is to be considered as an enthusiastic lover of nature, and partially acquainted with the mysteries of fly-fishing; and PHYSICUS, who is described as uninitiated as an angler, but as a person fond of inquiries in natural history and philosophy. There is nothing very much amiss in this attempt at deviation from the characters in the Complete Angler, though manifestly a woful want of ingenuity—originality—which last is to a book about any rural sport—life and soul. Without it, such book is what Sir Humphry and the chemists understand by a *caput mortuum.* But the worst of it is, that the characters, unoriginal, are also unredeemed by any strong natural traits, unbrightened by the vivacity, we will not say of genius, but even of animal spirits, and all repeat a lesson which they seem to have painfully conned before reaching the river side. Sir Humphry is seen for ever exerting himself, to the very utmost his feeble health would allow, to "preserve the similitude." Halieus, of course, performs all the feats of skill, and holds the rest of the party dog-cheap. Ornither is the only one of the four who ought to know an eagle when he sees it. Never was there, on all occasions, such another imaginative simpleton as Poietes; while Physicus, being drawn, as we are told, from the life, is as pedantic and as empty as most other philosophical Physicians, who have dealt more with theory than practice.

The fatal fault—the original sin of this production—is in the conception. There is no individuality of character in any one of these four unfortunate gentlemen. Unfortunate we call them, on that very account; for, however rich or reputable a gentleman may be, he cannot be pronounced fortunate, if he have no individuality of character. Not only, in such cases, are gentlemen liable to be mistaken for one another by others—a bad case—but by themselves—a much worse; a confusion arises among their personal identities, from which result many unpleasant feelings and awkward mistakes; and they all are aware how dangerous it would be for any one of them to swear to a fact as having been consistent with his own knowledge, since, on farther reflection, it would appear equally probable to have occurred to another of the squad. The student of "Salmonia" is puzzled at every page to remember who is speaking—and dislikes the endless trouble of turning back to look for his name. Read from it a dialogue to a blind man,—however cheerful and acute—and all blind men are cheerful and acute—and good and happy too,—and you must take care never to omit the name of a single interlocutor. Not so in Plato—not so in Walton—not so in Landor—not so in North. In those divine dialogues, for example, the Noctes Ambrosianæ, you could not change the name of one speaker for another, even for one retort courteous, or quip modest, without the misnomer being instantly detected by the dullest ear. But in Salmonia, it would seldom matter much were the names of the speakers put into a hat, and then affixed to the different speeches, in the order in which they were drawn from the beaver.

Sir Humphry Davy must be too well-read a man in dramatic literature, not to know how essential to the production of any effect at all, is the perpetual preservation of dramatic propriety. Let the sentiments, feelings, opinions, descriptions, reflections, in a dialogue, be as excellent as may be, natural and true; yet, unless they are all felt to be congenial and appropriate to the character of him who utters them, they seem stale, flat, and unprofitable; and absolutely are felt to lose much of their native worth from being so transmitted to our heart or understanding. The genius by which the truth of nature is preserved throughout all the fluctuations and windings, and turnings, of a free and animated dialogue, in which many strongly-marked and clearly contrasted characters are displayed, is not, in our opinion, a very rare gift; it is possessed, in a thousand distinct degrees, from Shakspeare down to the wit of the village smithy; but nature seems to have withholden it entirely from Sir Humphry Davy, while she

bestowed upon him some other of her noblest faculties.

But dramatic power is not all we desiderate in these dull dialogues. One may feel some interest in characters neither well-conceived nor executed; if they do but talk away in an easy, good-humoured, lively style, and give us an impression, that though rather every-day sort of concerns, to be sure, still, nevertheless, they are jolly companions every one—prefer Glenlivet to Green-Tea—love to count the chimes at midnight—are, in short, a batch of plain, honest, straightforward, downright, upright fellows, who know the translation of "dulce est desipere in loco," to wit, "weel-timed daffin'," put their whole heart and soul into all their amusements and pastimes, and, at the close of a sanguinary day, drink the "Angler's Delight," with the most religious enthusiasm. Halieus, Physicus, Poietes, and Ornither, are of a different stamp—a different coinage. They were not

"Stamp'd in Nature's mint—with ecstasy—"

are obviously attentive, above all other earthly concerns, to the state of their bowels—which they, of course, keep open—travelling for ever with boxes of pills in their portmanteaus—perhaps a medicine chest—lovers of regularity and good hours—every mother's son of them with his life insured for at least three thousand pounds—and all alike incapable of enjoying the wit of Blackwood's Magazine.

These four chums, or cronies, do not meet accidentally, or by appointment, to have a few days' fishing in one or two particular rivers; but to-day they are all angling away together near London—to-morrow in the Highlands of Scotland—and the day after to-morrow, in Austria. No attempt is made to throw an air of truth and reality over the shiftings of the scene, any more than over the conversations of the dramatis personæ—all are alike unnatural and unwieldy—and perhaps we cannot characterise Salmonia better in fewer words, than by saying that it must have been written with an artificial pen.

We care not a straw for unities of any kind. Indeed, there can be no such thing as unity of time or place, unless a whole tragedy of five acts can be performed in a single moment, and all the actors occupy the same particular part of that board on which raves Lear or Othello. Sir Humphry, therefore, was at perfect liberty, for us, to convey these four gentlemen back and forwards, in as short time as he chose, or in as long, all over the habitable and the uninhabitable globe. He was free to imagine Mr Vallancey's Tunnel to have been completed between London and Cape Wrath—relays of balloons to have been stationed, not only along the great north-road, but all the cross-cuts—Lieutenant Stevenson's steam-boats flying faster than any wind that ever flew—nay, if cribbed, and cabin'd, and confined in his imagination within the limits of present or future science, he was free to shoot on a sun-beam, or, swifter still, on "meditation, or the thoughts of love," with all his four creations on his back, Halieus, and Physicus, and Poietes, and Ornither, to and fro all the separate salmon-pools in the liquid element. But then, still we should have insisted on knowing—as soon as he had taken his breath, and had time to tell us—whether he and his friends travelled by tunnel, or balloon, or steam, or sunbeam, or meditation, or the thoughts of love—nor, till we knew that, could we be assured of the probability, or rather possibility, of their appearance in any given spot of any given quarter of the globe. Now, our complaint at present is of the same kind. The party are presented to our view one day at a Symposiac, near London. We are willing to believe that they were transported thither in one of the many Paddington Flies swarming in the dust of summer. Another day they are at Denholm-lodge, on the Colne, we suppose by means of a post-chaise. All at once they are in a remote moor of the Highlands of Scotland. They were bound, we shall continue to maintain to the last hour of our existence, to have told us, in a few words, how they got there. Did they come to Leith from London in the James Watt, with our excellent friend Captain Bain? Thence went they to Aberdeen, or Inverness, by comet or by coach? We are willing to believe, if they say so, that they dropt from the moon; but they don't say so; nor have they much the appearance of lunatics. We turn over a new leaf; and, lo! there they are

all sitting under a tree, beside the Fall of the Traun, in Upper Austria!

We had almost committed the prevalent sin of that quotation from Horace; but being desirous of seeing a single number of a periodical work without it, we have abstained. This absurdity is involved in Sir Humphry's fly away Jack, fly away John—come again Jack, come again John mode of managing matters, that we must suppose these four unfortunate gentlemen, Halieus, Physicus, Poietes, and Ornither, to have entered into a social compact, signed and sealed, to angle together so long as they might flourish, and on no account whatever to suffer another member to be added to the *parti quarré* of the Exclusive Angling Club. We cannot help considering and condemning this as most illiberal. There is the Scotch Six Feet Club, now Guard of Honour to the Lord High Constable of Scotland, which now consists of Seventy Members, measuring upwards of 425 feet in the tottle of the whole—Sir Walter Scott being umpire and referee in all their gymnastics—and We, alas! excluded by Nature who forbids a ballot, by having deprived our fair proportions of half an inch! Suppose the Club, instead of including, as it now does, some threescore and ten of the finest fellows in all Scotland, had consisted but of Four Members—President, Vice-President, Treasurer, and Secretary, all glittering with medals, and, preceded by the band of the Dragoon Regiment from Jock's Lodge, had celebrated monthly and annual games at the Hunter's Tryst, Inchkeith, Sir George Warrender's Park, and Innerleithen, attended by an immense crowd to, on, and from the ground, who, at each whirling and arched career of the eighteen-pound sledge-hammer, with acclamations rent the sky—their triumphs afterwards recorded in the Observer, Mercury, Journal, and Scotsman, and haply, even inlaid in letters of brass on the adamantine pages of Blackwood's everlasting Magazine.

Just as absurd as this, every whit, is the Exclusive Angling Club, whose exploits are celebrated in Salmonia. Poor fellows! we pity them most seriously; for many a thousand miles must they have yawned over in their piscatory expeditions through Europe. What a relief would it be to the three survivors were Poietes but only dead!

These introductory remarks to articles will one day be the death of us—but now for it.

Salmonia consists of Nine Dialogues or Days. The First Day introduces us to The Four Friends, Halieus, Poietes, Physicus, and Ornither, at a Symposiac. Heavens and earth—how unlike one of the Noctes Ambrosianæ! They have been feeding on Trout from the Wandle, and have, we hope, had a glass or two. Yet—O dear us! O dear us!—but they are a dull set! Old Physicus has started the still older question respecting the cruelty of angling. He ought to have made up his mind, one way or other, before joining the Symposiac. Halieus, after clumsily combating the charge of cruelty, breaks forth into the following light, easy, airy, graceful play, of half-serious, half-sportive argumentation, so delightful after dinner when the bottle is beginning to circulate, and every one is expected to say something short and pithy, pat to the purpose, and as unlike as possible to a bit out of a printed book. Hear Halieus!

"Hal.—The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; and from the savage in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game, or a fish, with a club or spear, to man in the most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice, machinery, and the resources of various other animals, to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its objects the same: but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterise man in his highest or intellectual state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters, and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature; amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely

streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful, in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear and the sunshine warms the earth and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy ; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee ; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below ; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily ; and as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend as it were for the gaudy May-fly, and till, in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine!"

Sir Humphry may think this fine writing—and so may many young ladies—poetry and philosophy, and all that, combined. We think it sad common-place stuff—very, very trashy, indeed. Many are the thousands of times the same thing has been said, almost in the same words ; yet, towards the close, it becomes almost pretty — which indeed any allusion whatever to thrushes and nightingales is apt to be—and we daresay Poietes, with the usual envy and jealousy of poets, listened most impatiently to the flowery harangue ; but he soon takes his revenge.

" POIET.—Pliny has, as well as I recollect, compared a river to human life. I have never read the passage in his works, but I have been a hundred times struck with the analogy, particularly amidst mountain scenery. The river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls into deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motions ; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge ;—in its mature state, it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on towards the sea, it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters.

" HAL.—One might pursue the metaphor still further, and say, that in its origin—its thundering and foam, when it carries down clay from the bank, and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind, affected by dangerous passions. And the influence of a lake, in calming and clearing the turbid water, may be compared to the effect of reason in more mature life, when the calm, deep, cool, and unimpassioned mind is freed from its fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise, and foam. And, above all, the sources of a river,—which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere,—and its termination in the ocean, may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to, and lost in, the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence from which it originally sprung."

This is, we think, an example of unsuccessful ambition. The passage opens absurdly. Sir Humphry says, that, as well as he recollects, Pliny has compared a river to human life, in a passage which he has never read! He then says, that although he has never read that passage which is in Pliny, as well as he recollects, he has been a hundred times struck with the analogy! Lord preserve us! is there a book in verse or prose, in any language, in which human life is not likened to a river, or a river to human life? If there be, it must be a great oddity. The simile occurs upwards of ten times in Monsieur Ude's Cookery, and twenty times at least in the Complete Confectioner of Signor Jarrin. Sir Humphry will find it frequently in the Belfast and Aberdeen Almanacks—often in Hoyle on Whist—one hundred and twenty-three times in Boston's Fourfold State — and once at least in every page of every volume of sermons entered at Stationer's Hall since the origin of that establishment or institution. The first point of resemblance, according to Sir Humphry, between a river and life, is, that they are both " small and clear in their origin." What! is life *clear* in its origin? No—Wordsworth says, finely and truly, of a stream, that it issues, " like life, from darkness!"

Secondly, the river in its infancy, (*vide supra,*) may be compared to the human mind in youth, "in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant—it is more beautiful than useful." It is not true, that fancy and strength of imagination are predominant, in that period of life, which might answer to the earliest course of a mountain river. The fancy and the imagination, like the reason, are in greatest strength in the prime of life. The fact thus stated by us in plain words, Sir Humphry will not attempt to deny. Thirdly, it is not true that the mountain river, in its earlier course among rocks and glens, is more beautiful than useful. It is useful, just in the way and to the degree intended by the wisdom of all-providing nature. What Sir Humphry means here by "an uncultivated tree," we know no better than himself; but the dew and spray of which he speaks, and the running waters, do minister to the wild—and to many—all the creatures of the wild—as useful then as it is when flowing in the plain below, gladdening the yellow Ceres. Fourthly, his comparison of the river, when it has descended to the plain, with the human mind in maturity, is not at all made out—nay, look at it, gentle reader, and you will see, that, though he has described the river, he has not described the mind, and that there is, in fact, no comparison! That is rather an oversight. What operations or faculties of the mind answer to the "application of the river to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge?" Absolute and very clumsy nonsense. Fifthly, Sir Humphry asserts, that as a river flows on towards the sea, "it loses its force and its motion." No—not in the sense in which the mind in old age loses its force and motion. Quite the reverse. We hold, then, that for the reasons given, the passage is an example of unsuccessful ambition. We think the following picture of a hill-born stream joining the sea better—because more true to nature. You may compare it to human life or not—just as you choose—but we think you had better not—nor yet any other description of any other stream, all such comparisons being odious.

"Down falls the drawbridge with a thundering shock,
And in an instant, ere the eye can know,
Binds the stern castle to the opposing rock,
And hangs in calmness o'er the flood below!
A raging flood, that, born amid the hills,
Flows dancing on, through many a nameless glen;
Till join'd by all his tributary rills
From lake and tarn, from marish and from fen,
He leaves his empire with a kingly glee,
And fiercely bids recoil the billows of the sea!"

Sixthly, Halieus, in our humble opinion, makes matters worse by "pursuing the metaphor still farther." But the truth is, the old gentleman does not pursue the metaphor at all: he takes it up without any pursuit whatever, and altogether changes its character. Poietes sits on one of the ministerial benches—Halieus with the opposition. According to Poietes, the river "is small and clear in its origin;" like life and youth. According to Halieus, "in its origin," and in its "thundering and foam;" "when it carries down clay, and becomes impure," it is also like life and youth. This, we repeat—is not to pursue a metaphor, but to transmogrify or murder it. Seventhly, the whole sentence about the lake, the moment you look at it, is seen to be imperfect and confused, both in conception and expression—to say nothing of its far-fetched and pedantic inapplicability. Rivers, after they flow through or issue from lakes, are, as Sir Humphry must well know, generally fuller than before of troubles, bubbles, noise, and foam. Let him try to wade the Awe, at any part of its course, and he will soon find himself in the sea. Besides, what does Sir Humphry mean by the "bubbles, noise, and foam of the mind?" He forgets that they belong to the river; and that he should have told us what corresponded to them in the mind; otherwise his metaphor is imperfect and incomplete. We repeat, then, that the whole sentence is absolute nonsense. Eighthly, the last attempt at originality of old Halieus—in which he speaks of the sources of a river, the atmosphere, and its termination, the ocean, as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its return to the infinite and eternal intelligence, is a murder committed at noon-day, on a passage in Wordsworth.

"Poo—mere verbal criticism!" methinks we hear some dolt exclaim. But Sir Humphry himself knows better; and on reconsidering the passage he

will feel that had he been as careless of his intellect in his chemical solutions and analyses as in these his poetical comparisons and analogies, and as lax in his logic in recording their results, the name of Davy would have been known but as that of a poor village apothecary, instead of sounding over lands and seas as that of one of the greatest discoverers in science of any age or country.

Men so dull over their wine must not be expected to prove very lively over their water. Second Day—they try trout-fishing on the Colne, which, by the way, Poietes describes very well, and very truly.

"POIET.—This is really a very charming villa scene, I may almost say, a pastoral scene. The meadows have the verdure which even the Londoners enjoy as a peculiar feature of the English landscape. The river is clear, and has all the beauties of a trout stream of the larger size,—there rapid, and here still,—and there tumbling in foam and fury over abrupt dams upon clean gravel, as if pursuing a natural course. And that island, with its poplars and willows, and the flies making it their summer paradise, and its little fishing house, are all in character; and if not extremely picturesque, it is at least a very pleasant scene, from its verdure and pure waters, for the lovers of our innocent amusement."

There is a good deal of angling information of a common kind in the Dialogue on Day Second; but it is intolerably tedious. Poor Poietes is much to be pitied in the following passage:

"POIET.—I have him! Alas! he has broken me, and carried away half my bottom line. He must have been a fish of 7 or 8lbs. What a dash he made! He carried off my fly by main force.

"HAL.—You should have allowed your reel to play and your line to run; you held him too tight.

"POIET.—He was too powerful a fish for my tackle; and even if I had done so, would probably have broken me by running amongst the weeds.

"HAL.—Let me tell you, my friend, you should never allow a fish to run to the weeds, or to strike across the stream; you should carry him always down the stream, keeping his head high, and in the current. If in a weedy river you allow a large fish to run up stream, you are almost sure to lose him. There, I have hooked the companion of your lost fish, on the other side of the stream,—a powerful creature; he tries, you see, to make way to the weeds, but I hold him tight.

"POIET.—I see you are obliged to run with him, and have carried him safely through the weeds.

"HAL. I have him now in the rapids on the shallow, and I have no fear of losing him, unless he strikes the hook out of his mouth.

"POIET.—He springs again and again.

"HAL.—He is off; in one of these somersets he detached the steel, and he now leaps to celebrate his escape."

Halieus then very gravely informs Poietes that a trout when his mouth has been pricked by an artificial fly, has learned from experience to distinguish it from a natural one—so that there is no chance of catching the trout that carried away his tackle—but with the natural fly. He therefore puts live flies on his hook, "with some regret and some disgust," soon hooks a whapper—and brings him ashore. Physicus perceiving the tackle of Poietes hanging to the trout's lower jaw, exclaims—as well he might—"I am surprised! That fish evidently had discovered that the artificial fly was a dangerous bait; yet he took the natural fly which was on a hook, and when the silk-worm gut must have been visible." Now, in the course of a long angling life, one may meet with such an occurrence two or three times. For our own parts we never met with it, and we have angled these forty years—therefore Sir Humphry ought not, in a work not dealing in marvels, to have introduced this somewhat unsportsmanlike anecdote. It should have occurred, if at all, farther on; not on the very first day Physicus ever saw a fly thrown; and Halieus should not have been represented guilty of the monstrous absurdity of expecting to take with a natural fly the same trout that had just carried off the artificial one. Such expectation was contrary to all experience; and the doctrine of chances is here set at nought. Had he caught the trout without expecting it—we should have swallowed the marvel—but, by his way of telling it, it appears to be with him an every-hour occurrence—and we wonder it does not happen every other page. This trifle shews much poverty and awkwardness of invention—and must excite the derision of all out-and-out anglers.

Throughout all the dialogues, there is a great deal too much of missing and hooking, and playing and losing, and landing of fish. Fifty pages at

the fewest are occupied with such exclamations as, "Look, I have him!—He is a large fish!—Now he is tired!—Now I will land him!"—without one burst of enthusiasm, or the passion of the pastime. Poietes is made a kind of butt—and is always playing the fool. Yet Sir Humphry seems to have had no such design against him; and no doubt believes that he has painted an interesting and original genius. In the disasters perpetually befalling a novice in the art of angling, there is quite a fund of mirth, merriment, and amusement to draw from; and some such incidents might occasionally have relieved the drawling monotony of these most undiversified dialogues. But Sir Humphry has no wit—no humour—and one or two attempts at raillery and the facete are indeed deplorable.

The Party keep angling and talking away till past four o'clock, accompanied, it would appear, by a regular fisherman, whose business it is to see that no trout under two pounds is taken from the Preserve. A little after four o'clock, the gentleman of the house comes down to the river-side, and says, with his usual suavity, "I hope, gentlemen, you have been amused?" Halieus replies, "Most highly, sir. As a proof of it, there are in the fish-well eighteen good trout, and one not much short of 6lbs.; three above 4 lbs. and four above 3 lbs. in weight. *I hope you will order that great fish for dinner.*" Now, we beg to whisper in Sir Humphry's ear, that there is something vulgar and impertinent in that last observation. No gentleman on a visit to a friend's house, would suggest any part of his victuals. Besides, here the hint, unless mine host were a fool, or had other fish to fry, was wholly unnecessary—for who in his senses would allow a 6 lbs. Colne trout to lie a night uneaten in his possession? But this low-bred suggestion of Halieus is made, it would seem, for the sake of the answer. Mine host says, "We will see. He is a fine fish, and fit for a present, even for a Prince, and you shall take him to a Prince!"

This throws an air of high life over the humble fisherman, and shews Sir Humphry, like all true Whigs, to be a great Aristocrat. Once in his life he had, we presume, caught a trout large enough to be sent to the Duke of Sussex; and here he proudly immortalizes the fact in the First of his Days of Fly-fishing. A trout 6 lbs. weight carries off the tackle of a poet—a chemist catches him with a natural fly with the other gear in his jaw—proposes to his host to have him dressed for dinner—his host demurs with a "we will see," and sends his guest with the noble monster to a king's son. Sir Humphry ought to write a Fairy Tale.

Is it or is it not natural for a trouting *parti quarré* to angle a whole day in dialogue—not in a book—but in a brook—not in printed, but beneath budding leaves? Could such unceasing clishmaclaver be tolerated from breakfast to dinner by any man who ever dropped a red spinner? Let us hear nothing of Izaak Walton. Some people may do what they choose. Is it natural or is it not, under such circumstances, so to keep gabbling? Unnatural, and idiotical, and disgusting. That a sulky syllable, now and then, might be exchanged by anglers passing each other down the banks of a trouting stream, is imaginable; but here we have four members of a Literary, Philosophical, and Angling Debating Society, in full discussion all day along the banks of the Colne!

Nothing but the most exquisite genius could reconcile one to a proceeding in itself so senseless, and so repugnant to every principle of pastime; done ill—and here it is done very ill—the members become objects of laughter, and the rod in the hands of each, a striking proof of the accuracy of Dr Johnson's celebrated definition. Having killed amongst them nearly sixty lbs. weight of trout; and mine host having finished off with a "magnificent perch" of three lbs.—for whatever any one of the party wishes to do, is forthwith done,—they walk up to the Villa. Their proceedings are thus shortly intimated.

" (*They go to dinner.*)

* * * * *

(*They return from the house,*) "

and angle away till it is nearly dark, becoming more and more loquacious—and finally, one and all of them intolerably long-winded—more especially Halieus, who has evidently taken a

drop too much, or rather too little, for he is in the prosy condition of half-and-half, and will not answer the simplest question under half a dozen pages. In the pride of superior skill, he relinquishes the rod altogether, and issues directions to the other anglers. Take a specimen of the sport.—

"HAL.—Try again. You have hooked him, and you have done well not to strike when he rose. Now hold him tight, wind up your line, and carry him down the stream. Push the boat down stream, fisherman. Keep your fish's head up. He begins to tire,—and there is landed. A fine well-fed fish, not much less than 4lbs. Throw him into the well. Now, Poietes, try that fish rising above,—and there are two more.

"POIET.—I have him!

"HAL.—Take care. He has turned you, and you have suffered him to run out your line, and he is gone into the weeds under the willow; let him fall down stream.

"POIET.—I cannot get him out.

"HAL.—Then wind up. I fear he is lost, yet we will try to recover him by taking the boat up. The line is loose: he has left the link entangled in the weeds, and carried your fly with him. He must have been a large fish, or he could not have disentangled himself from so strong a gut. Try again, there are fish now rising above and below; where the water is in motion, opposite that willow, there are two fish rising.

"POIET.—I have one of them.

"HAL.—Now you are doing well. Down with the boat, and drag your fish downwards. Continue to do so, as there are weeds all round you. You can master him now; keep him high, and he is your own. Put the net under him, and bring him into the boat; he is a well-fed fish, but not of the proper size for a victim; about 2lbs. Now, Physicus, try your fortune with the fish above that rises so merrily still. You have him! Now use him as Poietes did the last. Very well; I see he is a large fish,—take your time. He is landed; a fish nearly of 3lbs. and in excellent season.

"PHYS.—Anche Io son Pescatore—I am too a fisherman—a triumph.

"HAL.—Now we have finished our fishing, and must return to the light supper of our host. It would be easy now, and between this hour and ten, to take half-a-dozen large fish in this part of the water; but for the reason I have already stated, it would be improper."

Angling being thus finished, there is now nothing to interrupt the talk. Whether the party are sitting down on the bank, or walking towards the house, we know not—each man proses away for himself, generally without any reference to the preceding speaker, just like gentlemen delivering prepared speeches in Parliament.—No attempt at variety of style, or sentiment, or subject—all blended into one stagnant tameness—while over the whole there reigns an air of pompous pedantry and pretension, betraying a shrewd suspicion in the mind of the writer of his being a Philosopher who had condescendingly stepped down from his highest throne, to initiate common men into all the mysteries of the Science.

The Dialogue seems a patch-work composed of shreds of anniversary speeches before the Royal Society, articles in Philosophical Journals, and Lectures on Natural History to Mechanical Institutions. However, like all earthly things, it comes to an end at last, terminating with a five-page speech by Halieus, about the different species of trout, to which nobody seems to have paid any attention. From the dead silence that prevails during this long speech, we conjecture that it was *bona fide* a soliloquy; that the party had previously reached the house, and that while Halieus was lecturing from the chair, Mine Host, Physicus, Ornither, and Poietes, were all stretched sound asleep, each on his separate sofa.

Angling in a Preserve, like the Colne at Denham-villa, is a more tranquil delight, undoubtedly, than angling in a river open to all the human race, like the Tweed at Innerleithen. So tranquil, indeed, that we have heard it sneered at as tame and monotonous. That, however, is a great mistake. Angling can never be tame in a Preserve full of trouts from two pounds to six pounds; for, except on rare occasions, trouts of that size are shy enough to require all the skill of the most accomplished artist. A bungler will kill few fish in the most vital, the most populous Preserve in the world. And we have pleasure in declaring, that the finest of fly-fishers are Londoners. Angling in Preserves being therefore a tranquil, but not a dull delight, should be written about tranquilly, but not dully; the spirit of the pastime must not be suffered to evaporate in description; something like enthusiasm must colour the records of the sport; there positively must be no sleeping on sofas; snoring is a sound pardonable on this side of the grave,

only in a bedroom; and, depend upon it, something must be amiss with that dialogue, however erudite, which irresistibly suggests the idea of a tufted night-cap.

We said just now, that the finest of fly-fishers are Londoners. What tackle! From rod-butt to tail-fly, all exquisitely tapered and tremblingly alive! Such gut! The thought of it makes our flesh creep, and our whiskers curl. On what mountain, 'mid what forest, neighed the Desert-Born, on whose tail, streaming like a meteor to the troubled air, grew the single hairs, each strong as ten of stabled steed, that in their captivity form the casting line of that accomplished, that incomparable angler from the immediate vicinity of the

"Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame?"

Why, the tiniest ephemeral that ever dropped invisibly, during evening-calm, from the silken folds of the fragrant willow-blossom, upon the stream that flows, yet scarcely seems to flow, might take a lesson how still softlier to alight on the liquid element from that artificial fly which, unfelt as a pile of down from the nest of the fluttered goldfinch, falls among the small air-bells without breaking their fair radiance, as if it were but the shadow of an insect that, sporting in the air, is reflected in the water!

We should only spoil the picture by giving it so much as one other single touch. Then for the Preserve in which he angles—in all things worthy of such a master of the gentle craft! Call not one—any one—of the sweet-running waters of England tame—certainly not this at least—"a liquid lapse" between a burn and a river, even as a virgin of fifteen, in beauty bordering upon stateliness, is now looked on as a woman, and now as a child! Up in the woods there is a low water-fall—so low, that the current seems to run on a level, after heavy rain, and then the place of rocks is recognised but by faster-melting foam, and a louder murmur. "The stream is placid in its flowing," in all ordinary weather; and now, to the eyes of anglers accustomed among mountains to "hunt the water-falls," it might seem almost sluggish—nay, stagnant. But it is not so. Watch that air-bell, and you will soon see it pass that bunch of primroses glowing on the green-sward, and glowing in the water.—How slight a motion, if seemingly self-willed and continuous, suffices to produce the feeling of the beauty of life! Then the slightest airs—the faintest shadows, let fall on it an infinity of colours, gliding, as it does here and there, below single trees of various foliage—now past a grove—and then into a very wood—then between banks of the bare brightness of sheep-nibbled verdure—then along the ivied ruins of some old nameless building broken into a dilapidated wall, that dips and disappears among the channel-stones. And now, let us go no farther down its banks, but through the arch of that lofty oriel, gaze a few moments on the setting sunlight, that, as the orb keeps sinking, leaves deeper and deeper shadows on the silence of the ancient Abbey!

There is not a better trouting stream, a more populous Preserve, in all merry, in all sylvan England. Pebbly shoals—gravel banks gradually deepening away into the main current—some pools filled with large slaty stones leaning on each other—others with sides and bottom all of grass—and an occasional one with weeds just appearing on the surface—black still holes beneath the roots of the old ash pollard—eddies at bendings and turnings of the river, or caused by fallen trees. Gentle angler, you know the Preserve now as well as if you were this moment resting on the ledge of the bridge, and shifting to the other shoulder a weight of trouts enough to crush out the bottom of your basket, had it been twisted by any other hands than those of old blind Michael Lorimer.

There is one kind of Preserve—and here is another. A lonely Loch lying black amid the blackness of a Highland moor—a lonely River issuing from it at once in power and majesty, which, after flashing on the lonely angler's eyes a league-long vista of waterfalls, erelong forgets the mountain shieling and the shepherd's clay-built shed—and rejoicing in keep and tower, frowning over the edge of the precipice, sweeps along the wooded deer-park of the Highland Chieftain's Hall, and without bridge, ford, or ferry in its whole course, tumbles all afoam into the sea.

There is a Loch and a River for you—and both are Preserves. A thou-

sand mountain-torrents join them on all sides, when the black clouds burst; the Saxon stranger, nay even the Gaelic guide, may search for them half a day through the mist; you think you hear the voice of men shouting in the wilderness; but 'tis the belling of the red-deer scenting danger in the wind—And now, hush, hush—aye, in that sound the ear cannot be mistaken—'tis the Great Cataract pealing—though now 'tis summer's severest drought—like everlasting thunder in the wilderness!

Yes—Loch and River are both Preserves. The parish in which they lie, leap, run, and roar, is about thirty miles long by twenty broad, and the population, at the last census, will probably not amount to more than a thousand souls. Any one may angle here that chooses—without a word being said to him except by those "airy sounds that syllable men's names," making them, when alone, start and look round them, with beating hearts, and in a cold sweat and creeping skin, on the grim rocks standing like idols, or something worse, in the lowering solitude.

You may literally kill here a cartload of trouts—but where, pray, will you find the cart? In Ossian's days, armies of Celts used to charge each other in cars up and down yonder devil's staircase—and deep ruts are yet visible on all the bogs, moors, and mosses among these mountains—indented—so tradition tells—by the wheels of Fingal's chariotry. But now neither cart nor car for you to carry to King's house your ton of trouts. There they lie in heaps on every hillock. What useless murder! Yet not one of all the hundred dozen will ever be missed for a moment, great or small—whale or minnow-like,—by their heedless brethren, any more than would a few poor, petty, pitiful thousands of cits, deathstricken during the night, be missed in the morning among the shoals upon shoals sailing, as if driven by an instinct, along the streets of London.

But we are really rude to Sir Humphry—and, with a frank apology, will return to Salmonia.

On the morning of the Fourth Day, the scene changes to Loch Maree, Highlands of Scotland. Time—middle of July; and Halieus, Poietes, Ornither, and Physicus, are seen toiling "*for the last ten miles through bogs*, with no other view than that of mountains half-hid in mist, and brown waters that can hardly be called lakes; and with no other trees than a few stunted birches, that look so little alive, that they might be supposed immediately descended from the bogwood, everywhere scattered beneath our feet."

Towards the close of such a journey, Poietes very simply sayeth, "I begin to be tired. This is really a long day's journey." The last ten miles had been through bogs—so we may suppose the first ten miles were over better ground. If Poietes—a middle-aged or youngish gentleman, was tired, what words are sufficiently pathetic to express our pity for poor old Halieus, and poor old Physicus? At the close of the eighth dialogue, Halieus says, "Spare my grey hairs"—"and I do not expect, like our arch-Patriarch, Walton, to number ninety years"—thereby intimating, that he is about the age of Mr Rogers the poet, or Ourself. Now, only think of the barbarity of allowing an old grey-haired father of a large family of sons, and grandsons, and great grandsons—a London physician (for such he is) of nearly fourscore, to walk twenty Highland miles, over bog and brae, before breakfast?

The twenty miles could not have been performed by the party, under the circumstances, within the seven hours. Supposing them to have started at five, it is now twelve o'clock, and Halieus says, by and by, that it will take a good boat with four oars four or five hours to row them to their fishing ground; which, according to that calculation, they will reach about five o'clock in the afternoon. Would it not, then, be advisable for each member of the club to turn up his little finger—so—and so—to a couple calkers of the Glenlivet? Most unquestionably. But no—not so much as a hard egg is hinted at—and with insides groaning and moaning like the half-stifled pipes of an organ, they embark on Loch Maree.

And now for a bit of the dialogue—

"HAL.—I trust we shall have sport, as far as salmon and sea-trout can furnish sport. But the difficulties of our journey are almost over. See, Loch Maree is stretched at our feet, and a good boat with four oars will carry us in four or five hours to our fishing ground: and that time will not be misspent, for this lake is not devoid of beautiful, and even grand scenery.

"POIET.—The scenery begins to improve; and that cloud-breasted mountain on the left is of the best character of Scotch mountains: these woods, likewise, are respectable for this northern country. I think I see islands, also, in the distance: and the quantity of cloud always gives effect to this kind of view; and perhaps, without such assistance to the imagination, there would be nothing even approaching to the sublime in these countries; but cloud and mist, by creating obscurity and offering a substitute for greatness and distance, give something of an Alpine and majestic character to this region.

"ORN.—As we are now fixed in our places in the boat, you will surely put out a rod or two with a set of flies, or try the tail of the par for a large trout or salmon: our fishing will not hinder our progress."

Poietes is, we presume, Greek for poet. May we, then, venture to tender a small bit of advice to him touching his next new Poem? Do not, as you love us, write one syllable on the subject of clouds, unless you have got something better to say about them —something more recherché than this most prosaic passage. Look at it —our dear Poietes!—do look at it! "Cloud and mist create obscurity!" No doubt they do—good Poietes. "A quantity of cloud assists the imagination!" No doubt it does—most excellent Poietes. But had you nothing more original, nothing more entertaining and instructive than this to communicate to Physicus, and Halieus, and Ornither, and the boatmen, when all afloat together, for the first time, on the bosom of "far Loch Maree, wild and desolate?" Such a remark, believe us, was nothing short of an insult to their understandings; and if you cannot speak of such scenery better than this, why, sport dumbie. Ornither, too, should have held his tongue. "As we are now fixed in our places in the boat, and—!" what a formal announcement of an unimportant fact! It makes them all look like so many Cockneys. You see them lifting up the tails of their jackets—feeling with their fingers if the seat be dry,—then, one after the other, preserving his balance not without difficulty, especially the aged grey-haired Halieus, setting slowly down his "disk" "with an air," and then all four finally "fixed in their places," each with a face of more importance than his neighbour—an adventurous crew bound on a voyage of discovery,

"Up a great river, great as any sea."

A breeze springing up, they hoist a sail—and away they go right before the wind. Poietes, of course, elated with the success attending his late description of the effects of clouds, characterises the scenery as the bark glides along, thus—

"POIET.—The scenery improves as we advance nearer the lower parts of the lake. The mountains become higher, and that small island or peninsula presents a bold craggy outline; and the birch wood below it, and the pines above, make a scene somewhat Alpine in character. But what is that large bird soaring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the lake? Surely it is an eagle!

"HAL.—You are right; it is an eagle, and of a rare and peculiar species—the grey or silver eagle, a noble bird! From the size of the animal, it must be the female; and her eyrie is in that high rock. I dare say the male is not far off."

Sir Humphry speaks in his introductory pages of Mr Wordsworth, as a lover of fishing and fishermen. And we cannot help thinking and feeling that he intends Poietes as an image of that great Poet. "This is really too bad." What! William Wordsworth, the very high-priest of nature, represented to have seen an eagle for the first time in his life, on this occasion, and to have boldly ventured on a conjecture that such was the name and nature of the bird! "But what is that large bird, soaring above the pointed rock, towards the end of the lake? Surely it is an eagle!" "You are right—it is an eagle,—and—" This is the stupidest insult ever yet paid to Mr Wordsworth; in fact, it beats the Edinburgh Review hollow. "Surely it is an eagle?" "Yes, you are right—it is an eagle." Ha—ha—ha—ha—ha—ha! Sir Humphry—Sir Humphry—that guffaw was not ours—it came from the Bard of Rydal—albeit unused to the laughing mood—in the haunted twilight of that beautiful—that solemn Terrace.

Poietes having been confirmed, by the authority of Halieus, in his belief that the bird is an eagle, exclaims, agreeably to the part he plays, "Look at the bird! She dashes into the water, *falling like a rock*, and raising a column of spray—she has *fallen from a great height*. And now she rises again into the air—*what an extraordinary sight!*" Nothing is so annoying, as to be ordered to look at a sight which, unless you shut your eyes, it

is impossible for you not to see. A person behaving in a boat, like Poietes, deserved being flung overboard. " Look at the bird !" Why, every eye was already upon her; and let us tell Poietes, that if he had had a single spark of poetry in his soul, he would have been struck mute by such a sight, instead of bawling out, open-mouthed, and goggle-eyed, like a Cockney to a rocket at Vauxhall. Besides, an eagle does not, when descending on its prey, fall like a rock. There is nothing like the " *vis inertiæ*" in her precipitation. You still see the self-willed energy of the ravenous bird, as the mass of plumes flashes in the spray—of which there never was, nor will be, a column so raised. She is as much the queen of birds as she sinks as when she soars —her trust and her power is still seen and felt to be in her pinions, whether she shoots to or from the zenith—to a falling star she might be likened —just as any other devil—either by Milton or Wordsworth—for such a star seems to our eye and our imagination ever instinct with spirit, not to be impelled by exterior force, but to be " self-shot" from heaven.

Upon our word, we begin to believe, that we ourselves deserve the name of Poietes much better than the gentleman who had never seen an eagle. " She has fallen from a great height," quoth the gentleman—" what an extraordinary sight !" he continues —while we are mute as the oar suspended by the up-gazing Celt, whose quiet eye brightens as it pursues the Bird to her eyrie in the cliff over the cove where the red-deer sleep.

Poietes having given vent to his emotions in such sublime exclamations—" Look at the bird !" " What an extraordinary sight !" might have thenceforth held his tongue, and said no more about eagles. But Halieus cries, " There ! you see her rise with a fish in her talons"—and Poietes, very simply, or rather like a great simpleton, returns for answer, " She *gives an interest which I hardly expected to have found in this scene.* Pray, are there *many of these animals* in this country ?" A poet hardly expecting to find interest in such a scene as a great Highland loch—Loch Maree ! We verily begin to suspect, that Poietes is Mr Leigh Hunt, and that he has on his yellow breeches. " Pray, are there many *of these hanimils in this country ?*" is very like the king of the Cockneys. No doubt an eagle is an animal ; like Mr Cobbett, or Mr O'Connell, we forget which—" a very fine animal ;" but we particularly, and earnestly, and anxiously, request Sir Humphry Davy not to call her so again—but to use the term bird, or any other term he chooses, except animal. Animal, a living creature, is too general, too vague by far ; and somehow or other it offends our ear shockingly when applied to an eagle. We may be wrong, but in a trifling matter of this kind Sir Humphry surely will not refuse our supplication. Let him call a horse an animal, if he chooses—or an ass—or a cow—but not an eagle—as he loves us, not an eagle,—let him call it a bird—the Bird of Jove—the Queen or King of the Sky—or any thing else he chooses —but not an animal—no—no—no—not an animal, as he hopes to prosper, and to be praised in Maga, and thereby embalmed and immortalized.

Neither ought Poietes to have asked if there were *many* of these animals in this country. He ought to have known that there are not *many* of these animals in any country. Eagles are proud—apt to hold their heads very high—and to make themselves scarce. A great many eagles all flying about together would look most absurd. They are aware of that, and fly in " ones and twos"—a couple perhaps to a county. Poietes might as well have asked Mungo Park if there were a great many lions in Africa. Mungo, we think, saw but one ; and that was one too much. There were probably a few more between Sego and Timbuctoo—but there are not a " great many of those animals in that country"—though quite sufficient for the purpose.

Halieus says—with a smile on his lip surely—in answer to the query of Poietes—" Of this species I have seen but these two ; and, I believe, the young ones migrate as soon as they can provide for themselves ; for this solitary bird requires a large space to move and feed in, and does not allow its offspring to partake its reign, or to live near it." This is all pretty true, and known to every child rising or risen twelve, except poor Poietes. He had imagined that there were " many of these animals in this country," that

they all went a-fishing together as amicably as five hundred sail of Manksmen among a shoal of herrings.

Throughout these dialogues we have observed that Ornither rarely opens his mouth. Why so taciturn? On the subject of birds he ought, from his name, to be well informed; and how could he let slip an opportunity, such as will probably never be afforded him again in this life, of being eloquent on the Silver Eagle? Ornithology is surely the department of Ornither. Yet there is evidently something odd and peculiar in his idiosyncracy, for we observe that he never once alludes to "these animals," birds, during the whole excursion. He has not taken his gun with him into the Highlands, a sad and stupid oversight indeed, in a gentleman who "is to be regarded as generally fond of the sports of the field." Flappers are plentiful over all the moors about the middle of July; and hoodies, owls, hawks, ravens, and eagles, make all first-rate shooting to sportsmen not over-anxious about the pot. It is to be presumed, too, that he can stuff birds. What noble specimens might he not have shot for Mr Selby! On one occasion, "the SILVER EAGLE" is preying in a pool within slug range, and there is some talk of shooting him —we suppose with an oar, or the butt of a fishing-rod, for the party have no fire-arms—but Poietes insists on sparing his life, because "these animals" are a picturesque accompaniment to the scenery, and "give it an interest which he had not expected to find" in mere rivers, lochs, moors, and mountains. Genus Falco must all the while have been laughing in his sleeve at the whole party—particularly at Ornither—who, to judge from his general demeanour—may be a fair shot with number five, at an old newspaper expanded on a barn-door, but never could have had the audacity to think, in his most ambitious mood, to let off his gun at an Eagle.

But farther, Halieus, before he took upon him to speak so authoritatively about eagles, should have made himself master of their names and natures. Sir Humphry is manifestly no scientific ornithologist. We are. The general question concerning Eagles in Scotland may now be squeezed into very small compass. Exclusive of the true Osprey, (Falco Haliæetus,) which is rather a large fishing hawk than an eagle, there are only two kinds, viz.—the GOLDEN EAGLE, (F. Chrysaëtos) and the WHITE TAILED, or CINEREOUS EAGLE, (F. Albicilla.) The other two *nominal* species are disposed of in the following manner: First, the RING-TAILED EAGLE, (F. Fulvus) is the young of the Golden Eagle, being distinguished in early life by having the basal and central portion of the tail white, which colour disappears as the bird attains the adult state. Second, The SEA EAGLE, (F. Ossifragus) commonly so called, is the young of the White-tailed Eagle abovenamed, from which it differs in having a brown tail; for in this species the white of the tail becomes every year more apparent, as the bird encreases in age, whereas, in the Golden Eagle, the white altogether disappears in the adult.

It is to the RING-TAILED EAGLE, and, by consequence, to the GOLDEN EAGLE, that the name of BLACK EAGLE is applied in the Highlands.

The White-tailed, or Sea Eagle, as it becomes old, attains, in addition to the pure tail, a pale or bleached appearance, from which it may merit and obtain the name of Grey or SILVER EAGLE, as Sir Humphry Davy chooses to call it; but it is not known, among naturalists, by that name. There is no other species, however, to which the name can apply; and, therefore, Sir Humphry has committed the very gross mistake of calling the Grey or Silver Eagle (to use his own nomenclature) a very rare Eagle, since it is the most common of all the Scotch, and also—*a fortiori*—of all the English Eagles—being in fact the SEA-EAGLE of the Highlands.

It preys often on fish dead or alive; but not exclusively, as it also attacks young lambs, and drives off the ravens from carrion prey, being less fastidious in its diet than the GOLDEN EAGLE, which probably kills its own meat—and has been known to carry off children; for a striking account of one of which hay-field robberies, see our splendid review of Selby's Ornithology.

As to its driving off its young, its habits are probably similar in this respect to other birds of prey, none of which appear to keep together in families after the young can shift for themselves; but we have never met with any one who has seen them in

the act of driving. It is stated vaguely, in all books, of all eagles.

As to its requiring a large range to feed in—we have only to remark, that, from the powerful flight of these birds, and the wild and barren nature of the countries which they inhabit, there can be no doubt that they fly far, and "prey in distant isles"—as Thomson has it; but Halieus needed not to have stated this circumstance as a character of this peculiar eagle,—for an eagle with a small range does not exist; and therefore it is to be presumed that they require a large one.

Farther, all this being the case, there seems to be no necessity for the old eagles giving themselves the trouble to drive off the young ones, who by natural instinct will fly off of their own accord, as soon as their wings can bear them over the sea. If an eagle were so partial to his native vale, as never, on any account, hungry or thirsty, drunk or sober, to venture into the next parish, why then, the old people would be forced, on the old principle of self-preservation, to pack off their progeny to bed and board beyond Benevis. But an Eagle is a Citizen of the World. He is friendly to the views of Mr Huskisson on the Wool Trade, the Fisheries and the Colonics—and acts upon the old adage,

"Every bird for himself, and God for us all!"

To conclude, for the present, this branch of our subject, we beg leave humbly to express our belief, that Sir Humphry Davy never saw the Eagle by him called the Grey or Silver, hunting for fish in the style described in Salmonia. It does not dislike fish—but it is not its nature to keep hunting for them so, not in the Highlands at least, whatever it may do in American continents or isles. Sir Humphry talks of the bird dashing down repeatedly upon a pool within shot of the anglers. We have angled fifty times in the Highlands for Sir Humphry's once, but never saw nor heard of such a sight. He has read of such things, and introduced them into this dialogue for the sake of effect—all quite right to do—had his reading lain among trust-worthy Ornithologists. The common Eagle—which he ignorantly, as we have seen, calls so rare—is a shy bird, as all shepherds know—and is seldom within range of the rifle. Gorged with blood, they are sometimes run in upon and felled with a staff or club. So perished in the flower of his age that Eagle—eight feet four inches from wing-tip to wing-tip, whose feet now form handles to the bell-ropes of our Sanctum at Buchanan Lodge—and are the subject of a clever copy of verses by Mullion, entitled "All the Talons."

We have, indeed, been pained and surprised by the frequent display of superficial knowledge, and profound ignorance of natural history, in a work written by such a man as Sir Humphry Davy. He must positively re-read Kirby and Spence's Entomology. There was no occasion in the world for allusions to the loves of frogs and worms. He gravely declares his belief that a par is a mule between a sea-trout and a common fresh-water trout. And at the very same time he asserts, that a sea-trout and a fresh-water trout is one and the same—that all trouts are lineally descended from the original sea-trout, just as all dogs are lineally descended from the original shepherd-dog. If so, how can a par be a mule? But further, does not Sir Humphry see the gross folly of supposing that the son of a sea-trout could by any possibility be a par? Why, the sea-trout being the trout of all trouts, would not fail to improve the progeny of the degenerated fresh-waters. His offspring would, infallibly, bear a strong family resemblance to himself, in form and features, and also in size. No reason can be assigned, from the analogy of nature, why a fine, bold, bouncing sea-trout, of some lbs. four or six, should never have been able to beget, among all his paramours of fresh-water birth, anything above a par!

Our anglers now disembark, and walk about a mile down the river Ewe to their fishing station—and go to work. Here is a specimen of Sir Humphry's powers as a writer of dialogues on angling.

"But I see there is a large fish which has just risen at the tail of the pool. I think he is fresh run from the sea, for the tide is coming in. My fly and tackle are almost too fine for so large a fish, and I will put on my first fly with a very strong single gut link and a stretcher of triple gut. He has taken my fly, and I hold him—a powerful fish; he must be be-

tween 10 and 15lbs. He fights well, and tries to get up the rapid at the top of the pool. I must try my strength with him to keep him off that rock, or he will break me. I have turned him, and he is now in a good part of the pool: such a fish cannot be tired in a minute, but requires from 10 to 20 times as long, depending upon his activity and strength, and the rapidity of the stream he moves against. He is now playing against the strongest rapid in the river, and will soon give in if he keeps his present place.

"POIET.—You have tired him.

"HAL.—He seems fairly tired: I shall bring him into shore. Now gaff him; strike as near the tail as you can. He is safe; we must prepare him for the pot. Give him a stunning blow on the head to deprive him of sensation, and then give him a transverse cut just below the gills, and crimp him by cutting to the bone on each side, so as almost to divide him into slices; and now hold him by the tail that he may bleed. There is a small spring, I see, close under that bank, which I daresay has the mean temperature of the atmosphere in this climate, and is much under 50°—place him there, and let him remain for ten minutes, and then carry him to the pot, and let the water and salt boil furiously before you put in a slice, and give time to the water to recover its heat before you throw in another, and so with the whole fish, and leave the head out, and throw in the thickest pieces first.

"PHYS.—Why did you not crimp your trout?

"HAL.—We will have that fried. Our poacher prevented me from attending to the preparation of that fish; but for frying he is better not crimped, as he is not large enough to give good transverse slices.

"POIET.—This salmon is a good fish, and fresh, as you said, from the sea. You see the salt-water louse adheres to his sides, and he is bright and silvery, and a thick fish; I daresay his weight is not less than 14lbs., and I know of no better fish for the table than one of that size.

"HAL.—Now we have caught fish for our dinner, my task is finished: Physicus and Poietes, try your skill. I have not fished over the best parts of this pool: you may catch a brace of fish here before dinner is ready.

"PHYS.—It is too late, and I shall go and see that all is right.

"POIET.—I will take one or two casts; but give me your fly; I like always to be sure that the tackle is taking.

"HAL.—Try at first the very top of the pool,—though I fear you will get nothing there; but here is a cast which, I think, the Highlander can hardly have commanded from the other side, and which is rarely without a good fish. There he rose: a large trout of 10lbs., or a salmon. Now wait a few minutes. When a fish has missed the fly, he will not rise again till after a pause—particularly if he has been for some time in the fresh water. Now try him again. He has risen, but he is a dark fish that has been some time in the water, and he tries to drown the fly with a blow of his tail. I fear you will not hook him except foul, when most likely he would break you. Try the bottom of the pool, below where I caught my fish.

"POIET.—I have tried all the casts, and nothing rises.

"HAL.—Come, we will change the fly for that with which I caught my trout.

"POIET.—Now I have one: he has taken the fly under water, and I cannot see him.

"HAL.—Straiten your line and we shall soon see him. He is a sea-trout, but not a large one.

"POIET.—But he fights like a salmon, and must be near 5lbs.

"HAL.—Under 3lbs.; but these fish are always strong and active, and sometimes give more sport than larger fish. Shorten your line or he will carry you over the stones and cut the link gut. He is there already: you have allowed him to carry out too much line, wind up as quick as you can, and keep a tight hand upon him. He is now back in a good place, and in a few minutes more will be spent. I have the net. There he is, a sea-trout of nearly 3lbs. This will be a good addition to our dinner: I will crimp him, that you may compare boiled sea-trout with broiled, and with salmon. Now, if you please we will cool this fish at the spring, and then go to our inn.

"POIET.—If you like. I am endeavouring to find a reason for the effect of crimping and cold in preserving the curd of fish. Have you ever thought on this subject?

"HAL.—Yes: I conclude that the fat of salmon between the flakes, is mixed with much albumen and gelatine, and is extremely liable to decompose, and by keeping it cool the decomposition is retarded, and by the boiling salt and water, which is of a higher temperature than that of common boiling water, the albumen is coagulated, and the curdiness preserved. The crimping, by preventing the irritability of the fibre from being gradually exhausted, seems to preserve it so hard and crisp, that it breaks under the teeth; and a fresh fish not crimped is generally tough. A friend of mine, an excellent angler, has made some experiments on the fat of fish; and he considers the red colour of trout, salmon, and char, as owing to a peculiar coloured oil, which may be extracted by alcohol; and this accounts for the want of it in fish that have fed ill, and after spawn-

ing. In general, the depth of the red colour, and the quantity of curd, are proportional.

"Poiet.—Would not the fish be still better, or at least possess more curd, if caught in a net, and killed immediately? In the operation of tiring by the reel there must be considerable muscular exertion, and I should suppose expenditure of oily matter.

"Hal.—There can be no doubt but the fish would be in a more perfect state for the table from the nets; yet a fish in high season does not lose so much fat during the short time he is on the hook as to make much difference; and I am not sure that the action of crimping after does not give a better sort of crispness to the fibre: this, however, may be fancy; we will discuss the matter again at table."

Come, reader—no yawning. 'Tis bad manners to pull over any page a mouth of that character. Brighten up a bit—give yourself a good shake—rub your eyes—out with your fists at arms' length—off with you from that insidious arm-chair so plump with all its cushions—a few turns up and down the room—yes—no harm at all in a calker—now you are as brisk as a bee again, and able for another paragraph. We perceive by your looks that you hold sleep in the greatest contempt. But do not commit the very common and fatal mistake of thinking too lightly of your enemy—for he may take you by surprise, and lay you on your back as flat as a flounder. Yet, you will surely not fall asleep *at* dinner, whatever you may be in the custom of doing *after* it—so look here——

"The Innkeeper.—Gentlemen, dinner is ready.

THE DINNER.

"Hal.—Now take your places. What think you of our fish?

"Phys.—I never ate better; but I want the Harvey or Reading sauce.

"Hal.—Pray let me entreat you to use no other sauce than the water in which he was boiled. I assure you this is the true Epicurean way of eating fresh salmon: and for the trout, use only a little vinegar and mustard,—a sauce *à la Tartare*, without the onions.

"Poiet.—Well, nothing can be better; and I do not think fresh net-caught fish can be superior to these.

"Hal.—And these snipes are excellent. Either my journey has given me an appetite, or I think they are the best I ever tasted.

"Orn.—They are good, but I have tasted better.

"Hal.—Where?

"Orn.—On the Continent; where the common snipe, that rests during its migration from the north to the south in the marshes of Italy and Carniola, and the double or solitary snipe, become so fat as to resemble that bird which was formerly fattened in Lincolnshire, the ruff; and they have, I think, a better flavour, from being fed on their natural food.

"Hal.—At what time have you eaten them?

"Orn.—I have eaten them both in spring and autumn; but the autumnal birds are the best, and are like the ortolan of Italy.

"Hal.—Where does the double snipe winter?

"Orn.—I believe in Africa and Asia Minor. They are rarely seen in England, except driven by an east wind in the spring, or a strong north wind in the autumn. Their natural progress is to and from Finland and Siberia, through the Continent of Europe to and from the east and south. In autumn they pass more east, both because they are aided by west winds, and because the marshes in the east of Europe are wetter in that season; and in spring they return, but a larger proportion through Italy, where they are carried by the *Sirocco*, and which at that time is *extremely wet*. Come, let us have another bottle of claret: a pint per man is not too much after such a day's fatigue.

"Hal.—You have made me president for these four days, and I forbid it. A half pint of wine for young men in perfect health is enough, and you will be able to take your exercise better, and feel better for this abstinence. How few people calculate upon the effects of constantly renewed fever in our luxurious system of living in England! The heart is made to act too powerfully, the blood is thrown upon the nobler parts, and with the system of wading adopted by some sportsmen, whether in shooting or fishing, is delivered either to the hemorrhoidal veins, or, what is worse, to the head. I have known several free livers who have terminated their lives by apoplexy, or have been rendered miserable by palsy, in consequence of the joint effects of cold feet and too stimulating a diet; that is to say, as much animal food as they could eat, with a pint or perhaps a bottle of wine per day. Be guided by me, my friends, and neither drink nor wade. I know there are old men who have done both, and have enjoyed perfect health; but these are *devil's decoys* to the unwary, and ten suffer for one that escapes. I could quote to you an instance from this very county, one of the strongest men I have ever known. He was not intemperate, but he lived luxuriously, and waded as a salmon fisher for many years in this very river; but, before he

was fifty, palsy deprived him of the use of his limbs, and he is still a living example of the danger of the system which you are ambitious of adopting.

"ORN.—Well, I give up the wine, but I intend to wade in Hancock's boots tomorrow.

"HAL.—Wear them, but do not wade in them. The feet must become cold in a stream of water constantly passing over the cauotchouc and leather, notwithstanding the thick stockings. They are good for keeping the feet warm, and I think where there is exercise, as in snipe shooting, may be used without any bad effects. But I advise no one to stand still (which an angler must do sometimes) in the water, even with these ingenious waterproof inventions. All anglers should remember old Boerhaave's maxims of health, and act upon them: 'Keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the body open.'

"PHYS.—I am sorry we did not examine more minutely the weight and size of the fish we caught, and compare the anatomy of the salmon and the sea-trout; but we were in too great a hurry to see them on the table, and our philosophy yielded to our hunger.

"HAL.—We shall have plenty of opportunities for this examination; and we can now walk down to the fishing house and see probably half a hundred fish of different sizes that have been taken in the cruives this evening, and examine them at our leisure.

"ALL.—Let us go!"

Men engaged in an act of very great wickedness, have, at the rustle of a leaf, started as if it were the firmament tumbling down upon their heads—but we do not fear to say that such a catastrophe might more reasonably be feared by men engaged in an act of intense stupidity. Could the extremity of human dulness—of human dulness, perpetrated, too, during the best of all human blessings, a dinner of salmon crimped and boiled on the spot, and then eaten in their own sauce—move the heavens to fall on the heads of the offenders, then would this have been the last dinner ever devoured by Halieus, Physicus, Ornither, and Poietes.

Many—oh!—many a dull dinner have we assisted at—many a melancholy knife and fork have we heard played! But never one like this!

A FAMILY DINNER! Pot-luck, as it is called, in Scotland—when the man's wife is in the sulks, the wife's man proportionably savage, the children blear-eyed from the recent blubber in the nursery—the governess afraid to lift her eyes from her plate—the aunt sourer than the vinegar cruet—and we—alas! the stranger, stepping in to take pot-luck—we, poor old Christopher North, thanklessly volunteering to help the cock-y-leekie, that otherwise would continue to smoke and steam unstirred in its truly classical utensil! What looking of inutterable things! As impossible to break the silence with your tongue, as to break pond-ice ten inches thick with your knuckle. In comes the cock that made the cock-y-leekie, boiled down in his tough antiquity to a tatter. He disappears among the progeny, and you are now tied to the steak. You find there employment sufficient to justify any silence; and hope during mastication that you have not committed any crime since Christmas, of an enormity too great to be expiated by condemnation to the sulks.

A LITERARY DINNER! apparently the remains of the Seven Young Men sprinkled along both sides of the table—with here and there "a three-times skimmed sky-blue" interposed; on each side of the Lord of the Mansion, a Philosopher—on each hand of the Lady, a Poet—somewhere or other about the board, a Theatrical Star—a Strange Fiddler—an Outlandish Traveller—and a Spanish Refugee. As Mr Wordsworth rather naughtily sayeth,

> "All silent, and all damn'd!"

Still the roof does not fall, although the chandelier burns dim in sympathy,

> "And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

Will not a single soul in all this wide world, as he hopes to be saved, utter so much as one solitary syllable? Oh! what would not the lady and the gentleman of the house give even for a remark on the weather from the mouth of poet, philosopher, sage, or hero! Hermetically sealed! Lo! the author of the very five-guinea quarto, that lay open, in complimentary exposure, at a plate, upstairs, on the drawing-room table—with his round unmeaning face "breathing tranquillity"—sound asleep! With eyes fixed on the ceiling, sits at his side the profound Parent of a Treatise on the Sinking Fund. The absent gentleman, who has kept stroking his chin for the last half hour, as if considering how he is off for soap,—would you believe it,—has just re-

turned from abroad, and has long been justly celebrated for his conversational talents in all the coteries and courts of Europe. If that lank-and-leather-jawed gentleman, with complexion bespeaking a temperament dry and adust, and who has long been sedulously occupied in feeling the edge of his fruit-knife with the ball of his thumb,—do not commit suicide before September,—Lavater must have been as great a goose as Gall. You might not only hear a mouse stirring—a pin dropping—but either event would rouse the whole company like a peal of thunder. You may have seen Madame Toussaud's images,—Napoleon, Wellington, Scott, Canning, all sitting together, in full fig, with faces and figures in opposite directions, each looking as like himself as possible, so that you could almost believe you heard them speak. You get rather angry—you wonder that they don't speak. Even so with those living Images. But the exhibition is over—the ladies leave the room—and after another hour of silence, more profound than that of the grave, all the images simultaneously rise up and—no wonder people believe in ghosts—disappear!

A Return Dinner! Thirty people of all sorts and sizes, jammed—glued together—shoulder to shoulder—knee to knee—all with their elbows in each other's stomachs—most faces red as fire, in spite of all those floods of perspiration—two landed gentlemen from the Highlands—a professor—four officers, naval and military, in his Majesty's and in the Company's service—some advocates—two persons like ministers—abundance of W. S.'s of course—an accoucheur—old ladies with extraordinary things upon their heads, and grey hair dressed in a mode fashionable before the flood—a few fat mothers of promising families—some eldest daughters now nubile—a female of no particular age, with a beard—two widows, the one buxom and blooming, with man-fond eyes, the other pale and pensive, with long dark eye-lashes, and lids closed as if to hide a tear—there they all sit steaming through three courses—well does the right hand of the one know what the left hand of the other is doing—there is much suffering, mingled with much enjoyment—for though hot, they are hungry—while all idea of speaking having been, from the commencement of the feast, unanimously abandoned—you might imagine yourself at an anniversary Gaudeamus of the Deaf and Dumb.

Yet nor Family Dinner, nor Literary Dinner, nor Return Dinner—can in intensest stupidity one moment hope to stand the most distant comparison with this Angler's Dinner, eaten on the banks of the Ewe, the emptier of Loch Maree, by these four gentlemen, poets, physicians, philosophers, and what not, from the far-off and mighty London.

At each successive and successful mouthful of the curd, was each member of the Club bound to say something wise or witty; bound in duty, in honour, and in gratitude. The perpetually recurring excitement and assuagement of the palate, prolonged, as we must believe, during ten hours at the very least—for they had been at work, walking, rowing, and angling, for forty miles, and fourteen hours, at the lowest computation, without refreshment—ought to have set all their tongues a-wagging like the clappers of so many bells. It was imperative upon them to scintillate—to coruscate—to meteorize—to make the natives positively believe that a "new sun had risen on mid-day," and that the 21 of June had that year been delayed till the 15th of July. It was imperative on them to have drunk for their own share—a gallon of Glenlivet—merely a bottle a-piece, a quantity, which, if taken moderately, can, in the climate of Loch Maree, hurt not a hair on the head of any sober Christian. It was imperative upon them to have insisted on the boatmen, also four in number, whether they could or not, to empty their keg of calkers. It was incumbent upon them to have brought into a state of civilation all such of the natives of that wild district as had been gathered together in and about the inn, by the fame of the arrival of the Missionaries. The landlord, of course, should have been laid on his back among the blooming heather, long before sunset; and the pleasing toil of distribution been devolved on his wife and daughters, who, except at marriages, christenings, and funerals, eschew the creature.

Instead of a scene like this, equally rational and sentimental, and the sweet savour of which would have scented

the mountain-air years after the departure of the Sassenachs, whose names would have been remembered till doomsday in many a flowing quech,—"list, O list, if ever you did your dear Father love"—list to the brace of most portentous blockheads! *Ornither.* "Come, let us have another bottle of claret—*a pint per man* is not *too* MUCH!!!! after such a day's fatigue!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" *Halieus.* "You have made me President for four days, and *I forbid it!!!!* A HALF PINT FOR YOUNG MEN IN PERFECT HEALTH IS ENOUGH; and you will be able to take your exercise better, and feel better for this abstinence!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! *Ornither.* "*Well, I give up the wine*—but I intend to *wade in Hancock's boots to-morrow!!!!*"

A more mean, and melancholy, and miserable, and monstrous picture was never drawn of humanity than this! Half-a-pint of claret! Poor devils! Wading to-morrow in Hancock's boots! Cold feet! Apoplexy! Palsy! "Be guided by me—neither drink nor wade!!" "Remember old Boerhaave's maxims of health,—I act upon them—'Keep the feet warm—the head cool—and the body open!!!'" A maxim on a fishing excursion equally despicable and disgusting. Really "Salmonia" smells like a doze of Glauber salts in a tea-cup—and Sir Humphry is unpleasantly strong of the shop.

The party remain for some days at a snug inn near the foot of the Loch, but we never feel ourselves to be in the Highlands; no thunder-cloud suddenly darkens the day; no floating mist-wreaths girdle the mountains; no gor-cock is heard to crow; no red-deer bells; no goat bleats her kids along the cliff-terrace; no bag-pipe is heard, "like subterranean music," far off among the hills, gradually growling and groaning, and shrieking and squeaking, and yelling and roaring, into the "Gathering of the Clans," till the Personification of Pride appears, with red-blown cheeks and fiery eyes, keeping marching to and fro on the green before the inn, his instrument burning with streamers, as if the sole soul of martial music were tabernacling in his chanter, and all the military glory that was ever achieved on earth the patrimony of the descendants of the Black-watch, and more particularly of "her nainsel," Donald M'Tavish. We quote with pleasure a conversation which takes place on the last night of the week. It is one of the best bits in the book—placid, pleasant, and pious—and proves that Sir Humphry is no Sabbath-breaker, but has a high respect for all the ordinances of religion.

"THE INN.

"POIET.—Should it be a fine day to-morrow, I think we shall have good sport: the high tide will bring up fish, and the rain and wind of yesterday will have enlarged the river.

"HAL.—To-morrow we must not fish: it is the Lord's day, and a day of rest. It ought likewise to be a day of worship and thanksgiving to the great Cause of all the benefits and blessings we enjoy in this life, for which we can never sufficiently express our gratitude.

"POIET.—I cannot see what harm there can be in pursuing an amusement on a Sunday, which you yourself have called innocent, and which is apostolic: nor do I know a more appropriate way of returning thanks to the Almighty Cause of all being, than in examining and wondering at his works in that great temple of nature, whose canopy is the sky; and where all the beings and elements around us are as it were proclaiming the power and wisdom of Deity.

"HAL.—I cannot see how the exercise of fishing can add to your devotional feelings; but independent of this, you employ a servant to carry your net and gaff, and he, at least, has a right to rest on this one day. But even if you could perfectly satisfy yourself as to the abstract correctness of the practice, the habits of the country in which we now are, form an insurmountable obstacle to the pursuit of the amusement: by indulging in it, you would excite the indignation of the Highland peasants, and might perhaps expiate the offence by a compulsory ablution in the river.

"POIET.—I give up the point: I make it a rule never to shock the prejudices of any person, even when they appear to me ridiculous; and I shall still less do so in a case where your authority is against me; and I have no taste for undergoing persecution, when the cause is a better one. I now remember that I have often heard of the extreme severity with which the Sabbath discipline is kept in Scotland. Can you give us the reason of this?

"HAL.—I am not sufficiently read in the Church History of Scotland to give the cause historically; but I think it can hardly be doubted that it is connected with the intense feelings of the early Covenanters, and their hatred with respect to all the forms and institutes of the Church of

Rome, the ritual of which makes the Sunday more a day of innocent recreation, than severe discipline.

"PHYS.—Yet the disciples of Calvin, at Geneva, who, I suppose, must have hated the Pope as much as their brethren of Scotland, do not so rigidly observe the Sunday; and I remember having been invited by a very religious and respectable Genevese to a shooting party on that day.

"HAL.— I think climate and the imitative nature of man modify this cause abroad. Geneva is a little state in a brighter climate than Scotland, almost surrounded by Catholics, and the habits of the French and Savoyards must influence the people. The Scotch, with more severity and simplicity of manners, have no such examples of bad neighbours, for the people of the north of England keep the Sunday much in the same way.

"POIET.—Nay, Halieus, call them not bad neighbours; recollect my creed, and respect at least, what, if error, was the error of the Christian world for 1000 years. The rigid observance of the seventh day appears to me rather a part of the Mosaic, than of the Christian dispensation. The Protestants of this country consider the Catholics bigots, because they enjoin to themselves, and perform, certain penances for their sins; and surely the Catholics may see a little more like that spirit in the interference of the Scotch in innocent amusements, on a day celebrated as a festive day, that on which our Saviour rose into immortal life, and secured the everlasting hopes of the Christian. I see no reason why this day should not be celebrated with singing, dancing, and triumphal processions, and all innocent signs of gladness and joy. I see no reason why it should be given up to severe and solitary prayers, or to solemn and dull walks; or why, as in Scotland, whistling even should be considered as a crime on Sunday, and humming a tune, however sacred, out of doors, as a reason for violent anger and persecution.

"ORN.—I agree with Poietes, in his views of the subject. I have suffered from the peculiar habits of the Scotch Church, and therefore may complain. Once in the north of Ireland, when a very young man, I ventured, after the time of divine service, to put together my rods, as I had been used to do in the Catholic districts of Ireland, and fish for white trout in the river at Rathmelton, in pure innocence of heart, unconscious of wrong, when I found a crowd collect round me—at first I thought from mere curiosity, but I soon discovered I was mistaken; anger was their motive, and vengeance their object. A man soon came up exceedingly drunk, and began to abuse me by various indecent terms; such as a Sabbath-breaking Papist, &c. It was in vain I assured him I was no Papist, and no intentional Sabbath-breaker; he seized my rod, and carried it off with imprecations; and it was only with great difficulty, and by rousing by my eloquence some women who were present, and who thought I was an ill-used stranger, that I recovered my property. Another time I was walking on Arthur's Seat, with some of the most distinguished professors of Edinburgh attached to the geological opinions of the late Dr Hutton; a discussion took place upon the phenomena presented by the rocks under our feet, and to exemplify a principle, Professor Playfair broke some stones, in which I assisted the venerable and amiable philosopher. We had hardly examined the fragments, when a man from a crowd, who had been assisting at a field preaching, came up to us and warned us off, saying, 'Ye think ye are only stane breakers; but I ken ye are Sabbath-breakers, and ye deserve to be staned with your ain stanes!'

"HAL.—Zeal of every kind is sometimes troublesome, yet I generally suspect the persons who are very tolerant of scepticism. Those who firmly believe that a particular plan of conduct is essential to the eternal welfare of man, may be pardoned if they shew even *anger*, if this conduct is not pursued. The severe observance of the Sabbath is connected with the vital creed of these rigid Presbyterians; it is not therefore extraordinary that they should enforce it even with a perseverance that goes beyond the bounds of good manners and courtesy. They may quote the example of our Saviour, who expelled the traders from the temple even by violence."

On all this we have just two small remarks, or so, to make. In the first place, the whole party, as men of education, Poietes included, were bound to have known, that in Scotland, angling on the Lord's day would be looked on with religious horror, and all such anglers as impious reprobates. This being the case, Poietes might, with equal sense of propriety, have proposed walking into a church during time of divine service, in England, in the dress in which he might have chanced to perform the character of Beelzebub at a masquerade in the Pantheon. In a subsequent conversation, (which shall be our last quotation) he speaks of the people of Scotland as if he understood them thoroughly—their love of education, and its peculiar nature, and effects on their national character. Yet here he is so utterly ignorant of all about them, as absolutely to propose fishing in Scotland upon the Sabbath! This is one of the many gross and glaring contradictions and inconsisten-

cies into which Sir Humphry is ever falling, throughout every part of his unlucky volume. When called to task by Halieus for his most improper proposal, Poietes says, "I now remember that I have often heard of the extreme severity with which the Sabbath discipline is kept in Scotland. Can you give us the reason of this?" So he who speaks authoritatively and oracularly about Scotland, and the people of Scotland, on the great question of education, here avows himself ignorant as a child of the history of its "glorious army of martyrs and apostles!" Secondly, suppose that in Scotland the Sabbath-day were not so religiously observed as it is in hall and hut, still, what possible excuse could there have been for Poietes in looking forward to the morning of that day for good sport in the river among the salmon?—Would he not have been better employed in going to hear a Gaelic sermon? or in bringing up his Journal? or writing a letter to his wife or mistress? or lying on his back among the heather composing a sonnet? Why should he always be angling—angling—angling—and not attending a little, like other worthy and wicked people, to the interests of his immortal soul? Thirdly, Do the gentlemen of England angle on Sundays? No. You may see a Cockney—or other Cit,—the round-faced, pot-bellied, happy little father of a numerous family, with knee-breeches, and buckles in his shoes, on a point or on a promontory, beetling three or four feet above the raging billows of a canal, pulling out an occasional "animal," somewhat more like a fish than a fowl, to the infinite delight of the progeny, with bags of worms and papers of paste swarming at his feet. Such a Cockney, or other Cit, you may see angling—and angling blamelessly, too—on a Sunday. But London Physicians, and Authors of Epic or Didactic Poems, and Presidents of Royal Societies, and Members for Counties, do not angle on Sundays in England; and were they to be met on the King's highway, on their progress to the river, creeled, rodded, and booted, while all honest and decent people were going to church, the first magistrate they met would commit them as audacious vagabonds to the tread-mill. "Can you give us the reason of this?"

But before we take leave of the Bart., we shall place him in an imposing attitude with his best foot foremost. We were struck with one passage, unconnected wholly with angling, and had the volume been written throughout with the same spirit, how different had been our critique!

"PHYS.—You are severe on Cockney fishermen, and, I suppose, would apply to *them only*, the observation of Dr Johnson, which on a former occasion you would not allow to be just: 'Angling is an amusement with a stick and a string; a worm at one end, and a fool at the other.' And to yourself you would apply it with this change: 'a fly at one end, and a philosopher at the other.' Yet the pleasure of the Cockney Angler appears to me of much the same kind, and perhaps more continuous than yours; and he has the happiness of constant occupation and perpetual pursuit in as high a degree as you have; and if we were to look at the real foundations of your pleasure, we should find them like most of the foundations of human happiness—vanity or folly. I shall never forget the impression made upon me some years ago, when I was standing on the pier at Donegal, watching the flowing of the tide. I saw a lame boy of fourteen or fifteen years old, very slightly clad, that some persons were attempting to stop in his progress along the pier; but he resisted them with his crutches, and halting along, threw himself from an elevation of five or six feet, with his crutches, and a little parcel of wooden boats that he carried under his arm, on the sand of the beach. He had to scramble or halt at least 100 yards, over hard rocks, before he reached the water, and he several times fell down and cut his naked limbs on the bare stones. Being in the water he seemed in an ecstasy, and immediately put his boats in sailing order, and was perfectly inattentive to the counsel and warning of the spectators, who shouted to him that he would be drowned. His whole attention was absorbed by his boats. He had formed an idea that one should outsail the others, and when this boat was foremost he was in delight; when any one of the others got beyond it, he howled with grief; and once I saw him throw his crutch at one of the unfavoured boats. The tide came in rapidly—he lost his crutches, and would have been drowned but for the care of some of the spectators: but he was wholly inattentive to any thing save his boats. He is said to be quite insane and perfectly ungovernable, and will not live in a house, nor wear any clothes, and his whole life is spent in this one business—making and managing a fleet of wooden boats, of which he is sole admiral. How near this mad youth is to a genius, a hero, or to an angler, who injures his health and risks his life by going

into the water as high as his middle, in the hope of catching a fish which he sees rise, though he already has a pannier full!"

There is another pretty good passage in "Ninth Day"—Scene—the Fall of the Traun, Upper Austria.

"POIET.—I admire in this country not only the mode of preserving, carrying, and dressing fish, but I am delighted, generally, with the habits of life of the peasants, and with their manners. It is a country in which I should like to live; the scenery is so beautiful, the people so amiable and good-natured, and their attention to strangers so marked by courtesy and disinterestedness.

"PHYS.—They appear to me very amiable and good; but all classes seem little instructed.

"POIET.—There are few philosophers amongst them, certainly; but they appear very happy, and

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

We have neither seen nor heard of any instances of crime since we have been here. They fear their God, love their sovereign, are obedient to the laws, and seem perfectly contented. I know you would contrast them with the active and educated peasantry of the manufacturing districts of England; but I believe they are much happier, and I am sure they are generally better.

"PHYS.—I doubt this: the sphere of enjoyment, as well as of benevolence, is enlarged by education.

"POIET.—I am sorry to say I think the system carried too far in England. God forbid that any useful light should be extinguished! Let persons who wish for education receive it; but it appears to me that, in the great cities in England, it is, as it were, forced upon the population; and that sciences, which the lower classes can only very superficially acquire, are presented to them; in consequence of which they often become idle and conceited, and above their usual laborious occupations. The unripe fruit of the tree of knowledge is, I believe, always bitter or sour; and scepticism and discontent—sickness of the mind—are often the results of devouring it.

"HAL.—Surely you cannot have a more religious, moral, or more improved population than that of Scotland?

"POIET.—Precisely so. In Scotland, education is not forced upon the people—it is sought for, and it is connected with their forms of faith, acquired in the bosoms of their families, and generally pursued with a distinct object of prudence or interest: nor is that kind of education wanting in this country.

"PHYS.—Where a book is rarely seen, a newspaper never.

"POIET.—Pardon me—there is not a cottage without a Prayer-book; and I am not sorry that these innocent and happy men are not made active and tumultuous subjects of *King Press*, whom I consider as the most capricious, depraved, and unprincipled tyrant that ever existed in England. Depraved—for it is to be bought by great wealth; capricious—because it sometimes follows, and sometimes forms, the voice of the lowest mob; and unprincipled—because, when its interests are concerned, it sets at defiance private feeling and private character, and neither regards their virtue, dignity, or purity.

"HAL.—My friends, you are growing warm. I know you differ essentially on this subject; but surely you will allow that the full liberty of the press, even though it sometimes degenerates into licentiousness, and though it may sometimes be improperly used by the influence of wealth, power, or private favour, is yet highly advantageous, and even essential to the existence of a free country; and, useful as it may be to the population, it is still more useful to the government, to whom, as expressing the voice of the people, though not always *vox Dei*, it may be regarded as oracular or prophetic.—But let us change our conversation, which is neither in time nor place."

We have a million more remarks to make. But, Brethren of the Angle, farewell till next month, when we meditate having A DOUBLE NUMBER.

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CHRISTOPHER IN HIS SPORTING JACKET.

FYTTE FIRST.

We delight, as all the world has long well known, in every kind of fishing, from the whale to the minnow; but we also delight, as all the world now well knows, in every kind of fowling, from the roc to the wren. Not that we ever killed either a roc or a wren; but what comes to the same thing, we have, on two occasions, by design brought down an eagle, and, on one occasion, accidentally levelled a tom-tit. In short, we are considerable shakes of a shot—and, should any one of our readers doubt the fact, his scepticism will probably be removed by a perusal of the following Article.

There is a fine and beautiful alliance between all pastimes pursued on flood and field and fell. The principles in human nature on which they are pursued, are in all the same; but those principles are subject to infinite modifications and varieties, according to the difference of individual and national character. All such pastimes, whether followed merely as pastimes, or as professions, or as the immediate means of sustaining life, require sense, sagacity, and knowledge of nature and nature's laws; nor less, patience, perseverance, courage even, and bodily strength or activity, while the spirit which animates and supports them is a spirit of anxiety, doubt, fear, hope, joy, exultation, and triumph,—in the heart of the young a fierce passion,—in the heart of the old a passion still, but subdued and tamed down, without, however, being much dulled or deadened, by various experience of all the mysteries of the calling, and by the gradual subsiding of all impetuous impulses in the frame of all mortal men beyond perhaps threescore, when the blackest head will be becoming grey, the most nervous knee less firmly knit, the most steely-springed instep less elastic, the keenest eye less of a far-keeker, and, above all, the most boiling heart less like a cauldron or a crater—yea, the whole man subject to some dimness or decay, and, consequently, the whole duty of man like the new edition of a book, from which many passages that formed the chief glory of the *editio princeps* have been expunged, and the whole character of the style corrected indeed, without being improved,—just like the later editions of the Pleasures of Imagination, which were written by Akenside when he was about twenty-one, and altered by him at forty—to the exclusion or destruction of many most *splendida vitia*, by which process the poem, in our humble opinion, was shorn of its brightest beams, and suffered disastrous twilight and severe eclipse—perplexing critics.

Now, seeing that these pastimes are

in number almost infinite, and infinite the varieties of human character, pray what is there at all surprising in your being madly fond of shooting—and your brother Tom just as foolish about fishing—and cousin Jack perfectly insane on fox-hunting—while the old gentleman your father, in spite of wind and weather, perennial gout and annual apoplexy, goes a-coursing of the white-hipped hare on the bleak Yorkshire wolds—and uncle Ben, as if just escaped from Bedlam or St Luke's, with Dr Haslam at his heels, or with a few hundred yards' start of Dr Warburton, is seen galloping, in a Welsh wig and strange apparel, in the rear of a pack of Lilliputian beagles, all barking as if they were as mad as their master, supposed to be in chase of an invisible animal that keeps eternally doubling in field and forest—"still hoped for, never seen," and well christened by the name of Escape?

Phrenology sets the question for ever at rest. All people have thirty-three faculties. Now there are but twenty-four letters in the alphabet—yet how many languages—some six thousand we believe, each of which is susceptible of many dialects! No wonder then that you might as well try to count all the sands on the sea shore as all the species of sportsmen.

There is, therefore, nothing to prevent any man with a large and sound developement from excelling, at once, in rat-catching and deer-stalking—from being in short a universal genius in sports and pastimes. Heaven has made us such a man.

Yet there seems to be a natural course or progress in pastimes. We do not speak now of marbles—or knuckling down at taw—or trundling a hoop—or pall-lall—or pitch and toss—or any other of the games of the school play-ground. We restrict ourselves to what, somewhat inaccurately perhaps, are called field-sports. Thus Angling seems the earliest of them all in the order of nature. There the new-breeched urchin stands on the low bridge of the little bit burnie! and with crooked pin, baited with one unwrithing ring of a dead worm, and attached to a yarn-thread, for he has not yet got into hair, and is years off gut, his rod of the mere willow or hazel wand, there will he stand during all his play-hours, as forgetful of his primer as if the weary art of printing had never been invented, day after day, week after week, month after month, in mute, deep, earnest, passionate, heart-mind-and-soul-engrossing hope of some time or other catching a minnow or a beardie! A tug—a tug! with face ten times flushed and pale by turns ere you could count ten, he at last has strength, in the agitation of his fear and joy, to pull away at the monster—and there he lies in his beauty among the gowans on the greensward, for he has whapped him right over his head and far away, a fish a quarter of an ounce in weight, and, at the very least, two inches long! Off he flies, on wings of wind, to his father, mother, and sisters, and brothers, and cousins, and all the neighbourhood, holding the fish aloft in both hands, still fearful of its escape, and, like a genuine child of corruption, his eyes brighten at the first blush of cold blood on his small fishy-fumy fingers. He carries about with him, up stairs and down stairs, his prey upon a plate; he will not wash his hands before dinner, for he exults in the silver scales adhering to the thumb-nail that scooped the pin out of the baggy's maw—and at night, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined," he is overheard murmuring in his sleep, a thief, a robber, and a murderer, in his yet infant dreams!

From that hour Angling is no more a mere delightful day-dream, haunted by the dim hopes of imaginary minnows, but a reality—an art—a science—of which the flaxen-headed schoolboy feels himself to be master—a mystery in which he has been initiated; and off he goes now, all alone, in the power of successful passion, to the distant brook—brook a mile off—with fields, and hedges, and single trees, and little groves, and a huge forest of six acres, between and the house in which he is boarded or was born! There flows on the slender music of the shadowy shallows—there pours the deeper din of the birch-tree'd waterfall. The scared water-pyet flits away from stone to stone, and dipping, disappears among the airy bubbles, to him a new sight of joy and wonder. And oh! how sweet the scent of the broom or furze, yellowing along the braes, where leap the lambs, less happy than he, on the knolls of sunshine! His grandfather has given him a half-crown rod in two

pieces—yes, his line is of hair twisted—platted by his own soon-instructed little fingers. By heavens, he is fishing with the fly! and the Fates, who, grim and grisly as they are painted to be by full-grown, ungrateful, lying poets, smile like angels upon the paidler in the brook, winnowing the air with their wings into western breezes, while at the very first throw the yellow trout forsakes his fastness beneath the bog-wood, and with a lazy wallop, and then a sudden plunge, and then a race like lightning, changes at once the child into the boy, and shoots through his thrilling and aching heart the ecstasy of a new life expanding in that glorious pastime, even as a rainbow on a sudden brightens up the sky. *Fortuna favet fortibus*—and with one long pull and strong pull, and pull all together, Johnny lands a twelve-incher on the soft, smooth, silvery sand of the only bay in all the burn where such an exploit was possible, and dashing upon him like an Osprey, soars up with him in his talons to the bank, breaking his line as he hurries off to a spot of safety twenty yards from the pool, and then flinging him down on a heath-surrounded plat of sheep-nibbled verdure, lets him bounce about till he is tired, and lies gasping with unfrequent and feeble motions, bright and beautiful, and glorious with all his yellow light, and crimson lustre, spotted, speckled, and starred in his scaly splendour, beneath a sun that never shone before so dazzlingly; but now the radiance of the captive creature is dimmer and obscured, for the eye of day winks and seems almost shut behind that slow-sailing mass of clouds, composed in equal parts of air, rain, and sunshine.

Springs, summers, autumns, winters,—each within itself longer, by many times longer than the whole year of grown-up life that slips at last through one's fingers like a knotless thread,—pass over the curled darling's brow; and look at him now, a straight and strengthy stripling, in the savage spirit of sport, springing over rock-ledge after rock-ledge, nor heeding aught as he plashes knee-deep, or waistband-high, through river-feeding torrents, to the glorious music of his running and ringing reel, after a tongue-hooked salmon, insanely seeking with the ebb of tide, but all in vain, the white breakers of the sea. No hazel or willow wand, no half-crown rod of ash framed by village wright, is now in his practised hands, of which the very left is dexterous; but a twenty-feet rod of Phin's, all ring-rustling, and a-glitter with the preserving varnish, limber as the attenuating line itself, and lithe to its topmost tenuity as the elephant's proboscis—the hiccory and the horn without twist, knot, or flaw, from butt to fly, a faultless taper, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," the beau ideal of a rod by the skill of a cunning craftsman to the senses materialised! A Fish—fat, fair, and forty! "She is a salmon, therefore to be woo'd—she is a salmon, therefore to be won"—but shy, timid, capricious, headstrong, now wrathful and now full of fear, like any other female whom the cruel artist has hooked by lip or heart, and, in spite of all her struggling, will bring to the gasp at last; and then with calm eyes behold her lying in the shade dead or worse than dead, fast-fading and to be reillumined no more the lustre of her beauty, insensible to sun or shower, even the most perishable of all perishable things in a world of perishing!—But the salmon has grown sulky, and must be made to spring to the plunging stone. There, suddenly, instinct with new passion, she shoots out of the foam, like a bar of silver bullion; and, relapsing into the flood, is in another moment at the very head of the waterfall! Give her the butt—give her the butt—or she is gone for ever with the thunder into ten fathom deep! Now comes the trial of your tackle—and when was Phin ever known to fail at the edge of cliff or cataract? Her snout is southwards—right up the middle of the main current of the hill-born river, as if she would seek its very course where she was spawned! She still swims swift, and strong, and deep—and the line goes, steady, boys, steady—stiff and steady as a Tory in the roar of Opposition. There is yet an hour's play in her dorsal fin—danger in the flap of her tail—and yet may her silver shoulder shatter the gut against a rock. Why, the river was yesterday in spate, and she is fresh run from the sea. All the lesser waterfalls are now level with the flood, and she meets with no impediment or obstruction—the course is clear—no tree-roots here—no floating branches—for during the

night they have all been swept down to the salt loch—*in medio tutissimus ibis*—ay, now you feel she begins to fail—the butt tells now every time you deliver your right. What! another mad leap! yet another sullen plunge! She seems absolutely to have discovered, or rather to be an impersonation of, the Perpetual Motion. Stand back out of the way, you son of a sea-cook—you in the tattered blue breeches, with the tail of your shirt hanging out. Who the devil sent you all here, ye vagabonds?—Ha! Watty Ritchie, my man, is that you? God bless your honest laughing phiz! What, Watty, would you think of a Fish like that about Peebles? Tam Grieve never gruppit sae heavy a ane since first he belanged to the Council. —Curse that colley! Ay! well done Watty! Stone him to Stobbo. Confound these stirks—if that white one, with caving horns, kicking heels, and straight-up tail, come bellowing by between me and the river, then, "Madam! all is lost, except honour!" If we lose this Fish at six o'clock, then suicide at seven. Our will is made—ten thousand to the Foundling—ditto to the Thames Tunnel——ha—ha—my Beauty! Methinks we could fain and fond kiss thy silver side, languidly lying afloat on the foam, as if all farther resistance now were vain, and gracefully thou wert surrendering thyself to death! No faith in female—she trusts to the last trial of her tail—sweetly workest thou, O Reel of Reels! and on thy smooth axle spinning sleep'st, even, as Milton describes her, like our own worthy planet. Scrope—Bainbridge—Maule—princes among Anglers—oh! that you were here! Where the devil is Sir Humphrey? At his retort? By mysterious sympathy—far off at his own Trows, the Kerss feels that we are killing the noblest Fish, whose back ever rippled the surface of deep or shallow in the Tweed. Tom Purdy stands like a seer, entranced in glorious vision, beside turreted Abbotsford. Shade of Sandy Givan! Alas! alas! Poor Sandy—why on thy pale face that melancholy smile!—Peter! The Gaff! The Gaff! Into the eddy she sails, sick and slow, and almost with a swirl—whitening as she nears the sand—there she has it—struck right into the shoulder, fairer than that of Juno, Diana, Minerva, or Venus—fair as the shoulder of our own beloved—and lies at last in all her glorious length and breadth of beaming beauty, fit prey for giant or demigod angling before the Flood!

> "The child is father of the man,
> And I would wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety!"

So much for the Angler. The Shooter, again, he begins with his pop or pipe-gun, formed of the last year's growth of a branch of the plane-tree — the beautiful dark-green-leaved and fragrant-flowered plane-tree, that stands straight in stem and round in head, visible and audible too from afar the bee-resounding umbrage, alike on stormy sea-coast and in sheltered inland vale, still loving the roof of the fisherman's or peasant's cottage.

Then comes, perhaps, the city pop-gun, in shape like a very musket, such as soldiers bear—a Christmas present from parent, once a Colonel of volunteers—nor feeble to discharge the pea-bullet or barley-shot, formidable to face and eyes; nor yet unfelt, at six paces, by hinder-end of playmate, scornfully yet fearfully exposed. But the shooter soon tires of such ineffectual trigger—and his soul, as well as his hair, is set on fire by that extraordinary compound—Gunpowder. He begins with burning off his eyebrows on the King's birth-day—squibs and crackers follow—and all the pleasures of the pluff. But he soon longs to let off a gun—" and follows to the field some warlike lord"—in hopes of being allowed to discharge one of the double-barrels, after Ponto has made his last point, and the half-hidden chimneys of home are again seen smoking among the trees. This is his first practice in fire-arms, and from that hour he is—a Shooter.

Then there is in most rural parishes—and of rural parishes alone do we condescend to speak—a pistol, a horse one, with a bit of silver on the butt—perhaps one that originally served in the Scots Greys. It is bought, or borrowed, by the young shooter, who begins firing, first at barn-doors, then at trees, and then at living things—a strange cur, who, from his lolling tongue, may be supposed to have the hydrophobia—a cat that has purred herself asleep on the sunny church-yard wall, or is watching mice at their hole-mouths among the graves — a water-rat in the mill-lead—or weasel

that, running to his retreat in the wall, always turns round to look at you—a goose wandered from his common in disappointed love—or brown duck, easily mistaken by the unscrupulous for a wild one, in pond remote from human dwelling, or on meadow by the river side, away from the clack of the muter-mill. The corby-crow, too, shouted out of his nest on some tree lower than usual, is a good flying mark to the more advanced class; or morning magpie, a-chatter at skreigh of day close to the cottage door among the chickens; or a flock of pigeons wheeling overhead on the stubble field, or sitting so thick together that every stook is blue with tempting plumage.

But the pistol is discharged for a fowling-piece—brown and rusty, with a slight crack probably in the muzzle, and a lock out of all proportion to the barrel. Then the young shooter aspires at halfpennies thrown up into the air—and generally hit, for there is never wanting an apparent dent in copper metal; and thence he mounts to the glancing and skimming swallow, a household bird, and therefore to be held sacred, but shot at on the excuse of its being next to impossible to hit him, an opinion strengthened into belief by several summers' practice. But the small brown and white marten wheeling through below the bridge, or along the many-holed red-sand bank, is admitted by all boys to be fair game—and still more, the long-winged legless black devilet, that, if it falls to the ground, cannot rise again, and therefore screams wheeling round the corners and battlements of towers and castles, or far out even of cannon-shot, gambols in companies of hundreds, and regiments of a thousand, aloft in the evening ether, within the orbit of the eagle's flight. It seems to boyish eyes, that the creatures near the earth, when but little blue sky is seen between the specks and the wallflowers growing on the coign of vantage—the signal is given to fire, but the devilets are too high in heaven to smell the sulphur. The starling whips with a shrill cry into his nest, and nothing falls to the ground but a tiny bit of mossy mortar, inhabited by a spider!

But the Day of Days arrives at last, when the school-boy—or rather the college-boy returning to his rural vacation—for in Scotland college winters tread close—too close—on the heels of academies—has a Gun—a Gun in a case—a double-barrel too—of his own—and is provided with a license—probably without any other qualification than that of hit or miss. On some portentous morning he effulges with the sun in velveteen jacket and breeches of the same—many-buttoned gaiters, and an unkerchiefed throat. 'Tis the fourteenth of September, and lo! a pointer at his heels—Ponto of course—a game-bag like a beggar's wallet by his side—destined to be at eve as full of charity—and all the paraphernalia of an accomplished sportsman. Proud, were she to see the sight, would be the "mother that bore him;" the heart of that old sportsman, his daddy, would sing for joy! The chained mastiff in the yard yowls his admiration; the servant-lassies uplift the pane of their garret, and, with suddenly withdrawn blushes, titter their delight in their rich paper curls and pure night-clothes. Rab Roger, who has been cleaning out the barn, comes forth to partake of the caulker; and away go the footsteps of the old poacher and his pupil through the autumnal rime, off to the uplands, where—for it is one of the earliest of harvests—there is scarcely a single acre of standing corn. The turnip-fields are bright-green with hope and expectation—and coveys are couching on lazy beds beneath the potatoe-shaw. Every high hedge, ditch-guarded on either side, shelters its own brood—imagination hears the whirr shaking the dew-drops from the broom on the brae—and first one bird and then another, and then the remaining number, in itself no contemptible covey, seems to fancy's ear to spring single, or in clouds, from the coppice-brushwood, with here and there an intercepting standard tree.

Poor Ponto is much to be pitied. Either having a cold in his nose, or having ante-breakfasted by stealth on a red-herring, he can scent nothing short of a badger, and, every other field, he starts in horror, shame, and amazement, to hear himself, without having attended to his points, inclosed in a whirring covey. He is still duly taken between those inexorable knees; out comes the speck-and-span new dog-whip heavy enough for a horse; and the yowl of the patient is heard

over the whole parish. Mothers press their yet unchastised infants to their breasts; and the schoolmaster, fastening a knowing eye on dunce and ne'erdoweel, holds up, in silent warning, the terror of the tawse. Frequent flogging will cow the spirit of the best man and dog in Britain. Ponto travels now in fear and trembling, but a few yards from his tyrant's feet, till, rousing himself to the sudden scent of something smelling strongly, he draws slowly and beautifully, and

"There fix'd, a perfect semicircle stands."

Up runs the Tyro ready-cocked, and, in his eagerness, stumbling among the stubble, when mark and lo! the gabble of grey goslings, and the bill-protruded hiss of goose and gander! Bang goes the right-hand barrel at Ponto, who now thinks it high time to be off to the tune of "ower the hills and far away,"—while the young gentleman, half-ashamed and half-incensed, half-glad and half-sorry, discharges the left-hand barrel, with a highly improper curse, at the father of the feathered family before him, who receives the shot like a ball in his breast, throws a somerset quite surprising for a bird of his usual habits, and, after biting the dust with his bill, and thumping it with his bottom, breathes an eternal farewell to this sublunary scene—and leaves himself to be paid for at the rate of eightpence a-pound to his justly-irritated owner, on whose farm he had led a long, and not only harmless, but honourable and useful life.

It is nearly as impossible a thing as we know, to borrow a dog about the time the Sun has reached his meridian, on the First Day of the Partridges. Ponto by this time has sneaked, unseen by human eye, into his kennel, and coiled himself up into the arms of tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. A farmer makes offer of a colley, who, from numbering among his paternal ancestors a Spanish pointer, is quite a Don in his way among the cheepers, and has been known in a turnip-field to stand in an attitude very similar to that of setting. Luath has no objection to a frolic over the fields, and plays the part of Ponto to perfection. At last he catches sight of a covey basking, and, leaping in upon them open-mouthed, dispatches them right and left, even like the famous dog Billy killing rats in the pit at Westminster. The birds are bagged, with a gentle remonstrance, and Luath's exploit rewarded with a whang of cheese. Elated by the pressure on his shoulder, the young gentleman laughs at the idea of pointing; and fires away, like winking, at every uprise of birds, near or remote; works a miracle by bringing down three at a time, that chanced, unknown to him, to be crossing; and wearied with such slaughter, lends his gun to the attendant farmer, who can mark down to an inch, and walks up to the dropped pout, as if he could kick her up with his foot; and thus the bag in a few hours is half full of feathers; while to close with eclat the sport of the day, the cunning elder takes him to a bramble bush, in a wall-nook, at the edge of a wood, and returning the gun into his hands, shows him poor pussie sitting with open eyes fast asleep! The pellets are in her brain, and turning herself over, she crunkles out to her full length, like a piece of untwisting Indian rubber, and is dead. The posterior pouch of the jacket, yet unstained by blood, yawns to receive her—and in she goes plump; paws, ears, body, feet, fud and all—while Luath, all the way home to the Mains, keeps snoking at the red drops oozing through—for well he knows in summer's heat and winter's cold, the smell of pussie, whether sitting beneath a tuft of withered grass on the brae, or burrowed beneath a snow-wreath. A hare, we certainly must say, in spite of haughtier sportsman's scorn, is, when sitting, a most satisfactory shot.

But let us trace no farther, thus step by step, the Pilgrim's Progress. Look at him now—a finished sportsman—on the moors—the bright black boundless Dalwhinnie Moors, stretching away, by long Loch-Erricht-side, into the dim and distant day that hangs, with all its clouds, over the bosom of far Loch-Rannoch. Is that the pluffer at partridge-pouts who had nearly been the death of poor Ponto? Lord Kennedy himself might take a lesson now from the straight and steady style in which, on the mountain-brow, and up to the middle in heather, he brings his Manton to the deadly level! More unerring eye never glanced along brown barrel! Finer fore-finger never touched a trigger! Follow him a whole day, and not one wounded bird.

All most beautifully arrested on their flight by instantaneous death! Down dropped right and left, like lead on the heather—old cock and hen singled out among the orphan'd brood, as calmly as a cook would do it in the larder—from among a pile of plumage. No random shot within—no needless shot out of distance—covered every feather before stir of finger—and body, back, and brain, pierced, broken, scattered! And what perfect pointers! There they stand still as death—yet instinct with life—the whole half dozen—Mungo, the black-tanned—Don, the red-spotted—Clara, the snow-white—Primrose, the pale yellow—Basto, the bright brown, and Nimrod, in his coat of many colours, often seen afar through the mists like a meteor.

So much for the Angler's and the Shooter's Progress—now briefly for the Hunter's. Hunting, in this country, unquestionably commences with cats. Few cottages without a cat. If you do not find her on the mouse-watch at the gable end of the house, just at the corner—take a solar observation, and by it look for her on bank or brae—somewhere about the premises—if unsuccessful, peep into the byre, and up through a hole among the dusty divots of the roof, and chance is you see her eyes glittering far-ben in the gloom; but if she be not there either, into the barn and up on the mow—and surely she is on the straw or on the baulks below the kipples. No. Well, then, let your eye travel along the edge of that little wood behind the cottage—ay, yonder she is—but she sees both you and your two terriers—one rough and the other smooth—and, slinking away through a gap in the old hawthorn hedge in among the hazels, she either lies *perdue*, or is up a fir-tree almost as high as the magpie's or corby's nest.

Now—observe—shooting cats is one thing—and hunting them is another—and shooting and hunting, though they may be united, are here treated separately; so, in the present case, the cat makes her escape. But get her watching birds—young larks, perhaps, walking on the lea—or young linnets hanging on the broom—down by yonder in the holm lands, where there are no trees, except indeed that one glorious single tree, the Golden Oak, and he is guarded by Glowerer, and then what a most capital chase! Stretching herself up with crooked back, as if taking a yawn—off she jumps, with tremendous spangs, and tail, thickened with fear and anger, perpendicular. Youf—youf—youf—go the terriers—head over heels perhaps in their fury—and are not long in turning her—and bringing her to bay at the hedge-root, all ablaze and abristle. A she-devil incarnate!—Hark—all at once now strikes up a trio—Catalani caterwauling the treble—Glowerer taking the bass—and Tearer the tenor—a cruel concert cut short by a squalling throttler. Away—away along the holm—and over the knowe—and into the wood—for lo! the gudewife, brandishing a besom, comes flying demented without her mutch, down to the murder of her tabby,—her son, a stout stripling, is seen skirting the potatoe field to intercept our flight,—and, most formidable of all foes, the Man of the House himself, in his shirt sleeves and flail in his hand, bolts from the barn, down the croft, across the burn, and up the brae, to cut us off from the Manse. The hunt's up—and 'tis a capital steeple-chase. Disperse—disperse! Down the hill, Jack—up the hill, Gill—dive the dell, Kit—thread the wood, Pat—a hundred yards start is a great matter—a stern chase is always a long chase—schoolboys are generally in prime wind—the old man begins to puff, and blow, and snort, and put his paws to his paunch—the son is thrown out by a double of dainty Davy's—and the "sair begrutten mither" is gathering up the torn and tattered remains of Tortoise-shell Tabby, and invoking the vengeance of heaven and earth on her pitiless murderers. Some slight relief to her bursting and breaking heart, to vow that she will make the minister hear of it on the deafest side of his head,—ay, even if she have to break in upon him sitting on Saturday night, getting aff by rote his fushionless sermon, in his ain study.

Now, gentle reader, again observe, that though we have now described, *con amore*, a most cruel case of cat-killing, in which we certainly did play a most aggravated part, some Sixty Years' since, far indeed are we from recommending such wanton barbarity to the rising generation. We are not inditing a homily on humanity to animals, nor have we been appointed to succeed the Rev. Dr Somerville of

Currie, the great Patentee of the Safety Double Bloody Barrel, to preach the annual Gibsonian sermon on that subject—we are simply stating certain matters of fact, illustrative of the rise and progress of the love of pastime in the soul, and leave our subscribers to draw the moral. But may we be permitted to say, that the naughtiest schoolboys often make the most pious men; that it does not follow, according to the wise saws and modern instances of prophetic old women of both sexes, that he who in boyhood has worried a cat with terriers, will, in manhood, commit murder on one of his own species; or that peccadilloes are the progenitors of capital crimes. Nature allows to growing lads a certain range of wickedness, *sans peur et sans reproche*. She seems, indeed, to whistle into their ear, to mock ancient females—to laugh at Quakers—to make mouths at a decent man and his wife riding double to church—the matron's thick legs ludicrously bobbing from the pillion kept firm on Dobbin's rump by her bottom, "*ponderibus librata suis*,"—to tip the wink to young women during sermon on Sunday—and on Saturday, most impertinently to kiss them, whether they will or no, on high-road or by-path—and to perpetrate many other little nameless enormities.

No doubt, at the time, such things will wear rather a suspicious character; and the boy who is detected in the fact, must be punished by palmy, or privation, or imprisonment from play. But when punished, he is of course left free to resume his atrocious career; nor is it found that he sleeps a whit the less soundly, or shrieks for Heaven's mercy in his dreams. Conscience is not a craven. Groans belong to guilt. But fun and frolic, even when trespasses, are not guilt; and though a cat have nine lives, she has but one ghost—and that will haunt no house where there are terriers. What! surely if you have the happiness of being a parent, you would not wish your only boy—your son and heir—the blended image of his mother's loveliness and his father's manly beauty—to be a smug, smooth, prim, and proper prig, with his hair always combed down on his forehead, hands always unglauered, and without spot or blemish on his white-thread stockings? You would not wish him, surely, to be always moping and musing in a corner with a good book held close to his nose—botanizing with his maiden aunts—doing the pretty at tea-tables with tabbies, in handing round the short-bread, taking cups, and attending to the kettle—telling tales on all naughty boys and girls—laying up his penny a-week pocket-money in a penny-pig—keeping all his clothes neatly folded up in an untumbled drawer—having his own peg for his uncrushed hat—saying his prayers precisely as the clock strikes nine, while his companions are yet at blind man's buff—and puffed up every Sabbath-eve by the Parson's praises of his uncommon memory for a sermon—while all the other boys are scolded for having fallen asleep before Tenthly? You would not wish him, surely, to write sermons himself at his tender years, nay—even to be able to give you chapter and verse for every quotation from the Bible? No. Better far that he should begin early to break your heart, by taking no care even of his Sunday's clothes—blotting his copy—impiously pinning pieces of paper to the Dominie's tail, who to him was a second father—going to the fishing not only without leave but against orders—bathing in the forbidden pool, where the tailor was drowned—drying powder before the school-room fire, and blowing himself and two crack-skulled cronies to the ceiling—tying kettles to the tails of dogs—shooting an old woman's laying hen—galloping bare-backed shelties down stony steeps—climbing trees to the slenderest twig on which bird could build, and up the tooth-of-time-indented sides of old castles after wall-flowers and starlings—being run away with in carts by colts against turnpike gates—buying bad ballads from young gipsy-girls, who, on receiving a sixpence, give ever so many kisses in return, saying, "Take your change out of that"—on a borrowed broken-knee'd pony, with a switch tail—a devil for galloping—not only attending country-races for a saddle and collar, but entering for and winning the prize—dancing like a devil in barns at kirns—seeing his blooming partner home over the blooming heather, most perilous adventure of all in which virgin-puberty can be involved—fighting with a rival in corduroy breeches, and poll shorn beneath a cawp, till his eyes just twinkle

through the swollen blue—and, to conclude "this strange eventful history," once brought home at one o'clock in the morning, God knows whence or by whom, and found by the shrieking servant, sent out to listen for him in the moonlight, dead-drunk on the gravel at the gate!

Nay, start not, parental reader—nor, in the terror of anticipation, send, without loss of a single day, for your son at a distant academy, mayhap pursuing even such another career. Trust thou to the genial, gracious, and benign *vis medicatrix naturæ*. What though a few clouds bedim and deform "the innocent brightness of the new-born day?" Lo! how splendid the meridian ether! What though the frost seem to blight the beauty of the budding and blowing rose? Look how she revives beneath dew, rain, and sunshine, till your eyes can even scarce endure the lustre! What though the waters of the sullen fen seem to pollute the snow of the swan? They fall off from her expanded wings, and, pure as a spirit, she soars away, and descends into her own silver lake, stainless as the water-lilies floating round her breast. And shall the immortal soul suffer lasting contamination from the transient chances of its nascent state—in this, less favoured than material and immaterial things that perish? No—it is undergoing endless transmigrations,—every hour a being different, yet the same—dark stains blotted out—rueful inscriptions effaced—many an erasure of impressions once thought permanent, but soon altogether forgotten—and vindicating, in the midst of the earthly corruption in which it is immersed, its own celestial origin, character, and end, often flickering, or seemingly blown out like a taper in the wind, but all at once self-re-illumined, and shining in inextinguishable and self-fed radiance—like a star in heaven.

Therefore, bad as boys too often are—and a disgrace to the mother who bore them—the cradle in which they were rocked—the nurse by whom they were suckled—the schoolmaster by whom they were flogged—and the hangman by whom it was prophesied they were to be executed—wait patiently for a few years, and you will see them all transfigured—one into a preacher of such winning eloquence, that he almost persuades all men to be christians—another into a parliamentary orator, who commands the applause of listening senates, and

"Reads his history in a nation's eyes,"

—one into a painter, before whose thunderous heavens the storms of Poussin "pale their ineffectual fires"—another into a poet composing and playing, side by side, on his own peculiar harp, in a concert of vocal and instrumental music, with Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth—one into a great soldier, who, when Wellington is no more, shall, for the freedom of the world, conquer a future Waterloo—another who, hoisting his flag on the "mast of some tall ammiral," shall, like Eliab Harvey in the Temeraire, lay two three-deckers on board at once, and clothe some now nameless peak or promontory in immortal glory like that shining on Trafalgar.

Well, then, after cat-killing comes Coursing. Cats have a look of hares—kittens of leverets—and they are all called Pussy. The terriers are useful still, preceding the line like skirmishers, and with finest noses startling the mawkin from bracken-bush, or rush-bower, her sky-light garret in the old quarry, or her brown study in the brake. Away with your coursing on Marlborough downs, where huge hares are seen squatted from a distance, and the sleek dogs, disrobed of their gaudy trappings, are let slip by a Tryer, running for cups and collars before lords and ladies, and squires of high and low degree—a pretty pastime enough, no doubt, in its way, and a splendid cavalcade. But will it for a moment compare with the sudden and all-unlooked-for start of the "auld witch" from the bunweed-covered lea, when the throat of every pedestrian is privileged to cry halloo—halloo—halloo—and whip-cord-tailed greyhound and hairy lurcher, without any invidious distinction of birth or bearing, lay their deep breasts to the sward at the same moment to the same instinct, and brattle over the brae after the disappearing ears, laid flat at the first sight of her pursuers, as with retroverted eyes she turns her face to the mountain, and seeks the cairn only a little lower than the falcon's nest?

What signifies any sport in the open air, except in congenial scenery of earth and heaven? Go, thou gentle Cockney! and angle in the New Ri-

ver;—but, bold Englishman, come with us and try a salmon-cast in the old Tay. Go, thou gentle Cockney! and course a suburban hare in the purlieus of Blackheath;—but, bold Englishman, come with us and course an animal that never heard a city-bell, by day a hare, by night an old woman, that loves the dogs she dreads, and, hunt her as you will with a leash and a half of lightfoots, still returns at dark to the same form in the turf-dike of the garden of the mountain cottage. The children who love her as their own eyes—for she has been as a pet about the family, summer and winter, since that chubby-cheeked urchin, of some five years old, first began to swing in his self-rocking cradle—will scarcely care to see her started—nay, one or two of the wickedest among them will join in the halloo—for often, ere this, "has she cheated the very jowlers, and lauched ower her shouther at the lang dowgs walloping ahint her, sair forfaquhen up the benty brae—and it's no the day that she's gaun to be killed by Rough Robin, or smooth Spring, or the red Bick, or the hairy Lurcher—though a' fowr be let lowse on her at ance, and ye surround her or she rise." What are your great big fat lazy English hares, ten or twelve pounds and upwards, who have the food brought to their very mouth in preserves, and are out of breath with five minutes scamper among themselves—to the middle-sized, hard-hipped, wiry-backed, steel-legged, long-winded mawkins of Scotland, that scorn to taste a leaf of a single cabbage in the wee moorland yardie that shelters them, but prey in distant fields, take a breathing every gloaming along the mountain-breast, untired as young eagles ringing the sky for pastime, and before the dogs seem not so much scouring for life as for pleasure, with such an air of freedom, liberty, and independence, do they fling up the moss, and cock their fuds in the faces of their pursuers. Yet stanch are they to the spine—strong in bone, and sound in bottom—see, see how Tickler clears that twenty-feet moss-hag at a single spang like a bird—tops that hedge that would turn any hunter that ever stabled in Melton Mowbray—and then, at full speed northward, moves as upon a pivot within his own length, and close upon his haunches, without losing a foot, off within a point of due south. A kennel! He never was and never will be in a kennel all his free joyful days. He has walked—and run—and leaped and swam about—at his own will—ever since he was nine days old—and he would have done so sooner had he had any eyes. None of your stinking cracklets for him—he takes his meals with the family, sitting at the right hand of the master's eldest son. He sleeps in any bed of the house he chooses. And though no Methodist, he goes every third Sunday to church. That is the education of a Scottish greyhound—and the consequence is, that you may pardonably mistake him for a deer dog from Badenoch or Lochaber, and no doubt in the world that he would rejoice in a glimpse of the antlers on the weather gleam,

> "Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
> To his hills that encircle the sea."

This may be called roughing it—slovenly—coarse—rude—artless—unscientific. But we say no—it is your only coursing. Gods! with what a bounding bosom the schoolboy salutes the dawning of the cool—clear—crisp, yes, crisp October morn,—for there has been a slight frost, and the almost leafless hedge-rows are all glittering with rime,—and, little time lost at dress or breakfast, crams the luncheon into his pouch—and away to the Trysting-hill Farm-House, which he fears the gamekeeper and his grews will have left ere he can run across the two long Scotch miles of moor between him and his joy! With step elastic, he feels flying along the sward as from a spring-board; like a roe, he clears the burns, and bursts his way through the brakes; panting not from breathlessness but anxiety, he lightly leaps the garden fence without a pole, and lo! the green jacket of one huntsman, the red jacket of another, on the plat before the door, and two or three tall raw-boned poachers—and there is mirth and music, fun and frolic, and the very soul of enterprise, adventure, and desperation, in that word—while tall and graceful stand the black, the brindled, and the yellow breed, with keen yet quiet eyes, prophetic of their destined prey, and though motionless now as stone-statues of hounds at the feet of Meleager, soon

to launch like lightning at the loved halloo!

Out comes the gudewife with her own bottle from the press in the spence, with as big a belly and broad a bottom as her own, and they are no trifle,—for the worthy woman has been making much beef for many years, is, moreover, in the family way, and surely this time there will be twins, at least—and pours out a canty calker for each crowing crony, beginning with the gentle, and ending with the semple, that is our and herself; and better speerit never steamed in sma'-still. She offers another with "hinny," by way of Athole brose; but it is put off till evening, for coursing requires a clear head, and the same sobriety then adorned our youth, that now dignifies our old age. The gudeman, although an elder of the kirk, and with as grave an aspect as suits that solemn office, needs not much persuasion to let the flail rest for one day, anxious though he be to shew the first aits in the market; and donning his broad blue bonnet, and the shortest-tailed auld coat he can find, and taking his kent in his hand, he gruffly gives Wully his orders for a' things about the place, and sets off with the younkers for a holiday. Not a man on earth who has not his own pastime, depend on't, austere as he may look; and 'twould be well for this wicked world if no elder in it had a "sin that maist easily beset him," worse than what Gibby Watson's wife used to call his "awfu' fondness for the Grews!"

And who that loves to walk or wander over the green earth, except, indeed, it merely be some sonnetteer or ballad-monger, if he had time and could afford it, and lived in a tolerably open country, would not keep, at the very least, three greyhounds? No better eating than a hare, though old blockhead Burton—and he was a blockhead, if blockhead ever there was one in this world—in his Anatomy, chooses to call it melancholy meat. Did he ever, by way of giving dinner a fair commencement, swallow a tureen of hare-soup, with half-a-peck of mealy potatoes? If ever he did—and notwithstanding called hare melancholy meat, there can be no occasion whatever for wishing him any farther punishment. If he never did—then he was on earth the most unfortunate of men. England—as you love us and yourself—cultivate hare-soup, without for a moment dreaming of giving up roasted hare well stuffed with stuffing, jelly sauce being handed round on a large trencher. But there is no such thing as melancholy meat—either fish, flesh, or fowl—provided only there be enough of it. Otherwise, the daintiest dish drives you to despair. But independently of spit, pot, and pan, what delight in even daunering about the home-farm seeking for a hare! It is quite an art or science. You must consult not only the wind and weather of to-day, but of the night before—and of every day and night back to last Sunday, when probably you were prevented by the rain from going to church. Then hares shift the sites of their country seats every season. This month they love the fallow-field,—that, the stubble—this, you will see them, almost without looking for them, big and brown on the bare stony upland lea—that, you must have a hawk's eye in your head to discern, discover, detect them, like birds in their nests, embowered below the bunweed or the bracken—they choose to spend this week in a wood impervious to wet or wind—that, in a marsh too plashy for the plover—now you may depend on finding madam at home in the sulks within the very heart of a bramble-bush or dwarf black-thorn thicket, while the squire cocks his fud at you from the top of a knowe open to blasts from all the airts——in short, he who knows at all times where to find a hare, even if he knew not one single thing else but the way to his mouth, cannot be called an ignorant man—is probably a better informed man in the long run than the friend on his right, discoursing about the Turks, the Greeks, the Portugals, and all that sort of thing, giving himself the lie, on every arrival of his daily paper. We never yet knew an old courser, (him of the Sporting Annals included,) who was not a man both of abilities and virtues. But where were we? at the Trysting-hill Farm-House, jocularly called, Hunger-them-Out.

Line is formed, and with measured steps we march towards the hills—for we ourselves are the schoolboy, bold, bright, and blooming as the rose—fleet of foot almost as the very antelope—Oh! now, alas! dim and withered as a stalk from which winter has swept

all the blossoms,—slow as the sloth along the ground—spindle-shanked as a lean and slippered pantaloon !

" O heaven ! that from our bright and shining years
Age would but take the things youth heeded not !"

An old shepherd meets us on the long sloping rushy ascent to the hills—and putting his brown withered finger to his gnostic nose, intimates that She is in her old form behind the dike—and the noble dumb animals, with pricked-up ears and brandished tail, are aware that her hour is come. Plash, plash through the marsh, and then on the dry furze beyond, you see her large dark-brown eyes—Soho, soho, soho—Halloo, halloo, halloo—for a moment the seemingly horned creature appears to dally with the danger, and to linger ere she lays her lugs on her shoulder, and away, like thoughts pursuing thoughts—away fly hare and hounds towards the mountain.

Stand all still for a minute—for not a bush the height of our knee to break our view—and is not that brattling burst up the brae " beautiful exceedingly," and sufficient to chain in admiration the beatings of the rudest gazer's heart ? Yes ; of all beautiful sights—none more, none so much so, as the miraculous motion of a four-footed wild animal, changed at once from a seeming inert sod or stone, into flight fleet as that of the falcon's wing ! Instinct against instinct ! fear and ferocity in one flight ! Pursuers and pursued bound together, in every turning and twisting of their career, by the operation of two headlong passions ! Now they are all three upon her—and she dies ! No ! glancing aside, like a bullet from a wall, she bounds almost at a right angle from her straight course—and, for a moment, seems to have made good her escape. Shooting headlong one over the other, all three, with erected tails, suddenly bring themselves up—like racing barks when down goes the helm, and one after another, bowsprit and boom almost entangled, rounds the buoy, and again bears up on the starboard tack upon a wind,—and in a close line—head to heel—so that you might cover them all with a sheet in slips of the Magazine—again, all open-mouthed on her haunches, seem to drive, and go with her over the cliff.

We are all on foot—and pray what horse could gallop through among all these quagmires, over all the hags in these peat-mosses, over all the water-cressy and puddocky ditches sinking soft on hither and thither side, even to the two-legged leaper's ankle or knee—up that hill on the perpendicular strewn with flint-shivers—down these loose-hanging cliffs—through that brake of old stunted birches with stools hard as iron—over that mile of quaking muir where the plover breeds—and finally—up—up—up to where the dwarfed heather dies away among the cinders, and in winter you might mistake a flock of ptarmigan for a patch of snow ?

The thing is impossible—so we are all on foot—and the fleetest keeper that ever flew in Scotland shall not in a run of three miles give us twenty yards. " Ha ! Peter, the wild boy, how are you off for wind ?"—we exultingly exclaim, in giving Red-jacket the go-by on the bent. But see—see—they are bringing her back again down the Red Mount—glancing aside, she throws them all three out—yes, all three, and few enow too, though fair play be a jewel—and ere they can recover, she is a-head a hundred yards up the hill. There is a beautiful trial of bone and bottom ! Now one, and then another, takes almost imperceptibly the lead—but she steals away from them, inch by inch—beating them all blind—and, suddenly disappearing—Heaven knows how—leaves them all in the lurch. With out-lolling tongues, hanging heads, panting sides, and drooping tails, they come one by one down the steep, looking somewhat sheepish, and then lie down together on their sides as if indeed about to die in defeat. She has carried away her cocked fud unscathed for the third time, from Three of the Best in all broad Scotland—nor can there any longer be the smallest doubt in the world, in the minds of the most sceptical, that she is—what all the country-side have long known her to be—a Witch.

From cat-killing to Coursing, we have seen that the transition is easy in the order of nature—and so is it from coursing to Fox-Hunting—by means, however, of a small intermediate step—the Harriers. Musical is a pack of harriers as a peal of bells. How melodiously they ring changes in

the woods, and in the hollow of the mountains! A level country, we have already consigned to merited contempt (though there is no rule without an exception; and, as we shall see by and by, there is one too here), and commend us, even with harriers, to the ups and downs of the pastoral or silvan heights. If old or indolent, take your station on a heaven-kissing hill, and hug the echoes to your heart. Or, if you will ride, then let it be on a nimble galloway of some fourteen hands, that can gallop a good pace on the road, and keep sure footing on bridle-paths, or upon the pathless braes—and by judicious horsemanship, you may meet the pack at many a loud-mouthed burst, and haply be not far out at the death. But the schoolboy—and the shepherd—and the whipper-in—as each hopes for favour from his own Diana—let them all be on foot—and have studied the country for every imaginable variety that can occur in the winter's campaign. One often hears of a cunning old fox—but the cunningest old fox is a simpleton to the most guileless young hare. What deceit in every double! What calculation in every squat! Of what far more complicated than Cretan Labyrinth is the creature, now hunted for the first time, sitting in the centre! a-listening the baffled roar! Now into the pool she plunges to free herself from the fatal scent that lures on death. Now down the torrent course she runs and leaps, to cleanse it from her poor paws, fur-protected from the sharp flints that lame the fiends that so sorely beset her, till many limp along in their own blood. Now along the coping of stone walls she crawls and scrambles—and now ventures from the wood along the frequented highroad, heedless of danger from the front, so that she may escape the horrid growling in the rear. Now into the pretty little garden of the wayside, or even the village cot, she creeps, as if to implore protection from the innocent children, or the nursing mother. Yes, she will even seek refuge in the sanctuary of the cradle. The terrier drags her out from below a tombstone, and she dies in the churchyard. The hunters come reeking and reeling on, we ourselves among the number—and to the winding horn the echoes reply from the walls of the house of worship—and now, in momentary contrition,

> "Drops a sad, serious tear upon our playful pen!"

and we bethink ourselves—alas, all in vain—for

> "*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*"—

of these solemn lines of the poet of peace and humanity:—

> "One lesson, reader, let us two divide,
> Taught by what nature shews and what conceals,
> Never to blend our pleasure and our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels."

It is next to impossible to reduce fine poetry to practice—so let us conclude with a panegyric on Fox-Hunting. The passion for this pastime is the very strongest that can possess the heart—nor, of all the heroes of antiquity, is there one to our imagination more poetical than Nimrod. His whole character is given, and his whole history in two words—Mighty Hunter. That he hunted the fox is not probable—for the sole aim and end of his existence was—not to exterminate—that would have been cutting his own throat—but to thin man-devouring wild beasts—the Pards—with Leo at their head. But in a land like this, where not even a wolf has existed for centuries—nor a wild boar—the same spirit, that would have driven the British youth on the tusk and paw of the Lion and the Tiger, mounts them in scarlet on such steeds as never neighed before the Flood, nor "summered high in bliss" on the sloping pastures of undeluged Ararat—and gathers them together in gallant array on the edge of the cover,

> "When first the hunter's startling horn is heard
> Upon the golden hills."

What a squadron of cavalry! What fiery eyes and flaming nostrils—betokening with what ardent passion the noble animals will revel in the chase! Bay, brown, black, dun, chestnut, sorrel, grey—of all shades and hues—and every courser distinguished by his own peculiar character of shape and form,—yet all blending harmoniously as they crown the mount; so that a painter would only have to group

and colour them as they stand, nor lose, if able to catch them, one of the dazzling lights or deepening shadows streamed on them from that sunny, yet not unstormy sky.

You read in books of travels and romances, of Barbs and Arabs galloping in the desert—and well doth Sir Walter speak of Saladin at the head of his Saracenic chivalry; but take our word for it, great part of all such descriptions are mere falsehood or fudge. Why in the devil's name should dwellers in the desert always be going at full speed? And how can that full speed be any thing more than a slow heavy hand-gallop at the best, the barbs being up to the belly at every stroke? They are always, it is said, in high condition—but we, who know something about horse flesh, give that assertion the lie. They have seldom any thing either to eat or drink; are lean as church-mice; and covered with clammy sweat before they have trotted a league from the tent. And then such a set of absurd riders, with knees up to their noses, like so many tailors riding to Brentford, *viâ* the deserts of Arabia! Such bits, such bridles, and such saddles! But the whole set-out, rider and ridden, accoutrements and all, is too much for one's gravity, and must occasion a frequent laugh to the wild ass as he goes braying unharnessed by. But look there! Arabian blood, and British bone! Not bred in and in to the death of all the fine strong animal spirits—but blood intermingled and interfused by twenty crosses, nature exulting in each successive produce, till her power can no farther go, and in yonder glorious grey,

> "Gives the world assurance of a horse!"
> "A horse! A horse! A kingdom for a horse!"

Form the Three Hundred into squadron, or squadrons, and in the hand of each rider a sabre alone, none of your lances, all bare his breast but for the silver-laced blue, the gorgeous uniform of the Hussars of England,—confound all cuirasses and cuirassiers,—let the trumpet sound a charge, and ten thousand of the proudest of the Barbaric chivalry be opposed with spear and scimitar,—and through their snow-ranks will the Three Hundred go like thaw—splitting them into dissolution with the noise of thunder.

The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it; and where, we ask, were the British cavalry ever overthrown? And how could the great north-country horse-coupers perform their contracts, but for the triumphs of the Turf? Blood—blood there must be, either for strength, or speed, or endurance. The very heaviest cavalry—the Life Guards and the Scots Greys, and all other dragoons, must have blood. But without racing and fox-hunting, where could it be found? Such pastimes nerve one of the arms of the nation when in battle; but for them 'twould be palsied. What better education, too, not only for the horse, but his rider, before playing a bloodier game in his first war-campaign? Thus he becomes demicorpsed with the noble animal; and what easy, equable motion to him, is afterwards a charge over a wide level plain, with nothing in the way but a few regiments of flying Frenchmen! The hills and dales of merry England have been the best riding-school to her gentlemen—her gentlemen who have not lived at home at ease—but with Paget, and Stewart, and Seymour, and Cotton, and Somerset, and Vivian, have left their hereditary halls, and all the peaceful pastimes pursued among the silvan scenery, to try the mettle of their steeds, and cross swords with the vaunted Gallic chivalry; and still have they been in the shock victorious; witness the skirmish that astonished Napoleon at Saldanha—the overthrow that uncrowned him at Waterloo!

"Well, do you know, that after all you have said, Mr North, I cannot understand the passion and the pleasure of fox-hunting. It seems to me both cruel and dangerous."

Cruelty! Is there cruelty in laying the rein on their necks, and delivering them up to the transport of their high condition—for every throbbing vein is visible—at the first full burst of that maddening cry, and letting loose to their delight the living thunderbolts? Danger? What danger but of breaking their own legs, necks, or backs, and those of their riders? And what right have you to complain of that, lying all your length, a huge hulking fellow, snoring and snorting half asleep on a sofa, sufficient to sicken a whole street? What though it be but a smallish, reddish-brown, sharp-nosed animal, with pricked-up ears, and pas-

sionately fond of poultry, that they pursue? After the first Tallyho, Reynard is rarely seen, till he is run in upon—once perhaps in the whole run, skirting a wood, or crossing a common. It is an Idea that is pursued, on a whirlwind of horses to a storm of canine music,—worthy, both, of the largest lion that ever leaped among a band of Moors, sleeping at midnight by an extinguished fire on the African sands. There is, we verily believe it, nothing Foxy in the Fancy of one man in all that glorious field of Three Hundred. Once off and away—while wood and welkin rings—and nothing is felt—nothing is imaged in that hurricane flight, but scorn of all obstructions, dikes, ditches, drains, brooks, palings, canals, rivers, and all the impediments reared in the way of so many rejoicing madmen, by nature, art, and science, in an inclosed, cultivated, civilized, and Christian country. There they go—prince and peer, baronet and squire,—the nobility and gentry of England, the flower of the men of the earth, each on such steed as Pollux never reined, nor Philip's warlike son—for could we imagine Bucephalus here, ridden by his own tamer, Alexander would be thrown out during the very first burst, and glad to find his way dismounted to a village alehouse for a pail of meal and water. Hedges, trees, groves, gardens, orchards, woods, farm-houses, huts, halls, mansions, palaces, spires, steeples, towers, and temples, all go wavering by, each demigod seeing, or seeing them not, as his winged steed skims or labours along, to the swelling or sinking music, now loud as a near regimental band, now faint as an echo. Far and wide over the country are dispersed the scarlet runners—and a hundred villages pour forth their admiring swarms, as the main current of the chase roars by, or disparted runlets float wearied and all astray, lost at last in the perplexing woods. Crash goes the top-timber of the five-barred gate—away over the ears flies the ex-rough-rider in a surprising somerset—after a succession of stumbles, down is the gallant Grey on knees and nose, making sad work among the fallow—Friendship is a fine thing, and the story of Damon and Pythias most affecting indeed—but Pylades eyes Orestes on his back sorely drowned in sludge, and tenderly leaping over him as he lies, claps his hand to his ear, and with a "hark forward, tan-tivy!" leaves him to remount, lame and at leisure—and ere the fallen has risen and shook himself, is round the corner of the white village-church, down the dell, over the brook, and close on the heels of the straining pack, all a-yell up the hill crowned by the Squire's Folly. "Every man for himself, and God for us all," is the devout and ruling apothegm of the day. If death befall, what wonder? since man and horse are mortal; but death loves better a wide soft bed with quiet curtains and darkened windows in a still room, the clergyman in the one corner with his prayers, and the physician in another with his pills, making assurance doubly sure, and preventing all possibility of the dying Christian's escape. Let oak branches smite the too slowly stooping skull, or rider's back not timely levelled with his steed's; let faithless bank give way, and bury in the brook; let hidden drain yield to fore feet and work a sudden wreck; let old coal-pit, with briery mouth, betray; and roaring river bear down man and horse, to banks unscaleable by the very Welsh goat; let duke's or earl's son go sheer over a quarry fifty feet deep, and as many high; yet, "without stop or stay, down the rocky way," the hunter train flows on; for the music grows fiercer and more savage,—lo! all that remains together of the pack, in far more dreadful madness than hydrophobia, leaping out of their skins, under insanity from the scent, now strong as stink, for Vulpes can hardly now make a crawl of it; and ere he, they, whipper-in, or any one of the other three demoniacs, have time to look in one another's splashed faces, he is torn into a thousand pieces, gobbled up in the general growl; and smug, and smooth, and dry, and warm, and cozey, as he was an hour and twenty-five minutes ago exactly, in his furze bush in the cover,—he is now piece-meal in about thirty distinct stomachs; and is he not, pray, well off for sepulture?

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS SPORTING JACKET.

FYTTE SECOND.

We are always unwilling to speak of ourselves, lest we should appear egotistical—for egotism we detest. Yet the sporting world must naturally be anxious to know something of our early history—and their anxiety shall therefore be now assuaged. The truth is, that we enjoyed some rare advantages and opportunities in our boyhood regarding field sports, and grew up, even from that first great era in every Lowlander's life, Breeching-day, not only a fisher but a fowler; and it is necessary that we enter into some interesting details.

There had been from time immemorial, it was understood, in the Manse, a duck-gun of very great length, and a musket that, according to an old tradition, had been out both in the Seventeen and Forty-five. There were ten boys of us, and we succeeded by rotation to gun or musket, each boy retaining possession for a single day only; but then the shooting season continued all the year. They must have been of admirable materials and workmanship; for neither of them so much as once burst during the Seven Years' War. The musket, who, we have often since thought, must surely rather have been a blunderbuss in disguise, was a perfect devil for kicking when she received her discharge; so much so indeed, that it was reckoned creditable for the smaller boys not to be knocked down by the recoil. She had a very wide mouth—and was thought by us "an awfu' scatterer;" a qualification which we considered of the very highest merit. She carried any thing we chose to put into her—there still being of all her performances a loud and favourable report—balls, buttons, chucky stanes, slugs, or hail. She had but two faults—she had got addicted, probably in early life, to one habit of burning priming, and to another of hanging fire; habits of which it was impossible, for us at least, to break her by the most assiduous hammering of many a new series of flints; but such was the high place she justly occupied in the affection and admiration of us all, that faults like these did not in the least detract from her general character. Our delight when she did absolutely and positively and bonâ fide *go off*, was in proportion to the comparative rarity of that occurrence; and as to hanging fire—why we used to let her take her own time, contriving to keep her at the level as long as our strength sufficed, eyes shut perhaps, teeth clenched, face girning, and head slightly averted over the right shoulder, till Muckle-mou'd Meg, who, like most other Scottish females, took things leisurely, went off at last with an explosion like the blowing up of a rock.

The "Lang Gun," again, was of a much gentler disposition, and, instead of kicking, ran into the opposite extreme on being let off, inclining forwards as if she would follow the shot. We believe, however, this apparent peculiarity arose from her extreme length, which rendered it difficult for us to hold her horizontally—and hence the muzzle being attracted earthward, the entire gun appeared to leave the shoulder of the Shooter.—That such is the true theory of the phenomenon seems to be proved by this—that when the "Lang Gun" was, in the act of firing, laid across the shoulders of two boys standing about a yard the one before the other, she kicked every bit as well as the blunderbuss. Her lock was of a very peculiar construction. It was so contrived that, when on full cock, the dog-head, as we used to call it, stood back at least seven inches, and unless the flint was put in to a nicety, by pulling the trigger you by no means caused any uncovering of the pan, but things in general remained *in statu quo*—and there was perfect silence. She had a worm-eaten stock, into which the barrel seldom was able to get itself fairly inserted; and even with the aid of circumvoluting twine, 'twas always coggly. Thus too, the vizy (*Anglice* sight) generally inclined unduly to one side or the other, and was the cause of all of us every day hitting and hurting objects of whose existence even we were not aware, till alarmed by the lowing or the galloping of cattle on the hills; and we hear now the yell

of an old woman in black bonnet and red cloak, who shook her staff at us like a witch, with the blood running down the furrows of her face, and, with many oaths, maintained that she was murdered. The "Lang Gun" had certainly a strong vomit—and, with slugs or swan shot, was dangerous at two hundred yards to any living thing. Bob Laurie, at that distance, arrested the career of a mad dog—a single slug having been sent through the eye into the brain. We wonder if one or both of those companions of our boyhood be yet alive—or, like many other great guns that have since made more noise in the world, fallen a silent prey to the rust of oblivion!

Not a boy in the school had a game certificate—or, as it was called in the parish—"a leeshance." Nor, for a year or two, was such a permit necessary; as we confined ourselves almost exclusively to sparrows. Not that we had any personal animosity to the sparrow individually—on the contrary, we loved him, and had a tame one—a fellow of infinite fancy—with comb and wattles of crimson cloth like a game-cock. But their numbers, without number numberless, seemed to justify the humanest of boys in killing any quantity of sprauchs. Why, they would sometimes settle on the clipped half-thorn and half-beech hedge of the Manse garden in myriads, midge-like; and then out any two of us, whose day it happened to be, used to sally with Muckle-mou'd Meg and the Lang Gun, charged two hands and a finger; and, with a loud shout, startling them from their roost like the sudden casting of a swarm of bees, we let drive into the whirr—a shower of feathers was instantly seen swimming in the air, and flower-bed and onion-bed covered with scores of the mortally wounded old cocks with black heads, old hens with brown, and the pride of the eaves laid low before their first crop of pease! Never was there such a parish for sparrows. You had but to fling a stone into any stack-yard, and up rose a sprauch-shower. The thatch of every cottage was drilled by them like honey-combs. House-spouts were of no use in rainy weather—for they were all choked up by sprauch-nests. At each particular barn-door, when the farmers were at work, you might have thought you saw the entire sparrow-population of the parish. Seldom a Sabbath, during pairing, building, breeding, nursing, and training season, could you hear a single syllable of the sermon for their sakes, all a-huddle and a-chirp in the belfry and among the old loose slates. On every stercoraceous deposit on coach, cart, or bridle road, they were busy on grain or pulse; and, in spite of cur and cat, legions embrowned every cottage garden. Emigration itself in many million families would have left no perceptible void; and the inexterminable multitude would have laughed at the Plague.

The other small birds of the parish began to feel their security from our shot, and sung their best, unscared on hedge, bush, and tree. Perhaps, too, for sake of their own sweet strains, we spared the lyrists of Scotland, the linnet and the lark, the one in the yellow broom, the other beneath the rosy cloud—while there was ever a sevenfold red shield before Robin's breast, whether flitting silent as a falling leaf, or trilling his autumnal lay on the rigging or pointed gable-end of barn or byre. Now and then the large bunting, conspicuous on a top-twig, and proud of his rustic psalmody, tempted his own doom—or the cunning stone-chat, glancing about the old dikes, usually shot at in vain—or yellow hammer, under the ban of the national superstition, with a drop of the devil's blood beneath his pretty crest, pretty in spite of that cruel creed,—or green-finch, too rich in plumage for his poorer song,—or shilfa, the beautiful nest-builder, shivering his white-plumed wings in shade and sunshine, in joy the most rapturous, in grief the most despairing of all the creatures of the air,—or redpole balanced on the down of the thistle, or flower of the bunweed on the old clovery lea,—or haply twice seen in a season, the very goldfinch himself, a radiant and gorgeous spirit brought on the breeze from afar, and worthy, if only slightly wounded, of being enclosed within a silver cage from Fairy Land.

But we waxed more ambitious as we grew old—and then woe to the rookery on the elm-tree-grove! Down dropt the dark denizens in dozens, rebounding with a thud and a skraigh from the velvet moss, which under that umbrage formed firm floor for Tita-

nia's feet—while others kept dangling dead or dying by the claws, cheating the crusted pie, and all the blue skies above were intercepted by cawing clouds of distracted parents, now dipping down in despair almost within shot, and now, as if sick of this world, soaring away up into the very heavens, and disappearing to return no more—till sunset should bring silence, and the night-air roll off the horrid smell of sulphur from the desolated bowers; and then indeed would they come all flying back upon their strong instinct, like black-sailed barks before the wind, some from the depth of far-off fir-woods, where they had lain quaking at the ceaseless cannonade, some from the furrows of the new-brairded fields aloof on the uplands, some from deep dell close at hand, and some from the middle of the moorish wilderness.

Happiest of all human homes, beautiful Craig-Hall! For so even now dost thou appear to be—in the rich, deep, mellow, green light of imagination trembling on tower and tree—art thou yet undilapidated and undecayed, in thy old manorial solemnity almost majestical, though even then thou hadst long been tenanted but by a humble farmer's family—people of low degree? The evening-festival of the First Day of the Rooks—nay, scoff not at such an anniversary—was still held in thy ample kitchen—of old the bower of brave lords and ladies bright—while the harper, as he sung his song of love or war, kept his eyes fixed on her who sat beneath the deas. The days of chivalry were gone—and the days had come of curds and cream, and preferred by some people, though not by us, of cream-cheese. Old men and old women, widowers and widows, yet all alike cheerful and chatty at a great age, for often as they near the dead, how more life-like seem the living! Middle-aged men and middle-aged women, husbands and wives, those sedate with hair combed straight on their foreheads, sun-burnt faces, and horny hands established on their knees—these serene with countenances many of them not unlovely—comely all—and with arms decently folded beneath their matronly bosoms—as they sat in their holiday dresses, feeling as if the season of youth had hardly yet flown by, or were, on such a merry meeting, for a blink restored! Boys and virgins—those bold even in their bashfulness,—these blushing whenever eyes met eyes—nor would they—could they—have spoken in the hush to save their souls—yet ere the evening star arose, many a pretty maiden had, down-looking and playing with the hem of her garment, sung linnet-like her ain favourite auld Scottish sang! and many a sweet sang even then delighted Scotia's spirit, though Robin Burns was but a boy—walking mute among the wild flowers on the moor—nor aware of the immortal melodies soon to breathe from his impassioned heart!

Of all the year's holidays, not even excepting the First of May, this was the most delightful. The First of May, longed for so passionately, from the first peep of the primrose, sometimes came deformed with mist and cloud, or cheerless with whistling winds, or winter-like with a sudden fall of snow. And thus all our hopes were dashed—the roomy hay-waggon remained in its shed—the preparations made for us in the distant moorland farm-house were vain—the fishing-rods hung useless on the nails—and disconsolate schoolboys sat moping in corners, sorry, ashamed, and angry with Scotland's springs. But though the "leafy month of June" be frequently showery, it is almost always sunny too. Every half hour there is such a radiant blink that the young heart sings aloud for joy; summer rain makes the hair grow, and hats are of little or no use towards the Longest Day; there is something cheerful even in thunder, if it be not rather too near; the lark has not yet ceased altogether to sing, for he soars over his second nest, unappalled beneath the sablest cloud; the green earth repels from her refulgent bosom the blackest shadows, nor will suffer herself to be saddened in the fulness and brightness of her bliss; through the heaviest flood the blue skies will still be making their appearance with an impatient smile, and all the rivers and burns with the multitude of their various voices, sing praises unto heaven.

Therefore, bathing our feet in joy, we went bounding over the flowery fields and broomy braes to the grove-girdled Craig-Hall. During the long noisy day, we thought not of the coming evening, happy as we knew it was to be; and during the long and

almost as noisy evening, we forgot all the pastime of the day. Weeks before, had each of us engaged his partner for the first country-dance, by right his own, when supper came, and to sit close to him with her tender side, with waist at first stealthily arm-encircled, and at last boldly and almost with proud display. In the churchyard, before or after Sabbath-service, a word whispered into the ear of blooming and blushing rustic sufficed; or if that opportunity failed, the angler had but to step into her father's burn-side cottage, and with the contents of his basket, leave a tender request, and from behind the gable-end, carry away a word, a smile, a kiss, and a waving farewell.

Many a high-roofed hall have we, since those days, seen made beautiful with festoons and garlands, beneath the hand of taste and genius decorating, for some splendid festival, the abode of the noble expecting a still nobler guest. But oh! what pure bliss, and what profound, was then breathed into the bosom of boyhood from that glorious branch of hawthorn, in the chimney—itself almost a tree, so thick—so deep—so rich its load of blossoms,—so like its fragrance to something breathed from heaven—and so transitory in its sweetness too, that as she approached to inhale it, down fell many a snow-flake to the virgin's breath—in an hour all melted quite away! No broom that now-a-days grows on the brae, so yellow as the broom—the golden broom—the broom that seemed still to keep the hills in sunlight long after the sun himself had sunk—the broom in which we first found the lintwhite's nest—and of its petals, more precious than pearls, saw framed a wreath for the dark hair of that dark-eyed girl, an orphan, and melancholy even in her merriment—dark-haired and dark-eyed indeed, but whose forehead, whose bosom, were yet whiter than the driven snow. Green-houses—conservatories—orangeries—are exquisitely balmy still—and, in presence of these strange plants, one could believe that he had been transported to some rich foreign clime. But then we carry the burden of our years along with us—and that consciousness bedims the beauty of the blossoms, and makes mournful the balm as from flowers in some fair burial-place, breathing of the tomb. But oh! that Craig-Hall hawthorn! and oh! that Craig-Hall broom! they send their sweet rich scent so far into the hushed air of memory, that all the weary worn-out weaknesses of age drop from us like a garment, and even now—the flight of that swallow seems more aerial—more alive with bliss his clay-built nest—the ancient long-ago blue of the sky returns to heaven—not for many a many a long year have we seen so fair—so frail—so transparent and angel-mantle-looking a cloud! The very viol speaks—the very dance responds in Craig-Hall—this—this is the very Festival of the First Day of the Rooks—Mary Mather, the pride of the parish—the county—the land—the earth—is our partner—and long mayest thou, O moon! remain behind thy cloud—when the parting kiss is given—and the love-letter, at that tenderest moment, dropped into her bosom!

But we have lost the thread of our discourse, and must pause to search for it, even like a spinster of old, in the disarranged spindle of one of those pretty little wheels now heard no more in the humble ingle, hushed by machinery clink-clanking with power-looms in every town and city of the land. Another year, and we often found ourselves—alone—or with one chosen comrade,—for even then we began to have our sympathies and antipathies, not only with roses and lilies, or to cats and cheese, but with or to the eyes, and looks, and foreheads, and hair, and voices, and motions, and silence, and rest of human beings, loving them with a perfect love—we must not say hating them with a perfect hatred,—alone or with a friend, among the mists and marshes of moors, in silent and stealthy search of the solitary curlew, that is, the Whawp! At first sight of his long bill aloft above the rushes, we could hear our heart beating quick time in the desert; at the turning of his neck, the body being yet still, our heart ceased to beat altogether—and we grew sick with hope when near enough to see the wild beauty of his eye. Unfolded, like a thought, was then the brown silence of the shy creature's ample wings—and with a warning cry he wheeled away upon the wind, unharmed by our ineffectual hail, seen falling far short of the deceptive distance, while his mate that had lain couched—perhaps in her nest of eggs

or young, exposed yet hidden—within killing range, half-running, half-flying, flapped herself into flight, simulating lame leg and wounded wing; and the two disappearing together behind the hills, left us in our vain reason thwarted by instinct, to resume with live hopes rising out of the ashes of the dead, our daily-disappointed quest over the houseless mosses. Yet now and then to our steady aim—the bill of the whawp disgorged blood—and as we felt the feathers in our hand, and from tip to tip eyed the outstretched wings, Fortune, we felt, had no better boon to bestow, life no brighter bliss, earth no greater triumph.

Hush—stoop—kneel—crawl—for by all our hopes of mercy—a heron—a heron! An eel dangling across his bill! And now the water-serpent has disappeared! From morning-dawn hath the fowl been fishing here—perhaps on that very stone—for it is one of those days when eels are a-roaming in the shallows, and the heron knows that they are as likely to pass by that stone as any other,—from morning dawn—and 'tis now past meridian, half past two! Be propitious, oh ye Fates! and never—never—shall he again fold his wings on the edge of his gaping nest, on the trees that overtop the only tower left of the old castle. Another eel! and we too can crawl silent as the sinuous serpent. Flash! Bang! over he goes dead—no not dead—but how unlike that unavailing flapping, as head over heels he goes spinning over the tarn, to the serene unsettling of himself from sod or stone, when, his hunger sated, and his craw filled with fish for his far-off brood, he used to lift his blue bulk into the air, and with long depending legs, at first floated away like a wearied thing, but soon, as his plumes felt the current of air homewards flowing, urged swifter and swifter his easy course—laggard and lazy no more—leaving leagues behind him, ere you had shifted your motion in watching his cloudlike career, soon invisible among the woods!

The disgorged eels are returned—some of them alive—to their native element—the mud. And the dead heron floats away before small winds and waves into the middle of the tarn. Where is he—the matchless Newfoundlander—*nomine gaudens* Fro, because white as the froth of the sea? Off with a colley. So—stript with the first intention, we plunge from a rock, and,

> "Though in the scowl of heaven, the tarn
> Grows dark as we are swimming,"

Draco-like, breast-high, we stem the surge, and with the heron floating before us, return to the heather-fringed shore, and give three cheers, that startle the echoes asleep from year's end to year's end, in the Grey-Linn Cairn.

Into the silent twilight of many a wild rock-and-river-scene, beautiful and bewildering as the fairy work of sleep, will he find himself brought, who knows where to seek the heron in all his solitary haunts. For often when the moors are storm-swept, and his bill would be baffled by the waves of tarn and loch, he sails away from his swinging tree, and through some open glade dipping down to the secluded stream, alights within the calm chasm, and folds his wings in the breezeless air. The clouds are driving fast aloft in a carry from the sea—but they are all reflected in that pellucid pool—so perfect the cliff-guarded repose. A better day—a better hour—a better minute for fishing could not have been chosen by Mr Heron, who is already swallowing a par. Another—and another—but something falls from the rock into the water—and, suspicious, though unalarmed, he leisurely addresses himself to a short flight up the channel—round that tower-like cliff standing strangely by itself, with a crest of self-sown flowering shrubs,—and lo! another vista, if possible, just a degree more silent—more secluded—more solitary—beneath the mid-day night of woods! To shoot thee there—would be as impious as to have killed a sacred Ibis stalking in the shade of an Egyptian temple. Yet it is as fortunate for thee—folded up there, as thou art, as motionless as thy sitting-stone—that at this moment we have no fire-arms—for we had heard of a fish-like trout in that very pool, and this—O Heron—is no gun but a rod. Thou believest thyself to be in utter solitude—no sportsman but thyself in the chasm—for the otter, thou knowest, loves not such very rocky rivers—and fish with bitten shoulder seldom lies here—that epicure's tasted prey. Yet within ten yards of thee lies couched thy enemy, who once had a design upon thee, even in the very egg. Our mental

soliloquy disturbs not thy watchful sense—for the air stirs not when the soul thinks, or feels, or fancies about man, bird, or beast. We feel, O Heron! that there is not only humanity—but poetry, in our being. Imagination haunts and possesses us in our pastimes, colouring them even with serious—solemn—and sacred light—and thou assuredly hast something priest-like and ancient in thy look—and about thy light-blue plume-robes, which the very elements admire and reverence—the waters wetting them not—nor the winds ruffling—and moreover we love thee—Heron—for the sake of that old Castle, beside whose gloom thou uttered'st thy first feeble cry! A Ruin nameless—traditionless—sole, undisputed property of Oblivion!

Hurra—Heron—hurra! why, that was an awkward tumble—and very nearly had we hold of thee by the tail! Didst thou take us for a water-kelpie? A fright like that is enough to leave thee an idiot all the rest of thy life. 'Tis a wonder thou didst not go into fits—but thy nerves must be sorely shaken—and what an account of this adventure will certainly be shrieked unto thy mate, to the music of the creaking boughs! Not, even wert thou a secular bird of ages, wouldst thou ever once again revisit this dreadful place. For fear has a wondrous memory in all dumb creatures—and rather wouldst thou see thy nest die of famine, than seek for fish in this man-monster-haunted pool! Farewell! farewell!

Many are the hundreds of hill and mountain-lochs to us as familiarly known round all their rushy or rocky margins, as that pond there in the garden of Buchanan Lodge. That pond has but one goose and one gander, and nine goslings—about half-a-dozen trouts, if indeed they have not sickened and died of Nostalgia, missing in the stillness the gurgle of their native Tweed—and a brace of perch, now nothing but prickle. But the lochs—the hill, the mountain lochs now in our mind's eye and our mind's ear,—heaven and earth! the bogs are black with duck, teal, and wigeon,—up there comes for food or play to the holla of the winds, a wedge of wild geese, piercing the marbled heavens with clamour—and lo! in the very centre of the Mediterranean, the Royal Family of the Swans! Up springs the silver sea-trout in the sunshine—see Sir Humphry!—a salmon—a salmon fresh run in love and glory from the sea!

For how many admirable articles are there themes in the above short paragraph! Duck, teal, and wigeon, wild geese, swans! And first, duck, teal, and wigeon. There they are, all collected together, without regard to party politics, in their very best attire, as thick as the citizens of Edinburgh, their wives, sweethearts, and children, on the Calton Hill, on the first day of the King's visit to Scotland. As thick, but not so steady—for what swimming about in circles—what ducking and diving is there! all the while accompanied with a sort of low, thick, gurgling, not unsweet, nor unmusical quackery, the expression of the intense joy of feeding, freedom, and play. Oh! Muckle-mou'd Meg! neither thou nor the "Lang Gun" are of any avail here—for that old drake, who, together with his shadow, on which he seems to be sitting, is almost as big as a boat on the water, the outermost landward sentinel, near as he seems to be in the deception of the clear frosty air, is yet better than three hundred yards from the shore—and, at safe distance, cocks his eye at the fowler. There is no boat on the loch, and knowing that, how tempting in its unapproachable reeds and rushes, and hut-crested knoll—a hut built perhaps by some fowler, in the olden time—yon central Isle! But be still as a shadow—for, lo! a batch of Whig-seceders, paddling all by themselves towards that creek—and as surely as our name is Christopher, in another quarter of an hour, they will consist of killed, wounded, and missing. On our belly—with unhatted head just peering over the knowe—and Muckle mou'd Meg slowly and softly stretched out on the rest, so as not to rustle a windle-strae, we lie motionless as a mawkin, till the coterie collects together for simultaneous dive down to the aquatic plants and insects of the fast-shallowing bay, and just as they are upon the turn with their tails, a single report, loud as a volley, scatters the unsparing slugs about their doups, and the still clear water, in sudden disturbance, is afloat with scattered feathers, and stained with blood.

Now is the time for the snow-white, here and there ebon-spotted Fro—who with burning eyes has lain couched like a spaniel, his quick breath ever and anon trembling on a passionate whine, to bounce up, as if discharged by a catapulta, and first with immense and enormous high-and-far-leaps, and then, fleet as any greyhound, with a breast-brushing brattle down the brae, to dash, all fours, like a flying squirrel fearlessly from his tree, many yards into the bay with one splashing and momentarily disappearing spang, and then, head and shoulders and broad line of back and rudder tail, all elevated above or level with the wavy water line, to mouth first that murdered mawsee of a mallard, lying as still as if she had been dead for years, with her round, fat, brown belly towards heaven—then that old Drake, in a somewhat similar posture, but in more gorgeous apparel, his belly being of a pale grey, and his back delicately pencilled and crossed with numberless waved dusky lines—precious prize to one skilled like us in the angling art—next—nobly done, glorious Fro—that cream-coloured crown of the head wigeon, with bright rufous chestnut breast, separated from the neck by beautifully waved ash-brown and white lines, while our mind's eye feasteth on the indescribable and changeable green beauty-spot of his wings—and now, if we mistake not, a Golden Eye, best described by his name—finally, that beautiful little duck the Teal; yes, beautiful in its delicately pencilled spots as an Indian shell, and when kept to an hour, roasted to a minute, gravied in its own wild richness, with some few other means and appliances to boot, carved finely—most finely—by razor-like knife, in a hand skilful to dissect and cunning to divide—tasted by a tongue and palate both healthily pure as the dewy petal of a morning rose—swallowed by a gullet felt gradually to be extending itself in its intense delight—and received into a stomach yawning with greed and gratitude,—Oh! surely the thrice-blessed of all web-footed birds, the apex of Apician luxury, and able, were any thing on the face of this feeble earth able, to detain a soul, on the very brink of fate, a short quarter of an hour from an inferior Elysium!

How nobly, like a craken or sea-serpent, Fro reareth his massy head above the foam, his gathered prey seized—all four—by their limber necks, and brightening, like a bunch of flowers, as they glitter towards the shore! With one bold body-shake, felt to the point of each particular hair, he scatters the water from his coat like mist, reminding one of that glorious line in Shakspeare,

> "Like dew-drops from the Lion's mane,"

advancing with sinewy legs seemingly lengthened by the drenching flood, and dripping tail stretched out in all its broad longitude, with hair almost like white hanging plumes—magnificent as tail of the Desert-Born at the head of his seraglio in the Arabian Sands. Half way his master meets his beloved Fro on the slope, and first proudly and haughtily pausing to mark our eye, and then humbly, as beseemeth one whom nature, in his boldest and brightest bearing, hath yet made a slave—he lays the offering at our feet, and having felt on his capacious forehead the approving pressure of our hand,

> "While, like the murmur of a dream,
> He hears us breathe his name,"

he suddenly flings himself round with a wheel of transport, and in many a widening circle, pursues his own uncontrollable ecstasies with whirlwind speed; till, as if utterly joy-exhausted, he brings his snow-white bulk into beautiful repose on a knoll, that very moment illumined by a burst of sunshine!

Not now—as fades upon our pen the solemn light of the dying day—shall we dare to decide, whether or not Nature—O most matchless creature of thy kind!—gave thee, or gave thee not, the gift of an immortal soul!—Better such creed—fond and foolish though it may be—yet scarcely unscriptural, for in each word of Scripture there are many meanings, even when each sacred syllable is darkest to be read,—better such creed than that of the atheist or sceptic, distracted ever in his seemingly sullen apathy, by the dim, dark doom of dust. Better that Fro should live, than that Newton should die—for ever. What though the benevolent Howard devoted his days to visiting the dungeon's gloom, and by intercession with princes, to set the prisoners free from the low damp-dripping stone-roof of the deep-dug cell beneath the foundation

rocks of the citadel, to the high dew-dropping vault of Heaven, too too dazzlingly illumined by the lamp of the insufferable sun! There reason triumphed—these were the works of glorified humanity. But thou—a creature of mere instinct—according to Descartes, a machine, an automaton—hadst yet a constant light of thought and of affection in thine eyes—nor wert thou without some glimmering and mysterious notions—and what more have we ourselves—of life and of death! Why fear to say that thou wert divinely commissioned and inspired—on that most dismal and shrieking hour, when little Harry Seymour, that bright English boy, "whom all that looked on loved," entangled among the cruel chains of those fair water-lilies, all so harmlessly, yet so murderously floating round him, was, by all standing or running about there with clenched hands, or kneeling on the sod—given up to inextricable death? We were not present to save the dear boy who had been delivered to our care, as to that of an elder brother, by the noble lady, who, in her deep widow's weeds, kissed her sole darling's sunny head, and disappeared. We were not present—or by all that is holiest in heaven or on earth—our arms had been soon around thy neck, when thou wert seemingly about to perish!

But a poor dumb despised dog—nothing, as some say, but animated dust—was there—and without shout or signal—for all the Christian creatures were alike heedless and helpless in their despair—shot swift as a sunbeam over the deep, and by those golden tresses sinking and brightening through the wave, brought the noble child ashore, and stood over him, as if in joy and sorrow, lying too like death on the sand! And when little Harry opened his glazed eyes, and looked bewildered on all the faces around—and then fainted, and revived and fainted again—till at last he came to dim recollection of this world on the bosom of the physician brought thither with incomprehensible speed from his dwelling afar off—thou didst lick his cold white hands and blue face, with a whine that struck awful pity into all hearts, and thou didst follow him—one of the group—as he was borne along—and frisking and gambolling no more all that day, gently didst thou lay thyself down at the feet of his little bed, and watch there unsleeping all night long! For the boy knew that God had employed one of his lowly creatures to save him—and beseeched that he might lie there to be looked at by the light of the taper till he himself, as the pains went away, might fall asleep! And we the watchers by his bed-side heard him in his dreams mentioning the creature's name in his prayers.

Yet at times—O Fro—thou wert a sad dog indeed—neither to bind nor to hold—for thy blood was soon set a-boil, and thou—like Julius Cæsar—and Demetrius Poliorcetes—and Alexander the Great—and many other ancient and modern kings and heroes—thou wert the slave of thy passions. No Scipio wert thou with a Spanish captive. Often—in spite of threatening eye—and uplifted thong—uplifted only, for thou went'st unflogged to thy grave—didst thou disappear for days at a time—as if lost or dead. Rumours of thee were brought to the kirk by shepherds from the remotest hills in the parish—most confused and contradictory—but, when collected and compared, all agreeing in this—that thou wert living, and life-like, and life-imparting, and after a season from thy travels to return; and return thou still didst—wearied often and woe-begone—purpled thy snow-white curling—and thy broad breast torn, not disfigured, by honourable wounds. For never yet saw we a fighter like thee. Up on thy hind-legs in a moment, like a growling Polar monster, with thy fore-paws round thy foeman's neck, bull-dog, colley, mastiff, or greyhound, and down with him in a moment, with as much ease as Cass, in the wrestling ring at Carlisle, would throw a Bagman, and then woe to the throat of the downfallen, for thy jaws were shark-like as they opened and shut with their terrific tusks, grinding through skin and sinew to the spine.

Once, and once only—bullied out of all endurance by a half-drunken carrier—did we consent to let thee engage in a pitched battle with a mastiff victorious in fifty fights—a famous shanker—and a throttler beyond all compare. It was indeed a bloody business—now growling along the glawr of the road—a hairy hurricane—now snort-

ing in the suffocating ditch—now fair play on the clean and clear crown of the causeway—now rolling over and over through a chance-open white little gate, into a cottage-garden—now separated by choking them both with a cord—now brought out again with savage and fiery eyes to the scratch on a green plat round the sign-board-swinging tree in the middle of the village—auld women in their mutches crying out, "Shame, whare's the minister?"—young women, with combs in their pretty heads, blinking with pale and almost weeping faces from low-linteled doors—children crowding for sight and safety on the louping-on-stane—and loud cries ever and anon at each turn and eddy of the fight, of "Well done, Fro, well done, Fro,—see how he worries his windpipe—well done, Fro!" for Fro was the delight and glory of the whole parish, and the honour of all its inhabitants, male and female, was felt to be staked on the issue—while at intervals was heard the harsh hoarse voice of the carrier and his compeers, cursing and swearing in triumph in a many-oathed language peculiar to the race that drive the broad-wheeled waggons with the high canvass roofs, as the might of Teeger prevailed, and the indomitable Fro seemed to be on his last legs beneath a grip of the jugular, and then stretched motionless and passive—in defeat or death. A mere *ruse de guerre* to recover wind. Like unshorn Sampson starting from his sleep, and snapping like fired flax the vain bands of the Philistines, Fro whawmled Teeger off, and twisting round his head in spite of the grip on the jugular, the skin stretching and giving way in a ghastly but unfelt wound, he suddenly seized with all his tusks his antagonist's eye, and bit it clean out of the socket. A yowl of unendurable pain—spouting of blood—sickness—swooning—tumbling over—and death. His last fight is over! His remaining eye glazed—his protruded tongue bitten in anguish by his own grinding teeth—his massy hind legs stretched out with a kick like a horse—his short tail stiffens—he is laid out a grim corpse—flung into a cart tied behind the waggon—and off to the tan-yard.

No shouts of victory—but stern, sullen, half-ashamed silence—as of guilty things after the perpetration of a misdeed. Still glaring savagely, ere yet the wrath of fight has subsided in his heart, and going and returning to the bloody place, uncertain whether or not his enemy were about to return, Fro finally lies down at some distance, and with bloody flews keeps licking his bloody legs, and with long darting tongue cleansing the mire from his neck, breast, side, and back—a sanguinary spectacle! He seems almost insensible to our caresses—and there is something almost like upbraiding in his victorious eyes. Now that his veins are cooling, he begins to feel the pain of his wounds—many on, and close to, vital parts. Most agonizing of all—all his four shanks are tusk-pierced,—and in less than ten minutes he limps away to his kennel, lame as if riddled by shot—

> "Heu quantum mutatus ab illo
> Hectore!"

gore-besmeared and dirt-draggled—an hour ago serenely bright as the lily in June, or the April snow. The huge waggon moves away out of the clachan without its master, who, ferocious from the death of the other brute he loved, dares the whole school to combat. Off fly a dozen jackets—and a devil's dozen of striplings from twelve past to going sixteen—firmly wedged together like the Macedonian Phalanx—are yelling for the fray. There is such another shrieking of women as at the taking of Troy. But

> "The Prince of Mearns stept before forth the crowd,
> And, Carter, challenged you to single fight!"

Bob Laurie, who never yet feared the face of clay, and had too great a heart to suffer mere children to combat the strongest and most unhappy man in all the county. Stripped to the buff, there he stands, with

> "An eye like Mars to threaten and command,"

shoulders like Atlas—breast like Hercules—and arms like Vulcan. The heart of Benjamin the waggoner dies within him—he accepts the challenge for a future day—and retreating backwards to his clothes, receives a right-hander as from a sledge-hammer on the temple, that fells him like an ox. The other carters all close in, but are sent spinning in all directions as from the sails of a windmill. Ever as each successive lout seeks the earth, we savage schoolboys rush in upon him

in twos, and threes, and fours, basting and battering him as he bawls; at this very crisis—so fate ordained, are seen hurrying down the hill from the south, leaving their wives, sweethearts, and asses in the rear, with coal-black hair and sparkling eyes, brown brawny legs, and clenched iron fists at the end of long arms, swinging flail-like at all times, and never more than now, ready for the fray, a gang of Gipsies! while—beautiful coincidence!—up the hill from the north come on at double-quick time an awkward squad of as grim Milesians as ever buried a pike in a Protestant. Nor question nor reply; but in a moment a general mêlée. Men at work in the hay-fields, who would not leave their work for a dog-fight, fling down scythe and rake, and over the hedges into the high road, a stalwart reinforcement. Weavers leap from their treddles—doff their blue aprons, and out into the air. The red-cowled tailor pops his head through a sky-light, and next moment is in the street. The butcher strips his long light blue linen coat, to engage a Paddy, and the smith, ready for action,—for the huge arms of Burniwind are always bare,—with a hand-ower-hip delivery, makes the head of the king of the gipsies ring like an anvil. There has been no marshalling of forces—yet lo! as if formed in two regular lines by the Adjutant himself, after the first tuilzie, stand the carters, the gipsies, and the Irishmen, opposed to Bob Laurie, the butcher, the smith, the tailor, the weaver, the haymakers, and the boys from the manse—the latter drawn up cautiously, but not cowardly, in the rear. What a twinkling of fists and shillelas! what bashed and bloody noses! cut blubber lips—cheek-bones out of all proportion to the rest of the face, and, through sudden and black and blue tumefactions, men's changed into pig's eyes! And now there is also rugging of caps and mutches and hair, "femineo ululatu," for the Egyptian amazons bear down like the furies on the glee'd widow that keeps the change-house, half-witted Shoosy that sells yellow sand, and Davie Donald's dun daughter, commonly called Spunkie. What shrieking and tossing of arms, round the whole length and breadth of the village! Where is Simon Andrew the constable? Where is auld Robert Maxwell the ruling elder? What can have become of Laird Warnock, whose word is law? And what can the Minister be about, can any body tell, that he does not come flying from the manse to save the lives of his parishioners from cannibals, and gipsies, and Eerish, murdering their way to the gallows?

How—why—or when—that bloody battle ceased to be, was never distinctly known either then or since; but, like every thing else, it had an end—and even now we have a dim dream of the spot at its termination—naked men lying on their backs in the mire, all drenched in blood,—with women, some old and ugly, with shrivelled witchlike hag breasts, others young, and darkly, swarthily, blackly beautiful, with budding or new-blown bosoms unkerchiefed in the colley-shangy—perilous to see—leaning over them; and these were the Egyptians! Men in brown shirts, gore-spotted, with green bandages round their broken heads, laughing, and joking, and jeering, and singing, and shouting, though desperately mauled and mangled—while Scottish wives, and widows, and maids, could not help crying out in sympathy, "Oh! but they're bonnie men—what a pity they should aye be sae fond o' fechting, and a' manner o' mischief!"—and these were the Irishmen! Retired and apart, hangs the weaver, with his head over a wall, dog-sick, and bocking in strong convulsions; some haymakers are washing their cut faces in the well; the butcher, bloody as a bit of his own beef, walks silent into the shambles; the smith, whose grimy face hides its pummelling, goes off grinning a ghastly smile in the hands of his scolding, yet not unloving wife; the tailor, gay as a flea, and hot as his own goose, to shew how much more he has given than received, offers to leap any man on the ground, hop-step-and-jump, for a mutchkin—while Bob Laurie walks about, without a visible wound, except the mark of bloody knuckles on his brawny breast, with arms a-kimbo, seaman-fashion—for Bob had been at sea—and as soon as the whisky comes, hands it about at his own expense, calker after calker, to the vanquished—for Bob was as generous as brave; had no spite at the gipsies; and as for Irishmen, why they were ranting, roving, red-hot, dare-devil boys, just like himself; and after the fight, he would

have gone with them to Purgatory, or a few steps farther down the hill. All the battle through, we manse-boys had fought, it may be said, behind the shadow of him our hero, and in warding off mischief from us, he received not a few heavy body-blows from King Carew, a descendant of Bamfylde Moore, and some crown-cracks from the shillelas of the Connaught Rangers.

Down comes a sudden thunder-plump, making the road a river—and to the whiff o' lightning, all in the shape of man, woman, and child, are under roof-cover. The afternoon soon clears up, and the haymakers leave the clanking empty gill or half-mutchkin stoup, for the field, to see what the rain has done—the forge begins again to roar—the sound of the flying-shuttle tells that the weaver is again on his treddles; the tailor hoists up his little window in the thatch, in that close confinement, to enjoy the caller air—the tinklers go to encamp on the common—"the air is balm"—insects, dropping from eave and tree, "shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold,"—though the season of bird-singing be over and gone, there is a pleasant chirping hereabouts, thereabouts, everywhere; the old blind beggar, dog-led, goes from door to door, unconscious that such a stramash has ever been—and dancing round our champion, away we schoolboys all fly with him to swim in the Brother Loch, taking our fishing-rods with us, for one clap of thunder will not frighten the trouts; and about the middle or end of July, we have known great labbers twenty inches long, play wallop between our very feet, in the warm shallow water, within a yard of the edge, to the yellow-bodied, tinsey-tailed, black-half-heckle, with brown mallard wing, a mere midge, but once fixed in lip or tongue, "inextricable as the gored lion's bite."

But ever after that Passage in the life of Fro, his were, on the whole, years of peace. Every season seemed to strengthen his sagacity, and to unfold his wonderful instincts. Most assuredly he knew all the simpler parts of speech—all the household words in the Scottish language. He was, in all our pastimes, as much one of ourselves, as if, instead of being a Pagan with four feet, he had been a Christian with two. As for temper, we trace the sweetness of our own to his; an angry word from one he loved, he forgot in half a minute, offering his lion-like paw; yet there were particular people he could not abide, nor from their hands would he have accepted a roasted potatoe out of the dripping-pan, and in this he resembles us in our contempt of Cockneys. He knew the Sabbath day as well as the sexton—and never was known to bark till the Monday morning when the cock crew, and then he would give a long musical yowl as if his breast were relieved from silence. If ever, in this cold, changeful, inconstant world, there was a friendship that might be called sincere, it was that which, half a century ago and upwards, subsisted between Christopher North and John Fro. We never had a quarrel in all our lives—and within these two months we made a pilgrimage to his grave. He was buried—not by our hands—but by the hands of one whose tender and manly heart loved the old, blind, deaf, staggering creature to the very last—for such in his fourteenth year he truly was—a sad and sorry sight to see, to them who remembered the glory of his stately and majestic years. One day he crawled with a moan-like whine to our brother's feet, and expired. Reader, young, bright, and beautiful though thou be—remember all flesh is dust!

This is an episode—a tale, in itself complete, yet growing out of, and appertaining to, the main plot of Epic or Article. You will recollect we were speaking of ducks, teals, and wigeons—and we come now to the next clause of the verse—wild geese and swans.

Some people's geese are all swans—but so far from that being the case with ours—sad and sorry are we to say it—now all our swans are geese. But in our buoyant boyhood, all God's creatures were to our eyes, just as God made them—and there was ever—especially birds—a tinge of beauty over them all. What an inconceivable difference—distance—to the imagination, between the nature of a tame and a wild goose! Aloft in heaven, themselves in night invisible, the gabble of a cloud of wild geese is sublime. Whence comes it—whence goes it,—for what end, and by what power impelled? Reason sees not into the darkness of instinct—and therefore the awe-struck heart of the night-wander-

ing boy beats to hear the league-long gabble that probably has winged its wedge-like way from the lakes and marshes, and dreary morasses of Siberia, from Lapland, or Iceland, or the unfrequented and unknown northern regions of America—regions set apart, quoth Bewick, we believe, for summer residences and breeding places, and where they are amply provided with a variety of food, a large portion of which must consist of the larvæ of gnats, and myriads of insects, there fostered by the unsetting sun! Now they are gabbling good Gaelic over a Highland night-moor. Perhaps in another hour the descending cloud will be covering the wide waters at the head of the wild Loch Maree—or silent and asleep the whole host be riding at anchor around Lomond's Isles!

But 'tis now mid-day—and lo! in that Mediterranean—a flock of wild whistling Swans! Have they dropt down from the ether into the water, almost as pure as ether, without having once folded their wings, since they rose aloft to shun the insupportable northern snows hundreds of leagues beyond the storm-swept Orcades? To look at the quiet creatures, you might think that they had never left the circle of that little loch. There they hang on their shadows, even as if asleep in the sunshine; and now stretching out their long wings—how apt for flight from clime to clime—joyously they beat the liquid radiance, till to the loud flapping high rises the mist, and wide spreads the foam, almost sufficient for a rainbow. Safe are they from all birds of prey. The Osprey dashes down on the teal, or sea-trout, swimming within or below their shadow. The great Erne, or Sea-eagle, pounces on the mallard, as he mounts from the bulrushes before the wild swans, sailing, with all wings hoisted, like a fleet—but osprey nor eagle dares to try his talons on that stately bird—for he is bold in his beauty, and formidable as he is fair; the pinions that swim and soar can also smite; and though the one be a lover of war, the other of peace, yet of them it may be said,

> "The eagle he is lord above,
> The swan is lord below!"

To have shot such a creature—so large—so white—so high-soaring—and on the winds of midnight wafted from so far—a creature that seemed not merely a stranger in that loch, but belonging to some mysterious land in another hemisphere, whose coast ships with frozen rigging have been known to visit, driving under bare poles through a month's snow-storms—to have shot such a creature was an era in our imagination, from which, had nature been more prodigal, we might have sprung up a poet. Once, and but once, we were involved in the glory of that event. The creature had been in a dream of some river or lake in Kamtschatka—or ideally listening,

> "Across the waves' tumultuous roar,
> The wolfs' long howl from Oonalashka's shore,"

when, guided by our good genius and our brightest star, we suddenly saw him, sitting asleep in all his state, within gunshot, in a bay of the moonlight Loch! We had nearly fainted—died on the very spot—and why were we not entitled to have died as well as any other passionate spirit, whom joy ever divorced from life? We blew his black bill into pieces—not a feather on his head but was touched; and like a little white-sailed pleasure-boat caught in a whirlwind, the wild swan spun round, and then lay motionless on the water, as if all her masts had gone by the board. We were all alone that night—not even Fro was with us; we had reasons for being alone, for we wished not that there should be any footfall but our own round that mountain-hut. Could we swim? Ay, like the wild swan himself, through surge or breaker. But now the loch was still as the sky, and twenty strokes carried us close to the beautiful and glorious creature, which, grasped by both hands, and supporting us as it was trailed beneath our breast, while we floated rather than swam ashore, we felt to be in verity our—Prey! We trembled with a sort of fear, to behold him lying indeed dead on the sward. The moon—the many stars, here and there one wondrously large and lustrous—the hushed glittering loch—the hills, though somewhat dimmed, green all winter through, with here and there a patch of snow on their summits in the blue sky, on which lay a few fleecy clouds,—the mighty foreign bird, whose plumage we had never hoped to touch but in a dream, lying like the ghost of something that ought not to have been destroyed—

the scene was altogether such as made our wild young heart quake, and almost repent of having killed a creature so surpassingly beautiful. But that was a fleeting fancy—and over the wide moors we went, like an American Indian laden with game, journeying to his wig-wam over the wilderness. As we whitened towards the village in the light of morning, the earlier labourers held up their hands in wonder what and who we might be; and Fro, who had missed his master, and was lying awake for him on the mount, came bounding along, nor could refrain the bark of delighted wonder as his nose nuzzled in the soft down of the bosom of the creature whom he remembered to have sometimes seen floating too far off in the lake, or far above our reach cleaving the firmament.

CHRISTOPHER IN HIS SPORTING JACKET.

FYTTE THIRD.

O Muckle-mou'd Meg! and can it be that thou art numbered among forgotten things—unexistences!

"Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks, and stones, and trees!"

What would we not now give for a sight—a kiss—of thy dear lips! Lips which we remember once to have put to our own, even when thy beloved barrel was double-loaded! Now we sigh to think on what then made us shudder! Oh! that thy but were but now resting on our shoulder! Alas! for ever discharged! Burst and rent asunder, art thou now lying buried in a peat-moss? Did some vulgar villain village Vulcan convert thee, name and nature, into nails? Some dark-visaged Douglas of a hen-roost-robbing Egyptian, solder thee into a pan? Oh! that our passion could dig down unto thee into the bowels of the earth—and with loud lamenting elegies, and louder hymns of gratulation, restore thee, butless, lockless, vizyless, burst, rent, torn, and twisted though thou be'st, to the light of day, and of the world-rejoicing Sun! Then would we adorn thee with evergreen wreaths of the laurel and the ivy—and hang thee up, in memory and in monument of all the bright, dim, still, stormy days of our boyhood—when gloom itself was glory—and when—But

"Be hush'd my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore."

Cassandra—Corinna—Sappho—Lucretia—Cleopatra—Tighe—De Stael—in their beauty or in their genius, are, with millions on millions of the fair-faced or bright-souled, nothing but dust and ashes; and as they are, so shall Baillie, and Grant, and Hemans, and Landor be—and why vainly yearn "with love and longings infinite," to save from doom of perishable nature—of all created things, but one alone—Muckle-mou'd Meg!

After a storm comes a calm; and we hasten to give the sporting world the concluding account of our education. In the moorland parish—God bless it—in which we had the inestimable advantage of passing our boyhood—there were a good many falcons—of course the kite or glead—the buzzard—the sparrow-hawk—the marsh harrier—that imp, the merlin—and, rare bird and beautiful! there, on a cliff which, alas! a crutched man must climb no more, did the Peregrine build her nest. You must not wonder at this, for the parish was an extensive one, even for Scotland—half Highland, half Lowland—and had not only "muirs and mosses many o'," but numerous hills, not a few mountains, some most extraordinary cliffs, considerable store of woods, and one, indeed, that might well be called The Forest.

Lift up thy rock-crowned forehead through thy own sweet stormy skies, Auld Scotland! and as sternly and grimly thou look'st far over the hushed or howling seas, remember thee—till all thy moors and mosses quake at thy heart, as if swallowing up an invading army—a fate that oft befell thy foes of yore—remember thee, in mist-shrouded dream, and cloud-born vision, of the long line of kings, and heroes, and sages, and bards, whose hallowed bones sleep in pine-darkened tombs, among the mountain heather, by the side of rivers and lochs and arms of ocean—their spirits yet seen in lofty superstition, sailing or sit-

ting on the swift or settled tempest. Lift up thy rock-crowned forehead, Auld Scotland! and sing aloud to all the nations of the earth, with thy voice of cliffs, and caves, and caverns,

> "Wha daur meddle wi' me?"

What! some small, puny, piteous windpipes are heard cheeping against thee from the Cockneys—like ragged chickens agape in the pip. How the feeble and fearful creatures would crawl on their hands and knees, faint and giddy, and shrieking out for help to the heather-stalks, if forced to face one of thy cliffs, and foot its flinty bosom! How would the depths of their long ears, cotton-stuffed in vain, ache to the spray-thunder of thy cataracts! Sick, sick would be their stomachs, storm-swept in a six-oared cutter into the jaws of Staffa! That sight is sufficient to set the most saturnine on the guffaw—the Cockney King himself, even King Leigh in his yellow breeches crossing a chasm a hundred yards deep,

> "On the uncertain footing of a spar,"

on a tree felled where it stood, centuries ago, by steel or storm, into a ledgeless bridge, oft sounding and shaking to the hunter's feet in chase of the red-deer! The Cockneys do not like us Scotchmen—because of our high cheek-bones. They are sometimes very high indeed, very coarse, and very ugly, and give a Scotchman a grim and gaunt look, assuredly not to be sneezed at, with any hope of impunity, on a dark day and in a lonesome place, by the most heroic chief of the most heroic clan in all the level land of Lud, travelling all by himself, in a horse and gig, and with a black boy in a cockaded glazed hat, through the Heelands o' Scotland, passing, of course, at the very least, for a captain in the Hussars! Then Scotchmen canna keep their backs straught, it seems, and are always booin' and booin' afore a great man. Cannot they, indeed? Do they, indeed? Ascend with that Scottish shepherd yon mountain's breast—swim with him that mountain loch—a bottle of Glenlivet, who first stands in shallow water, on the Oak Isle—and whose back will be straughtest, that of the Caledonian or the Cockney? The little Luddite will be puking among the heather, about some five hundred feet above the level of the sea—higher for the first time in his life than St Paul's, and nearer than he ever will again be, either in the spirit or the flesh, to heaven. The little Luddite will be puking in the hitherto unpolluted loch, after some seven strokes or so, with a strong Scottish weed twisted like an eel round its thigh, and shrieking out for the nearest resuscitating machine in a country, where, alas! there is no Humane Society. The back of the shepherd—even in presence of that "great man"—will be as straught as—do not tremble, Cockney—that crutch. Conspicuous from afar like a cairn, from the inn-door at Arrochar, in an hour he will be turning up his little finger so—on the Cobler's head; or, in twenty minutes, gliding like a swan, or shooting like a salmon, his back being still straught—leaving Luss, he will be shaking the dew-drops from his brawny body on the silver sand of Inch Morren. Such the contrast between a Caledonian and a Cockney!

And happy were we, Christopher North, Editor of The Magazine, happy were we in the parish in which Fate delivered us up to Nature, that, under her tuition, our destinies might be fulfilled. A parish! Why it was in itself a kingdom—a world. Thirty miles long by twenty at the broadest, and five at the narrowest; and is not that a kingdom—is not that a world worthy of any monarch that ever wore a crown? Was it level? Yes, league-long levels were in it of greensward, hard as the sand of the sea-shore, yet springy and elastic, fit training ground for Childers or Eclipse, or Hambletonian, or Smolensko, or for a charge of cavalry in some great pitched battle, while artillery might keep playing against artillery from a hundred hills. Was it boggy? Yes, black bogs were there, which extorted a panegyric from the roving Irishman in his richest brogue,—bogs in which forests had of old been buried, and armies with all their banners. Was it hilly? Ay, there the white sheep nibbled, and the black cattle grazed; there they baa'd and they lowed upon a thousand hills—a crowd of cones, all green as emerald. Was it mountainous? Give answer from afar, ye mist-shrouded summits, and ye clouds cloven by the eagle's wing! But whether ye be indeed mountains, or whether ye be clouds, who can tell, bedazzled as are his eyes by that long-

lingering sunset, that drenches heaven and earth in one indistinguishable glory, setting the West on fire, as if the final conflagration were begun! Was it woody? Hush, hush, and you will hear a pinecone drop in the central silence of a forest—a silent and solitary wilderness—in which you may wander a whole day long, unaccompanied but by the cushat, the corby, the falcon, the roe, and they are all shy of human feet, and, like thoughts, pass away in a moment; so if you long for less fleeting farewells from the native dwellers in the wood, lo! the bright brown queen of the butterflies, gay and gaudy in her glancings through the solitude, the dragon-fly whirring bird-like over the pools in the glade; and if your ear desire music, the robin and the wren may haply trill you a few notes among the briery rocks, or the bold blackbird open wide his yellow bill in his holly-tree, and set the squirrels a-leaping all within reach of his ringing roundelay. Any rivers? one—to whom a thousand torrents are tributary—as he himself is tributary to the sea. Any lochs? How many we know not—for we never counted them twice alike—omitting perhaps some forgotten tarns, or counting twice over some one of our more darling waters worthy to dash their waves against the sides of ships—alone wanting to the magnificence of those inland seas! Yes—it was as level, as boggy, as hilly, as mountainous, as woody, as lochy, and as rivery a parish, as ever laughed to scorn Colonel Mudge and his Trigonometrical Survey.

Was not that a noble parish for apprenticeship in sports and pastimes, of a great master? No need of any teacher. On the wings of joy we were borne over the bosom of nature, and learnt all things worthy and needful to be learned, by instinct first, and afterwards by reason. To look at a wild creature—winged with feathers, or mere feet—and not desire to destroy or capture it—is impossible to passion—to imagination—to fancy. Thus had we longed to feel and handle the glossy plumage of the beaked birds—the wide-winged Birds of Prey—before our finger had ever touched a trigger. Their various flight, in various weather, we had watched and noted with something even of the eye of a naturalist—the wonder of a poet—for among the brood of boys there are hundreds and thousands of poets who never see manhood,—the poetry dying away—the boy growing up into mere prose,—yet to some even of the paragraphs of these Three Fyttes do we appeal, that a few sparks of the sacred light are yet alive within us; and sad to our old ears would be the sound of "Put out the light and then—put out the light!" Thus were we impelled, even when a mere child, far away from the manse, for miles, into the moors and woods. Once it was feared that poor wee Kit was lost; for, having set off all by himself, at sunrise, to draw a night-line from the distant Black Loch, and look at a trap set for a glead, a mist overtook him on the moor, on his homeward way, with an eel as long as himself, hanging over his shoulder, and held him prisoner for many hours within its shifting walls, frail indeed, and opposing no resistance to the hand, yet impenetrable to the feet of fear, as the stone-dungeon's thraldom. If the mist had remained, that would have been nothing; only a still cold wet seat on a stone; but as "a trot becomes a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein," so a Scotch mist becomes a shower—and a shower a flood—and a flood a storm—and a storm a tempest—and a tempest thunder and lightning—and thunder and lightning heaven-quake and earthquake—till the heart of poor wee Kit quaked, and almost died within him in the desert. In this age of Confessions, need we be ashamed to own, in the face of the whole world, that we sat us down and cried! The small brown Moorland bird, as dry as a toast, hopped out of his heather-hole, and cheerfully cheeped comfort. With crest just a thought lowered by the rain, the green-backed, white-breasted peaseweep, walked close by us in the mist; and sight of wonder, that made, even in that quandary by the quagmire, our heart beat with joy,—lo! never seen before, and seldom since, three wee peaseweeps, not three days old, little bigger than shrew-mice, all covered with blackish down, interspersed with long white hair, running after their mother! But the large hazel eye of the she peaseweep, restless even in the most utter solitude, soon spied us glowering at her, and her young ones, through our tears; and not for a moment

doubting—Heaven forgive her for the shrewd but cruel suspicion—that we were Lord Eglinton's gamekeeper,—with a sudden shrill cry that thrilled to the marrow in our cold back-bone—flapped and fluttered herself away into the mist, while the little black bits of down disappeared, like devils, into the moss. The croaking of the frogs grew terrible. And worse and worse, close at hand, seeking his lost cows through the mist, the bellow of the notorious red bull! We began saying our prayers; and just then the sun forced himself out into the open day, and, like the sudden opening of the shutters of a room, the whole world was filled with light. The frogs seemed to sing among the powheads—as for the red bull who had tossed the tinker, he was cantering away, with his tail towards us, to a lot of cows on the hill; and hark—a long, a loud, an oft-repeated halloo! Rab Roger, honest fellow, and Leezy Muir, honest lass, from the manse, in search of our dead body! Rab pulls our ears lightly, and Leezie kisses us from the one to the other—wrings the rain out of our long yellow hair—(a pretty contrast to the small grey sprig now on the crown of our pericranium, and the thin tail acock behind) and by and by stepping into Hazel-Deanhead for a drap and a "chitterin' piece," by the time we reach the manse we are as dry as a whistle—take our scold and our palmies from the minister—and, by way of punishment and penance—after a little hot whisky toddy, with brown sugar and a bit of bun, are bundled off to bed in the day-time!

Thus we grew up a Fowler, ere a loaded gun was in our hand—and often guided the city-fowler to the haunts of the curlew, the plover, the moorfowl, and the falcon. The falcon! yes—in the higher region of clouds and cliffs. For now we had shot up into a stripling—and how fast had we so shot up you may know, by taking notice of the schoolboy on the playgreen, and two years afterwards discovering, perhaps, that he is that fine tall ensign carrying the colours among the light-bobs of the regiment, to the sound of clarion and flute, cymbal and great drum, marching into the city a thousand strong.

We used in early boyhood, deceived by some uncertainty in size, not to distinguish between a kite and a buzzard, which was very stupid, and unlike us—more like Poietes in Salmonia. The flight of the buzzard, as may be seen in Selby, is slow—and except during the season of incubation, when it often soars to a considerable height, it seldom remains long on the wing. It is indeed a heavy, inactive bird, both in disposition and appearance, and is generally seen perched upon some old and decayed tree, such being its favourite haunt. Him we soon thought little or nothing about—and the last one we shot, it was, we remember, just as he was coming out of the deserted nest of a crow, which he had taken possession of out of pure laziness; and we killed him for not building a house of his own in a country where there was no want of sticks. But the kite or glead, as the same distinguished ornithologist rightly says, is proverbial for the ease and gracefulness of its flight, which generally consists of large and sweeping circles, performed with a motionless wing, or at least with a slight and almost imperceptible stroke of its pinions, and at very distant intervals. In this manner, and directing its course by its tail, which acts as a rudder, whose slightest motion produces effect, it frequently soars to such a height, as to become almost invisible to the human eye. Him we loved to slay, as a bird worthy of our barrel. Him and her have we watched for days, like a lynx, till we were led, almost as if by an instinct, to their nest in the heart of the forest—a nest lined with wool, hair, and other soft materials, in the fork of some large tree. They will not, of course, desert their nest, when they have young, fire at them as you will, though they become more wary, and seem as if they heard a leaf fall, so suddenly will they start and soar to heaven. We remember, from an ambuscade in a briery dell in the forest, shooting one flying overhead to its nest; and, on going up to him as he lay on his back, with clenching talons and fierce eyes, absolutely shrieking and yelling with fear, and rage, and pain, we intended to spare his life, and only take him prisoner, when we beheld beside him, on the sod, a chicken from a brood of famous ginger piles, then, all but his small self, following the feet of their clucking mother at the manse! With visage all inflamed, we gave him the but on

his double organ of destructiveness, then only known to us by the popular name of "back-o'-the-head," exclaiming

> "Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
> Immolat——"

Quivered every feather from beak to tail and talon, in his last convulsion,

> "Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras!"

In the season of love what combats have we been witness to—Umpire—between birds of prey! The Female Falcon, she sat aloof, like a sultana, in her soft, sleek, glossy plumes,—the iris in her eye, of wilder, more piercing, fiery, cruel, fascinating, and maddening lustre, than ever lit the face of the haughtiest human queen, adored by princes on her throne of diamonds. And now her whole plumage shivers—and is ruffled—for her own Tercel—her Gentle Peregrine appears, and they two will enjoy their dalliance on the edge of the cliff-chasm—and the Bride shall become a wife in that stormy sunshine on the loftiest precipice of all these our Alps. But a sudden sugh sweeps down from heaven, and a rival Hawk comes rushing in his rage from his widowed eyry, and will win and wear this his second selected bride,—for her sake, tearing, or to be torn, to pieces. Both struck down from heaven, fall a hundred fathom to the heather, talon-locked, in the mutual gripe of death. Fair play, gentlemen, and attend to the Umpire. It is, we understand, to be an up-and-down fight. Allow us to disentangle you—and without giving advantage to either—elbow-room to both. Neither of you ever saw a human face so near before—nor ever were captive in a human hand. Both fasten their momentarily frightened eyes on us, and holding back their heads, emit a wild ringing cry. But now they catch sight of each other, and in an instant are one bunch of torn, bloody plumes. Perhaps their wings are broken, and they can soar no more—so up we fling them both into the air—and wheeling, each within a short circle, clash again go both birds together, and the talons keep tearing throats till they die. Let them die, then, for both are for ever disabled to enjoy their lady-love. She, like some peerless flower in the days of chivalry, at a fatal tournament, seeing her rival lovers dying for her sake, nor ever to wear her glove or scarf in the front of battle, rising to leave her canopy in tears of grief and pride—even like such Angelica, the Falcon unfolds her wings, and flies slowly away from her dying ravishers, to bewail her virginity on the mountains. "O, Frailty! thy name is woman!" A third Lover is already on the wing, more fortunate than his preceding peers—and Angelica is won, woo'd, and sitting, about to lay an egg, in an old eyry, soon repaired and furbished up for the honey-week, with a number of small birds lying on the edge of the hymeneal couch, with which, when wearied with love, and yawp with hunger, Angelica may cram her maw till she be ready to burst, by her bridegroom's breast!

Forgotten all human dwellings, and all the thoughts and feelings that abide by firesides, and door-ways, and rooms, and roofs,—delightful was it, during the long long midsummer-holiday, to lie all alone, on the green sward of some moor-surrounded mount, not far from the foot of some range of cliffs, and with our face up to the sky, wait, unwearying, till a speck was seen to cross the blue cloudless lift, and steadying itself, after a minute's quivering, into motionless rest, as if hung suspended there by the counteracting attraction of heaven and earth, known to be a Falcon! Balanced far above its prey, and, soon as the right moment came, ready to pounce down, and fly away with the treasure in its talons to its crying eyry! If no such speck were for hours visible in the ether, doubtless dream upon dream, rising unbidden, and all of their own wild accord, congenial with the wilderness, did, like phantasmagoria, pass to and fro, backwards and forwards, along the darkened curtain of our imagination, all the lights of reason being extinguished or removed! In that trance, not unheard, although scarcely noticed, was the cry of the curlew, the murmur of the little moorland burn, or the din, almost like dashing, of the far-off loch. 'Twas thus that the senses, in their most languid state, ministered to the fancy, and fed her for a future day, when all the imagery then received so imperfectly, and in broken fragments, into her mysterious keeping, was to arise in orderly array, and to form a world

more lovely and more romantic even than the reality, which then lay hushed or whispering, glittering or gloomy, in the outward air. For the senses hear and see all things in their seeming slumbers, from all the impulses that come to them in solitude gaining more, far more, than they have lost! When we are awake, or half-awake, or almost sunk into a sleep, they are ceaselessly gathering materials for the thinking and feeling soul—and it is hers, in a deep delight formed of memory and imagination, to put them together by a divine plastic power, in which she is almost, as it were, a very creator, till she exult to look on beauty and on grandeur such as this earth and these heavens never saw, products of her own immortal and immaterial energies, and BEING once, to BE for ever, when the universe, with all its suns and systems, shall be no more!

But oftener we and our shadows glided along the gloom at the foot of the cliffs, ear-led by the incessant cry of the young hawks in their nest, ever hungry except when asleep. Left to themselves, when the old birds are hunting, an hour's want of food is felt to be famine, and you hear the cry of the callow creatures, angry with one another, and it may be, fighting with soft beak and pointless claws, till a living lump of down tumbles over the rock-ledge, soon to be picked to the bone by insects, who likewise all live upon prey; for example, Ants of carrion. Get you behind that briery bield, that wild-rose hanging rock, far and wide scenting the wilderness with a faint perfume; or into that cell, almost a parlour, with a Gothic roof formed by large stones leaning one against the other, and so arrested as they tumbled from the frost-riven breast of the precipice. Wait there, though it should be for hours—but it will not be for hours—for both the old hawks are circling the sky, one over the marsh and one over the wood. She comes—she comes—the female Sparrow-hawk, twice the size of her mate; and while he is plain in his dress, as a cunning and cruel Quaker, she is gay and gaudy as a Demirep dressed for the pit of the Opera—deep and broad her bosom, with an air of luxury in her eyes that glitter like a serpent's. But now she is a mother, and plays a mother's part—greedier, even than for herself, for her greedy young. The lightning flashes from the cave-mouth, and she comes tumbling, and dashing, and rattling through the dwarf bushes on the cliff-face, perpendicular and plumb-down, within three yards of her murderer. Her husband will not visit his nest this day—no—nor all night long—for a father's is not as a mother's love. Your only chance of killing him, too, is to take a lynx-eyed circuit round about all the moors within half a league; and possibly you may see him sitting on some cairn, or stone, or tree-stump, afraid to fly either hither or thither, perplexed by the sudden death he saw appearing among the unaccountable smoke, scenting it yet with his fine nostrils, so as to be unwary of your approach. Hazard a long shot—for you are right behind him—and a slug may hit him on the head, and following the feathers, split his skull-cap, and scatter his brains. 'Tis done—and the eyry is orphan'd. Let the small brown moorland birds twitter Io Pean, as they hang balanced on the bulrushes—let the stone-chat glance less fearfully within shelter of the old grey cairn—let the cushat coo his joyous gratitude in the wood—and the lark soar up to heaven, afraid no more of a demon descending from the cloud. As for the imps in the eyry, let them die of rage and hunger—for there must always be pain in the world; and 'tis well when its endurance by the savage is the cause of pleasure to the sweet—when the gore-yearning cry of the cruel is drowned in the song of the kind at feed or play—and the tribes of the peace-loving rejoice in the despair and death of the robbers and shedders of blood!

Not one fowler of fifty thousand has in all his days shot an Eagle. That royal race seems nearly extinct in Scotland. Gaze as you will over the wide circumference of a Highland heaven, calm as the bride's dream of love, or disturbed as the shipwrecked sailor's vision of a storm, and all spring and summer long you may not chance to see the shadow of an Eagle in the sun. The old kings of the air are sometimes yet seen by the shepherds on cliff or beneath cloud; but their offspring are rarely allowed to get full-fledged in spite of the rifle always lying loaded in the shieling. But in the days of our boyhood there were many glorious things on earth and air that now no more seem to exist, and among these were

the Eagles. One pair had from time immemorial built on the Echo-cliff, and you could see with a telescope the eyry, with the rim of its circumference, six feet in diameter, strewn with partridges, moorfowl, and leverets—their feathers and their skeletons. But the Echo-cliff was inaccessible.

> " Hither the rainbow comes, the cloud,
> And mists that spread the flying shroud,
> And sunbeams, and the flying blast,
> That if it could, would hurry past,
> But that enormous barrier binds it fast."

No human eye ever saw the birds within a thousand feet of the lower earth, yet how often must they have stooped down on lamb and leveret, and struck the cushat in her very yew-tree in the centre of the wood! Perhaps they preyed at midnight, by the light of the waning moon—at mid-day in the night of sun-hiding tempests—or afar off, in even more solitary wilds, carried thither on the whirlwind of their own wings, they swept off their prey from uninhabited isles,

> " Placed far amid the melancholy main,"

or vast inland glens, where not a summer shieling smiles beneath the region of eternal snows. But eagles are subject to diseases in flesh, and bone, and blood, just like the veriest poultry that die of croup and consumption on the dunghill before the byre door. Sickness blinds the eye that God framed to pierce the seas, and weakens the wing that dallies with the tempest. Then the eagle feels how vain is the doctrine of the divine right of kings. He is hawked at by the mousing owl, whose instinct instructs him that these talons have lost their grasp, and these pinions their death-blow. The eagle lies for weeks famished in his eyry, and hunger-driven over the ledge, leaves it to ascend no more. He is dethroned, and wasted to mere bones,—a bunch of feathers,—his flight is now slower than that of the buzzard—he floats himself along now with difficulty from knoll to knoll, pursued by the shrieking magpies, buffeted by the corby, and lying on his back, like a recreant, before the beak of the raven, who, a month ago, was terrified to hop round the carcass, till the king of the air was satiated, and gave his permission to Croaking Sooty to dig into the bowels he himself had scorned. Yet he is a noble aim to the fowler still; you break a wing and a leg, but fear to touch him with your hand; Fro feels the iron-clutch of his talons constricted in the death-pang; and holding him up, you wonder that such an anatomy—for his weight is not more than three pounds—could drive his claws through that shaggy hide till blood sprung to the blow—inextricable but to yells of pain, and leaving gashes hard to heal, for virulent is the poison of rage in a dying bird of prey.

Sublime solitude of our boyhood! where each stone in the desert was sublime, unassociated though it was with dreams of memory, in its own simple native power over the human heart! Each sudden breath of wind passed by us like the voice of a spirit. There were strange meanings in the clouds—often so like human forms and faces threatening us off, or beckoning us on, with long black arms back into the long-withdrawing airy wilderness of heaven. We wished then, with quaking bosoms, that we had not been all alone in the desert—that there had been another heart, whose beatings might have kept time with our own, that we could have gathered courage in the silent and sullen gloom from the light in a brother's eye—the smile on a brother's countenance; and often had we such a Friend in these our far-off wanderings over moors and mountains, by the edge of lochs, and through the umbrage of the old pine-woods. A Friend from whom " we had received his heart, and given him back our own,"—such a friendship as the most fortunate and the most happy—and at that time we were both—are sometimes permitted by Providence, with all the passionate devotion of young and untamed imagination, to enjoy, during a bright dreamy world of which that friendship is as the Polar star. Emilius Godfrey! for ever holy be the name! a boy when we were but a child—when we were but a youth, a man. We felt stronger in the shadow of his arm—happier, bolder, better in the light of his countenance. He was the protector—the guardian of our moral being. In our pastimes we bounded with wilder glee,—at our studies we sat with intenser earnestness, by his side. He it was that taught us how to feel all those glorious sunsets, and embued our young spirit with the love and worship of nature. He it was that

taught us to feel that our evening prayer was no idle ceremony to be hastily gone through—that we might lay down our head on the pillow, then ever drenched in sleep, but a command of God, which a response from nature summoned the humble heart to obey. He it was who for ever had at command wit for the sportive, wisdom for the serious hour. Fun and frolic flowed from the merry music of his lips — they lightened from the gay glancings of his eyes—and then, all at once, when the one changed its measures, and the other gathered as it were a mist or a cloud, an answering sympathy chained our own tongue, and darkened our own countenance, in a communion of spirit felt to be indeed divine! It seemed as if we knew but the words of language—that he was a scholar who saw into their very essence. The books we read together were, every page, and every sentence of every page, all covered over with light. Where his eye fell not as we read, all was dim, or dark, unintelligible or with imperfect meanings. Whether we perused with him a volume writ by a nature like our own, the volume of the earth and the sky, or the volume revealed from Heaven, next day we always knew and felt that something had been added to our being. Thus imperceptibly we grew up in our intellectual stature, breathing a purer moral and religious air, with all our finer affections towards other human beings, all our kindred and our kind, touched with a dearer domestic tenderness, or with a sweet benevolence that seemed to our ardent fancy to embrace the dwellers in the uttermost regions of the earth. No secret of pleasure or pain—of joy or grief—of fear or hope—had our heart to withhold or conceal from Emilius Godfrey. He saw it as it beat within our bosom, with all its imperfections—may we venture to say with all its virtues. A repented folly—a confessed fault—a sin for which we were truly contrite —a vice flung from us with loathing and with shame—in such moods as these, happier were we to see his serious and his solemn smile, than when in mirth and merriment we sat by his side in the social hour on a knoll in the open sunshine, and the whole school were in ecstasies to hear tales and stories from his genius, even like a flock of birds chirping in their joy all newly alighted in a vernal land. In spite of that difference in our years—or oh! say rather because that dear difference did touch the one heart with tenderness, and the other with reverence, how often did we two wander, like elder and younger brother, in the sunlight and the moonlight solitudes! Woods—into whose inmost recesses we should have quaked alone to penetrate, in his company were glad as gardens, through their most awful umbrage; and there was beauty in the shadows of the old oaks. Cataracts—in whose lonesome thunder, as it pealed into those pitchy pools, we durst not by ourselves have faced the spray — in his presence, dinn'd with a merry music in the desert, and cheerful was the thin mist they cast sparkling up into the air. Too severe for our uncompanioned spirit, then easily overcome with awe, was the solitude of those remote inland lochs. But as we walked with him along the winding shores, how passing sweet the calm of both blue depths—how magnificent the white-crested waves tumbling beneath the black thunder-cloud! More beautiful, because our eyes gazed on it together, at the beginning or the ending of some sudden storm, to us the Apparition of the Rainbow! Grander in its wildness that seemed to sweep at once all the swinging and stooping woods, to our ear, because his too listened, the concerto by winds and waves played at midnight, when not one star was in the sky. With him we first followed the Falcon in her flight—he shewed us on the Echo-cliff the Eagle's eyry. To the thicket he led us where lay couched the lovely spotted Doe, or shewed us the mild-eyed creature brousing on the glade with her two fawns at her side. But for him we should not then have seen the antlers of the red-deer, for the forest in which they bell'd was indeed a most savage place, and haunted,—so was the superstition at which they who scorned it, trembled,—haunted by the ghost of a huntsman whom a jealous rival had murdered as he stooped, after the chase, at a little mountain well that ever since oozed out blood. What converse passed between us two in all those still shadowy solitudes! Into what depths of human nature did he teach our wondering eyes to look down! Oh! what was to be-

come of us, we thought in sadness that all at once made our spirits sink,—like a bird falling suddenly to earth, struck by the fear of a thunder-cloud gathered above its song,—what was to become of us when the mandate should arrive for him to leave the Manse for ever, and sail away in a ship to India never more to return! Ever as that dreaded day drew nearer, more frequent were the tears in our eyes; and in our blindness, we knew not that such tears ought to have been far more rueful still, for that he then lay under orders for a longer and more lamentable voyage—a voyage over a narrow streight of time to the Eternal shore. All—all at once he drooped—on one fatal morning the dread decay began—with no forewarning, the springs on which his being had so lightly—so proudly—so grandly moved—gave way. Between one Sabbath and another his bright eyes darkened—and while all the people were assembled to the sacrament, the soul of Emilius Godfrey soared up to Heaven. It was indeed a dreadful death, serene and sainted though it were—and not a hall—not a house—not a hut—not a shieling within all the circle of those wide mountains, that did not on that night wail as if the parents there had lost a son. All the vast parish attended his funeral—Lowlanders and Highlanders in their own garb of grief.—And have time and tempest now blackened the white marble of that monument—is that inscription now hard to be read—the name of Emilius Godfrey in green obliteration—nor haply one surviving who ever saw the beauty of the countenance of him there interred! Forgotten as if he had never been! for few were that glorious orphan's kindred—and they lived in a foreign land—forgotten but by one heart, faithful through all the chances and changes of this restless world! And therein enshrined among all its holiest, most sacred remembrances, shall be the image of Emilius Godfrey, till it too, like his, shall be but dust and ashes!

Oh! blame not boys for so soon, so very soon, forgetting one another—in absence or in death. Yet forgetting is not just the very word; call it rather a reconcilement to doom and destiny—in thus obeying a benign law of nature, that soon streams sunshine over the shadows of the grave. Not otherwise could all the ongoings of this world be continued. The nascent spirit outgrows much in which it once found all delight; and thoughts delightful still, thoughts of the faces and the voices of the dead, perish not, lying sometimes in slumber—sometimes in sleep. "Awake but one—and, lo! what myriads rise!" It belongs not to the blessed season and genius of youth, to hug to its heart useless and unavailing griefs. Images of the well-beloved, when they themselves are in the mould, come and go, no unfrequent visitants, through the meditative hush of solitude. But our business—our prime joys and our prime sorrows—ought to be—must be with the living. Duty demands it; and Love, who would pine to death over the bones of the dead, soon fastens upon other objects, with eyes and voices to smile and whisper an answer to all his vows. So was it with us. Ere the midsummer sun had withered the flowers that spring had showered over our Godfrey's grave, youth vindicated its own right to happiness; and we felt that we did wrong to visit too often and too despairingly that corner in the kirk-yard. No fears had we of any too oblivious tendencies in our heart of hearts; in our dreams we saw him—most often alive in all his beauty—sometimes a phantom from the grave! If the morning light was hard to be endured, bursting suddenly upon us along with the feeling that he was dead, so likewise did it more frequently cheer and gladden us with resignation, and send us forth a fit playmate to the dawn that rung with all sounds of joy. Again we found ourselves angling down the river, or along the loch—once more following the flight of the Falcon along the woods—eying the Eagle on the Echo-cliff. Days passed by, without so much as one thought of Emilius Godfrey—pursuing our pastime with all our passion, reading our books intently—just as if he had never been! But often and often, too, we thought we saw his figure coming down the hill straight towards us—his very figure—we could not be deceived—but the love-raised ghost disappeared on a sudden—the grief-woven phantom melted into the mist. The strength, that formerly had come from his counsels, now began to grow up of itself within our own unassisted being. The world of nature became

more our own, moulded and modified by all our own feelings and fancies, and with a bolder and more original eye we saw the smoke from the sprinkled cottages, and read the faces of the mountaineers on their way to the sheep-fold, or coming and going in joy to the house of God.

Then this was to be our last year in the parish—now dear to us as our birth-place, nay, itself our very birth-place—for in it, from the darkness of infancy had our souls been born. Once gone and away from the region of cloud and mountain, we felt that most probably never more should we return. For others, who thought they knew us better than we did ourselves, had chalked out a future life for young Christopher North—a life that was sure to lead to honour, and riches, and a splendid name. Therefore we determined with a strong, resolute, insatiate spirit of passion, to make the most—the best—of the few months that remained to us, of that our wild, free, and romantic existence, as yet untrammelled by those inexorable laws, which, once launched into the world, all alike—young and old—must obey. Our books were flung aside,—nor did our old master and minister frown—for he grudged not to the boy he loved the remnant of the dream about to be rolled away like the dawn's rosy clouds. We demanded with our eye—not with our voice—one long holiday, throughout that our last autumn, on to the pale farewell blossoms of the Christmas rose. With our rod we went earlier to the loch or river; but we had not known thoroughly our own soul—for now we angled less passionately—less perseveringly than was our wont of yore—sitting in a pensive—a melancholy—a miserable dream, by the dashing waterfall—or the murmuring wave. With our gun we plunged earlier in the morning into the forest, and we returned later at eve,—but less earnest—less eager were we to hear the cushat's moan from his yew-tree—to see the hawk's shadow on the glade, as he hung aloft in the sky. A thousand dead thoughts came to life again in the gloom of the woods—and we sometimes did wring our hands in an agony of grief, to know that our eyes should not behold the birch-tree brightening in another spring.

Then every visit we paid to cottage or to shieling was felt to be a farewell; there was something mournful in the smiles on the sweet faces of the ruddy rustics, with their silken snoods, to whom we used to whisper harmless love-meanings, in which there was no evil guile; we regarded the solemn toil-and-care-worn countenances of the old with a profounder emotion than had ever touched our hearts in the hour of our more thoughtless joy; and the whole life of those dwellers among the woods, and the moors, and the mountains, seemed to us far more affecting now that we saw deeper into it, in the light of a melancholy sprung from the conviction that the time was close at hand when we should mingle with it no more. The thoughts that possessed our most secret bosom, failed not by the least observant to be discovered in our open eyes. They who had liked us before, now loved us; our faults, our follies, the insolencies of our reckless boyhood, were all forgotten; whatever had been our sins, pride towards the poor was never among the number; we had shunned not stooping our head beneath the humblest lintel; our mite had been given to the widow who had lost her own; quarrelsome with the young we might sometimes have been, for boy-blood is soon heated, and boils before a defying eye; but in one thing at least we were Spartans, we revered the head of old age.

And many at last were the kind—some the sad farewells erelong whispered by us at gloaming among the glens. Let them rest for ever silent amidst that music in the memory which is felt, not heard—its blessing mute though breathing, like an inarticulate prayer! But to Thee—O palest Phantom—clothed in white raiment, not like unto a ghost risen with its grave-clothes to appal, but like a seraph descending from the skies to bless—unto Thee will we dare to speak, as through the mist of years back comes thy yet unfaded beauty, charming us, while we cannot choose but weep, with the self-same vision that often glided before us long long ago in the wilderness, and at the sound of our voice would pause for a little while, and then pass by, like a white bird from the sea, floating unscared close by the shepherd's head, or alighting to trim its plumes on a knoll far up an inland

glen! Death seems not to have touched that face, pale though it be—lifelike is the waving of those gentle hands—and the soft, sweet, low music which now we hear, steals not sure from lips hushed by the burial-mould! Restored by the power of love, she stands before us as she stood of yore. Not one of all the hairs of her golden head was singed by the lightning that shivered the tree under which the child had run for shelter from the flashing sky. But in a moment the blue light in her dewy eyes was dimmed—and never again did she behold either flower or star. Yet all the images of all the things she had loved remained in her memory, clear and distinct as the things themselves before unextinguished eyes—and ere three summers had flown over her head, which, like the blossom of some fair perennial flower, in heaven's gracious dew and sunshine each season lifted its loveliness higher and higher in the light,—she could trip her singing way through the wide wilderness, all by her joyful self, led, as all believed, nor erred they in so believing, by an angel's hand! When the primroses peeped through the reviving grass upon the vernal braes, they seemed to give themselves into her hand; and 'twas thought they hung longer unfaded round her neck or forehead than if they had been left to drink the dew on their native bed. The linnets ceased not their lays, though her garment touched the broom-stalk on which they sung. The cushat, as she thrid her way through the wood, continued to croon in her darksome tree—and the lark, although just dropped from the cloud, was cheered by her presence into a new passion of song, and mounted over her head, as if it were his first matin hymn. All the creatures of earth and air manifestly loved the Wanderer of the Wilderness—and as for human beings, she was named, in their pity, their wonder, and their delight, the Blind Beauty of the Moor!

She was an only child, and her mother had died in giving her birth. And now her father, stricken by one of the many cruel diseases that shorten the lives of shepherds on the hills, was bed-ridden—and he was poor. Of all words ever syllabled by human lips, the most blessed is—Charity. No manna now in the wilderness is rained from heaven—for the mouths of the hungry need it not in this our Christian land. A few goats feeding among the rocks gave them milk, and there was bread for them in each neighbour's house—neighbour though miles afar—as the sacred duty came round—and the unrepining poor sent the grateful child away with their prayers.

One evening, returning to the hut with her usual song, she danced up to her father's face on his rushy bed, and it was cold in death. If she shrieked—if she fainted—there was but one Ear that heard, one Eye that saw her in her swoon. Not now floating light like a small moving cloud unwilling to leave the flowery braes, though it be to melt in heaven, but driven along like a shroud of flying mist before the tempest, she came upon us in the midst of that dreary moss; and at the sound of our quaking voice, fell down with clasped hands at our feet—"My father's dead!" Had the hut put already on the strange, dim, desolate look of mortality? For people came walking fast down the braes, and in a little while there was a group round us, and we bore her back again to her dwelling in our arms. As for us, we had been on our way to bid the fair creature and her father farewell. How could she have lived—an utter orphan—in such a world! The holy power that is in Innocence would for ever have remained with her; but Innocence longs to be away, when her sister Joy has departed; and 'tis sorrowful to see the one on earth, when the other has gone to Heaven! This sorrow none of us had long to see; for though a flower, when withered at the root, and doomed ere eve to perish, may yet look to the careless eye the same as when it blossomed in its pride,—its leaves, still green, are not as once they were,—its bloom, though fair, is faded—and at set of sun, the dews shall find it in decay, and fall unfelt on all its petals. Ere Sabbath came, the orphan child was dead. Methinks we see now her little funeral. Her birth had been the humblest of the humble; and though all in life had loved her, it was thought best that none should be asked to the funeral of her and her father, but two or three friends; the old clergyman himself walked at the head of the father's coffin—we at the head of the daughter's—for this was granted

unto our exceeding love;—and thus passed away for ever the Blind Beauty of the Moor!

Yet sometimes to a more desperate passion than had ever before driven us over the wilds, did we deliver up ourselves entire, and pursue our pastime like one doomed to be a wild huntsman under some spell of magic. Let us, ere we go away from these high haunts and be no more seen—let us away far up the Great Glen, beyond the Echo-cliff, and with our rifle—'twas once the rifle of Emilius Godfrey—let us stalk the red-deer. In that chase or forest the antlers lay not thick, as now they lie on the Athole Braes; they were still a rare sight—and often and often had Godfrey and we gone up and down the Glen, without a single glimpse of buck or doe rising up from among the heather. But as the true angler will try every cast on the river, miles up and down, if he has reason to know that but one single fish has run up from the sea—so we, a true hunter, neither grudged nor wearied to stand for hours, still as the heron by the stream, hardly in hope, but satisfied with the possibility, that a deer might pass by us in the desert. Steadiest and strongest is self-fed passion in the human soul. When blows the warm showery south-west wind, the trouts turn up their yellow sides at every light dropping of the fly on the curling water—and the angler is soon sated with the perpetual play. But once—twice—thrice—during a long blustering day—the sullen plunge of a salmon is sufficient for that day's joy. Still, therefore, still as a cairn that stands for ever on the hill, or rather as the shadow on a dial, that though it moves, is never seen to move, day after day were we on our station in the Great Glen. A loud, wild, wrathful, and savage cry from some huge animal made our heart leap to our mouth, and bathed our forehead in sudden sweat. We looked up—and a red deer—a stag of ten—the king of the forest—stood with all his antlers, snuffing the wind, but yet blind to our figure overshadowed by a rock. The rifle-ball pierced his heart—and leaping up far higher than our head, he tumbled in terrific death, and lay stone-still before our starting eyes amid the rustling of the strong-bented heather! There we stood surveying him for a long triumphing hour. Ghastly were his glazed eyes—and ghastlier his long bloody tongue, bitten through at the very root in agony. The branches of his antlers pierced the sward like swords. His bulk seemed mightier in death even than when it was crowned with that kingly head, snuffing the north-wind. In other two hours we were down at Moor-edge and up again, with an eager train, to the head of the Great Glen, coming and going a distance of a dozen long miles. A hay-waggon forced its way through the bogs and over the braes—and on our return into the inhabited country, we were met by shoals of peasants, men, women, and children, huzzaing over the Prey—for not for many years—never since the funeral of the old lord—had the antlers of a red-deer been seen by them trailing along the heather.

Fifty years and more—and oh! my weary soul! half a century took a long long time to die away, in gloom and in glory, in pain and pleasure, in storms through which were afraid to fly even the spirit's most eagle-winged raptures, in calms that rocked all her feelings like azure-plumed halcyons to rest—though now to look back upon it, what seems it all but a transitory dream of toil and trouble, of which the smiles, the sighs, the tears, the groans, were all alike vain as the forgotten sunbeams and the clouds! Fifty years and more are gone—and this is the Twelfth of August, Eighteen hundred and twenty-eight; and all the Highland mountains have since dawn been astir, and thundering to the impetuous sportsmen's joys! Our spirit burns within us, but our limbs are palsied, and our feet must brush the heather no more. Lo! how beautifully these fast-travelling pointers do their work on that black mountain's breast! intersecting it into parallelograms, and squares, and circles, and now all astoop on a sudden, as if frozen to death! Higher up among the rocks, and cliffs, and stones, we see a stripling, whose ambition it is to strike the sky with his forehead, and wet his hair in the misty cloud, pursuing the ptarmigan now in their variegated summer-dress, seen even among the unmelted snows. The scene shifts—and high up on the heath above the Linn of Dee, in the Forest of Braemar, the Thane—God bless him—has stalked the red-deer to his lair,

and now lays his unerring rifle at rest on the stump of the Witch's Oak. Never shall Eld deaden our sympathies with the pastimes of our fellow men any more than with their highest raptures, their profoundest griefs. Blessings on the head of every true sportsman on flood, or field, or fell; nor shall we take it at all amiss should some of them, in return for the pleasure they may have enjoyed from these our Fyttes, perused in smoky cabin during a rainy day, to the peat-reek flavour of the glorious Glenlivet, send us, by the Inverness coach, Aberdeen steam-packet, or any other rapid conveyance, a basket of game, red, black, or brown, or peradventure a haunch of the red-deer.

Reader! be thou a male, bold as the Tercel Gentle—or a female, fair as the Falcon—a male, stern as an old Stag—or a female, soft as a young Doe—we entreat thee to think kindly of Us and of our Article—and to look in love or in friendship on Christopher, in his Sporting Jacket, now come to the close of his Three Fyttes, into which he had fallen—out of one into another—and from which he has now been revived by the application of a little salt to his mouth, and then a calker. Nor think that, rambling as we have been, somewhat after the style of thinking common in sleep, there has been no method in our madness, no *lucidus ordo* in our dream. The whole forty pages are instinct with one spirit—our thoughts and our feelings have all followed one another, according to the most approved principles of association—and a fine proportion has been involuntarily preserved in "what is writ is writ." The article may be likened to some noble tree, which,—although here and there a branch has somewhat overgrown its brother above or below it, an arm has stretched itself out into farther gloom on this side than on that, so that there are irregularities in the umbrage,—is still disfigured not by those sports and freaks of nature working on a great scale, and stands, magnificent object! equal to an old castle, on the cliff above the cataract. Woe and shame to the sacrilegious hand that would lop away one budding bough! Undisturbed let the tame and wild creatures of the region, in storm or sunshine, find shelter or shade under the calm circumference of its green old age. Or if that image pleaseth thee not, and still thou art inclined to be critical—then be satisfied with our final simile. There are two ways of approaching a city from a rural stage twelve or twenty miles from the Post-office. You take your seat in the mail-coach, and looking occasionally out of the window, you see many sights worth looking at—the sea on your right; hills, the Pentlands, on your left; in front, Arthur Seat and the Calton Hill, and the smoke of Auld Reekie enveloping the Castle. Meanwhile you approach the metropolis, in a line as straight as Engineer Telford could contrive to make it, and as smooth as suits the genius of Macadam. The mode of travelling is a good one, and we frequently practise it with pleasure. But there is another, entirely different, and in certain seasons of the year and moods of the mind, infinitely better. You take your foot in your hand, and leaving the turnpike road altogether, you deviate away up and down, following the course of a stream flowing towards the city and the sea. While it continueth to "make sweet music with the enamelled stones," you ask it no questions, why it chooses to wheel suddenly round, and to seem to be going back again to the pretty green broomy braes among which it has its source, for a moment's reflection convinces you that it is the best judge of its own channel, and that you have no right to alter the Pilgrim's Progress. One wild scene of beauty and of grandeur still succeeding another, you two—the stream and the traveller—

"Through Eden take your solitary way,"

now shut up among rocks, now singing past a wood and a tower, now cultivated fields, now a bit of heather alive with bees, and, in the distance, towers and spires glancing through the boughs, and you arrive at last, at the end of your journey, some hours after the mail, with a cheerful mind and a sharp appetite, just in time for the Noctes Ambrosianæ. The application is alike ingenious and obvious. So, reader, God bless ye—for a moon, farewell!

MARQUIS SPINETO ON HIEROGLYPHICS.

Our readers are probably aware, that the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street was the first English attempt, in imitation, we presume, of the French *Lycées,* such as they were under the *ancien régime,* to infuse science without trouble into the minds of fine ladies and gentlemen. Such devices are, we freely confess, rather French than English in character, and open to ridicule equally from the really learned and from the frivolous. Attending courses of lectures upon various subjects is, however, a very innocent pastime; and the Royal Institution is shielded, as far as may be, against flouts and scoffs, by the philosophy, the eloquence, and the wit, of those who have condescended to lecture in its theatre, and yet more effectually by having been both the scene and the means of most of the splendid chemical discoveries which have immortalized the name of Davy, and altered the very nature of the science of chemistry. Most of these superior men have, indeed, now deserted the Royal Institution, and their successors, however excellent, can hardly be esteemed their equals in ability; but the Lecture-room still affords much agreeable instruction to persons who would not otherwise, perhaps, be at the trouble of acquiring such knowledge. One course of lectures lately delivered there appeared to us so interesting, so curious, and developed matters as yet so little understood, that we are induced to extend the sphere of their utility by inserting a brief account of them in this Magazine.

The lectures in question were delivered by an Italian nobleman, the Marquis Spineto, who many years ago took refuge in this country from the convulsions into which his native land was thrown by the wars of the French revolution, and who has since honourably supported himself by his own talents and exertions. He is now attached to the University of Cambridge, as deputy, we believe, to the Professor of History and Languages, in the latter department. He has heretofore lectured both at this Institution and at Cambridge, upon modern literature, and is well known as a man of various and extensive information. Concerning his merits as a lecturer, it need only be added, that his English is perfect in point of composition, and no farther defective in pronunciation than that he cannot quite master the *th*, and occasionally relieves multiform combinations of consonants, by inserting an *a* or an *e* betwixt any troublesome pair of them. The subject matter of his last course was the marvellous progress recently made in explaining those mysterious Egyptian Hieroglyphics, viewed for so many ages with repining wonder, as the masks beneath which the profound learning of ancient Egypt was disguised from the researches of the studious. We propose giving a sketch of each of the six lectures in order, adding, as we proceed, such remarks as may appear needful.

The first lecture was devoted to the obstacles to be contended with in attempting the study of Hieroglyphics; to the information required to facilitate such studies, even now that we know how the attempt should be made; and to those circumstances in the condition, learning, and civilization, of the Ancient Egyptians, which give interest to all inquiries into their records and their remains.

The first of these points was prefaced and illustrated by observations upon the difficulty of originally conceiving what to us—as an acquisition of infancy—presents itself almost in the form of a thing of nature, rather than of human invention, the connexion between the written characters of the alphabet, and the thoughts we express by their instrumentality. This might indeed have been carried farther, to their connexion with spoken sounds; for surely there is no more natural affinity between the figure of the letter *a* and its sound, than between *F, a, t, h, e, r,* and the idea of the parent to whom we are indebted for existence. Perhaps, were we to investigate the origin and progress of writing, it might appear that its natural course was to begin with the picture-writing of Mexico, and pass through the sym-

bolical Hieroglyphic, to the phonetic* Hieroglyphic, ere it attains to the ordinary alphabet of simpler, but apparently arbitrary characters. But this is no place for such speculations. The existence of these phonetic Hieroglyphics, is precisely the modern discovery which it is the purport of the present article to elucidate, and we must proceed methodically. The difficulties with which the study of Hieroglyphics was, to borrow a significant French word, *hérissé*, when, after centuries of indifference, they again became objects of curiosity, were the following:—No one knew what language Hieroglyphics were designed to express, whether Greek, Coptic, or some altogether forgotten tongue, the vernacular of ancient Egypt, or a sacred and mysterious dialect confined to the priesthood. It was moreover conceived, that every figure was strictly symbolical, which, by the by, would have rendered a knowledge of the language written in them less important. But even had these doubts been solved, and this mistake cleared up, there still remained other erroneous opinions, which, whilst they possibly stimulated the zeal of the student, misled his steps in pursuing the investigation. Men looked to the Hieroglyphics for that which, as far as they have yet been deciphered, they do not afford. The Greeks, however inquisitive respecting the reputed wondrous learning of the Egyptian hierarchy, seem not to have dreamt of a possibility of comprehending what they considered as the enigmatical record of mystic sublimities, intelligible only to the priests, and hardly to them, after the final overthrow of their temporal power—previously much shaken by the conquest of the Shepherd Kings —by the overwhelmingly destructive invasion of Cambyses. The Romans probably adopted the opinions of the Greeks; but our lecturer disbelieves the story of a large reward having been offered by one of the Cæsars to whoever should interpret the Hieroglyphics upon one of the obelisks that had been transported to Rome.† When in later times Hieroglyphics again engaged the attention of the learned, the Jesuit Kircher studied them, in the confident expectation of discovering in them a regular system of Demonology, and of course found what he sought. Others, with equal perspicacity, severally read in these accommodating records, a scheme of Grecian mythology, a version of the Psalms of David, and even some of the most mysterious dogmas of Christianity. Concerning the groundlessness of these views, it may be enough to say, that a set of legends, the supposed repository of astronomical speculations, if not of a complete theory of astronomy, disclose, through recent deciphering, the names of some of the Roman Emperors; and one which had been interpreted by the Œdipus of Jesuits, into Latin, full as unintelligible as the Hieroglyphics, proves to be simply Cæsar Domitianus Augustus.

The student who would devote himself to the investigation of Hieroglyphics, should, according to the Marquis Spineto, besides understanding Coptic, be well versed in those matters to which they relate, the history and religion of ancient Egypt. We do not dispute the utility of such knowledge, as far as it is yet to be had, for such purposes, although we ourselves look rather to the deciphering of the Hieroglyphics for the knowledge, than to the little gathered from other sources, for the furtherance of deciphering. But our readers will scarcely expect these few pages should prepare them fully for plunging in person into this difficult and curious study. We shall, therefore, pass over the details of Egyptian mythology, and proceed to the historical statements. Little reliance can be placed upon the relations of the Greeks concerning any foreign country, even one they respected, save as such relations are confirmed by national testimony. The only Egyptian historian known, even by name, is Manetho, and of his writings we possess only extracts preserved chiefly by his antagonists the early Chris-

* Phonetic, means vocal, and is used by modern writers upon Hieroglyphics, to denote, "representing sound."

† Upon this supposed ignorance of the Ancients, we have something to say, which will be more intelligible after we shall have imparted the knowledge now obtained of the nature of Hieroglyphics, and which we therefore reserve till the end of this article.

tians, for the purpose of refutation. That he should be refuted, was deemed indispensable, because it was then, and long afterwards, conceived that his chronology contradicted that of the Scriptures. The Marquis, who appears to be a sincere Christian, and to feel a devout pleasure in dwelling upon every the slightest confirmation of Holy Writ from profane annals, alleged that this seeming discrepancy between Biblical and Egyptian chronology, arises solely from the preference given to the Hebrew over the Septuagint version of the Old Testament, which reckons full 1400 more years between the deluge and the birth of our Saviour, than the Hebrew text. We must confess our inadequacy to offer an opinion upon this question, on which so many doctors disagree; but such of our readers as labour under like ignorance with ourselves will doubtless incline, by adopting the more liberal computation of time, to avoid a painful opposition between the sacred volume, and what seems to be matter of fact, since the recent Hieroglyphical discoveries strongly confirm Manetho's veracity. The remaining fragments of his history give 32 dynasties of kings prior to Alexander's subjugation of Egypt. Under the first sixteen, who appear to have been very much held in subjection by the hierarchy, the country flourished, advancing rapidly in wealth, population, science, and the arts. During this period, terminating about 2000 years B.C., arose the splendid temples of Thebes and Heliopolis. The 16th dynasty of Pharaohs—a name used as generic to native Egyptian monarchs—was overthrown and driven into Upper Egypt by the *Hikshoz*, the Arabian shepherd kings; a race of barbarian conquerors who devastated the country, and apparently strove to destroy every vestige of a civilization they probably despised. The *Hikshoz* yielded in their turn to the efforts of the 18th and greatest dynasty of Pharaohs. The supremacy of the priesthood seems never to have been fully re-established; but they, as well as the country, prospered under these able and powerful sovereigns, until, about 500 years B.C., Cambyses overran the country, wrought a desolation equalling if not surpassing that of the *Hikshoz*, and finally destroyed Thebes, crushed the priesthood, and terminated the independent sway of native sovereigns. Upon this ground-work the noble lecturer marked out five distinct historical periods, by which he classed the Hieroglyphic monuments remaining: the 1st the hieratic period prior to the shepherd kings; the 2d, that of the restored Pharaohs; the 3d, of the Persian tyranny; the 4th under the Ptolemies; and the 5th, from the death of Cleopatra, when Egypt became a Roman province, until the middle of the 4th century, when the prevalence of Christianity appears to have put an end to Hieroglyphical writing. During the first three of these periods, we understood the Marquis Spineto to state the language of the Hieroglyphic inscriptions to have been Coptic, during the two last, Greek. The latter part of this statement appears to be asserted in too unqualified a form. Assuredly the Coptic language remained, to say the least, mixed and blended with the Greek; and for our own part, as far as our knowledge extends, the only Greek words we have seen, or heard of, as positively found in later inscriptions, are the imperial titles, Αυτοκράτωρ, Καῖσαρ, Σεβαστὸς.

This first lecture closed with reminding the audience of those points which, being known to us touching the ancient Egyptians, should stimulate our appetite for all possible further information concerning so extraordinary a people. We cannot but look with a kind of filial reverence to the masters in learning, science, and the fine arts, of our masters the Greeks, whose profound admiration for the Egyptians acquires double value from the habitual contempt entertained by the favoured sons of Hellas for all other foreigners. Of the learning of these forefathers of knowledge, we may now hope to know, ere long, something beyond tradition. Of their progress in the fine arts some means of judging exist; and whilst travellers rapturously extol the beauty of Egyptian architecture, statuary, and painting, it would be presumption in those who have never trodden the banks of the Nile to reject or dispute their judgments. With respect to the first named art, indeed, we are well disposed to concur in such encomiums. The architectu-

ral remains of Egypt, some of which are nearly 4000 years old, overawe the mind with the sublimity of their solidity and magnitude;—the mountain pyramids, the most familiarly known of Egyptian buildings;—temples, whose ruins are 2½ miles in circumference;—columns 60 and 80 feet high;—statues of corresponding size, the image of Osymandyas in his tomb, the Memnonium, measuring 75 feet in altitude. If these temples, such as we have seen them delineated, be deficient in the elegance, the lightness, the finished beauty of their Grecian rivals, they possess excellencies of another, perhaps not inferior kind; and their massiveness accords far better with our idea of a religious edifice, than the ornate style of the all-admired, and admirable Parthenon. We would not compare things so unlike as an Egyptian temple and a Gothic cathedral, yet the effect of the former upon our devotional feelings is not very dissimilar to that of the latter. The columns of those temples need no associations to please; they display real beauty. But we must confess, when we look upon the head of the young Memnon presented by Mr Salt to the British Museum, and recollect the paintings in poor Belzoni's exhibition of his Egyptian tomb, not even the assertion of the son of a distinguished artist, Lieutenant Beechy, that he could fancy Giorgione and Titian had learned colouring in Egypt, can subdue our sceptical suspicions of the influence of local associations and extraneous circumstances upon the judgment of such enthusiastic admirers. Of the manufacturing skill of Egypt, sufficient specimens remain to prove the excellence which had been attained. But we have yet further evidence of the superiority of the Egyptians in these useful arts, in the fact of their having possessed the means of carving with a delicate finish, granite too hard for our best instruments. Analogous testimony to their proficiency in mechanics is afforded by the enormous weights which they knew how to move and manage. Two obelisks in the temple of Luxoor, 200 feet high, are formed each of one single block of granite. And our lecturer informed us, without citing his authority, that they were such adepts in the art of tunnelling, in which late disasters shew us mere tyros, as to have not only effected subaquatic paths for crossing the Nile, but actually perforated Egypt with subterranean labyrinths; the scene, probably, of those extraordinary dramatic ceremonies of initiation to the sacred mysteries described in Moore's EPICUREAN.

The second lecture was chiefly occupied with an historical account of the steps by which the present knowledge of Hieroglyphics has been attained, prefaced by the mention of such rays of light as had been previously thrown upon the subject, although men's eyes, blinded by prejudice, could not discern the truth presented to them. A translation by Hermapion, a Greek, of the Hieroglyphics upon a column removed to Rome, has been preserved by Ammianus Marcellinus; but which column he interpreted is not known. It is even conjectured to have been destroyed; those pointed out being considered as spurious, probably sculptured at Rome when Hieroglyphics seem to have been imitated as ornaments by persons ignorant of their meaning. Clemens Alexandrinus and Porphyry threw out the conjecture, that some of the figures might possibly be phonetic. A conjecture adopted by Dr Warburton, in his DIVINE LEGATION, and to which he added the equally happy suggestion, that the Hieroglyphic inscriptions might be historical records. Finally, Horus Apollo, in a work translated into Greek, under the title of HIEROGLYPHICA, afforded much miscellaneous, but imperfect, and not very useful information.

We must pause in our abstract of the lecture to observe, that the generally intelligent and well-informed Italian hardly does justice either to the good Father or to the Egyptian. The passage in Clemens Alexandrinus contains a distinct statement of the different nature of the three several kinds of Hieroglyphics employed, —the Phonetic,* the Figurative, and the Symbolical. It is, however, so ob-

* If Hieroglyphic nomenclature be not immutably fixed, we would fain recommend the substitution of the words Alphabetic and Graphic, as more exactly bearing the meaning intended, than Phonetic and Figurative.

scurely worded, as to have been necessarily unintelligible to readers, whose preconceived notions would have persuaded them they misunderstood his meaning, if ever so perspicuously expressed; so unwilling is the human mind, whether from pride or indolence, to relinquish an opinion. In fact, it is our knowledge of the subject that enables us to understand this long incomprehensible passage. The value of the work of Horus Apollo, M. Champollion appreciates very highly. Indeed it should seem, that we owe to him most of what we know of the import of the symbols.

These scattered lights had, as we have said, been obscured by the mists of prejudice, and no prospect of elucidation had appeared, when Bonaparte invaded Egypt with an army, attended by a corps of *savans*. But even now it was accident, rather than the labours of the scientific battalion, that supplied modern Europe with a key to the Hieroglyphics of Ancient Egypt. In digging the foundations of Fort St Julian, near Rosetta, the block of black basalt, known by the name of the Rosetta Stone, was found. This celebrated monument was transferred, by the triumphs of our arms, to our possession, and safely deposited in the British Museum. It excited so much attention at the time, that its description here may seem superfluous; but the clearness of our narration of the course pursued respecting it, and of the discoveries to which it has given rise, requires that we should remind our readers of its precise nature. Be it remembered, then, that this invaluable document bore three inscriptions,—one in Greek, one in Hieroglyphics, and one in an unknown character. The stone was mutilated; all three inscriptions were manifestly imperfect; and even the Greek was nearly unintelligible. The Antiquarian Society had the three inscriptions carefully copied, and transmitted engraved *fac-similes* to all the learned societies in Europe. Porson and Heyne, the first Hellenic scholars of the age, translated the Greek inscription. It proved to be a decree of the priesthood in honour of one of the Ptolemies; and the last line contained the important information, that the said decree was ordered to be inscribed in Greek, in Hieroglyphics, and in the Enchorial, or Demotic, the common character of the country. The labour of deciphering thus lightened by a translation of what was to be deciphered, the scientific men of all nations addressed themselves to the task.

The Demotic characters were judged to be alphabetic, and therefore, as the least difficult, were first attempted; but what the language written in these Demotic characters might be, nobody knew. Sylvestre de Sacy first observed a likeness between two groups of characters, answering in place to *Alexander* and *Alexandria*, in the Greek. This was the first discovery of any of the letters, and indicated the means of ascertaining others. Upon this foundation the Dane Akerblad, a diplomatist, constructed an alphabet. It was very defective, mainly because he had not suspected that the Egyptians, like the Jews and other Oriental nations, omitted the vowels in writing. Akerblad's alphabet was corrected by our countryman, Dr Young, who sought out in the Demotic inscription other groups of frequent recurrence, counted their repetitions, and assuming them to answer to the words in the Greek, most nearly corresponding in times of recurrence, made out the names of *Ptolemy* and *Egypt*, the substantive *King*, and the conjunction *and*.

Dr Young then proceeded to write the Greek over the Demotic, so as to bring every unknown portion into immediate contact with its known purport,—an operation of difficulty, inasmuch as the Demotic was written from right to left, instead of from left to right. He accomplished it by using the ascertained words, And, King, Egypt, and Ptolemy, to divide and subdivide the inscription into minute parcels. The work of comparison was thus greatly facilitated; and although still unsuspicious what language he was translating, in 1814, by this process of comparison, he fully deciphered the Demotic inscription.

The correctness of Dr Young's reading was soon afterwards satisfactorily confirmed. A stone bearing two inscriptions, one in Greek, and one in Demotic characters, was conveyed to Europe by M. Drouetti, the French Consul in Egypt. He indeed refused our ingenious compatriot the use of it, but the disappointment resulting from such illiberality was obviated by a singular coincidence of circumstances. M.

Champollion obligingly procured the Doctor the copy of a Demotic papyrus from the treasures accumulated in Parisian *Musées;* and an English traveller, about the same time, presented him with a few MSS. he had brought home from Egypt. Of these some were in Greek, and one purported to be a copy of the Greek version of a legal instrument, inscribed in Greek and Demotic upon a stone, evidently M. Drouetti's. M. Champollion's papyrus turned out to be a copy of the Demotic version of the same instrument! The power of reading this papyrus, was irrefragable proof of Dr Young's having rightly interpreted the former Demotic inscription.

Thus further prepared, European learning and industry girded itself to achieve its great adventure, the Hieroglyphic portion of the Rosetta Stone; and it was Dr Young who had the honour of making the first step towards success. He noticed a group of figures inclosed in an oval ring, answering in position to the name of Ptolemy in the two other inscriptions; and thence argued, that such group must be Ptolemy, and that Hieroglyphic characters might be used otherwise than symbolically.

It is true, he interpreted some of these characters wrong, mistook letters for syllables, and vowels for useless marks, misled in the latter point probably, by reasoning from the Demotic, in which the omission of vowels is said to be uniform, whilst in the Hieroglyphic it seems arbitrary. But this was, nevertheless, the first perception of the possible use of Hieroglyphics to express sounds, not ideas; and upon this preliminary discovery is Champollion's brilliant theory grounded. With similar success and similar errors, Dr Young read the name of Berenice, in a legend from a temple at Karnak; and, finally, by comparison of position with the Greek and Demotic, interpreted 77 other characters, or groups of characters; but he did not clearly apprehend their alphabetic nature, and indeed still doubts, we believe, the extent of the phonetic application of Hieroglyphics.

The third lecture turned upon M. Champollion's system of Hieroglyphics; but prior to explaining it, the Marquis stated that the first confirmation which Dr Young's discovery received was from Mr W. Bankes. This gentleman observed, that a single female figure, an unusual phenomenon in Egyptian sculpture or painting, was frequently repeated in the carving of one particular tomb; and upon the sarcophagus in that tomb he noticed a group of figures in a ring, which he guessed, from the circumstance, to be Cleopatra. In corroboration of which guess, upon an obelisk at Phylæ, said, in a Greek inscription on the base, to have been raised in honour of a Ptolemy and two Cleopatras, he found the name of Ptolemy agreeing with that of the Rosetta Stone, and another group, from its position, necessarily Cleopatra, agreeing with the characters upon the sarcophagus.

Such was the state of Hieroglyphic interpretation, when it was taken up by M. Champollion. The ingenious and judicious Frenchman at once conjectured that the phonetic use of Hieroglyphics was probably not limited to the expression of foreign names, but of general application, and he adopted the notion first established by Quatremere, that the modern Coptic is identical with the language of ancient Egypt. By these ideas he directed his investigations. He began indeed with Greek and Roman names as the easiest—the first word he read was Alexander—and by their help rapidly prosecuted his phonetic discoveries. In the year 1822, he published an Hieroglyphic Alphabet, of 100 characters. This might seem a sufficient number of representative emblems, for sixteen letters, to which some erudite persons limit the Egyptian alphabet, which, by those who most enlarge it, is not computed at more than thirty, including diphthongs and other double letters. Yet, notwithstanding such a superabundance of substitutes for every letter, a superabundance since greatly increased, the same character occasionally stands for two consonants, and some are common to almost, if not quite, all the vowels. This seemingly glaring awkwardness is accounted for by the different dialects prevailing in the three regions of Upper, Middle, and Lower Egypt. The natives of every province being thus enabled to read the inscriptions, each according to his own indigenous pronunciation.

In 1824, M. Champollion published his PRECIS DU SYSTEME HIEROGLYPHIQUE, still our standard work upon the subject. In this he clearly established the distinction drawn by Clemens Alexandrinus, between the Demotic, Hieratic,* and Hieroglyphic characters. He interpreted upwards of 700 of the last, many, however, being either figurative or symbolical, and he explained the principle upon which phonetic Hieroglyphics were constructed. It is a principle pretty much analogous to that by which English children are taught their letters, when A is represented and illustrated by an apple-pie, B by a bull, C by a cat, D by a Dog, &c. That is to say, that *every depicted object stands for the first letter in its own name.* The names supplying the letters, and the words written in them, with the few exceptions known to the reader, are all Coptic, so that a thorough acquaintance with that language should seem to be the only indispensable qualification for the study of phonetic Hieroglyphics.

The objects thus represented for the sake of their initials, are of every possible kind; the human body, and its parts, animals wild and tame, and portions of them, fish, reptiles, insects, fruits, flowers, buildings, furniture, clothes, tools, geometrical figures, &c. &c. One purpose of the immense number of characters thus provided, may have been to give variety to their carved and painted inscriptions, as the artists appear to have very much studied the effect of the grouping of their figures. But another, and more important, certainly was, to allow of such characters being selected upon every occasion, as were symbolically appropriate to the subject upon which they were to be employed. For instance, in the names of sovereigns or heroes, the lion, as emblematic of valour and dignity, always stands for L, and the eagle, for the same reason, for A; the Coptic names of those animals beginning respectively with L and A. The symbolical character thus given to phonetic writing, the Marquis illustrated by the supposition that we, having such an Hieroglyphic alphabet, therewith desired to write London. A leaf, a lamb, or a lion, would equally answer for the L, but we should indisputably choose the lion, as the emblem of England. An oak-tree, which furnishes our ship-timber, would, as certainly, be preferred to an owl for the O, although the difficulty of distinguishing in a mere outline, an oak from an elm, might induce the substitution of an acorn as its representative. A net, the North Star, and the nave of a church, would alike supply N; but we should probably reject the latter, which would be highly suitable in an ecclesiastical state, in favour of the net and the North Star, both in some measure appropriate to a seafaring people; and assuredly no Briton would take a dagger for his D, whilst the deck of a ship supplied the same letter. Thus London would be written or painted by a lion, an oak-tree, or an acorn, the North Star, the deck of a ship, and a net, omitting the second O, as we rarely find all the vowels inserted in a word hieroglyphically written.

But notwithstanding all these discoveries, great difficulties still perplexed the student of Hieroglyphics; one being their arrangement. They are written indifferently from right to left, from left to right, or perpendicularly. Nay, in the same oval ring or shield, half the figures will be placed horizontally, half perpendicularly; nor do they always invariably follow each other in orthographical order. These sudden changes appear to be wholly regulated by some notion of convenient or agreeable grouping; for whenever one figure is particularly long, we find two, or three, as symmetry may require, placed one over another by its side, thus restoring a due equilibrium to the picture, at the small cost of sometimes misplacing a letter or so. As a general rule it has, however, been found, that in MSS. Hieroglyphics are commonly arranged in perpendicular, in painting and sculpture in horizontal order, whilst the question from which hand to begin reading, is usually to be solved by noticing which way the animals look, and beginning from the side towards which they are turned.

Having thus explained the Hieroglyphic alphabet, the 4th lecture treated of the other kinds of Hiero-

* Perhaps a sort of priestly cipher, with which we have no present concern.

glyphics. These Marquis Spineto divided into figurative proper, figurative proper abridged, and symbolical. The first differ little from mere picture writing. In this figurative proper, to express such a God's temple, we should find the God himself, distinguished by his emblem, commonly an animal sacred to him, and a temple with a line under it; which line being one of the forms of N, stands for the preposition *of*. The figurative abridged, as its name implies an abridgement of the preceding, is the most common. In it the God would be distinguished, by substituting the head of his favourite animal for his own,—a form long mistaken for the actual image of the God; and a ground plan of a house would take the place of the temple, preserving the N for *of*. In symbolical Hieroglyphics, parts of things are employed to signify the whole, things used in certain operations to signify those operations, and things emblematical to signify that of which they might be emblems. Thus a human head implied *wisdom*, a lion's head *valour*, a box with a flame issuing from it—a sort of a censer, we presume—an *act of adoration*. Two hands and arms, each holding a weapon, betokened a *battle;* detached hands *the slain;*—did the Egyptians cut off hands as the Turks do ears, by way of trophies of their massacres?—the sign of a thousand with that of the proper multiplicator, added to these severed hands, showed the *number slain* in the battle, and similar adjuncts to the figure of a kneeling man, with the line, denoting *of*, or possession, under him, told how many *prisoners* the victorious king, whose name was phonetically subjoined, had taken. Some symbols are more obscure, as a twisted serpent for the *course of the stars*.

The Egyptians, we are told, deemed the names of Deities too sacred to be pronounced; a notion not peculiar to them. The Jews, as is well known, perhaps from an overstrained interpretation of the third commandment, reverently abstained from speaking the holy name of Jehovah; and even the Greeks, familiarly as they dealt with their Pantheon in general, apprehended that the utterance of the awful name Demogorgon would produce some inconceivable disaster, if not bring the universe itself about their ears. The Egyptians extended this species of silent respect to all their Gods; they frequently wrote divine names differently from the way in which they were spoken, and judged it more pious to designate a Deity by his symbol, than figuratively or phonetically.* This symbol was often formed, by attaching the mark of divinity, a sort of hatchet, to the animal dedicated to the God, or to his emblem, whatever that might be.

This lecture concluded with some emblems and symbols of Gods, and some details concerning Egyptian opinions and customs naturally connected therewith. But we deem it more convenient, to proceed first to the grammatical forms given in the 5th lecture, that we may put all our elementary information together, ere we shew its application. The Marquis might be influenced in his different arrangement, partly by the desire of scattering amusement through every separate lecture, and partly by the impossibility of displaying simultaneously, in the limited space at his command, the numerous Hieroglyphical legends and inscriptions with which he gratified and enlightened his audience. With us, who must compress the substance of six lectures into a few pages, and who can offer but a specimen or two of Hieroglyphics, such considerations weigh not; and we follow the course we judge clearest, without regarding the place assigned by the lecturer to either mythology or Hieroglyphical monument.

Genders were expressed by the sign of P, or of T; *pe* and *te* being respectively the masculine and feminine article; and, besides the arbitrary omission and insertion of vowels, initials being often used as abbreviations of words. The T, generally in the form of a *semicircle*, is attached to names of women, to symbols of Goddesses, and converts the words son and brother, into daughter and sister. The persons and tenses of verbs are formed by adding the requisite personal pronoun or termination to the

* It is not easy to reconcile this statement with the very frequent recurrence of the phonetic names of Gods in all the Hieroglyphical legends and inscriptions we have seen.

infinitive, or rather, perhaps, the root of a verb ;—we are no Coptic scholars—whilst the participle, active or passive, is expressed by placing the same infinitive, or root, before or behind the person referred to. Thus, *Mai Ammon* is loving Ammon ; *Ammon Mai*, beloved by Ammon : and both senses are obtained by inserting the word between two names, *Same Mai Ammon*, meaning beloved by Same loving Ammon. To express the paternal relation, a goose or an egg, both standing for S, with a line, the character I, spelling the word *si*, son, is placed between the names of the father and son. If the mother's name is to be added, an M and an S, giving the word *mes*, produced or born, precedes her name. Names are, of course, always phonetically written. Only those of sovereigns are inclosed in oval rings. Names of private men and women are marked by human figures attached to them ; those of Deities by the emblem of divinity.

Our readers are now possessed of the most important of the elementary part of the Hieroglyphic system, as far as it is yet ascertained. We shall next impart some of the results of the application of this elementary knowledge, in the explanation and description of such deciphered Hieroglyphic monuments as appeared to us most curious amongst those the Marquis exhibited. Our learned foreigner's statements concerning Egyptian religion, opinions, and customs, will conveniently introduce them.

The religion of Egypt he conceives to have been originally, always probably in the secret doctrines of the priests, a pure theism ; and its apparent mythology merely an allegorical illustration of the qualities of the Supreme Being, described as emanations from him. Such an allegory would, of course, be speedily misconceived by the ignorant vulgar, or more properly, by the ignorant laity, in as much as the kings seem, according to our present means of judging, to have been included in that description. The less spiritual and more sensuous Greeks,—to use a term invented by metaphysicians to express the power of the senses, without awakening the gross ideas attached to the word sensual—converted these allegorical essences into real, individual, and somewhat human, Gods and Goddesses. Indeed, they seem to have borrowed their whole mythology from the Egyptians, through Orpheus, who is supposed to have been initiated into the most recondite mysteries of the Hierophants. Ammon, the Demiourgos, or Creator, was the chief Deity ; and with his emanations, Knouph, or Kneph, the principle of paternity, and the Goddess Neith, the principle of maternity, constituted a species* of Trinity. We cannot help pausing to remark, but without pretending to account for the circumstance, that we hardly know of any mythology in the least degree spiritualized or mystical, which does not offer a Trinity.

To return. To Ammon, the principal temples in Thebes were dedicated ; the city itself was called his dwelling ; and the ram being his favourite or sacred animal, he is symbolically represented by a ram with a golden circle, or by an obelisk. The goddess Neith presided over wisdom and military tactics. Upon her temple or shrine were inscribed, we are told, the noted words, " I am all that was, that is, that ever will be—No mortal ever raised my veil." Phtha was the inventor of philosophy, and a generally beneficent spirit, whence his symbol was very properly the *Nilometer ;* a philosophic invention, and the measure of that inundation, upon which the welfare, almost the existence, of Egypt depended. Phra, or Re, was the god of the sun. To him was dedicated the city of On, of the Bible, the Heliopolis of the Greeks, who translated all names. His symbol is the sun's disk, with or without a serpent. He was said to have been the second king of Egypt, whence all sovereigns of Egypt entitled themselves sons of the Sun. Saté, his daughter, was a kind of female

* We do not claim sufficient Egyptian learning to authorize our disputing this assertion ; yet, reasoning from analogy with Hindoo mythology, and from what has been said of Egyptian reluctance to pronounce or write sacred names, we cannot but suspect, notwithstanding Ammon's apparent supremacy and character of Creator, that this whole Trinity is formed of divine emanations, and that the name of the real sole God is still unknown, concealed possibly by the arts described. It is a question we cannot hope to see answered until some of the mystic volumes of the priests, whether in the shape of rolls of papyrus, or of granite walls, shall have been found and deciphered—if then.

providence; between this Goddess, however, and Same, or Sma, the Goddess of Truth or Justice, some confusion seems just now to exist. But we need not run through the catalogue of Egyptian Divinities, in which, we doubt, more confusion of this kind prevails. Osiris and Isis presided over a future state, the prototypes of Pluto and Proserpine: and the Marquis represented the whole history of their own, and their son Horus's adventures with Typhon, the *prosopopœia* of the evil principle, as an allegory of the fall of man and the deluge. The mysteries of Isis he conceives to have been illustrative of the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, and of a future state of reward and punishment; although when transported, without being understood, to corrupt and degenerate Greece and Rome, their essential spirit may have evaporated, and the preserved forms have been made the cloak for vicious orgies.

The Egyptian rites of burial, which manifestly supplied the Greeks with their Infernal Regions, were thus detailed by the Marquis from Diodorus Siculus; though we must acknowledge that the old historian's statement appeared to be modified and amplified from other, and to us unknown sources. The dead, after the process of embalming, were subjected to a regular trial, before 42 judges. The whole life of the deceased was investigated. Debtors were adjudged to their creditors; the wicked were denied the honours of sepulture, and condemned to be thrown into a ditch, called *Tartar*, from a word implying the lamentations of the family over this ignominious treatment of their relation. The virtuous were ordered to be solemnly interred; a formal eulogy was pronounced upon them, and a sort of certificate of acquittal attached to the mummy, which was then carried across a lake by a ferryman termed *Charon*, to the cemetery, always so situated, and named *Helioshuth*,* a word importing repose. The principal of these Lakes, near Memphis, was called *Acherusia*. The friends committed the deceased to this place of honourable rest with three cries of farewell, called *Cerber*, the cry of the tomb. We must own it a little mortifying to see Tartarus thus transformed into a ditch, the terrific heads of Cerberus into three simple good-by's, and the Elysian fields into a mere Churchyard, or at best, the *Cimetière* of the *Père la Chaise*.

But what has just been described related entirely to the corse; the immortal soul could not be so disposed of. For its accommodation the Universe was divided into three zones, containing 32 regions. The 1st, of four regions, was the zone of trial, earth; the 2d, of twelve regions, the zone of punishment, air; and the 3d, of sixteen regions, was the zone of repose or happiness, placed, we apprehend, beyond mortal ken. The mode of locating the newly emancipated soul amongst these various abodes, our lecturer illustrated by a very curious Hieroglyphic picture found upon a mummy. The original is in the Vatican library; it has been published and explained by that indefatigable investigator of old MSS. the Abate Mai. The scene pourtrayed lies in *Æmenti*, the *Hades* of the Greeks. Osiris, its presiding Deity, is symbolically represented, with an altar before him, bearing bread, fruit, and the Lotus flower. This flower is supposed to contain Nile water, without which no sacrifice was complete. He is attended by Homset, the guardian of cemeteries. The soul of the deceased, Nesimandu, is waiting to be presented, if found worthy of that honour, by Same to Osiris. The Goddess receives from an attendant the sentence pronounced upon Nesimandu's body by the earthly judges, symbolically expressed;—from their strange-looking symbols, it is, not improbably, conjectured, that the Greeks took their Gorgons, Chimeras, &c. But the judgment of Gods is not to be determined by that of men, though this last may possibly be admitted in evidence. A pair of scales is managed by the Gods Thot and Horus. In one scale is an urn, supposed to contain the life and actions of the deceased; in the other a figure of Same, (Truth or Justice). The balance turns in favour of Nesimandu; Thot registers the weights, and Same presents the acquitted soul to Osiris. Most funeral scrolls found, appear to be of this favourable kind; but Marquis Spineto stated, that Champollion had informed Captain Sabine of his having seen one instance of a dissimilar result, where, the urn

* This word is quite new to us, and foreign pronunciation may have misled our ear.

proving light, the condemned soul, in the form of a dog with his tail between his legs, was kicked by Anubis up a flight of stairs; whether into some of the 12 regions of air for immediate condign punishment, or back to earth for further trial, according to the dogma of Metempsychosis, did not appear.

Few Hieroglyphic monuments have been found of the Hieratic period, owing to the destructive ravages of the *Hikshoz* or Shepherd Kings, upwards of 2000 years B. C. The cordial abhorrence of the Egyptians for these barbarous *Iconoclasts*, whom they depicted upon the soles of their shoes to enjoy the pleasure of trampling upon them, is commemorated in the 46th chapter of Genesis, 34th verse, where Joseph says to his brethren, "For every Shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians." Some few inscriptions, however, of the earlier dynasties, seem to have been preserved, and placed amongst their own, by the Pharaohs of the 18th Dynasty, who restored the sacred buildings of Thebes, something less than 4000 years ago.

Many of the monuments hitherto deciphered derive their principal interest from the confirmation they afford to Champollion's Hieroglyphic system. These consist of late inscriptions, in honour of Ptolemies and Cæsars. But some have been read of a similar kind, relating to the Pharaohs, which possess historical value, and their number will, we trust, rapidly increase, when Egypt shall be explored by Hieroglyphic students. The most curious of those yet found, is the Table of Abydos, discovered by Mr W. Bankes, in a palace of that city, founded upon the left bank of the Nile some 3000 years since. It contains a genealogical catalogue of Pharaohs; but ere we speak of it, we must explain the nature of the mystic titles or prænomens, assumed by Egyptian sovereigns.

Every Egyptian sovereign took to himself, one, if not half-a-dozen of these appellations, which consisted of such formula as, beloved by Ammon, by Phtha, by Isis, or any other God or Goddess; loving such Deity; approved by such Deity; ever Living, Lord of Truth, Sun of the World, &c. &c. These mystic titles served to distinguish kings of the same name from each other; hence their multiplied and varied combinations. If one Rhameses—Rhameses was a favourite name—bore the title, beloved by Ammon, and another Rhameses wished to maintain his claim to so high an honour, he was compelled to add one of the other forms we have enumerated, or of the hundreds we have omitted. The selected titles in the selected order, formed that individual *prenomen*, which no other sovereign ever assumed. Much of the confusion made by Greek historians with the names of Egyptian Kings, arose from mistaking these mystic titles for real names; *Mai Ammon*, probably was their Memnon. In inscriptions, these titles precede the name in a separate shield, both shields being surmounted by certain immutable titles. The whole title of the Pharaoh Shishak, recorded in Scripture as having plundered Jerusalem during the reign of Rehoboam, called Sesonchis by Manetho, runs thus; (we give his two oval rings with the detailed explanation, in the accompanying wood-cut;)—the king of an obedient people, the Sun ruling the world, approved by Re, son of the Sun, beloved by Ammon, Sheshonk.

Now the table of Abydos contains forty shields, arranged in three lines. The first two consist wholly of mystic titles, without proper names annexed; the last line is entirely occupied with Rhameses the Great, otherwise Sesostris. We may conclude this table was carved during his reign. By comparison with other monuments, Champollion has ascertained that the kings, who respectively bore the mystic titles in the last thirteen shields of the second line, were the thirteen Pharaohs of the eighteenth dynasty, immediately preceding Rhameses Sesostris. He has, in the same way, assigned the five before them to five kings of the seventeenth dynasty, driven by the Hikshoz into Upper Egypt. The earlier series is imperfect, and the mystic titles it contains have not yet been recognised, as appertaining to any individual monarchs; but it is fair, nay inevitable, to conclude that they were borne by Pharaohs of earlier dynasties; and they thus afford presumptive proof that the Hieroglyphic system of writing existed anterior to the invasion of the Shepherd Kings. The genealogical order of the kings who have been made out, coincides precisely with the accounts transmitted to us by Manetho, thus confirming his long-rejected canon.

Another monument of the Pharaohs possesses a double interest. It relates to the celebrated conqueror, last

named in the Table of Abydos, Sesostris, whose very existence it has pleased some sceptics to dispute, and it is mentioned by Tacitus as having excited the curiosity of Germanicus. When visiting the ruins of Thebes, that amiable and unfortunate prince inquired of the priests the meaning of the Hieroglyphics upon the remains of one of the temples. They informed him that they recorded the military power of their great king Rhameses, (Sesostris,) his conquest of Lybia, Ethiopia, Media, Persia, Scythia, &c. &c., and the tribute he received from those countries. These Hieroglyphics have now been so far deciphered, as to ascertain that they speak of Rhameses the Great, indicating his extensive conquests by representing him in the act of receiving the homage of men, whose garb and complexion prove them not to be Egyptian—probably mark their several nations—and who present him with the produce of the countries he subjugated, as camelopards, ostriches, monkeys, &c.

We give, in the following wood-cut, the shields of this once mighty and renowned monarch's titles, and an inscription for a statue of Horus, as, with Sheshonk's shields, easy, curious, and sufficient, hieroglyphic specimens. They run thus:—King of an obedient people,—Sun guardian of Justice, approved by Re, son of the Sun, beloved by Ammon, Rhameses. Horus, son of Osiris, born of Isis.

A. Figure 1, a plant, is the letter S, 2, a semicircle, is T; these form the abbreviation of SOUTEN, King. 3, The Bee, is the symbol of *an obedient people;* we know not what the second semicircle implies. 4, The disk of the Sun, represents *the Sun* itself, or the God of the Sun, RE, or PHRE; 5, is the symbol of *possessing power;* 6, the Scarabeus, is the symbol of *the world;* 7, the Sun's disk, with the group 8, means *approved by* RE. This meaning is gathered from comparison, all the signs of group 8 not being understood. B. 9, a goose, is another S, here the abbreviation of *si*, son; 10, the disk, shews that it is with *the Sun*, or the god RE, that filiation is claimed; 11, a leaf, is almost any vowel, here A; 12 is an M, 13 an N; A M N spelling AMMON. 14, Another M, here the abbreviation of *mai*, beloved. 15, a garden,* is SH, which, repeated and followed by N, and by 16, K, gives the skeleton of SHESHONK. The groups surmounting the shields C and D are already explained. The disk of the Sun in C is placed over 18, a sceptre with a jackal's head, the symbol of *watchfulness*, and 19, SAME,

* Are we to take these trees and flowers as specimens of Egyptian proficiency in landscape painting?

the Goddess of Justice and Truth, with the symbol of *life* upon her knee. The group below has been explained. In D, 20, the figure of the god Ammon appears, instead of his phonetic name, over the m, for *mai*. The symbol of the god Re, probably as a mark of honour to the king, stands for the first syllable of his name, offering an instance both of the indiscriminate use of vowels, and of the irregular placing of the characters. 21 is another m; 22, another s, which, with the already known s, the plant, spells Rameses. In group e, 23, a hawk with an oblong,* is the symbol of Horus; 24, the goose, with a similar oblong, is the word *si, son*, at full length; 25, an n, before mentioned as the preposition *of;* 26, an eye, over a throne, and a figure used as the mark of the species god, if we may so speak, is the symbol of Osiris; 27, m s, is *mes, born;* 28 is another n, or *of;* and 29, a throne, followed by the t, the feminine article, and a figure often joined with it, is the symbol of Isis.

Hieroglyphical monuments are found throughout Nubia and Ethiopia. In both countries the Hieroglyphics and the Gods are the same as in Egypt, and in Nubia, so are the royal names; but in Ethiopia the Kings are all different. Hence, the noble lecturer took occasion to end his course, by discussing the question, whether knowledge and civilization travelled from Ethiopia to Egypt, or to Ethiopia through Egypt from Asia. He inclined to the former hypothesis, inasmuch as the Egyptians, in person, customs, and letters, shewed no affinity to the Western Asiatics. We lately met with a French author, who more than concurs in this opinion, placing the Garden of Eden somewhere about the source of the Nile, the Tower of Babel amongst the pyramids, we think, and suitably locating the other places named in the Book of Genesis. But we must observe, that if the Egyptians in no respect resembled the Phœnicians or Persians, there is sufficient analogy between their Priests and the Brahmins in religion and learning, to induce a strong suspicion that they must have borrowed from the Hindoos, or *vice versa*.

We now take our leave of the Marquis Spineto, with many thanks for some six or seven hours of interesting and instructive entertainment; and shall conclude this article, with our reflections upon the supposed ignorance of the ancients, concerning the phonetic character of Hieroglyphics. It is difficult to conceive, that whilst the tombs and mummies of private individuals amongst the Egyptians were inscribed with Hieroglyphics, their comprehension was a mystery reserved solely to the Priests; that whilst the Ptolemies and the Cæsars were causing their own names and titles to be hieroglyphically sculptured upon temples and obelisks, with the mystic honorary titles of the Pharaohs, they and their contemporaries should have been altogether unable to decipher the names and honorary titles thus recorded;† or, finally, that Clemens Alexandrinus should have been the only man, amongst so many wise and studious, capable of even guessing at the truth, though the Priests might be more communicative when sunk so low as they were in his day. We cannot but suspect that the phonetic portion of Hieroglyphics might be too familiarly known to be deemed worth describing; even as we, in speaking of a foreign language, should scarcely mention that it was written alphabetically. We cannot but suspect that what our learned men have discovered by dint of ingenuity and toil, was as well known, and as popularly read, by those who understood Coptic, in the days of the Ptolemies and the Cæsars, as were our own annals before the rise of the education-mania; and that what was then the object of admiringly despairing curiosity, is still either veiled from our comprehension in Hieroglyphical symbols, as yet unexplained, or buried even from our sight in some of those subterraneous recesses of which we have spoken. It is to be observed, that some of the symbols we do know are so arbitrary, or so enigmatically profound, unless originating in hitherto unknown mythological ideas, that they afford abundant mystery and incomprehensibility. Champollion conjectures the Anaglyphs, which he describes as allegorical paintings or sculptures, to have been the records

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* This is usually called a perpendicular line, but seems to us decidedly an oblong, or a post.

† With regard to the Cæsars' contemporaries, it must be owned that Imperial jealousy suffered few to visit Egypt.

of this mystic learning. We know too little of the Anaglyphs, to judge of the probable justness of this conjecture. But as the ancients always spoke of Hieroglyphics, we certainly are of opinion that they alluded to some more enigmatical and obscure Hieroglyphics, rather than to pictures and sculptures mentioned by them under the different name of Anaglyphs.

CLOSE OF THE LONDON SEASON.

Dear North, *London, 1st August*, 1828.

I could hardly prevail upon myself to write the words London and August in the same line. Yet it is even so; here I am, and the London season is over. Spite of the showery weather, the ruralists carry the day, and almost every "establishment" west of St James's street is either on the road, or giving dread note of preparation. Not a cloud that bursts, but drenches the light jackets of a thousand postilions, and from "morn till dewy eve," the bells of the inns along the roads, and the landladies thereof, cease not to wag their tongues. Heavens, what a fuss! and yet it is an English-looking sight, and does one's heart good, to see a great family upon the move down to their county seat. Behold, the cavalcade has just reached the inn door, and mine host, with hat in hand, runs to open the first carriage door, as fast as the fatness derived from thirty years' ale-drinking will allow. My lord and lady disposed of, next draws up the family coach, which four horses could scarcely drag along, with its numerous contents, and look now at the happy faces of three or four charming children, all with their heads at the coach-window, impatient for the door to open, that they may escape from their moving prison. They have not long to wait; the door is opened, and the most active of the three, springing into the arms of John the footman, climbs round upon his back, while the other two are taken in his arms, and away they go, a happy little company, to the inn. But the women are not out yet—there they go, one, two, three; mercy on us, are there any more of them? Yes, there are—four—five. There now, they are all down, and great settlement there is of shawls and bonnets, and much running to and fro, and noise of voices not well harmonized, and inquiry touching the safety of bandboxes. Last comes the old phaeton, built in the year of Grace 1807, in which do lie packed as conveniently as space will permit, a tall, thin, pale gentleman in spectacles, with a black coat, and two young lads, to whom he discourseth learnedly upon the beauties of the surrounding scenery. The tall person with the spectacles, ladies and gentlemen, is the family tutor, and the two lads are his pupils, both of them as full of mischief as an egg is of meat. And now having got them all fairly housed, and refreshing themselves with a glass of wine and a biscuit, while the fresh horses are got ready, I return to London, from which I have wandered thus far, rather inadvertently.

Parliamentary business has closed, after a session which every good Tory must look back upon with great satisfaction. I say this, however, not so much with regard to the measures which have been adopted in Parliament, for we are even yet hardly out of the track, winding in its course, but leading to destruction, into which the pernicious counsels of the Liberals had brought us; but looking at the change which has taken place, particularly towards the close of the session, in the tone of Parliament, and looking at the men under whose guidance we may expect the government to be, during the next session, I think there is a good prospect for the future. He must be a discontented fellow, "dour an' ill to please," and therefore no Tory, who, on comparing the state of things at the close of the present, with that at the close of last session, can fail to rejoice at the progress of events.

At this time last year, the government was placed in the disgraceful situation of being supported by men who have, openly and acknowledgedly, no affection for the British Constitution. So far are they from being attached to it, that it is their continual wish and effort to make changes in it, so important, that the goodly frame of laws and principles in which we Tories rejoice, could no longer be recognised by those who know it and revere it, as it is. Nor was this all: there was something so anomalous, so portentously strange, in the amalgamation which formed the strength of the government, that sober men stood asto-

nished, not knowing what to think, or in whom to confide. There was a Prime Minister (Mr Canning was yet alive) who was—witty, eloquent, irritable, and who, though of avowed Tory principles, was unfortunately a man about whose principles NO ONE WAS SURE, and this was his great fault as an English Minister. The Tories thought that he was too much a Whig, the Whigs that he was too much a Tory. With this Prime Minister of doubtful or unsettled principles, there was a newly acquired body of supporters, who, it was very well known, had no principles at all. Place, and the power and the money to be gained by place, were things so extremely desirable to them, that they were at once grasped at, and the principles were left to be settled afterwards. Moreover, the vague notions, unworthy the name of principles, which as Whig oppositionists they had talked so much about, were, as they well knew, totally unfit for any thing but talk. They might as well have tried to grasp the wind and fashion it into shapes, as to make any practical use of the wholesale maxims of the Whig and Radical creed. For the present, too, it was more gratifying to their taste, more pleasing to the small personal vanity which belongs to modern Whigs, to babble about their official business, than about any thing else; and talk indeed they did, so pleased were they with having the power to do so, as men having authority, to men and women, and to children even, whenever and wherever they thought they could excite admiration by the display.

The result of all this was, that the public did not know what to think about the government. They hoped, and feared, and suspected; but certainty of any kind they had none, whether for one line of policy or another. Such was the state of things at the close of last session. Let us look at what has been done since, and how we stand now.

Mr Canning's ministry was dissolved by his death, and to it succeeded that of Lord Goderich, which is allowed on all hands to have been a change for the worse. Mr Canning's government was dangerous, but not contemptible—that of Lord Goderich was both. It fell in its turn, and the administration of the Duke of Wellington and the session commenced together. The Duke's government took up the affairs of state when they were in any thing but an encouraging condition for the success of that line of policy of which he had been for some time recognised as the leading supporter. At home, he had to deal with a House of Commons which had in a great measure lost the healthy tone of English feeling that is so closely allied with Toryism, and which had very much given itself up to the guidance of certain plausible smatterers in political science, who advocated a spurious liberality, alike unsound in theory, and unsanctioned by experience. Abroad, Mr Canning's ministry had left to us the troublesome and dangerous legacy of the treaty respecting Greece, to which chance and Sir Edward Codrington had added the "untoward event" of the battle of Navarino. Such were the present difficulties to be contended with, and in prospect, were the Test and Corporation Acts repeal question; the Corn Laws question, and the Catholic question; the Financial Inquiry, and the current and incidental business of the session. Here was plenty of work, and of rather an arduous kind too, for a Ministry at which the Whigs sneered, half in mere bitterness of soul for being ousted from place, and half in the exultation of egregious self-conceit, which led them to believe that a Minister who despised what they considered wisdom, must be a fool. On the other hand, the old Tories, who confided in the Duke, and rejoiced to see him where his sovereign had placed him, shook their heads, and feared that such a Ministry as he had formed could not stand. The event proved they were right, but the partial and necessary change was happily effected without deranging the system of government of which the Duke was Premier. But I must not anticipate events. The new government, with all these discouraging circumstances before it, proceeded with cautious steps, following a system the very opposite of the hasty and arbitrary policy with which we were threatened by those who affected alarm at seeing a Field Marshal at the head of the Ministry, and the success which attended it was commensurate with the care evinced in conducting its different departments. In foreign affairs, the great object was not to do any thing, but to avoid doing any thing; yet this was a very difficult policy to manage, considering the situation in which acci-

dent, and previous mismanagement, had placed us. We had no point to gain by going to war, and therefore peace, if it could be maintained consistently with our national honour, amid the angry jarring of Continental interests, was the policy at once the most prudent and the most difficult to be pursued. This policy, notwithstanding its difficulty, has hitherto been pursued with success.

Our home policy commenced with what I, as a Church of England Protestant, cannot help considering a blot upon the Duke of Wellington's administration. It appears to me, that the Ministry too easily took fright at the temper of the House of Commons, to which I have already alluded, and yielded up an ancient bulwark of the constitution, for which if they had fought boldly, they might have maintained it with honour and advantage. I cannot see with what consistency men can advocate the yielding up of every thing without security, to dissenters, and deny every thing, with or without security, to Roman Catholics. I do not by any means mean to contend that the political tendency of the religion of Protestant dissenters, and of Roman Catholics, is equally dangerous to the British constitution; but if the exclusion of Roman Catholics be defended, as it is with great justice, upon the ground of preserving inviolate the union between the Church of England and the civil authority in matters of government, then the same argument which justifies the perfectly unrestricted admission of Protestant dissenters, must open the way for Roman Catholics also. This much, however, is to be said, that at present, practically speaking, the change of the law makes no alteration in the state of things. Dissenters, in point of fact, enjoy no more now, than they have done for eighty years past, and so far as the repeal gives them satisfaction, without producing any other change, it is a good thing; but the guardians of the state will do well to take care that the building of the constitution do not become loosened hereafter, by this pulling out of the first stone.

Upon the Catholic question, the result of the discussion in the House of Lords has certainly been to the country a satisfactory one. We now see our way more clearly upon the subject than we used to do. There is now manifestly one means, and but one, by which the admission of Roman Catholics to all the privileges of Protestants may be allowed, and that is the providing of such securities as will guard against the danger naturally apprehended from the admission to the British legislature of the trained foes of Protestantism. The Premier too has declared, that the preliminary to deliberation for the benefit of Irish Catholics, must be good order and peaceable behaviour on their parts. This hint, the Irish have, with their usual imprudence, and contradictory mode of action, thought proper to treat with scorn, though an opposite course is obviously the most direct road to that emancipation for which they are continually clamouring. They little know the people and the government they have to deal with. A variety of circumstances have contributed to bring the Irish closer to the observation of the English than they have hitherto been. If the present government retain its power, the fate of the Irish will entirely depend upon themselves. If they are disorderly and turbulent, they will be dealt with very strictly, and kept at arm's length: if they rebel, they will be put to death: if they behave themselves like calm and reasonable men, and by so doing shew themselves trust-worthy, their case will be favourably considered.

The Corn question came on in due course, and has been settled. This is a subject of great difficulty, because it is one on which it is impossible to satisfy the two great interests of the kingdom. They are not, it is true, really opposed to each other in this or in any other particular, but it is impossible to persuade the people concerned, of this fact, and hence the difficulty of the adjustment. The provisions, however, which have been carried into effect, give, I believe, as general satisfaction as any adjustment could give; and I am persuaded that the expectation announced in the King's speech, respecting these regulations, will be fulfilled, because they are in truth well described as "combining adequate protection for domestic agriculture, with due precaution against the consequences of a deficient harvest."

The choice of the Finance Committee appears to have been another consequence of the dread of a liberal House of Commons. Several of the members upon it, had no business

there at all, nor indeed in any thing else of high importance to the nation. They had neither the understanding nor the feeling appropriate to the task which was given them, and the consequence was, that their propositions were received with disgust by the Parliament. They did some good, however, in getting accounts from public offices, and putting those officers who were behind hand in their duty, in wholesome dread of being overhauled; beyond this, I am afraid no benefit will result from their labours.

The hasty and indiscreet conduct of Mr Huskisson, met by the admirable firmness of the Duke of Wellington, led to important changes, which at length opened the eyes of the Ministry and the kingdom to the real weakness of the party who had so long domineered in the Lower House. The strength which was either held wholly aloof, or but occasionally and coldly exerted for the mixed government of the Duke, rallied at once around the new Cabinet, of which, whether taken in the aggregate, or man by man, there was now *no suspicion;* and the philosophers, the men who listened to the abstract theories of books, and their own book-bewildered brains, while they shut their ears to the groans of the people, were completely defeated in the Commons House.

The session now rapidly closed, but not until Mr Huskisson had time to find in the regulations of the new American Tariff, some cogent reasons for doubting the infallibility of the "reciprocity system;" and the public had good reason to believe, from the continuance of some protecting duties, and the restoration of others that had been abandoned, that the absurd and pernicious Free Trade system was no longer to be part and parcel of the policy of the British Cabinet. The only measure of the spurious liberal cast which the Commons countenanced after the last ministerial change, was an attempt to rob corporations of their funds, or, what amounts to the same thing, to prevent them applying these funds to legal purposes. This bill, although upon the very face of it, palpably absurd and unjust, was got through its several stages, generally after one o'clock in the morning, when there were not three dozen members in the house; but it no sooner came before the Lords, than it met the fate which a proposition so revolting to common sense, and the common law of England, might be expected to meet in that assembly. It was immediately thrown out.

As to the King's speech at the prorogation of the Parliament, little is to be said about it one way or the other; it was a matter of form quietly got over, and that's the whole. "Deliver yourself," says Hamlet to Osrick, "to this effect, after what flourish your nature will." Now the ministers had to deliver themselves to the effect, that they were much obliged to Parliament for all the trouble it had taken; and that not having any further occasion for its services at present, they wished it a very good morning, and a pleasant journey into the country; and not being of the school addicted to flourishing, they did this in the calmest and genteelest manner possible, civilly turning the Parliament out of the door, to the huge disappointment of Mr Grant and Mr O. Cave, who not even yet, in the last week of July, were tired of hearing themselves speak, and wished for a few more "last words." As to Mr Grant's returns, I humbly trust that under Providence the country will be able to go on without them till after Christmas; and as for Mr O. Cave and his petitions, the House had a happy escape of both. Truly this Mr O. Cave is a modest person, to continue to put himself before the public, after the exhibition he has made as an *honourable* pay-master in Leicester, and as a *decorous* member of Parliament, when called to account in the House for impudent and unparliamentary language: If Mr O. Cave were not as destitute of feeling as the bench he sits on, instead of being in the house on the last day of its sitting, watching to present petitions, he would have been away in some remote solitude, his head sunk on his breast, and his eyes bent on the ground, not daring to look up, lest he should encounter some mark of the scorn which his public career has so universally brought upon him.

And now that the session has closed, I think it may be safely said, that at no period of modern times, did the nation part for a season with the immediate control of Parliament, with more firm confidence in the safe guidance of the executive government, notwithstanding the critical situation of Continental affairs, which seem to

indicate a general weariness of peace. It is true, there are some both here and on the Continent, who affect to see the evidence of weakness in the quiescent demeanour of Great Britain, while the other nations of Europe are buckling on their armour, and wars and rumours of wars rouse up the military spirit of the Continental kingdoms. But the very men who write and speak with pretended contempt of our policy, are stung with the conviction that that policy is the wisest course for this country's advantage, and for their harm and loss. They know, that under the guidance of the Duke of Wellington, the government is not the less likely to be prepared for action, because the Ministers have refrained from making newspaper editors acquainted with their intentions. They have had some experience already of the Duke's silent preparations, and their successful issue, and in fear they write down the lies which hatred dictates.

So much for politics—a monstrous heavy subject, it must be confessed, after July has set in; and I now bid it farewell, until dark November comes again, begging it, in the meantime, to receive the assurances of my high consideration. I hope the Opposition will look about them during the vacation, and pick up a few lads of spirit, that there may be some good sport in grappling with, when the next campaign opens; for now that Mr Brougham is sparing of his exertions, there is hardly any one in the Opposition worth the trouble of flooring. One cannot even laugh at two such sapient and loquacious gentlemen as the members for Preston; they make one sick. Waithman I like, and Hume, when they do not speak above ten minutes; they amuse, and when they require rebuke, they receive correction quietly, and pass on to something else. I should like to know how Joey Hume means to spend his vacation. I should think it must hang heavy on the hands of so active a patriot. I have heard that he proposes a voyage up the Mediterranean, to take a peep at the Greek Islands, and judge, by actual inspection, of the probable value of their scrip; and his taste lying in figures, rather than in landscape, he intends taking Cocker's immortal work with him, to study upon deck during the voyage. This, however, is merely rumour. Mr Huskisson has gone to the Continent, and Cobbett has paid him his compliments on his departure, and promises to do the like on his return, which is very kind and considerate of Mr Cobbett. The *amiable* Mr Stanley goes to the sea-side for the sake of cold bathing, which, by bracing his nerves, may give him confidence for the next session, as nothing but his retiring modesty, and constitutional timidity, prevented him from cutting a great figure in the session which has just closed. Mr Villiers Stuart returns to the embraces of his dear constituents, the Forty-shilling freeholders of Waterford, who love him so tenderly, that they would willingly tear him in pieces, in order that they might each have a small part of their much-loved representative as a keepsake. Lord John Russell proposes devoting his leisure to a work on the practical benefits derived by the Dissenters from the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, a point upon which the perception of the public is rather obscure. Mr Paulet Thompson is to perfect his studies in Political Economy, in which, with the assistance of a *private tutor*, he is already so great a proficient, as almost to rival that sage of sages, Professor Peter MacCulloch himself. Mr Wallace, the Irish counsellor, and M.P. for Yarmouth, is said to be engaged in an "Essay on Failures;" but whether this is in reference to the Bankrupt Laws, or his own experience in the House of Commons, is not clearly known. Such are the flying reports concerning some of that interesting body, the Whig Opposition. I wish them all manner of success in their several undertakings.

There seems to be something like a coolness about the King's College undertaking. The John Bull thinks it sees something like the cloven foot of Liberalism peeping from beneath the robe of orthodoxy, with which this establishment was expected to have been enveloped, and John is rather a formidable adversary in a matter with which the clergy are so immediately connected. So far as the controversy has gone, there can be but little doubt that Bull has the best of the argument; and I think it will puzzle the opposite side to shew how they will effect the object avowed in the first resolution of the meeting, at which the establishment was proposed, if they teach all

strangers, without reference to what religious or irreligious opinions they may hold.

The public certainly understood that the King's College was an establishment to be set on foot, which should be distinguished from Mr Brougham's Gower-street College in this:—That whereas the latter professed to teach science and humane letters to youth, without teaching them religion; the former would *combine religious instruction with the other branches of education.* As yet the public does not know exactly what is to be the difference between a student of King's College, and one who is a "stranger," attending the lectures of the several professors; but in such a place as London, it may be concluded that the latter class will be by far the most numerous; and as it does not appear that there will be any compulsion to attend the Divinity Professor's lectures, in conjunction with whatever other lectures the stranger may attend, it is not only possible, but very probable, that thousands may obtain their education at King's College without receiving any religious instruction whatever. As to the plea set up, that all the professors will be members of the Church of England, and will *therefore* inculcate sound religious principles, with their instruction on other subjects, it must be answered, that this security is of much too negative a nature. Infidels, to be sure, who thrust their impiety into every thing, would probably contrive to give a wrong bias to the minds of students, even in communicating instruction in abstract science; but it is not to be supposed that a true man, lecturing on mathematics or mechanics, is to step out of his way to inculcate orthodox sentiments on religion. This plan of teaching "strangers" (an ominous designation) may be very liberal, and wise too, for any thing I have to say to the contrary; but it certainly is not in accordance with the spirit of the resolutions, upon the faith of which the undertaking was supported, and the money subscribed, and therefore there is very substantial ground of complaint against it. In the meantime, the Committee are busily employed in seeking for a place where they may lay out their money in brick and mortar; various sites have been mentioned, but the Regent's Park seems at present to be the place most likely to be fixed on for the situation of this royal fountain of knowledge. The situation is, doubtless, a very pretty one, and the fresh breeze which sweeps down from the Hampstead hills, across this Park, will make the inmates as vigorous in body, as their scholastic studies will, no doubt, make them in mind. The price of beef will, of course, immediately rise in the neighbourhood, if the rations are unlimited, for study is a hungry work, which, if assisted by Hampstead air, will make the members of the suburban college as eager for victual, as the young lions which lack their food. Your English professor is generally a good trencherman at all events; and I wish them much of prosperity, and pupils, and orthodoxy, and good dinners, in the Regent s Park. But I am afraid the "strangers" will think the walk or the drive—do you think many of them will keep cabriolets?—a little troublesome, should they wish to hear a lecture at an early hour on a winter's morning. It is impossible, however, to have every advantage, and the benefits of the Park are many—air, wood, water, and "ducks on the pond," not to mention the gymnastic fugle-master, which the youngsters would possess in the person of a very wise-looking bear belonging to the Zoological Society, which climbs to the top of a lofty pole with remarkable agility, and hangs there, gazing with great delight upon the surrounding scenery, to the admiration of all the beholders. The Zoologicals have pretty gardens, but really the inhabitants of the Park should petition to have their stinking menagerie turned out of it. A show-shop for filthy bears and monkeys at a shilling a-head, is a nuisance, in by much the prettiest suburban neighbourhood about London, or, as I believe I might say, about any city in the world.

There is a place in an opposite quarter of the town of considerable celebrity, which in this intellectual age ought to be made the site of one of those philanthropic institutions so eminently calculated to make the rising generation accomplished and patriotic, beyond all that have gone before them. I mean Grub Street, where, from the appearance of the old buildings, I have no doubt ground might be cleared at a

trifling expense. Alas! for Grub Street! It ought to be called Ichabod Street, for the glory of its houses hath departed. I made a pilgrimage the other day to that ancient and honoured shrine of the muses, and was sorry to discover the decay that has crept upon that remote neighbourhood. Literary improvement is, as every body knows, upon the march, and seems to have quite waddled away from this once celebrated vicinity. Finsbury Square remains, but Lackington's is shut up, and I looked in vain to the garrets of the ancient wooden houses in Grub Street, to discover some trace of the distinguished occupation with which tradition tells us they were honoured. God be with the days, and may they never return, in which poverty dwelt with authorship in that exalted region of the house, which a facetious Hibernian friend of mine calls "the first floor down the chimney." If, however, authors have left Grub Street, their old companion, Poverty, has remained behind, trying her various shifts to eke out an existence. Here one may see a board spread with the basest remnants of decayed housekeeping—mended crockery ware, old candlesticks, and rusty keys. There, sand and matches, and cabbages of last week's growth, seek purchasers. On this side, the fancier of second-hand gloves may choose a bargain. On the other, an assortment of second-foot shoes, put forth their claims to notice. Here, a red board, covered with yellow letters, of which no two are of a size, informs the public that "comfortable shaving may be had within on reasonable terms;" while another shop, with bolder flourish, announces "Tea at threepence the pint, and coffee at twopence." Such is the Grub Street of the present day.

The publishing season is pretty well over, and Mr Colburn has ceased for the present to bring out his three new novels a-week. I hope this absurd system of bringing out every sort of trash that presents itself in the shape of a sketch of fashionable life, will cease to pay, for this is the only consideration which will put a stop to it. It is degrading to literature, and injurious to the class of persons among whom these books circulate. The people who support these things, by taking them from the circulating libraries, are well enough inclined, God knows, to a silly affectation of habits and manners, which do not belong to them, without this new-invented fashion for getting their heads filled with the babble of waiting maids. I suppose novel-writing, now, is almost as profitable as the cast-off gowns in a great house. Poets sing of the "golden age," the "silver age," and the "iron age," but were they to celebrate this, I think they should call it the flimsy age, for every thing seems made to suit a temporary purpose, without any regard to the sound and substantial. From printed calico to printed books, from Kean's acting to Nash's architecture, all is made to catch the eye, to gratify the appetite for novelty, without regard to real and substantial excellence.

At a time when all sorts of people venture to become authors, it is not much to be wondered at, that a bookseller should have ventured upon an effort so nearly connected with his trade, as that of writing a book. John Ebers has put forth a tome respecting the opera, and a very nice book it is for a summer's day. Handsome covers, "couleur de rose," lithographed prints of all the pretty women that have sung at the King's Theatre for some years, and a deal of amusing chitchat detailed in a style of great frankness and good-humour.

Mr Ebers, it appears, went on, season after season, taking infinite pains to please the public, and regularly losing several thousand pounds a-year. Why he continued to do so it is not very easy to conjecture, unless there be something very pleasing in the office of manager, which he most stoutly avers there is not, but, on the contrary, that an opera manager is of all men the most miserable. I am inclined to think, however, that there must be some fascination about it, of which, notwithstanding all his candour, Mr Ebers has not informed us, else why should so many have undertaken it with the experience of their predecessors before their eyes; and why is it, that though all who have undertaken it have lost their money, yet still the numerous competitors for the lease raises the rent to an enormous sum? Even Mr Ebers himself did not give it up, until it gave up him. But all this is beside my present purpose, which is to speak of the book, which, along with its operatic history, interesting to all opera-going

people,—and who does not go to the opera?—abounds in certain touches of philosophy, and criticism, which are quite gems in a book with covers "couleur de rose." Only listen how prettily he speaks of the trashy things which they dress up into the shape of Italian operas, and call them by the Italianized names of Shakspeare's plays. "Perhaps, however, we have no reason to complain, that as Shakspeare borrowed the rubbish of Italian stories as the groundwork of his beautiful structures, the original owners should reclaim their property, and decompose the splendid *materiel* into its original dross."

Bating the little bit of confusion of metaphors, this is ingenious enough.

The following description of Pasta's performance is not to be sneezed at. He could not praise her more than she deserves.

"Nothing indeed can be more free from trick or affectation than Pasta's performance; there is no perceptible effort to *resemble* the character she plays. On the contrary, she enters the stage the character itself; transposed into the situation, excited by the hopes and the fears, breathing the life and the spirit of the being she represents."

The following description of Brocard's first appearance is true, and curious on account of the managerial climax which crowns the whole.

"Her dancing was exquisitely graceful, her pantomime exceedingly good, her attitudes perfectly classical, her figure faultless—her salary was eleven hundred and fifty pounds!"

By and by, Mr Ebers becomes absolutely poetical on our hands, when describing a scene in "Teobaldo and Isolina," and Velluti's performance therein. Here is a touch of the sublime and beautiful for you, in theatrical description. Listen to this, ye newspaper critics, and hide your diminished heads.

"While this scene is displayed, which seems to *paint the silence of night* even to the eye, the full orchestral accompaniment is hushed—the flute and the harp alone are heard to prelude the mournful air that breaks from the lips of the melancholy warrior. If ever the attention of an audience was enchained, enthralled, bound as it were by a spell, it was when Velluti sang the *Notte Tremenda.* The stillness of the scene was communicated to the house, not a word was spoken, not a breath heard: —was this wonderful? when not to the eye and ear only, but to the heart and soul, every thing conveyed but one impression, that of pathos, so deep, so touching, so true, that it wanted but one added shade to become too deep for enjoyment."

Well done, Mr Ebers.

The accounts of the Theatre and the salaries of the performers are published; and I have no doubt the sums paid, particularly to the first-rate dancers, will astonish the provincials:—L.1500 salary for a season of seven months, and about half an hour's exhibition on the stage twice, or at most three times, in each week during that time, does seem rather enormous for a single danseur or danseuse. Some of the circumstances related respecting the female singers are very creditable to their industry and perseverance. Pasta was here in 1817, and was quite unnoticed in the company of Camporese and Ronzi de Begnis; her salary then was but L.400. She left this, determined to improve by study; and after several years of the severest application to her studies in Italy, she came forth a perfect mistress of her profession. No other living actress comes near Pasta in serious opera, and she is now eagerly engaged at five and twenty hundred pounds for the season, and a benefit.

So long ago as 1826, Mr Ebers was very anxious to engage Mlle. Sontag, who was then in Paris, and made her the most tempting offers if she would come over. Copies of two of her letters are given; and as one expects—I know not how—to find something charming in every thing connected with Sontag, I was much pleased to find in these letters just that union of frankness and politeness which one would expect in Sontag's correspondence, even in a matter of mere business. After telling Mr Ebers, that she was much flattered by his proposal, but that her engagements would not allow of her visiting London earlier than the last two months of the season of 1828, she concludes, "vous voyez cette epoque est encore bien eloignée, et je ne puis que regretter de n'être pas à même à présent de vous temoigner verbalement

les assurances de la haute considération avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

"Monsieur,

"Votre très humble servante,

"HENRIETTE SONTAG,
Cantatrice."

The next letter is from Berlin, respecting the impossibility of her coming to London earlier than she had before stated; and she concludes with a pretty compliment to our far-famed metropolis:—"Si à cette epoque vous agréez que je vienne chanter une certaine quantité des rôles à Londres, je serais ravie d'avoir le plaisir de faire votre connoissance, et de voir la plus belle ville de l'Europe."

This young lady's farewell appearance in London was very flattering to her:—late as it was in the season, I never saw the opera more crowded. Tancredi was performed, and Pasta, as usual, played the hero of the story. Both performers appeared to exert themselves to the utmost, particularly Pasta; and it is impossible to conceive any thing more perfect in musical science, or more delightful in natural power of voice, than the concerted pieces between these two famous cantatrici. In the solos, Pasta had decidedly the advantage. The airs she has to sing, are more delightful than those allotted to the part of Amenaide; and she is so perfectly at home in the music and the acting of the character, that nothing was left to be wished for. The applause that followed the "Tu che accendi questo core," was quite enthusiastic. But there were some scenes from a German opera performed afterwards, in which Sontag played very charmingly, and carried off all hearts. She has a very sweet speaking voice, and seemed to take pleasure in reciting her own German tongue, which I must confess to me sounded a little uncouth, after those

"Syllables that breathe of the sweet south,"

to which the previous opera had attuned my ears; but her acting was very captivating. She represented the daughter of an old man; and the filial and affectionate tenderness with which she appeared to address him, the daughter-like simplicity with which she threw her arms about his neck, and resting her cheek on his shoulder, looked up in his face, and exclaimed, "Mein vater!" made one at once esteem the actress, and admire the acting. At the end of this performance, the audience testified their approbation after the foreign fashion, by throwing of flowers and roses, and so forth, on the stage. No doubt this sort of thing appears foolish enough to downright English people; but it is quite appropriate to this theatre, which is altogether a luxury borrowed from foreign habits.

They say that the small English theatres in the Haymarket and the Strand, are getting on very well. I don't happen to know any one who goes to them; but I am sure that with such excellent actors as Farren, and Cooper, and Reeve, and some others, they must play comedies at the Haymarket excellently well; and the size of the house will allow of their performance being properly seen and appreciated, by those who can sit in a small house in the dog-days. It is a great pity that we have not a good English theatre of moderate size open in the winter.

I made a silent vow when I began, to write you a long letter; but really London is so stupid a place just now, that one catches the infection, and the pen labours heavily along; besides, if it were not so, what have I to tell you? Do you care to know, that wheat is getting up a little, and the funds down a little, in consequence of the showery weather; that a man is busy every day sitting in a cradle that runs upon little wheels, and is suspended by ropes, mending holes in the outside of the dome of St Paul's; that the people at Vauxhall pray for fine evenings, and that their prayers are not heard; that the annual ministerial fish dinner passed off with great eclat; and that the French child, with the marks on its eyes, which the owners of the show say, compose the words "Napoleon, Empereur," is to be exhibited in a few days; that dry weather and sunshine would be great and seasonable blessings; and that I shall leave town tomorrow? Yours, X.

THE BACHELOR'S BEAT.

No. IV.

A Day at the Sea-side.

A BACHELOR, as is well known, and proverbially asserted, is the creature of habit; and habit, when originating spontaneously, and governed by no motive save inclination, is, I presume, only another name for instinct. Be this as it may, the salmon of our own waters, or the land crabs of tropical regions, are not more periodically and unerringly impelled towards the sea than myself;—at that precise period of the season when the heat of vernal mid-day begins to render the thought of a fresh breeze delightful, and when the light curl on the distant waves makes them smile in the sunbeam, like the fast-fleeting, but as quickly renovated, hopes of youth.

Is there, can there be, to the mind or eye of man, a more glorious prospect than is yonder unfolded—when the gaze first rests on that shoreless expanse of proudly girdling ocean—upon which the beacon islet, with its seemingly baseless tower, shows like a pillar of some erl-king's submarine palace—and the homeward bark, deep-freighted with the weal and woe of thousands, like a flitting carrier-dove upon the far horizon!

"Ocean exhibits, fathomless and broad,
Much of the power and majesty of God!"

says Cowper, and never did poet's remark find a more universal echo in the human breast. Yet who has not experienced in the end, a sense of monotony and humiliation in that very illimitable breadth and depth, which mock alike the puny vision, the scanty knowledge, and bounded faculties of man? The Creator alone, methinks, is qualified to contemplate, without satiety, that ocean, whose abysses *His* glance can fathom, and whose waters (to borrow the only adequate language on the subject) have been "meted in the hollow of *His* hand!"

To man it must ever be a relief, when the fantastic tracery of clouds, that strive, though in vain, to bound and define the pathless wilderness of waters, give place, as I now see them do before me, to the realities of a smiling and peopled shore—where Plenty pours her treasures into the lap of Commerce—where waving woods exhibit the promise at least of future navies,—and where a line of friendly havens speaks to the sea-worn mariner of safety, welcome, and repose!

Methinks those mighty waves, whose giant strength refuses not to heave beneath the moon's mysterious influence, once more have yielded to the soft attraction of the smiling banks which form this noble estuary—so gently do they kiss the fertile shores, and seem to leave their storms and billows beyond the lofty portal of yon rival capes. 'Tis lovely to mark, as the swift lights and shadows follow the sportive track of summer clouds over the face of heaven,—the distant promontory, with its ruined castle,—the graceful bay, with its oddly clustering fishing village,—the stern basaltic rock, its inaccessible sides alive with countless sea-birds, alike emerging from the shortlived gloom, into the quickly alternating sunshine—while the thousand barks, shooting athwart the watery mirror, seem but a larger species of the happy living things, whose wheeling pinions, and unearthly tones, lend animation to the sounding shore.

I turn me, and the prospect grows lovelier still! The lessening Frith has become a noble river, now stretching sister promontories, in friendly rivalship, across its narrowing channel, now seeming to resume its pristine character by swelling into deep bays, and mimic lakes,—till, as if finally reclaimed from all its truant wanderings, by flowery chains on either side, it bathes in tranquil majesty the proud feet of Scotland's capital, and hides its diminished, though still beautiful head, beneath a gorgeous canopy of western clouds, behind the antique towers of princely Striveling!

This is, in truth, a glorious, though, to me, a daily prospect—and one for which I fail not to pine with unconscious yearnings, whenever rare absence excludes me from its hourly enjoyment. There is something in

even the distant prospect of the sea, for which neither stately groves nor princely palaces can compensate.—The mountaineer, transported to rich plains, does not more emphatically miss the "hill that lifts him to the storm," than the recluse dweller within view of the sea, does the glancing billow and flitting sail, that diversify his still-life existence with ever-refreshing vicissitudes.

But, as I remarked,—ere the charms of my native river extorted this unwonted digression—it is not, at this season, the distant panorama that will content me—and an instinct I never dream of questioning, turns my horse's head towards the beach the first spring day, when the unchecked melody of birds, and the untired industry of bees, and a certain balmy softness in the air, against which (like the downy shield impervious to the keenest weapon) winter's icy arrows must surely fall powerless—seem to warrant a belief that spring has fairly set in.

The first indication of the approaching goal of my marine pilgrimage, is the sudden replacement, at a certain latitude, of the grateful fragrance of the newly upturned earth, by the still more invigorating perfume of the sparkling waves—that delightful smell of the sea, gladdening, no less than its sight, to the heart of a son of Britain. My very pony snuffs it with complacency, and quickens his pace under its influence—a few minutes suffice to clear the smooth expanse of intervening downs, and (less to his advantage than his rider's) they are exchanged for the rude bulwark of rocks, on which is inscribed in characters of adamant the decree—"Here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

In pity to Dumple, and indulgence to myself, I dismount, and, leaving him to the novel luxury of the short salt herbage peeping from among the crags, I ramble in happy forgetfulness along the sunny sands, now lifting an eye of shuddering wonder to the beetling cliffs and overhanging caves, (to whose perilous shelter, fear of death could alone have reconciled mortality) —now stooping with almost infantine delight, to pick up each shining pebble at my feet, as if I thought its glittering texture a radiant specimen of that elder world, whose triturated relics form my noiseless path. Seated upon a jutting rock, I watch the restless sea-birds, skimming like giant swallows upon the watery plain, and ever and anon the dark unwieldy porpoises heaving, like inky bubbles, on the glassy wave. I love to gaze upon the slow receding of the ebbing tide, and muse upon its counterpart in human fortunes,—when, their fickle stream withdrawn, many a gay rainbow-tinted mollusca lies stranded in unseemly reptile-reality on the desert shore.

But amid all the magnificence of nature, amid even the animated sparkling charms of ocean, *man* will after all be not only, according to the didactic poet, "the proper study," but the irresistible magnet, of his fellow-mortals. I no sooner, while pursuing the ramble to which I have been alluding, along the beach, caught, from a projecting rock, a peep of the snug little harbour of X——, thronged with boats, and exhibiting an unusual appearance of bustle and activity,—than I felt impelled, by sudden interest in the scene, to recollect the propriety, nay, even necessity, of a long-intended visit to its worthy pastor, Mr Menteith, of whom I gave a sketch some months ago, which, if the reader has forgotten, the fault must have been in the execution, not the subject.

I found, on calling at the Manse—lying between me and the village, in a little sheltered cove, which nothing ruder than the "sweet south" could ever visit—that the worthy minister was from home; nor did a garrulous old nurse (the only member of the family unwillingly remaining on the premises) fail to make me acquainted with the reason.

"The town's a' asteer the day, sir,' said she; "and ye canna wonder at it. There's four-and-twenty as gude men and lads to sail this tide for Greenland, as ever tried the cauld uncanny trade; and there's sair hearts enow nae doubt, amang wives and mothers; and the minister, ye're sure, couldna bide awa' at sic a time, when the women 'll need comfort, and the lads counsel. Yestreen was our Greenland preachings, as we ca' them, and weel I wot, if an honest man's prayers can bring a blessing, they werena spared for them that 'go down to the sea in ships.'—But will ye step in, sir, and rest ye?" added my garrulous informant, "or shall I send the herd laddie down

bye for the master? He'll be vexed to miss you, and you sic a stranger!—And really ye look sair forfoughten wi' scrambling amang our rocks."

I thanked old Elspeth, but declining her hospitality, pursued my walk towards the village, along a line of the same rugged rocks which formed the rest of the shore, but amid which a rude path was now discernible. It led to the little primitive kirk, whose site, selected by a shipwrecked monarch in memorial of deliverance, almost among the very breakers from which he had escaped, rendered it a most appropriate place of worship for a seafaring population. Even in calm weather, the hoarse murmur of the waves against its rocky base was heard with reverential awe during the pauses of the solemn service; but when storms arose, the tempest's roar had proved at times too powerful for the puny voice of man to struggle with. It always reminded me of that most impressive of services, prayers at sea; nor was the illusion likely to be dispelled by the hardy weather-beaten faces that filled the galleries, or the grotesque seafaring emblems by which they had been in ruder times adorned. Ships—figures taking observations in the costume of Dutch skippers of the last century, were blended with quaint Scripture sentences in black letter, to distract the eyes, and disturb the devotions of many successive generations; and I love to engrave them by description on my memory, ere the hand of regretted, but necessary improvement, shall sweep them all for ever away.

From the abrupt rocky knoll on which the church is situated, I had a full prospect of the hamlet, shut out by the impending cliffs from the view of nearly all mankind beside. Its population all in motion, yet without apparent aim or purpose, reminded me of an invaded ant-hill, or a swarm of bees, whose queen has been deposed. Women ran in bustling importance from house to house—fishermen lounged about in desultory groups, regardless of their usual preparations—the children seemed to have got a holiday—the very school-house door stood open—all indicated the deep and engrossing interest the maritime population felt in an embarkation, with which, indeed, scarce a family in the place was altogether unconnected.

The village of X—— consisted, like most other Scotch villages, of a main street; but if any one exclusively attaches to that title, the idea of a level causeway, regularly bordered with parallel lines of houses, he has only to visit the one in question to be undeceived. Accessible at one end only over rocks, scarce partially levelled into the semblance of a road, and terminating on the other in an abrupt and perpendicular ascent,—the middle of the town presented a narrow deeply rutted lane, (reminding me, by the way, in both these particulars, of the old Roman streets of Pompeii,) and its scanty dimensions were, moreover, so abridged by invading outside stairs, that collision with a cart left little alternative save being impaled on a basket of fish hooks, or imbedded in the fragrant lap of a mussel-midden.

The presence of a well-dressed stranger—one whom not even Hamlet, in his wildest mood, could have mistaken for "a fishmonger"—seldom failed to excite an unusual sensation in its amphibious race; but on this eventful day I might have perambulated the village long enough, without attracting more than a transient glance from a truant scholar.

The first dwelling to which I was directed as likely to contain the minister, was one of such small dimensions, as indicated that its occupant, in removing, erelong, to the "narrow house" appointed for all living, would make no very violent, or probably unwelcome transition. When I lifted the latch, which I did so gently as to be unperceived, there stood, with his back to me, on the scanty floor, a stout young sailor, his bundle in his hand, as if in act to depart, yet lingering in reluctance to quit the aged venerable being, who, from an elbow-chair beside the fire, was giving him her trembling benediction.

There appeared a struggle in his mind, between the love of enterprise and the sense of filial duty. The latter had just triumphed, and as I came in, I heard him say,—"Dinna greet sae sair, mother!—If ye downa bide to see me gang sae far away frae ye, I'll just stay, and try what I can do for ye at hame. There's mair to be made yonder, nae doubt—and" (with a sigh) "mair to be seen for a young lad that wad fain be neibour-like—but

I'll bide wi' ye, mother, gin ye like—and there's as gude fish in the sea here,—if they're no just sae muckle,—as ever cam out o't in Greenland."

"Ye'll no bide wi' me, Johnny!" answered the sorrowing, yet resigned parent,—who, a neighbour whispered me, had lost a husband and three sons by the perils of the deep—"Ye'll gang in the Lord's name, like them that gaed before ye—if it be the Lord's will, ye'll come safe hame again—and if"—but the alternative that might be submitted to, could not be expressed in words.—"Gae your way, my bairn, and follow your lawful calling—the widow's ae laddie will no want Ane to keep him skaithless."

I drew back out of sight, while the meek emaciated being, who looked as if sorrow had nearly done its last, and perhaps not worst office, of loosening the ties that bound frame as well as spirit to this world, wrung her son's hand, and feebly sighing—"The Lord gae wi' ye," sunk exhausted in her chair.

"She's right, sirs," said a grave old man of primitive aspect, in his Sunday's suit—one of the elders, who had been evidently employed in reconciling her to the separation. "It's baith useless and sinfu' to wrestle against duty and Providence. There's Marion Jamieson down bye has been fret fretting, and wishing for something to keep her ne'er-do-weel spoilt callant frae the fishing—and didna he fa' into the draw-well yestreen in the darkening, and near lose his life on an errand o' her ain devising? A demented woman she was, when she fand her muckle-made o' wean—that she was feared to trust on the sea wi' his Maker—lying, feet upmost, in her ain yard well!—Whether he'll ever won ower wi't is but doubtful—but a blythe mother wad she hae been, to see him sailing, stout and hail, wi' the lave o' our lads to Greenland the day!"

I listened with deep respect to the white-headed elder's practical homily—and at its close, requested him to tell me where he thought I should most probably find Mr Menteith, with whom I had a few minutes' business. "He'll readily be sitting awhile wi' Helen Lonie, that has the sairest heart in the town the day—for her man, that was wont to be the flower and king o' our Greenland lads, and cam hame sae often skaithless frae the deep, dwined awa' this winter wi' a slow decline, and her fatherless bairns are no auld enough to do ony thing for her. I've a trifle o' siller here to gie her, that the lads scrapit thegither for her yestreen—for she's kent better days, and her heart's no just resigned to tak Session help yet. So we made a bit subscription, and she'll no refuse it, at the hand o' her Willie's loving comrades. The minister's no to tell her how muckle it comes to, that he may slip in what he likes frae the Session frae time to time. It's no a'thegither a right frame o' Helen's to be sae pridefu'—but if she thinks she can wrestle up her bairns without parish help, it 'll prevent her sinking under her distress."

I was too sincere a friend to the lingering feeling of honest repugnance to parochial aid, long the boast and pride of my country, not to contribute my mite to keep Helen, in *effect* as well as idea, off the list of its dependents. The elder seemed, on the score of my subscription, to think me entitled to the *entrée* of the house of mourning; and I accompanied him, with real sympathy, to the door, though I declined going further till I should learn the state of the widow's feelings.

The dwelling, still that of her more prosperous days, afforded two apartments; in the outer and unoccupied one of which, the elder left me for a few minutes. There was much in the aspect of this little cabin—for such, in many of its features, it might have seemed—to render it trying to the feelings of the poor bereaved one. To the full-rigged miniature ship, the characteristic ornament of many a skipper's parlour, were added shells of the Torrid Zone, (the gifts of shipmates,) in strange contact with pieces of whalebone, and teeth of seals and walrusses. The massy silver watch, hung by a black ribbon over the mantle-piece, and still regularly taking note of that time with which he, whose movements it had so long directed, had ceased to have connexion, was a striking and melancholy memento. A mark on the wall indicated the recent disappearance (probably from poverty) of a clock, whose occupation was now, alas! superseded by the stationary position of a watch, not to be parted with for gold, nor

displaced till claimed by its owner's curly-headed eldest boy.

In the window lay a large Bible, on whose ample boards was printed, "William Lonie, mariner;" and beside it a well-thumbed collection of shipwrecks, and a Natural History of the Whale. A scrupulously clean bed, with its elaborate patchwork quilt, spoke of former luxury and opulence —but at its foot a little hastily arranged curtain concealed something, which, in a Catholic cottage, might have been supposed a relic, or a patron image. Whatever it was, it was here alike precious and painful to memory—and excluded from the eye, lest it should be too much for the heart. I lifted, more in sympathy than curiosity, the veil aside; and behind it, mute for years at least, perhaps for ever, hung the light-hearted sailor's fiddle!—whose merry tones had, doubtless, whiled away many an interminable polar day, and gladdened the hearts of the bairns during many a winter night at home. As if to mark the latter destination of its jocund strains,—just beneath it stood that cradle whose occupation was for ever gone!

The examination of these wrecks of past happiness had brought me close to the slight partition; and I could hear, amid suppressed and gentle weeping, a glad young voice exclaim, "Mother! ye'll send me and Willy to the schule now—and we'll be men in no time, and gang to Greenland like our father!"

"Dinna think," at length sobbed out the soft, mild, weeper,—"that I'm no grateful, John Donaldson, because I canna speak to tell you and my puir Willy's kindly neibours, how muckle I think o' your kindness —God alone kens—and I tak it the mair freely, that mony's the time the puir fellow has done the like for them that needed it!"

"Ay, Helen, that did he," answered the canny elder; "and is it no a true text that says, 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and ye shall find it after many days?'"

"But, neibour," said the oppressed widow, "I canna think upon warld's gear the day,—no even to gie the praise whar it is rightly due,—when I wad gie a' that men ever wared or won, to see Willie Lonie standing feckless and plackless,—as I ance saw him after a shipwreck,—wi' naething on the earth but his leal heart and his stout arm to trust to!—But," added she, sighing, and suddenly changing her tone, "Gae wa', John Donaldson, and thank the lads for me; and tak wee Johnny in your hand—that's his puir father's picture. The blessing o' the widow, and the thanks o' the fatherless, will be muckle thought o' the day amang them."

"There's one no far off, Helen," said the good elder, "who wad maybe like to hae them too—though he's a douce landwart gentleman, and no about encountering ony jeopardy.—He's a friend o' the minister's forbye."

"Is he indeed?" cried the widow—"then he is welcome to me, though he had never put his hand in his purse for me or mine! I whiles grieve that I canna repay the gude I get at mony a hand; but the minister, honest man, never lies on my conscience,—for his heart, and his treasure, and his reward, are a'thegither in Heaven."

I opened the door cautiously, and, introduced by the good old man, laid my hand affectionately on the heads of the dark rosy boys, and then held it out to their sorrowing mother. How impartial is Nature in her distribution of personal advantages! How omnipotent the regality of mind and character! Had a painter wished to pourtray a Roman matron of the softer stamp—the mother to whose caresses Coriolanus must have yielded —or the Eponina whose smiles could cheer long years of famine and proscription—here might have been his model. Yet there was a Madonna expression in her downcast eye, that spoke rather of Christian firmness than Roman stoicism; and a royal martyr of the early church, meek though undismayed, amid a hostile army, might have perhaps found in Helen Lonie a still meeter representative. I really shrunk back, half unable to proffer condolence to so commanding a being.

"I thank ye, sir, kindly," said she, "for me and mine, for your Christian help to a lone woman, that has been e'en ower little used either to work or want. While Willie lived I had little need to do either; but if I do the best for the tane, Providence will take care o' the other. This is to be my last day o' sinfu' repining. The Lord has sent this supply, to rebuke my heartlessness and quicken my dili-

gence. Tak it wi' ye, John Donaldson, and set me up in a bit shop wi't —and see if it winna be like the widow's cruise of oil, and grow aye the langer the mair! But ye maunna forget the kind givers, John—oh! dinna let the lads sail without my blessing! And stop, John, I promised Peter Morrison *his* spyglass, for a token o' the love he bore him. I've never looked at it since the day *he* tried to see his ain vessel as she came up the Firth. 'It winna do, Helen,' said he quietly. 'There's a glaze on my ee that winna let me see ony thing muckle langer.' I tried to look and tell him how the Nancy stood in the water—but the tear blinded me; and he said, 'Helen! lock by the glass—I'll never need it mair!' "—As the widow repeated these last words, the key turned in the lock of the old-fashioned scrutoire, and, along with the glass, many familiar objects, long carefully excluded, rushed upon her sight and memory. All her fortitude at once forsook her, and exclaiming, "Tak it yoursell, John, I'm no able"—she escaped through an inner door into the other room. We respected her sorrow too much to interrupt its vent, so, taking each a hand of the boys, and lifting, like a precious relic, the honest sailor's spyglass, we stole out of the house.

Chance soon threw in our way the comrade for whom the token was designed. He received it with a burst of rude emotion, to cover which he rattled to the children, and hurried away, with one in each hand, to treat them with gingerbread. The elder strove to detain him, to deliver Helen's message of thanks to this spokesman of the benevolent crew; but he only shook his head, and ran the faster out of hearing. "I maun get the minister to say a bit word for her, puir thing! he'll do it better than I can. I mind where he'll be now—nae doubt asking a blessing on the grace-drink at Sandie Nicol's, the auld sailing-master's. He's been to Greenland mair times than I can reckon, and makes aye a ploy o't, just like ony laddie, and sae does the haill family. There's twa o' his sons gawn wi' him this trip; the gudewife's stout heart 'll be tried—but it never failed her yet: she's an unco woman for cantiness!"

We soon got in front of the mansion, one of the best houses in the village, two stories high, and *self-contained*, viz. with its stair inside. Sounds of merriment certainly issued from an upper room; and not all the other perfumes of X—— could entirely counteract the savoury steam of pies and punch which emanated from the open window. It was not a day for etiquette, and up walked the elder; and I ventured to follow the more readily, that I heard, even amid a chaos of voices, young and old, the soft subdued tones of Mr Menteith.

"Ye're welcome in, John Donaldson!" cried the gudewife, whose manners corroborated the elder's description. "It will be a braw fishing, nae doubt, that has baith the minister and his doucest elder to ask a blessing on't! and ye're welcome, too, sir, I'm sure," said she, cordially though respectfully to me, as she saw Mr Menteith, not reluctantly, I believe, quit the post of honour beside her, and advance to shake me by the hand. He would have excused himself, and retired with me from the scene of rude hospitality; but the whole party violently interfered—"Na, na, minister!" said the cheerful but cautious old sailor, "if ye were to leave us sae lang afore the turn o' the tide, some o' us might get the maut aboon the meal. Drink may be a gude servant, but it's an ill master. Folk may forget themselves wi' baith feet on dry land; but wi' ae fit on the water, its clean nonsense! I never took aff a crew the waur o' drink since I steered boat, and that's no yesterday."

"Besides," said the gudewife, (who would rather hear Mr Menteith preach than her husband at any time,) "the stranger gentleman, if he can just put up wi' our sea-faring way, wad may be like to hear some o' your auld warld Greenland stories. Ye ken ye aye tell the bairns some ferlies before starting."

It is almost impossible to come in familiar contact with honest industry, without becoming better; and in Scotland it is generally coupled with so much intelligence, that one may expect to be wiser also. I was soon deep in all the mysteries of whaling and harpooning, and, catching animation from the weather-beaten faces round me, a partaker in all the various excitements of a Greenland voyage. The climate alone of the old patriarch's chamber of *dais* dispelled the illusion; nor could "thinking of the

frosty Caucasus" itself, or all the snows of Nova Zembla, enable me to bear it much longer.

Just as I began to pant like the exhausted Leviathan of my old friend's narration, and like him to meditate an expiring effort to reach another element, I perceived that the minister had already disappeared; in consequence, I was told, of a summons to a parishioner in distress. Delicacy equally forbade my further intrusion on this family circle, and any efforts on their part to detain me, now that the only guest of my own rank had retired—so drinking off a glass to their successful voyage, and promising to witness the embarkation, I sallied gladly into the open air.

The beach was my natural resort, and on strolling towards it, I found there a knot of two or three young unmarried men, apparently too slightly connected in the village to excite any of the overwhelming feelings called forth by the more endearing relations of life—yet, who seemed to find some compensation in the friendly adieus, and lively banterings of a bevy of bright-eyed damsels, who, lounging about in gay caps and top-knots, formed a striking contrast to the general complexion of the village.

Amid this group of lads, however, I soon recognised one, who, seemingly either unable or unwilling to join in the laugh, or retort the good-humoured jest, stood apart from his comrades; with the lingering look and reluctant demeanour of one whose heart was on a spot, from which, at the same time, he ever and anon testified impatience to escape, by pulling his companions by the arm, and more than once going down to the harbour to ascertain how soon the boat might be got afloat. This being still out of the question, he sat down on a rock at some distance, and seemed lost in meditations of no very pleasing character. There was something in his moody and unsocial deportment, which, coupled with his fine manly person, and evident youth, interested me, I knew not why; and I might have stood longer observing them, had I not seen Mr Menteith at the other end of the Quay—and hastened to join him. He almost looked as if he could have dispensed with my company, but merely apologizing for the inevitable hurry of such a day, he allowed me to walk by his side, till we came to a small house of mean appearance, in a by-lane, one of the very few whose door on this day of privileged intercourse was carefully closed—while no sound from within indicated the presence of inhabitants.

Giving me a sign not to follow him, the good pastor gently lifted the latch, and I was soon made sensible by suppressed moanings, of the participation, "not loud but deep," of some inmate in the general desolation. Feeling and propriety alike prohibited my listening to an apparently agonizing colloquy—during which the stifled groans gave place to a burst of hysterical emotion—but I could not avoid hearing the minister say, on leaving the room—"Marion, pray to God to bless my endeavours. It is little I can do for you—but the hearts of all are in His hand!"

Again hastily pressing my hand, and hurrying past me, I saw the worthy pastor walk rapidly towards the spot I had lately occupied, and, connecting involuntarily his present haste with the young sailor I had left sitting in gloomy abstraction on the rocks, I resumed the position from whence I had first descried him, and had a full view of the dumb shew of a scene, on which I had no right farther to intrude.

The communication, whatever it might be, which the minister was about to make, was evidently more unwelcome than unexpected; for the youth, instead of rising, as under other circumstances he would have done, on his pastor's approach, sat doggedly still, with his face averted, and his wallet between his knees, in the attitude of one who may be lectured, but cannot be convinced. Nay, the hand, which in the course of his pastoral admonition the mild man laid on his young parishioner's shoulder, I could see indignantly shaken off by an uncourteous gesture of his refractory hearer.

I gathered—though the youth by degrees assumed a more respectful attitude—from the whole air of my worthy friend's figure, that he was an unsuccessful pleader. It was soon put beyond a doubt, by the melancholy shake of the head and disconsolate step with which he at length turned away from the inexorable culprit.

I was on the point of moving, to join and condole with him, when I

saw the lad suddenly start up, and run after the minister—appearing by the respectful touch of the hat, which replaced his late rude deportment—to solicit in his turn a renewal of the conference. It was instantly, and with true Christian benignity, accorded—and here again sounds would have been superfluous to convey to me the tenor of the conversation. I saw that the proud heart of the young man was fairly melted—that the figures he still drew with his stick in the sand, were the result of awkwardness and absence, not of sullenness and incivility. The whole air of proud defiance in his form, gave place to submission and even humility—and when the pastor's hand was kindly stretched out to his penitent disciple, I knew as well how it all was, as if I had been an impannelled juror on the case.

As the minister began to ascend from the beach to the height I stood on, I saw the lad hang back a little, and seem to stipulate somewhat, though timidly and with hesitation. The pastor nodded assent, and outstripping his now tardy companion, came up to me and said, with a benign smile,—" If you are disposed to punish me for treating you so cavalierly, you have a fair opportunity, for I am about to trespass on your goodnature for a favour."—" Which I am quite disposed to punish you by granting, according to your own mode of retaliating injuries," said I, with a cordial shake of the hand, which was warmly returned.—"You must know," said the good man, " that I have been making up a marriage since I left you, and as for good reasons the young bridegroom desires present secrecy, I wish you to be a witness, along with the bride's mother, without taking any of the village gossips into our counsel. You will not grudge having a hand in averting from a very bonnie, but very simple lassie, a broken promise and a broken heart; and William, as I have been telling him, will keep his watch all the heartier, and sleep all the sounder, that he has no betrayed maiden to haunt his waking or sleeping dreams. There's little time to lose—the tide is making fast. I'll step forward and prepare the bride.—There will be joy in her heart, though, on many accounts, it will be a tearful bridal."

I looked round when Mr Menteith had left me, for the bridegroom, but found he had taken a circuitous route to his intended's dwelling, lest his being seen there with the minister should give rise to surmises which, as the son of austere and avaricious parents in a neighbouring farm, he was anxious to avert, till his return from a successful fishing might render him comparatively independent.

I arrived, consequently, before him at the cottage, whence I had so lately heard issuing sounds of hopeless and seemingly inconsolable affliction. The same gentle voice was weeping still—But, oh! how different are tears of joyful emotion and sanctified penitence, from the bitter overflowings of a broken, yet *not* contrite heart! I knocked—a decent subdued-looking matron opened the door, and bade me welcome. A beautiful girl, apparently scarce seventeen, stood twisting her apron before the minister, and, on my entrance, covered her face with both her hands, through which tears trickled down upon the old deal table.—" Marion!" said the minister, " compose yourself, and lift your heart to Him, in whose presence you are so soon to exchange a solemn vow." She looked up, dried her eyes, and showed a countenance, lovely even in tears, when the door hastily opened, and she again buried her face in her hands.

The young man came up to her with the same firmness of manner which had characterised his whole deportment. He took her hand with gentle kindness, kissed off the tears that flowed faster than ever, and then said, with a gravity far beyond his years,—" Marion! ye'll hae time enough to greet when I'm far far awa! —and need we baith hae to repent our sin and folly. But we are here now to thank God and his minister for bringing me to a better mind, and sparing you a sair heart. Ye'll be able now to think o' me living wi' peace and comfort; and if I never come hame, there's nane can forbid ye to put on a black gown for me. If trouble comes, and ye get unkindness from folk o' mine, the minister 'll no see ye wranged. But oh! be canny wi' my puir mother, for she's had her trials sair and mony, and downa bide to be contrairced in her auld days."

" I give you joy, Marion!" said the pastor, benignly; " a good son can never prove an unkind husband. But

time wears, and I must join you for eternity!" The word, thus seasonably uttered, poured its heavenly unction on the waves of human passion. In silence and composure was the simple rite performed—the friendly greeting proffered—the pastoral and maternal benediction given—and the mute, long, desperate farewell embrace exchanged! I glided out ere yet its hallowed clasp was loosed, and sought relief to my feelings on the busy shore, now crowded with the fast-departing mariners.

The prominent figures in the group were honest Sandie Nicol, his stout-hearted wife, and a tall, slender, modest-looking daughter, alike employed in ministering to his parting comforts. I heard him say, in one of his stentorian whispers, casting a long look of parental fondness after his girl, who had been sent to fetch something forgotten,—" I maun see Jeanie blyther and fatter ere I come hame. I doubt that sutor callant's near her silly heart —And what for no? It isna every man can hae the luck to be a sailor; and your ain landward wabster body o' a father, thought as little o' me for gawn sticking whales, as I do o' Jock for sitting boring holes in leather. It's Jeanie's ain affair, and if she likes rather to bind shoes than bait lines, she maun just please hersell, silly taupy. Sae dinna hinder her, but mind how ye dwined aff the face o' the earth yersell lang syne, for me!"

The idea of the portly rubicund gudewife pining for thwarted love, was irresistibly ludicrous, and the good-humoured smile it called forth on her jolly countenance, augured well for Jeanie's hopes. She tied her father's Barcelona with a tearful eye, but lightened heart. All now was serious haste and joyous bustle among the crew. The sails flapped somewhat idly, as if reluctant to accelerate their motions; and it was exhilarating to behold the fine athletic fellows, most of them scarce arrived at manhood, doffing at once hats, handkerchiefs, and jackets, and bracing each muscle for a hardy rowing match. Last, but not least active or conspicuous, leaped in the young bridegroom; no longer weighed down by misconduct and remorse, but so unlike his former self, as to be hardly recognised. His eye no longer sought the ground—and in the deafening cheer that marked their pushing off, I heard his voice triumphant.

I might have caught the buoyant spirit of the hour, and seen the boat recede with kindred lightness of heart —but in the stern a fiddler had been stationed to cheer the tedious passage. I thought of Willie Lonie's shivered strings, and his wife's saddened hearth, and my eye, like hers, when gazing on her dying husband's vessel, grew dim with natural tears!

The minister and I were returning slowly from the beach, with the feelings of those who have looked, perhaps for the last time, on a band of fearless human beings, courting, under the strong excitement of enterprise, certain hardship, and probable peril, when a striking contrast to the bustle and spirit of their departure presented itself, in the languid movements and desponding air of a solitary individual, who, with a spyglass, had been watching them from a height, and whose retiring footsteps I could not help following with my eye. There was something about this " ancient mariner," for thus, though hardly past middle age, I could scarce forbear to designate him, which spoke him subdued more by sorrow than years. I felt assured that he had a history, and read somewhat of its sad character in a gait that had lost its elasticity, and a homeward walk that had seemingly little either of hope or purpose to animate it.

I perceived just then the rising chimneys of a little recently built marine abode, which an irregularity in the cliffs had till now concealed, and begged to hear from Mr Menteith some account of its inhabitant.

" There is a good deal of romance," said the worthy man, sighing, " in the story of that same humble seafaring man, whom I remember the gayest and most reckless among my playmates at the village school, and whose buoyant spirit would probably have risen above calamity in any of its ordinary and less appalling forms.

" Adam Wilson, like nine-tenths of our boys, would be nothing but a sailor; and courage and the blessing of Providence made him a skilful and a prosperous one. He soon rose to be mate of a trader to Holland, and in one of his trips to its northern provinces, he saw and loved the daughter of a wealthy skipper, whose dowry

was in reality, as well as in honest Adam's eyes, the least of her attractions.

"Her father, however, rated it at its marketable value; and having matches of at least equal solidity in his power, was disposed to let the poor sailor's pretensions kick the beam. Annchen's favourable disposition, however, had its weight even with her grasping father, and he at length promised (not foreseeing much chance of being called on) to give his consent, whenever Adam should have made the certain number of rix dollars, which was the lowest price of his daughter's hand.

"This was not to be done in the northern hemisphere, at least not within any time lovers could bear to look forward to, so Adam thought himself the luckiest of men, when the captain of a Dutch East Indiaman offered him a third mate's birth, with room in his Patagonian vessel for a lucrative investment. God alone (to whom the blind elation of many a confiding human heart must be matter of deep commiseration) knows how infallible this opportune proposal seemed for completing the already exquisite happiness of the lovers. The Scotsman forgot his caution—the Dutch maiden her composure—in fond, undoubting, joyous anticipations of the future. Any misgivings they had, were of the safe return of the 'Vrow Margarita,' from her distant voyage—but even these were quickly banished. 'God willing, I shall come home to you,' said Adam. 'I *feel* that you will,' replied Annchen.

"Return he did, poor fellow! rich beyond his hopes, beyond his very father-in-law's ambition. The vessel, deep-laden and becalmed, lay off the beloved coast, from which for more than a year its crew had met no tidings. Adam's impatience grew unbearable. His captain's Dutch immobility yielded to the energy of passion, and he let Adam have a boat and a couple of rowers, to make a run to V—— and inquire for Annchen.

"It was spring 1824 when this happened, and Adam and his comrades, on nearing V—, wondered that the face of the country seemed unaccountably altered. In vain they looked along the flat horizon for the well-known windmills—the little cove with its beacon had disappeared—the waters seemed to stretch far beyond their usual limits. They touched land at length, though not exactly certain where, so bewildering were the changes in the aspect of the scene. They sprang ashore, and seeing from a sand-hill the church tower of V—, on it they steered their anxious course—but over what? Not, as three years before, across fertile meadows, enlivened by herds of cows, and sprinkled with neat smiling villas—a sedgy lake occupied the site of the flourishing village, and the gay, cheerful *Lust-haus* of Annchen's father was swept by encroaching billows off the face of her native earth!

"Adam looked on the desolation before him, and with an instinct no longer fallacious, felt that he need ask no more. 'Take me away,' he said to his sad comrades, 'this is no place for me!' He heard men tell, scarce moved, of raging floods that burst their barriers, and swept all before them, —of hundreds, young and old, engulfed by the invading waters. 'I knew she was dead!' was all the commentary his stunned soul could utter, and in a merciful oblivion of some months, even that sad truth seems to have been entombed.

"For when these had elapsed, Adam, composed, collected, though the grief-worn shadow you behold him—returned to his native place—shunning familiar intercourse as much as in his happier days he courted it. To me alone he imparted, not his sorrows—for these could find no vent in words—but his purposes. He brought me a plan, traced by memory with painful fidelity, from the dwelling of his beloved, and asked me, with all the calmness of perfect sanity, to recommend him an honest builder, and save him the harassing details of the previous contract. The superintendence would, he told me, (with the first quick glance that betrayed the latent aberration,) be the business and solace of his life—for, in a confidential whisper, he added, 'It is for Annchen—her own house is gone, they tell me—and I have promised to build her one just like it. When it is finished, she will come and live in it with me!'

"I looked up in the pale, mild countenance of poor Adam; and, as the delusive smile of baseless hope played over it, felt that to detain it there, if possible, was all that charity could dictate, or good-will accomplish. I set about

his building, therefore, with all the real tardiness such a purpose implied, yet with sufficient apparent energy to keep the hope on which he subsisted alive. One summer passed in selecting a site, and planting a garden, adorned, as you will see, at no small cost, with the choice flowers of Annchen's native land. No tulip-fancier of the olden time ever more cheerfully gave its weight in gold for a new species, than poor Adam for a favourite sort of hers, who he fancies will one day come and recognise it.

"The house at length, with all our delays, would rise! Spite of contrary winds and dilatory captains, the red bricks came from England—the Dutch tiles and earthen stoves from Rotterdam. The dairy was duly stocked with shining brazen vessels—the kitchen shelves with all the wares of Delft. Alas! no Annchen came to claim these kindred treasures! No! not even when Adam, with affecting solicitude, added to them a piping bullfinch, taught by himself to sing the very notes of her favourite air,—nay, the identical parrot she fondly bade him bring her from the Indian seas—which, spurned from his presence in the first bitterness of his grief, he had since traced back with incredible trouble, and purchased, for what the owner chose to demand!

"Alas! love can devise no more—and Annchen still delays—but Adam, persuaded it is the winds and waves that are alone in fault—watches their every variation with unwearied solicitude. His spy-glass in his hand, he follows from day-light till dark each sail that appears on the horizon, and with hope deferred, but unextinguished, resumes his task again at dawn."

As the minister finished this sentence, we were drawing near the cottage, of which I now had a full view —its gay parterres, and florid cheerful exterior, so mournfully contrasted with the solitude, bereavement, and alienation within.

A hasty step aroused us, while leaning on the garden rail—and the sad occupant (whom we had lost sight of in a hollow, and supposed before us) suddenly came up. "A fine night, Adam," said the worthy minister, in his most sympathetic accent. "A fine night, Dominie!" replied the widowed one—(using unconsciously the Dutch familiar term for pastor)—and, with a smile that made my very heart ach,—"A fine fair wind for Annchen; she will be here *to-morrow!*"

BIDCOMBE HILL.

It would be the utmost extremity of weakness in this civilized age and country, to deny that the genius and dispositions of a man are greatly dependent upon his name. A person who labours under such an appellation, for instance, as Timothy Snook, absolutely appears to suffer under a disease. At first, even in his earliest boyhood, he feels there is something about him different from all the other boys he is acquainted with. At school he is bullied by fags many years younger than himself. At last, as a convulsive effort to maintain his station, he fights with the youngest of his tormentors, who, unfortunately for him, is young Augustus Howard. Gods! how the Snook is cow'd in the very act of throwing off his coat; how cheers for Howard! Howard! rend the play-ground; how even the shouts of his own supporters fall uninspiring on his ear, and how he resigns the battle, and hope at once, as his one lucky blow obtains the acclamation, "Go it, Tim,—Pitch it in, Snookey."—In his youth he falls in love. But surely if he has one grain of romance or generosity, he will never wish to entail such a cognomen upon a wife, or such an inheritance upon his children. Love, however, strong passionate love, overcomes these conscientious scruples, and after months of assiduity and attention, he takes advantage of some soft twilight, and while the bright stars above are shining out like beacons of joy on the clear blue ocean of the sky, he dares, in the trembling accents of chastened hope, to pour forth the pent-up feelings of his heart. Calmly, and in a voice untremulous as the swell of the proudest notes of the trumpet, yet soft as the lowest breathings of the flute, Matilda Mandeville, replies "Mr Snook!"—His own name sounds like the knell of all his hopes. In the desolation of his misery and despair, he falls on his knees before

her; and, trembling as the summer leaves that are fluttering on the branches above them, he murmurs " Matilda, dear Matilda,—oh, take pity on my unhappiness,—cast not poor Timothy utterly from your regards; let the hapless Snook claim at least your friendship, if—if he dare not hope your love!"

And what mortal man who has not either the philosophy of Socrates, or the open recklessness of Ings, would venture to publish " Songs and Melodies, by Virgilius Rabbits?" And yet we have sometimes met with the vainest men, who were afflicted with the most desolating names. We knew a man of the name of Drudge, who talked of no person under the degree of a baronet, and half the peers in the country were his connexions by blood or marriage. His sister Sophronia was very pretty, very clever, and had some money. Though she was rather shy of having her name sounded up stairs by three footmen, and bellowed into the drawing-room by the fourth, she would have no objection now, though the above named menials were to thunder her name through speaking-trumpets, as she is now Mrs Edward Trevor.

These thoughts, we know, are exceedingly trite and common-place; but we have lately been led to meditate on the subject, from having accidentally, at a book-stall in Newcastle, purchased, for sixpence sterling, a poem by an author of remarkable name—not that we ever heard of him before, but from the curious sound of his patronymic. The fact is, that it was perhaps owing to our first impressions, that the name still strikes us as so remarkable. We had arrived late at night, and next morning, having missed the coach, we scarcely knew how to pass off the dull heavy day, in a dirty, stupid town; and, as it was too early for any thing stronger than porter—and we had finished all our cigars before lunch, we had no resource for it, but to send for a newspaper or a book.

While the waiter was gone to execute our commands, we wandered for the twenty-seventh time to the window. People, as before, were walking as quickly as possible; the men with their hats slouched over their eyes, and the women clattering along upon pattens, " wi' their claes tuckit up to their knee." While here and there a mercer's apprentice was seen skipping across the street with a brown paper parcel under his arm, " never no hat" upon his head, and a great green umbrella held punctiliously over his carrotty locks. In a narrow close, immediately opposite, we at last saw a miserable old book-stall, of which a still more miserable-looking old man had the charge. In a moment our resolve was formed. Over our gullet went the remaining pint of Meux's, and in a few moments more we were poring among the tattered tomes,—while their proprietor seemed to watch us through his wire-set spectacles, as if he hoped a purchaser for his whole stock. Perhaps he thought us Murray or Blackwood! and, if such is the case, with what awe must he have looked on us! Kings, in his estimation, were poor individuals compared to us; and old blue trowsers, with their thread-bare seams, (" seems? Madam, ay, more than seems!") carried with them more dignity than crowns. Here was a very miscellaneous collection; and a moralizer like ourselves could not fail to be struck with the strange company into which some of his oldest favourites had fallen. Here the dashing Blind Harry the Harper had hung up his dædal harp upon a peg, (we speak in Pindaric words,) and, forgetting the achievements of Wallace and the Bruce, was quietly ensconced between Whitfield and Thomas Paine. John Bunyan, on the other hand, had entirely changed his character; he had grown facetious as well as amorous in his old age, and was laughing with Joe Miller on his title-page, while he rested his weary finis on the uncovered sheets of Christabelle. At last we saw a volume still in fair condition, and, arguing from its seemingly unharmed appearance that it was something new, we bought it, and in triumph carried it back to our inn. The principal reason, however, which induced us to the purchase, was the name of the author, Francis Skurray! We read a few lines of his preface; and then lying back on our sofa, we imagined to ourself what sort of person can a man answering to such a cognomen be! Is he short, tall, round, thin, fat, old, or young? On looking at the title-page we were considerably assisted in our guesses at his appearance—" Bidcombe Hill, a Rural and

Descriptive Poem. To which is prefixed an Essay on Local Poetry. By Francis Skurray, B.D. Rector of Winterbourne Abbas, Dorset. Gracili modulatus avenâ carmen. Virg."—He must be somewhat antique, he must be an intolerable proser, and he must be most wonderfully vain. He is a little man—he has two little twinkling grey eyes, and a little red nose; and he wears an old coat of the ambiguous kind between black and brown, tight black breeches with rusty buckles at the knee, and his effigy of a calf displayed in the nakedness of a thread-bare silk stocking. We never saw the man, we never heard of him; and yet, from the sketch furnished us by his title-page, the filling derived from his local essay, and the finishing he gives the picture in the poem itself, we will bet the Nelson to a coracle this is an exact description of his person and appearance.

Our intuition in this respect beats the sagacity of the tailors in Laputa. From the first sentence of a man's book we can generally tell within an inch or two of his height; from his motto we gather the tie, and even sometimes the colour, of his neckcloth; and we undertake, for any wager, to tell, within a nail-breadth, the circumference of L. E. L.'s ankle, from the opening lines of her Improvisatrice. Mr Skurray is very much puffed in the fetlock-joint. You trace a broken-winded roarer in his very first paragraph. " Many of the arts which aggrandise life, and some of the elegancies which embellish literature, owe their discovery to our enterprising countrymen. Amongst their pretensions to the latter distinction is the production of Local Poetry, which derives its lineage from an Anglican original." This simply means, as he himself quotes from Johnson, after a few pages of stringhalt and limping—" Denham seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition which may be denominated, Local Poetry;" and he describes Local Poetry as being that, " of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation." In this we trace old Sam's clearness of head and distinctness of definition, as well as his verbosity of style, and rotundity of expression. But listen how the poetical, learned, metaphysical, logical, and altogether wonderful author of Bidcombe Hill pursues his Essay upon Local Poetry. After saying that he restricts himself only to poems which have " hills exclusively for their title, and the circumjacent scenery for their objects," he proceeds with his Essay, which is, in fact, no more an Essay on Local Poetry, than Johnson's Dictionary is an Essay on the English Language, or his own catalogue of boys (for we are certain he keeps a school) an essay on the feelings of youth. It is a mere dry enumeration of the contents of all the poems on local subjects which have preceded his own; interspersed with such an assemblage of quotations, forced in, whether aptly or not, that his style capers on like an ill-broke mule, now rolling about in the soft places of his prose, making efforts at a swinging trot, now curvetting over the little mole-hills of inspiration in the friskiness of rhyme; but all the while showing evident symptoms that the ass preponderates in its breed. He would travel miles out of his way to hook in a line or two of Latin; and we really pity the poor man for the pains he must have taken in turning to the *index verborum* in Virgil, Horace, and Juvenal; but particularly, how he must have laboured at the mountains and the hills in Cruden's Concordance!!!

Every sentence in the whole range of his reading, in which there is any mention of a mountain, or the remotest allusion to a height, is dragged most unrelentingly, into this Essay on Local Poetry. We are surprised that he neglected to quote from the Newgate Calendar, where so many Hills have been hanged for sheep-stealing, and to vituperate the conclave of the Vatican, since every member of it is an eminence. But to proceed:—" Persons and places owe their appellations to local altitude. The most ancient inhabitants of Greece were denominated Pelasgi, from living on the ridges of Thessaly, in the same manner as Highlanders are designated from their occupancy of the Hebrides." Donald M'Donald, Angus Campbell, and Kenneth M'Alister, come forth from your shielings in the valley of Ben-na-Giaoul, and

laugh till the echoes of your merriment startle the eagle from its eyry, high in the rock-bound Ben Nevis, while the teal are startled in the mountain tarn, and the wild swan turns his stately neck with wonder at the sound—laugh at this ignorant Cockney! Know, ye sons of a hundred sires! (Well may ye despise him of the breeches and boots, who has only four fathers to boast of)—Know ye, that a Saxon gentleman, who sings the praises of a molehill in the sunny land which they call Bidcombe Hill, declares that your Highland birth is nought; that your Highland home is nought; and that unless ye drew breath in the barren Hebrides, ye are Highlanders no more. Kenneth M'Alister, repress your noble rage; Angus Campbell, puff not with angry cheeks; Donald M'Donald, mutter not curses against the Bard of Bidcombe. He knows not the difference between the Highlands and the islands of our land,—so put back your claymores in their sheaths, and your pistols in your belts, and go back to the changehouse on the hill, and drink the remaining two gallons of Glenlivet to the success of the Rev. Francis Skurray, author of Bidcombe Hill, with an Essay on Local Poetry.

"Palestine, which is generally derived from Philistine, is of mountainous etymology. A greater degree of local affection is manifested by the habitants of bleak and exposed situations, than by residents in valleys. The cottagers of Gaer Hill, which is the apex of Selwood Forest, exemplify this attachment; they quit their favourite spot with regret, and return to it with avidity. A departure, or return, is matter of condolence or congratulation to the patriarchal community. I have witnessed, and been informed of, these symptoms of provincial predilection, in my rambles to that sylvan and secluded district." And then come in, of course, Goldsmith's beautiful, but hackneyed, lines:

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en these hills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Now, this is one of the assertions which people believe to be true, because nobody has taken the trouble to contradict it; but in reality it is totally against nature, and therefore must be false. The *maladie de pays* of the Swiss peasant is quoted as an example of the love of country, which its poverty and bleakness rather enhance than diminish. Do you think that the hardy Switzer, who is toiling under the weight of great fur caps and ponderous musket, in the sunny plains of Lombardy, hates those plains merely because they are sunny, and loves his own mountains merely because they are bleak? No such thing; but in the intervals left him between war and dangers, he recalls the scenes of his youthful hours, of his youthful joys—the craggy hill is made dear to him by the recollection of his having wandered amid its steeps with his young Annette,—by his pulling the solitary harebell, which grew far up on the rock, and fixing it with a trembling hand and beating heart among the soft curls of the bright-haired mountain maid. He thinks of those scenes as connected with "the old familiar faces," that rise upon his memory like dreams—he sees the rude hut that sheltered his youth, standing upon the rugged heath—but he sees also his grey-haired mother's smile, and hears his father's voice, tremulous with age, and shaking with emotions, the bitterest a father's heart can feel, when parting for ever from his only son. He hears the light songs of his sisters, and sees the arch sparkle of their eyes, as they banter him about the beautiful Annette—and the young man starts from his waking dreams to sad realities—and marvel ye, as his eye takes in the blossoms of the vine, or his ear drinks the wild carols of the vintage train, that he despises them as things foreign to his heart and his affections; and that he longs, with a passionate longing, for the rude rocks which friendship has clothed for him with beauty, and the desolate height

which love has sprinkled for him with flowers? Reverse the matter, and see if the proposition holds. Take some fat Cockney, take the author of this sublime essay, for instance, and keep him in any of our Highland moors for a year—see if he won't have a longing to return to his snug rectory house, his pint of port, and rubber of whist. Ask him, when he was sojourning among the roes and moorcocks, if he didn't frequently wish to be comfortably seated on his sofa in the parlour, with Mrs Skurray by his side, and two or three young Skurrays about his knee, and then ask him, after looking at young Johnnie's squinting eye, and little Sophy's swelled cheek, whether he was so anxious for his home, merely because it was warm, and bien, and comfortable, or whether it was not the presence of his wife and little ones that made him pant for it, as the hart does for the water-brook? Even Betty, his Dorsetian cook, with her red arms and carrotty hair, seemed to him, in his dreamings on that Aberdeenshire desert, more beautiful than the loveliest mountain lassie that tript barefoot among the heather, and vanished in a moment from his jaundiced eyes, as light as the butterfly that fluttered among the thyme which bloomed beneath her feet. Think ye not that the peasant of some rich plain in England loves that plain in all its richness of vegetation and beauty of sky, as truly and as devotedly as the "habitant" of the Hebrides loves his native hut, with the cataract roaring over the linn a few yards from the door, and the tempest howling down the unsheltered ravine, where at midnight he fancies he hears the yelling of disembodied ghosts, and the voices of the spirits of the storm? Every man loves his country—but it is not the earth, the insensate clod, that is the bond—it is the associations of his youth, his manhood, or even his ancestry, which bind him with such intensity of strength; and never may those feelings be eradicated from human hearts! Still dear to men be the home, however bleak, where first they lifted their pure hearts to Heaven, and taught their young lips to lisp the name of God—still dear be the sunny vale, the barren heath, or the shrubless mountain, where they wandered in their thoughtless youth—and dear be the solemn aisle, or sma' desolate kirkyard, where they have laid their wee bairn that died, with its sweet smiles and long soft hair, and where they may shortly be laid themselves, to mingle their bones with the bones of their fathers and grandfathers, who lived and died in the same quiet valley a hundred years before!

Denham, Dyer, Pye, and Crowe, are all reviewed and quoted from in this interesting essay. Pye's poem of Faringdon Hill is less known than those of the other three. Cooper's Hill and Grongar Hill are, of course, in the possession of every body; and Mr Crowe's poem on Lewesdon Hill is worthy of his high reputation at the university, and a work of great talent and sweetness. "The last poem (Scurra loquitur) in local classification is Bidcombe Hill, which follows this dissertation." He describes its situation, and is, of course, perfectly persuaded that it is the very *summum genus*, the highest point of abstraction, of all that is good in versification and thought; and after mentioning, that about fifty more pages are taken up in pointing out hills for other bards to sing, and giving them hints, as we used at school to give "sense" for verses, we shall proceed to give a few specimens of the poetry, which is ushered in by such a long, drawling dissertation in prose.

Thus, then, after a flourish, such as the united bands of the allied armies thundered forth on the approach of Wellington, leading every one to expect the appearance of the hero of a hundred fights; when, lo! instead of the warlike port and heroic bearing of Europe's captain, some little drunken rascal of a cossack trumpeter trots past on his scraggy piece of carrion, tout-touting away by himself as if he were much the mightier man of the two,—thus, after all the tedious note of preparation, commences the local and descriptive poem of Bidcombe Hill.

"To sketch the landscape in its shadowy forms;
To paint its beauties as they strike the eye
And warm the heart, from height protuberant,
Mine be the task."

A protuberant height! behold the accomplished schoolmaster, his brown velveteens covered over with snuff from the hip to the knee joint, the tail of his tawse half sticking out of

his coat pocket, while he deterges his brow sudorifical with his red cotton wipe, with white spots in it, like lilies floating in the red sea—behold him standing on a height protuberant, his heart quite warm with the landscape's shadowy forms, and looking, no doubt, as pleased as possible at having discovered so beautiful an epithet for a hill.

"Spirit of Denham! I invoke thy spell!
Thou, whose adventurous fingers touch'd the harp,
And waken'd strains of local poesy,
With kindred inspiration aid my song!!"

In full reliance on the assistance he has invoked, he proceeds, in a very grand strain, to give us a description of Bidcombe Hill, which might just as well, from the description of it given here, be any other hill in the county. A thousand other hills "comprehend views of wild verdure, cottages, and copse that skirts the hollow vale." But what an opportunity for association, reminiscence, and description, the bard has lost, by adopting the very worst name of all the three, by which, he tells us, the subject of his lay is known. It is, to be sure, a bad sign of man, or mountain, to have too many aliases, but when this height-protuberant was blessed with so picturesque an appellation as Cold Kitchin Hill, why, in the name of poesy, whether local or descriptive, or both, did he not celebrate it under a name so prolific of sombre, yet beautiful thoughts? Think what an air of dignity he might have thrown over the culinarian roof; he would have painted the fire burning warm and cheerily in some stout baron's hall; great ruddy-faced cooks, as big as Patagonians, stuffing whole bullocks into cauldrons at once, which boiled and bubbled like inland lakes with a blast from the mountains, roaring and rioting among their waters—the platters, shining like polished mail—the kitchen poker, large as the mast of some tall ammiral—the robustious joy of the retainers, ruggin' and rivin' at holocaustal sheep, and tearing at boars' heads, large as the boars of Caledon or of Eastcheap, and their flagons of ale, and whole cart-loads of mead. All this would have made an illustrious figure in his glowing and uproarious style.—Now change the scene. Paint that enormous kitchen, riotous no more with the mirth and merriment of a hundred hungry men at food—paint the baron dead, his estates mortgaged to pay his gambling debts; perhaps one old menial, the last relic of former days, ignites a few chips and pieces of wood in a stray corner, and cooks his rasher of bacon with three miserable cold potatoes on a plate,—and then, while you blow your nose with true poetical ardour, to prevent the lachrymal discharge, then, oh! master of the varied lyre! pour forth a dirge over the cold, cold kitchen—and finally, by way of making the episode germain to the song, tell us that the hill acquired this name, either because it was seen from the cold kitchen, or the cold kitchen was visible from it. This would have formed a much more apt introduction to your apostrophe to solitude, than the tedious, humdrum, common-place nonsense you have given us about gipsies, and summits of hills "crested with umbrageous gloom," and, therefore, "like the famed haunts of Academus' grove." Standing on the ridge of this most amiable height, suppose in the month of December, with your huge splay feet buried up to the top of your brown-rusted shoe-buckle in snow, with your miserable pinched-up, sharp-pointed nose, as blue and frost-bitten as a kangaroo's entombed in an iceberg, you might have felt yourself, as you beautifully express it, "inspired by high locality, your muse prolific from ethereal fire." And then, while you stuck your hands in both the pockets of your tight black stocking net pantaloons, with your cocked-up hat stuck knowingly over your great flaming red lug, you might have poured forth the following rhapsody to solitude, and asked these simple and natural questions—

"Hail, heaven-inspiring solitudes! ye yield
An earnest of eternal peace. The conscious soul
Foregoes by sympathy its nether sphere,
And holds communion with a world unseen.
Oh, when shall we, with defecated sight,
Contemplate regions in empyreal climes,
In all their wide circumference of light,
And panoramic majesty?" &c.

Oh! what a wonderful thing is the force of imagination! how that robustious periwig-pated fellow, Fancy, overleaps the bounds of time and

space, kicks common sense into the nearest ditch, and exterminates reason and credibility with a single waff of his hobby-horse's tail. Here is this Rev. Francis Skurray, parson, poet, and schoolmaster, able, by a single wave of his wand, to conjure up the most appalling or the most beautiful thoughts; unveil all the glories of heaven, or the agonies of the mountain shepherd's situation, who, somewhat unnecessarily, transacts all his business, counts his sheep, and lets them out from the fold, " unshod."—" Released from sleep, at customary hour, the shepherd starts—on his bare knees he breathes the filial prayer."—He paints, in the same glowing manner, " the progress of Aurora's ray, when first it twinkles in the eastern sky." And yet " we are free to declare," as we say in Parliament—that, to the best of our belief, the above named parson, poet, and schoolmaster, never saw sunrise from " Bidcombe's highest ridge," notwithstanding all his declarations to that effect. If the most opaque and ignorant of all his parishioners were to talk of such a scene as sunrise from *any* height, there would be ten times more poetry in his account of it than in the soporific drawl of our reverend author;—

" Darkness and light divided empire hold,
And wage a kind of elemental war."

The bumpkin aforesaid would have talked of the dim indistinctness that hovered over the landscape—like a dream of the face we love; of the light gradually growing clearer and clearer, and the well-remembered objects growing more and more visible; the church, with its gilded vane, glittering in the smile of the young day, while its massive walls were still slumbering in the shade; then the rivers that run glistening down, little girdles of light, shining clearly for a short part of their course; then rushing into the dim bosom of the morning mist, which was slowly raising itself from the plain, and rolling its dense columns up the hill like a multitudinous army breaking up its camp on the morning of some glorious battle. We have nothing presented to us in Mr S.'s description of Morning from Bidcombe, but the Prince of Day mounting his brilliant throne, and larks, of course, " pealing their anthems at the gates of heaven." Then comes an equally delightful description of Evening—when " Sol's burnished car" gains " the western goal," and Cynthia displays " her silver-coloured lamp." Only think of people who can spell words of two syllables, and absolutely have got among the verbs of the Latin Grammar, talking at this time of day of Sol and Cynthia, and painting them in such ridiculous attitudes. *He* driving a day-coach from the Peep o' Day in the East, down to the Eve's Arms in the West; and *she* holding a silver-coloured lamp to avoid treading in any of the watery puddles before her door, which, to our poor visions, appear aerial clouds. In the next edition we hope the erudite bard will be kind enough to tell us what sort of a lamp it is, whether patent, or open to imitation. Things of such importance should never be omitted; and he may mention, in a note, what quantity of oil she burns, and how long the wick is before it is snuffed.

We see, from the wonderful art with which he describes a hunt and a coursing match, that he has been a perfect Nimrod in his day. We think we behold him on his way to " Swincombe Vale, descending." His horse, old, and almost white, with a crook in his foreleg, is brought to his parsonage door by a squinting Jack-of-all-trades, who rivals Dicky Gossip in the multiplicity of his employments. Out stalks the minstrel, " his eye in a fine frenzy rolling," from the long tangled mane to the still longer and more tangled tail. See! he borroweth from Betty, who has been brushing his coat, two pins wherewith to tuck up his overhanging tails; slowly he putteth his foot in the stirrup; toilingly he raises his body in the air; longitudinally he projects his dexter leg, and solemnly flops down on his saddle, gives his hat a more warlike cock, and trots off, whilst his Bucephalus, proud of its burden, bloweth the trumpet of its praise in a very unseemly, but somewhat sonorous manner, all the way. Arrived at last—

" Near where the castellated mounds uprear
Their crested heights o'er Mere's romantic vale, where
A limekiln stands, where numerous sportsmen meet
To match their rival dogs, and pledge their stakes,—"

we see him wipe his glistening brow, and look around him with the most

gratified and triumphant expression. Short triumph! Fugitive gratification! Some mischievous urchin claps a whin-bush beneath his charger's tail—back go his ears—up go his heels, and "sound an alarm!" cries his trumpet from behind. Forward on the scraggy neck is pitched the romantic Bard, and off goes old Dobbin, alternately kicking and trotting, till the courser with two legs is ejected into a ditch by the courser with four, and there lies in a breathless state of agitation for a full hour, utterly disqualified from sitting with comfort for a fortnight to come.

But not alone is he poetical, where even ordinary men feel moved out of the common track of their common-place modes of thought; but poetry seems inherent in his very nature, and pours itself out in a gushing tide, even on the dullest and most uninspiring objects. We have no doubt that his china teapot is to him a bubbling fountain of sweet and romantic fancies; his rusty old buckle lolls not its long tongue in vain, but discourses most eloquent music to his enraptured ear, and even a piece of coal warms his fancy, as well as his shivering knees. Of this we have a beautiful example in the following lines:—

"Behold yon ridge of height irregular,
Where Doulting steeple terminates the view!
Barren and cold the Mendip range appears,
Where sheep diminutive their food purloin
From scanty pasture, and the rabbits lurk
'Midst heath, fern, furze, or subterranean cave.
Under the surface of the barren soil
Is dug the Calamine, whose magic power
Transmutes dull copper into shining brass.
Deep in the bowels of sulphureous mines
The fossil lies which excavators dig
For culinary or domestic use,
And which hydraulic engines draw to land!"

This is almost equal to his wonderfully vivid description of a lime-kiln:

"In looking round to catch the varied scenes,
Which seem to crave admittance in my song,
A rival hill appears, raised, as it were,
By magic hands, amid the level plain.
Against its fractured side the lime-kiln leans,
Whence issuing clouds majestically roll,
As from a crater of volcanic gulf."

What does the sumph mean by talking of a hill with a fractured side? The hill, we imagine, had got drunk, (probably on mountain-dew,) and, after quarrelling with his rival on the other side, got such a punch under the breadbasket, as fractured two or three of his ribs. And what an exceedingly unkind thing in a lime-kiln to lean on the hill's side, while in this mutilated, and, of course, painful situation! but we don't believe it. It is a mere fabrication of a doting old schoolmaster; and if his whole body could be sold to the surgeons for dissection for half-a-crown, we would seriously advise the calumniated lime-kiln to prosecute the Rev. Francis Skurray for libel and defamation; but it would, we fear, be useless.—But what a strange unaccountable fellow we are! Here, for the last eight tumblers, we have been laughing at a most contemptible volume, and talking of its author as if he had been our own familiar friend. But we shall stop—we shall leave his willows unlaughed at, to wave their dishevelled tresses "in elegant simplicity of grief," and himself to strut about his school with the reputation, among the younger boys and the boobies, of being a second Thomson. Still may his wife and children, and Betty the cook, consider, that "the master's" poems are only equalled by his sermons! Still may he strut about as proud as a red-nosed bubbly-jock, the object of unmitigable contempt to the ill-natured, and of pity and commiseration to the good. For an individual, who forms such mistaken notions of things, as to consider Bidcombe Hill a poem; and the essay at the beginning, an Essay on Local Poetry, may very probably consider a sneer a concealed compliment, and think that laughter is sometimes assumed to conceal envy of his surpassing talents. Long may he think so! He has afforded us great amusement by his poem; and to shew that we are grateful for it, we shall drink his health the very first time we find any weak small-beer, frothy and maltless enough to do honour to the toast.

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

" Messages from the Living to the Dead are not uncommon in the Highlands. The Gael have such a ceaseless consciousness of Immortality, that their departed friends are considered as merely absent for a time ; and permitted to relieve the hours of separation by occasional intercourse with the objects of their earliest affection."

See the Notes to Mrs Brunton's "Discipline."

THOU'RT passing hence, my brother!
Oh! my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou'rt leaving me without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell;
And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,
The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words,
Shall smite the soul no more!
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main;
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell thou our friend of boyhood,
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Pass'd like a swift bright bird.
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—oh! still I trust
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is fill'd
With lays she loved to sing.
Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
Tender and sadly sweet;
Tell her my heart within me burns
Once more that gaze to meet!

And tell our white-hair'd father,
That in the paths he trode,
The child he loved, the last on earth,
Yet walks, and worships God.
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
That o'er her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
As on her breast of yore!
Happy thou art, that soon, how soon!
Our good and bright will see;
Oh! brother, brother! may I dwell
Ere long with them and thee!

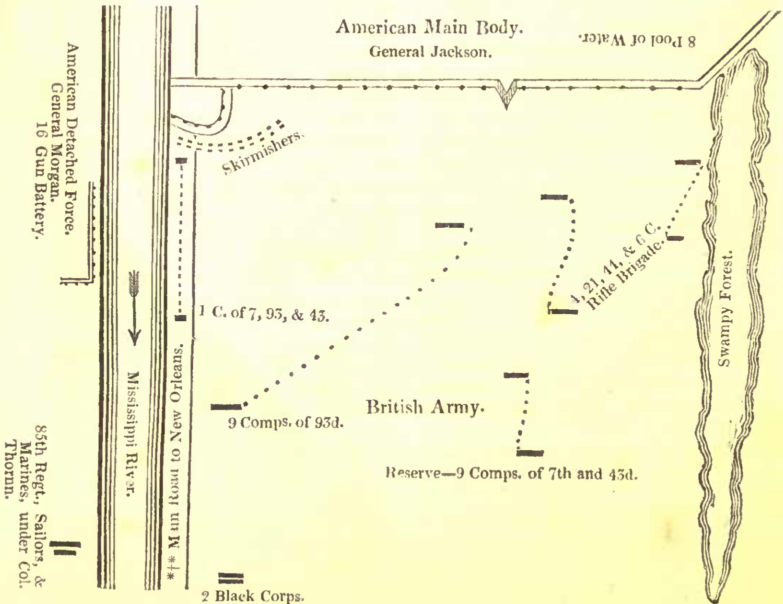
F. H.

BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, 8TH JANUARY, 1815.

Sir Edward Pakenham, a brave, young, and eminently distinguished soldier, who had studied the profession of arms in the camp of the British Fabius, having arrived in Louisiana to assume the command of the British troops to be employed in that State, and having been joined by his expected reinforcements, prepared to attack the American army in position on both banks of the Mississippi, about five miles below New Orleans. On the right bank they had a force under General Morgan, and had constructed a battery of heavy cannon, which enfiladed the approach to their main body, stationed on the left of the river, and commanded by General Jackson. At this point the river is about nine hundred yards wide, and it was intended that, previous to the grand attack, this battery should be taken possession of; accordingly, after exertions almost incredible, and in which the navy took a most zealous and praiseworthy share, a passage was opened from the creek in which we landed, by deepening a canal to the Mississippi. During the night of the 7th, a number of boats having been dragged into the river, on the morning of the 8th, the 85th regiment, under the command of Colonel Thornton, and a body of sailors and marines, were embarked, and reached the opposite bank without being opposed. In short, the preparations for the passage of the river were conducted in a manner so judicious, that the American General was not at all aware of the intention of the British leader; but as it almost invariably occurs, that in such operations there are delays, which the most skilful combinations cannot at times guard against, the morning was far advanced before this attack could commence, although it was the most anxious desire of the lamented commander of the forces, that it should have been made before daybreak.

The following sketch will give an idea of the position of the opposing armies:—

PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.



The main body of the enemy, consisting of the 7th and 44th regiments, and a numerous force of every description of troops, were drawn up on a position of nearly a mile in extent; their right rested on the embankment of the river, along the side of which runs the main road to New Orleans; and the extreme left was a little thrown back in a swampy forest; from the river to the forest is a space of about three quarters of a mile, over an open plain; but along the entire front of this position, the American General had thrown up a strong breastwork, and there was a ditch of moderate depth and breadth; and to add to the security of his line, upon which he had placed a powerful artillery, he had constructed on the main road a formidable redoubt, so connected, that the ditch and breastwork of the grand entrenchment formed an enclosure for its rear, and by its fire it enfiladed the entire approach to his line, and upon the whole, presented as good a position as one could possibly meet with in a flat country. The main road, besides, is protected from the inundation of the river, by a broad earthen *embankment*, from which, to the usual bed of the river, is a mud bank, sufficiently wide for the march of a column section in front.

The British army was drawn up in the following order: the 4th, 21st, 44th, and six companies of the rifle-brigade, formed our right wing; the light companies of the 7th, 93d, and a company of the 43d light infantry, were in column on our left, and destined to storm the redoubt on the main road; a company of **** carried their scaling ladders and fascines; the remainder of the 93d were in position near the road, and their movements were to be regulated by the progress made by the troops on the opposite bank; the nine companies each of the 7th and 43d, formed the reserve, and were to be employed as affairs might render expedient; several small batteries were placed along the line, and two black corps were a short distance in rear.

At daybreak, the signal rocket having been thrown up, our batteries opened, and the troops stationed on the left bank moved forward to the attack; the left* column preceding a very little the right wing, on purpose to engage the enfilading fire of the redoubt, as well as that of the battery on the opposite bank, and having at its head the company of the 43d light infantry, advanced along the main road to storm the redoubt, under a very deadly fire of grape-shot and musketry from the main line of entrenchments, as well as from the redoubt. This small body of men, however, continued to press forward, and with such rapidity, that they passed along the front of the powerful battery placed on the opposite bank without suffering from its fire; and although Captains Henry of the 7th, and Hitchins of the 93d light companies, and other officers, had already fallen by the grape-shot and musketry fire from the batteries on this side of the river; and in spite of the good conduct of the troops defending the redoubt, who, after the head of the column had descended into the ditch, continued their fire upon its rear; and although their scaling-ladders and fascines were not brought up, forced themselves, after a short but very severe contest, into the redoubt, which was defended by part of the 7th American regiment, the New Orleans rifle company, and a detachment of the Kentucky riflemen. But Lieutenant-Colonel Renny,† of the 21st, who, from his singular intrepidity, had been selected to command this attack, was killed in ascending by the first embrasure, two rifle balls entering his head; and it was only when the British soldiers were on the parapet and in the embrasures that the redoubt was yielded to us, and for a time the guns were in our possession: thus rendering the defence very honourable to the

* The left column, composed of one company of the 7th, 93d, and 43d, were considered a forlorn hope; they had, in killed and wounded, eight officers, and one hundred and eighty soldiers.

† Mr Withers, a respectable Kentucky farmer, having decided upon an attempt to kill Lieutenant-Colonel Renny, placed a second ball in his rifle, and taking post behind the first gun in the redoubt, shot the lieutenant-colonel the moment he reached the embrasure; and possessing himself of his watch and snuff-box, presented them to me, by whom they were forwarded to the lieutenant-colonel's relations, agreeably to the request of Mr Withers.

enemy, and the more creditable to the brave troops who, under circumstances of very great difficulty, had succeeded in carrying the work. At this moment the contest was in our favour, the capture of the redoubt thus early having prevented its enfilading fire from being brought against the columns composing our right wing, in which was placed our principal force. But the right wing, being about to engage, on finding themselves, in consequence of the conduct of ****, deprived of the materials they considered absolutely necessary for the passage of the ditch, hesitated; and this being under the enemy's fire, was changed first into confusion, and afterwards into almost general retreat, causing a loss, in all probability, out of proportion to what would have been sustained, had they in a determined manner rushed forward in a body and stormed the entrenchments, crowning the crest of the glacis with light infantry; for, protected by their fire, it was quite possible to have accomplished the passage of the ditch* without the assistance of either scaling-ladder or fascine. As these, however, were not brought up, confidence was lost, by even the very same soldiers who, under obstacles in a tenfold degree more difficult to be surmounted, had triumphantly planted the British standard on the ramparts of Badajos and St Sebastian. The feeling of regret at this failure was not a little increased, by the knowledge that there were intrepid men upon this point, who in an isolated manner passed not only the ditch, but gained even the parapet. Among other instances of conspicuous gallantry, Captain Wilkinson,† of the staff, nobly fell on the slope of the parapet upon which he had at that moment gained a footing.

The brave and heroic Sir Edward Pakenham, who, in the fields of the Peninsula, and of the South of France, had acquired all the reputation that a soldier could desire, and who had, by the most skilful combinations, secured a most important conquest on the right bank, and, by the well-timed attack along the main road, protected the columns of his grand attack from the enfilading fire of the redoubt on the left bank, while endeavouring to restore order, received a mortal wound; and about the same time, Generals Gibbs and Keane, two very distinguished officers, fell, the one mortally, the other severely wounded. To add to the mortification caused by these deplorable events, from the difficulties connected with the passage of the broad and rapid Mississipi, to conquer which the whole energies of the gallant men employed upon this point were brought into exertion, the attack on the opposite bank had not yet commenced; and the 93d therefore moved towards the right wing, only to share in the disaster of that ill-fated wing. Had circumstances admitted of support being moved to the left column, affairs, even yet, might have terminated differently on the left bank. By being in possession of the redoubt, an opening was gained between the *embankment* and the usual bed of the river, by which troops could have been thrown on the right flank of the enemy, and advantage taken of the want of discipline in a numerous body of men, thousands of them without bayonets. But, unfortunately, all having been thrown into confusion on our own right, and no support arriving, the few soldiers in the redoubt, the remnant of the only troops who had been engaged with the enemy's right, who were not rendered incapable by wounds, made their escape in the best manner they were able, the whole of their own immediate commanding officers being killed or disabled by wounds, and the enemy preparing to attack them with such means as they had no power of resisting.

But notwithstanding the recapture of the redoubt, had it not been for the fall of the lamented Commander of the Forces, we were very far from being, even at this advanced period of the contest, abandoned by fortune. Soon after this sad event, the troops on the opposite bank, commanded by Colonel

* This observation is made in consequence of the whole of the defences having been passed by me, partly as conqueror, and partly as a wounded prisoner.

† An American officer stated to me that Captain Wilkinson leapt across the ditch to the commencement of the slope of the parapet; he survived his wound two or three days, and was buried by the enemy with those honours his gallant conduct gave him so high a claim to.

Thornton,* commenced their attack, and immediately carried the battery to which they were opposed, and which had been the cause of much uneasiness to us during our preparation for the battle. This success made it an operation of no difficulty to enfilade the enemy's position on the left bank; and although allowing to our enemy on that bank all the valour they have a high claim to, it would have been exacting from them too great a degree of devotedness to believe, that they would have maintained themselves on a position in which their whole right wing could have been beaten down by a flank fire of cannon and grape shot. The reserve, composed of the flower of the army, had sustained no loss; the regiments† composing the right wing could have been in a short time again brought forward; and the Black Corps were entire; but in the fall of the accomplished soldier who commanded (in whom the confidence of the army was unbounded, and who would have been prepared to take advantage of the success of an operation he himself had planned) the seal of our misfortune was irrevocably fixed. And although one may be permitted to express regret that Sir John Lambert was not tempted to keep possession of the battery on the opposite bank, and to renew the attack along the main road with the reserve, and what remained to him of the 93d, yet, considering the circumstances of very great difficulty under which he succeeded to the chief command from that of the reserve, surrounded by carnage, and the regiments of his right in disarray, no person will blame him for not having done so.

R. S.

Hull Citadel, July 17, 1828.

LORETTO.

In our controversies with Popery, one of the chief difficulties is to force an acknowledgment of its actual tenets. If we charge the Popish priest with idolatry, he turns round and denies all worship of idols. The stocks and stones before which he kneels, to which he offers prayers, and which in return cure his congregation of all kinds of ills, from the stoppage of a pestilence to the mending of a fractured shoe, are no idols with him, are mere representatives of something else, and serve no higher purpose than assisting the imagination.

If we charge him with the grossness instilled into the minds of women and children, by the questions of the confessional, with its encouragement of crime by the scandalous facility of a monthly absolution for the most hideous enormities, and the aggravation of this guilty facility by the scandal of its universal sale; or if we stigmatize the heinous offence to the Majesty of the One God, to the whole spirit of Christianity, and the whole salvation of mankind, implied in the worship of the Virgin and the Saints, as sharers in the Divine honours, as fellow-mediators with the Author of our faith, and to be relied on for ensuring to man the hope of future happiness,—they unhesitatingly tell us, that we have mistaken their doctrine; that if such were the tenets of a remote age, they are long since abandoned; and that to judge of their religion by this

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* Having remained during the whole day in the American field hospital, I had an opportunity of observing the consternation caused to the enemy by Colonel Thornton's attack on the opposite bank, which was totally unexpected, and, in the British shout of victory, I anticipated a speedy release from captivity. It cannot be but proper to express gratitude for the courteous civility of General Jackson, who, on causing a staff officer to express regret for the misfortune which had made me a prisoner, begged my acceptance of a bottle of choice claret, rendered at that time, in consequence of the British blockade, of rare value in that part of America.

† Having been withdrawn from the Mississippi, detachments from regiments composing the right wing distinguished themselves in the capture of the battery commanding the entrance of Mobile Bay.

There are always opportunities by which a knowledge of the defences of a regular fortress can be obtained; but at New Orleans the works had been only just constructed, and the vigilance of the enemy rendered it perfectly impossible to reconnoitre the ditch; had its dimensions been known to the soldiery, the star of the American general would not on that day have shone with such splendour.

its present practice, would shew it clear from all obnoxious points, and a model of simplicity, truth, and Christianity!

Now, let Popery be thus tried, and the question of its impurity, wretched spirit of popular imposition, and gross idolatry, will be settled at once. But we must look to it, not as it exists in our heretical land, where a vigilant eye is kept upon its proceedings, and where it does not disgust the nation by the open exhibition of its performances; but let us take it in Italy, under the sunshine of the Popedom, unclouded by the invidiousness of rival faiths, and flourishing in the full luxuriance of the triumphant religion.

We may hereafter look to other displays of the Popedom; but for the present we shall content ourselves with one, the "Holy House" of Loretto: A miracle, or succession of miracles, solemnly vouched for by the whole circles of the Romish Church, pressed upon the consciences of all Popish Europe, the centre of worship for ages to immense multitudes, from sovereign princes down to peasants, and to this hour upheld in all its honours, human and divine, by the High Priest and Monarch of the Popish world.

The narrative shall not be given from our lips, but from those of the Romish priesthood, word for word, formally authorized, and published for the wisdom of all who are to be sanctified by the sight of "our Lady of Loretto." It is the literal translation of the Guide-book, sold at Loretto, and with the features of the shrine, giving an "Abrégé Historique des translations prodigieuses le la Sainte Maison," from the Italian, written by Monsieur Murri, the Curé, or Rector, of Loretto. The little volume is dedicated to a high authority, Lemarrois, the Governor-General of the three adjoining departments under Napoleon, and printed at Loretto in 1809!

The preface of the translator Philippe Pagès, a French monk, thus suitably opens the history of the great Romish miracle.

"With the most lively interest I translate into my native tongue the Italian narrative of the Holy House. My countrymen, everywhere lovers of the beautiful and the true, will feel indebted to me for introducing to their language a narrative as interesting as it is miraculous. Profane historians have gloried in transmitting to posterity facts infinitely less important than the wonderful travels of the Santa Casa!

"If in any corner of the universe there were to be seen a spot which had served as the asylum of a celestial spirit, the most thoughtless and cold-hearted of human beings would undertake long journeys to visit it; and the most incurious readers would, once at least in their lives, desire to read the volume which detailed its circumstances in perfect sincerity and in truth. With how much eagerness then, with what sacred enthusiasm, must they not desire to read the narrative, at once ingenuous, simple, sincere, and elegant, which M. Murri has given of the humble dwelling which served as the retreat of the Sovereign Master of the world!

"The Divine and Omnipotent Architect might doubtless have built for himself a second heaven, and used it as his dwelling; but as he became man only to teach us a humility till then unknown, he was pleased to be born in a spot the most abject and common, to condemn the pride of man.

"But I am wrong—this spot is neither abject nor common. It has been, on the contrary, almost made divine by the indwelling, by the presence of a God hidden under the human form; and for those five centuries, it has become, by a just right, the point of veneration to the Catholic world."

Here commences the narrative of the Curé of Loretto:

"The town of Nazareth, seated on the slope of a hill in the vicinage of Mount Tabor, was one of the principal places of the province of Galilee, before the Roman conquest. But the just wrath of Heaven having given up the guilty nation to the scourge of war, pestilence, and famine, and to a ruin which will end only with the world, Nazareth shared the general lot; and at the time of St Jerome, it was no more than a wretched village.

"The zeal of the primitive Christians vainly strove to restore it in some degree to its ancient lustre, by making it the seat of a Bishop. But the last of its pastors having shamefully apostatized, the town fell into the decay in which we see it still, a miserable collection of huts, and refuge for the robbers of Arabia.

"But neither the ravages of time, nor the violence of arms, could rob

Nazareth of the glory of having been the country of the most august Virgin, the mother of God! and of having enclosed within its circuit the house in which she was born, where the great mystery of the Incarnation took place, and where our Lord lived the greater part of his mortal existence, that is till his baptism. This is the house, which, by the ministry of angels, was, after a lapse of so many years, transported among us, and which now makes the glory of Italy, and the most sensible and beloved honour of our province. In the seventy-first year of the Christian era, Nazareth was sacked and ruined by the Romans. But the Deity watched with an eye of care and affection over the dwelling of Mary, not suffering the enemy to penetrate to the place in which it stood, and where it continued concealed until the moment fixed on in the divine councils, for bringing it to light, for the veneration of all the world.

"An event of this kind happened first under the government of Constantine the Great. About the year 307, the Empress Helena, his mother, made a pilgrimage to the holy places of Palestine. She first visited the manger where our Lord had lain; then Calvary, the Holy Sepulchre, and Nazareth, the place where our redemption had its origin, and the only place where she found no mark of profanation. The royal pilgrim found the holy dwelling under a heap of ruins. After having paid it her veneration, she resolved to attempt no change in it. She only reared again the altar on which the holy Apostles had offered the divine sacrifice!

"But she directed the Imperial Ministers to build over and round the Holy House an august and magnificent temple, on whose marble front she engraved the brief but expressive inscription:

'Hæc est ara in qua primo jactum est humanæ salutis fundamentum.'"

"The report of this building was spread through the world, and from that time, the nations were eager to make pilgrimages to venerate the house of the Queen of the Angels. Kings, princes, and others, not less distinguished for their rank than for their holiness, came to visit this heaven upon earth!

"In the year 1245, Palestine had totally fallen under the Saracens. Saint Louis, touched with the desire to conquer this chosen land, embarked with a powerful army, and landed successfully in Egypt. But pestilence resisted his great designs. The multitude of the French warriors perished, and finally the king was made prisoner; God permitting that a war undertaken with motives so rational and so holy, should come to so disastrous an end, because the time fixed in the divine councils for the deliverance of Palestine was not yet come.

"Saint Louis, having been set at liberty by a capitulation, reached Nazareth in 1252, where, on the 25th of March, the day of the Annunciation, he went on foot, covered with a penitential robe, from Mount Tabor, to venerate the adorable chamber of Mary, and where, having heard mass, he communicated. He then returned to the temple which covered the Holy House, and ordered Odo, Bishop of Frascati, the Legate of the Papal See, to perform mass upon the High Altar."

The narrative now proceeds to state that a memorial of those ceremonies remains in some very old paintings on the western wall of the sanctuary; that the existence of the Holy House was unquestionable, until the close of the thirteenth century, when the Caliphs conquered Galilee, with the slaughtering of 20,000 Christians and the slavery of 200,000. The Mahometans pulled down the temple of Helena; and the Holy House was lost to mankind for ever but for "the admirable and incomprehensible wisdom, which, to save the house of the divine Mother, snatched it from its foundations by the most surprising and unheard-of miracle; the foundations still remaining in proof visibly at Nazareth."

It is obvious that the miracle would never have been wrought, could the monks of Nazareth receive pilgrims as of old. But the Mahometan hand, by at once pulling down the Temple and routing the monks, gave the Santa Casa the opportunity of flying away, (which of course it never could have done, with a huge Roman building over it,) and put an end to all the attempts which the monks on that spot would have made to hold it fast to the ground, while it could produce them a ducat.

The house now feeling itself without use in a land of misbelievers, without the impediment of a colossal roof of lead and stone above its head, and

without a single monk to battle against the angelic carriers, bade farewell to the humiliated soil of Palestine, and steered for the land of Romish virtue.

"The miraculous translation from Nazareth to the borders of Dalmatia occurred on the 10th of May, A. D. 1291, in the pontificate of Nicholas IV. It alighted on a low hill between the town of Tersata and Fiume, where neither house nor hut had ever been seen before.

"A multitude of the Dalmatians ran together to the place on hearing of the prodigy; and after having observed the Holy House placed without foundation or support on an uneven ground; after having also observed that it was of the most ancient construction, and that its masonry shewed it to be not of their own country, but of a distant land—they entered, and were still more astonished to find the House roofed and wainscotted, the wainscot being covered with blue, and divided into little squares scattered with golden stars. Two fragments of this decoration are yet to be seen.

"They perceived, besides, a little altar attached to the wall opposite the door; and upon the altar they found an ancient Greek cross of wood, with a figure of the crucifix painted on the cloths which covered the cross, and also found a statue of the Most Holy Virgin holding in her arms the infant Jesus. At the left of the door was a little cupboard hollowed in the wall, and near it the place of an ancient hearth, in the style of Nazareth, that is, without an orifice for the smoke, inasmuch as in the East they use only charcoal.

"But that the people of the town of Tersata should learn the origin and value of this house, the Mother of God was pleased to add to this extraordinary event a new miracle."

Alexandre de George, Curé of Tersata, being dangerously ill, the Holy Virgin appeared to him in a dream, and revealing that the house which had lately arrived in the country by a prodigy which none could explain, was the true House of Nazareth, in proof of her appearing, restored him at the instant to complete health. Mr Curé awoke, found himself perfectly well, got out of his bed, and, full of joy, flew to the holy chapel to thank his divine benefactress.

"The people of Tersata, now irresistibly convinced of their good fortune, with one accord implored permission of the Chevalier Nicholas Frangipani, then governor of the province, to send four of their fellow-citizens to Nazareth, to make themselves still surer of so great a prodigy."

The narrative proceeds to say, that the governor sent the deputies with four of his own, carrying the exact measurement of the Santa Casa, that they might compare it with the original site. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the result. The deputies found that not a fragment of the house remained further than the precise quantity which might assist to realize the evidence of the removal. The length and breadth, the stones, &c. &c. were the same, and the fame of the miracle redounded in the shape of donations from all sides. Frangipani was not asleep to the advantages of having such an attraction for the opulent and pious, within his grasp; and, as the narrative says, "he had formed vast projects to second the devotion of the faithful, and to increase, if possible, the reputation of the holy place," when suddenly the Santa Casa chose a more civilized spot than the savage borders of Dalmatia.

"At once," says the Curé, "after three years and seven months from its memorable translation to Tersata, the Santa Casa was seen to rise into the air again, and pass over the Adriatic! It descended in the centre of a thick forest, at a short distance from the fortunate hill where it now stands, and where all Christendom comes to do it homage.

"The tenth of December, A.D. 1294, in the pontificate of Celestine the V., was the memorable epoch of an event so prodigious. About ten o'clock of the night before, the sacred dwelling appeared in the neighbourhood of the town of Recanati, and came to the ground in the midst of a forest called the Laurel Wood, about two leagues off.

"Man was wrapped in sleep at the moment when this wonderful translation occurred. The shepherds who were as usual watching their sheep, were the first to have the happiness of seeing this holy asylum. An extraordinary light, which shone in its direction, induced them to come and see the cause. They saw with astonishment that the light proceeded from an ancient house, which they now observed for the first time, and in a place

where there had been no dwelling before.

"While the crowd gathered from all sides to see the wonder, and were reasoning on it with each other, an individual made his appearance, who declared that he had *seen* the House carried through the air, just as it arrived on the neighbouring shore of the Adriatic. At length, encouraging each other, they ventured to enter, rightly conceiving that the House must contain something surprising and divine. Finally, they were convinced, and spent the remainder of the night round the holy place. At daybreak, they hurried into the town to tell their masters what they had seen."

Their masters were at first incredulous, but they visited the wood, and were, of course, convinced. But, to make conviction surer still, a miracle was wrought.

"The Holy Virgin appeared at the same time to two of her faithful servants in the neighbourhood of Loretto, and told them both that the house was her dwelling at Nazareth, transported by angels, to give all Christendom, by so august a present, a powerful succour, and a sure refuge in its most pressing needs. The first who had this miraculous vision, was Saint Nicholas of Tolentino, one of the greatest saints of the order of Saint Augustine, residing at Recanati. The other was the Brother Paul, who had fixed his hermitage on the summit of a hill a little further; now called Montorso.

"The rumour of the miracle now spread far and wide, and nothing was heard of but the forest of Loretto and the Santa Casa of Nazareth. Day and night the highways were crowded with pilgrims of all ranks and ages, to see the holy chamber, and offer their tribute of homage and veneration.

"But the Enemy of Man, indignant at seeing so great a work wrought against him, made every effort to destroy the devotion of the faithful. The sanctuary stood in the centre of a forest, about half a league from the sea, and the ways to it were narrow, and choked up with thickets and thorns. Men without morality or religion, and with no object but gold, formed themselves into bands, and robbed the pilgrims." The pilgrimages were of course soon thinned; and the profits of the shrine went down. The Virgin found that she had chosen a bad position, and she was not above acknowledging her error.

"In fact," says the Curé, "eight months after the first arrival, the Santa Casa found itself again placed on the top of a fine hill above Recanati, and a mile from its former site. The new ground belonged to two brothers, who, rejoicing in the precious gift of Heaven, paid it all the highest homage."

But the Virgin had now made a second mistake. The brothers, shortly seeing that the Santa Casa was likely to be a mine to the possessor, quarrelled about the possession, and "a vile desire of enriching themselves at the expense of the holy altar" taking place of their piety, they were about to cut each other's throats. The Virgin had now to prevent the fratricide, and much more the robbery; and it was done without delay.

"—— The Most High, who abhorred the rage of fraternal quarrels as much as the murders of the forest, transported the house of his Divine Mother out of the grounds of those brothers, and placed it on another fine hill, a musket-shot from the former, and in the middle of the high-road to the part of Recanati, where it stands to this day."

Further locomotion seemed now unnecessary; but the people of Recanati, not knowing what opinion the holy Virgin might have on the subject, and feeling the advantages of the pilgrim purse, determined that the house should stay where it was. They accordingly adopted the expedient found so satisfactory by the Empress Helena. They built another house over it, loaded with a weight of marble enough to defy the flying propensities of any house in Christendom; and the experiment has succeeded. The altar stands where it did; and what is not less important, it is still frequented; and though the contributions may not flow in with the original rapidity, the shrine is well worth taking care of, and works miracles in abundance—cures the sick, the dying, and the dead—and flourishes as an irresistible evidence of the purity and truth of Popery, sanctioned by the honours of Popes, the worship of Italy, and the presents of the Popish world to this hour.

THE CASTLE OF TIME. A VISION.

BY DELTA.

I.

Up rose the full moon in a heaven of blue,
And sweetly sang the hermit nightingale,
As, with slow steps, I saunter'd through the vale,
Brushing aside the wild flow'rs bright with dew ;
There hung a purple haze athwart the hills ;
And all was hush'd beside me and remote ;
Gleam'd, as they trickled, the pellucid rills,
Or 'neath the sallows dark seclusion sought ;
The stars, dim twinkling in celestial mirth,
Seem'd sleepless eyes that watch'd the slumber-mantled earth.

II.

A while I stray'd beneath green arbute trees,
As the scarce-breathing west-wind, with a sigh,
The glittering greenness kiss'd in wandering by ;
Around me roses bloom'd ; and, over these,
The moss-brown'd lilac and laburnum bright,
Commingled their blown richness ; perfume sweet
From wild flowers breathed, and violets exquisite,
Crush'd in their beauty by my careless feet ;
O'er earth and air a slumberous influence stole,
With wizard power, that charm'd the billows of the soul.

III.

So, as reclining 'mid the blooms I lay,
The moonlight and the landscape bland declined,
And, rapt from outward shows, the tranced mind
Woke 'mid the splendours of another day.
It was a wondrous scene ; receding far
Into the distance, hills o'er hills arose,
Of mighty shapes and shades irregular,—
Here green with verdure, and there capp'd in snows ;
Here gorgeous groves, there desert wastes sublime ;
And, gazing, well I knew the changeful realm of Time.

IV.

In the midst a Temple stood, whose arches shew'd
All architecture's grand varieties ;
Carved columns rear'd their summits to the skies,
While, over others, the dark mould was strew'd :
Pile picturesque and wild ! with spires and domes,
And pyramids and pillars manifold,
And vaults, wherein both bird and beast made homes ;
And part was strongly fresh ; and part was old ;
And part was mantled o'er by Ruin grey ;
And part from eye of man had wholly sunk away.

V.

Methought a spirit led me up the tower,
And bad me gaze to the east ;—there calmly bright,
Revolving pageants charm'd my tranced sight,
In that deep flow of inspiration's hour,
As changed the vision.—On Moriah's steeps
Behold a victim son for offering bound,
While the keen knife the awless Patriarch keeps
Unsheathed to perpetrate the mortal wound.
But, hark, an angel,—" Stay thy hand from death—
For God hath known thee just, Heaven murmurs of thy faith."

VI.

Now 'tis a desert vast; but wherefore roam
These countless multitudes? before them, lo
The pillar'd smoke revolves, as on they go,
By Heaven directed to their promised home.
Their garments know not wear; the skies rain bread;
Out gushes water from the obedient rock,
By miracle at once sustain'd and led;
Until, at length, the Shepherd of the flock,
From Pisgah gazes down on Palestine,
Then shuts in death his eyes that glow with hope divine.

VII.

A crimson battle-field!—careering steeds
Over the prostrate and the perish'd driven;
The moon turns pale, the sun stands still in heaven,
As Israel conquers, and the godless bleeds.—
A son's rebellion—" Spare him!" cried the King,
The Father; but from Ephraim, tidings dire
Smite on his heart; for Joab, triumphing,
Hath slain the erring in relentless ire:
Then bleeds his heart, then bows he in despair—
" Oh, Absalom, my son!" and tears his silver hair.

VIII.

A banquet hall—'tis gorgeous Babylon,
The palace, and the satraps; radiant shine
A thousand lamps; the heathen's festal wine
Brims golden cups that in God's temple shone;—
Quench'd is the mirth, the music dies away—
Belshazzar trembles,—for a visible hand
Writes on the wall the date of his decay—
Wealth reft, life forfeited, and bondaged land:—
'Twas darkness then, but, ere red morning shone,
The Persian bursts his gates, the Mede is on his throne!

IX.

Spirit of Homer! is it but a dream,[1]
A spectre of the fancy, that reveals
To us such majesty and power, and steals
The bosom from what is, to what may seem?—
It matters not; still Agamemnon reigns,
The king of men; by Chrysa moors the fleet;
Achilles in his chariot scours the plains,
Shewing to Troy slain Hector at his feet;
Andromache laments, and Ruin lowers
On Priam's princely line, and Ilion's fated towers.

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[1] It is somewhat remarkable that the mists of time should have so darkly intervened, as to make at once the poet and his theme matters of dubiety; but so it has happened with the great epic bards of the east and west, with Homer and with Ossian.

" The question as to the truth of the tale of ' Troy divine,' " remarks Lord Byron, " much of it resting on the talismanic word ' ἄπειρος;' probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time, and when he talks of ' boundless,' means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks."

It is no bad example of the mutability and perishing nature of all earthly things, that a realm, whose very existence has become a matter of speculation to the classical antiquary, should have given rise to two of the grandest exhibitions of human genius, in the magnificent epic of the Greeks, and the exquisite epic of the Romans.

X.

Behold on yon seven hills a city rear'd,[1]
Immense, majestic, mistress of the world;
O'er all the standard of her power unfurl'd,
By subject nations is obey'd and fear'd.
She calls her vassals—Mauritania pours
Her golden tribute; proud Hispania bows;
Rude Albion answers from her chalky shores;
The echo sounds o'er Scandinavia's snows;
Swart Scythia hears the summons; and, afar,
Blue Thule in the main 'neath Eve's descending star.[2]

XI.

Behold the Persian—like a green bay tree
Flaunting in summer beauty; to the shores
Of Hellespont an armed million pours
To shackle Greece,—to subjugate the free:
Yet Xerxes, thou wert man, and shall not die
Thy passionate saying; still thy voice we hear,
As, o'er the peopled plain's immensity,
Flash to the sunset, corslet, helm, and spear,
"A century hence,—and of this fair array
There beats no bosom now, but shall be silent clay!"[3]

XII.

City of Dido, by the sounding sea!
I know thee by thy grandeur desolate—
Green weeds wave rankly o'er thy levell'd gate:
The sea-fowl and the serpent dwell in thee—
Where are thy navies? Whelm'd beneath the wave!
Where are thine armies, that, with thundering tread,
Shook Rome to her foundation-rocks, and gave
Manure to Cannæ of the Roman dead?[4]
Nought of thy vanish'd state the silence speaks;
The fisher spreads his nets, on high the heron shrieks![5]

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[1] In the text an endeavour is made to sketch the extent of the Roman empire. Perhaps to the loyal of our own country, it may not be a little gratifying to know, that imperial Rome, at the zenith of her glory, never commanded an extent of population, equal to that of Great Britain at the present day. We know of no prouder illustration of the effects of mental energy over nature in a state destitute of cultivation, or paralysed by luxurious sloth.

[2] "Thule," the Shetland of the ancients, is poetically characterised by Horace as "*Ultima Thule*," from its being the most remote situation of olden geography, and consequently considered as one of the "ends of the earth."

The lines of Seneca (Medea) pointing out the probable effects of future discovery, seem embued almost with the spirit of prophecy, and have been appositely affixed as the motto to the Life of Columbus by Mr Washington Irving.

[3] "One touch of nature," as the all-observant Shakspeare remarks, "makes the whole world akin;" and really the little anecdote in the text goes far with me in atoning for the ambitious invasion of the proud and puissant Xerxes; for Nature is so steady and exact in her operations, that no heart but one originally benevolent and generous, would have ventured on such an apophthegm at such an hour.

Fate, however, intended these myriads a much shorter duration than that which the monarch lamented, as the field of Marathon too bloodily illustrated—"When the sun set, where were they?"

[4] Never, perhaps, except by the earlier invasion of Pyrrhus, was the independence of the Roman State so severely threatened as by the invasion of Hannibal.

As to the horrible carnage of Cannæ, some notion may be formed from the succinct account of Livy.—"Ad fidem, deinde, tam lætarum rerum, effundi in vestibulo curiæ jussit annulos aureos, qui tantus acervus fuit, ut, metientibus dimidium super tres modios explêsse, sint quidam auctores. Adjecit deinde verbis, quo majoris cladis indicium esset, neminem, nisi equitem, atque eorum ipsorum primores, id gerere insigne." —*Hist. Lib. XXIII.*

[5] Few traces of ancient Carthage are said to remain, except the ruins of an aqueduct

XIII.

Oh, hundred-gated Thebes, magnificent! [1]
Where Memnon's image hymn'd the march of Time,
As sank the day-star 'mid the dewy prime,
In tones celestial with the sunrise blent,
I know thee by thy remnants Titan-like;
And thee, proud Memphis, proud, alas! no more, [2]
Whose thinn'd and desolate fragments scarcely strike
The pilgrim's eye on thy blue river's shore;
And thee, Palmyra, 'mid whose silent piles [3]
Still lingering grandeur sleeps, the unworshipp'd sun still smiles.

XIV.

I see thee now, supreme Jerusalem!
The city of the chosen, great in power;
Glory surrounds thee in thy noontide hour,
Of Palestine's green plains the diadem.
Now graves give up their dead mid thunders drear;
A murmuring multitude on Calvary see!—
The temple's vail is rent,—a sound of fear!
'Tis "Eli! Eli!" from the accursed tree;
Daylight shrinks waning from the scene abhorr'd,
And shuddering Nature shares the pangs that pierce her lord. [4]

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and the site of the harbour, now called El Mersa. The reader may consult Dr Shaw, Travels, vol. I., and Chateaubriand's ditto, vol. II., although the accounts given by each are very dissimilar.

"The iniquity of oblivion," apostrophizeth the eloquent Sir Thomas Broune, in his Hydriotophia, "blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Erostratos lives, who burned the temple of Diana—he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle."

[1] Thebes has been more fortunate than either Troy or Carthage, in the circumstance of some of its stupendous structures still remaining. By the modern natives it is called Luxor.

The most recent accounts of this ancient city are to be found in the travels of Belzoni, who collected from amidst the rubbish and sand some of his finest specimens of Egyptian antiquity. See also Carne's interesting "Letters from the East."

As to the celebrated statue of Memnon, it may be only necessary briefly to observe, that, according to Pausanias, it was broken by Cambyses. The upper portion was seen lying neglected on the ground, but the lower division emitted duly at sunrise the sound resembling the breaking of a harp-string over-wound up.

From its grandeur Thebes was also called Diospolis, the city of Jupiter, or of the Sun; from its hundred gates it obtained the additional appellation of "Hecatompylos," to distinguish it from Thebes in Bœotia; and was at one period the finest city of the world.

[2] Memphis, situated on the river of the same name, was once a capital city of Upper Egypt. Of its ancient pride and magnificence but few vestiges now remain; and of the countless thousands, that, generation after generation, flourished within its walls, how many names are now remembered?

[3] One of the chief wonders of this in every way wonderful city was the Temple of the Sun, many columns of which, according to Wood and Volney, yet remain. It is one of the "*arcana*" of political economy, how a city encompassed by a desert, came to attain its power and population; and we would trouble Mr Malthus to explain this?

[4] Vide Gospel of St Matthew, chap. xxviii.—The reader need scarcely be directed to that most interesting of all sieges in the history of the Jews by Josephus, or to the recent beautiful scriptural drama, "The Fall of Jerusalem," by Professor Milman.

For an account of the present state of a city, on many accounts the most remarkable in the world, whether we refer to its origin, its revolutions, or the scenes it has witnessed, the curious are directed to the Travels of Vicompte Chateaubriand, Dr Shaw, Mr

XV.

From Danube, see, from Don, and Volga's banks,
Come pouring to the South barbarian hordes,[1]
Innumerous, irresistible; keen swords
Their only heritage, their home the ranks:
Erst like the locusts on Egyptian vales
They darken, and the treasured shores consume;
And Science is o'erthrown; and Courage fails;
And droop the eagles of imperial Rome;
Art palsied wanes; and Wisdom sighs to find
A second gloomier night o'ershadowing lost mankind.

XVI.

A fierce acclaim! Alarm's loud trumpet-call—
And up in arms the banded nations rise,
The Red Cross Standards flout the morning skies,[2]
To rescue Palestine from Paynim thrall:
The Lion-hearted girds his falchion on,—
Bright beams the Gallic ensign o'er the wave;
Death's vultures crowd o'er carnaged Ascalon;
But Salem, unsubdued, resists the brave:—
Where hath the victim gone? His minstrel plays,—
And from false Austria's cell come back responsive lays![3]

XVII.

Now rises from the dusk-subjected Earth—
Forth walks Civilization, to illume
With Learning's light divine the Gothic gloom,
Awaking man as 'twere to second birth:
Greens barren valley,—blossoms desert plain,—
Towers city flourishing,—smiles hamlet home,—
Track venturous navies the engirding main,—
O'er willing lands Religion's banners roam,—
Dawns mental day—and Freedom's sacred pile
Is rear'd, by proud resolve, in Albion's favour'd isle.

Buckingham, and Mr Rae Wilson. But more particularly to the account of Dr Clarke —one of the finest things, that ever came from the pen of that most accomplished traveller.

[1] On this most comprehensive topic, we can barely refer to Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, Sismondi's Histoire de Republiques Italiennes, Robertson's Dissertation, prefixed to Charles V. and Hallam's History of the Middle Ages.

[2] The Crusaders bore on their banners or arms the symbol of the Cross, as marking out the cause for which they had taken up arms. The first account I can find of its being displayed on the banners and arms of war, is in the instance of the troops of Constantine the Great, after his alleged miraculous conversion to Christianity—an account of which may be found in Milner's Church History, vol. III, as abridged by him from Eusebius.

It is said, that to Constantine and his army the figure of a Cross had appeared one afternoon on the sky, with the inscription "Conquer by this." The punishment of the Cross was thereafter abolished throughout his dominions, and the symbol made one of dignity and honour.

Alluding to the Cross, Mr Gibbon says, "The same symbol sanctified the arms of the soldiers of Constantine; the cross glittered on their helmets, was engraved on their shields, was interwoven into their banners; and the consecrated emblems which adorned the person of the emperor himself, were distinguished only by richer materials, and more exquisite workmanship."

For a "History of the Crusades," and a very interesting one, the reader is referred to the work of the late Mr Mills, and episodically to the "Tales of the Crusaders," by the author of Waverley, who has therein found a subject, and produced a work, worthy of his genius.

[3] An allusion to Blondel, the favourite minstrel of Cœur de Lion, who, according to the legend, discovered in Germany the scene of his master's imprisonment.

XVIII.

Most fortunate, most fortunate, for now
Broods over Gaul the tempest-cloud of blood!
Down, down it streams around, a crimson flood!
Afar the deluge pours, to overthrow
Peoples, and empires; Chaos frowns on man
With midnight threatening; Reason is o'erthrown;
Red Murder roams in Desolation's van;
And frenzied Anarchy makes earth her own;
Hope trembles; and Religion, with a sigh,
Shrieks as her burning shrines rejoice the Atheist's eye.

XIX.

Yet, Queen of Nations, yet in thee are found
The buckler and the sword; thy war hath gone
Amid Heaven's foes, invincible, alone—
For all beside were bleeding, faint, or bound:
The rampart of the righteous, in the day
Of need, thy succouring arm is strongly felt;
Before thy flooding sunlight rush away
Hell's spectral legions, and in shadows melt;
Crush'd is the serpent breed,—the unholy crew,
And triumph wreathes thy brows on deathless Waterloo!

XX.

I listen, for a sound salutes mine ear
Of harmony divine; beneath the star
Of Eve, 'tis borne across the waves afar,
From isles that studding Ocean's robe appear:
Hearken ye now to Adoration's tones!
At Truth's pure shrine the heathen bows the knee!
Owns his low worthlessness, submissly owns
His trust in Him who bled on Calvary!
'Mid the blue main the sailor stays his oars,
Wondering at incense such from lone Pacific shores.

XXI.

Not yet, not yet, not yet Heaven's sunlight darts
Through Error's clouds and Ignorance's night:
Wide are the realms that, in their cheerless blight,
Pine darkling, with forlorn and sullied hearts.—
'Neath priesthood bigotry, 'neath tyrant thrall,
The wavering tremble and the bold are mute,
Prone to the dust, o'erawed, earth's thousands fall,
At the proud stamp of Superstition's foot:
Gleams the keen axe; outgushes the bright flood;
And Moloch's monstrous shrines are dew'd with human blood.

XXII.

And these know not the name of Liberty;
And those the boon of Reason cast aside;
Time is to both a dark predestined tide,
Floating their shallops to Oblivion's sea;
Pines in its prison unregarded thought;
The immortal soul is sullied and debased;
A worthless gift is conscience, given for nought;
From man the Maker's stamp is quite erased;
Like Autumn leaf, or fly in summer's ray,
He shines his little hour, and vanisheth away!

XXIII.

Then spake the Spirit—" Turn thee to the West,
And see what lies before thee."—It was dim;

For clouds on the blue air, with shadowy skim,
Were rolling their faint billows; and my breast
Tumultuously heaved, as forth I gazed
Upon that prospect's wild immensity;
For shadows shew'd themselves, and then, erased,
Left not a trace on that decayless sky.
Bright forms, some fair like Hope, and some like Fear,
With spectral front sublime, stern, desolate, and drear.

XXIV.

Now, 'twas Elysian, bright and beautiful,
And now a chaos; though, sometimes, a star,
With momentary glitter, shone afar,
Through tempest-clouds that made its lustre dull.
All was a mystery, till the Spirit's touch
Open'd my eyelids, then the waste array'd
Its scenes in majesty, whose glow was such,
That dim seem'd that which first I had survey'd;
And such a scope was to that vista given,
That almost I could see the golden gates of Heaven.

XXV.

Beneath 'twas peace and purity; the sword
Was beat into the sickle; and mankind
(As if 'twere daylight pour'd upon the blind)
The crooked paths of Error quite abhorr'd:
Man's heart was changed; a renovated life
Throbb'd in his veins, and turn'd his thoughts to joy;
Sick'ning he shrank from blood and warlike strife,
Loathing the ire that led him to destroy;
Nations were link'd in brotherhood; and Crime
Was heard of but as what had stain'd departed Time.

XXVI.

Then I saw Angels coming down from Heaven,
And mingling with mankind, almost as pure;
For, through the atonement of the cross, a sure
And marvellous redemption hath been given:
All ends of the earth obey'd it:—East and West,
And South and North responsive echo gave.
The mighty sea of Discord, lull'd to rest,
Was heard no more; Sin's storm was in its grave;
Religion's mandate bade the tumult cease;
And o'er each mountain-top the banners stream'd of Peace.

XXVII.

In the same lair the tame beast and the wild
Together caved; the lion and the kid,
Half by the palm-tree's noontide shadow hid,
Roll'd mid the wild-flowers with the fearless child,—
When sudden darkness fell: the crackling skies
Together rush'd as 'twere a folding scroll;
I knew the end of human destinies,[1]

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1 " Having played our parts," quaintly observeth Old erudite Burton, " we must for ever be gone. Tombes and monuments have the like fate:—

Data sunt ipsis quoque fata sepulchris.

Kingdoms, towns, provinces, and cities, have their periods, and are consumed. In those flourishing times of Troy, Mycenæ was the fairest city of Greece; *Greciæ cunctæ imperitabat;* but it, alas! and that *Assyrian Nineveh, are quite overthrown.* The like fate hath that Egyptian and Beotian Thebes, Delos, *commune Greciæ consiliabulum,*

And speechless awe oppress'd my shrinking soul:
When stood an angel, earth's unburied o'er,
And swore by him that lives, that "Time should be no more!"

XXVIII.

This was the end of all things, and I turn'd
Around, but there lay Darkness—and a void—
Creation's map dim, blotted, and destroy'd—
The sun, the moon, the stars no longer burn'd.
Earth was not now, nor seem'd to have ever been—
Nor wind—nor wave—nor cloud—nor storm—nor shine—
Wide universal chaos wrapt the scene,
And hid the Almighty's countenance divine.
Then died my heart within me; I awoke,
And brightly on mine eyes the silver moonshine broke.

XXIX.

I knew the trees above me—heard the rills
That o'er their pebbles gently murmuring ran;
And saw the wild-blooms bathed in lustre wan;
And far away the azure-shoulder'd hills;
Then up I rose:—but, graven long shall last
On memory's page the marvels sleep hath shewn,
With wonders spotted the receding past;
With mysteries manifold the future strewn;
The mouldering castle of the spoiler, Time;
And Heaven's o'erarching dome, eternal and sublime!

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the common council-house of Greece; and Babylon, the greatest city that ever the sun shone upon, hath nothing now but walls and rubbish left.

Quid Pandioniæ restant, nisi nomen, Athenæ?

Thus Pausanias complained in his times. And where is Troy itself now, Persepolis, Carthage, Cyzicum, Sparta, Argos, and all those Grecian cities? Syracuse and Agrigentum, the fairest towns in Sicily, which had sometimes 700,000 inhabitants, are now decayed: the names of Hieron, Empedocles, &c., of those mighty numbers of people, only left. One Anacharsis is remembered among the Scythians; the world itself must have an end, and every part of it. *Ceteræ igitur urbes sunt mortales*, as Peter Gillius concludes of Constantinople; *Hæc sanæ quamdiu erunt homines, futura mihi videtur immortalis;* but 'tis not so; nor size, nor strength, nor sea, nor land, can vindicate a city; but it and all must vanish at last. And, as to a traveller, great mountains seem plains afar off, at last are not discerned at all; cities, men, monuments decay:—

Nec solidis prodest sua machina terris.

The names are only left, those at length forgotten, and are involved in perpetual night."

Nothing can be more beautiful in itself, or more illustrative of our subject, than that passage in the epistle of Servius Sulpitius to Cicero, wherein, from the contemplation of national, he endeavours to bear him up against personal calamities. "On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect around me. Ægina was behind, Megara was before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left; all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned, and buried in their ruins," &c.

How much and how often has the balance of power fluctuated among the different states of Europe, since the time that Italy was the leviathan among them? What is Italy now, though containing Rome, Genoa, and Venice, in its bosom, in comparison with Great Britain, with Russia, with France, with Austria, and others, which, at the era of her glory, were designated the "barbari," or "barbarians," with as little scrupulosity as a modern Parisian dancing-master desecrates the mob under the comprehensive epithet of the "*canaille*." As to Norway, her political importance is entirely past, or, at best, merged into that of Sweden; the chivalry of Spain has degenerated into monkish superstition; and Poland, dismembered and torn to pieces, has no place among the modern divisions of the earth's surface.

Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum!

THE OLD SYSTEM OF TRADE AND THE NEW ONE.

We think this an auspicious moment for employing a paper in shewing in detail the leading points of difference between the old system of trade of this country, and the new one.

The "march" of free trade is at present suspended, and the country regards it with much animosity. It seems to have encountered some irresolution, if not diversity of opinion, in the Cabinet; and Ministers promise to examine what it has produced before they give it new victims. Notwithstanding all that has been said of the "new system of trade," the country at large has no precise knowledge of the difference between it and the old one. The mass of those who laud it so furiously, prove by their language that they are grossly ignorant of both the systems. Very many well-meaning persons have been deluded into the belief that the old system loaded trade from beginning to end with grievous fetters and restrictions, which the new one has wholly removed. Mr Huskisson, Mr Charles Grant, and their partizans, continually put forth boasts of the prodigious merits of themselves and their changes, which are just as baseless, as they are indecorous and loathsome. All this, looked at in connexion with the state of many important portions of the community, forms in our eyes abundant reason for thinking as we have stated.

We will, in the first place, describe the two systems generally, in respect of principle; and we will afterwards describe them in respect of actual shape and operation.

In regard to exports, the two systems up to a high point agree; both profess great anxiety to encourage them; and in various important commodities both adopt the same regulations. They differ chiefly in what follows. The old system prohibits the export of sheep and wool of a peculiar kind. It does this on the ground, that such export, by putting into the hands of foreign manufacturers such wool as has been confined to our own, may injure the export of our woollen manufactures. The new system allows such export, on the ground that it will have no such effect. The old system stands on the opinion of the woollen manufacturers; the new one stands on abstract doctrine.

In respect of effects, the old system confined the wool to our own manufacturers without producing any perceptible injuries of any kind. Under the new one, an export of sheep and wool is taking place; and as far as probability goes, it will realize the fears of the woollen manufacturers. This export is not yielding the least perceptible benefit.

The old system prohibited the export of machinery. Its ground is, that such export will take from our manufacturers exclusive advantages, enable foreign ones to compete with them, and reduce our export of manufactures: that it will injure general exports much more on the one hand, than it will benefit them on the other. When it is admitted on all hands, that our superiority in machinery is one of the great causes by which our manufacturers are enabled to compete successfully with foreign ones, it cannot be doubted that the loss of this superiority would greatly injure the export of manufactures. On this point, the old system stands on what is equal to demonstration. The new one allows in principle, but not yet in effect, the export of machinery, on the ground that it will be a benefit in itself without injuring the export of manufactures. It stands on abstract doctrine, which is opposed to common reason and conclusive evidence.

In respect of effects, the old system produced no perceptible injuries of any kind, while it secured as far as possible their superiority in machinery to our manufacturers. The new one has not yet ventured to depart in any wide degree from it. The export of machinery is, we believe, still prohibited by law, although the Executive has in late years permitted it to a certain extent. How far the mere recommendation of a Parliamentary Committee can justify the Executive in violating established laws, is a question which we shall not determine. This export of machinery has been trifling in its annual value, and it has yielded no perceptible benefit of any kind.

The old system makes these two points the exception to its general rule,

and its avowed object is, the benefit of the manufacturers and general exports. In so far as the new one has differed from it in operation, it has produced evil rather than good. All sides have for some years complained that foreign manufactures have been gaining rapidly on our own; and it may be safely assumed, that they have been much aided in this by our export of machinery.

The old system grants bounties in special cases expressly to encourage exportation. The new one withholds them, on the ground that they yield no benefit. By abolishing or diminishing bounties, it has manifestly injured the sugar refiners, and some other interests.

The old system makes the bounty the exception to the rule. It grants it for a time to establish a new trade—or to raise a declining one—or to save one that is threatened with destruction. It acts in granting it on sober calculation, and a prospect of adequate present or future profit. A bounty, when properly used, is a powerful instrument for establishing and extending trade. The old system, on this point, was always believed to produce benefits. The new one will not admit of any exception to its rule; it has evidently injured several trades, without yielding any perceptible benefit to trade generally.

The old system, to promote exports, secured the colonial markets to the mother country. The new one opens these markets to foreign countries: it allows the latter to supply the colonies with salted provisions, linens, and other produce and manufactures, which before it came into operation were supplied by this country. On this point it has materially injured the export of produce and manufactures.

In so far as the two systems differ touching exports, the difference is greatly in favour of the old one. The new system fetters and restricts the trade and manufactures of this country much more than the old one, and it has evidently done considerable injury to both since it came into operation.

We will now turn to imports.

On many of the most important articles of foreign produce, the two systems do not differ. The old one makes the import of such articles as free, and encourages it as much, as the new one. The duties which it imposed on such articles, were not intended to be restrictive ones; they were imposed from necessity for the sake of revenue, and they bore no proportion in amount to those imposed on many articles of home production. Some of these duties have not been altered by the new system; and others have, not from any difference of principle, but through the reduced expenditure of the country. In the import of cotton, indigo, hides, wool, tallow, timber, sugar, tea, wine, spirits, &c. &c., the new system thus far does not differ from the old one in principle. It has reduced, in a greater or smaller degree, the revenue duties on some of these, and on others it has left the duties unaltered. If the duties on a part of them were to a certain extent protecting ones, it has in reducing them followed the general principles of the old system.

Speaking generally, in all articles needed by our manufacturers, and in all articles of necessity or luxury not produced by this country, the two systems are the same. The old one does not in principle and intention fetter and restrict the trade in such articles a whit more than the new one.

The more important points of difference between the two systems in respect of imports, now demand our attention.

It has always been a leading principle with the old system, to establish and protect in this country any trade or manufacture, or the production of any articles, calculated to be a source of national benefit. In the application of this principle, it has been guided by prudence and calculation. It has never attempted to make this country produce wine, or sugar, or any article, which, from physical causes, could always manifestly be produced elsewhere at a much cheaper rate, and of much better quality. But while it has thus far followed the Economists, it has treated with contempt their dogma, that a nation should always buy where it can buy the cheapest and best, regardless of all other considerations. Whenever it has had proper reasons for believing, that in process of time, an article could be manufactured or produced about as cheaply and of about the same quality, all things considered, in this country, as in foreign ones, it has duly promoted its manufacture or production. It has

not been deterred by the knowledge, that for a considerable period it would have to pay a higher price for an inferior article at home, than it could buy a superior one for abroad.

How far this system has been justified in so acting, is not now a matter of speculation. The splendid fruit is—by far the greater portion of the manufactures—and the manufacturing superioity and opulence of this country. Britain owes her silk, cotton, woollen, iron, and various other manufactures, either wholly, or in great part, to this system. Some of these manufactures she never would have possessed; and others of them she would only have possessed in the most contemptible degree; if she had not been content to buy for a considerable time inferior silks, cottons, &c. &c. at a dear rate at home, instead of buying superior ones at a lower price of foreign nations. The old system subjected her to a period of apparent sacrifice and privation, only to secure to her a source of wealth and prosperity for ever, which would repay her a thousand fold.

In acting on the principle we have mentioned, this system placed restrictions on the import of such manufactured and other articles, as could be produced in this country. These restrictions consisted in the main of duties. If the articles could not be produced by this country in sufficient quantities for its consumption, the duties were not higher than was necessary for securing to the British producer a proper profit. If a sufficiency of the articles could be produced in this country, the duties were generally so high as to amount to prohibition. It resorted to positive prohibition in particular cases, when duties were found to be inefficient. Its avowed object was, to give the most ample protection to British capital and industry, and to secure to them as far as possible a monopoly of the home market.

Here the two systems are diametrically opposed to each other. The new one bases itself on the principle, that a nation ought to buy where it can buy the cheapest and best, regardless of other considerations; and that there ought to be no restrictions, or at any rate none beyond a protecting duty equal to the difference in taxation between this country and foreign ones. It has not yet applied this principle to the full extent, but it intends to do so. Its parents, when they ushered it into Parliament, stated, that they hoped soon to see the time when all restrictions would be abolished. The protecting duties which they then imposed, were represented to be temporary ones, which would be gradually lowered into extinction. They avowed it to be one of their great objects to bring foreign manufactures, &c. into competition with British, for the sake of improvement. Mr Huskisson, in his speech on the Silk Trade, 23d February 1826, broadly intimated that if this trade should be wholly destroyed, it would be highly beneficial to the country. Whatever this right honourable person and his friends may now say, it was avowed by them, when they introduced their system, that, in obedience to the Economists, they intended to destroy, not only prohibitions, but restrictions; and that it was their object to abolish restrictive duties. In truth, there must be no restrictive duties, or there can be no free trade.

It is one of the most remarkable characteristics of the age, that the principle—a nation ought to buy where it can buy the cheapest and the best, can find any one to entertain it. Independently of the decisive refutation it has received from the history of this country, the present state of various foreign nations is amply sufficient for proving it to be destitute of truth. For some years our liberal rulers and their scribes have loudly vituperated these nations for not raising agricultural productions, which could have found a market, instead of fabricating for themselves dear and inferior manufactures. Well, now the same persons complain, that their manufactures are rapidly gaining upon, and are but little behind, our own. As far as probability goes, these nations, by submitting to a very few years of apparent sacrifice and privation, will rival this country in manufactures, and enrich themselves for perpetuity.

If the sacrifice and privation were not only apparent but real, they would, when put into the scale against the wealth and power acquired through them, be below notice, looking solely at pecuniary benefit. But if the least reliance can be placed on experience, they are in reality, whatever they may be in appearance, not sacrifice and privation, but profit and enjoyment. It

is a plain matter of fact, placed wholly above question by the past history and present state of this and other nations, that in proportion as a nation has confined itself exclusively to agriculture, it has been poor, distressed, and feeble; and that on commencing to manufacture for itself, instead of buying cheap and superior manufactures abroad, it has advanced in wealth, prosperity, and power.

Putting demonstration aside, the principle is totally at variance with reason. If this country could buy, not only corn and silks, but cottons, woollens, and all kinds of produce and manufactures cheaper and better abroad than at home, it ought to cease producing them, and to buy the whole of foreign nations. This is true, or the principle is false: if the latter be true, in respect of one commodity, it must of necessity be true in respect of all, so far as regards pecuniary benefit. Common sense will convince every man, that if this country, from being undersold by other nations, should buy of them all its manufactures, &c. it would plunge itself into ruin.

Taking its stand on this principle, the new system maintains, that all manufactured and other articles which this country can produce in profusion, ought to be admitted as freely as articles it does not produce. It speaks with the utmost abhorrence of the old one for imposing restrictions on their import, and it professes to remove these restrictions.

Our readers doubtlessly remember the outcry raised by Mr Huskisson, Mr Grant, and their scribes, against the old system, because it was in regard to the articles in question a prohibitory one. Its prohibitions, as we have said, consisted generally of high duties; it only resorted to positive prohibition in a very small number of special cases. Now, it must be obvious to all men, that to substitute one prohibitory duty for another, and a prohibitory duty for a positive prohibition, is no change of system. It is a mere nominal change, which leaves the system in reality as full of restrictions and prohibitions as ever. A new and opposite system could only be substituted for the old one, by the abolition of all restrictions and prohibitions, either wholly, or at the very least, in so far as they prevented the importation of the foreign articles.

The parents of the new system, in introducing it, represented that it was their object to do this. They declared it to be their intention, not only to abolish positive prohibitions, but to deprive to the utmost all duties of their prohibitory operation. In reducing the duties, they did not act on the principle of retaining a protecting duty equal to the difference of taxation between this country, and foreign ones; but they made the duty vary on almost every article, in order that it might not be in any case prohibitory. They stated it to be essential for the improvement of manufactures and the benefit of trade, that duties should not be prohibitory ones.

So much for principle and object. We will now point out in detail how far the new system differs in form and effect from the old one, in regard to the articles in question.

On imported cotton goods, the old system imposed a duty varying from $37\frac{1}{2}$ to 75 per cent. The new one imposes on them a duty of 10 per cent; and, if they be printed, an additional one, equal to that paid on British prints consumed at home. Our cotton manufacturers can undersell all foreign ones, and in consequence the new duty is just as restrictive and prohibitory as the old ones were. Foreign prints, to a comparatively trifling amount, have been imported to gratify fashion, and this has been productive of nothing but injury. Speaking generally, the new system excludes foreign cottons as effectually by prohibitory duty, as the old one did.

On woollens, the old system imposed a duty of 50 per cent; the new one imposes one of 15 per cent. Our woollen manufacturers can, at least in the home market, undersell all foreign ones; and in consequence the new system is on this point, in general, just as much one of restriction and prohibition as the old one was.

On manufactures of iron and steel, the old system imposed a duty of 50 per cent; the new one imposes one of 20 per cent. Here again, from the superiority of our manufacturers, the two systems are the same in respect of restriction and prohibition.

On linens, the old system imposed heavy duties, which varied according to description; the new one imposes on them duties which it estimates to be equal to 40 per cent. Here the

two systems are substantially the same in regard to restriction and prohibition.

In these four leading manufactures, the free trade of Mr Huskisson and his brethren is neither more nor less in reality than the restrictions and prohibitions of that "exploded" system which they vilify so outrageously. Here is a fanciful scale of duties, varying between 10 and 40 per cent on articles, which, in so far as price was concerned, were to a very great extent prohibited exclusively of duty. These liberal persons, to establish free trade in these articles, added one prohibition to another. When this is looked at, what are we to think of their childish, empty, ridiculous boasting?

Every man who is not a knave will allow, that if any protection had been granted, the same measure of it should have been granted as far as possible to the whole community. This was the more essential on the score of common justice, when difference of taxation was disregarded; and the principle was acted on, of establishing free trade and creating competition. When Mr Huskisson and his brethren conceded prohibitory duties to the cotton manufacturers, &c, they were bound by every principle of right and equity to concede similar duties to the silk manufacturers, &c. Nothing could well be imagined more iniquitous, than to give one part of the community a monopoly by prohibitory duty; and to subject another part to ruinous competition.

Such iniquity was, however, committed by the parents of the new system. They granted to the cotton, woollen, hardware, and linen trades prohibitory duties; and they subjected some other trades to ruinous competition.

The old system positively prohibited the import of foreign gloves; it did this because high duties were ineffectual for excluding them. This positive prohibition, however, did not differ in its general operation from the high duties on cottons, &c. The new system admits foreign gloves at a duty of 4s., 5s., and 7s. per dozen pairs, according to kind. Before the change, the glove trade was, we believe, an excellent one in respect of wages: independently of men, it gave employment to a vast number of females, which enabled them to support themselves in decency and comfort. Any trade which gives proper employment to females, is, in our judgment, especially deserving of protection. It enables the labourer's wife and daughters to add materially to his means of supporting his family; and it supplies employment to numbers of females of all ages, who could not otherwise procure any. When women and girls are, from necessity, prevented from being employed in many trades, it is the more essential that those which can give them suitable employment should be duly encouraged. Under the new system, the English glove-makers cannot compete with foreign ones. In the last year, 865,176 pairs of foreign gloves were imported; and in the present year, the import has increased so much, that, according to a petition presented to Parliament, towards the close of the session, it then amounted to more than 500 dozen pairs per day into London only: and that in the first five months of the present year, it greatly exceeded that of the whole of 1827.

What have been the fruits? The glove manufacturers have been stripped of a large part of their trade and profits: many of those whom they employed have been wholly deprived of bread, and the remainder have had their wages so far reduced, that they cannot earn a sufficiency of necessaries. Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant have here, in their liberal and enlightened career, warred to a great extent against defenceless females. The fact, that they have consigned a larger number of industrious young women to want and prostitution, will, we imagine, contribute to form that immortality, which, according to Sir J. Mackintosh, they are in due time to enjoy.

When the distress of the glove trade was spoken of in Parliament, these two Right Honourables could offer nothing worthy the name of defence. Mr Paulett Thompson very naturally declared, that the manufacturers were in error, and knew nothing of the condition of their own trade. How did he substantiate this? Did he prove that the Custom-House returns were false? No. Did he shew that this enormous import of foreign gloves could not possibly injure the trade of the British manufacturers? No. Did he demonstrate that the change had caused no loss of employment, pau-

perism, and misery? No. He stated, that he knew a house in London which manufactured a certain number of pairs of gloves in the last year; and this, with a few worthless assertions, formed his proof that the whole glove trade was in prosperity. Mr Cam Hobhouse maintained, that if the trade was distressed, it ought to be so, because its distress had been produced by the adoption of the principles of Adam Smith, and other philosophers. Worthy glove-makers, if you be in bankruptcy and starvation, it is necessary that you should be so, that I and the rest of the community may be able to wear cheap gloves. I cannot say that your sufferings have benefited general trade in the least; but nevertheless you ought to endure them, because they have been produced by philosophy; the clearest demonstrations are worthless when opposed to the vague opinions of philosophers. So in effect said the enlightened member for Westminster. Really the legislators of the liberal and enlightened *caste* utter most barbarous and incongruous nonsense.

It must be evident to all, that the distress of the glove trade must injure other trades; the importers of skins must suffer, and those who prepare the leather, both masters and workmen, must suffer greatly.

The old system positively prohibited the import of foreign wrought silks: it did this because they could not be excluded by high duties. The new system admits them at duties varying between 32 and 70 per cent. On the tremendous mass of bankruptcy and distress which the change created, we need not dilate. It was ascertained that foreign silks would be brought into the market at lower prices than those then charged for British ones; it was expected that they would be superior to British ones in both quality and the eyes of fashion; and in consequence, the dealers ran themselves out of stock. This involved the manufacturers in ruinous glut, and compelled them to cease manufacturing. The discharge of their workmen followed of necessity.

Passing from the evils which the change produced at its commencement, we proceed to those it has produced in its general operation. The bombastic and fanatical absurdities put forth in Parliament by Mr Charles Grant, must of course receive our notice. This gentleman even excels his great teacher, Mr Huskisson, in the arts of puffing, and misrepresentation. Mr Canning assured Parliament that he had called a new world into existence. In threadbare imitation of him, Mr Grant assures Parliament, that Mr Huskisson and himself have " created a new trade,"—have called a new trade into existence. There was no silk trade in this country until these miracle-mongers " created" one! We are astonished that the advertising empirics and blacking-makers will suffer themselves to be put to shame in this manner. Let Dr Eady announce, in his placards, that his nostrums will not only cure all manner of diseases, but convert the air into living men and women. And let Mr Hunt chalk on the walls, that his blacking will not only polish boots, but convert the dust into boots, without the aid of either leather or cordwainer.

Mr Grant rests his boasting, in a great degree, on the quantity of raw and thrown silk taken for home consumption in the last year. Now the quantity of such silk entered for home consumption—

In the year ending 5th Jan. 1825, that is, during the year 1824, was 3,993,379 lbs.
In the year ending 5th Jan. 1826, that is, during the year 1825, it was 3,589,398 do.
In the year ending 5th Jan. 1827, that is, during the year 1826, it was 2,224,367 do.
In the year ending 5th Jan. 1828, that is, during the year 1827, it was 4,209,257 do.

These were the quantities entered at the Custom-house. Every man who is acquainted with business, knows that no correct estimate of the comparative consumption of an article can be drawn from the Custom-house entries of that article for a single year. In one year, the dealers may keep themselves out of stock, and in the next they may keep themselves heavily stocked; in consequence, the entries for the two years will differ greatly, while consumption is the same in both. To arrive at any just conclusion touching the silk trade, we must look at its history, as well as at the silk cleared at the Custom-house.

Foreign wrought silks, as our readers know, were admitted in July 1826. In the two preceding years, viz. in

1824 and 1825, the quantity of raw and thrown silk cleared at the Custom-house, was . lbs. 7,582,777

In the two last years, viz. 1826 and 1827, the quantity cleared was . lbs. 6,433,624

Decrease . 1,149,153

Long before the close of 1825, and before any symptoms of general distress were apparent, the silk trade fell into great depression, because the dealers were deterred from purchasing, by the expected admission of foreign silks. Notwithstanding this, 1,149,153 lbs. more of raw than thrown silk were entered at the Custom-house in 1824 and 1825, than in 1826 and 1827. This fact will go far towards shewing the exact character of Mr Grant's boasting.

And now, touching the entries of the last year. In 1826, from the change in the trade, the throwsters, manufacturers, warehousemen, and mercers, throughout the country, kept themselves as far as possible out of stock: from anxiety to ascertain how the change would operate, they merely bought from hand to mouth, until the early part of 1827. Our readers will remember, that for some time after 1827 commenced, there were vast numbers of weavers and throwsters destitute of employment. In the early part of that year, confidence was in some degree restored, and the manufacturers, &c. began to stock themselves as usual: towards the close of the year, silk was very low, an advance was expected, and in consequence the throwsters stocked themselves heavily. In 1827, silk was cleared at the Custom-house, not only to satisfy consumption, but to form the additional stock kept by the manufacturers and dealers. That there was in the hands of the throwsters, manufacturers, weavers, dyers, warehousemen, and mercers, a far greater quantity of unmanufactured and manufactured silk on the 5th January 1828, than on the 5th January 1827, cannot be doubted; and if we estimate the additional quantity at 600,000 lbs., we shall perhaps not greatly exceed the truth.

Notwithstanding this, and a three years' increase of population, only 215,878 lbs. more of raw and thrown silk were cleared in 1827, than in 1824. At the end of 1824, the trade was brisk and flourishing; at that of 1827, it was heavy and depressed. Taking into the account the stock held by the different branches of the trade at the beginning and end of each year, there is every reason to believe that the consumption of British silks was greater in 1824 than in 1827.

It has been argued, in some quarters, that the apparent increase of consumption in 1827, was caused by the new system. This is erroneous. In the last two winters, silk cloaks were generally worn by the females of the upper and middling classes. In the last year, silk handkerchiefs or stocks for the neck, and silk waistcoats, became the general fashion for the other sex. For the last eighteen months, silk has supplied both sexes with various articles of dress, which were previously composed of other materials. This has been caused by fashion; it would, as far as probability goes, have taken place, had the old system remained unchanged.

If the change had caused British silks to be substituted for foreign ones, previously consumed in this country, it might then have been fairly urged that it had enlarged their consumption. But the fact is, that it took from them consumption and gave it to foreign ones. Previously, no foreign silks could be imported, putting out of sight smuggling. Since, foreign silks to a considerable amount, putting smuggling out of the account, have been imported. In 1827 the duties on imported silks amounted to L.171,521, 13s. 4d.; if we assume that they constituted one third of the cost of the silks to the British retailer; then, in that year, foreign silks put out of consumption British ones to the value of more than L.500,000. In respect of smuggling, it is believed that it has been more active since the change was made, than it was before; the change gave it great facilities, and at any rate it is still carried on to a large extent. Here is decisive proof that foreign silks are widely consumed; every thing in probability shews that if they were excluded, British silks would be consumed instead of them, and, of course, that the consumption of British silks would be much larger than it is; yet we are gravely assured that the system which brings the foreign silks into consumption, has en-

larged the consumption of the British ones.

The import of foreign silks appears to be a growing one. In ribbons, crape, lace, and some other articles, it was much greater, allowing for the difference of time, in 1827, than in 1826.

In the half of 1826, ribbons were admitted of the weight of, omitting fractions	lbs. 11,262
In the whole of 1827, the weight of them admitted was . .	37,385
In the half of 1826, the weight of crape admitted was . .	5,333
In the whole of 1827, the weight of it was	16,381
In the half of 1826, the weight of silk mixed with other materials was	792
In the whole of 1827, this weight was	4,896

The increase, however, appears to be confined chiefly to French silks. In India silks the import has decreased.

As Mr Grant could not prove that the change had brought no foreign silks into the country, did he prove that it had done no perceptible injury to the British manufacturers and their workmen? No, on this point he was silent. The throwsters say that it has annihilated one half of their fixed capital—they say further, that the remaining half is not convertible, and that they cannot dispose of their establishments on any terms. They estimate the loss they have already sustained on fixed capital at L.1,500,000. Both manufacturers and throwsters declare that it has stripped them of profits, and that it keeps their trade in constant depression. The workmen complain that it has deprived many of them wholly of employment—that to the remainder it has taken in some cases one fourth, and in others nearly one half, from their wages—and that from the low rate of wages and their inability to keep fully employed at such low rate, they cannot provide their families with a sufficiency of common necessaries. All this has been publicly charged against the change, the most unquestionable proofs of its truth have been offered, and Mr Grant has nothing to say in its refutation.

If we concede that this is the only evil which the change has produced, is it undeserving of notice? Were we to make the confession—were we to admit that the change had done no injury beyond destroying the capital and profits of the manufacturers, and plunging their workmen into penury and want—it would still be clear to all that it had produced the most baleful consequences to the silk trade. When we remember that this trade has been compelled to submit to such appalling losses and sacrifices, in order to prevent foreign silks from being imported in ruinous abundance, we can only feel scorn and detestation for the argument of Mr Grant and his partizans, that as the import of foreign silks has not been very large, the change has generated no evil. But it is maintained, that the admission of foreign silks and gloves was necessary to prevent smuggling. Is then smuggling to be prevented without any regard to the nature of the means? Let us examine the nature of this new preventive to it.

In the first place, a large manufacture is brought into stagnation and distress: many manufacturers are ruined, and the remainder sustain the most serious losses; hundreds of thousands of the working classes are either deprived of employment, or have their wages so far reduced that they cannot earn a sufficiency of necessaries. In its permanent operation, the manufacturers are compelled to sacrifice a large part of their property, and they are restricted from obtaining adequate profits; hundreds of thousands of the working classes are constrained to exchange a comfortable competence for indigence and hunger; and the manufacture is placed in danger of comparative annihilation. This is the new preventive to smuggling; it takes place to prevent the smuggling of perhaps two hundred thousand pounds' worth of silks annually, and a quantity of gloves not worth naming! This smuggling of silks and gloves injured the revenue in only the most trivial degree; and, in general, the silk and glove trades never felt it as an evil.

For blind and guilty absurdity, we are sure this cannot be matched amidst all the blunders that remedial legislation ever fell into. To save a penny, a pound is expended; to terminate the misdeeds of a handful of petty criminals, thousands upon thousands of innocent families are sacrificed.

Practical confiscation, want, and pauperism, are spread far and wide, to prevent that from which the country never sustained any injury worthy of notice.

Passing from the atrocious nature of the preventive, has it done what it was intended to do? It cannot be necessary for us to inform our readers that silks and gloves form only part of the articles which the smuggler deals in. If they be taken wholly from him, he will still have ample temptations for continuing his trade. If therefore the preventive had been successful in respect of them, it could not possibly have diminished in any material degree either the number of smugglers or the expense they cause. But it has been totally unsuccessful in respect of silks and gloves; it has supplied great facilities for the smuggling of them; and it is notorious that they are still smuggled to a very great extent. The expense of the preventive service remains the same, and smuggling flourishes as much as ever.

Mr Grant virtually confesses this, and he calls for a reduction of the duties on silks to give effect to the preventive. Now, the insuring of smuggled silks against seizure forms a separate trade; if they be seized, the loss falls not upon either buyer or seller: in consequence, it makes no difference to the two latter in regard to risk, whether their silks be smuggled or legally imported. If the premium be 15 per cent, the insurer will have as much temptation with a duty of 20 per cent, as he would have with one of 100; while the seller and buyer, with a duty of 20 per cent, will be able to gain from smuggling 5 per cent, free of risk. To put an end to the smuggling of silks, the duty must be placed on a level with the premium; and this, as we have shewn, will have no sensible effect on general smuggling. What must be the effect of such a duty? It must necessarily give full admission to foreign silks at the price which they are now smuggled at; and, of course, at a price much below that which British ones at present obtain. If our manufacturers could not reduce their price to that of the foreign ones, it needs no argument to prove that they would be ruined; and neither Mr Grant, nor any one else, has ventured to assert that they could make such a reduction. The manufacturers declare, that at present their profits are inadequate—the workmen, as a body, declare that at present their wages will not supply them with necessaries. Mr Grant cannot offer a syllable in disproof, and yet he calls for that which he knows would inevitably, at the very least, greatly reduce profits, and take almost a half from wages. The folly of this is as amazing as its barbarity is loathsome. Fortunate it is for the country, that such a man is no longer at the head of the Board of Trade, or in office!

After what we have said, the doctrine that the silk trade would be benefited by such a reduction of duty as would put an end to smuggling, is scarcely deserving of notice. When silks are smuggled, they are frequently seized, they are subject to interruption and delays in their transit, and only respectable dealers will be trusted by those employed in smuggling them. From the obstacles and checks which they have to encounter, no very important quantity of them can be introduced into the country. We doubt much whether foreign silks, to so great a value as half a million, could by any possibility be smuggled annually. But if such silks could be legally imported at as cheap a rate as they can be smuggled at, they could be imported safely in any quantity: if consumption should require it, ten, twenty, or fifty millions' worth could be brought yearly into the country. The import of foreign silks through smuggling must always be, from its nature, on a confined and comparatively insignificant scale; such a duty as we have described would replace an import like this, with one having no limit but consumption—with one capable of supplying the whole population with silks.

In case the duty were thus reduced, could the price of British silks be so far lowered, as to keep foreign ones out of the market? No. Mr Grant and his friends can only say, that the foreign silks would be legally imported, instead of being smuggled. Now, how in the name of common sense, could this benefit the British manufacture, when—saying nothing of the certain vast increase of importation—it is confessed, that the duty would make these silks as cheap as they now are, when smuggled? Are we to be

told that, if the price be the same, they will only injure the sale of British silks when smuggled; and that, if legally imported, they may be consumed to any extent without diminishing the consumption of British ones? Mr Grant and his brethren will not perhaps tell us so in terms; but they have already in effect asserted the monstrous absurdity.

Demonstration of what such a reduction of duty would produce, may be found in the present state of the glove trade. The duty on foreign gloves is so low, that they can be legally imported at a price, which leaves no great temptation to smuggling. Nevertheless, according to report, they are still smuggled to a considerable extent. Enormous quantities of them are imported, and if the duty were so far lowered as to prevent smuggling wholly, it is clear that the imports would be still more enormous. Do these legally imported foreign gloves do no mischief? Does the payment of the duty render them innocuous? Do they go into consumption, without diminishing the sale of British gloves? Mr Grant and his friends will not answer, but the fact is evident to all, that they are rapidly destroying the glove trade. Give equal facility in respect of duty to the import of foreign silks, and they will operate in a similar manner on the silk trade; smuggling may cease, but the manufacturer's business and his workmen's bread must be the price of the cessation.

We have said sufficient to prove that this new preventive to smuggling is, in its nature, inhuman and morally criminal in the highest degree; that in its operation it has been on all important points inefficacious; and that if it be made effectual for preventing the smuggling of silks and gloves, it must inevitably plunge both the trades into ruin and misery; and that if it could prevent the smuggling of these articles, it would have no material effect in diminishing the evils which flow from general smuggling.

The boasts of Mr Grant and his friends, that their system has miraculously improved the manufacture of silks, must now receive our attention. It is the fashion with these gentlemen to insinuate that this manufacture remained stationary, and was a stranger to improvement, until they crammed it into the crucible of experiment. What is the fact? Before the new system came into operation, British silks, in regard to quality, were held to be, for use, about equal to the best foreign ones; and to be, on other points, not much inferior to them. When foreign silks first entered the market, these very people loudly proclaimed, that the more important kinds were scarcely equal to British ones. Here, then, is decisive evidence from the lips of the improvers, that under the old system the silk manufacture continually and greatly improved; and if other evidence were necessary, it could be furnished by the community at large. French silks at present stand higher in the opinion of the wearer, as compared with British ones, than they did when first admitted; they still retain their superiority of colour; and in fancy silks the French manufacturers still excel our own. The new system has in some respects injured the quality of British ones. To a considerable extent it has compelled the manufacturers to sacrifice quality to cheapness; and to defraud the consumers by putting into their hands an article of the worst fabric and dye. Many of the handkerchiefs which are ticketed in the shops as Bandannoes, contain as much cotton as silk.

The improvements which have been made in machinery are puffed far above their value. They have had no material effect in reducing the general price of silks. The reduction of price which has taken place since the trade was opened has flowed chiefly from the reduction of the duty on raw silk, and the loss of profits and wages sustained by the manufacturers and their workmen.

Improvements have in late years been made in the silk trade, but not more than have been made in various other trades which have not been affected by the new system. Every thing in reason and experience tends to demonstrate that it would have improved quite as much as it has done if no change of system had taken place; and this proves the worthlessness of Mr Grant's boasting. The greatest inventions and improvements ever made in machinery, &c. did not originate in any degree from foreign competition. Some of them were made by men who had nothing to do with manufactures and trade; and others were made by workmen who

were prompted by nothing beyond their own ingenuity. The cotton manufacturers have been lauded above measure for their improvements; when in truth they never did any thing beyond adopting the inventions of others, because they saw clearly that it would be highly lucrative to do so. The makers of their machinery have never been stimulated to improvement by competition with foreigners. What they have done, the silk manufacturers with their monopoly would have done, if they had possessed the means. The latter adopted all the improvements within their reach, and this is all that was ever done by the cotton manufacturers. The preposterous folly of resorting to foreign competition as a means of improvement must be obvious to all, when it is remembered that various of our manufacturers improved the most when they were wholly free from it—that many others which were never touched by it have reached the highest point of excellence—and that those which have been the most exposed to it, do not, taking into account kind and means of improvement, surpass those which it has never affected.

But if competition with foreigners be as efficacious in producing improvement, as it is represented to be, we protest against its being resorted to without necessity. We protest now, as we have done on former occasions, against compulsory improvement—against bankruptcy and hunger being made the parents of improvement—against the manufacturers and their workmen being coerced by law into improvements, not known to be within the sphere of possibility, under the penalty of ruin and starvation.

If, however, such competition be so mighty an improver, why has it produced no improvement in the glove trade? It has been made to operate more effectually on this trade, than on the silk one, therefore it ought to have been in it the more prolific of improvement. Why then is Mr Grant silent touching the vast improvements and other benefits which this trade has drawn from it? This is the reason—he knows that the glove trade has reaped from it nothing but grievous injuries. There are two trades which have been both exposed to it; and while he boasts that it has produced great improvement in the one which has been the least so, he tacitly confesses that in the other, which has been the most exposed to it, it has produced no improvement. This proves that such competition is just as likely to ruin a trade, as to improve it—that the improvements which have been made in the silk manufacture cannot be ascribed to it—and that Mr Grant's doctrines and representations are unworthy of being relied on.

Now, granting, for the sake of argument, that the change of Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant has produced in the silk trade all that they assert, what is this change in reality, according to their own representations? For a positive prohibition, they have substituted duties amounting to from 33 to nearly 70 per cent; and which they themselves declare are, save in a comparatively small degree, prohibitory ones. According to their own words, they have done little more than abolish one prohibition, to establish another. What change of system are we to find in this? The old restrictive system, as we have already said, only resorted to positive prohibition, in the special case; in its general rule it employed prohibitory duties. What, therefore, it was in its general character, the new system is, so far as silks are concerned. We speak on the authority of Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant. It is mighty ludicrous for them to proclaim in the same breath—We have established a free trade in silks, and this free trade consists of prohibitory duties! Really they should not cut up their own boasting and empiricism in this barbarous manner.

But then these right honourable persons say—although our duties are prohibitory ones, we did not intend them to be so. What care we for their intention? They confess that the wonderful improvements of which they boast have been made under a system of prohibitory duties—under a restrictive system precisely the same, as the old restrictive system was in general; and it matters not what their intention was, so far as concerns the improvements.

These individuals and their admirers are now clamouring for the substitution of an *ad valorem* duty of 30 per cent, in lieu of the present duties. Mr Grant imagines this duty would be too high; he thinks one of 25 per cent would be sufficient. Now, why

make any change? Improvements, according to their own flaming descriptions, are already travelling so swiftly, that no change could increase their speed. But then there is smuggling. We have shewn that this plea is below contempt. But then the present duties were intended to lapse into an *ad valorem* one of 30 per cent in October next. This is worthless. Then the duties are to a high point prohibitory ones. Well, are not the duties on cottons, woollens, linens, &c. still more prohibitory ones? A change is called for which would lower the duties on foreign silks in some cases almost 40, and in others from 10 to 25 per cent—which would reduce in the most serious manner, the present inadequate profits and wages—and which would evidently bring a vast quantity of foreign silks into consumption, and thereby annihilate at once a great part of the silk trade; a change like this is called for, on reasons which are self-evidently as puerile and ruinous in policy, as they are depraved and detestable in justice and humanity.

The manner in which the silk trade has been and is treated ought to excite the abhorrence of the country. The free trade people are evidently hunting it to destruction from grovelling personal malice and revenge, because, for its own preservation, it has opposed them. Not a word do they say against the prohibitory duties in other trades. Why ought duties to be prohibitory on cottons, woollens, linens, &c. and not on silks? Why is not the silk trade, after its sufferings, permitted to have a little respite, while some other trades may be compelled to undergo the torture? The linen trade enjoys to a considerable extent higher protecting duties than the silk one; why then is it deprived of the blessings of foreign competition? On the principles of Mr Grant and his friends, it would profit just as much from such competition as the silk trade. The fact that these gentlemen and their scribes, while they declaim so loudly against the duties on silks, are utterly silent touching those on linens, cottons, &c. is amply sufficient for proving, that on the score of motive, saying nothing of other matters, they deserve to be silenced by public indignation.

It will not be suspected from what we have said, that we wish for the duties on linens, &c. to be reduced. We are the friends of the old system, but we are likewise the friends of justice. We are only protesting against denying that protection to the silk trade, which other trades are suffered to enjoy without a murmur.

We have said sufficient to produce, in all who believe that the consumption of foreign silks must necessarily diminish that of British ones—that the loss of capital and employment is an evil—that bankruptcy is an evil—and that the exchange of competence and comfort for penury and hunger is an evil—the conviction, that the new system has yielded the most bitter evils to the individuals engaged in the silk manufacture.

The old system did its utmost to confine as far as possible the carrying trade of this country to its own ships. It employed direct prohibition as far as it was able, and then it imposed duties on foreign ships and their cargoes, which prevented them from carrying on even equal terms with British ones. Mr Huskisson has confessed that, for the sake of our maritime power, the interests of trade should always be made subservient to those of navigation. This amounted to an avowal that the old system was most wise in principle and object.

The new system is to a certain extent the same as the old one, in regard to direct prohibition. Like the old one, it prohibits various commodities from being brought to this country in any other than the ships of the country which produces them, or British ones.

In regard to duties, the two systems are flatly opposed to each other: the new one abolishes all of them, in so far as they were higher on the foreign ship than on the British one. It of course deprives the British shipowners wholly of protecting duty: it places them in precisely the situation which the agriculturists and silk manufacturers would be in should foreign corn and silks be admitted duty-free. It does this when the ships of various foreign countries can be built and navigated at a far cheaper rate than British ones.

The flagrant injustice of this cannot surely need illustration. As, however, its parents profess to be exceedingly anxious that the nature and effects of the changes they have made in the

Navigation Laws should be accurately known to all; we will give such a description of them as will impart the requisite knowledge to every man desirous of possessing it. To what we are about to say, we earnestly entreat the attention of all lovers of their country.

Scarcely any two countries are placed exactly in the same circumstances in regard to navigation. One country can build and navigate ships at a cheaper rate than another; and in addition to this, one has greater means of possessing ships than another. Some countries can build and navigate ships at a much cheaper rate than this country; a few others have, all things considered, but little advantage over us in respect of cost, while we have much advantage over them in regard to the means of possessing ships.

If this country conclude with a foreign one a reciprocity treaty, or, in other words, a treaty which places the ships of both on an equality in the ports of both, it must gain largely from it, if the foreign one have comparatively no ships, or if its ships are more expensive than British ones. The British ships must engross the carrying trade, either from the absence of rival ones, or from the inability of the rival ones to compete with them.

If this country contract by treaty with such a one as Columbia, that British and Columbian manufactured cottons shall be placed in regard to duty on an equality in the markets of both; this must give to our manufacturers the whole trade, because it must prevent Columbia from both sending cotton goods to this country, and manufacturing them for its own population. If this country enters into such a treaty with France in respect of cotton goods; this must give to our manufacturers the whole trade, because the French ones will not be able to compete with them either in our market, or at home. The case is precisely the same with ships. If British ships in any branch of the carrying trade have no foreign ones to contend with, or if they can take freights which foreign ones cannot afford to take, they must possess themselves of the carrying.

But if this country conclude a reciprocity treaty with a foreign one possessed of abundance of ships, which in building and navigating are far less expensive than British ones, it must reap from it grievous injury. The foreign ships will be remunerated by freights, which the British ones cannot afford to take, and in consequence the latter must be compelled by losses to abandon the trade to their rivals.

If this country agree by treaty with France, that manufactured silks shall be placed, in regard to duty, on an equality in both countries, this must give the trade to the French manufacturers. Our manufacturers will not be able to send silks to France, or to compete at home with the French ones. The case is precisely the same with ships. If the foreign ships can take such freights as the British ones cannot take without loss, they must possess themselves of the carrying.

Gentle reader, if you do not comprehend this, read it again and again, we beseech you, until you do comprehend it.

It is, of course, as clear as any kind of demonstration could render it, that, looking at British interests, a reciprocity treaty with one country may be beneficial, with another it may yield no benefit, and with a third it may be mightily injurious. It irresistibly follows, that the principle of concluding reciprocity treaties with *all* countries, for the sake of interest, is as erring and fallacious a one as human ignorance and folly ever invented. It is evident, that foreign nations have not the smallest claim on this country for such treaties, either on the ground of right, or on that of being placed on an equality in point of privilege. A foreign country cannot possibly have any right to demand from this, a treaty, giving to its ships ruinous advantages, or any advantages, over British ones; the very utmost that it can justly ask, is, that British ships shall not possess any advantages over its own. If this country conclude a reciprocity treaty with a foreign one, the ships of which are as expensive as British ones; this cannot possibly give to another foreign country, the ships of which are far less expensive than British ones, a right to demand a similar treaty. Such a treaty, whatever it might be in terms, would be, in effects, the reverse to the one foreign country of what it would be to the other. If this country wish to place all foreign ships on a real equality with its own, it ought manifestly to raise, by discriminating duties, the expenses of all foreign ships to an equa-

lity with the expenses of its own; these duties must of necessity differ widely to the ships of different countries. Nothing but this could produce a real equality.

Gentle reader, if this be not perfectly clear to you, we beseech you, for the sake of your country, to read it again and again until it is so.

And now, gentle reader, if you thoroughly understand what we have said, you must be informed, that the rulers of this country have for some years acted on this principle—*Britain, for the sake of interest, ought to conclude reciprocity treaties with* ALL *foreign countries; she ought to make no difference between countries which have the least expensive ships, and those which have the most expensive ones—between those which have comparatively no ships, and those which have them in abundance.*

To this grand principle these rulers have appended the following as a subsidiary one—*If Britain conclude a reciprocity treaty with a country which has comparatively no ships, or which has ships that are as expensive as her own; she is bound in honour and justice, as well as in interest, to conclude reciprocity treaties with countries, the ships of which are little more than half as expensive as British ones; if she, from necessity, or any special reason, conclude a reciprocity treaty with any country, she is bound in honour and justice, as well as in interest, to conclude reciprocity treaties with all countries, without any special reason.*

These, courteous reader, are the principles on which the government of this country has for some years acted—to which the boasted Navigation Laws of Old England have been sacrificed—which have been so uproariously lauded and defended by the House of Commons, and which no man could dissent from without being branded with every epithet that could indicate ignorance and imbecility. If you doubt us, write forthwith to the Right Honourable William Huskisson, or the Right Honourable Charles Grant, and either will tell you that we speak the naked truth; they cannot, they dare not, tell you otherwise. Read them again—get them by heart—let them be engraven on your memory, never to be effaced.

Boast of the march of intellect and the spread of knowledge!—Never, in the darkest ages, did the most barbarous government act on principles that surpassed these in destructive ignorance, injustice, and absurdity. Common sense, and an acquaintance with the common rules of arithmetic, will demonstrate to any man, no matter what his station or calling may be, that we only speak of them as they deserve to be spoken of. That the navigation of an empire like this—an empire possessed of a gigantic commercial navy, and dependent on its naval power for existence, should have been regulated by such principles, forms the most striking instance of incomprehensible, crazy infatuation on record. Before Mr Charles Grant speaks again of principles in the House of Commons, we recommend him to obtain a knowledge of what they really are; we tell him that at present he knows nothing of them—that he does not understand either the principles he follows, or those he vilifies. Let him and those who so recently cheered his incongruous and barbarous nonsense in Parliament, betake themselves to what Mr Brougham calls "The Schoolmaster;" and let the learned gentleman—for he needs instruction as much as any of them—associate himself with them as a pupil. They may learn from the elementary rules of logic and arithmetic, that they are utter strangers to the principles which ought to regulate navigation.

And now, gentle reader, we must proceed to the fruits of the principles.

In obedience to them, reciprocity treaties have been entered into with all foreign countries willing to enter into such treaties; and the ships of various foreign countries, which can be built and navigated at far less expense than British ones, have been placed on an equality with the latter in respect of duty. At the hazard of being tedious, we will shew how this differs in effects from the old system. We will assume, that to pay her expenses, and yield adequate profit to her owners, it is necessary for a British vessel to earn in a certain voyage L.600. A foreign ship of the same burden, from being less expensive, in building, repairing, provisioning, &c., can perform the same voyage for L.400, and yield to her owners the same rate of profit received by the owners of the British one.

In a case like this, the old system,

as far as it was able, imposed duties on the foreign ship and her cargo beyond those it imposed on the British one, which made the voyage at least as expensive to the one as to the other. This made it as necessary for the foreign shipowner as for the British one to charge L.600 for the voyage, and it prevented him from accepting a lower freight than the British one could afford to take. The new system, by its reciprocity treaties, abolishes this difference of duty; and, in consequence, in this case, a freight of L.400 will yield as much profit to the foreign shipowner as one of L.600 will leave to the British one.

Comprehend this fully, gentle reader, before you proceed farther.

It has naturally and necessarily followed, that in the trade with the countries possessing the cheap ships, the foreign shipowners have lowered freights so far, that they will not remunerate the British one. In this trade, the reduced rate of freight yields adequate profits to the foreign vessels, while the British ones it subjects to loss.

Although these cheap foreign ships are excluded from the coasting trade, and the direct trade between this country and its colonies, the rate of freight which they establish, in the trade with the countries to which they belong, is of necessity the rate in the coasting and colonial trades. It is not in the nature of things, for ships of similar size and quality, to obtain higher freights in one trade than in another. No ship would enter the trade with Prussia, &c. if it could find more profitable employment in the coasting and colonial trades.

The truth of this is self-evident; but, however, to save it from being questioned by even the free trade people, we will call to its support Mr Huskisson himself. The Right Honourable Gentleman stated in Parliament, during the Session of 1827, that the monopoly of the British market, enjoyed by our sugar colonies, was of little or no value to them, for this reason, that the British market could not consume all their sugar, and, in consequence, they were compelled to sell a part of it to other nations at the same price which foreign sugar producers obtained; the price they thus received from other nations necessarily governed their price in the British market; they could not obtain in this market a higher price for the chief part of their sugar than that they were constrained to accept abroad for the remainder. Such was the doctrine of Mr Huskisson, and it is as applicable to ships as to sugar. Our shipowners have more ships than the coasting and colonial trades—than the monopoly they possess—will employ, and in consequence they are compelled to employ a part in the trade with foreign nations at about such freights as foreign shipowners obtain; the freights they receive in the trade with these foreign nations necessarily govern their freights in the coasting and colonial trades; they cannot obtain higher freights in these trades than they are constrained to accept in the other trade.

And now, courteous reader, it is established, not only by reason and the nature of things, but also by the doctrine of Mr Huskisson himself, that whatever monopoly British ships may possess in the coasting and colonial trades, it will not enable them to obtain higher freights in these trades than they are compelled to accept in the trade with the countries with which reciprocity treaties have been concluded. These treaties, by reducing freights to losing ones in the trade with Prussia, &c., reduced them to losing ones in the coasting and colonial trades—in the general carrying trade.

It has been again and again urged by Mr Huskisson, that the treaties could do no injury, because they did not admit foreign ships into the coasting and colonial trades. The same was one of Mr Grant's great arguments in the last Session. Reply from us is unnecessary. Mr Huskisson's doctrine on sugar is a very complete reply—it effectually demolishes both himself and Mr Grant on ships.

For three years the shipping interest has been in a state of extreme depression; freights generally have never been remunerating ones; taking the ships of this country as a whole, they have not earned their expenses, but on the contrary they have brought on their owners enormous loss. The cause of this deplorable state of things cannot be mistaken.

Mr Grant's speech of the last Session requires from us but little comment. It was a flimsy, servile copy of the speeches delivered by Mr Huskisson on previous occasions, and which

have been again and again refuted. His two great arguments were, the one we have already noticed, and an increase in the tonnage entries of last year. It is needless for us to say, that the tonnage entries are of no moment, if they be not accompanied by a corresponding increase in the number of ships and seamen possessed by the country. According to Parliamentary papers, this country possessed,

	Ships		Tons
In 1826, . .	24,625	ships, which measured	2,635,644 tons.
In 1827, . .	23,199	. . . .	2,460,500
Decrease in the last year,	1,426		175,144

This country possessed,

	Ships		Tons
In 1816, . .	25,864	ships, which measured	2,783,940 tons.
In 1827, . .	23,199	. . . .	2,460,500
Decrease since 1816,	2,665		323,440

This is amply sufficient for proving the utter worthlessness of the argument drawn by Mr Grant from the tonnage entries. Since 1816, the carrying trade has prodigiously increased, yet shipping has decreased to the extent of more than one-ninth. A stationary merchant-navy, with a largely increasing population and carrying trade, and a great and growing increase of shipping in foreign countries, forms virtually a declining merchant-navy, and proves that the maritime power of the empire is diminishing. Here is, however, not only the relative, but a large positive decrease in shipping and naval power. But only a portion of the evil appears on the surface. The capital of the present race of shipowners is rapidly vanishing; nothing exists to call into being a new race; the quality of the remaining shipping is undergoing great deterioration; and a further great decline in it is rendered inevitable.

Mr Grant's speech was not, however, wholly destitute of novelty. He was constrained to admit that there was a great increase in the entries of foreign tonnage in the last year. This, he said, was so far from giving him concern that it gave him vast pleasure; he wished it had been greater. Why? Because, observed the Right Honourable Gentleman, the more foreign ships come, the greater will be our export of manufactures! If the public papers are to be believed, this incredible nonsense was actually uttered by a man, who only a few weeks before was President of the Board of Trade. In proportion, therefore, as foreign ships drive British ones out of employment, the export of manufactures will increase; *ergo*, the annihilation of British shipping will add mightily to the export of manufactures. I wish that more of the carrying trade of this country was monopolized by foreign vessels; *ergo*, I wish for the ruin and destruction of British ones. Such are the senseless and revolting doctrines of the men, who pretend that the interests of trade should always be made subservient to those of navigation.

In another speech, Mr Grant represented that the reciprocity treaties resulted from necessity. The "march of intellect," the "spread of knowledge," the "extension of liberty" abroad, rendered it impossible for government to maintain the old "exploded" system. Now, as the new system is substantially the same as the old one in direct prohibition, what are the "antiquated and exploded" restrictions which it has abolished? They are neither more nor less than the discriminating duties which laboured to make foreign ships as expensive in carrying, as British ones; duties exactly the same in principle and object with the duties on cottons, woollens, &c. of the new system. And what was the necessity which gave birth to the reciprocity treaties? Mr Huskisson, on a previous occasion, represented that Prussia threatened to raise her duties; and all the world knows that we had the power of preventing her from doing so, without making the smallest concession. Mr Huskisson never ventured to plead necessity in regard to the other European states; all he could say was, as we conceded reciprocity to Prussia, we were bound to concede it voluntarily to other nations. Our readers will need no more to convince them, that Mr Grant is grossly ignorant of the

shipping question, or that he misrepresents it in the most unpardonable manner. This speech, according to the newspapers, received immense cheering. We feel much curiosity to know from whom the cheers proceeded. We can scarcely believe that any member of the Ministry would exhibit the astounding imbecility of applauding what was flatly opposed to plain fact.

Only one part of Mr Huskisson's speech calls for observation. He was represented to say, that the shipowners wanted exorbitant profits; and that the changes in the Navigation Laws were highly beneficial to the community, by preventing them from obtaining such profits. Now, the complaint of the shipowners is not a matter of speculative opinion; it is one of arithmetical fact. It states, that independently of the loss of property they have already sustained, their property is still rapidly diminishing—that putting profits wholly out of sight, they cannot obtain freights which will protect them from loss. The question is, Is this, as a matter of fact, true or false? Mr Huskisson does not produce a tittle of evidence to establish its falsehood. In former years, he admitted, that the shipowners were suffering much distress; and as freights are now lower rather than higher, the admission makes him a witness that they are at present suffering much distress; or in other words, sustaining loss, instead of reaping profit. His theory, therefore, is, in reality, that they ought to employ their capital at a loss, for the benefit of the community. The base and cold-blooded dishonesty of this needs from us no exposure. The community, however, we fear, will, on the whole, reap from it but small benefit. The shipping and maritime power of the community are seriously declining; its sale of ships, and, of course, of the timber, iron, copper, &c. which are used in the building of ships, is greatly diminished, and its means of furnishing employment in the building and navigating of ships are much narrowed. This, we fear, will be found to overbalance mightily, any petty advantages it may draw from low freights—advantages, in truth, which are not participated in by the body of those of whom it is composed.

Mr Paulett Thompson, of course, volunteered a bitter speech against the shipowners. This sage young foreign merchant discovered that they had nothing to complain of, because a reduction had taken place in the price of cotton, timber, &c. as well as in the value of ships and the rate of freights. As he did not prove that the cotton manufacturers, merchants, and the rest of the community, were compelled to employ their capital at a loss like the shipowners, it is not necessary for us to say any thing to the prejudice of his discovery. The fanatical and outrageous hostility which this individual entertains towards the shipowners, silk manufacturers, &c. does such great disservice to his cause and political friends, that we cannot conceive why he is so simple as to make such an immoderate display of it.

In regard to the real merits of the question, Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant were utterly silent. In late years, the shipowners have sustained a vast loss of property. This is undeniable, and no one questions it. Freights have been greatly reduced, as the following statement will prove. It shews what the average rate of freight of several important articles was in 1818, and what it is in the present year.

	In 1818.	In 1828.
The average freight of hemp, per ton, from Petersburgh to London	L.3 10 0	L.2 7 6
- - - linseed, per quarter, from Archangel to London	0 8 6	0 5 0
- - - timber, per load, from Memel to London	1 8 0	0 18 0
- - - timber, per load, from Quebec to London	3 5 0	2 0 0
- - - convicts, from London to New South Wales, per ton register	6 7 8	4 9 8

This great reduction of freights is undeniable, and no one questions it. Freights have been for some years so low, that, looking at the shipping of this country as a whole, they have not covered its expenses, and they are so still. This is undeniable, and no one offers any disproof of it. The aboli-

tion of discriminating duties enables foreign shipowners to take much lower freights than they could otherwise afford to take: in the absence of such duties, these shipowners can afford to take much lower freights than will remunerate British ones; and the latter are compelled to take about such freights as they take. This is undeniable, and no one offers to disprove it. The shipping and maritime power of this country are sustaining serious diminution. This is proved by official documents. That this diminution has been caused by the losses of the shipowners, and the increase of foreign shipping, is placed above question by the fact, that the importations of this country have enormously increased since the termination of the war.*

We need not say more on the effects of the new system on the shipping interest.

We proceed to agriculture. Although the abolished Corn Laws had not been long in existence, they were dictated by the old system. So long as the price of corn was not higher than was necessary for the proper remuneration of the corn growers, the old system gave them a monopoly of the market. When the price was below this, it directly prohibited foreign corn from entering the market, as the most effectual method of excluding it; and when the price rose above this, it made the trade in corn free. The old system acted on these principles: 1. To give proper protection to the capital and labour employed in agriculture; and, 2. To cause corn to be sold at the cheapest rate for the average of years, by properly fostering our own agriculture, and remaining as independent as possible of foreign nations for supplies of it.

The doctrines which were promulgated by the friends of the new system when it was introduced, must be still remembered by our readers. Corn was to be imported duty-free. A duty of even ten shillings per quarter on wheat would starve and rob the community. A free trade in corn was essential for the enriching of landowners and farmers. The cheaper corn was rendered by importation, the more of it British farmers would sell. Cheap corn would benefit the agriculturists, as much as the rest of the community. Foreign wheat could not be imported for less than from 50s. to 60s. per quarter; and no quantity of it to affect the market could be obtained. These and a thousand similar absurdities were oracularly put forth as unquestionable truths, and dissent from them was held to be almost a proof of lunacy.

If these doctrines had been acted on, what would have been the present condition of the country? On the 1st July 1827, the markets were opened for foreign wheat then in bond, and more was cleared than half a million of quarters. This wheat entered the market under favourable circumstances to prices. Thirteen months elapsed between the harvest of 1826 and that of 1827, and in consequence, consumption had a month above the year allowed it for diminishing the

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* We are assured by a friend, who is extensively connected with shipping, that it is at this moment in a more depressed state than it was ever in any former period. He gives us the following particulars. Ships are now going to Miramichi, in the Gulf of St Lawrence, in ballast, to fetch timber at a freight of 33s. per load. In the spring of this year, the freight was 34s., which, taking into calculation the increased risk, and wear and tear of the season, was equal to what one of 38s. would be at present. 45s. is the lowest freight which would enable a vessel to yield a moderate profit, should she be fortunate, and escape accidents. In other trades, matters are as bad; in the East India trade, ships are incurring enormous losses. Shipping is getting deeply mortgaged.

The shipowners carry on a losing trade, in preference to laying their vessels up, partly because they think that the expense of laying up, and the deterioration of value, (which is greater in ships laid up, than in those kept in employment,) are together worse than the loss incurred by sending them to sea. In addition to this, many shipowners are compelled to send their ships to sea, so long as they can escape ruin; they are indebted to their tradesmen and agents; if they lay their ships up, they are sued for money which they cannot pay; and therefore they go on paying an old debt out of a present voyage, and getting deeper into debt to make it. Our friend is of opinion that a Parliamentary Return of the ships which have been mortgaged in the last few years, would throw great light on the desperate condition to which the shipping interest is reduced.

stock of British wheat; in the winter of 1827, much wheat was given in some districts to cattle, from the scarcity of hay, oats, &c.; and none of the foreign wheat paid a lower duty than L.1, 2s. 8d. per quarter, and some of it paid considerably more. Nevertheless this foreign wheat had such an effect on prices, that for some weeks the average price in the Gazette was only about 50s. according to the old bushel. In various English counties, the bulk of the farmers did not obtain for their wheat more than from 40s. to 46s. per quarter.

This will shew very conclusively what the consequences would have been if the market had been opened two or three years ago to foreign wheat at a duty of 5s. or even 10s. per quarter; and to other corn at duties proportionally low. Before this time, agriculture would have been reduced to a state of horrible ruin.

And now after these maniacal opinions have been so confidently put forth by its friends, what has the new system done in respect of corn? It has, instead of establishing free trade, substituted, according to its own confession, prohibitory duties for direct prohibition. The prohibition of the old system in its permanent operation took effect when wheat was at 70s. per quarter; that of the new system is intended to take effect when wheat is at 66s., or, according to the old bushel, at about 64s. per quarter. This difference of 6s. per quarter is of great importance to the grower of wheat, while to the consumer it is of scarcely any.

This substitution of prohibitory duty for direct prohibition, constitutes the only difference in principle between the old system and the new one. The mode by which foreign corn was admitted under the old laws, had no more connexion with their principle, than it has with that of the new law; under them such corn might have been admitted at all times when the six weeks' average had been above a certain price, just the same as it can at present.

We have therefore to ascertain how far prohibitory duty is to be preferred to direct prohibition in respect of corn. If at a certain price foreign corn ought to be excluded, it must be clear to all men that the measure is the best which is the most effectual in excluding it. Direct prohibition was perfectly effectual; under all circumstances, it completely excluded foreign corn as far as it was intended to do so.

Prohibitory duty, from its nature, cannot possibly be effectual. Corn varies in price in foreign countries, and in consequence the duty will exclude it in one year, and admit it in abundance in another. A duty which is governed solely by the price of British corn, stands in reality on the preposterous assumption that the price of foreign corn never varies. How erroneous and pernicious the new system is in principle, has been abundantly demonstrated in the last twelve months. Mr Canning represented that it was to give to British farmers an average price of 60s., according to the old bushel, for wheat: and to exclude foreign wheat when the price should be below this, he and his colleagues calculated that a duty of 20s. would be a prohibitory one. Well, upon trial, it has been found that a duty of nearly 23s., and in some cases of considerably more, has admitted more than 500,000 quarters, being almost all of good quality, that the law did not directly exclude. In consequence the farmers only obtained an average price of 50s. or 52s., instead of one of 60s.

France occasionally needs foreign corn. Now, had she needed a considerable quantity in 1827, this duty would have been a prohibitory one. A duty must of necessity always operate in this manner. With exactly the same Gazette price, it will in some years wholly exclude foreign corn, and in others it will admit it in ruinous profusion.

This then is the essential difference between the old system and the new one. The former effectually excluded foreign corn at all times when it was intended to do so; at all times when corn in this country was at or below a certain price required for the proper protection of the agriculturists. The new system will frequently admit foreign corn when it is intended that it should exclude it; with the same Gazette price, it will sometimes wholly exclude such corn, and at other times admit it to an extent which will subject the farmers to heavy losses; occasionally it will give the farmers the price they need, and which it is intended to give them; but generally it will give them one far lower.

This new system, in so far as it has had operation, has done very great injury to the agriculturists. It has reduced prices much more than, if the professions of its parents are to be believed, it was intended to do, and it has made them losing ones. We of course speak without reference to the advance which the bad harvest weather has occasioned.

The old system prohibited foreign salted beef and pork from being imported into this country and its colonies; the new one admits them at a duty of 12s. per cwt. On the provision trade of Ireland the change operates perniciously in regard to both export and price.

The trade in certain descriptions of ladies' shoes, and various smaller trades and interests, have been much injured by the new system, either by the import of foreign goods, or by the reduction of price necessary to prevent such import.

We have now pointed out how far the two systems really and in effect differ on most material points, in so far as the home trade is concerned; and we will now shew how far they differ in regard to the colonial trade.

The old colonial system compelled the colonies generally to buy of the mother country such manufactures and produce as she could supply them with. This compulsion was relaxed in the special case; and it permitted them to obtain through her from foreign countries any commodities which she did not produce. It confined the carrying in the colonial trade to British ships, save in special cases. Its object was, to give to the capital and industry of the community the same monopoly of the colonial market which it gave them of the home one.

The new colonial system, at its birth, professed to open the colonial market to the manufactures and produce of all nations, at moderate and not prohibitory duties; and likewise to the ships of all nations, on condition of reciprocity. With regard to foreign manufactures and produce, this system has naturally had the most partial operation. Some kinds are as effectually excluded by its duties as they were by the old prohibition; and other kinds are admitted, to the exclusion of British manufactures and produce. It thus operates in the most unjust manner to the community at home. From some parts it takes away their colonial trade, and to other parts it does no injury. It has, however, injured it deeply as a whole. At the outset it professed to avoid all prohibitory duties; yet in the last year, it raised its own duty on cottons imported into British America from 15 to 20 per cent; and on silks from 15 to 30 per cent. This was a reasonably plain confession of its own errors.

This system opened the colonies to the ships of all nations on these grounds:—1. That prohibition was highly injurious. 2. That the measure would be very beneficial. And, 3. That as American ships were already admitted, it was unjust and pernicious to exclude those of other countries. After being a short period in existence, it prohibited American ships from entering the colonies; it thus established a direct prohibition much more comprehensive at the time than the one it had destroyed touching shipping. America has since offered to remove the reason on which it did this, but nevertheless the prohibition continues. This prohibition is flatly opposed to the principles on which the new system was founded; it constitutes a direct abandonment of them on the part of Mr Huskisson and his friends.

Now, what is in reality the free trade which the new system has established in the colonies? It has in some things substituted prohibitory duties for absolute prohibition; in others it has substituted one absolute prohibition for another; in some cases it has permitted the colonies to buy directly of foreign nations instead of buying of them through the medium of the mother country; and in others it has permitted them to buy of foreign nations what the mother country could supply them with. In so far as it differs from the old system in principle, it has done injury to both the colonies and the mother country.

To enable our readers to judge correctly of the scandalous injustice of the new system, and of the ridiculous boasting of Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant, we will here give a summary to shew how far the difference between the old system and the new one extends, touching various articles of trade and manufacture. We shall of course describe the new one as it was left by these individuals.

In cotton wool, the two systems are the same.

Indigo. The old system imposed on it a duty of 5d. per lb.; the new one subjects it to a duty of 3d. when it is the produce of British possessions, and of 4d. when it is that of other parts. Now what has this change accomplished here? In 1824, before it was made, the entry of indigo for home consumption was 2,494,655 lbs. Since the change, this entry was, in 1826, 1,902,820 lbs., and in 1827, 2,412,202 lbs. Our readers will see that this change does not differ in the least from the old system in principle.

Flax. The old system imposed on it a duty of 5d. per cwt.; the new one subjects it to one of 2d. per cwt. In practical effect, the difference is not worth notice; in principle there is none; the old duty was one of revenue; the new one is the same.

Hemp. The old system imposed a duty on hemp produced in British colonies of 8s. per cwt.; the new one admits it duty-free: the old system subjected the hemp of foreign countries to a duty of 9s. 2d. per cwt.; the new one subjects it to a duty of 4s. 8d. per cwt. This reduction is merely one of revenue duty, and what are its effects? Before the change in 1824 the entry of hemp for home consumption, was—589,590 cwts. Since the change, this entry was in 1826—509,059 cwts.; and in 1827—508,848 cwts. According to one of the Parliamentary papers, the entry of hemp for home consumption was in 1790—564,933 cwts.; while in 1826 it was only 485,502 cwts. We have here some evidence of the pernicious effects of the new system on shipping, and in admitting foreign cordage, &c. into the colonies.

Tea. The two systems are the same.

Sugar. They are the same, with this exception:—the new system admits Mauritius sugar at a duty of 27s. per cwt., instead of one of 37s. Here is not the least difference of principle. The old system prohibited the import of foreign sugar for home consumption; the new one continues the prohibition.

Coffee. The new system has reduced the duty, which was, in regard to our own colonies, entirely one of revenue.

Brandy and Geneva. The two systems are the same. The new one has reduced the duties on rum and British spirits, and it has thereby made the duty on Brandy and Geneva practically more restrictive than it was under the old system.

Tobacco. The old system imposed a duty on American tobacco, which is the kind chiefly used in this country, of 4s. per lb.; the new one has reduced this duty to 3s. The reduction was confessedly made by mistake and unintentionally. The duty is one of revenue. The new system has made some unimportant reductions in the duty on tobacco of Spain and Portugal, and on manufactured tobacco and segars.

Timber. The two systems are the same, unless this be an exception:—a few years ago an alteration was made in the duties, which was intended to benefit foreign timber, at the expense of that of British colonies.

Currants and raisins. The two systems are the same.

Rape, linseed, and other oil cakes. They are the same.

Seeds. In clover and some other seeds they are the same. The new system reduces the duty on flax and linseed from 3s. 4d. to 1s. per quarter. The greatest difference is in rape seed. The old system imposed a duty on it of L.10 per last; the new one reduces this duty to 10s.

Skins. In various kinds the two systems are the same; in some the new one reduces the duties.

Turpentines. The two systems are the same.

Wines. The new system in them has merely reduced a revenue duty.

Oils. In Palm oil they are the same; the new system has reduced the duty on olive oil from L.18, 15s. 7d. per tun, to L.8, 8s.

Pearl and pot ashes. The new system takes off a duty of 1s. 8d. per cwt. from those imported from British colonies, and admits them duty-free; it reduces the duty on those from other parts, from 11s. 2d. to 6s. per cwt.

Barilla. The two systems are the same.

What we have thus stated touching some of the most important articles of commerce, is in general equally applicable to the minor articles. In some of these the two systems are precisely the same; in others, the new system reduces in an unimportant degree duties of revenue, and a decrease, rather

than an increase of importation follows. In some cases such an increase of importation follows, as might have been expected had no change taken place. Speaking generally, the reductions are made on duties which were never intended to be restrictive or prohibitory, and which were imposed solely for the sake of revenue.

This applies chiefly to such articles as are either not produced in the United Kingdom, or are not produced in it to any material extent. We will now turn to articles which rank amidst its important productions, and of which it only needs to import what will enable its own production of them to meet consumption.

Tallow. The two systems are the same.

Butter and cheese. They are the same.

Eggs. They are the same.

Hides, untanned. In regard to foreign ones, they are the same; the new one makes a trifling reduction of duty in favour of such as are the produce of British colonial possessions. The falling off in the consumption of hides deserves remark. In 1824 the entry for home consumption was 271,032 cwt.; in 1826 it was 166,989 cwts.; and in 1827 it was 170,027 cwt.

Bacon and hams. The new system reduces the duty from L.2, 16s. to L.1, 8s. per cwt.

Apples. The two systems are the same.

Sheep's wool. The old system in general admitted it duty-free. A few years ago a duty of 6d. per lb. was imposed on it, which is now reduced to 1d. and ½d. per lb.

Horses. The old system imposed on them a duty of L.6, 13s. each; the new one reduces the duty to L.1.

Hops. The systems are the same.

We will now turn to manufactured articles, which the United Kingdom can produce in greater abundance than it can consume, when it can find a market for them. We have already stated, that in regard to effects, there is no difference worthy of notice between the two systems in regard to cottons, woollens, hardware, and linens.

Soap. The two systems are the same.

Manufactures of pewter. The new system reduces the duty from 50 to 20 per cent; the effect is nothing; none were imported under the old system, and none are now imported.

Paper. The new system reduces the duty on brown paper from 10d. to 3d. per lb.; this has nad no effect, for none is imported. It has reduced the duty on paper for hangings from 1s. 7d. to 1s. per square yard. This has followed:—In 1824—14,917 square yards were imported under the old system; and in 1827—32,380 were imported under the new one.

Musical instruments. The new system reduces the duty on them from 50 to 20 per cent. In 1824, the old system admitted them to the declared value of L.2576; and in 1827 the new one admitted them to that of L.5226.

Japanned Ware. The new system has reduced the duty from 62½ to 20 per cent. The change is a nominal one, as none is imported.

Wax and tallow candles. The systems are the same.

Cordage. The new system has reduced the duty from L.1, 1s. 6d. to 10s. 9d. per cwt. The import in 1824 was 1380 cwt.; and in 1827 it was 2271 cwt. By the new Customs' bill just passed, British ships are to be allowed to supply themselves with cordage and sails in foreign countries, for which no duty is to be charged so long as they remain in the use of the vessels. We imagine from this, that our ships will now be supplied by foreign countries to a considerable extent with duty-free cordage and sails. One pernicious measure thus leads to another. To relieve the distress of the shipowners, the manufacturers of cordage and sails are to have their trade taken from them.

Copper. The new system has reduced the duties to about one-half; and this has had no effect worthy of notice on imports.

Straw-hats. The systems are the same.

Glass. The new system has reduced the duties, without producing any material change in the trifling import.

Books. The old system imposed on them a duty of L.6, 10s. per cent, if bound or half-bound, and of L.5, if unbound; the new one subjects them to a duty of L.5 per cent, bound or unbound, if printed since 1801. The import has diminished under the new system.

Manufactures of brass. The new system has reduced the duty on them from 50 to 30 per cent; the import has risen from the declared value of L.740 in 1824, to that of L.1103 in 1827.

China or earthen ware. The new system has reduced the duty from 75 per cent to 30, if ornamented, and 15 if plain: this has raised the import from the declared value of L.7418 in 1824, to that of L.18,718 in 1827.

Iron. The new system has reduced the duty on foreign iron from L.6, 10s. to L.1, 10s. per ton; this has only raised the import from 12,091 tons in 1824, to 14,293 tons in 1827.

We need not go farther. Our readers already know what the difference between the two systems is touching gloves, silks, &c.

And now what restrictions and prohibitions have Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant abolished, and what freedom have they established in the general trade of this country?

When we look at exports, we find that they have merely permitted the export of wool, sheep, machinery, artizans, and mechanics; an export which in pecuniary amount is of trifling importance, and which in its nature is calculated to injure greatly general exports. While they have done this on the one hand, they have, on the other, by the diminution of bounties, drawbacks, transit duties on foreign manufactures, &c., and by the opening of the colonial market, done material direct injury to general exports. Every exportable article, important and unimportant, with two or three petty exceptions, was actually and practically as free from restriction and prohibition under the old system, as it now is; and many of them practically enjoyed much more of such freedom than they enjoy at present. In respect of general exports, the new system is in effect far more restrictive and prohibitory, than the old one was to the trade of this country.

What then are we to think of the calumnies which are heaped on the old system, and the adulation which is lavished on themselves and their new one, by Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant?

When, in turning to imports, we look at the articles not produced in this country, or not produced in it in sufficient quantity for its consumption, we find that in all of any moment the old system was just as free from restriction and prohibition, as the new one is. We find that, speaking generally, the only change which has been made in them is, duties on them have been, commonly in but a small degree, reduced, which the old system never intended to be either restrictive or prohibitory; and which it imposed on them from necessity for the sake of revenue. We find, further, that in reducing these duties, the new system, in general, makes such of them restrictive, as were intended to be so by the old one. This reduction of duties, upon the whole, has yielded no great benefit to general trade; in many cases, it has been too small to be felt; it was made when the country was flourishing, and needed no reduction; and it has greatly injured the financial concerns of the state. It has been chiefly owing to it, that our enormous public debt has not for some years undergone any diminution of moment. It has injured the country more on the one hand, than it has benefited it on the other.

And now, we ask again, what are we to think of the calumnies which are heaped on the old system, and the adulation which is lavished on themselves and their new one, by Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant?

When we look at the manufactured articles which this country can produce to any extent, we find that the new system gives to some precisely the same monopoly, in both form and effect, which was given them by the old one—that it gives to others a monopoly different in form from that given them by the old one, but exactly the same in operation—that to a further portion of them it gives a monopoly, but takes from the capital and labour employed in their production a large part of their profits and wages—and that it takes from a certain number more their monopoly, subjects them to unfair competition, and not only prevents the capital and labour employed in their production from obtaining adequate profits and wages, but to a wide extent destroys the one and deprives the other of bread. We find that in doing this it avoids injuring the capital and industry of some portions of the community, while it visits others with confiscation, ruin, and starvation; and we find further,

that it makes these unjust and iniquitous distinctions between the different portions of the community, rather from ignorant conjecture, wild caprice, and personal favour and animosity, than from fixed rule and principle. We perceive, in various instances, that in two trades, which both charge higher prices for their productions than are charged by foreigners, it fully protects the one, while it subjects the other to grievous injury; and that while it gives to one part of the community a prohibitory duty on the score of taxation and protection, it refuses to another part, which is equally burdened with taxation, and alike entitled to protection, all protection whatever. We see conclusive proofs that this system, in all this, fetters and injures in the most grievous manner the trade of vast portions of the community, without benefiting that of the remainder; and that it greatly fetters and injures the general trade of the country. On comparison, we find that it here differs from the old system to this extent; the latter protected all portions of the community alike, gave the same encouragement and immunities to all, preserved the trade of all from real fetters and restrictions, and kept general trade in a course of boundless freedom, gigantic improvement and increase, and unexampled prosperity and happiness.

And now we ask once more, what are we to think of the calumnies which are heaped on the old system, and the adulation which is lavished on themselves and their new one, by Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant?

The glove trade, the silk trade, the shipping interest, and agriculture, are the important interests which are directly injured by the new system; now we will ask, why, when it would be as easy to give prohibitory duties to the two former, as to the cotton or any other trade, are such duties refused them? Why are not these two trades allowed to have the same prohibition, which is enjoyed by other trades? We have already disposed of the pleas of improvement and smuggling. Because, the Economists will reply, they cannot sell at so cheap a rate as foreigners; and each prohibition would compel the community to buy of them at a higher price than it can buy at of foreigners.

The foreign gloves and silks are nearly all brought from France, which country practically takes nothing in payment for them but money; she rigidly excludes our manufactures, and there is every reason to believe that her purchases of us in other commodities would not be diminished, should her sales to us of gloves and silks wholly cease. Our conviction is, that if British silks were a shilling per yard dearer than French ones, and there were a proportionate difference of price in the gloves of the two countries, it would still be in reality cheaper for the community to buy British silks and gloves, than French ones. It would give in barter for British ones, corn, labour, manufactures, and taxed commodities of all kinds, from which it would draw a great profit; while it would give in barter for French ones, that which would affect the exchanges, in all probability to cause it loss, but certainly not to gain it profit.

We will, however, put this entirely out of the question. The Economists themselves must own, that their foreign cheapness ought to be regular and permanent; they must confess, that if foreign silks and gloves be cheaper than British ones for a few years, and then be for a few years dearer, it must be at any rate about as cheap to the community to buy British silks and gloves, as to buy foreign ones. They must admit this, because it is matter of arithmetical demonstration. They must likewise own, that the import of foreign ones constantly operates against this country on the exchanges; and that if at any time they contribute, in any great degree, to cause an export of gold, they will bring more loss on the community in a single year, than they will yield it profit in ten years. This cannot be questioned. Now, what is the fact? During peace, French silks and gloves may be cheaper than British ones; and during war, they must be, from circuitous transit, irregular supply, and other causes, dearer, unless they be smuggled: when this is looked at in connexion with the exchanges, it must be manifest to all, that British silks and gloves for the term of years, whatever they may be for the moment, must be as cheap to the community as French ones.

When this is established, it irresistibly follows, that the silk and glove

manufacturers, on every principle of right and justice, ought to have the same protection, profits, and wages, which are enjoyed by other manufacturers. The protection ought to be the same in effect. They ought to have the same monopoly which is enjoyed by other manufacturers; and if, from any cause, a duty will not give them it, they are entitled to direct prohibition. They have an undoubted right to be placed on an equality with the rest of the community, not only in form, but in reality; when it is manifest that their trades, for national interest, should be kept in existence.

In plain English, the language of the free trade people to the silk and glove trades is this:—Because you cannot sell at as cheap a rate as foreigners, you ought to be ruined and starved — Because foreign workmen live on food different in kind from that of English ones, as well as much cheaper, you English workmen ought to be denied a sufficiency of necessaries—Because foreign workmen are in penury and distress, you English ones ought to be so—Because you do not possess natural and accidental advantages which it is physically impossible for you to possess, you ought to be consigned to ruin and want, while other trades ought to enjoy prosperity and comfort.

We do not exaggerate: we merely strip the base and atrocious doctrines of their disguise, and exhibit them in their real form and nature.

Now, granting that the silk and glove trades had their old prohibition restored, what would follow? Would the empire be ruined? No one fears it. Would general war ensue? There is no danger of it. Would France attack our trade with retaliatory measures? She could not. What then would follow? The two trades would regain their prosperity — silks and gloves might be made a trifle dearer, but the community would gain more from the prosperity of the trade than it would lose from the advance—hundreds of thousands of people would be raised from want and suffering, to competence and comfort, to the great benefit of the whole community.

But then it would be the abandonment of free trade and the new system. Well, what have you gained from them? Only injury. Other nations have increased their restrictions and prohibitions as you have abolished yours; and you cannot find that the abolition has yielded a single benefit to put into the scale against the evils you have reaped from it. Will not your principles and system admit of exceptions? You avowedly made the linen trade an exception to them, and you have made the exclusion of American ships from your colonies an exception to them, why then cannot you admit of more exceptions? Restore the prohibition, and you will still have your principles and system, subject, like all other principles and systems, to exceptions.

The reasons on which the silk and glove trades are treated as they are, would, in respect of wisdom, disgrace a schoolboy; in other matters they are a disgrace to the Ministry, Parliament, and the country.

The length to which Mr Huskisson, Mr Grant, and their partizans, carry their misrepresentations and boasting, is almost incredible. They have abolished various custom-house regulations, which were never intended to be restrictions on trade, and which had for their object to prevent fraud and smuggling, things which these gentlemen profess to detest; many of them had become a dead letter. Nevertheless, the swaggerers actually proclaim that in this they have established *a new system!*

The reduction of mere duties of revenue, they trumpet forth as part of *a new system!*

Incredible as it may appear, they confound the monopolies enjoyed by the East India Company and the Bank of England, with the monopolies enjoyed by the nation at large against foreign nations. They actually can see no difference between a monopoly which is enjoyed by a company of individuals against the rest of the community; and one enjoyed by the inhabitants of this country as a whole against the inhabitants of other nations. In consequence, they are calling for the abolition of the monopolies enjoyed by the East India Company and the Bank, for the sake of free trade and the new system! We need not say that these monopolies have nothing to do with the principles of either, and that they differ essential-

ly and wholly from national monopoly.

While these gentlemen profess that it is as pernicious to give to the members of a manufacture or trade, who are scattered throughout the country, and who, instead of acting in concert, rival and compete with each other to the utmost, a monopoly against foreigners, as it is to give to a company of individuals a monopoly against the rest of the community; and while they loudly denounce all restrictions which give to the inhabitants of this country a monopoly against foreigners—while they do all this, they profess to be anxious that this nation should enjoy monopoly against foreign ones. They make it a matter of boast, when their new system brings no foreign manufactures into the country, and does not injure the monopoly of our manufacturers.

While they are anxious on the score of national benefit, to supply foreign nations with machinery and every thing necessary for enabling them to rival us in manufactures, they bewail the improvement of such nations in manufactures, and the increase of competition to which the improvement subjects this country, as matters of national evil.

To describe their system truly in plain language, Mr Huskisson and Mr Grant should speak as follows:

We have substituted one direct prohibition for another; this is our new system.

We have replaced one prohibitory duty with another; this is our new system.

We have abolished fetters and restrictions, which prevented foreign nations from injuring your export trade; this is our new system.

We have abolished fetters and restrictions, which prevented foreign nations from rivalling you in manufactures, and merely taking from you your markets; this is our new system.

We have abolished fetters and restrictions, which prevented foreign nations from ruining your shipping and naval power; this is our new system.

We have abolished fetters and restrictions, which kept in prosperity the trade of your glove and silk manufacturers, shipowners, farmers, &c.; we have plunged the trade of these into distress, and we have grievously injured the trade of the whole community. This is our system.

More we need not say to enable our readers to judge correctly of the new system and its panegyrists. We must, however, repeat, that according to what was originally intended, the country has yet only had the beginning of the system. The existing protecting duties are to be lowered into extinction, or, at least, until they cease to exclude foreign manufactures and produce. The sugar monopoly has to be abolished. The prohibition of the export of machinery has to be wholly destroyed. In the next year the duty on foreign silks is to be greatly reduced. A great reduction in the duty on foreign butter and cheese has been for some time promised. Mr F. Lewis, in the last Session of Parliament, stated, that the present duties on corn might after a certain period be reduced; and the Marquis of Lansdowne said, that it would soon be necessary to reduce them. All protections are to be swept away until we are reduced as far as possible to the standard of the cheapest, the poorest, and the most wretched of foreign nations. This must take place if the system be persevered in. For three years this system has kept the country in a state of uncertainty, embarrassment, loss, and suffering; and if public ruin can be so long deferred, it must keep it in a similar state for perhaps four years longer; then the system will receive the finishing touch, and the destruction of the British empire will be completed.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A third edition has been called for of the "Correspondence and Memoirs of Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood." By G. L. Newnham Collingwood, Esq.

A second edition is about to appear of the "Last of the Greeks; or, the Fall of Constantinople." By Lord Morpeth.

The "Life and Remains of Wilmot Warwick," edited by his friend, Henry Vernon, are nearly ready for the press. Report equals them, we must add, to the last productions of the justly famed Washington Irving.

An important work has just been put to press, on the "Present State and Future Prospects of the Free Trade and Colonization of India."

An Historical View of the Sinking Fund, by Philip Pusey, Esq., is nearly ready for publication.

Foreign and Domestic View of the Catholic Question. By Henry Gally Knight, Esq. Third edition. 3s.

A Letter to the Duke of Wellington on the Regulation of the Currency, and Prevention, Correction, and Detection of Crime. By An Englishman. 2s. 6d.

The Slave Law of Jamaica. With Proceedings and Documents relating thereto. 8vo, 5s. 6d.

A New Edition of Mr Mitford's History of Greece, in eight volumes, 8vo, is now in the press, and will be published in October next, with many Additions and Corrections by the Author, and some Corrections and Additions, chiefly Chronological, by the Editor. A short Account of the Author, and of his pursuits in Life, by his brother, Lord Redesdale, with an Apology for some Parts of his Work, which have been objects of censure, will be prefixed.

A small volume, to be entitled Hints to Counsel, Coroners, and Juries, on the Examination of Medical Witnesses, by Dr Gordon Smith, will shortly appear.

Mr B. R. Green is preparing for publication a Numismatic Chart, comprising a series of 350 Grecian coins of kings, arranged in chronological order, from their earliest period to the beginning of the fourth century, executed on stone: the gold and bronze coins to be coloured. The object of the undertaking will be the elucidation of Grecian History through the medium of coins. The selection will chiefly comprise the series of the Macedonian and Sicilian kings, the various kingdoms of Asia Minor, those of Egypt and Numidia, of Syria, Parthia, and Armenia. The work will be accompanied with descriptive letter-press, and dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Aberdeen.

A sixth edition of Montgomery's Omnipresence of the Deity is about to appear.

In the press, Conversations on Geology, in a duodecimo volume, with engravings.

Second Greek Delectus; or New Analecta Minora, on the plan of Dalzell's Analecta Minora. By the Rev. F. Valpy, Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the Under Masters of Reading School. 8vo, 7s. boards.

An Abridgment and Translation of Viger, Bos, Hoogever, and Herman, for the use of Schools. By the Rev. J. Seager, author of the "Critical Observations on Classical Authors," and several Greek Criticisms in the Classical Journal. The four works will form about 220 pages each, and may be purchased separately, or together in one volume 8vo. Viger is just published. Price 8s. 6d.

A new edition of Valpy's Latin Delectus, with an Index to every word. To which are added, Questions to Improve the Knowledge and Cultivate the Memory of the Learner. 2s. 6d.

The last Number (XXXIX.) of the new edition of Stephens' Greek Thesaurus, containing the General Index, &c. will, it is expected, be published next month.

The Delphin and Variorum Classics, Nos. CXVII. to CXX., containing Livy, Manilius, and Panegyrici Veteres, will be published this month, price L.1, 1s. per Number, large paper, double.

The Medea of Euripides, with English Notes on the Plan of the Hecuba. By the Rev. J. B. Major. 12mo, price 5s. 6d.

The Rev. William Trollope, M. A. of Christ Hospital, has in the press, a work to be comprised in two closely printed volumes, octavo, entitled Analecta Theologica,—a digested and arranged compendium of the most approved commentaries on the New Testament. It is the object of this work to embody, in as small a compass, as is consistent with perspicuity, the opinions, illustrations, and expositions of the principal

theologians and biblical critics: distinctly marking them, who have taken different sides of a disputed point, and directing the attention of the student to that interpretation which seems to be best supported, and most generally received. In those collections which are already before the public, the heads of the respective arguments are given, and that without any regard to connexion and arrangement; so that the student is left in a maze of conflicting opinions, the merits of which can only be appreciated by a reference to the writers themselves. This defect has been severely felt and lamented, by young students more especially; who have not always either the leisure, or the means, to consult the numerous and expensive works, a digest of which, and not merely the outlines, the Analecta are intended to supply. This work will be published in October next.

The Christmas Box for 1829.—We find a report is in circulation in certain quarters that this popular Juvenile Annual has been discontinued. On the contrary, we are assured that it is in active progress,—that it is more than half printed, and will appear with increased strength, as the idea which we are enabled to furnish of its probable contents will prove. In the first place, the little volume is to open with an Irish story, of considerable length, from the pen of Miss Edgeworth. Mrs Hofland furnishes an Historical Tale—Miss Mitford a Village Sketch, with some poetry. Then follow contributions from Mrs Jameson, the authoress of the "Diary of an Ennuyée," and of the not sufficiently known, but very pretty, child's story of "Little Louisa"—our accomplished Parisian friend, Madame de Labourt—Miss Dagley, authoress of "the Birth Day"—Mrs Jewsbury, of Manchester—Mrs Hemans—Mrs James Douglas—Miss E. Taylor—Mrs Emmerson—Mrs Neeley—with other esteemed writers. The editor, Mr Crofton Croker, thus promises us a rich display of female talent, in addition to his unrivalled countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth; and we also learn that there are several eminent gentlemen contributors; and they must exert themselves, or they will be beaten by the "weaker" sex.

In a neat pocket volume, with maps, a new edition, revised and improved, The Cambrian Tourist, or Post-chaise Companion, through Wales.

On the 1st of Sept. will be published, the last Number of the 10th Volume of Neale's Views of Seats. It is the intention of the proprietor to complete the work in two more volumes. The forthcoming Number will contain two Views of Arundel Castle.

Mr John H. Brady, late of the Legacy Duty Office, Somerset House, has in the press, a second and improved edition of his "Plain Advice to the Public, to facilitate the Making of their own Wills."

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In Demy 8vo, A New Dictionary, French-English and English-French, compiled from Boyer and Deletanville, by D. Boileau, is just ready for publication.

A New Edition of the Pronouncing and Explanatory Dictionary of the English Language, for the Use of Schools, &c., on the plan of Sheridan, by Stephen Jones, with considerable Additions and Improvements, will be published in a few days.

In a few days will be published, in 8vo, Annotations on the Gospel of St Matthew, designed for the Use of Students at the University, and Candidates for Holy Orders. By the Rev. M. Bland, D.D, F.R.S., Rector of Lilley, Herts, Prebendary of Wells, and late Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge.

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APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

June.

Brevet	Maj. Gen. *Sir* J. Lyon, *K.C.B.* to have the rank of Lieut.-Gen. in the Windward and Leeward Islands only 1 May 1828
	Maj. *Hon.* J. H. Cradock, h. p. to be Lieut.-Col. in the Army 25 Dec. 1827
1 Life G.	Lieut. Hart, from 13 Dr. Lieut. vice Heneage, 53 F. 21 May 1828
2 Dr. G.	—— Hedley, Capt. by purch. vice Knox, ret. 1 do.
	Cor. Tobin, Lieut. do.
	W. Brandling, Cor. do.
9 Dr.	As. Surg. Wilson, *M.D.* from 4 F. As. Surg. vice Shiell, h. p. 25 April
10	Cor. Wedderburn, Lieut. by purch. vice Stephens, ret. 29 May
11	T. J. Ganly, Vet. Surg. vice Percivall, 6 Dr. 22 do.
12	Cor. Pulteney, Lieut. by purch. vice Petre, ret. 8 do.
	Ens. Stuart, from 56 F. Cor. by purch. do.
13	Lieut. Sargeaunt, from 53 F. Lieut. vice Hart, 1 Life Gds. 21 do.
14	As. Surg. Huey, from 58 F. As. Surg. vice Hughes, 58 F. 1 do.
16	Lieut. Havelock, Adj. vice Vincent, res. Adj. only 6 Oct. 1827
1 F.	W. Gordon, Ens. by purch. vice Walker, 6 F. 5 June 1828
2	Bt. Lieut.-Col. Willshire, from 46 F. Lieut.-Col. vice Place, 41 F. 30 Aug. 1827
3	Ens. Lacy, Lt. vice Amiel, dead 4 do.
	—— Rainey, Lieut. vice Bruce, dead 13 Oct.
	T. Ludbey, Ens. vice Turton, dead 20 Sept.
	J. Bridge, Ens. vice Lacy 14 May 1828
	J. Speedy, Ens. vice Rainey 15 do.
	Lieut. Kenyon, from 50 F. Lieut. vice Stephens, canc. 8 do.
	Hosp. As. W. Hall, As. Surg. do.
4	Capt. Mackenzie, Maj. by purch. vice Drummond, prom. 17 June
	Lieut. Williams, Capt. do.
	Ens. Brooke, Lieut. do.
	—— Ponsonby, from 65 F. Ens. 26 April
	W. O. G. Haly, Ens. by purch. vice Brooke 17 June
6	Lieut. Gell, Capt. vice Clarke, dead 15 Sept. 1827
	—— Hammond, Adj. vice Griffiths, res. Adj. only 19 do.
	Capt. Leslie, from 54 F. Maj. vice Scott, dead 15 May 1828
	Ens. Walker, from 1 F. Lieut. vice Gell, prom. do.
12	J. Thompson, Ens. vice Hadfield, 44 F. do.
13	Ens. Orange, Lieut. vice Campbell, dead 15 Oct. 1827
	—— Taylor, Lt. vice Lamphier, dead 25 do.
	W. T. Shakespeare, Ens. do.
14	W. Graham, Ens. vice Tulloh, dismissed the service 21 Sept.
	Ens. Graham, Adj. vice Grant, res. Adj. only do.
	Maj. Thornhill, Lieut.-Col. vice Camppell, ret. 1 May 1828
	Capt. Rochfort, Maj. do.
	Lieut. Newman, Capt. do.
	Ens. Thorpe, from 55 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Pasley, prom. 2 June
	—— Greaves, from 61 F. Lieut. by purch. vice Stewart, 29 F. 3 do.
	—— Jenkins, from 99 F. Lt. by purch. vice Newman 4 do.
17	Ens. and Adj. Cooper, Lt. 1 May
19	Lt. Travers, from 97 F. Lt. vice Colthurst, canc. 5 June
20	Ens. Cooke, from h. p. 66 F. Ens. vice Rodgers, 26 F. 1 May
	Ens. and Adj. Hollinsworth, to have rank of Lt. 29 do.
21	Lt. Magra, from 41 F. 1st Lt. vice A. Young, h. p. R. Afr. Corps 8 do.
	—— T. W. Young, Adj. vice Young, res. Adj. only do.
22	—— Bartley, Paym. vice Barlow, dead do.
	—— Gordon, from 97 F. Lt. vice Bartley 5 June
24	—— Harris, Capt. by purch. vice Smyth, ret. 15 May
	Ens. *Hon.* C. Preston, Lt. do.
	J. J. Greig, Ens. do.
26	Ens. Rodgers, from 20 F. Quar. Mast. vice Rodgers, h. p. 66 F. 1 do.
28	Lt. Parker, from 58 F. Lt. vice Broadhead, h. p. R. African Corps 8 do.
29	—— Stewart, from 14 F. Capt. by purch. vice Richardson, prom. 3 June
30	—— Mayne, Capt. vice Young, dead 5 Aug. 1827
	Ens. Borton, Lt. vice Andrews, 44 F. 16 Sept.
	—— Gregg, Lt. vice Mayne 28 do.
	—— Meik, from 45 F. Lt. by purch. vice Everard, ret. 10 Oct.
	W. H. Heard, Ens. vice Borton 16 Sept.
	J. G. Cochrane, Ens. vice Gregg 15 May 1828
32	Capt. Wingfield, Maj. by purch. vice Gascoigne, prom. 3 June
	Lt. Hodge, Capt. do.
	Ens. Beazley, Lt. do.
	Gent. Cadet A. Campbell, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
33	Hosp. As. Walker, As. Surg. vice Murray, dead 29 May
34	Maj. Ferguson, Lt.-Col. by purch. vice Campbell, ret. 8 do.
	Capt. Greaves, Maj. do.
	—— W. Mackenzie, from h. p. Capt. do.
35	Ens. Ward, Lt. vice O'Hara, dead 1 do.
	G. Newton, Ens. do.
36	G. B. Bouchier, Ens. by purch. vice Stuart, 12 Dr. 8 do.
38	Lt. Vernon, from R. African Corps, Lt. vice Blake, 98 F. do.
40	Ens. Bulkley, Lt. vice MacAndrew, 49 F. 29 do.
	T. J. Valiant, Ens. do.
41	Lt.-Col. Place, from 2 F. Lt.-Col. vice Chambers, dead 30 Aug. 1827
	—— Nott, from R. African Corps, Lt. vice Magra, 21 F. 8 May 1828
44	Maj. Shelton, Lt.-Col. vice Carter, dead 16 Sept. 1827
	Capt. Burney, Maj. do.
	Lt. Andrews, from 30 F. Capt. do.
	Ens. Hadfield, from 12 F. Ens. vice Usher, dead 15 May 1828
	—— Dodgin, Lt. vice Woollard, 88 F. 29 do.
	T. R. Leighton, Ens. do.
45	J. C. Campbell, Ens. by purch. vice Meik, 30 F. 15 do.
	Serg. Maj. J. Hine, from 48 F. Adj. and Ens. vice Ebbert, prom. 1 Aug. 1827
	Lt. Prendergast, from 89 F. Lt. vice M'Gregor, cashiered 15 May 1828
	M. Mello, Ens. vice Graham, canc. 22 do.
46	Capt. Nairn, Maj. vice Willshire, 2 F. 30 Aug. 1827
	Lt. Purcell, Capt. do.
	Ens. Lacy, Lt. do.
	W. Pollock, Ens. do.
	Hosp. As. Fryer, As. Surg. vice Bush, dead 8 May 1828

47 Lt. Nagle, Quar. Mast. vice Bailie, dead 4 Nov. 1827
48 — Croker, Capt. vice Marshall, dead 9 July
Ens. Donelan, Lt. do.
F. A. Wetherall, Ens. 15 May 1828
Lt. Wilson, Capt. vice Brotheridge, dead do.
— Finly, from h. p. 103 F. Lt. vice Erskine, 63 F. 8 do.
Ens. Hull, Lt. vice Wilson 15 do.
G. S. Tidy, Ens. do.
49 Ens. Campbell, from 82 F. Lt. vice Dwyer, canc. 26 Apr.
50 Lt. O'Hara, from h. p. Lt. vice Kenyon, 3 F. 8 May
53 Lt. Heneage, from 1 Life Gds. Lt. vice Sargeaunt, 13 Dr. 24 do.
54 Bt. Lt. Col. Kelly, from h. p. 23 Dr. Capt. vice Leslie, prom. 15 do.
55 Lt. Trydell, from h. p. 2 R. Vet. Bn. Lt. vice Thomson, canc. 8 do.
J. Horner, Ens. by purch. vice Thorpe, 14 F. 5 June
58 Lt. Hardy, from h. p. R. Afr. Corps, Lt. vice Parker, 28 F. 8 May
B. Faune , Ens. by purch. vice Phillips, ret. 15 do.
59 Ens. M'Gregor, Lt. vice Clark, dead 8 Aug. 1827
A. M'Donald, Ens. 15 May 1828
61 Lt. Barlow, Adj. vice Toole, res. Adj. only 1 do.
— Toole, Paym. vice Glas, ret. h. p. do.
63 Ens. Armstrong, Lt. vice Burrell, dead 8 do.
Lt. Erskine, from 48 F. Lt. vice Ward, h. p. 103 F. do.
J. Lord, Ens. do.
64 X. Peel, Ens. by purch. vice Greaves, 14 F. 5 June
67 Ens. Deverell, Adj. vice Bolton, res. Adj. only 29 May
68 Ens. Durnford, Lt, vice Mendham, dead 1 do.
J. F. Bouchette, Ens. do.
72 Staff Assist. Surg. Forde, Assist. Surg. vice Stratford, res. 25 Apr.
73 Lt. Godfrey, Capt. vice Hay, dead 15 May
Ens. Brown, Lt. do.
J. Skene, Ens. by purch. 29 do.
74 Lt. Gordon, Capt. by purch. vice Hassard, ret. 1 do.
Ens. Stewart, Lt. do.
Lt. *Hon.* J. H. R. Curzon, from 98 F. Lt. vice Barker, h. p. R. Afr. Corps 8 do.
75 Ens. Boys, Adj. vice Daniell, res. Adj. only 29 do.
76 R. Bruce, Ens. vice Ponsonby, canc. 1 do.
82 R. Silver, Ens. vice Campbell, 49 F. 26 Apr.
83 Capt. Townsend, from h. p. Capt. pay. diff. vice Wynn, 58 F. 22 May
84 Lt. Col. Keyt, from h. p. Lt. Col. vice Macalister, canc. 29 do.
89 Ens. Wilson, Lt. vice Prendergast, 45 F. 15 do.
93 Lt. Sutherland, Capt. by purch. vice Lowed, ret. 5 June
Ens. Blachford, Lt. do.
G. H. Dunbar, Ens. do.
Capt. J. Macdonald, from h. p. Paym. vice Patullo, dead 22 May
97 Lt. Wall, from h. p. Lt. vice Travers, 19 F. 5 June
98 Lt. Blake, from 58 F. Lt. vice Curzon, 74 F. 8 do.
99 R. H. Walker, Ens. by purch. vice Jenkins, 14 F. 4 June
Rifle Brig. Lt. Cochran, Capt. vice Pemberton, dead 22 May
2d Lt. Capel, 1st Lt. do.
Hon. H. A. Saville, 2d Lt. by purch. 29 do.
2 W. I. R. Ens. Allan, Lt. vice Ford, dead 28 do.
—— Maxwell, Lt. vice Phibbs, dead 5 June
F. Brittlebank, Ens. vice Allan 4 do.
2 W. I. R. E. Ricard, Ens. vice Maxwell, 5 June
Ceyl. Regt. C. B. Delatre, 2d Lt. vice H. Smith, canc. 15 do.
2d Lt. Garstin, 1st Lt. vice Deakins, 16 F. 29 do.
W. Hardisty, 2d Lt. by purch. do.
Cape Cav. G. A. F. Cunynghame, Cor. by purch. vice Robinson, prom. 22 do.

Ordnance department.

Royal Artillery.

Bt. Maj. Campbell, Lt. Col. vice Wilgress, ret. 17 June 1828
2d Capt. Bayly, Capt. do.
Capt. Anderson, from h.p. 2d Capt. do.
Gent. Cadet, R. Crawford, to be 2d Lt. vice Severne, prom. 19 May
———— W. R. Cleeve, do. vice Briscoe, dead do.
———— J. St George, do. vice Robinson, dead do.
———— W. R. Nedham, do. vice Vandeleur, to Line do.
———— P. S. Campbell, do. vice Hollingworth, prom. do.
———— A. H. Frazer, do. vice Wingfield, prom. do.
———— T. G. Marlay, do. vice Tulloh, prom. do.
———— E. C. Warde, do. vice Farrell, prom. do.
———— A. Tytler, do. vice May, prom. do.

Staff.

Lt. Col. Torrens, 38 F. Adj. Gen. in E. Ind. vice Lt. Col. Macdonald, dead 1 May 1828
—— Fearon, 6 F. Dep. Adj. Gen. in E. Ind. vice Torrens do.

Commissariat Department.

Commissariat Clerk, J. Skyrme, to be Dep. Assist. Comm. Gen. 28 Nov. 1827
———— J. Parr, do. 29 May 1828
———— G. Bain, do. do.
———— J. Barford, do. do.
———— S. E. Hansord, do. do.
———— J. Paty, do. do.
———— C. T. Malassez, do. do.
———— S. P. Edwards, do. do.

Medical Department.

J. W. Moore, to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces, vice O'Callaghan, 27 F. 8 May 1828
T. G. Logan, *M.D.* do. vice Maclachlan, 79 F. do.
W. Robertson, do. vice Fryer, 46 F. do.
J. H. Rolland, do. vice Walker, 33 F. 29 do.

Unattached.

To be Lieut. Col. of Infantry by purchase.

Maj. Gascoigne, from 52 F. 5 June 1828
Bt. Lt. Col. M'Neill, from 2 Life Gds. 17 do.
Maj. Drummond, from 4 F. do.

To be Major of Infantry by purchase.

Capt. Richardson, from 29 F. 5 June 1828

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. A. *Marq. of* Douro, from R. H. Gds. 8 May 1828
— Paisley, from 14 F. 2 June

The undermentioned Lieutenant, actually serving upon Full-pay in a Regiment of the Line, whose Commission is dated in the year 1810, has accepted promotion upon Half-pay, according to the General Order of the 27th Dec. 1826.

To be Captain of Infantry.

Lt. Finucane, from 14 F. 17 June 1828

Exchanges.

Bt. Col. Bruce, 6 F. with Lt. Col. Fearon, 64 F.
Capt. Bygrave, 12 F. rec. diff. with Capt. R. A. M'Kenzie, h. p.
—— Cocker, 36 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Barton, h. p.
—— Snow, 65 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Walker, h. p.
—— Majendie, 80 F. rec. diff. with *Lord* W. F. Montague, h. p.
—— Watts, 85 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hopwood, h. p.
—— Nunn, 86 F. with Bt. Maj. Kirby, h. p. 80 F.
—— Bell, 87 F. rec. diff. with Capt. *Lord* A. Chichester, h. p.
—— Stewart, 91 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Milner, h. p.

Capt. Rudkin, R. Newf. Vet. Comp. with Bt. Maj. Sall, h. p. 47 F.
—— Clive, 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Curteis, h. p.
—— Eyre, 1 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Paisley, h. p.
—— Hanway, 8 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hartley, h. p.
—— Johnston, 49 F. with Bt. Lt. Col. Sewell, h.p.
—— Fuller, 58 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Wynn, 83 F.
—— Usher, 86 F. rec. diff. with Bt. Major Baines, h. p.
Lt. Nayler, 14 F. with Lt. Du Vernet, 45 F.
—— Brooks, 16 Dr. with Lieut. Robinson, 67 F.
—— Vernon, 26 F. with Lieut. Thomson, 69 F.
—— Dolphin, 59 F. with Lieut. Pook, h. p. Rifle Brig.
—— Ramsay, 40 F. with Lieut. Sweeney, 87 F.
—— *Hon.* M. Arbuthnot, 4 F. with Lieut. Colthurst, h. p. 8 F.
—— Harpur, 69 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Warburton, h. p.
—— Gun, Ceyl. Regt. rec. diff. with Lieut. Leeks, h. p. 42 F.
Ens. O'Callaghan, 86 F. with 2d Lieut. King, 21 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieutenant-Colonel

John Campbell, 14 F.
Colin Campbell, 34 F.
Timms, R. Mar.
Wilgress, R. Art.

Majors.

Temple, h. p. Unatt.
Watson, R. Mar.

Captains.

Knox, 2 Dr. Gds.
Smyth, 24 F.
Hassard, 74 F.
Dixon, R. L. 4 R. Vet. Bn.

Lieutenants.

Evered, 30 F.
Petre, 12 Dr.
Stephens, 10 Dr.

Ensign.

Phillips, 58 F.

Assist. Surg.

Stratford, 72 F.

Cancelled.

Lieut. Col. Macalester, 84 F.
Lieut. Stephens, 3 F.
—— Dwyer, 49 F.
—— Thomson, 55 F.
Ens. Ponsonby, 76 F.
2d Lieut. H. Smith, Ceylon Regt.
Ens. Silver, 18 F.
Ens. Knyvett, 58 F.
Lieut. Colthurst, 19 F.
Ens. Graham, 45 F.

Dismissed the Service.

Ens. Tulloh, 14 F.

Cashiered.

Lieut. M'Gregor, 45 F.

Alphabetical List of English Bankrupts, from 22d June to 23d July, 1828.

Alderson, T. J. Chancery-lane, money-scrivener.
Addison, J. Friskney, Lincoln, miller.
Archer, E. Wood-street, warehouseman.
Aiker, E. Wigan, iron and liquor merchant.
Beadsmoore, S. Ashley-de-la-Zouch, bookseller.
Bailey, J. Derby, mercer.
Boler, T. Lincoln, brick-maker.
Britten, W. Northampton, leather-seller.
Barnard, J. Commercial-road East, baker.
Brooks, J. Seymour-street, bill-broker.
Brown, B. Grundisburgh, Suffolk, victualler.
Bryon, W. Turnham-green-terrace, dealer in hops.
Beeston, J. Betten Copy, Drayton-in-Hales, Salop, drover.
Brown, G. Monmouth, innkeeper.
Chadburn, W. Sheffield, optician.
Chimley, E. Nottingham, miller.
Corlas, T. Keighly, victualler.
Crookenden, C. and G. Spilsbury, Bermondsey, tanners.
Cork, J. New Bond-street, silk-mercer.
Delauney, P. J. Regent-street, jeweller.
Dodge, W. Sherborne, linen-draper.
Fraser, C. and G. C. P. Living, St Helen's-place, merchants.
Faux, C. Bermondsey-wall, warehouseman.
Fowke, W. Belper, Derby, joiner.
Flood, J. Leeds, surgeon.
Glass, J. W. Liverpool, commission agent.
Gregory, C. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, cabinet-maker.
Hardacre, G. Old Barge-house Wharf, Blackfriars, wharfinger.
Harrison, T. New Bond-street, hosier.
Hill, T. Red Lion-st., Spitalfields, potato-merch.
Hobson, C. Leeds, publican.
Hodge, E. Plymouth, grocer.
Holmes, J. Kidderminster, grocer.
Hanson, R. Allen-street, Goswell-street, carman.
Haviside, W. Jerusalem Coffee-house, master-mariner.
Howarth, G. Liverpool, flag-dealer.
Jardine, J. Birchin-lane, stationer.
Joseph, R. Somerset-street, hatter.
Kershaw, E. Butterworth, Lancashire, flannel-manufacturer.
Lawrence, E. Charlton Kings, Gloucester, hallier.
Lever, G. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
Lancaster, T. Leeds, iron-monger.
Mellanby, J. Stockton-upon-Tees, ship-builder.
Mackrill, H. Whitechapel, chemist.
Mills, W. Bath, oil-merchant.
Manby, T. Argarkirk, Lincoln, butcher.
Moffat, W. Bermondsey, victualler.
Matthews, W. Crooked-lane, tin-plate merchant.
Owen, H. Jewin-street, draper.
Orme, D. Oldham and Spencer, J. Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinners.
Palmer, A. Mincing-lane, merchant.
Parsons, J. Mosterton, Dorset, miller.
Ruler, J. Dewsbury, York, draper.
Ramage, T. New Bond-street, tailor.
Scholefield, R. Barnsley, leather-seller.
Saxon, T. Oxford-street, chinaman.
Stainton, J. Lincoln, bookseller.
Starling, J. jun. King's Lynn, hatter.
Swaine, J. Bristol, innholder.
Smith, B. Bristol, tailor and draper.
Smith, J. Diorama, Regent's-park, and of Paris, printer.
Thompson, J. North Stoneham, Hants, nurseryman.
Tanner, J. Wickwar, Gloucester, tailor.
Tranter, W. Greenwich, stone-mason.
Townshend, R. Bristol, victualler.
Venning, T. and T. Tucker, Truro, coachmakers.
Vaux, J. Stephen-street, Tottenham-court-road, lamp-manufacturer.
Walmsley, J. Barnsley, linen-manufacturer.
Wright, D. and Sykes, G. Sheffield, opticians.
Wearing, C. H. and W. Greenwood, St Paul's Churchyard, merchants.
Walton, W. Manchester, timber-merchant.
Woolcock, J. Truro, linen-draper.
Whitelegg, T. Ashton-upon-Mersey, Cheshire, rectifier.
Williams, H. Bath, innkeeper.
Wright, J. Charlotte-street, Percy-street, cheesemonger.
Withiel, W. P. Penzance, wine-merchant.
Wood, J. Manchester, oil-merchant.

Alphabetical List of Scottish Bankrupts, from 1st June to 30th July, 1828.

Annan, David, and Co. merchants, Glasgow.
Braird, John, merchant, St Andrews.
Buchanan, John, merchant in Greenock.
Campbell, Annan, and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
Gardner, William, merchant and draper in Linlithgow.
Hutchison, Robert, builder, Edinburgh.
Henry, J. and J. and Co. manufacturers in Glasgow.
Inglis, William, writer to the signet, Edinburgh.
Ivison, Charles, and Co. merchants in Glasgow.
Laird, John, grocer in Johnston.
Neilson, James, merchant, Stirling.
Robertson, James, lime-merchant, Perth.
Shaw, James, nursery and seedsman, Aberdeen.
Taylor, Donald, merchant, Glasgow.
Taylor, Patrick, merchant and soap-manufacturer, Dundee.
Thom, Cha. builder and manufacturer, Charlestown and Wester Carriagehill, near Paisley.
Wheelwright, Michael, Ivison, and Co. manufacturers and agents in Glasgow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Dec. 17, 1827. At Sydney, New South Wales, Mrs Stewart Ryrie, of a son.

Jan. 19, 1828. At Bombay, the lady of Capt. Philip Mauchan, of a son.

Feb. 13. At Bellary, Madras, the lady of William Bremner, Esq. Fort-Adjutant, of a son.

May 5. At No. 13, Melville street, Mrs Clerk Rattray, of a daughter.

22. At Madeira, the lady of Webster Gordon, Esq. of a son.

25. At Southampton, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Henderson, of a son.

— At No. 26, Albany Street, Mrs Ballantyne, of a daughter.

— At Dunottar House, Lady Kennedy, of a son.

30. At Spylaw, near Kelso, Mrs Dudgeon, of a son.

31. At St Andrews, the lady of Professor Alexander, of a son.

— At Harperfield, Mrs Gordon, of a daughter.

June 1. At Inglewood House, Hants, the lady of the Rev. Charles Grant, of a daughter.

2. At Wemyss Castle, Lady Emma Wemyss, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Wright Williamson, Kinross, of a son.

4. In Portman Square, London, the Duchess of Richmond, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs John Hannay, of a daughter.

5. At Dunglass, Mrs Hall, of a son.

6. At Eaglescairnie, the lady of Major-General the Hon. P. Stuart, of a daughter.

— At Cardrona House, the lady of Patrick Chiene, Esq. of a son.

7. At Wadley House, Berks, Lady Kintore, of a son.

8. At London, Lady Byron, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs M. Fletcher, of a son.

13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Heriot of Ramornie, of a daughter.

14. At No. 5, Salisbury Road, Newington, Mrs Pender, of a son.

16. At St Bernard's Cottage, Mrs Greig, of a son.

— At Kilbagie, Mrs Stein, of a son.

— At Eltham, Surrey, the lady of Captain H. W. Gordon, of the Royal Artillery, of a daughter.

18. At Albyn Place, Mrs C. Gordon, of a son.

19. At 29, Castle Street, Mrs William Nicholson, of a daughter.

— At 33, Claremont Street, Mrs G. MacDowal, of a daughter.

— At Loanhead, Kirkliston, Mrs J. Dudgeon, of a daughter.

21. At Annandale Street, Mrs A. B. Blackie, of a son.

22. At 41, Castle Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Wylie, of a son.

23. At Greenlaw Manse, Mrs Home, of a daughter.

— At 11, St John Street, Mrs Yule, of a daughter.

24. At 1, South St Andrew Street, Mrs Quiller, of a son.

— At Carlisle, the lady of Ronald Macdonald, of the 80th regiment, of a daughter.

24. At Carlisle, the lady of Lieut. Ronald Macdonald, of the 80th Regiment, of a daughter.

— At Portsmouth, the lady of Michael Tweedie, Esq. Royal Artillery, of a daughter.

— At 10, Fettes Row, Mrs Howden, of a son.

25. At 7, Manor Place, the lady of Alexander Murray, Esq. of a daughter.

— Here, Mrs R. Dempster, of a daughter.

26. At Leith, Mrs Dall, of a son.

27. At Glassmount, Fife, Mrs Davidson, of a daughter.

28. At 5, Archibald Place, Mrs Williamson, of a daughter.

July 1. At 87, Great King Street, the lady of Alexander Mackenzie, Esq. of a son.

— At Camden Hill, Kensington, the Countess of Glasgow, of a daughter.

— At London, the Hon. Mrs Kennedy Erskine, of a son and heir.

4. Mrs Borthwick, 83, George-street, of a daughter.

— At Mary's Place, Mrs Parker, of a son.

5. Mrs Robert Greig, of a daughter.

6. The lady of Robert Warden of Parkhill, Esq. of a son.

— In Upper Glocester Place, London, the lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of a son.

— At No. 7, Royal Circus, Mrs Carlyle Bell, of a daughter.

— At Wilford House, near Nottingham, Lady Lucy Smith, of a daughter.

7. At York Place, Mrs Gillespie, of a son.

— At Taplow Court, Bucks, the lady of Viscount Kirkwall, of a second son.

8. At Melville House, the Countess of Leven and Melville, of a daughter.

10. At Rothsay, the lady of Capt. Deans, of his Majesty's sloop Clio, of a daughter.

— At Bedford Place, Alloa, Mrs Gray, of a son.

— At 26 Bath-street, Glasgow, the lady of W. L. Ewing, Esq. of a daughter.

11. At Florence, the lady of Capt. G. J. Hope Johnstone, R.N. of a daughter.

— Mrs Fraser of Ford, of a daughter.

— At Barcaldine, the lady of Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Barcaldine, of a son.

12. At Newhaven, Mrs Anthony Traill, of a son.

— At No. 9, Newington Place, Mrs H. Pillans, of a daughter.

13. At No. 37, Melville-street, the lady of Colonel Mayne, of a son.

14. At Weymouth, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Allen, of Inchmartine, of a son.

15. At Bath, the lady of Dr Bowie, of a daughter.

16. At No. 21, Clyde-street, Mrs W. B. Hamilton, of a daughter.

— At No. 17, Minto-street, Mrs M'Candlish, of a son.

17. At No. 25, Archibald-place, Mrs George Brown, of a son.

— At Woodhall Bank, Mrs J. A. Stuart, of a son.

18. At No. 14, Scotland-street, Mrs Balfour, of a son.

19. At Kirkcudbright, Mrs Captain Roxburgh, of a son.

— At No. 3, Fettes Row, Mrs Marshall, of a son.

22. At Dundee, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel William Chalmers, of Gleneright, of a son.

— At Munro Place, near Portobello, Mrs Munro, jun. of a daughter.

25. At the Cedars, East Sheen, Surrey, the lady of John Campbell Colquhoun, Esq. of Killermont and Garscadden, of a son and heir.

— At Morningside, the lady of the Rev. Dr Manuel, of a daughter.

26. At London, the Viscountess Bangor, of a son.

27. The lady of Captain Todd, of the 3d or Prince of Wales's Regiment of Dragoon Guards, of a son.

30. At Duke Street, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Rose, of a son.

Aug. 2. At Forth Street, Mrs Lyon, of a son.

Lately. At Rosemount, Leith, Mrs John Wood, of a daughter.

— At Charleston Cottage, Fifeshire, Mrs W. B. M'Kean, of a son.

— At 31, Queen Street, Mrs Younger, junior, of Craigielands, of a daughter, still-born.

— At Fingask, Perthshire, the wife of a farm-servant was safely delivered of three fine boys.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 28. At the Admiralty House, Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, the Hon. Mr Justice Menzies, Senior Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, to Anne Helena, daughter of Commodore Christian of the Royal Navy.

March 17. At St George's Jamaica, the Hon. John Bell, of Woodstock, to Mary Ann, only daughter of the deceased John Hossack, Esq. of Buff-Bay River Estate, in Jamaica, and of Glengaber, Dumfries-shire.

April 14. At Ostaig, Charles MacDonald, Esq. Gillin, to Miss Anne M'Leod, Gesto, daughter of Captain Neil M'Leod, Gesto, of Skye.

May 20. At Aghada, the Rev. Wm. Scoresby, F.R.S. chaplain of the Mariner's Church, Liverpool, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Colonel Fitzgerald.

29. At Bredisholm, Lanarkshire, Augustus Bernard Handley, Esq. King's Dragoon Guards, to Jane Matilda, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Hay, Lieut.-Governor of Edinburgh Castle.

June 2. At Rothsay, Lieut. John Edington, of the Royal Regiment, to Ann, daughter of the late James Blair, Esq.

— At Kinloch, Capt. Hope Dick, Hon. East India Company's Service, Bengal Establishment, to Anne Livingston, daughter of John Campbell, Esq. of Kinloch.

— At Falcon Hall, near Edinburgh, Mr John Schaw, of Bannockburn, to Mary, only daughter of the late Joseph Mathews, Esq. merchant, Newcastle.

— At Warriston Crescent, the Reverend James Smith, minister of Ettrick, to Miss Barbara Patterson, Galashiels.

— At Portobello, Mr James Hewat, merchant, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Mr Alex. Davidson, farmer, Paulswalls, Peebles-shire.

— At Mains of Halkerston, Alex. Smart, Esq. writer, Stonehaven, to Nancy, only daughter of the late Mr David Cowie of Mains of Halkerston.

3. At Hillhousefield, Thomas Jardine, Esq. writer, Moffat, to Christiana, daughter of the late Robert Bayne, Esq. merchant, Leith.

4. At Collace Manse, the Rev. Henry Henderson, minister of Kinclaven, to Isabella, only daughter of the Rev. John Rogers, minister of Collace.

5. At Redhouse, Musselburgh, Pillans Scarth, Esq. W.S. to Cecilia, daughter of the Rev. Thos. Scott, minister of Newton.

6. At Baxter Place, Adam Warden, M.D. York Place, to Jane, only daughter of Robert Stevenson, Esq. civil engineer.

9. At Cabbage Hall, Fifeshire, Mr James Bennet, Burntisland, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Smith, Esq.

— At Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Captain John Mitchell, Royal Navy, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Wilkie, Esq. of Ormiston Hall, Edinburghshire.

9. At Balgay, Sir William Scott, of Ancrum, Bart. to Elizabeth, only child of the late David Anderson, Esq. of Balgay.

— At Edinburgh, Stewart West, Esq. of Kingston, Jamaica, to Eleanor, second daughter of the late Dominick Walsh, Esq. of that island.

10. At Levenside, William Crichton, Esq. to Frances Maxwell, second daughter of James Murdoch, Esq.

— At Wharton Place, Mr John Ramage, accountant National Bank of Scotland, at Banff, to Lilias, daughter of the late Mr George Hardie, Leith.

— At Scotstown, George Charles Moir, Esq. of Denmore, to Mary Agnew, daughter of the late Sir William Bruce of Stenhouse, Bart.

— At Dalry House, James Evans, Esq. to Eleanor, daughter of the late Sir David Carnegie, Bart. of Southesk.

12. At Edinburgh, the Rev. William Rintoul, A.M. of the Scotch Church, Maryport, to Christian, second daughter of the late David Macgibbon, Esq. Claremont Street.

— At Leith, Mr H. W. Booth, merchant, to Miss Margaret Richmond, daughter of the late Mr Joseph Thomson.

13. At St George's, London, Colonel Buckley, to the Lady Catherine Pleydell Bouverie, eldest daughter of the Earl of Radnor.

16. At Kinross, Mr Robert Shorthouse, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr John Beveridge, Carnbo, Kinross-shire.

17. At Edinburgh, Mr William Fraser, of the Royal Bank, Glasgow, to Jane, daughter of the late Mr George Nielson, secretary of the Bank of Scotland.

— At Lochridge, Andrew Brown, Esq. younger of Auchintorlie, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Matthew Stewart, Esq. of Lochridge.

— At 40, Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Jack, printer, to Miss Elizabeth Chisholm.

— At Bath, A. N. Shaw, Esq. son of Major-General Shaw, to Georgiana, second daughter of the Rev. Dr Hodson, Principal of Brazennose College, and Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford.

19. At Liverpool, the Rev. Andrew Wilson, A.M. minister of the Scottish Church, Rodney Street, in that town, to Miss Sarah Murray.

21. At Fort William, Angus Macdonell, Esq. Inch, to Mary, only surviving child of the late Lieut.-Colonel M'Donald of Morar.

23. At Leith, Mr John Dryden, junior, merchant, to Anne Richelieu, daughter of the late Mr Alex. Nelson Lamb, solicitor there.

— At Kirkaldy, William Oliphant, Esq. ship-owner, to Jane, daughter of Geo. Morgan, Esq.

24. At Glasgow, the Rev. William Nicol, Jedburgh, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Andrew White, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alex. Mitchell, merchant, Montrose, to Isabella, daughter of the late Mr James Haig, Edinburgh.

— At St George's, London, Major the Hon. Augustus Ellis, second son of the Right Hon. Lord Seaford, to Mary Frances, eldest daughter of Sir David Cunningham of Milncraig, Bart.

26. At Edinburgh, James Sinclair, Esq. of Forss, to Miss Wemyss, eldest daughter of William Sinclair Wemyss, Esq, of Southdun.

27. William Grant, Esq. son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Alexander Grant of Redcastle, to Anne Rebecca, second daughter of the late John Burnet, Esq. Advocate, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Scotland.

30. At Moray Place, Edinburgh, Thomas Bromfield Ferrers, Esq. Pall Mall, London, to Lavinia Hume Macleod, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Hume, Esq. of Harris.

July 1. At Gayfield Square, Laurence Stodart, Esq. merchant, Leith, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late John Middleton, Esq. solicitor, London.

— At Dublin Street, Mr Alex. Scott, Archibald Place, to Margaret, daughter of the late David Geddes, Esq. of the Excise, Edinburgh.

3. The Rev. James Bryce, Minister of the Presbyterian Church, Stamfordham, Northumberland, to Mary, daughter of the late Mr Patrick Plenderleath, Pittenweem.

— At Crosslee, Renfrewshire, J. O. Denny,

Esq. secretary to the Glasgow Waterworks, to Jean, second daughter of the late William Stevenson, Esq. of Crosslee.

7. At Glasgow, Mr James Macewan, merchant, Stirling, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Shirreff of Glasgow.

8. At Waukmilton, Alex. M'Gibbon, younger of Crawhill, Esq. to Margaret, third daughter of Mr John Russell.

— At Skateraw, East Lothian, Mr Archibald Miller, junior, merchant, Leith, to Mary, daughter of Mr Henry M. Lee.

— At London, Forbes M'Neill, Esq. to Beatrice Haig, fourth daughter of Alexander Mundell, Esq.

— At Phantassie, Captain John Rennie Manderson, of the Honourable East India Company's ship Bridgewater, to Margaret, eldest daughter of George Rennie, Esq. of Phantassie.

10. At Cranshaws, William Turnbull Kellie, Esq. writer, Dunbar, to Christian, youngest daughter of the late Mr Bertram, Cranshaws.

13. At the Church of Speldhurst, Kent, James Hannah, Esq. late of Rochsolls, to Margaret, relict of Captain John Barker, of the East India Company's service.

15. At Kilmegan Church, the Right Hon. Earl Annesley, to Priscilla Cecilia, second daughter of Hugh Moore, Esq. of Eglantine House, county of Down.

— At Belfast, Alexander Carnegy Ritchie, Esq. advocate, to Sophia, youngest daughter of Thos. Gordon, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At Garnet Hill, the Rev. Robert M'Nair Wilson, of Maryhill, to Mary, second daughter of the Rev. Mr Muir, St James's.

— At Balgownie, William Maxwell, Esq. merchant in Bourdeaux, to Rachel, second daughter of the late Alexander Fraser, Esq. of Fraserfield, in the county of Aberdeen.

— At Edinburgh, Allan Macdonald, Esq. merchant, London, to Helen, only daughter of James Grant, Esq. of Burnhall, W.S.

— At Biggar, Francis Calder, Esq. distiller, Gunsgreen, to Isabella Hamilton, sixth daughter of the late Jas. Hamilton, Esq. merchant, Biggar.

— At Springhill, Berwickshire, Major E. R. Broughton, of the Honourable East India Company's service on the Bengal Establishment, to Mrs Marjoribanks, fourth daughter of the late William Hunter, Esq. of Glenormiston.

16. At London, the Right Honourable Henry Lord Tynham, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Sir Anthony Brabazon, Bart. of Brabazon Park, in the county of Mayo.

17. At Gladsmuir Manse, the Rev. Adam Forman, minister of Innerwick, to Margaret Coates, daughter of the Rev. Dr Hamilton.

— At St George's, Hanover Square, London, the Earl Brownlow, to the Lady Emma Edgcumbe, daughter of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe.

18. At St Pancras Church, London, Mr Bryce Johnstone, writer, Kirkcudbright, to Mary Anne Jane, daughter of the late Robert Jollie, Esq.

— At Holy Island, Mr Robert Martin, cornfactor, Leith, to Sarah Selby, only daughter of Thos. Goodman, Esq.

21. At St George's Church, Hanover Square, London, Captain Henry Hope, R.N. and C.B. to Jane Sophia, youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Herbert Sawyer, K.C.B. of Dalby Old Hall, Leicestershire.

— At Auchingramount, Andrew Bannatyne, Esq. Glasgow, to Margaret, daughter of James Miller, Esq. of Millheugh, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow.

22. At Grahamston, Falkirk, Mr Jas. Ritchie, merchant, Edinburgh, to Agnes, daughter of William Wyse, Esq. there.

24. At Elgin, William Gordon of West Lodge, late of Tobago, Esq. to Ann Innes, fourth daughter of John Hay, late of Braco, Esq.

25. At St James's Church, Piccadilly, London, Henry Pester, Esq. to Georgina Macleod, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John and Lady Emily Macleod.

28. At the house of the Marquis of Tweeddale, in London, John Cam Hobhouse, Esq. M.P. for Westminster, to the Lady Julia Hay, youngest sister of the Marquis of Tweeddale.

29. At Elvingston, James Law, Esq. writer to the signet, to Mary, only daughter of the late John Bennett, Esq. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh.

29. At Edinburgh, Mr John Nairne, S.S.C., to Joanna, youngest daughter of the late Mr Alex. Logan, Edinburgh.

30. At Lochgair House, William Penny, Esq. advocate, to Janet Mackinnon, second daughter of the late Charles Campbell of Lecnary, Esq.

31. At Grahamston, John R. Prentice, Esq. Edinburgh, to Maria Bryce, fifth daughter of the late John Glass, Esq. Stirling.

— At No. 5, Merchant Street, Mr Thomas Henderson, writer, Linlithgow, to Hannah, second daughter of Mr James Robertson, tobacconist, Edinburgh.

Lately, At Walcot Church, Captain J. E. Muttlebury, of the 97th regiment, to Mary, daughter of the late Alex. Ramsay, Esq. of West Grange, near Edinburgh.

— At London, Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. of Conduit Street, and Gadesbridge, Hertfordshire, to Catherine, daughter of the late John Jones, Esq. of Dery Ormond, Cardiganshire.

— At Whitehouse Villa, the Rev. William Anderson of Dalry, to Miss Louisa Marston.

— At No. 23, Maitland Street, Mr Gines Henderson, of the Customs, Leith, to Helen, daughter of the late Mr Francis Buchan, North Berwick.

DEATHS.

Nov. 5, 1827. At Bombay, aged 21, of fever, brought on by much exposure during arduous professional duty, Assistant Surgeon Wilson Burn, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, son of Mr James Burn, Mint, Edinburgh.

Jan. 3, 1828. At Belgaum, Madras, Lieutenant James Gardiner Inglis, of the 41st Regiment.

6. At Sibpore, near Calcutta, suddenly, when about to revisit his native country, Captain Ronald Macdonald, fourth son of Angus Macdonald, Esq. of Laig, island of Eigg.

12. At Bolarum, near Hydrabad, William D. F. Gardner, Lieutenant in the Madras Horse Artillery.

17. At Vingoolah, East Indies, Lieut.-Colonel Place, 41st regiment.

March 3. At Carabusa, shortly after being appointed Governor of that Island, Colonel C. G. Urquhart, eldest son of the late David Urquhart, Esq. of Braelangwell. He was killed by the falling of a shed in a gale of wind.

April 9. On his passage home from the Mauritius, Lieut. Andrew Hathorn, 29th Regiment, youngest son of John Hathorn, late of Castlewigg, Esq.

15. At Montego Bay, Jamaica, Lieut. Robert Harper, late of the 77th regiment of foot.

May 4. At Florence, aged 55, the Russian Prince Nicholas Demidow. The immense fortune of this nobleman has often furnished matter of curious speculation. He is said at one time himself to have estimated his income at a Louis d'or a-minute, or about £500,000 a-year.

10. In Zetland, Mr James Piper, of Monsay, aged 81 years.

16. At the Manse of Strachan, where he had been on a visit, Dr Garioch of Tarland.

— At Charleston of Aberlour, Captain Allan Grant, Advie, in the 90th year of his age.

17. On board his Majesty's packet, the Duke of York, on her way home from Jamaica, his Excellency Sir Ralph James Woodford, Bart. Governor of Trinidad.

18. At Paisley, in the 89th year of her age, Elizabeth Sim, relict of the late Mr Allan Clark. She lived to see 10 children (her own immediate offspring,) 52 grand-children, and 51 great-grand-children.

— At Blyth, county of Northumberland, Mr William Guthrie, son of Mr Thomas Guthrie, Pleasance, Dunse, aged 27 years.

20. At Lowhouse, near Berwick, Adam Murray, Esq. of Mountpleasant, late surgeon in his Majesty's 28th regiment.

— At Floriana, in the island of Malta, James Graham Macdonald Buchanan, younger of Drummakill.

21. George, son of Mr James Webster, writer in Cupar.

23. At his house, No. 1, Windsor Street, Mr John Dickson, builder.

21. At Dresden, after a short illness, Charles, Marquis of Northampton.

— On board the City of Edinburgh steam-packet, off Scarborough, Captain Duncan Chisholm Mackenzie, Commander in the Royal Navy, second son of the late Roderick Mackenzie, Esq. of Scotsburn, in the county of Ross.

— At his house, Waterloo Road, London, Mr James Jones, for many years proprietor of the Royal Circus, London, formerly joint proprietor with Mr Parker of the Equestrian Establishment, Leith Walk, and founder of the Cobourg Theatre.

27. At London, Lieut.-General the Hon. Stephen Mahon, Lieut.-Colonel of his Majesty's 7th Dragoon Guards.

28. At London, the Hon. Anne Seymour Damer, the only child of the Right Hon. Field Marshal Henry Seymour Conway.

— At Edinburgh, Thomas Ferguson, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At his house, Castle Street, Dr Wm. Cullen, one of the physicians to the Royal Infirmary.

29. At St Ann's Yards, Mr James Playfair.

— At Cumbernauld, the Rev. James Boucher, minister of the United Associate Congregation there.

30. At Portobello, Mrs Ferrier, wife of James Ferrier, Esq. John Street, Portobello.

— At Quarryholes, John Greig, Esq. of Nevity.

June 1. At Bridgeton, near Montrose, Mrs Orr of Bridgeton.

— At his seat, Newbury, county of Kildare, Ralph Peter Dundas, Esq. only son of the late General Ralph Dundas, of Manor, North Britain.

— At No. 4, George's Place, Edinburgh, Mr David Barlet Stewart, formerly merchant in Leith.

2. At Innerleithen, the Rev. Thomas Brown, D.D. minister of the first United Associate Congregation, Dalkeith, in the 52d year of his age, and 30th year of his ministry. As an able and faithful minister, and as a man of strict integrity, genuine piety, active benevolence, and amiable manners, Dr Brown will be long affectionately remembered in the circle in which he moved. The circumstances of his death were peculiarly fitted to teach the uncertainty of life, and the importance of habitual readiness to die. Returning from Biggar, where he had been assisting in the administration of the Lord's Supper, he took Innerleithen on his way, for the purpose of using the waters for a few days, as for some time he had been slightly ailing. On the Wednesday evening he was seized with a vomiting of blood, and though for a day or two the symptoms were favourable, he gradually became weaker and weaker, till he expired on the morning of Monday at 4 o'clock.

— At Ballimenach, Miss Margaret Campbell, daughter of the late Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Sonachan.

3. At Edinburgh, Mrs Marion Aikman, relict of Alex. Henderson, Esq. Randigate, Falkirk.

— Nicol Somerville, Esq. of Silvermills.

— At Musselburgh, Margaret, daughter of the late Mr Taylor, rector of the Grammar School.

4. At Peebles, Margaret Semple, wife of the Rev. Thomas Adam, minister of the second United Associate Congregation there.

— At Ann Street, St Bernard's, Jane, daughter of John Tulloch, Esq.

5. At Southend, Essex, Henrietta, youngest and only surviving daughter of Major-General Sir George Leith, Bart.

— At his father's house, St John's Place, Leith Links, Mr Alex. Dudgeon, jun. merchant, Leith.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Grieves, Esq. Inspector of Hospitals, and of Quarantine, at Malta.

6. At the Observatory, Caltonhill, Mr Peter M'Arthur, aged 74.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Ross Gray, youngest daughter of the deceased Thomas Gray, late farmer at Gorgie Muir.

— At Calcarry Castle, Allan Macaskill, Esq. of Morinish, in the 63d year of his age.

7. In Hertford Street, Mayfair, London, Lord Henry Fitzroy.

— At Edinburgh, Capt. And. Thomson, R. N.

— At Albany Street, Leith, Christian Finlayson, wife of Mr Stewart Secales.

10. At Perth, Mary, daughter of the late Rev. William Arnot, Kennoway, Fifeshire.

10. At Murraythwaite, Anne, eldest daughter of William Hagart, Esq.

— At Caradale House, Walter Campbell, Esq. of Glen Caradale.

— At Newbyth, Robt. Baird, Esq. of Newbyth.

— At Edinburgh, Robert Pitcairn, sen. Esq. late Principal Keeper of Registrations, and for upwards of fifty years connected with other departments of the College of Justice, in the 80th year of his age.

— At Minto Street, Newington, Josiah Livingston, merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Bisset, relict of Mr William Ritchie, merchant.

— At Paris, the Marquis of Lauriston, Marshal and Peer of France, Grand Veneur, &c. He was surrounded at the time of his death by his relations and friends, and by his old fellow soldiers the Dukes of Reggio and Ragusa.

13. At Edinburgh, Mrs Nicolson M'Kinnon, spouse of Mr John Haldan, solicitor.

14. At Windsor, Henry Lord Mount Sandford, aged 24. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his uncle George, the present Lord Mount Sandford.

— At Glasgow, Mr Thomas Duncan, printer.

15. In Spring Garden Terrace, London, William Hill, Esq. Under Secretary of the Treasury.

— At her seat, Stoke, near Bristol, in her 82d year, her Grace the Duchess Dowager of Beaufort.

— At Balbardie House, Mr George Marjoribanks, licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, third son of Alexander Marjoribanks, Esq. of Marjoribanks.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. John Brown, minister of Channelkirk, in the 59th year of his age, and 25th of his ministry.

— At the Bridge of Allan, Jessie Gordon, daughter of John Hay, Esq. shipowner, Leith.

16. At London, Mrs James Walker, daughter of the late Rev. R. Cunningham, of Balgownie.

18. At Balsusney Lodge, Fifeshire, Elizabeth, third daughter of Wm. Ferguson, Esq. of Kilrie.

19. At his father's house, No. 10, High Street, Mr James Rutherford, surgeon, aged 21 years, only son of Mr John Rutherford, leather-merchant, Edinburgh.

20. At Ratho, Mrs Catherine Russel, relict of John Gourlay, merchant in Falkirk.

— At Leith, Mr Alex. Robertson, of the Leith and Hull Shipping Company's Office.

— At the village of Cambusburn, near Stirling, Mr William Jaffry. He was among the first individuals in that quarter who foresaw the immense benefits that would result from vaccination, and having procured a supply of matter, he tried the experiment first on his own son. His first attempts being successful, he became anxious to diffuse the blessing, and having procured an adequate supply of lymph, he frequently walked eight or ten miles, and vaccinated from eighty to a hundred children before his return. About twelve years ago, he asserted that he had inoculated above 13,000 children in all, not one of whom took the small pox. His benevolent exertions eventually attracted the attention of the vaccine establishment, who elected him an honorary member, sent him a diploma, and voted him a handsome silver cup, as marks of their approbation of his exertions.

22. At Nottingham House, in the county of Caithness, John Campbell Sutherland, Esq. of Forse, in the 75th year of his age.

— At Balranald, Jane Caroline, eldest daughter of James Thos. Macdonald, Esq. Balranald.

23. At Atholl, Perthshire, Mrs Stewart, aged 70, eldest daughter of the late Angus Macdonald, Esq. of Achtrichtan, and relict of the late Allan Stewart, Esq. representative of the ancient family of the Stewarts of Appin.

— At the Manse of Dunbog, Mrs Keyden, wife of the Rev. James Keyden of Pitunearty.

24. At Cholmondeley-house, Piccadilly, London, in her 34th year, Lady Charlotte Seymour, widow of the late Colonel Seymour of the 3d Guards, and daughter of the late Marquis Cholmondeley.

— At Stow, Mrs Helen Paterson, widow of Mr James Lee, aged 89.

25. At Florence, Lieutenant John Sinclair, of the Royal Artillery, aged 23.

26. Jane, daughter of James Young, Esq. of Rotterdam, some time Provost of Aberdeen, in her 15th year. This amiable young lady, while on an afternoon visit to a friend who had bathing quarters a few miles south of Aberdeen, was, with some of her companions, amusing herself among the rocks on the sea side, when, by her foot slipping, she was unfortunately precipitated into a pool of water, which had been deposited by the flowing tide. Some little time elapsed before assistance could be given, when the body was taken out lifeless.

27. At Southerton Cottage, near Kirkaldy, Mrs Rintoul.

28. At Calder Manse, the Rev. Alex. Grant, in the 85th year of his age. Mr Grant was 48 years minister of Calder.

— Lady Banks, relict of the Right Hon. Sir Joseph Banks, Bart.

— At Edinburgh, William, infant son of Robert Dunlop, Esq. writer to the signet.

30. At Blackness, John Rankine, student of law in Edinburgh, son of John Rankine of Loanrig, bookseller, Falkirk. Having gone there on a visit to his father's family, he was unfortunately drowned while bathing in the river Forth.

— At Padstow, Cornwall, aged 28, after a protracted illness, Charlotte, daughter of the late Thomas Rowlings, Esq. of Saunders Hill, in the same country.

— At Banff, Mrs James Duff, aged 81 years.

— Zorayda, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Newton, Esq. of Clapham Common, Surrey, Warwick Square, London.

July 1. At Rankeillour, General the Hon. Charles Hope of Craighall.

— At Rothsay, Isle of Bute, Miss Caroline Engelhart.

2. At Minto Street, Newington, aged 15, Jessie, youngest daughter of Alexander Lawrie, Esq. deputy-inspector of army hospitals.

— At Paris, Captain Thomas Hay, on half-pay of the 43d Regiment of Light Infantry.

3. At Twickenham, Eleanora Countess of Uxbridge. Her Ladyship was the second daughter of Colonel and Lady Charlotte Campbell, and niece to the Duke of Argyll.

4. At Camberwell Grove, Anne, the youngest child of William Scott, Esq. of the Stock Exchange, London.

— At London, Lieut.-Gen. John Richardson.

5. At Wellington Street, North Leith, Captain Alfred Thomson, Royal Artillery.

— At No. 8, Scotland Street, Mary, youngest daughter of the late William Callender, Esq.

6. At Bognor, in Sussex, Lieut.-General John Macintyre, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

7. At Currie, Mr John Thomson, many years parochial schoolmaster there.

— At Cromarty House, Colonel Colin D. Graham, K.W.O. Lieut.-Governor of St Maws.

— At Glenkin, Argyllshire, David Harkness, Esq. of Clarhaig.

— At St John's, New Brunswick, North America, Mrs Hannah K. Burn, wife of Mr Macintosh, general merchant, Frederickton, and eldest daughter of Mr James Burn, Mint, Edinburgh.

— At Toftscombs, near Biggar, James Gladstone, Esq.

8. At Biggar, Mrs Margaret Carmichael, relict of Dr Brydon, minister of Dalton.

— At Edinburgh, John Young, Esq. W. S.

9. At London, Charlotte, Countess Dowager of Suffolk and Berkshire, in her 75th year.

— At London, Duncan Forbes Duff, younger of Muirtoun.

10. At Edenbank, Canaan, aged 71, Miss Elizabeth Drummond, daughter of the late Mr Ralph Drummond, minister of Cranshaws, Berwickshire.

— At Joppa, near Portobello, Mrs Lillias Cross, relict of A. Carmichael, Esq. writer, Edinburgh.

— At Portobello, James Tait, Esq. royal navy.

13. At No. 11, Queen street, the infant son of Mr M. Fletcher, advocate.

— At Edinburgh, Mr G. B. Morton, late accountant of excise.

— At Arbuthnot House, the Hon. Isabella Arbuthnot, daughter of the Viscount of Arbuthnot.

14. At his father's house, Perth, Thos. Graham Sidey, Esq. aged 27 years.

— At Newmarket, the Right Hon. C. Wyndham, brother to the Earl of Egremont.

15. At Belfast, the Rev. W. D. H. M'Ewan, minister of the Second Presbyterian Congregation of Belfast, Lecturer on Elocution in the Institution, &c.

— At No. 1 Great Stuart Street, West, Edinburgh, Mrs John Muir, jun.

16. At Gills Cottage, near Coleraine, aged 55, Mrs Christian Boswell, widow of Mr Alexander Walker, S.S.C. Edinburgh.

17. In Saville Row, London, Sir Patrick Macgregor, Bart. Sergeant Surgeon to the King, Vice-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c.

19. At his apartments Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, Mr William Caddell Macdonald, surgeon, and for upwards of twenty years apothecary to that institution.

20. At Paris House, Perthshire, Miss Hay of Paris.

— At Derwent Lodge, Keswick, Sir Frederick Trise Morshead, of Tranent Park, Cornwall, and Derwent Lodge, Cumberland.

21. At the Palace at Lambeth, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. His Grace, who was in his seventy-sixth year, had been indisposed for some time past, but had only been confined to the house for the last ten days. Immediately after the decease of his Grace, his son, the Speaker of the House of Commons, was sent for, and arrived very shortly. His Grace, besides being Primate of all England, and Metropolitan, was a Lord of Trade and Plantations, and official Trustee of the British Museum, a Governor of the Charter House, and Visitor of All Souls and Merton Colleges, Oxford. He was cousin to the Duke of Rutland and brother to Lord Manners.

22. At his house in London, at the advanced age of 88, Lord Viscount Melburne. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son the Right Hon. William Lamb, late Secretary for Ireland.

— At No. 8, Pitt Street, Mrs Margaret Morrison, aged 80 years.

— At Brompton, near London, Colonel Davidson, late of the 15th regiment of foot.

24. At his house in Heriot Row, Lieutenant-Colonel George Hutchison, late of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

— At Clifton, Grace, third daughter of the Very Reverend Dr Jack, Principal of the University and King's College of Aberdeen.

25. At Greenock, Mr W. Begg, late surgeon in Edinburgh.

28. At Peebles, Mrs Margaret Bookless, wife of Mr James Spalding, nurseryman there.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Janet Wood, daughter of the late Thomas Wood, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh.

29. James Cuff, of Deal Castle, Esq. M. P.

30. Mr Alexander Colston, painter, Edinburgh.

Aug. 1. At her house, Doune Terrace, Miss Magdalene Erskine, the youngest daughter of the late John Erskine, Esq. of Dun.

28. At her house, George Square, Miss Christian Scott, daughter of the deceased Hugh Scott, Esq. of Gala, in her 93d year.

Lately. At Paris, of aneurism of the heart, the Duke de San Carlos, Ambassador from Spain to France.

— At Rownhams, Hants, the Hon. Mrs Colt, widow of Oliver Colt, Esq. of Auldhame, in the 97th year of her age.

— At Glasgow, the Rev. John Campbell, minister of the United Secession Church in Nicholson Street, Laurieston, of Glasgow.

— At his seat, Kirtlington Park, Oxfordshire, Sir Henry Watkin Dashwood, Bart. in his 83d year. Sir Henry sat in eight successive Parliaments, as one of the representatives for the borough of New Woodstock, but retired on account of his advanced age, at the general election in 1820.

Lately. Near Torgau, of an apoplectic fit, the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. He was born September 3, 1757, and commenced his reign September 3, 1775.

— At Windsor, of apoplexy, Lieut.-General George Lewis, of the Royal Artillery.

Lately. At Leghorn, Mrs Colonel Colquhit, widow of Colonel Colquhit of the Guards, and youngest sister of Mr Wallace of Kelly.

— In Park Street, London, in her 87th year, the Hon. Anne Robertson, sister of the late Lord Grantham.

— In Weymouth Street, London, Margaret, wife of James Walker, Esq. collector of Customs at Berbice, formerly of Edinburgh.

— At Bath, in the 91st year of her age, Mrs Ricketts, widow of William Ricketts, Esq. mother of the Viscount St Vincent and Countess of Northesk.

Lately. At Oldham Common, Birton, aged 108, Samuel Haynes. He has left a widow two years older than himself; also four daughters, all widows, and 22 grand-children, 29 great-grand-children, and two great-great-grand-children.

— At 12 Dundas Street, George Macgachen, Esq. advocate.

PROFESSOR DUGALD STEWART.

June 10. At No. 5, Ainslie Place, where he had been residing for some time past, Dugald Stewart, Esq. formerly Professor of Moral Philosophy in the College of Edinburgh. In announcing the death of so illustrious an individual, though it may seem to be some alleviation that he has filled up the term of human existence, yet when we consider his character, moral as well as intellectual, his private worth, his amiable qualities, his splendid talents, the mind is overborne by the sudden impression of so great a calamity, and yields to emotions which could have no place under the ordinary dispensations of humanity. For a period of more than 30 or 40 years the name of Mr Stewart has adorned the literature of his country; and it is pleasing to remark, as a striking evidence of the influence of private worth, to what a high degree of distinction he attained in society, though he lived in academical retirement, without official influence or dignity of any sort. It is well known that he devoted his life to the prosecution of that science of which Dr Reid was the founder, but which was little known or attended to, until its great doctrines were expounded by Mr Stewart in that strain of copious and flowing eloquence for which he was distinguished, and which, by divesting it of every thing abstruse and repulsive, rendered it popular, and recommended it to the attention of ordinary readers. But greatly as he distinguished himself in his works, he was even more eminent as a public teacher. He was fluent, animated, and impressive; in his manner there was both grace and dignity. In some of his finest passages he kindled into all the fervour of extemporaneous eloquence, and we believe, indeed, that these were frequently the unpremeditated effusions of his mind. His success corresponded to his merits. He commanded in an uncommon degree the interest and attention of his numerous class; and no teacher, we believe, ever before completely succeeded in awakening in the minds of his ardent pupils, that deep and prudent love of science, which in many cases, was never afterwards effaced. Mr Stewart's life was devoted to literature and science. He had acquired the most extensive information, as profound as it was exact, and he was, like many, or we may rather say like all, great philosophers, distinguished by the faculty of memory to a surprising degree, by which we do not, of course, mean that sort of mechanical memory frequently to be seen in weak minds, which remembers every thing indiscriminately, what is trifling as well as what is important, but that higher faculty, which is connected with, and depends on a strong and comprehensive judgment, which, looking abroad from its elevation on the various field of knowledge, sees the exact position and relation of every fact, to the great whole of which it forms a part; and exactly estimating its importance, retains all that is worth retaining, and throws away what is useless. For this great quality of a philosophical mind, Mr Stewart was remarkable; and he dispensed his stores of knowledge either for instruction or amusement, as suited the occasion, in the most agreeable manner. He was of a most companionable disposition, and was endeared to the social circle of his friends as much by his mild and beneficent character, which was entirely free from every taint of jealousy or envy, as he was admired for his talents.

DR ANDREW DUNCAN.

July 5. At Edinburgh, Dr Andrew Duncan, senior, aged 83, Professor of Theory of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh, and first Physician to his Majesty for Scotland.

Dr Duncan was a native of this city, and an alumnus of the University of St Andrews, where he was a contemporary of several eminent persons, who afterwards made a distinguished figure in society, and whose friendship formed one of the chief pleasures of his life. Both there and in the course of his subsequent medical studies in Edinburgh, he displayed a degree of energy and zeal, which afforded a promise of future eminence, and he joined to an ardour in his professional pursuits a sincere love of classical literature, which he retained unimpaired to the latest period of his life.

On the death of Dr John Gregory, Professor of the Theory of Medicine, in 1775, a gentleman having been appointed to succeed him, who was absent from the country, Dr Duncan was chosen to supply the temporary vacancy, and he accordingly taught the class, and delivered, at the same time, the usual course of clinical lectures, till the end of the summer session 1776, when Dr James Gregory having been finally appointed to the chair formerly held by his father, Dr Duncan's connexion with the University was for the time suspended.

After his temporary connexion with the University, Dr Duncan continued for 14 years to deliver private courses of lectures on the theory and practice of medicine, with increasing reputation and success; and in 1790, on the accession of Dr James Gregory to the chair of the Practice, he was appointed joint Professor of the Theory or Institutions of Medicine, along with Dr Cullen, who had resigned the Practice.

In 1807, he brought forward a scheme for the erection and endowment of an hospital for lunatics in Edinburgh. After many delays, an establishment was commenced at Morningside, under the sanction of a Royal Charter, which, although not perhaps equal to some others instituted under more favourable circumstances, is at least infinitely superior to any institution of the kind previously existing in Edinburgh or its neighbourhood.

In 1809, Dr Duncan projected, and by his indefatigable exertions, soon succeeded in establishing the Horticultural Society of Edinburgh.

To his latest days he retained all the desire of promoting every useful object, together with an energy and a firmness of purpose not exceeded by that of many in the meridian of life. There is hardly an institution projected for the benefit of our city and country to which his name will not be found as a contributor. It is not our object here to speak of him in the private relations of life; but in regard to these it is sufficient to say, that those who had the best opportunities of knowing and observing his conduct, will entertain the highest opinion of his character, and the most exalted respect for his memory.

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IRELAND, AND THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

The Catholic Question has assumed an aspect which compels us once more to give it detailed discussion. We submit to the compulsion with reluctance and sorrow. The question is rendered, by its staleness and various personal matters, which it now involves, the most repulsive and painful one that could well be conceived.

The system, which a few years ago was adopted in respect of Ireland, could not, in the nature of things, produce other than the appalling fruits which are before the eyes of all. A people, to be properly and beneficially governed, must be governed on the principles of strict right, and impartial justice; they must not only possess wise and righteous laws, but they must be compelled to obey them; they must not only feel that they have an upright government, but they must feel likewise that they have one equally powerful, determined, and active in exacting obedience. The very words concession and conciliation, in the mouth of a ruler, imply abuse of trust and violation of duty. He has as little to do with concession and conciliation, as with usurpation and exasperation. If his system be tyrannical and unjust, he must reform and correct, but not concede and conciliate: if he make sacrifices merely to satisfy clamour and appease animosity, he will only feed both, to the ruin of himself and those whom he governs.

When it was announced that Ireland was to be governed by a new system of conciliation, plain people were mightily puzzled to know what conduct was to be exhibited by such a system. They had been taught that Ireland was governed with as much mildness as was compatible with law and right. Mr Peel assured them in Parliament, that, in the sister island, the laws were administered with the utmost impartiality, and public trusts were bestowed on the principle of qualification, without any reference to difference of religion; they were aware that, if the existing laws needed amendment, or if new ones were called for, or if abuses existed, or if complaints were made, the old system was perfectly competent to do all that was necessary. They, therefore, could not conjecture what conciliation could do, beyond what had been done, particularly as it was not to connect itself with the removal of the Catholic disabilities.

The ignorance of such people was, however, soon dissipated. It was, with all imaginable solemnity, asserted, that the conduct of the Protestants, and the party strife between them and the Catholics, formed the cause why the latter were turbulent and ungovernable. How any thing so monstrously at variance with glaring fact, could be not only put forth as truth, but acted on by Government, is a mat-

ter not to be accounted for by ourselves. The Catholics, by their words and actions, demonstrated to every man living who would take the trouble of attending to them, that they were turbulent and ungovernable, because various changes were not made in the constitution and laws. They made it perfectly unquestionable, that it was because they struggled for these changes, and in addition sought what the Protestants possessed, and hated their religion, that they were involved in party war with the latter. It ranked amidst the most obvious and indisputable of truths, that if the Protestants opposed to them were wholly destroyed, such destruction would leave their leading demands unsatisfied, and the things which they made their chief grounds of lawlessness and disaffection untouched. Of course, it was clear to all men that the conduct of the Protestants was caused by, and did not cause their conduct; and that the party strife tended much more to repress their misdeeds on the one hand, than to produce them on the other.

Nevertheless, it was asserted, as we have stated; and in conformity therewith, the new system was to separate the government from the party of Protestants which opposed the Catholics, and to put it down in power, word, and act. By the annihilation of the Protestants as a party, peace and harmony were to be established between them and the Catholics; and by this, and pardoning, indulging, and petting the Catholics in every thing, the latter were to be rendered excessively orderly and loyal.

The system, of course, went to work vigorously, not in removing corrupt partiality, terminating oppressive proceedings, and making other legitimate concessions, for no such employment for it existed: it went to work in sacrificing impartiality, law, and justice. To "conciliate" the people of Ireland, it began to exasperate the Protestant part of them to the utmost. It denounced this part as a baleful faction, covered it with every conceivable slander, and made it the object of furious war. The Protestant societies, which were of the most loyal character, which were strictly defensive ones, and which had no other object than the defence of the constitution and church, were not only classed in turpitude with, but they were declared to be the parents of, the most disloyal and guilty of the Catholic Associations. To put them down, frowns and menace in the first place, and then law, were resorted to. It was made a grave offence, which was vigilantly punished, for the Protestants to associate, to drink toasts, to wear ribbons, to attend public dinners, &c. if their object was to manifest opposition to the changes of constitution and law clamoured for by the Catholics.

When the display of the most pure and laudable sentiments was thus made criminal, was it proved to be criminal in its nature? No: it was merely charged with being offensive to the Catholics. Was it proved that the Protestant societies entertained pernicious principles and objects? No: they were avowedly attacked because pernicious Catholic ones existed. Because guilt was committed, innocence was to be punished; because baleful associations were in being, meritorious ones were to be suppressed. Catholic crime and disaffection were to be put down by the inflicting of pains and penalties on Protestant religion and loyalty.

For a considerable period the Protestants, or, to speak more correctly, such of the Protestants as were opposed to the Catholics, were so treated, expressly for the purpose of "conciliating" the Catholics; while the most flagitious conduct of the latter met with indulgence and kindness. At length the scandalous injustice awakened public indignation in England, and then it was deemed expedient to make an appearance of bringing down Catholic turbulence and disaffection, in respect of punishment, to the level of Protestant loyalty. The laws, however, were not enforced against the former, unless they could at the same time be brought to bear against the latter: legal punishments were called into operation, not by the guilt of offenders, but by the display of praiseworthy feelings in the innocent; if the well-disposed made a secret of their principles, there was no law against demagogues and traitors.

A new law was enacted, the declared object of which was, to put down all Associations in Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, without any reference to principle and object. We doubt whether the world ever before heard

of such an abominable confounding of virtue and merit with iniquity and crime. Detestable, however, as the law was in this respect, the use that was made of it was still more detestable. The Protestant Associations obeyed it at once, and dissolved themselves. The Catholic ones set it at defiance, trampled on it, filled Ireland with convulsion, and ostentatiously placed themselves above all constituted authorities; yet not a single effort was made to enforce it against them. In so far as this law had any effect, it was one to destroy the Protestant Associations, for the benefit of those of the Catholics—to coerce affection for the constitution, and give all possible indulgence and latitude to turbulence and sedition.

In time the system had its intended effects on the Protestants. They no longer gave criminal offence to the Catholics, by manifesting hostility to their unjust and destructive demands—they abandoned the guilt of displaying attachment to the constitution and their religion—their union was destroyed—they lost their power and influence—and they ceased to exist as a party. The Government and Catholics had no longer the Orangemen, or any body of Protestants worthy the name of party, to contend with.

What did this splendid triumph of "conciliation" produce amidst the Catholics? Did it establish harmony between them and the Protestants; and make them peaceable, obedient, and contented? No. The sacrifice of the Protestants left all the causes of their turbulence and disaffection in full operation. It did not remove the disabilities—it did not expel Protestants from the Magistracy—it did not despoil and overthrow the Church—in a word, it granted nothing that they clamoured for. It removed a potent enemy, and thereby increased their power, audacity, and guilt.

The Catholics saw that the new system, in principle, confounded innocence and merit with crime and profligacy; and in practice punished the former, and fostered the latter. They saw that instead of being one of impartial protection and coercion, acting on the established definitions of right and wrong, without regarding persons and parties, it was one to sacrifice their opponents to them, merely becaus hey were tumultuous and ungovernable. They saw that submission to the laws was not exacted from them—that conciliation was a license to do any thing—that their own good conduct would preserve to their opponents their power, while perseverance in bad would destroy it—and that they had every thing to lose by becoming peaceable and orderly, and every thing to gain by redoubling their efforts in insubordination and crime. They found every discouragement and loss on the side of virtue; and every immunity and bribe on that of depravity. As the Protestants fell, the misdeeds of the Catholics multiplied; and when the former lost party being, the rancour, fury, turbulence, guilt, disobedience, treasonable efforts and power of the latter, reached a height wholly without example.

And what did the Government gain from its triumph? It destroyed the only moral support against, and check upon, the Catholics, which it possessed in Ireland. How could the ignorant Catholics do otherwise than despise and hate the Church and Protestantism, when the display of attachment to them was made by the Government matter of punishment? How could such Catholics be expected to obey the laws, and respect the Magistracy, when the latter were under the ban against the Protestant party which the Government sanctioned? How could the Catholic tenant vote for his landlord, when this landlord belonged to that party which the Government stigmatized as the bane of Ireland? How could the Aristocracy retain its influence, when the Government held it up to public detestation and stripped it of power? Not only was the weight of the Protestants taken out of the scale against the Catholics, but it was to a very great extent given to the latter by the Government. Through the extinction of the Protestants as a party, the Catholics gained the ascendency at elections, the power of dictating to many Irish Members, and of rendering others neutral, and the means of ranking a large part of the Aristocracy amidst their active supporters. The Government found that it had thus strengthened the Catholics, and freed them from opponents, only to enable them to direct their undivided fury against itself, to trample upon the laws, to scoff at its authority, and to dictate to it;

while in doing so, it had deprived itself of support in every quarter. It abandoned its functions, and became a dastardly passive instrument in the hands of the Catholics. The latter obtained the principal part of the physical, moral, political, and official power in Ireland, and they rendered the remainder neutral and motionless.

The fruits of the system have reached maturity, and we must now show what they are. We present, in the first place, the description of the state of Ireland given by Mr G. R. Dawson, in the speech which has attracted so much notice. Mr Dawson gave it in the character of a friend to the general body of the Catholics.

"The state of Ireland is an anomaly in the history of civilized nations—it has no parallel in ancient or modern history, and being contrary to the character of all civil institutions, it must terminate in general anarchy and confusion. It is true, that we have a Government, to which an outward obedience is shown, which is responsible to Parliament, and answerable to God, for the manner of administering its functions; but it is equally true, that an immense majority of the people look up, not to the legitimate Government, but to an irresponsible, and to a self-constituted Association, for the administration of the affairs of the country. The peace of Ireland depends not upon the Government of the King, but upon the dictation of the Catholic Association. It has defied the Government, and trampled upon the law of the land; and it is beyond contradiction, that the same power which banished a Cabinet Minister from the representation of his country, because he was a Minister of the King, can maintain or disturb the peace of the country, just as it suits its caprice or ambition. The same danger impends over every institution established by law. The Church enjoys its dignity, and the clergy enjoy their revenues by the law of the land; but we know not how soon it may please the Catholic Association to issue its anathemas against the payment of tithes, and what man is hardy enough to say, that the Catholic people will disobey its mandates? It depends upon the Catholic Association, no man can deny it, whether the clergy are to receive their incomes or not. The condition of the landlords is not more consoling—already they have been robbed of their influence over their tenantry—already they are become but mere ciphers on their estates, nay, in many places they are worse than ciphers—they have been forced to become the tools of their domineering masters, the Catholic priesthood; and it depends upon a single breath, a single resolution of the Catholic Association, whether the landlords are to be robbed of their rents or not. So perfect a system of organization was never yet achieved by any other body, not possessing the legitimate powers of Government. It is powerful, it is arrogant, it derides, and it has triumphed over the enactments of the legislature, and is filling its coffers from the voluntary contributions of the people.

"The Catholic Association, by securing the voluntary contributions of the people, consolidates to itself a power, from which it may supply the sinews of war, or undermine, by endless litigation and persecution, the established institutions of the country. Such is the power of this new phenomenon, and, I will ask any man, has it been slow to exercise its influence? In every place where the Catholic population predominates, it is all-powerful and irresistible. It has subdued two-thirds of Ireland by its denunciations, more completely than Oliver Cromwell or King William ever subdued the country by the sword. The aristocracy, the clergy, and the gentry, are all prostrate before it. In those devoted regions a perfect abandonment of all the dignity and influence belonging to station and rank, seems to have taken place; or if a struggle be made, as in Clare, it is only to insure the triumph of this daring autocrat. In those parts of Ireland where the Protestant and Catholic population is pretty equally divided, the same influence is felt, if not in so aggravated a degree, at least so mischievously, that comfort and security are alike uncertain. Amongst the two classes we see distrust and suspicion—a perfect alienation from each other in sentiment and habit, and an ill-suppressed desire to measure each other's strength by open warfare. The institutions of society are reviled, the predominance of authority is lost, the confidence of the people in the impartiality of the courts of justice is im-

paired, the magistracy is condemned or supported, according as it is supposed to lean to the Orangeman or the Roman Catholic, and even trade and barter are regulated by the same unhappy distinctions of religious feeling.

"The result will be a state of society far worse than rebellion—it will be a revolution; a revolution not effected by the sword, but by undermining the institutions of the country, and involving every establishment, civil, political, and religious."

Such is the picture drawn by Mr Dawson, an Irish member of Parliament, a member of the Ministry, and the brother-in-law of Mr Peel. Of the conduct displayed by this gentleman, which has been so severely and powerfully animadverted on in many quarters, we will say nothing; if it be true that the offender has seen the evil of his ways, we will not embitter his hour of repentance. The following fact, however, we must notice. Mr Dawson was understood to declare himself in favour of the Catholics, and from his connexions and official station, his declaration was at the moment looked on as evidence that even the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel had resolved on apostacy. Nevertheless, it was met not only by the independent, but by those of a different character—by the humble and the exalted—by all who were, by friendship, interest, patronage, and family-connexions, bound to the Ministry—with a unanimous and glorious burst of determined dissent and virtuous indignation. It could not call into being a single turncoat, or soften the tone of a single opponent of the Catholics. This conduct, so honourable to the Irish Protestants, and more especially to the exalted and powerful part of them, has given us unspeakable pleasure. Such a revelation of inflexible principle and intrepid independence will, we are sure, have the most wholesome operation in high places. Every man who, since the present Ministry was formed, has carefully read the speeches delivered in the House of Commons by the Anti-Catholic members of it, must have remarked, that more than one of those members have, on different occasions, with much ostentation, and when it was wholly uncalled for, laboured to identify themselves with the Liberals, and to separate themselves from that part of the country to which, as public men, they owe every thing. On such Ministers, overwhelming proofs like this, supplied by the Irish Protestants, that the country will not be led by them, and that when they abandon the paths of honour and consistency, they must sink into their original insignificance, will have very beneficial effects. No public men at present are to be blindly trusted. Nothing but such proofs can save the Constitution and the Empire.

How Mr Dawson, as a member of the Ministry, could have the hardihood to give such a picture to the world, we cannot conjecture. It forms the most grave and appalling charge against the Ministry that could be conceived. Ireland was in this state, and yet the Government, of which he forms a part, suffered the last session of Parliament to pass away, without making any attempt to provide a remedy. If any man wish for decisive matter of impeachment against both past Cabinets and the present one, he will find it in the speech of Mr Dawson. Well was the wormwood question put by Mr Schoales—"Will the honourable gentleman permit me to ask him, why is it that the Catholic Association is the governing power of the country?"

The assertion, that the subscriptions of the people were voluntary ones, was loudly dissented from by Mr Dawson's auditors. Mr Barre Beresford, in refutation of it, said, "So far is the tax which is now levied upon the people from being a voluntary contribution, that it is extorted from them by force; and I have it from the mouths of the people themselves, that they have been compelled to pay the rent, whilst the bludgeons of three or four ruffians were flourishing over their heads. Many of my own tenantry have been ordered out of the chapel for not paying it." That the subscriptions are to a very great extent compulsory ones, is unquestionable.

With this exception, Mr Dawson's description agrees generally with that which all sides give of the state of Ireland. That the Catholics possess the power which he ascribes to them—that they abuse it as he states—that they have stripped the Aristocracy of its influence—that they trample upon the laws, and place themselves above the Government—and that they will speedily involve Ireland in horrors,

are matters of which they boast, and which they have proved to be truth by conclusive evidence. We need add but little to his statements. At the late Clare election, a member of the Cabinet who votes in favour of the Catholics, and who carries his notions touching what they call their rights, quite as far as they can desire, was deprived of his seat by them solely because he was a member of the Ministry; and one of their own body, even the notorious O'Connell, was elected. They now declare that no candidate shall be elected by them, no matter how anxious he may be for the removal of the disabilities, if he will not pledge himself to oppose constantly the present Ministry. The Catholic Association, through the priesthood, monopolizes the elective franchise, dictates to the Irish Members, arrays the tenants against the landlord, prohibits the Catholic from dealing in trade with the Protestants, taxes the people, involves law and right in ruinous litigation, derides and usurps the functions of the Government, destroys all security of life and property, persecutes and oppresses the Protestants in the most grievous manner, and fills Ireland with sedition, convulsion, discord, and frenzy, and keeps it in hourly danger of rebellion. It has wholly suspended the operation of the Constitution, practically annulled all laws, save such as do not interfere with its proceedings, and deposed the Government to the farthest point called for by its guilty interests.

We must now examine the reasons which the Catholics plead in justification of their conduct. They say, that they act as they are acting only to obtain their rights, and that their claims involve nothing beyond what they have a right to. This is very natural. Men who display such conduct are capable of asserting any thing. If O'Connell and his gang were openly labouring to possess themselves of both the possessions of the Church and the estate of every Irish Protestant, they would, with equal effrontery, declare that they had a right to do so. If this doctrine of right were advanced by none but themselves, we should deem it unworthy of refutation; but it is advanced by other people, whose assertions are entitled to somewhat more notice. Passing by other Protestants of rank and respectability, there are come high in office, who speak as ignorantly and foolishly of the "rights" of the Catholics, as even O'Connell himself. It is greatly to be regretted that members of the Cabinet and the Irish Government will not either make themselves acquainted with political rights, or be silent respecting them.

It is not necessary for us to plead the stale truism, that in society the individual must surrender so much of his abstract rights, as may be called for by the weal of the whole. How far this is acted on, is before the eyes of all. The owner of building-ground is compelled in many cases to build on it according to prescribed rules—the publican is prohibited from doing business after a certain hour of the night—the maltster is prohibited from making malt in any other than a certain manner. In these, and innumerable similar cases, the abstract rights of the individual are sacrificed to the community, though it is often productive of great injury to himself. The sacrifice is not made equally by all; but while it presses very heavily on some individuals, it scarcely touches others. It is demonstrable, that without such sacrifice, neither social and constitutional right, nor society itself, could exist.

On this point, Catholic and Protestant are on an equality. The sacrifice of abstract right is the same to both.

In so far as regards what are in reality rights, the Catholics have nothing to claim; they possess all that is possessed by Protestants. The whole which they can complain of is, they are excluded from certain public trusts; they are restricted from becoming public functionaries of certain descriptions. Nothing could be more preposterous than to confound eligibility to fill a public office, with individual right. Public functionaries have to act, not for the individual, but for the society; therefore it is clear, on every principle of right, that it belongs exclusively to the society to decide who shall, and who shall not, act as its functionaries. It is essential, on the score of every thing which can be called right, that the society should have the ability to exclude all men from its offices, who, in its judgment, would, from incompetency or dangerous principle, pervert official power into the means of working its own injury. A footman out of place may, with the same justice, complain that he is robbed of his rights, because a

master whom he wishes to serve, will not employ him; as O'Connell may, because the society will not employ him. The doctrine, that the Catholics have a right to fill high public offices, independently of the will of the community, is utterly subversive of the rights of the community. It is flatly opposed to the constitution and all free government. It practically maintains that the nation at large has no right to regulate its form of government, make its laws, and select its rulers. This is the real character of this doctrine, even though it be promulgated by Cabinet Ministers and Lord Lieutenants of Ireland.

In conformity with what we have stated, the society which the population of this country forms, excludes very many individuals from its offices. Its leading grounds of exclusion are incompetency and dangerous principle. On account of incompetency, it excludes a vast number of Protestants from the office of elector, and an infinitely greater number from that of Member of Parliament. Exclusion runs through the whole of its offices, from the highest to the lowest. The Protestants are, in a greater or smaller degree, and in some cases almost wholly, excluded from filling the offices of the King, the Member of the House of Lords, the Member of the House of Commons, the Magistrate, the Juryman, the Parish Officer, &c. That the society should both possess and exercise this right of exclusion, is above question. Without such right, there could be no qualification; and public offices would only exist to scourge both the society and the individual. It would be as wise to argue that the individual should select servants and agents without any regard to qualification, as that the society should.

Some of these exclusions affect both Protestants and Catholics alike; others favour the Catholics; the Irish ones enjoy privileges in regard to the elective franchise, which are denied to British Protestants: a few affect the Catholics more than the Protestants: while the former are admissible to a considerable number of public offices on the same qualifications as the latter, they are excluded, on account of their religion, from a small number, which properly qualified Protestants are permitted to fill.

This exclusion is railed against, because it is made on the ground of religion. It is argued in some quarters, that there ought to be no religious tests in the admission to public offices. If this be true, it must of necessity be true, that religion is a mere matter of abstract belief, having no effect on the political conduct of men; and that the members of one religion must be as faithful and valuable public servants, as those of another. The fallacy of the doctrine is unworthy farther illustration. If the members of any religion would be likely to subvert the constitution and liberties of the country, or to use official power as the means of filling it with convulsion and evil, common reason prescribes that they ought to be strictly excluded from office. The Catholics were not excluded from the throne, the cabinet, and the legislature, from speculative fears; they were excluded, because, when they were suffered to hold these offices, they did, on account of their religion, labour to subvert the constitution, and fill the country with calamities. By this fact alone, the principle of exclusion on the score of religion, is rendered wholly unassailable. Even in days of frenzied ignorance and folly like these, it is matter of amazement that the monstrous doctrine—men ought to be suffered to abuse public trusts into the instruments of bringing every conceivable evil upon the community, when they do it for the sake of their religion—can find any to utter or believe it.

What we have said is a sufficient reply to the preposterous plea, that exclusion on account of religion is persecution. If the Catholics are persecuted on account of their religion, the millions of Protestants who are denied the elective franchise, are persecuted on account of their poverty, and the millions more who are prohibited from entering Parliament for want of estates. Exclusion on the score of religion is no more persecution, than exclusion on any other ground. The charge of injustice and persecution might be brought with exactly as much truth against the laws which prohibit robbery and murder, as against those which restrict the members of any religion from plunging the empire into convulsion and ruin.

Having shewn that the State has a

clear right to exclude the Catholics from its offices, if it cannot admit them without danger to itself, we will now inquire how far they are justified in declaiming against the exclusion.

If the difference between Protestantism and Catholicism were, in so far as concerns civil government, merely a nominal one, their declamations might be thought reasonable. They have only to prove that it is so, to obtain what they profess to claim; for the State avows itself to be willing to grant the same privileges to all on the same conditions. They are charged with dividing their allegiance; what is their reply? It is—they are attached to his Majesty and his Royal House; and though they acknowledge foreign jurisdiction, it reaches only matters of religion.

This leaves the charge wholly unanswered. It is, not that they are disaffected to his Majesty personally, or that they wish to change the dynasty, but that they deny the right of the Crown to that sovereign authority with which the constitution has invested it—that while they acknowledge themselves to be in some things the subjects of the King, they in others refuse obedience to him, and avow themselves to be the subjects of a foreign power—and that they deny some of the fundamental principles of the constitution, and withhold allegiance on vital points from the government, which it has appointed. In reply to this, professions of attachment to the King's person and family, are not of the smallest value. The confession of the Catholics that they are bound to obey the Pope in matters of religion, is a confession that they divide their allegiance.

But then they maintain, that it does not reach civil government. As they merely assert this, without attempting to prove it, we must examine the matter.

The appointment of the Heads of the Catholic Church rests exclusively in the Pope of Rome, and by these instruments of his own selecting, the inferior clergy are selected. Practically, the whole priesthood is appointed by the Pope. By the baleful discipline of the Catholic religion, the layman is made almost throughout the slave of the priest. At this moment the Catholics of Ireland form a gigantic combination, which has for its declared object a vital political change in the constitution,—this combination is likely to involve Ireland in civil war, and it at present fills it with convulsion and evil,—the bishops and priests form its essence, they tax their flocks to supply it with funds, and compel them, by tyranny which cannot be resisted, to become its members,—they openly enable it to monopolize the elective franchise, and to exclude every candidate from the House of Commons who will not pledge himself to oppose the King's government,—and they destroy the freedom of election, the political influence of the Aristocracy, and all other legitimate political influence. In addition to the change we have mentioned, this combination openly contemplates other great political changes. It advocates the spoliation and overthrow of the Church, the repeal of the Union, Parliamentary Reform, &c. As we have intimated, it is through the bishops and priests that it possesses money, numbers, union, power, and existence.

Are we to be told that the conduct and objects of this combination are things purely religious, and having nothing to do with politics and civil government? Will the Whigs, after they have again and again declared to the Protestant clergy, that the admission of the Catholics to power is a political question, now eat in their words, and pronounce it a religious one? Are the practical destruction of popular election, the binding down of members of the legislature to oppose the Government in all things, and the inciting of the population to violate the law, matters strictly spiritual, and with which the sovereign authority has no right to interfere? The Whigs and other Emancipationists are so far sunk in factious falsehood and profligacy, that they will probably reply in the affirmative; but such will not be the reply of the country.

If the Government possessed the right of appointment, and the authority in the Catholic Church, which it possesses in the Established one; or, in other words, if the Catholic would render that allegiance to the Government which the Protestant renders, all this could not take place. The Catholic clergy would not be suffered to exercise the despotism which they now exercise; neither would they abuse their influence, as they now abuse it.

It is because the Catholics divide their allegiance,—because they place their church above the authority of the British Crown,—because, in the appointment of their clergy, and their general Church government, they make themselves the subjects of a foreign power, and refuse allegiance to the sovereign of this empire, that the political combination which we have described has existence. Once more we repeat, for it cannot be repeated too often, that it owes its existence to the Catholic Clergy; to them it is indebted for revenue, election-monopoly, union, and every thing on which its vitality depends.

And now are we still to be told, that the divided allegiance of the Catholics—that allegiance which they confess they render to the Pope of Rome—affects merely religious doctrines, and has nothing to do with civil government? The man who will assert this, after looking at the present state of Ireland, must be either wholly insane, or one of the most abandoned disciples of falsehood in existence.

It is idle to tell us that the Catholic clergy are only acting in this manner to obtain the removal of the disabilities. That they can so act for ANY political purpose, is a proof perfectly conclusive, that the divided allegiance affects, in the most vital manner, civil government. They could display and exercise the same power for the overthrow of the Church, the repeal of the Union, and various other political objects. To the members of the Catholic Aristocracy, who pretend to regard the charge of divided allegiance as an insult, we will observe, it is not necessary for us to be assured that they would obey the direct commands of the Pope in political matters. We say not, that what is now passing in Ireland results from such commands; we will acquit his Holiness, and ascribe it wholly to his Irish vassals. But we will ask these men, if they and their plebeian brethren do not obey, in political matters, the clergy which the Pope directly and indirectly appoints? We will ask them, if it is not in obedience to the tyranny of the clergy that the mass of the Catholics contribute to the " rent," vote as they do at elections, and combine themselves with the Association? And we will ask them, if it is not because they make themselves the slaves of the Pope in religious matters, that their clergy possess both its power and its incentives to act as it is acting? It signifies not, whether the spectacle which is to be seen in Ireland flows from the direct commands of the Pope, or from the allegiance, in matters of church-government, which they render him, and refuse to their lawful sovereign; it still flows from their divided allegiance, and it demonstrates that it bears on the essentials of civil government. It proves, beyond question, that this divided allegiance has the most baleful influence on the general political conduct of the Catholics.

There are advocates of emancipation who make themselves excessively merry whenever the Pope is mentioned by their opponents. They irreverently call him a bugbear, an old woman, &c.; and scatter compassionate witticisms without number on all who fear his power. The pleasantries of these people have been hacked for so many years that they are now pointless, and they merely prove the profound ignorance of those who use them. Apprehensions are entertained, not so much from the direct authority and intermeddling of the Pope, although on this point he might be made a potent engine of evil in the hands of foreign governments; as from the effects which the allegiance they render him, separating it from any intermeddling of his own, produces amidst the Catholics. Were we to concede that this allegiance is, in regard to himself, a mere nominal matter, still it enables the Catholics to place themselves above the sovereign authority; through it they make themselves other than his Majesty's subjects. Whether evils are produced by the Pope's commands, or by the use which is made of his name, their effects are equally pernicious. Through the authority with which he is invested, the Catholics, to a dangerous extent, render themselves independent of the Government, and place themselves above its control; therefore he is a formidable personage.

In so far as the discipline of any religion bears upon political conduct, it ought to be under the control of the Government. Toleration has its limit in regard to creeds. If the founder of a new religion should make it an article of his faith, that goods and women ought to be possessed in common, the defence would avail him but little

in a court of law, that he purloined his neighbour's property, or seduced his neighbour's wife, from a principle of religion. If restriction be thus justifiable in respect of creeds, it is infinitely more justifiable in respect of discipline, which cannot properly be made matter of conscience. Discipline, or church government, is, in its nature, political as well as religious; therefore the Government has a clear right to decide what it shall not be, if not to dictate it. The Catholic bishops and priests are public functionaries, and how far the exercise of their functions has influence in political matters, is rendered abundantly evident by the present state of Ireland. They are practically at this moment almost exclusively political functionaries. There could not be a more barbarous and destructive error than the one which holds, that, in the appointment and conduct of these men, the Government has no right to interfere—that there ought not to be any authority in the land to prevent them from abusing their despotism in the most fatal manner.

The Protestant of the Established Church gives to the Government the appointment, directly or indirectly, of his clergy, and the power to regulate the general discipline of his religion. He gives to the Government and the laws the power to exclude dangerous men in regard to politics, from influential office in his Church; to restrain his clergy from perverting their religious influence into an instrument of political mischief, and to prevent the members of his religion from becoming a lawless and destructive political combination. In political matters, he places his Church under the regulation and control of the Sovereign authority. That the Government ought to possess the same power in effect, if not in form, in other religions, is unquestionable. If the rights of appointing the Heads of the Catholic Church could not be conceded, it ought to have the power of preventing all improper men from being appointed; if it could not be intrusted with influence in the appointment of the inferior clergy, it ought to be enabled to prevent by law all from officiating who might use their religious authority for political purposes. It is a fundamental principle of the constitution, that the Pope has no jurisdiction in this country; and the exclusion of all foreign jurisdiction is a vital part of national independence. If, from motives of expediency, the Pope should be permitted to exercise any jurisdiction, it should be exercised under the vigilant inspection and control of the Government. The latter should possess ample means for preventing it from becoming politically injurious. In all matters the Government should have full power to restrain the Catholic Church from being guilty of pernicious political conduct. If there be any man whose reason is so weak and blind, that it cannot convince him of the truth of this, let him look at Ireland, and there he will find conviction. It is because the Government does not possess such power over the Catholic Church—because, in regard to this Church, it is not a Government—because this Church is placed above it, and exercises to a large extent sovereign authority—that Ireland is the disaffected, convulsed, lawless, ungovernable Ireland that it is.

What the Protestant surrenders to his lawful rulers, the Catholic refuses. The latter insists on enjoying all the privileges enjoyed by the former, without surrendering the smallest part of that destructive power which his church possesses. If his demand be granted, the case will stand thus.

While the Catholic minister or legislator will have the same power as the Protestant one to legislate for the Established Church, and to originate or support any measure in Parliament calculated to accomplish its ruin; the Protestant minister or legislator will be prohibited from legislating for the Catholic Church, or supporting any measure that can affect it.

If a Catholic obtain any of several ministerial offices, he will have the appointment of many clergymen of the Established Church; and if he hold an influential place in the Ministry, he will have great influence in appointing the Heads of this Church; but a Protestant, whatever office he may fill, will be prohibited from interfering in any way with the appointment of the Catholic clergy.

If the Catholics, either alone, or by the aid of allies, obtain the ascendancy in the Cabinet and Parliament, they will have in their hands the appointment of the Heads of the Established Church, and many of its inferior clergy, and they will be able to carry any

measure for its overthrow they may devise; but the Protestants will not, under any circumstances, be able to touch the appointment of the Catholic clergy, or injure the Catholic Church.

While the latter will render the Aristocracy powerless, monopolize a very large number of seats in Parliament, and have its members completely under its dictation on every question; the Established Church will be destitute of election influence, and will scarcely be able to return or control a single Member of Parliament. While the Catholic Church will have a large part of the legislature completely at its command, will be the most powerful political body in the United Kingdom, will, in all probability, hold the balance between Parliamentary parties, and thereby be able to dictate to a part of the Ministry, and influence to a great degree the whole; the Established one will have no direct weight as a political body, and it will have no control, and but little influence, in the legislature and cabinet.

If the Catholic Church hold the balance, as in all probability it will, in Parliament, the Catholics will possess the ascendancy in power; they will generally be to a greater or smaller extent in office as Ministers; while the most attached friends of the Established Church will be constantly excluded from office for their attachment. The Protestants who may hold office with the Catholics, will be either Whig enemies of the Church, or trimming, traitorous Tories, ready to sacrifice it on all occasions. An effect bearing some resemblance to this has been already produced by the Catholics and their partizans. Our belief is, that in the formation of the present Ministry, that party, which may properly be called the Eldon one, was excluded from the Cabinet principally from its zealous attachment to the Church, and hostility to Catholicism.

While the members of the Established Church, and the Protestants generally, will be subject to any law that the Government, Catholic or Protestant, may devise for restricting them from making their religion an instrument of political power; the Catholics will be wholly above the control of the Government, and they will be at liberty to add any thing to their present baleful system of church government, which may be calculated to make their religion omnipotent over the political conduct of its followers. The Catholics will practically have a code of the most effective laws for rendering their religion irresistible in politics; while the Protestants will be practically prohibited by the laws of the realm from deriving any political power from their religion.

While the Protestants will be thus restricted from drawing any aid from their religion in retaining political power which is fairly their own; the Catholics will be enabled by theirs, not only to preserve their own legitimate political power, but to usurp that of the Protestants. At elections the Protestant religion will have no weight with the Protestant tenants and servants of Catholics; while the Catholic religion will be irresistible with the Catholic tenants and servants of Protestants.

In Ireland the Catholics, by means of their religion, deprive the Protestant landlords of the votes of their tenants, tradesmen, and other dependents, they compel many Protestants to give them political support, they strip the Protestant Aristocracy of political power, they destroy the political influence of the Government; and the Protestants, with property, rank, interest, and every civil tie in their favour, are powerless against them in politics. In proportion as their religion may extend in England and Scotland, they will draw from it the same political omnipotence. They derive these overpowering advantages, not from the abstract doctrines of their religion, but mainly from its discipline—from its code of civil laws—from party immunities, privileges, and power, which the Protestants are prohibited by law from possessing.

In a country like this—a country in which every thing depends on party power—a country in which that party which possesses the greatest control over the votes of those who elect members of Parliament, must of necessity be the governing one, and must hold the power of doing whatever it may think good with the laws, constitution, and population; we ask what are we to think of these intolerable demands of the Catholics? They crave no equality; they claim no equitable share of privilege; they call

for exclusive power to enable them to plunder the Protestants of their honest political property; they insist on being permitted to set up a Catholic despotism, to convert the Protestants into their slaves. If any Minister could be found to grant these demands, he would—we speak deliberately—deserve to lose his head on the block, as richly as ever traitor to his country deserved such a punishment. If there be any Protestant so inconceivably simple as not to perceive the real nature of the demands, let him look at Ireland. There, through exclusive church-laws and privileges which Protestants are not allowed to possess, the Catholics rob the Protestants of their legitimate political power, and trample them under their feet. What the Catholics do in Ireland, they will do in England and Scotland with the same means. We ask him if this ought to be; we ask him if he be prepared to consent to a change of law which will enable the Catholics, through exclusive privileges, to rob the Protestant landlord of his votes, to deprive the elector of all freedom of choice, and to strip the Protestants of political power, in order to fill the Cabinet and Legislature with men of their own religion? Once more we insist, for it cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of our Protestant brethren, that the Catholics demand in reality exclusive privileges of the most ruinous and degrading nature to the Protestants. To demand that their Church shall be placed above the Government, while the Protestant Church is effectually under its control, when this will give them party laws and powers which are prohibited to, and which render them irresistible in politics against, the Protestants, is to demand such privileges. It is self-evident in reason; it is made matter of overwhelming demonstration by the state of Ireland.

It is not necessary to explain further their duty on this point to our Protestant fellow subjects. "The march of intellect" has not yet moved them to cast from them the sacred privileges bought with the blood of their ancestors, and constitute themselves the inferiors and political bondsmen of the Catholics. When they hear O'Connell protest that the Government and Protestants shall not possess the power to intermeddle in the smallest degree with his Church; and in the self same breath declare that when he is made a legislator, he will exert himself to the utmost in despoiling and destroying the Protestant one—when they hear the Catholics as a body protest the same, and declare that the Protestant Church shall be robbed, cut down, re-modelled, hacked to pieces, and done any thing with by themselves—they see what the Catholics really ask, and they have not to deliberate on reply. When they look at the portentous fact, that by the tyranny of Catholicism, their brethren in Ireland are plundered of their privileges, and made the political slaves of the Catholics, they feel as their fathers felt before them, and point, as their decision, to the sword. Never will these demands be granted. Never will the Englishman stoop to the ignominy and slavery. His pride and independence may bear the insult conveyed in the act of demanding, but they will protect him from farther degradation and injury.

The exclusive Church laws of the Catholics prohibit the circulation of the Protestant Scriptures and other religious publications; they prohibit the mass of the people from becoming acquainted with the Scriptures; they prohibit the Catholics from sending their children to Protestant schools, and from entering Protestant places of worship; they prohibit all freedom of individual judgment in religious matters; they suppress the liberty of the press, and religious liberty; and they bind the people to ignorance, superstition, bigotry, and disaffection, which yield every imaginable evil to society. Yet these laws are to be above the authority of the Government; they are to annul and supersede the laws of the realm. The Catholics are to possess exclusive privileges for enabling them to gain political ascendancy, when they supply proofs that they would use this ascendancy, not only to do every possible injury to the Protestant religion, but to destroy right and freedom, and bring every possible ill on the community.

And now what reasons do the Catholics assign for denying the lawful and necessary supremacy of the Government in matters of such momentous importance? They say they will not suffer the Government to interfere with their Church and exclusive laws,

merely because it is a Protestant one. This is worthless, because, should the disabilities be removed, the Government would be, constitutionally and practically, a Protestant one no longer; it would be one compounded of Protestantism and Catholicism. Whatever might be the established religion, the laws would be made and administered, and the sovereign authority would be exercised by Protestants and Catholics jointly. The executive, composed, in all probability, partly of Catholics, would be responsible to the Protestant and Catholic Parliament for the exercise of its authority in the Catholic Church; and the laws for regulating the political conduct of Catholicism would be made by such a Parliament, and administered under its inspection.

The Catholics, therefore, prohibit the State, on account of its religion, from exercising its authority among them on matters of the first importance to itself; and yet they rail against it, because, on account of their religion, it excludes them from certain of its offices. They exclude the Protestants, on account of their religion, from intermeddling with their Church; and then they complain of being robbed of their rights, because for their religion the Protestants impose on them a like exclusion. The State and the Protestants are just as much deprived of their rights, and persecuted on religious grounds by them, as they are by the State and the Protestants. The exclusion of which they complain, is the offspring of, and balance to, the exclusion which they insist on: it, in reality, merely places them on a level with the Protestants, and prohibits them from possessing destructive advantages over the latter. Their demand of "unconditional emancipation" is made in violation of every principle of right and justice; it is an audacious demand of exclusive immunities and privileges, the granting of which would be degrading and ruinous alike to the Protestants and the empire.

On the ground, therefore, of right and justice, the Catholics have no claim whatever. So long as they insist on the exclusions they imposed on the State and Protestants, they must, on every principle of right and justice, be excluded as they now are. We will now look at what is urged in favour of the removal of the disabilities on the ground of expediency.

As the Emancipators represent that the frightful state of Ireland is produced by the disabilities, we will ask them how the removal of the latter can operate as a remedy? Is this removal the only thing that can bring the Catholics into the field of politics, as the opponents of the Protestants? Not one of them will reply in the affirmative. Will they say that the Catholics merely clamour for eligibility to sit in Parliament, without wishing to use it; and that if it be conceded, they will never become candidates at elections? They will not venture to assert this, unscrupulous as they are in assertions. It may be taken as a certainty, that if the disabilities be removed, Catholic candidates will be opposed to Protestant ones, to the farthest point possible, at every election.

When the contest has been between one Protestant and another, the priests in late years have monopolized the votes; can it therefore be expected that they will be neutral, when it is between Protestant and Catholic? Will the wretched freeholder be more obedient to his landlord, and less the slave of his priest, when he has to decide between Protestant and Catholic, than he now is, when he has to decide between Protestant and Protestant? No reply shall we gain from our opponents. The removal of the disabilities must inevitably carry election strife and fury much farther than they have yet been carried—assail the power of the Protestant aristocracy where it has not yet been assailed—complete the destruction of the landlords' influence amidst the Catholics—and utterly expel all Protestants from seats where the Catholics possess a majority. The removal involves these questions:—Shall Ireland be represented in Parliament by Protestants, or by Catholics? Shall the Protestant Aristocracy retain the seats it now possesses, or surrender them to the Catholics?

This cannot be doubted, if there be any truth in experience. Yet we are gravely assured, that if emancipation be granted, the priests will lose their political authority, and cease their political labours, the landlords will regain their influence over their tenants, the bonds of society will be no longer

trampled on, its legitimate power will be restored to the Aristocracy, and there will be no more war between Protestant and Catholic. Whether scorn or compassion be the feeling which is best deserved by those who put forth the assurances, is a matter which we shall not determine.

This might be regarded as certain, if even the Catholics at this moment wished for nothing in reality beyond the removal of the disabilities. But it is unquestionable that they have many other objects in view. They proclaim the Established Church to be a curse to Ireland, and call for its spoliation and overthrow. This is not the conduct of a few, or of the ignorant portion. The tithes have been denounced in public by Lord Killeen, who may be regarded as the leader of the Catholic Aristocracy; many of the priests, and some of the bishops, have manifested as much desire for the destruction of the Church, as the worst members of the Association; and such a desire evidently pervades the body of the Catholics. Their leaders have spoken of the Protestant boroughs, and the Protestant magistrates, peace-officers, and other public functionaries, in a manner, which shows that these are to be eternally assailed, until all power and public trust shall fall into Catholic possession. Many of them insist on the repeal of the Union. As a body, the Catholics are animated by the most dangerous principles and wishes. Putting wholly out of sight the matters which divide Protestants into parties, the Catholics have principles, feelings, and objects, which are exclusively Catholic, and which must divide them from, and make them constantly a bitterly hostile party to, the Protestants in politics. Let the question of emancipation be taken out of Parliament by the admission of Catholic Members, and the latter will immediately substitute for it the questions of Church-robbery, the opening of Protestant boroughs, the sacrifice of Protestant magistrates, and other public functionaries; the repeal of the Union, and the aggrandisement of Catholics and Catholicism in every possible way. The new questions will be to the priests and the multitude even more attractive than the old one. They will give to the former still more audacious activity in politics, and still more control over the latter. Then the object will not be the comparatively petty one of supporting Protestant against Protestant, and merely gaining a Protestant representative, who will do nothing for the Catholics beyond voting for the removal of the disabilities. The energies of the priests will be excited, the passions of the people will be excited, and the terrors of future perdition will be employed, to enable Catholic to triumph over Protestant; to exalt the Catholic Church on the ruins of the Protestant one; to transfer local power and profit from Protestant to Catholic; to make the Legislature and Government as far Catholic as possible, and to serve every thing that is dear to the interests and prejudices of the priests and their followers.

To make matters worse, the Catholics will be more powerful than they are at present. The removal of the disabilities will naturally give them much patronage, and local office and influence.

But it is said, that emancipation will put an end to the Association and the Rent. Where are the proofs? It might do this for a short interval, if it would provide profusely in the way of place and salary for the gang which heads the Association; but it would not. It might possibly send O'Connell to Parliament, but it would do nothing for his guilty confederates. To these the Association is power and fame; and the Rent is bread and affluence. Will the demagogue who fattens on his notoriety, voluntarily sink himself into obscurity and indigence? Will the newspaper writer cast from him that which gains him sale and hire, to ruin his publication? Will the lawyer resign the fund which fills his pockets, to embrace briefless starvation? Human nature is incapable of this, even amidst the Irish Catholics. To O'Connell's confederates, the abolition of the Association and the Rent would be bankruptcy in both fame and fortune, therefore they would keep both in existence. Let those who doubt this, remember what took place, touching the last bill which was introduced into Parliament for the removal of the disabilities. The worthless securities of this bill were sanctioned by O'Connell, and in general by the Catholic

deputation. Lawless, however, and his brethren, saw that their all was at hazard, therefore they raised the shout of opposition, and O'Connell and the Aristocracy were powerless against them. If the disabilities be removed, some securities, if they be only nominal ones, will be exacted; on these the demagogues will take their stand for keeping in existence the Association and Rent, and they will be successful. The Aristocracy can do nothing against them,—a portion of it agrees with them in principle, and the priests and multitude will be with them. Emancipation now forms only a petty item in the portentous bill of Catholic grievances and demands. If it be struck out, the other items will supply abundant necessity for an Association and a Rent.

That the demagogues will do every thing possible to keep both in being, cannot be doubted by those who look at their conduct, character, principles, objects, and circumstances. That the mass of the Catholics will support them, cannot be doubted by those who look at the means which they can employ, and at the character, conduct, opinions, and prejudices of this mass. And that the body of the priests will be in their favour, cannot be doubted by those who look at the conduct, character, interests, and feelings of the priests. Their great objects will be the humiliation of Protestants and Protestantism, and the exaltation of Catholics and Catholicism; therefore they will triumph. The vague assertions of our opponents, we cannot listen to. Let them prove to us that emancipation is not only professedly, but in reality, all that the Catholics seek; and that it will remove every source of contention between Catholic and Protestant,—let them do this, and we shall think them entitled to some attention. But they cannot, and we are overwhelmed with proofs of a contrary character.

But if the Association and Rent be abolished, will this put an end to that tremendous political combination which the Catholics form? No. The grinding tyranny of their church government makes them perpetually a tremendous religious combination, which must at all times resolve itself into a political one, when their religion has any thing to contend for in the field of politics, and can use political weapons. It is through their religious discipline—through the penal laws of their Church, which cannot be disobeyed or evaded—that they are now formed into so perfect a political combination. Their organization as a religious body is complete, and it is maintained by laws and punishments which are as effectual as any that are employed to keep an army in union and obedience. The removal of the disabilities must make continual political war a part of their religion. For the sake of their religion, seats in Parliament must be obtained, office must be acquired, election ascendancy must be extended, the tithes must be abolished, the church lands must be seized on, &c. &c.: therefore they must be constantly an active political combination. Granting that it may not always shew itself, it will still be always in existence, to use every opportunity for committing evil.

The Catholics can only be innocuous as a political combination, when they have nothing to contend for, or when the civil power is sufficiently despotic to keep them from contention. In countries where they have the church possessions and civil power in their hands, they have nothing to struggle for. In despotic states, where the church possessions and civil power are possessed by Protestants, there are no popular elections; office is not disposed of, and laws are not regulated by party weight and influence; and the arm of power is omnipotent against the political demagogue. In such states, they are effectually prohibited in various ways from getting up political war. The despotism of one of the continental governments, would speedily annihilate the demagogues, and produce peace in Ireland, independently of destroying both what the Catholics contend for, and what enables them to use their power. But in Ireland the Catholics must have the most seductive temptations to political strife, and the most powerful means for waging it. If no change have taken place in the laws of cause and effect, the removal of the disabilities will necessarily make the Catholics more united, fierce, and ungovernable, as a political combination.

We ask them once more, how can this removal operate as a remedy to the frightful state of Ireland? Every thing in reason and experience—every

thing which ought to govern legislation—proves that it would have an effect directly the reverse.

But the Emancipators profess that they will couple the removal with securities, which will render it abundantly efficacious, even in the eyes of its opponents. The fact that while they do this, they declare that securities are not needed, and that unconditional emancipation would be the best of all securities, is calculated to deprive their professions of all attraction. We ask the Marquis of Lansdowne, and those who assert with him that emancipation will be the best of all securities, what effect it will have in securing to the Protestant Aristocracy its proper political influence—what effect it will have in securing the freedom of election from the tyranny of the Catholic priesthood—what effect it will have in securing the Protestants against the overwhelming power of that political combination into which the Catholics are formed by their religion? We ask them what effect it will have in securing the Irish Protestants from being trampled under foot by the Catholics, and the Irish Members of Parliament from being chosen and controlled by the Catholic Church? Those who, with the present state of Ireland before their eyes, will still maintain that emancipation would be the best of all securities, are at any rate men not to be argued with. Granting that the power of the Catholics is at present confined chiefly to Ireland, we maintain that the rights and privileges of the Protestants even there, ought to be effectually secured. If unconditional emancipation would be the reverse of a security in Ireland, what would it be in other parts of the United Kingdom?

We must now look at the securities which the Emancipators, in compassion to what they call the groundless fears of their opponents, are pleased to offer. In the first place, we have the veto—a thing which practically compels the Crown to approve of some one of a certain number of men whom the Pope names, for filling any vacancy amidst the heads of the Catholic Church. By common management, his Holiness may always compel the Crown to select the man of his own choice. To give this security any efficacy, the Crown ought to have full power to exclude every man of improper character.

Then we have the plan for taking the Catholic clergy into the pay of the Government. This plan merely gives the Government the right to pay; it denies that of selection and control. The radical defect of both these securities is, they do not give the Government the power to exclude improper men, neither do they give it any influence of value over the conduct of those who are appointed. The aspirants to preferment, high and low, must study to please the Pope and his Bishops; and efforts in them to please the Government, will be pretty sure to deprive them of all hope of preferment. In the Established Church, the dignities and emoluments cannot be gained without deserving conduct; but in the Catholic one, improper conduct will be the great means of gaining them. If the Catholic clergy were at this moment in the pay of the Government, such of them as might support it, and oppose the guilty deeds of their brethren, would, by so doing, ruin their personal interests.

Then we have the measure for subjecting the communication of the Pope with the Catholics, to the inspection and control of the Government. The last measure that was proposed for doing this was worthless, and we doubt the possibility of framing one that will have much efficacy. Both sides will always be able to communicate secretly without fear of detection; and as to the promulgating and obeying of the Pope's laws, this, under the British constitution, can always be done in one way, if not in another.

Then we have the scheme for raising the qualification of the fictitious freeholder to ten pounds per annum. This, of course, must affect alike the Protestant and Catholic votes; and we cannot see that the occupier of a couple of acres of land will be less under the control of his priest than the occupier of a garden. This increase of qualification cannot increase, in any degree worth mentioning, the respectability, intelligence, and independence of the elector, therefore it cannot have any beneficial operation of moment.

And, lastly, we have the proposal for preventing the Catholic members of Parliament from voting on any

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measure affecting the Church. Now, the leading danger in Parliament is, that the Catholics alone, or by allying themselves with the low Whigs, Radicals, and liberal Tories, who are all sure to join them, will obtain a majority, or get into their hands the balance. As a minority, they could carry no pernicious measure by voting; as a majority, they could destroy by their vote any legal security that might be devised. Of course the only effectual security would be one which would prevent them from obtaining a majority and holding the balance; and which, therefore, would necessarily limit the Catholic members of the legislature to a number so small, as to disable them for doing it, either alone or through alliances.

The proposed security would be merely a law capable of being annulled, like any other law, by a majority of the legislature. Let the Catholics obtain a majority—let them obtain that without which the liberty to vote on any question will not enable them to do much injury—and the security will be cast to the winds. While the security shall be practically a dead letter, it will exist; but the moment when it will be essential for it to be really a security in operation, it will be destroyed.

This security, therefore, would be of no real value. In the list of securities, we must not forget to mention oaths and declarations, on which, in these days, so much reliance is placed. Now, what one man says will ruin the Church, another says will do it essential service; one set of men maintains that the Church will be grievously injured, and another maintains that it will be mightily benefited, by the removal of the disabilities. In this clashing of opinions, of what use is it to compel men to swear that they will not employ official power in injuring the Church? Besides, in these times, official oaths are looked on as mere formalities. When public men use the iniquitous sophistry they do, to prove that the coronation oath may be made to mean any thing—that it may be made to mean the reverse of what it was intended to mean—that it may be made to sanction that which it was expressly intended to prevent—it is preposterous in them to expect to find any security in oaths.

We must observe that the Catholics would violently oppose, and disregard to the utmost, some of these securities; and that they would never sanction the others unless they should be so framed as to be nominal ones.

Our readers will see that the whole of these securities could be at once destroyed if the Catholics should obtain a majority in Parliament; and they do not need convincing, that they would destroy them in the first moment possible. The momentous question, therefore, arises,—how far are they calculated to prevent the Catholics from obtaining such a majority?

Here they collectively form no security. They leave the grand, primary source of peril untouched, and in consequence what they provide against secondary sources is only an unsubstantial shadow. They leave to the baleful laws of the Catholic Church all their evil operation; they do not enable the Government to expel dangerous men from the Catholic clergy, or to restrain this clergy from interfering in politics. They make the priests just as omnipotent in politics as they now are. If they were all in full operation at this moment in Ireland, what effect would they have in the way of security? None whatever.

As we have already stated, the removal of the disabilities will naturally make the Catholics strain every nerve to fill as many seats in Parliament as possible with men of their own religion. To triumph over Protestant competitors, and landlords, the Catholic candidates must address themselves to the interests and passions of the priests and the multitude. Attacks on Protestants and Protestantism, declamation on Catholic grievances, promises to benefit their own Church and injure the opposite one to the utmost, —these must be the means on which such candidates must rely for success. On the one hand, the Catholic members, to possess their seats, must make themselves the abject tools of the priesthood; and, on the other, the priests must make themselves the devoted political instruments of such members as will obey their dictates, from the benefits it will yield to their Church and religion. The Catholic Church will have irresistible temptations and power to constitute herself the exclusive elector; she will have candidates in profusion, and she will only select such as will be her unprin-

cipled fanatical menials. If the disabilities were not now in existence, whom would the Catholics elect? The O'Connells, Shiels, and Lawlesses—the demagogues and traitors; in favour of men like these, upright and independent candidates would be scornfully rejected by both priests and people.

Under the securities, the Catholics would be in Ireland the irresistible political body which they now are. The Aristocracy would be powerless—the Established Church would have no weight—legitimate political influence would be stifled—the freedom of election would be merely a name—and the Protestants would be practically stripped of their political privileges and power. The great majority of the Irish Members would be chosen by the Catholic Church, with as much ease as she could choose them, if no such securities should exist.

In England and Scotland the securities would be on this point equally worthless. The Catholics would have the same church laws to control their votes, and their Church would have the same inducements and power to be the political despots. They represent—we know not how truly—that Catholicism is increasing greatly in England, by conversion, as well as through emigration from Ireland. It cannot be doubted, that both the English Catholics and the Irish ones would do their utmost to get the elective franchise in England, as far as possible, into Catholic hands. The securities would give to the priests that power to rob, by spiritual tyranny, the landlords and masters in England of the votes of their tenants, servants, and general dependents, which they possess in Ireland. For any open borough in England, a Catholic would be elected by the rabble, if he would only offer himself as what is called, "The Third Man." Many of the boroughs could be purchased by the Catholic Church. And it may be regarded as certain, that the Catholics would be sufficiently powerful as a party, to prevail on the Whigs and liberal Tories to return a large sprinkling of Catholic members for their close boroughs. In all this the securities would be without operation.

On the removal of the disabilities, a very powerful party of Catholics would at once make its appearance in the House of Commons. In general principle, interest, and feeling, this party would be identified with the low Whigs and liberal Tories. The low Whigs have long insisted, that there ought to be no religious tests and securities in the disposing of public trusts; and they have long servilely supported the Catholics for the sake of party power. The liberal Tories, whatever they did a few years ago, now practically abandon securities, and throw themselves chiefly on the Catholics for support. Some of the leaders of these two parties do not belong to the Established Church; and certain members of them do not belong to any religion. The Church has abandoned them, they regard it as the deadly enemy of their party interests, and they are anxious to strip it to the utmost of political influence. A few years ago, a motion for despoiling the Church in Ireland, found amidst them a minority of, as far as we recollect, more than sixty to support it. The admission of the Catholics into Parliament will cause party strife to turn principally on matters in dispute between Protestants and Catholics—the Established Church and the Catholic one. This will inevitably be the case, because party ascendancy will turn on these matters. The Catholic members will dilate on Catholic grievances, on still remaining disabilities, and on the continued usurpations and evil deeds of the Protestants; they will make motion after motion, to strengthen Catholicism, and weaken Protestantism; and in all this they will be warmly supported by their party allies. The preservation and increase of their party power, and their hopes of office, must impel these three parties to incessant efforts for weakening the one religion and rendering the other more powerful. We say not that this confederacy would openly attempt to demolish the Church by one blow; it would be guilty of no such folly; it would labour to compass the demolition by sapping and mining, and a series of petty assaults.

In late years the Catholics have had a majority in the House of Commons on the question of Emancipation, although Catholic members have been excluded, and scarcely any reliance has been placed on the proposed securities. This majority, with little exception, has held securities to be wholly unnecessary. With this fact—the

repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and the general feeling which the House of Commons has long displayed, before him, where is the man who will say that the combined Catholics, low Whigs, and liberal Tories, would not be able immediately to carry in this House any measure for injuring the Church, short of one for its absolute overthrow? If there be any such man, his opinions are regulated by the reverse of experience and demonstration. If some years ago the disabilities had been removed, and these securities had been established, our firm belief is, that in late years the confederacy could with ease have carried measures for destroying the latter in detail. The general conduct of the House of Commons will not admit of any other conclusion, than that this confederacy could have prevailed on it to sanction at intervals bills for permitting the Catholics to vote on all subjects—for suffering them to hold the offices of Lord Chancellor, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c.—for abolishing the Coronation Oath in respect of religion—for plundering the Church in Ireland under the pretext of making a better distribution of its property—for re-creating the 40s. freeholders, &c. &c.; and we are very far from being sure that such bills would have met with any vigorous opposition from the Ministry.

It may, therefore, be fairly assumed from the experience of the past, that in spite of the securities, the Catholics in the first moment would have a majority in the House of Commons which would enable them at fitting opportunities to abolish any security whatever, and to carry in detail the requisite measures for weakening their opponents, and gaining possession of the Cabinet. It must be remembered too, that the removal of the disabilities would add greatly to their strength as a political party in both England and Ireland. When in the last session the Ministry found it alike impossible to preserve the safeguards of the Church, and to carry measures called for by its interests, and the Catholics had a majority in their favour, what, we ask, can be fairly expected, if the disabilities be removed? The Church is even now in a minority, at least in the House of Commons.

We have said sufficient to shew that the securities have no real value. We must, however, observe, that they do not even pretend to offer security in various cases, in which it is imperiously called for. They do not pretend to secure the independence of the Catholic elector from the tyranny of his priest—to secure to the Irish Protestants their just and necessary political influence—to secure the appointment of the regular clergy from the powerful indirect influence which Catholic members of the Cabinet would possess—and to secure to the Protestants generally of the United Kingdom the same advantages, in respect of party power, which are enjoyed by the Catholics. They leave the Catholic Church independent, and above the authority of the Government; and the Established one under its regulation and control. They leave to the Catholics, exclusive laws, immunities, and advantages, which Protestants are not permitted to possess; which render them irresistible against the Protestants in Ireland, and which would render them equally irresistible in England, in proportion as their religion may extend itself, and they leave it a matter of certainty, that in proportion as their religion may extend itself in England, freedom of election must be destroyed, the Aristocracy must lose its political influence, and the elective franchise, and, of course, seats in Parliament, must become the property of the Catholic Church.

We will now give a summary of what might be reasonably expected to follow the removal of the disabilities.

The demagogues, and the body of the Catholics, clamour for many things which this removal would not grant; and they have again and again declared that it would be worthless if not followed by other ruinous changes. The character and interests of the demagogues and priests, and the character and feelings of the people, render it almost certain, that for the spoliation of the Church, the repeal of the Union, Reform, &c., the Catholics would continue to war as furiously against the Protestants, as they now do, and would be as discontented, turbulent, and disaffected, as they now are.

The Catholics would naturally be anxious to possess as many seats in Parliament as possible, and, in consequence, the priests would be even more

active and powerful at elections than they now are against Protestants. The influence of the Protestant Aristocracy would be completely destroyed; and the Protestants, no matter of what party, to a very large extent, would be compelled to surrender their seats in Parliament to Catholics.

The election contests, the struggles for local ascendency, and the continual efforts to beat down the general power of the Protestants, and the resistance of the latter, would cause the Catholics to be constantly a fierce, ungovernable political combination, having the priests for its most active leaders.

The Catholic Members of Parliament would be violent party-men of similar principles, chosen by a party, as Whig and Tory members are chosen; they would, therefore, act as a party. None but fanatics would be elected. They would be completely under the dictation of the Catholic Church, and they would depend for their seats on their endeavouring to benefit Catholicism, and injure Protestantism, as much as possible.

In respect of party power, the Catholics, through exclusive laws and immunities, would possess great and destructive advantages over the Protestants, which the latter would be restricted from acquiring. The Catholics would be, to a considerable extent, above the authority of the Government and laws; and the Protestants would be completely under it.

The Catholic members of Parliament, aided by Whig and otherallies, would be at once too powerful for the supporters of the Established Church. They would be able to destroy in detail all the obstacles to their obtaining possession of the Cabinet. To support them, the body of Irish Catholics would, at frequent intervals, be what they are at present—lawless, ungovernable, and on the brink of rebellion, to obtain the abolition of tithes, the dissolution of the Protestant corporations, or some similar object; and this would extort concession from the Government.

The Catholics, in both Ireland and England, would be infinitely more powerful than they now are.

As Ministers, the Catholics and their allies would, in the first place, plunder the Church in Ireland, and beat to the dust Protestantism. Their past declarations and votes render this unquestionable. They would sever what is allowed to be the only bond, except the sword, which binds Ireland to England. In all probability, they would endeavour to make the Catholic religion take the place of the Established one. Civil war, and war between England and Ireland, would inevitably follow. Several of the demagogues, and a considerable part of the Catholics, not only detest England, but are anxious to make Ireland independent; and they would have the means put into their hands for commencing and maintaining a bloody war for independence.

In England, such Ministers would necessarily do their utmost to destroy the Established Church, and replace it with the Catholic one for their own interests. How Protestant rights and liberties would be dealt with, may be gathered from the treatment which the Bible and School Societies have received in Ireland. Party fury and strife would render the destruction of freedom a matter of necessity. We need not describe the horrible train of evils and calamities which would be produced: one, however, we must mention—civil war: this would be inevitable; and if the constitution could be ultimately preserved, it would be through it alone.

To those who laugh at danger, and aver that the Protestants will always be far too powerful for the Catholics, it would be very idle in us to say any thing. We must, however, observe, that without proof that the Protestants will always act together against the Catholics, the averment of such people is of no value. They do not, and they cannot, offer such proof. The Protestants are divided against each other. A very powerful part of them does not belong to the Church, and conceives that it has a deep interest in weakening and humbling it. The battle will be fought, not amidst the community at large, but principally in the House of Commons. In this House, as far as appearances go, the Catholics at the first moment will have eighty or one hundred members: including those whom they may get elected in England, we think, they may, without much difficulty, have one hundred. These Catholic Members will be practically as much under the selection and control of the Catholic Church, as the members of

any close borough are under the selection and control of the proprietor of the borough. They will form an indivisible party. The rest of the House, overlooking subdivisions, will be divided into two hostile parties of Protestants. There is not the least ground for hoping, that these two parties will act together against the Catholic party; but it is morally certain, that one of them will combine itself with the Catholic one. This party in politics, will be as bitterly opposed to Protestantism as the Catholic Members; its hopes of office; its general interests, individual and collective, will centre on the political ascendency of Catholicism over Protestantism; and of course it will be as anxious to strengthen the former and weaken the latter, as the Catholics themselves. How will the case stand in respect of party power? It must be remembered that the Irish Members, who will be expelled from Parliament and replaced by Catholics, divide themselves generally between the Whigs and the Tories; to whatever extent they may act together on the Catholic Question, the majority of them, we believe, generally supports the Tories. The Irish Members, instead of giving, on a balance, a considerable number of votes in general politics to the Tory or Church party, or at any rate of neutralizing each other's vote, will give a large number of votes to the opposite party. In reality, a new borough interest will be created, which will command a large number of votes that are now independent and divided ones. If eighty Irish Members divide themselves equally between the Whigs and the Tories, they on a division make no difference in the majority; but if fifty vote with the Tories, and thirty with the Whigs, they give, in a division, twenty votes to the relative strength of the Tories. If, instead of voting fifty for the Tories and thirty for the Whigs, they all vote for the latter, this will make a difference to the Tories of one hundred votes. We are inclined to believe, that the removal of the disabilities will take in effect one hundred votes from the Tory or Protestant party. Granting that at the outset this party will have the advantage of being in office, there will be on the one side, in respect of controlled votes, the Members for the Treasury, and a part of the Tory boroughs; on the other side, there will be the one hundred Members of the Catholic Church, those for the Whig boroughs, and those for a part of the Tory ones. The Tory, or Church party, will have such a large majority of controlled votes against it, that we cannot see how it can possibly maintain itself in office. If this party cannot now command a real majority, a difference of one hundred votes against it will have the most fatal consequences. If the Catholic party gain office, there will then be on the one side the Treasury boroughs, the Whig ones, those of the Catholic Church, and a part of the Tory ones; while on the other, there will only be a part of the Tory boroughs. Our belief is, that the change will expel the Tory or Protestant party from power, and will make the Catholic party the ruling one.*

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* This forms a conclusive proof that the removal of the disabilities would give advantages to the Catholic over the Protestant, of the most unjust and pernicious character. The Catholic Church, through its exclusive discipline, would have its eighty or one hundred members in the House of Commons, chosen in reality by itself, united, and completely under its dictation. The Established Church would not have half a dozen, and scarcely any Protestant sect would have one. If the Catholic members were as free from spiritual choice and control as the Protestant ones, they would, in all probability, divide and balance each other, as the Protestant ones do. The Catholics, through their advantages, would be able to keep their members combined, and they would govern the majority in Parliament; the Protestants, from the want of these advantages, would have their members divided, and they would be in the minority. The Irish Catholics, aided by a body of Protestant auxiliaries, would be the ruling party in the state.

If an act of Parliament should be passed to enable the Catholics to compel their members always to vote in a body according to the dictates of their Church; to prohibit the Protestants from doing the same, or taking effectual measures for preventing their members from dividing themselves into hostile parties, and neutralizing each other's power; and, through this, to give to the Catholics the means of governing the majority in the House of Commons—such an Act would be demonstrably, in the eyes

It will not move us, if this appear unworthy of notice to those who deal in vague generalities touching the community at large. It is sufficient for us to know that the great question is—What effect will the removal of the disabilities have amidst parties in Parliament? If the Catholics gain the majority there, it will matter but little what the religion of the community may be. In such a case, the dissatisfaction created amidst the community by its religion, instead of driving them from power, will incite them to attack the rights and liberties of the Protestants to retain it. We are aware that the inhabitants of England and Scotland are Protestants, but our belief is, that the removal of the disabilities will in effect place us, as Protestants, in the minority in the House of Commons, and consequently in the Cabinet. We cannot be ignorant that a very large part of them fight the battles of the Catholic against the Protestant, insist that the former ought not to be subject to any securities, and do every thing possible to destroy the political power of the Church, which constitutes the essence of the political power of Protestantism. This part of them differ from the Catholics merely in name. Our fears would be the less, if we could be convinced that the party of Protestants which will join the Catholic

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of all men, the most unjust and iniquitous one conceivable. Yet that would be in reality precisely such an act which should remove the disabilities. It matters not, whether the Catholics should compel their members to vote thus, by the laws of the realm, or by laws of their own, sanctioned by the laws of the realm. The latter now impose the prohibition on the Protestants.

Another decisive proof of the same kind may be found in this. We will assume, that in Ireland there are a Protestant landlord and a Catholic one, possessed of estates of the same value, and each having one hundred Protestants, and the same number of Catholic freeholders. At an election, the Protestant landlord can only command the votes of one-half of his own freeholders, while the Catholic one can command the votes of the other half, as well as those of the whole of his own. The Protestant is in effect prohibited from using any thing but the influence of his property, which is powerless with his Catholic freeholders. The Catholic is permitted to use, in addition to the influence of his property, which effectually commands his Protestant freeholders, the laws of his Church, which command not only his own Catholic freeholders, but those of his rival. In consequence, with the same property and the same number of freeholders, the Protestant has only one hundred votes, while the Catholic has three hundred.

If a law should be passed to enable the Catholic in this case to compel all his own freeholders, and one-half of those of the Protestant to vote for him; and to prohibit the Protestant from having more votes than those of half of his own freeholders; such a law would be denounced as one to legalize robbery for the ruin of the State. Yet such is in reality the law at present. The Catholics now possess such scandalous advantages, and if the disabilities be removed, they will, through them, gain the ascendency in Parliament.

We will add a third equally conclusive proof. We will suppose that in an Irish county all the land and freeholders belong to Protestants. The latter, at elections, are prohibited from using any thing but the influence of their property, while the Catholics are permitted to use the laws of their Church. The freeholders are all Catholics. The Protestants cannot retain one of their own votes, and the Catholics, by their exclusive laws, get the whole. This is practically the law at present.

This is not speculation. The state of Ireland places the truth of what we say above controversy. The exclusive advantages which the Catholics possess at elections, must necessarily, if the disabilities be removed, be exclusive advantages equally mighty and pernicious in Parliament. Those who command the votes at elections, must, of course, command the conduct in Parliament of the Representative. The proprietor of the close borough makes menials of his members, because he commands the votes of those who elect them.

It is idle to tell us, that the Government cannot reach these laws of the Catholic Church, or that it cannot prevent the Catholics from drawing such advantages from their religion. The case is simply this: The Protestant must be on an equality with the Catholic; the latter must be prohibited from using any other influence with the elector and member of Parliament, than the legal and constitutional influence to which the Protestant is restricted. If it be impossible to establish this equality, the disabilities must remain, or, in defiance of every principle of right and justice, the majority must be sacrificed to the minority, to the ruin of the empire.

one will govern the latter; but every thing in fact and reason is calculated to produce a contrary conviction. This party, to gain an ally in the Catholic one, must espouse its cause, promote its interests, and submit to its dictation. The fact that, in late years, the Whigs and liberal Tories have ranged themselves with the Catholics against the Bible and School Societies, the Reformation, &c.; and have defended all the outrageous and tyrannical proceedings of the Catholics against the Protestants, proves abundantly, that they will do any thing against Protestantism which the Catholics may prescribe. We care not for names. Those Protestants who, in and out of Parliament, do every thing the Catholics desire, do every thing they would do, if they were themselves Catholics.

In late years we have seen in the House of Commons the Church in a minority, and the Catholics, although they are excluded, supported by the majority. We have seen some of the bulwarks of the Church destroyed in spite of the efforts of the Ministry. We have seen the influential friends of the Church wholly excluded from office, and a Ministry in existence, the leading part of which was devoted to the Catholics, and was supported by the parties which do every thing in their power to injure the Church. And we have seen the Ministry make it a general principle, that every demand of their opponents ought to be to a certain extent conceded. We are well aware that the overwhelming majority of the country has been opposed to all this; but what has it availed? If a contemptible minority get hold of power, it can do almost any thing for a time, no matter how it may be opposed by the mass of the community. From the history of late years, we can only extract evidence to substantiate what we have stated.

That any man who calls himself a statesman, can, after looking at the body which the Catholics now form, pronounce that it ought, in right or expediency, to be intrusted with a most important and influential share of the general government of the country, is one of the most extraordinary circumstances of the age. Common reason may convince every one, that if this body, instead of being properly qualified for exercising the momentous trust which it claims, be disqualified in every possible way, the granting of what it claims must inevitably have the most fatal effects on the interests of the empire. What are the general character and conduct of the Catholics as a body? In the first place, who are their leaders? If they be led by their aristocracy, property, intelligence, and virtue—by men having a deep stake in the public weal, and having their interests identified with the good conduct of society—this must operate powerfully in their favour. Are they so led? No. O'Connell is the only one of their leaders who is connected with their upper classes, and possesses fortune, and he is a practising barrister. In his public character, this person continually wallows in the lowest depths of stupidity, blackguardism, and depravity. His speeches never display a gleam of political science, or rational argumentation; they consist of villainous misrepresentations and brutal scurrilities, profusely garnished with tawdry metaphor and puling interjection. The rest of their leaders are hungry lawyers and newspaper-writers, strangers alike to family and fortune. The speeches of these men resemble those of O'Connell; they can only utter lies, slanders, and sedition. It is scarcely possible to read the atrocious productions which are published in the newspapers as the harangues of O'Connell and his gang, without being astonished that human nature can sink so low in guilt and pollution, and that their parents are not in every quarter held to be the shame and bane of society. These degraded and despicable men are the acknowledged leaders of the whole Catholic body. The rank, property, knowledge, and integrity of the Catholics cannot be seen—they have no weight. It is known that they are utterly impotent when opposed to these leaders.

In the second place, What are the Catholics in religion? They are in the highest degree bigoted, fanatical, and intolerant. They manifest the most deadly hatred to the religion of the State. Their hostility to the circulation of the Scriptures, and the diffusion of genuine Christianity, is sufficiently known. Their chapels are used as political schools of the worst character; they hold their political meetings in them, and they do this

sometimes on the Sabbath. From the altar of his God, the ignorant Catholic is taught every thing in politics that can make him a wicked man and a guilty subject. They have had public dinners on the Sabbath, at which songs were sung. They are the abject bondsmen of their church. According to the newspapers, O'Connell, at the Clare election, prostrated himself to his Bishop in the public street before the multitude. If he really did this, we hope the degraded idolatrous slave will never again be permitted to stand erect in the presence of free men. While they are thus, the despotism of their religion is used to compel them to trample on the bonds of society, to violate the laws, and to fill Ireland with wickedness and guilt. Their religion exists to suppress genuine Christianity, and teach almost all that it prohibits. O'Connell and his gang have supplied abundant proofs that if they had the power, they would speedily exterminate the Protestants with the rack, the faggot, and the sword.

In the third place, What are the general sentiments and conduct of the Catholics? They manifest the most inveterate hostility to religious and civil liberty. They annihilate the religious rights and liberties of the Protestants to the utmost point possible; and they call for the robbery and overthrow of the Established Church. They annihilate, in like manner, to the utmost point, the civil rights and liberties of the Protestants. They have plundered the latter of their just and constitutional influence, and converted them into their vassals. They have destroyed, as far as they can destroy them, both the freedom of election and the freedom of Parliament; and degraded, into abject menials, both the elector and the representative. The Protestants who oppose them in politics, are not to be suffered to hire Catholics to labour for them; they are not to be suffered to sell their goods to Catholics; they are to be ruined, and expelled society. Many have been thus ruined by laws solemnly enacted by O'Connell and his gang, sanctioned by the whole Catholic body, and administered by the priesthood. They labour, by ruinous litigation and other means, to expel all Protestants from the magistracy who will not support them. They openly trample on all laws which are opposed to their will, and threaten with destruction every part of the constitution which clashes with their interests. They have established against the Protestants a system of lawless and savage tyranny, terror, prosecution, plunder, and extermination, which is evidently only restrained from sweeping every thing Protestant from the face of Ireland, by the fear of the sword of England. Amidst the projects which they advocate, we find the spoliation of the Church, the destruction of the Protestant Corporations, Parliamentary Reform, the Repeal of the Union, &c. &c. A large party of them detests England, and wishes to make Ireland independent.

While the Catholics are thus, they form a furious political combination, perfectly organized, and completely under the dictation of its leaders. The mass of them are in the darkest ignorance, and are distinguished by general insubordination, and contempt for the regulations of civilized society.

It is amazing that any man can be found to say, that a body like this—a body which has not the least pretensions to be called a party, and which displays every characteristic of a lawless, profligate, destructive faction—ought to be intrusted with a leading share in the government of the empire. It is still more amazing, that the demonstration of the truth of what have hitherto been the main arguments against the removal of the disabilities, and the refutation of what have been the main arguments in its favour, are pleaded by both the opponents and friends of the Catholics as an irresistible reason for giving them such a share in the government. On what have their opponents chiefly rested? The pleas that the Catholics were as hostile to the established religion, and as anxious to destroy the Church, as they now prove themselves to be—that they would continually make those efforts to extinguish religious and civil liberty, which they are now making—that they would render their Church that baleful and omnipotent political engine, which they have now rendered it—that they would monopolize seats in Parliament as they are now monopolizing them—and that they would be that lawless, tyrannical, insatiable, and destructive faction, which they now are. Because these

pleas are made matter of demonstration, all that they forbid is to be granted; while they were only arguments they were all-powerful; now that they are facts, they are worthless. And on what have the friends of emancipation chiefly rested? The pleas that the Catholics had no wish to injure the Church and the Protestants—that they were not hostile to religious and civil liberty—that their Church would not be made a political engine of evil—that they could not obtain more than some three or six seats in Parliament—and that they would be as much divided in politics, as obedient to the laws, as friendly to the constitution, and as good subjects, as the Protestants. Because these pleas are proved to be fiction, all they ask is to be conceded; while they were plausible assumptions they were to be disregarded, but now that they are torn into shreds by the Catholics themselves, they are irresistible. The sole argument which is now used by all sides in favour of emancipation, is in plain English this:—The Catholics domineer over your Government; they trample on your laws; they are ungovernable; they plunder and tyrannize over the Protestants; they have within their grasp the greater part of the Irish seats in Parliament; they distinctly deny the sovereign authority established by the constitution, and substitute their own will for the laws of the realm; they are animated by the worst principles; and if you do not grant what they demand, without any reference to its nature, they will become traitors and rebels; THEREFORE you ought to concede every thing they ask. This is the sole argument, and it would be just as valid a one as it now is, if it were used to obtain power for the Catholics to change the dynasty, destroy the Constitution, raise their Church on the ruins of the Established one, and sweep away every vestige of freedom. Disqualification is set up as the ground for conferring trusts; and the certainty that a man, as a public functionary, would abuse his power, into the means of bringing all manner of evil on the State, is held forth as an omnipotent reason for making him one.

Upon the whole, then, on every principle of right, expediency, and even public necessity, the Catholics ought still to be excluded from the public offices they seek. Until the despotism of their religion is destroyed, their union is dissolved, their power is broken, a balance of Protestants is established against them, and they are placed under proper leaders, are made obedient to the laws, and are filled with good principles, the disabilities must remain.

What, then, ought to be done in Ireland? Something *must* be done. Saying nothing of other matters, the Catholics, by their conduct at the Clare election, have rendered it impossible for the Government to avoid doing something. Things cannot remain as they are.

What then ought to be done? Mr G. R. Dawson could only discover, as an alternative to emancipation, a return to the penal laws. We feel prodigious difficulty in restraining ourselves from saying of this individual what we think, when we mention him. Is there no other alternative? Yes; and even renegade eyes might easily have perceived it. To discover what ought to be done, dive not into metaphysics, wander not into abstract doctrines; keep aloof from party feelings, and consult common reason. Place before you the glaring evil, and let such reason prescribe the remedy.

For some years the Irish Government has been only a nominal one. It has been something worse. It has practically existed to prevent Ireland from being governed: its power has been employed to crush opposition to the Catholics, and make them what they are. What is the present one? Here is a Lord Lieutenant, who vigilantly punishes the police officers for wearing, on a particular occasion, a shred of orange ribbon; and who, instead of punishing the parents of those seditious libels, and treasonable regulations, which fill Ireland with intolerable evils, bestows on them personal civilities. This, we presume, is a specimen of that impartiality, of which he boasts so indecorously. He declares that he will never ask any man to change his religion; and that he will always support the principle which he first professed, and which he made a condition of, when he accepted his office—*to know no man by his religion.* It must be observed, that this is the principle, not of a Judge, but of the head of the Irish Executive. His Excellency, it appears, thinks with those

who hold that "one religion is as good as another, and that the Reformation was a mere matter of political expediency." What a pity that the parents of the Revolution of 1688 were not of the same opinion! We are constrained to ask—is not the Catholic religion, politically considered, a pernicious one to society? Is there an Established Church in Ireland, and is it the duty of the Government to protect and strengthen it? Those who take such men from the only profession they know, to put them into such offices, have much to answer for to God and their country. Then here is a Chancellor who is a favourer of emancipation, and who, on the principle of impartiality, fills the Magistracy with Catholics, but who will not, on the same principle, enforce the laws against the libels and illegal acts of the demagogues. And then, here is a Secretary, who, two or three years ago, declared in Parliament, that thenceforward he would employ "all his energies" in favour of emancipation. The Irish Government has gone on from bad to worse, until it now combines the extreme of imbecility, with general harmony among its members in favour of the Catholics. With such a Government, how can the affairs of the Irish Church be properly managed; and how can Ireland be in any other than its present condition?

The grand error is, Ireland, putting matters of trade out of sight, is governed as a separate country. Neither its own Government, nor the British one, will remember, that it is part and parcel of the United Kingdom. Whatever might be the case if it were a distant colony, it must, as what it is, be governed on the principles on which England is governed. The Catholics must be treated as Dissenters, and the religion of the State must be protected and promoted. The present system is rapidly destroying the Church in Ireland, and if the disabilities be removed, it will do this still more rapidly; the fall of the Church will render Ireland independent, or light up a desolating war in it for independence. This system is injuring, and endangering the Church, and every thing valuable in England. The United Kingdom is in truth "divided against itself;" its two Governments act on opposite and conflicting principles; and bold indeed is the man who will venture to say that its fall is far distant.

What, then, is the first glaring want of Ireland? An efficient Government, composed of able, energetic men, who will act on sound principles,—men who will enforce obedience to the laws, and carry into effect the necessary measures for rendering the Catholics peaceable and orderly subjects.

If it be true that the Catholic Association has usurped the functions of the Government, trampled on the laws, produced the most grievous evils, and placed Ireland on the brink of rebellion, it must be equally true that it ought to be effectually crushed. You cannot deny the conclusion. If you say that you cannot crush it, our reply is—Disgrace office no longer with your cowardice and incapacity. A few years ago, England was in circumstances, which greatly resembled the present ones of Ireland. The lower orders, to a very formidable extent, were formed into seditious combinations, for the purpose of obtaining changes in the constitution and laws; they continually held riotous meetings, which were got up and presided over by itinerant demagogues. The country was convulsed to its centre; and rebellion was threatened, and even commenced. What was done? Did Government concede and conciliate? Did his Majesty and his Ministers admit the radical O'Connells and Lawlesses into their presence, and lavish on them civilities? Was it thought necessary to grant universal suffrage, and the thousand other "rights" which the "persecuted" and "oppressed" Associations demanded? No. The English demagogues and their dupes had infinitely worse luck than the Irish ones have had, or are likely to have. Proper laws were made, by which the Magistrates were empowered to prevent all public meetings from being held without their sanction; and which prohibited the demagogues from going from place to place to get up such meetings. These laws were eminently effectual.

Here is a precedent. Prohibit by law the demagogues from spouting scurrility and treason in any place save Dublin. Empower the Magistrates or the Government to prevent all public meetings from being held without their consent. Make the publication of the speeches delivered at any meet-

ing, no matter what it may be called, evidence of its being a public one; cite the reporters as witnesses; and subject the orators to pains and penalties, should they have held the meeting, without the requisite consent of authority. With regard to the Rent, make it highly penal for money to be subscribed for any purpose, without the consent of the Government. Give the Magistrates and Government ample power to prevent, as well as to punish; it will not do to make prevention depend on punishment. Enable them to *prevent* meetings from being held, to *prevent* combinations from being formed, and to *prevent* money from being collected.

This would be equally simple and effectual in operation. It would not, like the Insurrection Act, injure the body of the people; it would never be felt by the peaceable and well-disposed; and it would merely restrain the demagogues and traitors. Now why, when this in substance has been done in England, cannot it be done in Ireland? It must be remembered, that in times when England was in less dangerous circumstances than Ireland is in, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. We cannot see why the one island should be treated with more indulgence than the other. We cannot perceive that O'Connell's gang and their dupes deserve a whit more lenity than was deserved by the Hunts and their deluded instruments. In our judgment, the English Radicals had just as much right to overthrow the constitution, as the Irish Catholics have. We cannot for our lives believe, that because these Catholics are subject to disabilities, they have a right to be lawless, and to plunge the empire into ruin.

Then there are the elections. If Catholics offer themselves, cannot you prohibit them by law from being put in nomination? With regard to the voters, if you cannot destroy the despotism of the priest, you can at least subject him to pains and penalties for interfering; and you can destroy the fictitious freeholders. The latter are, in truth, in regard to principle, a disgrace to, and a cancer on, the constitution. On every principle on which the corrupt boroughs of England have been disfranchised, the fictitious freeholders of Ireland have forfeited all right to the elective franchise. We need not enlarge on the penury and wretchedness which flow from the creation of them, or on the savage rioting and bloodshed which they cause at every election. It is only necessary for us to observe, that they abuse their trust, in a manner destructive of the best interests of the country. They give the power to elect the majority of Irish Members to a corporation, which was never intended by the constitution to have any share in such election. They produce all the evils of popular election, without any of the benefits. Ireland has the tumult, rioting, and animosity, but in other respects it is practically without a representative form of government; nay, it is in a worse condition than it would be under an absolute one, for, through these freeholders, the legislature, so far as it is concerned, is formed and controlled by a corporation, which has a deep interest in injuring to the utmost the general interests of the community. When we see this corporation's gang of minions publicly promulgating laws which are to bind the electors of all parts in their choice, and the Members for all places, in their votes—when we see this Dublin gang deciding who shall, and who shall not, represent the Irish counties and boroughs—and when we see those who wish to represent these counties and boroughs, addressing themselves, not to the lawful electors, but to this gang at Dublin, and binding themselves to the most unconstitutional pledges of its dictating as the price of the seats—when we see all this, we think the existence of these fictitious freeholders can only be defended by those who wish to injure Ireland and the empire in every manner.

In those parts which are inhabited almost exclusively by Catholics, the latter, if the qualification be raised to a proper height, will still select the representatives, and they will still be to a pernicious degree under the dictation of their Church. No Protestant landlord will be able to depend on the fidelity of his Catholic tenantry. The Protestant landowners, who wish to retain their just rights and influence, must perform a duty to themselves and their country, alike important and arduous. They must plant a number of Protestants on their estates, sufficient to balance the number of Catholics. The duty rests on the

Whig as well as the Tory; if the disabilities be removed, the Whig candidates will be as scornfully rejected for Catholic ones, as the Tory candidates. Even now the Whigs are as much deprived of their influence, as the Tories. If the tenant violate his solemn compact, the penalty ought to be exacted, no matter what he may suffer from it. The Protestants permit themselves to be trampled on in every way. Their tenant violates his agreement, and they are deterred from repossessing themselves of what he has justly forfeited, by the clamour of the wretches who drag him into the violation. In doing this, they tamely prostrate themselves to the tyranny of the demagogues, and encourage the people to despise them, the laws, and every thing save the demagogues. They ought to remember, that if their ejection of their refractory Catholic tenants for Protestant ones, would produce temporary and partial evils, it would speedily yield the greatest benefits to general society, and the whole body of Irish tenantry. From those parts of Ireland where the Protestants are the weakest, and where it is essential for public good that their number should be increased as much as possible, many thousands of them are literally banished annually by the oppressions of the Catholics. If they were properly located and protected, they would secure to the Aristocracy its just influence, and produce that balance against Catholicism, which is so imperiously necessary. It is a matter of the very highest state necessity for all the best interests of both Ireland and Britain, that a counterpoise of Protestants should be formed throughout the former.

We have shewn that it would be extremely easy to frame temporary laws which would be effectual in putting down the Association, and restoring order; and that they would not be a whit more severe than laws or other measures, to which England in modern times has been more than once subjected. What then can be pleaded against the enactment of such laws, when the necessity for them is so fearfully apparent? It is assumed that the House of Commons will only sanction them on condition that the disabilities be removed.

This assumption forms as gross a libel on the House of Commons, as could well be imagined. It is unanimously agreed, that gigantic evils exist, which threaten the empire with the most grievous calamities, in addition to the tremendous mass of ills which already flows from them. It is agreed, with equal unanimity, that they ought to be removed. There is not a Member of the House—we do not even except the degraded menials of O'Connell and his gang—who is not convinced that the evils exist, and that they should be effectually remedied. Yet we are told that the House of Commons will not suffer these evils to be touched, unless a fundamental change is made in the constitution and laws, to which the Crown, the Peers, and the vast majority of the community, are strongly opposed. We are told that if this change be not made, the House of Commons is determined that the evils shall not be molested, but shall produce what they do, and bring on the empire ruin and dismemberment. We are told that the House of Commons, if it be not permitted to make a change, which, in the conviction of what constitutes the country, would endanger the constitution, and be the parent of incalculable mischief, is resolved to protect and nurture that, which, in its own conviction, is the source of every thing that can scourge and destroy the empire. It is incredible! Our veneration for the institutions of our country will not suffer us to believe it, until the fatal proofs are placed before us.

If this should by possibility be true, we would ask the House of Commons from what school it has drawn its new definitions of duty? We would ask by whom it has been taught thus preposterously to confound matters of necessity with those of mere opinion, and to refuse to repress and punish guilt in any other way than through speculative innovation? We are very sure that it has not received the instruction from the constitution and laws; for both reprobate it in the strongest manner. Passing by the heads of parties and the stripling Members, of whom it would be idle in us to say any thing, we cannot conceive how any independent experienced Member can be so far the audacious betrayer of his trust, and enemy of his country, as to rise in his place and say—"I know that in Ireland the Government is beaten to the dust, the laws are

trampled on, one part of the population robs and oppresses the other, and a band of incendiaries exercises despotic authority, can incite the mass of the people to commit guilt, and at its pleasure, can light the flame of rebellion; but nevertheless I am determined to protect all this to the utmost, unless you consent to make a mighty change in the fundamental laws of the realm." We cannot, we say, conceive how any such Member could do this; we must assume it to be impossible. If, however, it should be witnessed, it would render the revision and amendment of the laws for protecting the State a matter of great necessity.

It has always been, and still is, the duty of the House of Commons, to punish crime, correct evil, avert danger, and protect the laws, without making it conditional on other matters. That monstrous principle is alien to the British constitution and laws, which makes guilt, outrage, insubordination, violation of law, and national calamity, mere things of expediency, to be cherished or prevented, as theoretic experiments on the constitution and laws may be resisted or submitted to. If the House adopt the principle in some things, let it be consistent, and adopt it in all. Let it be solemnly voted that murder and theft shall not be punished, that debts shall not be recovered, that the army and navy shall no longer exist, and that the laws generally shall be deprived of operation, if Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and other measures of like nature, are not sanctioned. Whether the disabilities ought or ought not to be removed, it is certain that the question ought to be decided by the proper authorities on its own merits; and that the House of Commons has no more right to compel the Crown and the Peers to sanction, than it has to compel them to oppose, the removal. If this House labour to gain the sanction of the other Estates of the realm, by refusing to apply a remedy to the evils of Ireland, it will employ compulsion of the most iniquitous character. It will act the part of an open enemy to the empire. It will in effect say—"If you will not obey our dictation, we will destroy your authority in Ireland, annul your laws, overwhelm you with evils, array your subjects against you, involve you in civil war, and place your empire in danger of being rent to pieces." What practical difference would there be between this, and the threat of France, or any other foreign power, that if the disabilities were not removed, war should be commenced against us? There would be none. The House would be just as much the enemy of this country, as the foreign power, and it would fight with more unhallowed and dangerous weapons.

But whatever course the House of Commons may adopt, the Executive has a duty to perform which it is not for this House to define. We do not know what could well be more gross violation of duty in a Minister, than his declaring, that, because one of the Estates of the realm decides that a vital change in the constitution and laws is needed, the other two Estates ought to sanction the change, in flat opposition to their own conviction. If this have been done, it was directly subversive of the constitution; and it will be so, if it be done again. What can any Englishman think of the doctrine which in reality holds, that the Peers, in petty matters, may be suffered to exercise their deliberative functions, and reject the bills of the Commons; but in grave and essential ones which involve the existence of the Constitution, and all the best interests of the empire, they shall, in despite of their own judgment, sanction whatever the Commons may desire; and the Crown shall never exercise its right of rejection? This, in reality, makes the House of Commons, in essential things, not only the sole Legislature, but likewise the sole Executive. If it is still to be acted on, it will be better to get rid at once of the deceptive incumbrances, the Crown, the Peers, and even the Cabinet; and to replace them with the clerks paid by, and bound by the commands of, the House of Commons. With regard to the removal of the disabilities, the Crown, the Peers, and the great majority of the community, are opposed to it. Will therefore any Minister venture to say, in contradiction to his solemnly recorded conviction,—If this be not consented to, the House of Commons will not pass the laws required by the state of Ireland, therefore it ought to be consented to? We cannot tell what in these days any Minister will venture to say; but we can easily know what the saying of this

would render him. It is clearly the constitutional duty of Ministers to introduce into the Legislature the laws required in Ireland on their own merits, and, without any reference to the sentiments of the House of Commons, to support them to the utmost, and if they be defeated, to dissolve Parliament, or to resign. They are bound to this by honour, as well as by duty.

It is time for the system commenced by former Ministers, which is called one of compromise, but which deserves a much worse name, to be terminated. If there be such matters as principles, does not this system compromise them? If there be such a thing as consistency, does it not sacrifice it? A Minister declares that he is on principle decidedly opposed to a change of law or institution; the majority of the House of Commons is against him, and in consequence he declares, he will bow to this majority; he makes himself the instrument for carrying the change into effect, and he causes the Crown and Peers to sanction it; he becomes in reality its parent. Now, we protest, the utmost stretch of charity cannot prevent us from thinking that there is in this the reverse of principle and consistency. We can see no practical difference between it, and a change of sides made by a man out of office.

We should have been silent on this, if it had not the most fatal effects on the interests of the empire. When the Liverpool Ministry was broken up, Mr Peel questioned Mr Canning touching his sentiments on the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts; and intimated, that it would depend on the answer whether he should not go into opposition. What he said implied that he was strongly opposed to the repeal. The repeal was carried in the House of Commons against all the efforts of Ministers, and then the latter gained for it the sanction of the other Estates of the Realm. A member of the Cabinet, Mr V. Fitzgerald, lately boasted in Ireland that the Canning Ministry could not have carried it, and it has been universally proclaimed, that no Ministry but the Wellington one could have done so. While the Duke of Wellington, Mr Peel, and their friends, were out of office, they represented themselves to be decidedly opposed to the removal of the Catholic disabilities; it was from the belief that they were sincere that the country supported them as it did, and enabled them to regain office. Well, now it is asserted that they mean to remove the disabilities, and it is unanimously declared, that no Ministry but the Wellington one could accomplish the removal. We, of course, at present treat the assertion touching their change of principle as a foul libel; but if it prove true, it must be taken for granted that they will follow the same system in all controverted matters. We must naturally expect that they will next concede Parliamentary Reform, the remodelling of the Irish Church, &c. &c. We must see all the Whig and Radical schemes carried into effect by the Wellington Ministry—the only one that could do so.

Now, what can any honest man think of such a system? The part of the community which places Ministers in office, does so from the belief that they will adhere firmly to its principles. They immediately act on the opposite of these principles, and carry its parliamentary representatives along with them. They thus, in effect, deprive it of all representation and influence in the Cabinet and Legislature, and render the other part despotic. They made Whig and Radical changes which no other Ministers could make. This must make a Tory Ministry infinitely more dangerous and destructive than a low Whig, or even a Radical one, would be. The newfangled nonsense touching " settling the question," is below contempt. A Minister believes, whether erroneously or not is of no consequence, that if a change be made, it will produce baleful evils; and is he, merely to " settle" a controverted question, to sanction it? That man, whether he be in office or out of it, is not an honest one, who will assist in carrying a measure which he believes is a pernicious one; and his declaration, that he does this from the pressure of circumstances, against his conviction, does not palliate in the least his dishonesty. If we be told that Ministers must act on this system to retain office, our reply is—They are under no such compulsion, and they will retain it, as the far-famed Vicar of Bray retained his preferment. Ministers may change their

principles like other men; but they should do it openly, and they should so do it in mode and time, that it may not utterly disarm and throw out of the political balance the mass of the community which raised them to office. As we have said, we hold the assertion, that the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel intend to proceed farther on the system, to be a foul libel; but the confidence with which it is put forth in some quarters, renders it our duty to say what we have said. It was confidently expected that the appointment of the Wellington Ministry would be the death-blow of the system. The assurance was entertained, that such a man as the Duke would disdain to employ this disgraceful invention of former Ministers, to bolster up their weakness and gratify their thirst of power.

Our belief, as we have stated, is, that the House of Commons cannot refuse to do its duty in regard to Ireland. If then the necessary laws be enacted, is there danger that it will produce disturbances in the sister island? There is none. What it will produce are, tranquillity and order.

As to what will be done, we of course know nothing. In this uncertainty, we earnestly implore all ranks and conditions to do their duty amidst the appalling dangers which surround them. The Aristocracy stands among the things which these dangers more especially threaten. It is already stripped of its rights and trampled in the dust in Ireland; and in this state it must remain if the disabilities be removed. It must be brought to this in England, in proportion as Catholicism may extend itself among the freeholders and burgesses. The Catholics avow their determination to do their utmost to destroy not only its influence over its tenantry, but likewise its borough influence—to expel it wholly from the political system. This determination they will adhere to; and in proportion as their power shall increase, the Aristocracy of the United Kingdom will be rendered that powerless,degraded,contemptible body,which the Aristocracy is in Spain, Portugal, and other Catholic countries.

We devoutly hope that the Church judges correctly of its awful situation. Already it is in a minority. The object of eternal attack, it is no longer successfully defended. A part of its bulwarks were destroyed in the last session, and the removal of the disabilities will destroy the remainder. Let it not blindly hope to find protection in oaths and declarations. Its enemies declare that every thing they attempt to do will benefit it. The abolition of the Corporation and Test Acts was to benefit it—the removal of the Catholic disabilities is to benefit it—the robbing it of its possessions in Ireland is to benefit it—a Catholic or other Dissenter may, notwithstanding any oath or declaration, do any thing for its overthrow, on the pretext that he is labouring to benefit it. And let it not blindly hope that the war against it will cease when the disabilities are removed. The removal will add to the political war which rages against it in Parliament, a religious one, which will speedily extend to the Cabinet. The undivided fury of its enemies will be directed against its possessions and existence in Ireland. A rival Hierarchy will be established by the State, which will possess the most potent means for seducing the Irish nobility and gentry from their faith, and which will be far more powerful than itself in the Legislature. The removal must be its destruction in Ireland; and when so much of its strength is, not only taken from it, but transferred to an overpowering enemy, how can it hope to preserve what it possesses in England? If it be possible for it to be in danger, the Church is now in danger. If there ever can be a moment when the Church ought to exert all its energies for its own preservation, this is that moment.

To the middle classes, we will say—Look at Ireland! If you wish to preserve yourselves from the baleful effects of spiritual tyranny—to prevent such tyranny from taking from you your trade, arraying your servants against you, robbing you of your votes and other rights, making you the victims of the incendiary, and banishing you from society at its pleasure,—if you wish to do this, rally round your Church and Constitution, and prevent that monstrous spiritual tyranny which desolates Ireland from passing the threshold of your Legislature!

And we will say to the lower orders—Look at Ireland! If you wish to prevent a savage religious despotism from depriving you of all right of judgment in religious matters—prohibiting you from reading the Scriptures, and send-

ing your children to schools—depriving you of employment and bread—taking from you your votes—ruining you by involving you in strife with your landlords and other superiors—expelling you from society—robbing you of your general rights and privileges—and plunging you into grinding slavery,—if you wish to do this, stand forth to defend your religion, and prevent that savage religious despotism which scourges Ireland from waving its sceptre in your Parliament and Cabinet!

What will be done, is a matter on which we necessarily know nothing. In the appalling uncertainty, we draw inexpressible pleasure from the formation of the Brunswick Clubs in both Ireland and England. We fervently hope that they will multiply and flourish in every quarter. What adds to our pleasure is, they have nothing to do with men in power. Let this perfect independence continue, and let it take possession of every member of the community. No principle is more warmly sanctioned by the constitution, or has been more strongly inculcated by the greatest of our Statesmen, than this—If bad men combine against the constitution and laws, the good must combine to oppose them. Without such a principle, the political edifice of this country could not stand; and upon it, as upon a rock, the Brunswick Clubs are erected. The dictation of the Catholic Association will now find its limit; whatever effect it may have in the Cabinet, it will be powerless with those whom the Cabinet serves; if even the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel descend to wear the chains of "Demagogue Dan,"—"Spitfire Shiel,"—and "Lawless Jack Lawless," these chains will not be worn by the country. Let no man, on this momentous question, surrender his judgment to others, and concede, because this Minister, or that party, will concede. If the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel do their duty, let them be enthusiastically and irresistibly supported, as they will be; but if they offer concession, let even the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel be inflexibly, and, to the last, opposed. Let not the English Protestant, after he has achieved what he has done—after he has reached the proud and glorious point of elevation on which he stands, now voluntarily degrade himself into the inferior and bondsman of the Irish Catholic. Let not England, after having fought and triumphed over the world—after having shed her blood like water, and thrown away her treasures like dust, to gain the magnificent and commanding station she enjoys, now suffer herself to be vanquished, ruined, and enslaved, by this polluted, profligate, and contemptible domestic enemy. We care not what a man's religion may be, if he value his rights and liberties—if he love the honour of his country—if he wish the British constitution to be preserved, and the British empire to enjoy prosperity and happiness—if he be anxious to see tranquillity, improvement, and comfort, introduced into Ireland—if he desire to see the Catholics so far reformed, as to be qualified to exercise the public trusts they demand—and if the protection of the empire from the greatest injuries and calamities be a matter which he has at heart—such a man must zealously oppose what is called Catholic Emancipation, and support the measures necessary for rendering the Catholics peaceable and obedient subjects.

THE SPHINX.

AN EXTRAVAGANZA, ETCHED IN THE MANNER OF CALLOT.

"OLD-fashioned sticks! Rational sticks! Sticks for sober citizens!" exclaimed an old woman, standing with a bundle of sticks before her, on that pleasant public walk in Hamburg, called the Jungfern-stieg. Her stock in trade comprised canes and walking-sticks in endless variety, and many of them were adorned with knobs of ivory and bone carved into grotesque heads and animal forms, abounding in grimace and absurdity. It was early in the day, the passengers were all hurrying in the eager pursuit of business, and for a long time the old woman found no customers.

At length, she observed a pedestrian, of a different and more promising class, striding along the avenue. He was a tall and well-grown youth, and attired in that old Teutonic costume which it has pleased the enthusiastic students of Germany to revive in the nineteenth century. His step was the light bound of youth and happiness, and there was a kindling glance in his deep blue eye, and an involuntary smile at play upon his lip and cheek, which indicated that the cares of life were yet unknown to him, and that he was enjoying the brief and delicious interval between the close of academical studies and the commencement of professional labours and anxieties. Soon as the keen orbs of the old woman discerned him, she screamed, with renewed energy,—"Rare sticks! Noble sticks! Knob and club-sticks for students! Canes for loungers! Fancy sticks! Poetical sticks! Romantic sticks! Mad sticks! and sticks possessed with a devil!"

"The devil, you have, Mother Hecate!" exclaimed our student, as he approached her; "then I must have one of them; so look out the maddest stick in your infernal collection."

"If you choose the maddest stick in my stock, you must pay a mad price for it," said the old woman. "Here is one with a devil in it, and mad enough to turn the brain of any one who buys it; but the lowest price is a dollar."

With these words, she held up to his inspection a knotted stick, on which was carved in bone the withered and skinny visage of an old woman, with hollow eyes and cheeks, a hook-nose, and chin as sharp as hatchets, and tending towards each other like a pair of pincers: in short, the very image of the old hag before him.

"Buy that stick, I'll warrant it a good one," whispered a friendly and musical voice in his ear. Arnold turned quickly round, and saw a youth of fifteen, of slender and graceful figure, and clad in the fancy costume of an English jockey, who nodded to him smilingly, and disappeared in the crowd. While Arnold was gazing in silent wonder at the stranger youth, the old woman, who had also observed him, renewed her vociferations, with "Sticks à-la-mode! Whips for jockeys! Canes for fops and dandies, fools and monkeys!"

"Good Heaven!" exclaimed the startled student; "this poor creature must be madder than her whole collection. 'Twill be charity to purchase."

With mingled feelings of pity and disgust, he threw down a dollar, seized the stick, and hastened from her unpleasant vicinity. Soon as his back was turned, she saluted him with piercing screams of "Spick-and-span new sticks! Rods for treasure-seekers! Wands for harlequins and conjurors! Sticks for beggars to ride to the devil on! Broomsticks for witches and warlocks! Crutches for the devil and his grandmother!" and concluded with a laugh so horribly unnatural, that the astonished youth turned round in dismay, and beheld the gaunt features of the old woman distorted with scorn and laughter, and her small grey eyes, protruding like fiery meteors from their sockets, glared upon him with an expression so truly maniacal, that he sprung forward in alarm, and was on the point of throwing away his stick to banish the hateful resemblance from his thoughts, when raising his hand for the purpose, instead of that horrid mask, he beheld with astonishment the smiling features of a nymph. Looking more intently, he discovered that the knob represented a Sphinx carved in the purest ivory. The pouting and beautiful lips were

curved into an arch and mysterious smile, which, in combination with the raised fore-finger, seemed to warn, to mock, and to menace alternately, as the light and position were changed. The stick was a plain knotted stick, like the one he had purchased; but the carved knob, which displayed the masterly spirit and elaborate finish of Cellini, appeared to him of inestimable value. He gazed upon it with a delight which speedily banished the hateful old woman from his thoughts, and the longer he gazed upon the laughing little Sphinx, the more enchanted he became with his prize, the more unconscious of what he was about, and whither he was going. Rambling onwards, he passed the city-gate leading towards Holstein, and wandered through its pleasant groves and pastures in absorbing reveries for six or seven hours; nor was he roused from this pleasant day-dream until the rude contact of an oak-branch with his cap restored to our visionary Arnold the use of his faculties, and made him sensible that he was entangled at night-fall in a pathless wood of considerable extent. "What a fool I must be," he exclaimed, "to fall in love with a knob-stick, and lose myself in this ugly forest at dusk!" The recollection of his long reverie about the pretty Sphinx acted so forcibly upon his risible faculties, that he burst into an involuntary laugh, which continued until he was interrupted by a yelling peal in reply. He would willingly have regarded it as the echo of his own, but there was a cutting and sarcastic tone in the responsive laugh which jarred painfully upon his excited ear, and created a suspicion that he was the sport of mirth or malice. "Surely the devil houses here!" he exclaimed, with emphasis, as he walked onward. Immediately a dozen voices answered him, and exclamations of "The devil houses here! Houses here! Here! Here!! Here!!!" resounded from all quarters. More startled than before, he looked around him in perplexity, but a brief pause of recollection recalled his scattered senses. "Nonsense!" he muttered to himself, as he paced more rapidly through the increasing gloom, "these sounds are nothing but echoes; but the night is at hand, and I would willingly know where I am. But is there no lurking mischief near me?" thought he, relapsing into suspicion that all was not right in these dusky woodlands. "Come out!" he shouted, "and do your worst; be you man or devil!" There was no immediate reply, but listening attentively, the word "Devil," whispered at some distance, fell upon his startled ear, and the unhallowed sound was repeated in lower whispers, until it melted into distance. "This is beyond endurance," he exclaimed, as he rushed onward; "these cursed echoes will drive me mad."—"Mad! Mad! Mad!" replied a host of voices. At that moment he heard something rustling in the branches, and his foot struck against some object which uttered an inarticulate and moaning sound. He stepped hastily backwards, and looking down, discovered an enormous toad lying on its back, and struggling vainly to regain its legs. Yielding to a sudden impulse of uncontrollable disgust, he plunged the point of his stick into the belly of the bloated reptile, and hurled it into the adjacent underwood. The rays of a bright moon fell through an opening in the trees in the direction where he had thrown the toad, and Arnold shuddered with horror as he beheld the hideous features of the old stick-woman grinning at him like Medusa from the spotted belly of the toad. "Accursed beldam! Avaunt!" he shouted; "am I to be dogged for ever by this devil's dam?" Rushing through the underwood, he aimed a blow at her horrid visage, but encountered only the pale and streaky stem of a birch-tree. He laughed aloud on discovering the cause of this delusion, and immediately his ears were stunned by the monstrous and reiterated peals of laughter which assailed him on all sides. "I am surely beset by a legion of devils," thought the agonized youth, while his hair stood erect, and cold drops of perspiration rolled down his face as he listened to this horrid burst of merriment. Collecting, by a sudden effort, his scattered energies, he brandished his stick, and rushed headlong through the tangled thicket, shouting, "Have at ye all! Sprites! Witches! Ghosts! and Devils!" He plunged forward like a maniac through the wood, until he stepped upon another toad, which yielded to the pressure; he lost his footing, fell breathless on the brink of a declivity, and rolled down the shelving side of a deep ravine, where

he lay a considerable time, exhausted and senseless.

When restored to consciousness, he found himself reposing upon an embroidered sofa in a baron's hall, of antique and curious magnificence, and the soft rays of the morning sun were beaming brightly upon him through the arched and lofty windows. A lovely girl, of nymph-like hues and form, and robed with elegant simplicity, stood near his couch. Tresses of the brightest chestnut fell in waving luxuriance over her ivory neck and shoulders; her soft blue eyes shot rays as mild as moonbeams upon the astonished Arnold; and around her bewitching mouth lurked a smile of indescribable archness and mystery. In short, she was the startling resemblance, the very counterpart, of the pretty Sphinx-head upon his stick.

"In the name of wonder, where am I?" exclaimed Arnold, starting from the sofa, and gazing upon the lovely stranger with delight and amazement. "Have the wheels of time rolled back again? Have the romantic splendours of the middle ages risen from the dead? Or have I been translated from that hellish forest to an angel's paradise? Or has my pretty Sphinx been gifted with life and motion, like Pygmalion's statue? Or have I lost my senses? Or,—pardon me, your ladyship!—You are surely no carved knob? I mean, my lady, no ivory Sphinx? I would say, that your lovely features are so mysterious and Sphinx-like, that I am perplexed and amazed beyond expression."

"Return to your couch, good youth!" replied the smiling fair one; "the fever paroxysms are not over. You are still raving, but I see symptoms of amendment. Be seated, I pray you, and endeavour to collect your wandering faculties. I can assure you," she continued, "that there is nothing supernatural about me or my castle, which is well known in Holstein as the country residence of the Countess Cordula. You approached it last night through my park, which is well wooded, and so intersected with rocks and ravines, as to be somewhat dangerous to night-walkers. Rambling, as is my wont, by sunrise, I discovered you lying senseless in a deep hollow, near the castle. The stick you rave about is at your elbow. How it came into your possession, I know not, but it once belonged to me; and the Sphinx-head was carved by my page Florestan, who is an ingenious little fellow, and amuses himself with carving my features, and applying them to every thing grotesque and fabulous in the animal world."

"Either my senses are the sport of dreams, or this world is altogether an enigma," replied the still-bewildered Arnold; "I know very well that I live in the nineteenth century, and that I have studied at the University of Kiel. Common sense tells me that there are neither witches, ghosts, nor fairies, and yet I could almost swear that ever since yesterday noon, I have been the sport and victim of supernatural agency. If, therefore, noble lady! you are really no fairy, but, in good faith, the Countess Cordula, and a human being, I trust you will pardon my strange language and deportment, and attribute them to the real cause—my unaccountable transition from the horrors of your park to this splendid hall, and the dazzling presence of its lovely owner."

"Singular being!" replied the blushing Countess, "you have introduced yourself to me and my castle in so abrupt and original a manner, that I feel somewhat curious to become better acquainted with such an oddity. If, therefore, your time and engagements permit you to remain here a few days, I shall be happy to retain you as a guest, and to share with you the summer amusements of my secluded residence. If you delight in music and in song, in fine old pictures, and the pleasant tales and legends of Scandinavia, you will find abundant resources under my roof."

"Your kindness and condescension enchant me, lovely Countess! I seek no happier fate," exclaimed the enraptured Arnold, pressing the hand of his fair hostess to his lips with fervent and deep delight. She acknowledged her consciousness of his undisguised admiration by a blush and smile of such flattering, such thrilling potency, that her intoxicated guest already ventured to indulge in some audacious dreams of the possible consequences which might ensue from daily and incessant intercourse with this fascinating Countess. Sympathy, love, and marriage, might follow in natural succession, and make him the happiest, the most enviable of human beings.

In a glowing tumult of delightful anticipations, he obeyed an invitation of his hostess to accompany her in a stroll through the castle gardens. Here a romantic scene of hills, and woods, and waters, met the eye, and Arnold recognised, with amazement, in the extensive lake, margined with hanging woods, and dotted with green islands and temples, a scene connected with some floating reminiscences of his childhood, or of some vivid dream, he could not determine which; but he recollected having gazed, on a glorious morning, over the hedge which bounded a noble park, with its Gothic castle, reflected in the mirrored surface of a lake. Pleasant footpaths meandered through its groves and gardens, and a cavalier of noble presence was ranging with his fair one through the beauteous landscape. He well remembered with what curious longings he had seen and envied the happy lot of that loving pair; and now, ecstatic thought! he no longer gazed on a forbidden paradise, but walked a bidden guest over this fairy scene by the side of its beautiful mistress; and this fondest dream of his juvenile fancy was realized with a vividness and abruptness which, to his still bewildered senses, partook of Arabian enchantment.

Returning to the castle, the Countess led the happy student to her picture gallery, which contained some rare and admirable specimens of the old masters. Arnold was no painter, but he had a painter's eye for the beautiful in art and nature, and he gazed with delight upon the works of Raffaelle, Titian, Correggio, and Paul Veronese. The Countess pointed out to him some matchless portraits painted by these great men, and dilated upon their merits with such grace, spirit, and intelligence, that the figures seemed to breathe, and almost start from the canvass, when touched by the wand of this enchantress. One department of the gallery was occupied by the pictures of a modern German artist, who seemed to have drawn his inspiration from the eccentric etchings of the inimitable Jacques Callot. So wild and grotesque were his combinations of the imaginative and the supernatural, with the realities and the commonplaces of every-day life, that Arnold, whose foible was a vivid and ill-regulated imagination, bestowed more earnest and admiring attention upon these ingenious caricatures, than he had devoted to the costly specimens of the old masters. Recollecting himself, he apologized to the Countess for this singular preference, and explained it, by acknowledging himself an admirer of the eccentric tales and visions of Hoffmann, whose intense sympathy with the extravaganzas and capriccios of Callot was abundantly notorious. The Countess replied only by a lifted forefinger, and an arch smile, which reminded him somewhat disagreeably of his ivory Sphinx, and he followed her in silence to the fine old gothic library, where she desired he would amuse himself for an hour, and left him to his reflections. These were unfavourable to study, and while he turned over many curious manuscripts and missals, unconscious of their contents, his memory was busily occupied in retracing every look and gesture of the fascinating Cordula. Wearied at length of studying so unprofitably the antique lore of this curious library, he looked around for some book in a modern garb, and discovered a single tome in an elegant fancy binding. It was a volume of his favourite Hoffman, and opened at the tale of the "Golden Vase." This narrative was new to him, and he devoured it with a relish so absorbing, that he had no difficulty in tracing a mysterious and startling resemblance in his own adventures, to those of the student Anselmo. "Surely," he exclaimed, "that student must be my double, and he, or I, or both of us, are phantasms in the manner of Callot." The sudden entrance of the Countess dismounted him from his hobby, and although he felt a strong impulse to ask her if she thought he resembled a phantasm of Callot, the recollection that she had attributed his ravings about the Sphinx to temporary derangement, gave him a timely check, and the silver tones of her melodious voice dispelled entirely his delusion; he was again the happiest of men, and the blissful hours flew by unheeded, like moments.

Three days had vanished thus delightfully, and had appeared to our enamoured student like a pleasant summer-night's dream, when, on the fourth morning, he heard with terror that the Countess was confined to her apartment by indisposition, and not visible to any one. Arnold's consternation and anxiety were for some time excessive, but they gradually yielded

to a growing suspicion that the Countess was not altogether what she appeared. He recollected the story of the beautiful Melusina, who was at certain periods changed into a serpent, and carefully secluded herself when the hour of metamorphosis approached. His apprehension of a similar catastrophe was so enlivened by the fairy splendour which surrounded him in this mysterious castle, that he relapsed headlong into the fancies created by the strong resemblance of the Countess to his ivory Sphinx; and, forgetting alike the obligations of decorum and gratitude, he rushed onwards to her private apartment, pushed aside the opposing servants, and abruptly entered the forbidden chamber. The curtains were closely drawn to exclude the glare of daylight, and the yellow rays of a large French lamp threw a soft and mysterious light around the spacious apartment. The lofty walls were decorated with a French landscape paper, on which were skilfully depicted the wondrous features of Egyptian scenery. In different compartments were seen the enormous pyramids and temples; the broad and venerable Nile, with here and there a crocodile reposing in long and scaly grandeur on its margin; and opposite the door was painted, in high and full relief, the mysterious head of the Sphinx, resting its vast proportions on the drifted sand, and gazing in mild majesty over the vestiges of Egyptian grandeur, like the surviving monarch of a shattered world. The elegant Parisian furniture of this apartment was in corresponding taste, and the Countess was reclining upon a couch, supported by two large and admirably sculptured Sphinxes, while all the tables and chiffoniers were resting on the same pleasant-looking monsters. The lovely Cordula looked pale as an ivory statue; her lips were flushed with the glow of fever, and there was in her eyes a dark and melancholy lustre. She was reclining on her side, her bosom supported by her left arm, and when the agitated youth approached her, she raised the forefinger of her right hand, and thus addressed him. "Arnold! Arnold! who are you? and who am I?" "My lovely Sphinx!" exclaimed the bewildered student, "what do I see and hear? You propose to me an enigma which it is impossible to solve. Do you think I am one of Callot's phantasms? or, do you take me for Œdipus himself?"

"Arnold! Arnold!" continued the Countess, in tremulous tones and evident anxiety, "if you could solve my enigma, I should expire before you; and yet my cruel destiny compels me to ask, Who are you? and who am I?" At these dreadful words, the unhappy Arnold felt his heart sink within him; his fairy visions vanished, his lips quivered with dismay, his knees smote together, his brain began to whirl, and all around him was mist and confusion. The sublime scenery which adorned the walls appeared to move around him like a panoramic landscape; the pyramids of Memphis and Saccara, the giant obelisks and temples, threw up their awful forms from earth to heaven, and stalked before him in colossal march, like spectral visions of the past. The troubled waters of the Nile began to leave their bed, and the scaly monsters on its banks to creep with opening jaws around the chamber; while the numerous Sphinxes which adorned it, assuming suddenly the form and features of the Countess, pointed their warning fingers at the frenzied Arnold, and with smiles of boding mystery, screamed in his shrinking ears the fatal questions, "Who are you? and who am I?"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the agonized student, "I am hedged in by all the plagues of Egypt. Forbear! in mercy forbear!" he continued in delirious terror, while he covered his aching eyes and throbbing temples with his hands. "Forbear those horrid questions! I know not who I am. —Would I had never been!" Rousing, by a desperate effort, his expiring energies, he rushed out of the apartment, and fled from the castle to the adjacent wood. Winged with terror, he bounded through the tangled underwood, stumbled over the root of an oak tree, and rolled down the side of a declivity. He lay for some time stunned and dizzy with the shock, but gradually recovered his senses, and resumed his flight. After running with headlong speed for some hours, he looked up, and to his infinite amazement, found himself within a mile of the Holstein gate of Hamburg, and the ivory knob-stick in his hand. Slackening his pace to a sober walk, and gazing at the pretty Sphinx, he began

to commune with himself.—" Surely the events of the last three days cannot have been a dream? No, impossible! They were far too lively and circumstantial for a vision. But, if no dream, my Holstein Countess must be well known in Hamburg. I will make diligent search, and on the spot." He began immediately to question every passenger he met where the Countess Cordula resided; but no one had ever heard the name, or knew the stately baronial castle he described so minutely, and the vehement language, flushed cheeks, and sparkling eyes of the questioner, excited amongst the more thinking passengers a suspicion that he had drunk too deeply at the maddening fount of poetry and romance. "Alas!" soliloquized the disappointed Arnold, "if such a countess and such a castle are unknown, my strange adventure must indeed have been a dream, and the less I say of it the better, lest my friends should pronounce me a visionary, and my prospects in life be blasted by a nick-name. I would give one of my ears," he continued, as he strolled towards the city, "if I could banish that fatal enigma from my memory.—'Who are you?'—Who I am indeed is more than I can tell. I am the natural son of somebody, but whether of a prince or a pedlar, I could never learn. The question would have puzzled Œdipus himself. However, what has been may be again, and I have always the pleasant consciousness that I am possibly a prince incog., like a metamorphosed king in a fairy tale. The enchantment may be broken some day by a word, and I may find myself all at once betrothed to a princess, and heir-apparent to a throne. But whatever I may turn out to be according to the flesh, I should like very much to know what I am in spirit and in truth; and, above all, whether I am a poet. Certainly my imagination is very prone to take wing, and fly away with me; and I have been often told that I am absent and eccentric. Surely these are indisputable tokens of a genius for poetry and romance.—By Heaven, I'll write a book! My own life and adventures will make an admirable epic, and this laughing little Sphinx a delicious episode. The Countess Cordula; her matchless beauty and accomplishments; her stately castle, with its books and pictures, woods and waters — what delightful materials! But that horrible Egyptian chamber with its dancing pyramids; and those gaping crocodiles and chattering sphinxes— Faugh! the recollection turns my brain. And those cursed enigmas, Who are you? and, Who am I? —Dear incomprehensible Countess!" sighed the still enamoured student, "could I wish to solve these fatal questions at the risk of thy precious existence? No, my sweet Cordula!—Vision, or no vision! I shall never forget thee, and never cease to love thee."

On the following morning he hired an apartment in the suburb, overlooking the Holstein road. The house was in the centre of a pleasant garden, and commanded a view of the road and passengers without exposure to the dust and noise. He chose this situation in the latent hope that the Countess had deceived him by an assumed name, and that he might some day be so fortunate as to see her equipage on the road to or from Hamburg. The utmost efforts of his understanding had been unable to reach an entire conviction that his late adventure had been a dream, and the intense eagerness with which he began and pursued the story of his life, tended only to increase his delusion.

Prefixing the title of "Adventures of a Student, a Romance of Real Life, in the manner of Callot and Hoffmann," he compressed into a single chapter every precious incident as comparatively unworthy of his authorship; and, plunging with mad delight into the episode of "The Sphinx," he detailed, in glowing and impassioned language, his adventures in the haunted wood, and mysterious castle of the Countess. He wrote the earlier portion of this episode in the form and language of fiction, but the longer he wrote, the more confirmed was his belief in the truth of his romance; and at length he yielded to a conviction that he was entangled in a romantic web of incidents, and that the sudden discovery of his illustrious parents would be the solution of the problem. The startling questions of "Who are you? and, Who am I?" haunted him like spectres, and amongst many singular speculations upon his own origin and identity, he began to indulge a suspicion that he had a double existence, and that he could inhabit two places at once. He now recollected with alarm

the many tales he had heard, and once discredited, of men who had two distinct and intelligent existences, who had even beheld their own doubles, and had been warned by those mysterious appearances of their approaching deaths. Fearful of yielding himself too entirely to the dominion of this excitement, he would often rush into the busy streets of Hamburg, and endeavour to regain, by rough collision with the world and its realities, some portion of common sense and self-possession. But, whenever he approached his lodgings, his visionary fears returned, and he often hesitated to open his door, from an apprehension that he should behold himself seated at the table, and writing the continuation of his romance.

On St John's day, Arnold returned home from a long ramble, and sat down after dinner in his verandah, which commanded a view of the road and passengers. It was a genuine midsummer-day; the sun was hot and brilliant, the sky was the deep blue of Italy, and the dusty road was crowded with vehicles, horses, and pedestrians innumerable; all eager to exchange the narrow streets and oppressive atmosphere of Hamburg for the pure air and pleasant shade of the adjacent groves and gardens. Arnold gazed with envy upon the gay and elegant groups which passed in review before him; and coveted one of the many beautiful horses which pranced under their riders, or, in splendid harness, along the spacious avenue. Passionately fond of riding, he pictured to himself, in glowing colours, the delight of bounding along on a fine English hunter, and of displaying before the admiring eyes of numerous belles his noble and fearless horsemanship. "And might I not have the good fortune," he exclaimed, as he gazed on the ivory Sphinx in his hand, "to meet my lovely Countess amidst that crowd of fashionables?" Reclining with his head and arms upon the railing of his verandah, he fell into his wonted reverie; and at length the sultry atmosphere, combined with the fatigue of a long walk, soothed him into a profound slumber, from which he was unpleasantly roused by that ominous question, "Arnold! who are you?" Looking up, he saw, in the garden, the elegant little jockey, whose mysterious recommendation of a stick on the Jungfern-stieg walk had so much perplexed him. The laughing boy stood below the verandah, and, pointing towards Arnold with his right forefinger, repeated the annoying question, "Who are you?" Prompted both by anger and curiosity, the student started from his seat, rushed down stairs, and out of the house door, but the boy was gone.

Darting across the garden into the high-road, the puzzled youth looked right and left, but in vain; the jockey had disappeared, and Arnold, after some fruitless inquiries amongst the passengers, determined to join the gay throng, and amuse himself as well as he could without a horse. But all his endeavours to reconcile himself to the use of his own legs were ineffectual; and he recollected, with keen regret, those happy days of childhood, when a stick between his legs was as good as an Arabian courser. "How pure the delights, how poetical the delusions of childhood!" soliloquized our student, as he paced along. "Would I were but four years old! I should mount this knotted stick, and trot along this pleasant road, with fresh and exquisite enjoyment. I should believe myself mounted on a real horse; and what we thoroughly believe becomes a real and palpable truth, whatever this dull prosaic world may say to the contrary." Pursuing this train of thought, the visionary Arnold plunged so deeply into the vivid recollections and associations of his childhood, that he at length forgot there was a world without, as well as a world within him, and actually putting the stick between his legs, began to canter away with great speed and spirit along the highway, to the indescribable amusement of the numerous passengers. Shouts of laughter resounded on all sides, but they were blended with the sounding hoofs and rolling wheels of numerous equipages, and fell unheeded or unheard upon the ears of Arnold, who pursued his ride with infinite satisfaction, until he beheld, in the distance, an equipage of surpassing splendour leave the avenue, and strike into a cross-road. It was an open English carriage, of rich and elegant design, drawn by four magnificent Danish horses, and preceded by two outriders in English jockey-costume. The only occupant of this dazzling vehicle was a young and elegantly attired woman. Soon as Arnold beheld the jockeys, he re-

cognised the garb of the mysterious youth who had spoken to him on the Jungfern-stieg, and again but an hour since in his garden. "That must be my lovely Countess," he exclaimed, as he bounded forward with lightning-speed to overtake the brilliant equipage. Finding his horse an encumbrance rather than a help, he transferred it from his legs to his fingers, succeeded at length in overtaking the carriage, and, to his inexpressible delight, discovered in the fair traveller his radiant and enchanting Cordula.

She immediately observed and recognised him. Stopping the carriage, she greeted the breathless and agitated student with a melodious laugh. "Hah! Do we meet again?" said she. "Strange and incomprehensible youth! Are you not ashamed of yourself, to have mistaken me for an enchanted Melusina? What do you think of me now? Am I a marble Sphinx, or an ivory knob? Ha! ha! ha! You are truly an original personage, and far more amusing than a Spanish comedy. Do step into the carriage, and give an account of yourself."

The abashed and bewildered Arnold did not wait a second invitation. Springing with an elastic bound of delight into the vehicle, he took the proffered seat by its lovely mistress, and the four prancing Danes resumed their speed.

"Ah! my adorable Countess," exclaimed the happy student, as soon as he could find breath and language, "why did you address me so mysteriously in that Egyptian chamber? And why did you recline upon your couch in the very attitude of the Egyptian Sphinx? Dangerous and incomprehensible fair-one! My adventures in your enchanted castle, and my vivid recollection of its lovely mistress, have brought me to the verge of insanity. My nights and days are successive dreams, haunted by your angelic form; and, so strong is the delusion, that I have almost lost the faculty of distinguishing between my waking and sleeping visions. Even the common incidents of every-day life assume a supernatural and mysterious character; and, can you believe it, lovely Countess! when I first beheld your equipage, I was mounted on this foolish stick, and cantering along the high-road like a brainless child, firmly believing all the while that I had a noble courser under me? Nay, more! I have even doubted the reality of those days of paradise, which I lived under your hospitable roof; and even now, that your vicinity brings the sweet conviction home to my ravished senses, I am disturbed by a vague and unconquerable apprehension that my present happiness is but a delusion, which a word or look may dissolve for ever."

"Ha! ha! ha! ha!" laughed the Countess, until the tears rolled down her cheeks. "Singular being! Can you still doubt the evidence of your senses? When will these wanderings of fancy cease? Beware, friend Arnold, of indulging such pernicious excitements, or you will end in doubting your own existence. You must struggle manfully against these dangerous hallucinations, and open your eyes and senses to a conviction that you are again my prisoner, and returning to the castle as fast as my impetuous Danes can whirl you."

"Would I were your prisoner for life, most lovely Countess! or that I had never entered the sphere of your enchantments!" exclaimed the enamoured youth, with a gaze so fraught with tender meaning, that the blushing, smiling Cordula found it expedient to introduce a less hazardous topic of conversation.

The hours flitted on rosy wings over the enraptured student as he listened to the music of her thrilling voice, and became each moment more enthralled by her radiant features, and the nameless fascinations of her language and deportment. The evening had advanced unperceived, and the sun was sinking majestically behind the dark woods which belted the horizon, when the carriage stopped at a park-entrance, and the Countess, with a smile of mystery, invited him to walk through her enchanted grove to the castle.

As he assisted her descent, he observed, for the first time, the features of the two outriders, and discovered in one of them the mysterious youth who had roused him by that fatal question from beneath his window. While he hesitated to indulge his curiosity, the Countess, with flattering familiarity, took his arm and led him through the forest scenery which surrounded and concealed her castle. The daylight was rapidly disappearing, but he could easily discern in the numerous cliffs and caverns which adorned this romantic wood, and in the sin-

gular echoes which proceeded from them, the natural causes of those unpleasant adventures which attended his first approach to the Castle. The increasing gloom of this sylvan region was partially dispelled by the rising moon, and the intervals between the dense foliage were gemmed with stars which shone like pendant lamps in the dark blue heavens. Suddenly a stream of brilliant light shot across the horizon. "Hah!" exclaimed Arnold, "what a splendid meteor!"

"It was no meteor," replied the Countess, "but a rocket from the castle gardens. You will meet a numerous assemblage of my friends and neighbours, invited to celebrate my birth-day by a *fête champêtre*, and a masked ball of dramatic costumes. That rocket was a signal to commence the illuminations, which are designed by my clever little page Florestan. I love that little fellow as if he were my brother, and you, Arnold! must love him for my sake. He is full of ingenious attentions to me, and he excels in every thing he undertakes. He paints admirably in oil; and to-morrow," she added, with a sigh, "he shall paint your portrait, that I may at least possess a copy, in case the strange original should again doubt—again abandon me. But I trust, Arnold!" continued the bewitching Cordula, "that your second visit will be more enduring than the first."

These words were uttered in a voice trembling with emotion, and the supremely blest and enraptured student, no longer doubting her sympathy, knelt to his fair enslaver, and, with a beating heart and faltering tongue, stammered his tale of love. In blushing haste the lovely Countess extended her ivory hands to the kneeling Arnold, and bade him rise. Still holding his hands in hers with a gentle pressure, which electrified the happy student, she fixed upon his glowing features a long and searching gaze. "Ah, Arnold! Arnold!" at length she said, in tones of tender and impassioned modulation, "if you really loved me, you would not feel so inquisitive about me. You would love me for my own sake, regardless of the world and its opinions. But men were ever selfish and distrustful. They cannot love with the entire devotedness, the pure and lofty confidence of woman."

"Celestial creature!" exclaimed the delirious Arnold, "forgive my doubts and wanderings. They are at rest for ever; and, henceforward, you are my world, my universe. Pardon my daring hopes, my mad presumption, and make me the first and happiest of human beings, the husband of the beautiful, the accomplished, and highly-gifted Cordula."

"Dear Arnold!" whispered the blushing and gratified Countess, "I am yours. Henceforward you are the chosen partner of my affections and my life; but beware of future doubts, and forget my singular questions in the Egyptian chamber. They were intended as a trial of your regard for me, but it was then unequal to the test. You doubted me because you could not comprehend me, and you would not believe, because you were not permitted to investigate. If you would not lose me for ever, follow blindly the impulses of your affectionate nature, and destroy not our happiness by inordinate anxiety to know of what materials it is composed."

The fortunate student, still dizzy with this unexpected height of bliss, promised boundless confidence, and love everlasting, and sealed his promise with a fervent kiss upon the rosy lips of the blushing fair one. When this rapturous overflow of feeling had somewhat subsided, he observed a fiery glow spreading over the horizon; and as they emerged soon after from the forest-shades, he was startled, and for a moment blinded by a spectacle almost too dazzling for human vision. The noble mansion of the Countess was illuminated from end to end, and reared its proud and castellated form like a huge pyramid of light. The ingenious Florestan had traced with lines of radiant lamps, each buttress, battlement, tower, and pinnacle of the lofty edifice, which stood in bright relief before a dark background of woody hills, and realized the chivalrous magnificence of the middle ages. The stillness of the lovely night was now broken by a gentle breeze, which gradually swelled into a gust, and suddenly the sound of sad and thrilling harmony floated above the loving pair. A louder strain succeeded, and the whole atmosphere was suffused with the lofty intonations of harp-music, which soared insensibly into the sustained and solemn grandeur of an organ, and then, melting down in progressive ca-

dences, died away on the breeze like the faint and lingering whispers of an Æolian harp.

"Surely, my sweet Cordula!" exclaimed the wondering Arnold, "we listen to the music of the spheres. Whence come those awful sounds?"

"It is the giant's harp," replied the Countess. "Seven powerful wires, tuned to the gamut, are stretched between the flanking towers which overtop the castle, and when it blows a storm, the pealing of this great weather-harp is carried on the gale for several miles."*

Another rocket soared aloft, and suddenly an unseen band of Turkish music began a lively, bounding measure. The castle-gates flew open, and a numerous train of youths and maidens, carrying torches, issued from the portal to meet the approaching pair, strewed flowers along their path, and danced before them in gay procession to the entrance of the great baronial hall of the castle, in which the tasteful illuminations of Florestan had created the blaze of noon. Their arrival was announced by a triumphant flourish from the trumpets stationed in the gallery, and immediately a crowd of dramatic maskers and mummers rushed forward to greet them. Arnold gazed in speechless amazement at the grotesque extravagance of garb and feature exhibited in the masks and costumes of the numerous guests. All the witches, and demons, the ghosts, and grave-diggers, of Shakspeare and Goethe; the harlequins, buffoons, and merry beggars, of Gozzi and Goldoni; and, yet stranger, the wild and grotesque conceptions of Callot, Hoffmann, and the eccentric artist in the castle-gallery, were embodied and let loose on this occasion. Arnold and the Countess retired for a short time to array themselves in the picturesque and splendid costumes of Romeo and Juliet, and, on their return to the hall, the music played an inspiring measure, and the merry maskers separated into groups for dancing. Too much excited and astonished to join in this amusement, the student stood in silence by his Countess, and gazed with painful forebodings upon the wild and fantastic scene around him. Meanwhile, the princely Hamlet and his crazed Ophelia, the aspiring Faust, the tender Margaret, and all the spectres and witches of Macbeth and May-day night, began to thread the mazes of a new quadrille; the buffoons and scaramouches of Venice performed with wild and startling vehemence the dramatic dances of Italy; and, while these groups filled the centre of the hall, the spectacled, distorted, and fantastic creations of Callot and Hoffmann encircled them, and waltzed around the hall in revolutions so fearfully rapid that their figures resembled flitting shadows rather than human beings.

"And where is Mephistopheles?" said Arnold, at length, somewhat ashamed of his long silence.

"He is the master of the revels," replied the Countess, "and the best dressed character in the hall. His mask especially is an admirable piece of mechanism, the contrivance of my ingenious Florestan. Behold him standing on a table, directing the music and the dancers."

Arnold approached the table, and started with dismay when he beheld this awful conception of the highly gifted Goethe personified with superhuman accuracy. He stood erect upon a table, and marked the time with a roll of parchment, on which music was traced in red and glowing characters, as if written with a pen of fire. His tall figure was muffled in a Spanish mantle, his narrow forehead and upward slanting eyebrows were shaded by his hat and feather, and a half-mask concealed only the higher portion of his unearthly visage, leaving exposed a mouth, cheeks, and chin of brown, livid, and horny texture, like the skin of a mummy. The nostrils of his beaked nose were dilated with intense scorn, and a derisive and satanic smile lurked round his skinny lips and spreading jaws, while his small and deepset eyes gleamed faintly through their pasteboard sockets like nebulous stars. A sudden shiver-

* The giant's harp is a colossal imitation of the Æolian harp, and was invented in 1786, by the Abbate Gattoni, at Milan. He stretched seven iron wires, tuned to the gamut, from the summit of a tower fifty feet high, to the house of Signor Moscati, who took a lively interest in the success of the experiment. In blowing weather, this mighty instrument would play harmoniously for many hours, and its powerful tones were carried to a distance hardly credible.

ing ran through the frame of Arnold as he gazed upon this awful masker, and he recöiled in abhorrence; but an unaccountable and serpent-fascination deprived him of all volition, and involuntarily he again approached the table; when, behold! the eyes of Mephistopheles, before so undistinguishable, were now protruding from the sockets of the mask, and glared upon him like the riveted and glittering orbs of a rattle-snake. Rooted to the spot, and unable to avert his gaze from this tremendous visage, the loathing student beheld those terrible eyes slowly recede into the head, and wane into utter darkness, like the revolving lights of a Pharos. He watched, with growing horror, until the luminous points re-appeared; the eyes again approached the pasteboard, and flashed out upon him with a glow so intensely fierce and vivid that no colour was distinguishable. Sick and giddy with abhorrence, Arnold covered his aching eye-balls with his hands, and by a desperate and convulsive effort released himself from the thraldom of this basilisk. Turning away, he would have rushed from the hall, but found himself hemmed in by the grotesque and waltzing phantasms of Callot and Hoffmann, whose endless numbers darted in rolling succession round the immense hall, like the vast and buoyant articulations of a sea-serpent. While gazing on these extravagant caricatures, Arnold observed, with new surprise, that their eyes were not the soft blue of northern Europe, but of a tincture dark, steely, and glittering, like those of Spain and Italy; and as their mysterious forms whirled round him with appalling velocity, the alarmed student could not dispel an instinctive apprehension that some inscrutable and tremendous evil was maturing amidst all this portentous festivity. He fancied himself gazing on a Shakpearean mask, or midnight revel, and dreaded that, like the ill-fated Romeo, he should see the splendours of this princely hall too soon succeeded by the sepulchral gloom of tombs, the death of his sweet Cordula, and the sudden annihilation of all his earthly felicity.

"Enough! enough!" exclaimed the Countess at his elbow, as she made a signal to the band to cease. The dancers paused to refresh themselves, and the sweet converse of his lovely mistress soon roused the dreaming Arnold from his tragic visions, and restored him to a full sense of his happiness. The large folding-doors were now thrown open; the vivacious Florestan bounded into the hall, and summoned the Countess and her guests to view his fireworks from the castle gardens. Immediately the mob of maskers rushed like a torrent through the portal, and spread themselves in gay and laughing groups along the margin of the lake. Upon an island in its centre appeared an illuminated tower, modelled after the castle of St Angelo at Rome. A signal rocket rose from the castle roof, and immediately a girandole of a thousand rockets rushed with volcanic force and brilliancy from the island-tower, filling the vault of heaven with its blaze, and dazzling all beholders with its splendid coruscations. The tower disappeared, and the vivid outlines of temples, palaces, and pyramids, appeared in magical succession, concluding with a lofty altar of coloured lamps, before which stood two colossal candelabras, whose innumerable tapers blazed with serene and steady lustre in the tranquil night air. A venerable man, with silver locks, and clad in priestly garb, was kneeling in prayer before the altar, and by his side stood a young and blooming chorister, swinging a golden censer. "My beloved Cordula!" exclaimed the delighted Arnold, "let not that splendid altar blaze in vain. Confirm at once my promised happiness, and bid that venerable priest unite our destinies for ever."

The blushing and agitated Countess answered not, but gazed upon him for some moments with mute and tender significance; then took his offered hand, and accompanied him to the margin of the lake, where rode a galley, gorgeous as that which bore the Queen of Egypt, and manned with numerous rowers. A velvet couch under a silken canopy received the beauteous pair, and the stately vessel, yielding to the efforts of the rowers, glided majestically over the tranquil bosom of the lake, while strains of solemn and triumphant music resounded from its shores, and white-robed nymphs in light gondolas, with each a Chinese lantern on its prow, flitted like water-sprites around the galley. A flight of marble steps, descending from the altar to the lake, was crowded with a group of choristers, each

holding in his hand a blazing torch. They welcomed the enraptured Arnold and his Countess with a hymeneal chant, and accompanied them to the foot of the altar, where the aged priest greeted the happy pair with a benevolent and approving smile. He joined their hands, and in deep and impressive tones proceeded to bestow upon them the final benediction. At this moment the bridegroom thought he heard a voice whispering the fatal questions in his ear, " Arnold ! Who are you ? And who is your bride ?" He turned hastily round to look at his beauteous Cordula, and, oh horror ! her bloom and freshness had disappeared ; she was pale and deathlike as a marble statue, and the position in which she reclined before the altar, was that of the Egyptian Sphinx. Glancing hastily at the priest and chorister, the alarmed student beheld the fiendish smile of Mephistopheles lurking on the old man's lips, and the boy, before so different, was now the very image of the laughing Florestan. " No, by all that's sacred ! Cordula ! thou art no human being ;" exclaimed the gasping and horror-struck Arnold, as he started on his feet. The Countess uttered a wild and unearthly shriek, and in an instant the torches, lamps, and tapers were extinguished by a fearful gust which swept with blasting speed over the lake and island. The bride, and priest, and choristers disappeared, and the stars were veiled in darkness, the giant's harp broke out in loud and wailing murmurs, the rain streamed down in torrents, hot lightnings hissed, and horrid thunders rolled around the heavens. The sleeping waters of the lake rose up in madness, enormous waves threw up their foaming tops, on which the lantern-boats, magnified by the diseased vision of Arnold into sphinxes of colossal bulk, floated like argosies. Pointing their monstrous paws and eyes of livid flame at the crazed and breathless student, they jeered him with devilish grins, and in voices which rung through the hurricane like Indian gongs, tore his distempered ears with the horrid enigmas, " Who are you ? And who am I ?" The agonized youth was on the brink of absolute insanity : his brain collapsed with horror, his joints shook, his arteries swelled almost to bursting, and every fibre of his frame was racked with torture. He felt the foundations of the little island loosening beneath him, and it was too evident that it could not long resist the repeated shocks of the agitated and rising waters. Exerting his last remains of strength and consciousness, he clung to the highest of the marble steps, and awaited his inevitable fate in silent agony. Soon a loftier wave rushed up the staircase, drenched the luckless Arnold to the skin, tore up the solid marble, and covered the highest level of the tottering islet. Clinging with the last energies of despair to a contiguous shrub, the breathless and half-drowned youth regained his feet after the wave receded, and as quickly as the darkness would permit, sought a tree, in the branches of which he might attain at least a temporary refuge. He succeeded in finding a stem strong enough to support him, but his powers were so exhausted, that he could ascend only a few feet above the ground. Again the lightning blazed upon the lake, and by its flitting glare, Arnold beheld the boiling labyrinth of waters articulate with life, and all the slimy worms and bloated reptiles of the Nile gliding and quivering with open jaws around him. With an inarticulate shriek of horror he made a final and desperate effort to escape the teeming waters, and succeeded in gaining a higher branch. Vain hope ! succeeding waves covered the yielding island, and the bending tree tottered and creaked beneath its trembling occupant. A monstrous gust came on with lightning speed, and lashed the waters of the lake to fiercer efforts ; the giant's harp rang out, and pealed, and laboured in the storm, louder than battle-trumpets ; and, at length, a mountain-wave, rising above the head of the devoted Arnold, swept man, and tree, and island into the yawning gulf.

At this awful moment—a shrill voice shouted in the ear of Arnold, " You have dropped your stick into the garden, sir !" Opening his eyes, the amazed student found himself seated by moonlight in his verandah, and the old woman who took care of his apartments standing by him with the Sphinx stick in her hand. " Thank God !" exclaimed the inexpressibly relieved youth, as he wiped his streaming forehead, and threw his stick into the garden well—" Thank God ! 'twas but a midsummer-night's dream, and that cursed Sphinx was nothing but a nightmare."

IRELAND AS IT IS; IN 1828.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The peculiar circumstances by which every thing Irish is encompassed, are of such a nature, that he who undertakes to write concerning Ireland, runs no inconsiderable risk of placing himself in that situation which a Roman historian has designated as one of extreme folly,—"frustra autem niti, neque aliud fatigando nisi odium quærere, extremæ dementiæ est." The difficulties of arriving at the truth, and of obtaining an impartial and unprejudiced hearing for the truth, are so great, that, after a writer has done his utmost, he may chance to find that he has laboured to little purpose, and that the information which he hoped would have been received as a benefit, is resented as an injury. We are not, however, as the world knows, apt to be startled by difficulties or discouragements, in the efforts which we make for the enlightenment of our excellent friend the Public; and therefore, at this time, when the agitations of Ireland attract so much of public notice—when the Irish themselves threaten to overwhelm us by their power, while the Emigration Committee tremble lest they should overwhelm us with their poverty—we have resolved to write a short series of papers, in which all men may see as plainly as if reflected from a mirror, the present state of Ireland. It may be well to announce at the outset, that our papers are *not* to be dissertations on Irish politics. We intend to have as little as possible to do with that painful and interminable subject; and though we shall doubtless be unavoidably led to allude to political circumstances, when they immediately interfere with the main object of our inquiry, we hope to find a more profitable, as well as a more entertaining employment, in investigating the circumstances of the domestic condition of the Irish, and of their progress, or, as perhaps we ought rather to write it, their retardment, in agriculture and manufactures.

It is a fact pretty generally acknowledged, and unlike many generally acknowledged facts, it is a truth, that the people of Great Britain know very little about the real condition of the Irish. This at first appears a very extraordinary circumstance, considering the proximity of that kingdom, and the constant intercourse which is maintained between it and Great Britain; but it may be easily accounted for, and that too, without having recourse to those libels on English sense and feeling which have been invented and promulged by the promoters of Irish discontent.

It is indeed to the conduct of these men that most of the erroneous notions which circulate here with respect to Ireland may be traced. They have always been anxious to attribute the evils of Ireland to the misrule of England, and in the excess of their zeal to give that alleged misrule all the blackest characters of enormity, they have grossly exaggerated the unfortunate circumstances to which they affirm that it has given rise. They have exhibited a picture too hideous to be looked at with patience, and then they rail at the disgust which their own deceitful representations have occasioned. The extent of error into which this habit of aggravating her misfortunes, leads many of those who write or speak about the island, is sometimes ludicrous. One writer is so determined that nothing in Ireland shall be free from the character of misery and oppression, that even the wholesome root for which the Green Isle is so famous cannot escape him, and in the paroxysm of his rage against tithes, he talks of the "*miserable* potatoe crop." Another, who deserts the plain field of prose, and chants the woes of Ireland in lugubrious verse, must needs have it, that the little children are very sickly looking, and informs us that,—

> —— "each lack-lustre eye, each pallid cheek,
> Of famine and affliction sadly speak."

Now, we beg to assure all those whose feelings may have been affected by the virtuous indignation of the author of the "Life of Captain Rock"—or the lachrymose descriptions of the writer of "Three Months in Ireland," and whose bowels of compassion may have been moved, for the puny children, and the bad potatoes, that these statements are

nothing more than "rhetorical colouring," (a polite periphrasis employed by the orators of Ireland to denote lies,) and we positively affirm, any thing to the contrary contained in the aforesaid books notwithstanding, that nowhere in the world can there be found more healthy and abundant crops of potatoes and of children, than in Ireland.

Another cause of the mistaken notions of the mass of the people here with respect to Ireland, lies in this—that their information about it is chiefly derived from newspapers. In England there are twenty people read the public papers for one that reads any thing else, and Ireland unhappily affords but too much of that species of intelligence which news collectors are eager to communicate, and news readers eager to devour. Thus all the frightful atrocities; the murders, and burnings and outrages which disgrace the country, are made known from one end of Great Britain to the other, with all the rapidity which the active exertions of printing presses and mail coaches can effect, and because these alone are heard of, they are deemed to be the ordinary transactions of a universally savage and irreclaimable people. If an outrage take place in Galway, or a row in St Giles's, before a week elapses, an account of it is borne to every town from Cornwall to Caithness, delivered in the strongest terms which the eloquence of the paragraph writer can supply; and people exclaim, "What shocking wretches are these Irish!" often without considering the bitter circumstances of poverty, neglect, and ignorance, by which they are surrounded; and still oftener, without reflecting that these outrages are generally perpetrated by the mere refuse of an enormous and unemployed population, and ought by no means to be taken as general characteristics of the Irish disposition. It is not our wish to extenuate the dreadful violations of all laws divine and human, which have unhappily been so frequent in Ireland, but it is our belief that they have given rise to very exaggerated notions concerning the general insecurity of life and property in that kingdom; and it is much to be wished, that by the communication of more accurate knowledge those erroneous impressions may be effaced, which tend to retard the intercourse and the union between this and the sister Island;—an union, the existence of which, in fact, as well as in law, is so extremely desirable, for the consolidation, the peace, and the prosperity of the empire.

The amount of authentic information on Irish affairs, which has been furnished to the legislature, is very considerable. When we look at the vast quantity of returh and reports respecting Ireland, which have been obtained by Parliament, and by Parliamentary Commissions we are struck with the amazing difference between the quantity of information accumulated, and that which has been generally diffused. This may be accounted for by the nature of these papers, which are so voluminous, and so much abounding in minute particulars, that few persons can spare the time, or will take the trouble of wading through them, to arrive at the knowledge of those general facts respecting the country, which it is of so much importance to obtain. Besides the immense mass of evidence obtained by the Committees of both Houses of Parliament, on the state of Ireland in 1825, there are—Voluminous reports and returns respecting the clergy in Ireland—Many huge volumes on the state and mode of collection of the revenue—Several, on the state of bogs and waste lands—A large collection of evidence, taken by the Committee, on the new survey, and valuation of lands in Ireland, including minute returns respecting the population and superficial extent ofthe various divisions and subdivisions of land—A great many reports from the Commissioners of Education, with a particular account of their labours, and the information they obtained. In addition to all these, there are reports concerning fisheries, and various returns respecting manufactures, particularly that of linen; and of the imports and exports of various ports in Ireland; and though last, not *least*, we have the report of the Emigration Committee, which abounds in most important matter relating to Ireland.* Parliament is unceasingly ordering

* A very valuable digest of the evidence on Irish affairs, taken by the Committees of both Houses of Parliament, in 1825, was published under the joint superintendance of

and obtaining statements of the facts which are necessary to be known, but the knowledge does not come in the shape that is calculated to invite the public attention, so that few beyond those who are engaged in procuring it, participate in its advantages. The accumulated papers serve but to fill the lumber rooms of members of Parliament, and he who derives the most *profit* from them, is the parliamentary printer.

On the other hand, the absurd exaggerations of the party orators, and the deliberate fabrications of the Catholic Association, find a ready circulation through the medium of the newspapers, and thus, while that which is true is not read, that which is read is not true.

There is, however, a kind of information, and that certainly of as interesting a description, which even the diligent study of the parliamentary documents will not afford. These documents are, as it were, the ground plans, which it is necessary the political architect should carefully examine; but we look for the more finished painting, which will give us a view of the light and shade, the beauties and deformities of the country, as they meet the eye of the intelligent observer, and we long for pictures which, like those of Teniers or of Wilkie, may enable us to see into the interior of the cottages.

Of this description were the sketches Miss Edgeworth once used to afford us; with what spirit and fidelity, it would be superfluous to dwell upon, while they are yet fresh in the minds of the thousands whom she instructed and delighted; and such in some degree are "The Letters from the Irish Highlands," and those on the "Real State of Ireland," to which the Quarterly Review has recently drawn public attention. The first is a series of letters written by a family party, and relating exclusively to a district little known to the majority even of the Irish themselves, and to those on this side of the Channel a perfect *terra incognita*. Towards the north-western extremity of the county of Galway, stretching inward from the coast, lies a land of moor and mountain—peat-moss and lake. Of the last it contains one (Lough Corrib) nearly fifty miles in length; and such is the wildness and desolation of the country generally, that a man may often travel many a weary mile in it, without meeting any living creature to remind him of animal existence, much less any vestige of humanity. The region rejoices in the denomination of Cunnemarra, a name familiar to the public as the topographical distinction of the paternal domains of a worthy ci-devant knight of the shire, distinguished for the zeal with which he discharged, in his proper person, the offices of the legislative and executive functions combined. Though the ground is, for the most part, barren or ill cultivated, the scenery, both coastwise and inland, is in the highest degree romantic and picturesque. Perhaps somewhat too much of the "Letters from the Irish Highlands" is devoted to this attractive subject, for a book professing chiefly to afford its readers an insight into the manners, character, and mode of living of the inhabitants; but this was almost to be expected, from the circumstances under which the Letters were written. An Irish gentleman possessing some property in Cunnemarra, and more anxious to manage his estate by his personal attention, than through the overpaid agency of a middle man, displaced the latter when his lease expired, and took up his abode on that untoward soil, which had been proverbially made the *pis aller* of the infernal regions.* Our judicious friend remembering, however, that,

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the Rev. W. Phelan, and the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan; men whose learning, eloquence, and attention to the affairs of their country, have made their names familiar to all who take an interest in Irish affairs. The evidence has been condensed and arranged with much pains, and copious notes have been added, remarkable for the closeness of their reasoning, and the force of their language. It is to be regretted that they have not given more of the evidence which applied to the domestic condition of the people, for, although it be true, as they say, that this is a subject of not much party or political controversy, it is not the less important, or deserving of careful attention.

* It is understood that the familiar denunciation of banishment "to hell or Connaught," referred more particularly to the wilds of Cunnemarra.

without a certain requisite, the world itself was waste, and *a fortiori*, Cunnemarra, went not unaccompanied. His lady and her sisters (natives of England, we conjecture from their letters) resolved to brave with him the hardships of this native exile, and after some years of residence had made them familiar with the country and its peasantry, they lift up their voices, crying out of the wilderness with one accord, that all those who pass by may turn and look upon the sorrows and the patience of the people. These Letters are, as might naturally be expected, very unevenly written; but, in many instances, the descriptions are given with much vivacity and elegance, and the whole is imbued with a spirit of graceful cheerfulness and kindly feeling towards the people, which are infinitely more creditable to writers, and more pleasing to readers, than the discontented lamentations which generally prevail in books about Ireland.

The letters on the "Real State of Ireland" we noticed at length when they made their appearance last year. They relate to the state of the south of Ireland generally; and, while the writer rapidly sketches the appearance of the country, and the condition of its population, he sometimes meddles with the higher matters of legislation, and touches on the debateable ground of politics. In the debate on the Catholic question in 1827, as in the last, the most alarming statements respecting the state of Ireland were made in the House of Commons. Hereupon a dry testy gentleman, somewhat of the good old school in politics and religion, takes up these declarations, and wishing to show that his country, which appeared to him quiet, and tolerably happy, was unjustly charged with being plunged in the lowest depths of wretchedness and turbulence, hastens to lay before the public, and especially before the members of the legislature, to whom his pages are addressed, a statement of what from his experience he conceived to be the truth, and a correction of the erroneous opinions which he saw were prevalent in England.

Though agreeing with this writer in many of his opinions, and pleased by the heartiness with which he enters upon the defence of Ireland's condition, we yet must say, that in his anxiety to disprove the assertion of Ireland's utter wretchedness, he has painted her too much '*en beau*,' and has given a description which we much fear persons of a less sanguine temperament than his own would find it difficult to realize in any but the most favoured districts of that country.

And now, having with our usual modesty given courteous consideration to the observations and opinions of others,* before we bring forward our own stock of information, we shall present our delighted readers with the result of our personal observation of the country of which we write, and of our study of the books which relate to it; in the trusty hope that as we proceed, we shall redeem our pledge, to give a faithful representation of Ireland as it is.

Chapter the Second.

So great and manifest are the natural advantages of Ireland, that the verdict of all writers on the subject, both ancient and modern, is almost unanimous, and Sir William Temple is but the follower of Tacitus, when he commends the fertility of her soil, the commodiousness of her havens, and the happiness of her situation. But since the beginning of that time from which we have any authentic records of her history, wars and dissensions, and violent distractions, have scared improvement from her shores, and Ireland is still

—— "An unweeded garden
That grows to seed."

* If we have omitted to mention in this place Mr Sadler's able work, which forms the principal object of attention in the article of the Quarterly Review to which we have alluded, it is not from any want of respect to his powerfully written book, but because it is not of that class of pictures drawn from personal observation, of which it was "our hint to speak."—In the course of our lucubrations we shall perhaps occasionally take the liberty of availing ourselves of the vast quantity of learning which he has brought to bear upon his subject.

In other countries, the delightful arts of peace, and the slow, but splendid progress of cultivation, have almost obliterated the traces of the rude and barbarous ages from the face of the land, but in Ireland they still continue to present their rugged deformity. In England we measure antiquity by improvement, in Ireland by decay. The castles of the Irish warriors, of which so many are still standing, are mouldering away, surrounded—not by the rich effects of modern improvement—but by dreary bogs or badly cultivated fields. The rude glory of the feudal chieftain has passed away, but the wretchedness of the vassal remains; and the miserable cabins around these ruins of former grandeur, cannot have exhibited a greater backwardness of civilization, in the days when plunder was honourable, and industry a reproach.

To the eye accustomed to English improvement and cultivation, the first appearance of the surface of the land in Ireland is anything but encouraging, and one scarcely can believe that the bare unsheltered fields upon which one looks, produce good crops, and pay a high rent. The houses of the gentry are thinly scattered, and, except in their immediate vicinity, trees are not often to be seen. Even in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, except on the road which runs directly south, along the coast, where the great beauty of the situation has invited gentlemen to build mansions, and to adorn them with plantations; the land is badly fenced with crumbling walls of dry mud, or loose round stones. The surface is uneven and hard looking, and often disgracefully overrun with weeds.

The smooth, soft, luxuriant verdure, the waving woods, the splendid seats, the land rich with the culture of centuries, and the substantial comfortable looking houses which make a man warm but to look at in England, are not to be seen there. In some districts—in the Queen's county, for example, and the county of Carlow—there is something like the appearance of England, but it is of brief duration. The feeling of pleasure which the appearance of improvement excites, is hardly formed, when some scene of poverty and gross negligence meets the observation, and renews the sense of deep regret, that the best gifts of nature should be so scandalously neglected or abused.

It is, however, quite manifest, that with very little trouble, beyond a constant superintendance, on the part of those whose interest, and we will venture to say whose duty it is, to take that trouble, or make some one else take it for them, a change of the happiest nature could soon be effected. There is a striking example of this within a short distance of Dublin. From the time the traveller leaves the city, by the great south-western road, until he arrives at the village called Johnstoun, which we believe is distant about fourteen Irish miles, he meets with little to give him pleasure. The land is as we have described, and the cottages along the road are exceedingly poor, and extremely dirty. But suddenly a most exhilarating change takes place—the fences by the way side are perceived to be good, and the hedges in the best order—the cottages are clean and tidy looking. Instead of a heap of turf ashes and a puddle, an overturned tub, and a pig, and two or three dirty children about the door, you find a neat little garden, or some flowering tree trained up against the front of the dwelling; and if you look in, you see a gaily set out dresser, as they call the open cupboard where they keep their crockery ware, and a clean-swept floor. The gate into the field, too, instead of being broken, and hanging on one hinge, with a bush thrust beneath it to prevent the egress of the lesser cattle, and the ingress of "indolently wandering" swine, is sound and whole, and no "*singularity* is affected" in the article of hinges. Finally, if the traveller has the good fortune to see all this on a fine sunny morning, when all nature looks glad and happy, he will rejoice exceedingly at the contrast, to what he has previously beheld. But his carriage soon bears him beyond this comfortable region, and rugged fences and wretched cabins again appear on right and left.

Should he inquire how it happens that the place he has just quitted looks so differently from all the rest of the road, he will probably be told—"O, sir, her ladyship is mighty strict wid the people in that naybrud.*"

* Neighbourhood.

"But who is the lady who does so much good?"

"It's Lord Mayo that lives there, your honour, an' owns all the place about, an' there's a Scotch steward to look after the people, an' my lady is very particlar wid the poor people, and goes into their little places hersel, so she does, an' if it's a thing that they doant keep them dacent, devil a one of um she lets stay in it."

As the traveller proceeds, he will occasionally find in various parts of the country, similar good effects arising from a landlord's residence and superintendence; but unfortunately they are of insignificant extent when compared with the whole face of the country. It is to be observed, that where improvements do take place in Ireland, they are in general very judiciously and tastefully managed, and if they have less of the solid and enduring qualities of English improvements, they frequently display more of elegance and of fancy "than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Dublin is delightfully situated, and the views around it are of unrivalled beauty. The Phenix Park is indeed a Phenix. Of such extent, that beside it all London parks are but as little pleasure grounds, and most agreeably diversified with hill, and dale, and level plains. Then it is all embosomed in a wavy round of graceful-looking hills, placed just at the boundary where distance lends enchantment to the view, leaving that beautiful which nature made so, and throwing her sky-blue mantle over the nakedness of the land. The city itself is one of the most beautiful in Europe. Its streets are airy, wide, and well to pass, furnished with admirable, and architectural buildings not a few. The squares are numerous, and some magnificent; none other in Europe can cope with Saint Stephen's. There is more, indeed, of the *illætabile murmur,* the mere smoke and din of concentrated humanity, in London, as very well there may; but in Dublin they preserve with tolerable success the golden mean between this, and the leaden dulness of other cities, and though a man with twenty thousand a-year can doubtless purchase more enjoyment for his money in London, yet such Irish nobles and gentles as may not annex a fourth cipher to the significant digit which indicates their rent-roll, will, if they have but the grace to try the experiment, find themselves a thousand times better off in their own metropolis, than lost in the crowd of that of England.

True it is, and not a fable, that there is not in Dublin sufficient society of the highest class to afford any considerable variety; and he who dines at the Castle on Tuesday with Lords A. B., C. and D., from whom respectively he receives invitations for the remaining days of the week, may calculate with tolerable certainty on meeting those identical noble letters of the alphabet successively at the several houses of the aforesaid peers. The very great, however, are not unfrequently like fresh-water fish,—but an insipid people; and if a man can slide quietly down to the dignitaries of divinity and law, the gentry and tip-top professionals, including a very numerous garrison, Dublin affords much delightful society. More joyous gaiety, more of the racy spirit of glee, pervades the relaxation of those who labour, than the leisure of those who always rest; and the Irish appear to be naturally possessed of a happier temperament in this respect, than their graver brethren over the water. The men of law, for example, are quite a different species of animal from your English lawyer. In England, he is the mere creature of the profession, scarcely mixing at all in society, and when he does, appearing to very little advantage there; because, instead of knowing a little about every thing, which is requisite in order to chatter fluently, he only knows every thing about a little. Now in Ireland, on the contrary, a lawyer's success, even at the bar, depends, in some measure, on his being considered *l'homme comme il faut* in the *bienséances* of society, as well as in the practice of the courts; and in the very performance of their professional duties, too, they are much less confined to particular branches, or to particular courts, than in England. Accordingly, the Irish sons of Lycurgus, are more *generally* intelligent than in England, and conversant with a more widely extended range of topics, though certainly not at all so accurately versed in the minute details of their own profession.

The women of England are at the first more pleasant companions to a stranger than Irishwomen; they have

an air of frankness, and a supply of conversational remark, ready cut and dry for all occasions, which is very agreeable; but there is something in the nature of man in these northern countries—we mean as distinguished from woman—that quarrels with this very openness. In a matron, indeed, the softened dignity of a glad and affectionate eye, gives us unmixed delight, because we fully appreciate the feeling it expresses of kindly and warm benevolence towards all, combined with devotedness of heart to one; but in a maiden we like to find that sensibility and shrinking delicacy, which form the fairy web of feminine modesty, although they are not so easy of access and intimacy. In this we think the gentle ones of the higher classes of society in Ireland have the superiority.

We beg pardon for this little digression about Dublin and Irish ladies, and hope we shall stand excused even for stepping a little out of our way to pay them a deserved compliment: But to return.

We believe there can be no doubt of the fact, that improvement, if not with "giant strides," is still with steady step advancing in Ireland. The light of knowledge is winging its way through the thick darkness which covered the land; and without being too visionary, we may anticipate, that ere very long, it will dissipate many of the clouds of error, and prejudice, and superstition, which have so long hung between the people and their own best interests. It is impossible that men, when instructed, can remain slaves to the vicious habits which have hitherto kept them poor and wretched. The gentry will become ashamed of their neglect; the peasantry of their indolence, their distress, their indifference to outward decency, and domestic comfort. They will perceive the folly and the wickedness of marrying without any prospect of the means of providing for an increasing family; and a pauper population will become a decent yeomanry. All this may be done, if the present spirit can be kept up; but this we admit is no easy effort. None but those who have resided in Ireland can form an adequate idea of the multitude of vexations which continually thwart those who are best disposed to do good; and nothing but the greatest patience, and keeping the eye steadily fixed upon the excellence of the end which is sought to be attained, can bear the improver up in the difficult path through which he has to work his way.

The rooted bad habits of the people, which nothing but a severity that it is painful to exercise can eradicate, the provoking indifference of some, and the perverse opposition of others, to the plans of education which are formed;—the hostile influence frequently exerted by the Roman Catholic clergy against all instruction of which they are not to have the absolute direction; and the frequent absence of the landed proprietor, whose co-operation is necessary,—all tend to vex and dishearten the most patriotic landlords, and not unfrequently have the effect of driving them away to England or to France, disgusted with the bad success of their labours. But this should not be: the sense of a good cause, and the probability, amounting almost to certainty, that perseverance will accomplish the object, should bear them onward in their course, and certainly have already borne many on to ultimate success, whose praise is proportionate to the difficulty and the excellence of their undertaking.

In the year 1811, the Commissioners of Education estimated the number of schools in Ireland at 4600, and the number of scholars at 200,000. The new Commissioners, who took extraordinary pains to be accurate, have stated the numbers in 1824 to be—schools, 11,823—scholars, 560,549. This is an immense improvement, and its effects upon the general surface of society must be very great. It is an improvement, too, of the very best kind. It does not seek to throw down by one violent effort the evils which have grown up to such strength; but it will gradually and quietly come home to men's business and bosoms, and reform the error of their ways.

The opposition given by the Roman Catholic clergy to the schools established by the Protestant gentry, is one of the very worst features of their conduct. We can scarcely conceive it possible that they are sincere in their alleged dread of proselytism, because they are observing men, and must perceive that no such thing is attempted in the schools. There is no foundation for their fears, except that which may be afforded by the gene-

ral improvement of the minds of the scholars; and how shameful is that tyranny which would seek to maintain its sway, by binding down its subjects with the chains of ignorance? If to maintain their authority be their object, the policy of this system of resistance to education is extremely bad, and will in time defeat itself. There are already instances of little children resolutely refusing to stay away from school at the bidding of the priest; and the peasantry are sharp enough to see, although they have as yet but seldom courage enough to avow, that it is for no good purpose they are prevented from obtaining knowledge.

"'Sure we know very well that he wants to keep our children from school, because he'd like to be the only one that can read and write, and then he'd have his own way entirely'—was the observation of a poor tenant, when a dispute upon the school-house was the subject of conversation."*

The character of the Irish peasantry is of an exceedingly mixed nature, containing a great deal to conciliate the affections, and a great deal to offend the judgment. They abound in feeling, and in a kind of sentimental morality which is excellent as an appendage to the sterner and more solid virtues, but is a very inadequate substitute for them. Quick and sensitive perhaps to a fault, they are the creatures of caprice and impulse, rather than of reflection and right reason,—light-hearted, and light-headed, they are reckless alike of good and of evil, and rush into acts of extravagant kindness, or outrageous violence, upon motives which, to those of calmer and more reflecting habits, appear ridiculously inadequate to their effects. The Irish generally—the common people universally—are more apt to be generous than just. A peasant will fight for his master's honour and good name, while he is carrying home in his pocket his master's property which he has pilfered. Generally speaking, they seem to think petty theft and lying no crime,—their detection no shame, but only a misfortune. If some flagrant public offence be committed, instead of aiding justice against the criminals, they are anxious to succour and to save them. They forget the offence, and their pity is roused for the unhappy circumstances of the offender, who has placed himself under the penalty of the law by the commission of some outrage, the cause and object of which are frequently wholly unassignable to any of the ordinary springs of human action. One is continually reminded by them of the force and truth of the indignant remonstrance of the Roman lyrist—

> Quid leges sine moribus
> Vanæ proficiunt?

Yet with all their folly and laxity of principle, there is something in the character of the Irish peasantry singularly powerful in attracting and fixing the attachment of those of the better class of society, who will take the trouble of making themselves personally acquainted with their wants and wishes. Their patient endurance of privation, and of all the minor miseries of life, which after all make up the sum of human suffering; their shrewd lively sensibility, and the vehement eloquence of their expression of gratitude for the least kindness, at once excite our pity, and gratify a feeling of personal importance. That lurking pride of self-complacency, which renders those most dear to us, who have been most the objects of our protection and support, operates as a powerful incentive to unite us to a class of dependants, who show, both by word and action, that they have no reliance, save "on God and our grace;" and we have scarcely known an instance of a gentleman in Ireland residing on his estate, and really taking a lively interest in the well-being of his tenantry, who did not ultimately become the warm advocate of their cause against all who arraigned them as lawless, lazy, and immoral. Notwithstanding the extreme laxity of moral principle amongst the Irish peasantry, it is certainly true, that they abound in religious feeling; and in contrasting the characters of the English and Irish peasantry, it will be found, that the balance of good behaviour is not more in favour of the former, than that of religious sentiment is in favour of the latter. Upon this peculiar and interesting feature of Irish character, the language of the "Letters on the Real State of Ireland,"

* Letters from the Irish Highlands, p. 117.

is so exactly expressive of what we have ourselves observed, that we shall quote the words of the writer:—"In a word, though the religion of the lower classes in England, when they have any religion at all, is infinitely more excellent than that which prevails among them here, yet a profound veneration for religion, a steadfast belief in the essentials of Christian faith, and a regular attendance on divine worship, debased though it be by the superstitious observances of their church, are incomparably more certain to be met with amongst the inferior classes with us than with you; and, besides this, they are far more generally submissive and respectful to their superiors, more disposed to honour and obey a gentleman because he is a gentleman, more resigned when favours are denied, more grateful for favours given, more uniformly obliging, flexible, and anxious to please, than are the peasantry of England. There is, however, greater giddiness and unevenness of character amongst them than amongst the English. It is a common saying with themselves, that they are honest with good looking after. They do not scruple to tell lies to screen themselves when they commit a fault, and when detected, to pass off the lie with a jest." Their patience under sufferings, and indolent submission to extreme privation, with the calm observation that "it is the will of God," is a point of character with which one feels it ungracious to find fault, and yet it is a positive defect, which is productive of very bad consequences. They neither use foresight to guard against misfortune as they ought, nor exertion to extricate themselves from it when it has arrived; and if we, who never mean profanely, may so speak, they trust too much to Providence.

There are many in England who never think of the Irish peasantry but as a fierce turbulent race, ready at all times to snatch by violence whatever they can obtain to gratify the passion of the moment. They little know how much of quiet uncomplaining hardship they endure. It is, however, very justly observed, in one of the letters from the Irish Highlands, that their supineness in health, and patience in sickness, arise from the same cause; and were they when in health of an active and industrious temper, and inclined to make the best of every thing their condition affords, they would be restless and uneasy under privations, and that very uneasiness would be a spur to their industry. These reflections were suggested to the writer of the letter to which we have alluded, by an individual case of a poor woman, whose sufferings and patience are very feelingly described, and whose pious gratitude upon receiving clothes for her children, affords a touching instance of the religious feeling which we have mentioned as universally pervading the lower ranks in Ireland. "I shall not easily forget," says the writer, "the expression in the poor woman's countenance after she had seen her little ones dressed in the clothes provided for them by English benevolence. I happened, unobserved, to see her after she had left the house, kneeling down in the path, her children in each hand, her eyes raised to heaven, praying aloud."

It cannot be denied that this piety arises more from constitutional sensibility, than from knowledge and reflection, nor that it is mingled with much superstition and blind credulity; yet it is the evidence of a good natural disposition, and if that be ill directed, it should the more stimulate those who have the power, to endeavour to improve the people, and turn into its right channel those streams of feeling, which, according as they are well or ill directed, will fertilize or destroy the soil through which they flow.

So much for the general character of Ireland and its inhabitants, upon whom, it is plain, we wish the world to look with some favour; O'Connell, and the Clare Election, and all the fooleries thereunto belonging, notwithstanding. Our next paper shall enter more closely into the condition of the agricultural population, and the history of the disturbances which have of late years agitated it in the South.

J.

BATH. A SATIRE.

We must say that we are extremely partial to a satire—that is, a good, biting, sharp sort of thing, which, like Cayenne pepper, tickles people's palates, even though it stings them. But your puling, sickly affairs, which are half made up of compliments, and half of hits, we utterly detest. If any man quarrels with a vice or a folly, let him set on it tooth and nail; never stand upon shaking hands with it first; hit hard and straight, and don't mind giving it a sly kick even when it is down. But though a satire may be very pleasant to read, and, in some moods of the mind, still more satisfactory to indite, we never could discover that it was attended with any material advantage. Fools will not do wise things in spite of all that may be written to the contrary. Ladies *will* waltz in spite of Byron, and senior gentlemen *will* go astray in spite of Pope. And, in fact, where notoriety is so sure a passport into society, as it seems to be in this strangely constituted country, an attack upon any individual is almost equivalent to a patent of nobility. Many people have been benefited by being libelled; and Brummel himself became the companion of the noblest and best in the land, principally from being the theme of universal derision. Happy then is the preacher who is satirized either for mental or bodily imperfections! either for his squint or his impiety. Ladies go to faint at his thunderings against cards, and ministers of state flock to see him gesticulate! Happy the author who is satirized for the inequalities of his lines or the looseness of his ideas. Hundreds who are incompetent to form an opinion, either on one side or the other, immediately exclaim against the severity of the attack, and compensate the injured author by purchasing an edition of his book. What then is the use of satires? unless they be written by a friend of the party, and intended to *seem* "cruel only to be kind." They rather encourage people in the follies which it was their design to counteract, more especially if the object of animadversion be a community, and not an individual. Nobody cares a straw for an attack which he shares with twenty thousand, and to which every one thinks there are nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine more liable than himself.

Let no man, therefore, waste his advice or his venom on a city. What do the polished inhabitants of Carrubber's close care for all the taunts that can be uttered by the mouths of all the tobacco-chewing, bacon-eating bagmen who chatter no intelligible language of any country, about "gardy loos," and Caledonian cremonas? Who in all the bounds of bonny Scotland cared one rush about the Curse of Minerva, or the still more biting Prophecy of Famine? Doesn't every man, whether Scotchman or not, feel that both Byron and Churchill made fools of themselves by talking, the one what he didn't think, and the other, (poor discontented rascal,) what he didn't know? How can any man have the audacity to attack a whole populous city, with all its squares, towers, streets, and circuses? We always thought Coriolanus, in spite of John Kemble's noble figure and majestic tones, looked exceedingly ridiculous, when, with a wave of his arm and a curl of his lip, he said to the whole population of the eternal Rome, "*I* banish you." Circumstances enabled Mr Kemble, with the aid of his silver helmet and the Volscians, to strut before us again grander and more powerful than ever; but different is the case of a hapless and perhaps a shillingless poet, who sits up four pair of stairs, with a night-cap on his head and a pen in his hand, and in a fit of enthusiasm, says to a city like Edinburgh or Bath, "I'll satirize thee." The laughter produced by a threat of this kind sounds in an unextinguishable guffaw from the extreme end of St Patrick Square to Pitt Street, from the venerable towers of the palace of the Holy Rood, up through the countless stories of the Canongate and High Street, till it reaches the battlemented heights of the Castle, and thence is carried by the winds on to the sister Acropolis of Stirling, thunders through the majestic Trongate of Glasgow, and, finally, is quenched in the shout of indignation which is raised from the Guse Dubs and the Gorbals. Very nearly in the same way is any assault received by "The Bath." Her population

for ever changing, her gaieties for ever new, her streets and crescents for ever the same in beauty; in winter, crowded with all that is noblest and loveliest, names striking upon the ear, as we saunter in the crowd, that fill the universal England with their sound. And there we see them without the parade of state, which in London they are forced to assume,—indulging in that most pleasing of all incognitos, where the rank is not forgotten or unknown, but only laid aside. We remember, in our last visit to the Bath, we saw Lord Liverpool and Canning almost every day either strolling through the streets, or laughing in the Pump-room. Ourselves were at that time—in consequence of an animated correspondence with our Oxford tradesman — maintaining a strict incognito; and it was delightful to reflect, that all the three of us, —leaving bills for a second reading, and projects for the liquidation of the debt totally unattended to,—were enjoying the sweets of complete obscurity at the same time as all the gaieties of public life. We forget what cause limited their stay; but we remember our own motions were somewhat accelerated by seeing our bootmaker drinking the waters in an undress uniform, while our tailor was promenading the Pump-room with a military frock-coat and spurs. In summer, how lovely Bath! More quiet than in her festive hours of winter, but still so sparkling, so free from *ennui*,—her streets still teeming with beauty, and her garden so calm, so shady,—such a spot, whether for drinking iced sherbet, or making love, or better—both! How lovely now must be the green grass before the water mill! That seat beside it—what memories does it not recall! It makes our bile rise at the very thought that a puppy, merely to gratify his own ill-nature, should dare to utter one unloving word against a city that contains a garden that contains a seat where we have been so happy as we were while resting upon thee, O seat! on the top of the bank, beneath the chestnut tree, on the right hand as you look at the mill, about five yards to the left of the middle walk of Sidney Garden, Bath! And now we will cut the puppy up, and hang his shrivelled limbs to wither on the trees which wave their green tresses at this very hour over the beautiful scenes which he has thought proper to abuse.

"Bath—a Satire."—Who told you that this was a satire? A string of ill-natured invectives is no more a satire, than a volley of oaths is a speech, or a series of jumps is dancing. And precisely for the same reason; because they have no uniform tendency in their design. They don't form the parts of "one harmonious whole." And what right, even if you had the ability to do it well, have you to satirize Bath? There is no explanation given of the reasons which induce you to such conduct. A moral satirist, in order that his works may have any weight, ought to be known and acknowledged as the author. The names of Pope and Young were as powerful as their bitterest taunts, and what, from an anonymous author, might have been unnoticed, or even objected to as too authoritative, came with double force when they were backed by the names of the authors of the Night Thoughts, and the Essay on Man. Nobody knows what cause prompted the author of the satire before us to pour forth his indignation against the follies of a fashionable watering-place,—an indignation which knows no measure, unless what is prescribed by the heroic couplet, and sometimes not even that. Who knows but he is some discontented tailor, whose bills have been ignored,—whose stomach, being inflated by too copious a supply of cabbage, has grown tired of secreting bile, and now publishes it in the shape of a duodecimo poem? Perhaps he is some retired shopkeeper, who acts the great man in the vicinity of Grosvenor and Lambridge, but is enraged at finding himself stripped of his honours on appearing in the Circus or Pulteney Street, and indignantly rejected from mixing with the noble, and the beautiful, and the gay, in the Upper Rooms. One of these must undoubtedly be the case with the very irate poetaster, whose drivellings we are now going to produce. He mumbles with equal bitterness against every thing upon which he touches,—against the situation of the city, which all the world knows to be beautiful,—against its architecture, which is generally allowed to be only inferior to that of our "own romantic town,"—and against its inhabitants, who, though we have not the pleasure of knowing every in-

dividual among them, are much the same, we suppose, as to morals, literature, and amusements, as the inhabitants of any other city of equal size. We are ready to bet a small estate to which we lately succeeded, of about fifteen thousand a-year, against the author's best coat, from which only three of the front buttons have disappeared, that he is not acquainted with any two families in Bath, except, perhaps, the wife and children of the deceased Mr Gilham, who lately met with a fatal accident while engaged in conversation with Jack Ketch,—or the no less respectable remaining branches of the family of Mr Isaac Strong, who is at present engaged in a laborious employment at Botany Bay, and is not expected to return for nearly fourteen years. If the bet is accepted, we shall stake the title-deeds in the hands of our friend the Lord Chancellor; and he, on the other hand, will have the goodness to deposit his habiliment, after proper fumigation, in the charge of our ancient and trust-worthy friend, the Boots of the Castle and Ball.

He begins his braying, as a great many other asses have done before him, with a very large and portentous O.

"O theme for praise—to those who know but thee—
O loved of all—who differ much from me—
Prime court of Folly—where the goddess sways
Whole shoals of flaunting girls, and starved Half-Pays.
Lift up, O Bath! thy front of polish'd stone,
Nor blush to find thy charms, thy virtues known!

"A humble bard, whose eye has marked thee long,
Lays at thy feet the tribute of his song—
Though well he knows that aught of tinsel ware,
Rouge, gum, or paint, or artificial hair,
Aught but to please the eye or mend the look,
To thee were fitter offering than a book.
For ne'er within thy polish'd scenes are known,
Aught save the gilded coverings alone.
In thee how deep the youth, how blue the belle,
Who reads a novel and can sometimes spell.
Unknown to thee alike the wizard's lay,
Whose magic touch recalls the feudal day;
And his whose harp appall'd the listning ear,
Who chain'd (yet awed) the bosom by his sneer,
And cast even o'er life's best and sunniest part,
That shadowing gloom which shrouded his own heart.
Scott, Shakspeare, Byron, all unknown to thee,
Engaged in scandal, dress, quadrilles, and tea!"

Every man who expresses an opinion of a country, is generally supposed to form his estimate of its character from his own personal observation; and we have little doubt, that the author of Bath, a Satire, has, with great propriety, accused the inhabitants of that city of gross ignorance and folly, judging from the attainments of his own immediate acquaintance. We certainly never heard of any literary society in Avon Street, and willingly concede, that in Somerset Street, and the vicinity of the bridge, Scott, Shakspeare, and Byron, are perfectly unknown. But because you, by some accident or other, have been able, at least to spell the names, if not to understand the genius of these wizards, what right have you to despise an industrious butcher, who slaughters oxen with equal facility in his Cimmerian darkness, as if he could say Lara by heart, or had acted Richard the Third—"Off with his head," —or even Richmond—"Thus far into the bowels"? But can you say for a moment that the population, meaning by the word population, in this case, the superior inhabitants of Bath, know nothing of general literature, but are totally engaged in "scandal, dress, quadrilles, and tea"? We doubt not that scandal is sometimes practised—indeed we know it—or how could the rich Miss Rhino accuse us of being already married to three wives, and reject us in favour of a much inferior wooer? Dress, we must admit, is also an article in considerable request, and

may the man, who objects to a moderate degree of attention bestowed on it, have his neckcloth untie itself as he leads his partner out, and split his tight pantaloons when walking the first figure. Quadrilles we think it useless to defend—so pleasant, so easy, no kicking and jumping, or squeezing or twirling. We declare that we find them not only relaxations from intense thought, but sometimes they are absolutely our periods of study. Though it is not our usual custom to boast, we most solemnly state, that we have reflected more deeply on some of the beauties in the Remedia Amoris, while poussetting to a squinting red-haired dowdy, than ever we did in the academic shades of the Isis—and once in our younger days we solved a curious problem on the theory of attraction, while the world thought we were only dancing the ladies' chain with that beautiful dark-haired girl in white. Tea we are not at all addicted to, nor indeed to swearing or telling lies, or any other bad propensity whatsoever. But though we think it improper in men to leave port, or punch, or any other beverage of the *propria quæ maribus*, for the insipid wershness of the Chinese leaf, still what can be more beautiful than the small porcelain cup sustained by the white little fingers, while the silver spoon goes its busy round, and the red lip seems redder and more cherry-like every sip, till the heart opens, and her eye glistens, and, as she gets farther into her cups, restraint and ceremony are put off, and she sings, and smiles, and sings again, till you fancy Souchong is Helicon? Besides, what has all this raving against tea, and quadrilles, and dress, to do in particular with Bath? Was there no scandal ever among the inmates of the tread-mill, from which it is evident the author has so lately been delivered? The fashions, we imagine, did not occupy much of the attention of the gentlemen of the wheel, but still, we suppose, they were in some sort or other attired; and though their amusements, perhaps, did not consist of quadrilles, or their beverage of tea, still we see no reason why one of their number should take it into his head, immediately on liberation, to traduce either the harmless dance, or the salubrious potation. We pass over a few pages of drivel, and come to his account of the Pump-room:

> "Now to the Pump-room rush the bustling crowd,
> To *whisper* nonsense, but to laugh aloud—
> Troop after troop still pace the weary round
> Of changeless giggle, gape, and empty sound,—
> Where mindless belles parade with mindless beaux,
> Proud of their perfumed hair and gaudy clothes;
> Where o'er the maiden's cheek no feeling plays,
> But all is fix'd in one rude blushless gaze."

Now, the Pump-room, as *we* remember, was the perfect delight of Bath. A large commodious hall, where, for certain hours of the day, an admirable band was stationed, and all the beauty and fashion of the place, as the newspapers express such things, used to assemble to a promenade. The waters, we must confess, for the distribution of which the building was first erected, were not the main object of attraction to many who frequented the room. But often, too often, what scenes of beauty have we not seen in the Pump-room! We remember one beautiful, pale-faced young girl, whom we saw regularly every day, for a long time, supporting her invalid father on her arm, and herself all the while looking so pale, so interesting! She was indeed beautiful, not so much from mere loveliness of figure and regularity of face; but the chastened expression of her filial affection, as she turned her blue eyes upon the wasted features of that fine old man, made her assume, in our eyes, a character of deeper, because of a purer beauty. Once we missed her, and amid all the train of beauties, which we are sure are even at this hour to be found in that spot, our eye roved dissatisfied, unless it rested on the fragile form of the delicate young girl. We made inquiries, and she was dead—dead before the old man that she waited on—and never more in the Pump-room was seen that heartbroken father, though long lived in our memory the gentle and dutiful Miss Morden. Scenes such as this are occurring every day, and scenes of happiness are not unfrequent too. Haven't

we remarked poor emaciated-looking devils, who scarcely seemed to have blood enough in their system to animate a flea—old fellows that used to come regularly with their miserable spindles tied up in flannel, and looking, with their long thin persons, as they managed to stand up in their chair-carriages, like a very decoction of ramrods, a living essence of pokers and tongs; haven't we seen these same old fellows, after coming a few times to the Pump-room, assume day by day a more rubicund expression, cast off gradually their swathings of flannel, and finally discharge their chair, and kick the herculean propeller of the same, for giving his advice to the re-animated skeleton to be careful and not catch cold? Haven't we made inquiries, and discovered that these same ndividuals—upon whom sextons used to cast a most covetous leer, and undertakers used to grow fat on the sight of—have transferred their fee from the digger of graves to the tier of bands, and are happily married to some fair invalid, who has come down, a miserable, puling, discontented old maid, from the fens of Lincolnshire or the Mendip fogs, and goes off, in about three months, a jolly, laughing, married dame,—with no idea that such a thing as illness is to be met with in the world? And this is the place our bilious friend the rhymester traduces in this fustian style! We don't defend Bath as faultless.—Heaven forgive us all!—we havn't been there for some years, and the place *may* be considerably changed. We don't say that every maiden in Bath is beautiful as a Houri, or intellectual as Joanna Baillie, or poetical as Mrs Hemans. But we maintain that the greater proportion of the belles who patronize the Pump-room, if they whisper, don't *always* whisper nonsense; and happy would it be, if, whenever any one feels inclined to talk nonsense, they would convey their absurdity in a whisper;—that is to say, the nonsense which results from emptiness, for we are quite ready to contend, that the nonsense of a talented man or a clever woman, is ten times more agreeable, and quite as instructive, as their sense. O, to hear sweet nonsense, flowing in a continuous stream, from beautiful red lips! When the mind, which still looks animated in the eyes, turns a crowd of glittering trifles from the tongue like playful children,—little laughing, light-haired boys and girls out of a noisy school, —where every now and then a thought drops out among the trifles, that surprises us by its unexpected strength, —as occasionally among the children we see one who delights us, among the glee and wildness of the others, with her sedate and pensive beauty. And pray, who is always to be at the trouble of talking sense? A man pays a very poor compliment to his friend's understanding, if he never relaxes from his starch'd-up wisdom, but continues talk-talking sense—nothing but sense—till the bystanders, for soon he has no listeners, are tempted to give him a douse over the chops with the toddy-ladle, and feel convinced, to a moral certainty, that the animal must be a Whig. Johnson's relaxations were excessively delightful, though, no doubt, they were somewhat dangerous to his friends. His efforts at playfulness looked like the unwieldy gambols of some portentous whale, that puts the whole ocean into a state of agitation in its mirth, and occasionally sinks some boat, with all its gaping and astonished occupants, by a facetious waterspout from its nostrils, or a humorous flap with its tail. We have no doubt that the exceedingly "*sensible*" author before us would despise any man who indulged in the appearance of playfulness on any subject so important as the state of the weather, or heat of the day, or any of those acute remarks with which people of his sober stamp generally commence their sensible conversation. Laugh on, young men and maidens! chatter nonsense as much as you can —not less accomplished do ye appear in the eyes of judging men, that your smile is a little too prolonged. Not less pure do ye seem, oh, light-hearted and bright-haired virgins! that you sometimes saunter an idle hour away in Milson Street, or the Pump-room; and not less admirable and affectionate will ye be as wives and mothers, that you don't at present always talk "like a printed book," or always look as prim as if you were conversing with these intolerant old maids—your aunts!

But his chief and bitterest assault is directed against the Rooms. The cause of his enmity against them we have hinted at before. No man gives

a favourable account of a club from which he has been unanimously black-balled; and somewhat in a similar predicament, we imagine, our author stands—this account, we fear, shews that he has never been present at a ball held in them; for, if we mistake not, his virtuous indignation against waltzes is entirely thrown away. In the time of our vacation-sojourns in the Bath, we know—and then felt considerably disappointed—that they were not permitted. First, there was a country-dance, and then quadrilles, till the clock struck twelve, at which witching hour cloaks were huddled upon many a lovely form, that longed for one other set. And before the finger of time had pointed half way to the "wee short hour, ayont the twal"—the bald-pated, silk-stockinged flunkey, who extinguished the brilliant lamps and lustres,—

> —— "walk'd alone—
> The banquet hall deserted,
> Whose lights were fled, whose garlands dead,
> And all but he departed."

But though we are not prepared to offer any thing in praise of waltzing, we should certainly be very guarded in expressing our opinion of its pernicious influence either upon the manners or the morals. We know that many of the purest and wisest amongst us see no more harm in a waltz than in a quadrille; and though we should not be altogether delighted to see a great brawny Irish jontleman twirling round a daughter of ours, we should not be inclined to think that any great sin had been committed on any side, either in thought, word, or deed. Our great objection is, that it is so decidedly unnational. It seems all well enough for a bowing, scraping, fiddling Frenchman, with his enormous mouth displaying its grinning vastness under the shade of his twisted whiskers and moustaches, to put his kid-covered fingers on the extreme verge of a Parisian beauty's waist, and twirl round and round, (the two smirking insignificant-looking figures!) till they are tired of admiring each other and themselves. But we hate to see steady, quiet, massive-looking Englishmen twisting and pirouetting with a fine, sonsy, modest-looking lassie depending from their arms; and verily we rejoice with a malicious satisfaction when, as is generally the case in an English ball-room, another couple of revolvers come into contact with the first, and they spin off at a tangent, one into the fire-place, and the other creating an uproar among the fiddles at the other end of the room. But from waltzing, whether commendable or not, the Bath assemblies are free; but hear the censor—

> "Go to the vaunted 'Rooms'—what find you there?
> The noise of folly, and the lamp's high glare,
> The dazzling robe, the lofty waving plume,
> Bright eyes, gay glances, music, mirth, perfume,
> All that destroys the taste or spoils the heart,
> Truth, Nature, Virtue, sacrificed to art!
> Lo! the young girl by scheming mother led
> With but one wish—to see her daughter wed,—
> Leaves on one glittering night the modest grace
> Which gave new beauties to her form and face,
> And stands unmoved a thousand stares, and then
> Quells every fear, and boldly stares again!
> What joys to her shall simple Nature yield,
> The once loved river, and the flow'ry field?
> Even in her far-off rustic home, a blight
> Falls on her heart from that remember'd night;
> And oft in Memory's ear those strains shall sound
> When first she twirl'd the waltz's giddy round;
> And he, the whispering bright-eyed youth, who danced,
> And smiled so softly, so bewitching glanced,
> Oft comes his form," &c. &c.

We had not imagined that there breathed in a Christian land a man who was so lost in his feelings to Christian charity. Is one gay night, one brilliant assemblage of all that is most bright and fascinating, to corrupt the purity and destroy the happiness of any girl who is a spectator of it? Far from it. With what a much stronger relish will she return to the quiet delights of her country home—perhaps to yonder white-walled parsonage among the sycamores, where duly as the Sabbath bell is tolled, she has been seen supporting the tottering steps of her greyhaired father into the house of God, the beloved of all the villagers, and the ornament and pride of that old man's widowed hearth? Is once being present at an assembly to wash away all her former recollections, to take the sweetness from the strains of "that winged song, the restless nightingale, which turns its lone heart to music,"—is it to make her despise the simple beauties that she was once fond of—and from the effects of that one overwhelming night, when she saw seven or eight hundred well-dressed people, with all the paraphernalia which he has conjured up, of light hearts, gay glances, robes, feathers, perfumes, and mirth, to make her ever after a puling sentimental whining girl, sighing to leave her quiet birthplace, and mingle for ever in the laborious pleasures of a "ball-going young lady?" We don't believe that it ever had this melancholy effect upon any man, woman, or child, since the creation till now. She talks of the gaiety of that evening for two days, and on the third she has totally forgotten, unless when reminded by a chance look at her gauze or feathers, that she ever was at a Bath ball in her life. One other quotation and we have done.

> "Once did I mark a maid, whose beauties won
> Each wondering eye e'er folly's reign begun;
> Night after night she graced the sounding hall,
> The brightest, gayest, loveliest of them all;
> Yet soon the glow, which roseate health had shed,
> Far from her pallid cheek for ever fled;
> But art supplied what nature doom'd to fade,
> And still she bloom'd, though still her health decay'd,
> Still gleam'd her eye, though half it's light was o'er,
> Still smiled she sweetly as she smiled before,
> Till, worn her strength, no well-timed cares applied,
> A smiling, waltzing, glittering thing—she died."—P. 17.

This example comes with peculiar force, as having happened within the sphere of our author's knowledge, and to one of his own acquaintance. But, in addition to the causes to which he has attributed her death, attending balls, smiling, rouging, and being pretty, he has forgot what we are informed by one of the surgeons of the hospital, was one of the main instruments of her decease. We allude to the immoderate use of gin, which the author knows as well as we do, was the unfortunate propensity of his defunct friend and kinswoman, Miss Joanna Scraggs. But no more of this.

We advise our friend, the satirist, to give up versifying, as a sort of trade in which he will never excel. Let him stick to his blacking and shoe brush, and we have no doubt he will earn more coppers as deputy boots at an inn, than ever he will acquire laurels by writing poems. His Bath, even as a satire, is a complete failure. It is too general either to be feared or useful; but let the natives be particularly on their guard, for, as we intend shortly to visit their city, we shall show in old Maga, that

> "A chield's amang them taking notes,
> An' faith he'll prent it."

TALES OF THE O'HARA FAMILY.

How comes it to pass, that among the numerous endeavours to amuse the reading public with scenes of humble Irish life and manners, offering, it should seem, a rich field for genius to expatiate on, so few have been little better than miserable failures? Miss Edgeworth, alone, seems to have enjoyed the happy talent of just description, as well in the humorous as the pathetic; the rest, for the most part, bearing to her pictures the same proportion which extravagant caricatures do to the vivid representations of Hogarth's pencil. We may sometimes find a single scene tolerably well exhibited, or a natural representation of Hibernian character in a short essay, such as lately appeared in your Miscellany, under the title of the "Irish Yeoman;" but in works professing to give an ample delineation of Irish humour, feelings, habits, and manners, I have not been fortunate enough to meet with any deserving of just commendation, save those of Miss Edgeworth.

Shakspeare, whose comprehensive range of mind nothing seems to have escaped, and to whom *nihil humani* was *alienum*, is, as far as I know, the first who introduced the peculiarity of Irish character to public notice, and that only in one of his dramas. It was not, however, yet ripe for such a purpose; and all that can be said of the great dramatist is, that he laid the foundation. Captain Macmorris appears but in one scene, and is remarkable only for a hot temper, an intrepid spirit, and a profane tongue. Those of his nation had mixed little with the English in Shakspeare's time, and it is probable, that the great Bard drew the portrait less from personal knowledge than the report of others. The same may be said of the Scotch, one of whom appears in the same play (Henry V.), and is distinguished only by his northern dialect; the great influx of Caledonians being subsequent to the reign of Elizabeth, during which most of Shakspeare's dramas were written. Of Welsh peculiarities, from his own intimate acquaintance with them, he has made frequent and happy use, and would have done the same with the others, had he possessed an equal knowledge. It was not, I believe, until the commencement of the 18th century, that the character of native Hibernians afforded so copious and frequent a subject for the novelist and play-writer, the success of whose early labours on the stage, particularly, has given birth to a number of descriptions, for the most part extravagant and overdrawn, the natural result of imitation falling into incompetent hands. Literary labour seems to be in this respect the reverse of mechanical. When a very useful or ingenious piece of mechanism brings emolument or excites admiration, it is sure to be not only copied, but improved, by others, among whom, perhaps, there might be none possessed of the same inventive powers as the original contriver. But let a novel work of literary merit be brought forward, though it shall find thousands of copiers, how few will be the instances of adequate and commendable imitation! What a host of pens and printers have been pressed into the service of romance and novelism by the appearance of the Waverley Novels! The wish to be equally agreeable and instructive, was very natural, but the wishers, unfortunately, for the most part at least, forgot what was first not only to be wished for, but to be attained,—a genius capable of equalling or approximating the compositions of the great Leader. Ireland being out of his way, obviously afforded fine ground for something like rivalship, in contrasting the amusing varieties of her national character. It had, indeed, been successfully trod before, by the lady above mentioned, whose works will bear no disadvantageous comparison with any of a like nature. It had also been trampled by the bog-trotting buskins of Lady Morgan; who, wild as her fictions are, is somewhat more at home in endeavouring to paint the rude manners in which she was bred, than those of the civilized countries into which she has intruded. She always put me in mind of a passage in Hamlet's advice to the players, to apply which, the reader has only to substitute the word "writer" for "players." "Oh, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of

Christian, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably." Truly, her *Ladyship* is one of the vile imitators of humanity, and yet she has her admirers, Sir Jonah Barrington among the rest. —No wonder—" *Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mævi.*" Well! 'tis all for the good of trade. As long as there are superficial readers, there will be superficial writers, and to say nothing of both being worse employed, as was probably the case before the invention of printing, a man of humanity finds great consolation in thinking, that a vast number of persons earn their daily bread in the fabrication of paper, the casting of types, the working of presses, and all the etceteras that go to the production of volumes, which, after a few months, or at most years, are only fit for lining trunks, or wrapping spices.

Though I will not say that the Tales of the O'Hara Family were written with a view of rivalling the Waverley, or of rendering Irish subjects as productive of general interest and delight, as Sir Walter Scott has rendered those of Caledonia, I may at least venture to affirm, that they owe their birth to the success of his incomparable compositions. In this respect, Ireland did afford new and fair ground for honourable emulation in well-wrought adventures, deduced from stories of the olden time, in scenes of rich romantic beauty, and in skilful delineations of Irish character, modern as well as antique. But oh, sad indeed is the falling off, and mortifying the disparity! For why? A different genius illumines the brain, a different spirit rules the heart, and a very different hand governs the pen. I had been led to expect much from the representations of that lively genius which produced the burletta of Midas, and I believe some other compositions of a like nature. I had heard those talents praised " highly," if not (as Shakspeare says) " profanely," so that they were among the few works of the kind which I had a desire to see, though before I made them my own, I thought it prudent to try and borrow them from a friend. I have more than once been sadly taken in by listening to puffs, for puffers every writer contrives to find even among those from whom some degree of sound judgment is expectable. How this is managed, I don't pretend to say—partiality to a friend, or unwillingness to appear ill-natured, or any thing in short, but saying that the reproach cast upon the greatest city of old times, is true of London — *Omnia venalia Romæ.* Scarce a work issues from the recessesof the printing house, but you see it puffed, sometimes openly and liberally, sometimes incidentally as it were, in some sly corner of a Periodical, a Magazine, a Literary Journal, or a newspaper. It is true, few of any note escape the knife of critical dissection, and some are handled a little too roughly; but it is also true, that others escape either with a slight scratch, or without any censorial animadversion.

It is some comfort to a person, who, like me, possesses, or fancies that he possesses, a little of criticizing talent, when he does happen to light upon a book of false pretensions, to think that he has got a subject wherein that talent may be amusingly employed. But then it must be worth cutting up, otherwise the zest of employment is gone; for who would descend to the task of refuting folly, and commenting upon absolute dulness? Fortunately I have a neighbour or two, to whom, having many an hour to spare from the ordinary pursuits of life, and minds not very hard to be pleased, every new tale is welcome, particularly in the long evenings of a winter in the country. As they have the means of gratifying their reading propensities, they are good customers to the bookseller, who knows their palates, and takes care to supply them with suitable provision; such literary dainties as have reference to their own country being most acceptable. To one of these kind friends my pocket is indebted for retaining the price that otherwise would have gone to cumber my shelves with the tales of the O'Hara Family. I have already told you how much my hopes of entertainment had been raised by the promise of the name—they were still farther enhanced by the title page announcing, a Second Edition. Oh, thought I, my hour for amusive reading will this night pass smoothly; and so as soon as

it struck nine, I commenced reading the first tale, entitled, " Crohoore of the Billhook."

Crohoore of the Billhook, however unheroical his appellation, is notwithstanding, if not the intended hero of the tale, at least the most extraordinary personage of the drama, and such a one as certainly never appeared upon the stage of life. It seems to be the opinion of many writers of tales, that the more they recede from nature and reason, the more they will engage the attention of the reader; and that if they can fill their pages with wonders enough, the object of their ambition is attained. It is not very difficult to construct volumes on this principle, and if children were to be their readers, the plan might answer well enough, provided the stories were short, and the language simple. Uninteresting prolixity is a sad penance either to eye or ear.

Crohoore is introduced to the reader as making one in a Christmas Eve party, at a rich farmer's house in the county of Kilkenny, generally, I believe, considered to be one of the least mountainous and most civilized parts of the island. In this farmer's family he, taken in many years before as an orphan child, lived as a servant, well fed, clothed, and lodged, and repaying the benevolence that sustained him, by his daily labour within and without. That family consisted of the man of the house, represented as passionate but good-natured, his wife, a very kind and gentle mistress, and their daughter, a most amiable, as well as beautiful young creature. That party, on that night of peculiar festivity, was increased by the company of some neighbours, among whom was a merry piper, and a very handsome young man (Pierce Shea,) the young lady's accepted lover. One would think that there was not a heart in company that should have beat with warmer feelings of joy and gratitude than that of Crohoore, contrasting his actual situation in such a house, with what it might have been, had not the charity of the inmates taken pity on the destitute condition of the orphan. This, indeed, would have been natural and reasonable, especially in a generous mind, as his eventually proves to be; but then it would not have suited the story, or answered the purposes of an author, determined, like Mr Bayes, " to elevate and surprise." On the contrary, Crohoore keeps aloof in sullen silence. Like King Alfred, who trimmed his bow while the cakes were burning, the heroic Crohoore sat apart with his hat on, sharpening his billhook, but for what purpose, I defy the most fertile of romantic invention to guess, or even to make the smallest approach to in the way of conjecture. It was not indeed for the purpose of trimming his beard on Christmas morning, but it was for the purpose,—one never certainly contemplated by any but the ingenious authors of these tales,—of going out on the night preceding Christmas—to snare rabbits ! ! ! And for whom was the heroic Crohoore to hook rabbits on a night of such preposterous selection ? Why, for a poor old woman in the neighbourhood, who, it seems, some time before informed him that she was his mother, and to whose support he chose that singular method of contributing. But though Crohoore could have turned the billhook to little account as a poacher, it was materially requisite for the views of the author, and indeed so necessary to conduct the plot, that the tale itself might with great propriety be nominated, The Billhook. Crohoore's sullen behaviour, and the noise of the billhook, having justly given some offence, he is reproved by the man of the house, and not answering with due respect, the old man proceeds to blows, and the upshot is, that Crohoore takes his departure, refusing to listen to any apology, and denouncing vengeance with his scowling looks. That very night the old couple are murdered, and the daughter missing; the circumstances of the preceding night, corroborated by the billhook found in the house bloody, necessarily conspiring to fix the charge of the murder on Crohoore.

But the person of this hero must not be passed unnoticed, though the entire of the picture is too long to insert. To a head of enormous size, furnished with features, not merely ugly, but approaching to horrible, the describer attaches a " trunk considerably under the height of even men of low stature; their unnatural disproportion probably heightened their unfavourable expression, and joined to another cause, we shall have occasion to notice," (namely his reputation of being in league with the devil), " created, among his rustic compeers, a feel-

ing of dislike and dread for their possessor; repelling all freedom, which by the way he did not seem anxious to encourage." (Quere, is not this a copy of the Black Dwarf?)

"Having said this young person was very short in stature, it should be added," (what an Irish author only could have added,) "that he was *not at all deformed!*" "Across his shoulders and breast, indeed, was a breadth that told more for strength than proportion, and his arms were long and of Herculean sinew, but the lower part of the figure, hips, thighs, and legs," (hips I apprehend to have been its middle), "bespoke vigour and elasticity, rather than clumsiness, and it was known, strange-looking as the creature might be, he could run, leap, and wrestle with a swiftness and dexterity seldom matched among men of *more perfect* shape, and more promising appearance." It would have been more proper to say unequalled by any men of his time.

Pierce Shea, desirous to conduct his betrothed (Alley Dooling) to six o'clock mass on Christmas morning, is the first discoverer of the murder of her parents, and the disappearance of herself. The agony of the lover affords, of course, a favourable opportunity of displaying the author's skill in the pathetic. The recollection of Crohoore's conduct on the preceding night, his absence on the fatal morning, and, above all, the bloody billhook, leave no doubt on any mind of the perpetrator of the murder. But what was become of Alley? A curious gossip ensues, (and more tiresome specimens of conversations in the vulgar dialect of Hibernia, than the O'Haras present us with, I never met with in speech or writing), in which it is decided by a conclave of matrons, that Crohoore was her lover, and moreover might have been no very unfavoured one—for why? she was kind to him, and he was always very ready to fly at her bidding; ergo, the best way to secure the affections of his beloved, was to murder her father and mother, and to take the fleetest horse in their stall and carry her off. All this is confirmed by the testimony of a witness who had that night actually met Crohoore, on a good horse, with something before him across the saddle, like a bundle of women's clothes. Of course a pursuit is determined on, conducted by Pierce Shea, maddened by rage and despair, and aided by his foster brother, and some others. In the course of this pursuit, a variety of wonderful adventures takes place. Crohoore is then seen flitting like a ghost, or flying like an ostrich; but as all happens in a land of fairies, under whose protection he is known to be, every effort to arrest him is vain. Pierce Shea, a young man of great strength and agility, is at one time in the pursuit, but the undeformed dwarf of "unnatural disproportion," bounds over a river, into which his pursuer, wholly incompetent to such a spring, tumbles headlong, but, to the surprise of the spectators, is saved from drowning by Crohoore, who draws him upon the bank at his side, and after some successful efforts to restore animation, leaves him to the care of his friends.

The cavern of Dunmore, one of those cavities so frequently occurring in calcareous formations, serves Crohoore to hide in, and the author to employ his descriptive talents. It was at that time, he tells us, according to general belief, the resort of all sorts of Irish witches, fairies, and demons, consequently befitting the purposes of such a wizard as Crohoore, who foils all the schemes of the pursuing party, Pierce Shea being the only person exempt from the influence of superstitious terror. That the describer of the cave never visited it, may, I think, be presumed, from the following passage:—"Indeed, throughout the whole chamber, the awful frolic of nature bears comparison with art;" (the reverse of nature's awful frolics in other places;) "ranges of fluted columns, that seem the production of the chisel, only much dilapidated by time, rise, *almost at correct distances*, to the arching roof; by the way, having necessarily been formed by petrifaction, drop upon drop, it is astounding to think of the incalculable number of years consumed in the process." It is astounding to think how any scientific writer could produce such a passage, the marvel of the columns, like that of the fairies, being all imaginary. The nature of stalactite formation sufficiently evinces the error. Falling water, impregnated with the calcareous ingredient, first forms small incrustations on the floor. As these incrustations rise in height, they increase in base, the apex being small

in comparison with the bottom, where the greater part of the calcareous matter is deposited. They are accordingly seldom high, and in shape more resembling a rounded and irregular pyramid than a pillar. How fluted columns could be thus formed, it is altogether impossible to conceive.

Crohoore's ingenious biographers have been a little unfortunate in the era of their fairy mythology, which is certainly brought much too near the present times. My own memory goes pretty far back, and in my early days I knew many whose recollection extended to the very beginning of the eighteenth century; yet did I never meet one who did not speak of fairies, witches, and wizards, as tales of the olden times, or, at most, as showing their power only in some petty domestic mischief,—turning beer sour, delaying the work of the churn, or striking a child with lameness. This belief was sometimes turned to account, by knavish servants laying their thefts of milk, butter, and such things, to the door of those invisible agents. This supposed agency in protecting felons and murderers from public justice, I have only learned since I opened the Tales of the O'Hara Family. But an earlier date to Crohoore's story would not have answered the purposes of the authors, one of which is to join in the cry against the Established Church, and to represent the oppression of proctors as the primary cause of Irish distress. For this worthy end it was necessary to come down to 1745, or somewhat later, because the true cause of the Whiteboy insurrection, which, however, they did not choose to specify, originated about that time. Candour, had they known such a quality, would have imputed it to the scandalous vote of the Irish House of Commons, respecting what was called the Tithe of Agistment, by which the grazier and dairyman were exonerated from all contribution to the incomes of the clergy, and their support thrown upon the laborious tillers of the soil. Thus the squire who held 5000 acres, with all its stock of cows, sheep, and bullocks, paid nothing for the same; while the poor labourer, who had but one acre of potatoes, paid the full tenth of his crop. That this palpable injustice should have bred popular discontent, is not wonderful, nor that the poor man should wish to enjoy that exemption which he saw possessed by the rich. Hence his indignation was naturally, though erroneously, directed against the clergy, who, having no other means of subsistence, were under the necessity of resorting to all that was left them,—the tenth part of the tillage. That proctors, like all other factors, may have been frequently injurious and oppressive, is true; but it is no less true that the former, whom no species of oppression reached in nine parts of his crop, could be but little injured by the exaction of the tenth. From this source Whiteboyism took its rise, and, as long as the clergy alone were the sufferers, small were the efforts made to suppress it. The honest O'Haras now tell us, that all the crime and all the suffering arose from clerical extortion!

But what, we will ask, have tithes and proctors to do with the Billhook? A second story is interwoven with the first, partly, perhaps, for the gratification of abusing the clergy, and excusing the Whiteboys, and partly for heaping more acts of misery on Pierce Shea, as if the loss of his mistress, and the murder of his friends, were not sufficient. The unfortunate Pierce, jaded and baffled in his pursuit of the supposed murderer, falls into a snare laid for him by one Doran, an old rival, with whom he becomes reconciled, and who seems to aid him in his endeavours to recover his mistress. This Doran (the real murderer of the Doolings,) persuades him at last, from motives of pure patriotism, to join the Whiteboys, who break into a proctor's house, and afterwards bury him alive up to the neck, leaving him to the vengeance of the man he has ruined, who has a large stone prepared to knock out his brains. This, however, Pierce prevents; and his humanity is afterwards rewarded by a reprieve, when going to be hanged. Pierce, after rescuing the proctor from his incensed enemy, not without danger of his own life, attends him to his house, where presently after a party of English dragoons arrive, to whom the *grateful* proctor, in the hope of a reward, betrays his deliverer. The party then ride off with Shea, and the person from whose clutches the proctor had been rescued, as their prisoners, although the latter, according to the

story, had been left behind at the proctor's grave. On their march to Kilkenny, they meet or overtake what they think to be a funeral procession, on which the soldiers crack some jokes, in a miserable imitation of Yorkshire and Cockney dialect. It proves, however, to be no joking matter. The sham-funereals are Whiteboys disguised as women, by whom the fifteen dragoons are surprised, overthrown, dismounted, and their guns and swords taken from them. This plot, for which there could not have been above half an hour's preparation, is all in good humour. The rescue being all they wanted, the victors give them permission to return in safety. Then comes a counterplot on the part of the military, who beg that their arms may be restored, as the disgrace of returning without them would be attended with punishment and dismissal. This is acceded to, the guns being first discharged, the cartridges emptied, and the dragoons promising to retire without molestation. But the arms are no sooner restored, and the troopers mounted, than the sergeant, who, though engaging to use no swords, had said nothing of holsters, orders his men to draw their pistols and fire, in consequence of which fifteen Whiteboys fell lifeless! Such a shot certainly never was made before or since. This, however, only raises the fury of the mob, and fifteen pistols, for each man had a pair, are again discharged, and, *mirabile dictu!* with precisely the same fatal effect. Then ensues a desperate conflict, which terminates in the destruction of the dragoons, save about two, who with difficulty make their escape. In truth, the notion of the whole story is so incongruous, incredible, and extravagant, though a few of the scenes display some power, that I can't find in my heart to weary either myself or my readers with the detail. Suffice it to say, that by a series of the most improbable events and operations, Crohoore proves to be not only the protector, but the brother of Alley, the friend and preserver of Pierce Shea, and finally the cause of convicting Doran and his accomplice of the murder—the last by mere accident, for, having himself been convicted of the murder, he happens to espy the real culprit disguised in the court—the last place, certainly, where one would expect to find him—and springing at him from the dock, Doran is at last secured, and meets his just fate. With respect to plot, a greater tissue of absurdities could not have been put together by an idle schoolboy.

The conversations, carried on in the Irish slang, are generally tedious, frequently irrelevant and uninteresting, and sometimes disgustingly profane.

Of the tale called the Fetches, a word meaning the apparition, not of the dead, but the living, I can only say that my patience was so utterly exhausted before I got through half, that I laid it down to rest in peace for me, not, however, without two impressions of wonder,—one, that any persons, having regard to sense and sanity, could sit down to write such books—and the other, that any could be found idle enough to read them.

Yet these Tales profess to have arrived at a Second Edition!

SENEX.

THE PRESENT STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Of all the circumstances which have contributed to raise Great Britain to the high station which she holds amongst the nations of the world, there is perhaps none to which she owes so much, as the unswerving determination of her national character. In periods of difficulty and danger from faction within, or hostile efforts without the kingdom, (and to such periods we have not been strangers) this great feature of English character has brought us through; and our enemies have been baffled, not more by the force, than the steadiness of our resistance. Nor was it merely in repelling attacks upon our greatness that we found the benefit of this distinguished characteristic of our country, but in preventing even the attempt at aggression, on the part of those who knew, that having once determined the line which it was most for our national honour and welfare to adopt, no event short of utter destruction would make us yield one iota from our purpose. Such *was* the proud character of England; and even those who contended that to its operation we owed the loss of America, could not deny, that we lost with honour that which we could not have kept without a compromising policy, that would have exhibited England in the disgraceful position of bending before a rude and haughty colony. We lost the territory, but we retained that which was of more importance to us, our character. And well it was for the country that that war did not teach the sovereign, a lesson of yielding, which must have been fatal at its close, when a desperate faction, triumphant in the House of Commons, shook the strength of Government almost to its foundation. If the modern system of compromise and conciliation had prevailed in the Government of 1784, how would it have stood before the monstrous Coalition of Fox and North? Yet formidable, irresistible, as this Coalition appeared, the determination of a King, who declared himself ready to submit to the last extremity before he yielded to an outrageous faction, and of a Minister whose transcendent abilities and lofty courage were worthy of such a sovereign, was sufficient to defeat it, and save the country from the peril in which it stood. It is scarcely necessary to point to the succeeding events as exemplifying the glorious results of England's bold, straightforward, unbending resolution, which led her along, unswerving from her lofty path, in spite of all the efforts of a power which everywhere else swept on like a destructive torrent over subjugated kingdoms and ruined dynasties. During this time England knew nothing of *half measures*, which were foreign to her character, and despised by her sovereign *; her object was to defend herself and conquer France, and she paused but for a moment in her course, until at the end of twenty years she planted her flag within the gates of Paris.

Such, as we have said, *was* the character of English policy; but unhappily there has arisen within a few years a new system, which it shall be now our business shortly to examine, with reference to the present state of affairs, to which it has led. It is sufficiently notorious, that those who, both in this country and on the Continent, speak with so much sneering insolence towards England on the subjects of Foreign and Irish affairs, attribute all the difficulties which they present, to the mismanagement of the present Ministry; be it ours to shew that the circumstances to which they allude, and all the difficulties which accompany them, are the consequence of the weak un-English policy pursued by men who are the political idols of those who represent these circumstances as so dangerous. The policy of "conciliation" has something detestable in its very name, when applied to the concerns of kingdoms. It is weak, puerile, and ridiculous. There is in politics a right course and a wrong. Whatever State or Minister thinks to insure present safety by steering between them, abandons respectability, and heaps up difficulties for the future. The man who is weak enough to conciliate, is also weak enough to try to do that by cunning, which he dares not attempt openly and boldly,

* "Half measures are ever puerile, and often destructive."
Letter of King George III. to Mr Pitt, 25th Jan. 1784.

and then, if he succeed, he succeeds without honour; and if he fail, he fails with tenfold disgrace. Yet this system of conciliation and manœuvre was that adopted by a leading Minister of the Crown after the death of Lord Londonderry, to the abandonment of that straightforward English policy which had gained so much for us, and, as we shall see, to the production of that state of affairs on the Continent which the present Ministry is charged with not having prevented. Mr Canning, it must be admitted, nor do we make the admission with any reluctance, was certainly a person of very brilliant talents; an elegant scholar, an accomplished orator, and a polished wit; but as certainly he did *not* possess that iron integrity of soul, that incapability of every thing tricky and intriguing, which ought to distinguish a British Minister. He was not sufficiently scrupulous about the means he used to obtain an object which he thought desirable, and he soon entered upon an experiment, which, while it served his purpose, gave a sickening blow to the talent and feeling of the House of Commons, which it has not yet recovered. He knew as well as any man, that nothing could be more worthy of detestation and contempt than the conduct of the Whig party during the war, and the commotions which disturbed England three or four years after its close; yet after a little time, he thought proper, in order to save himself the trouble which a virulent Opposition might occasion, to "conciliate" certain leaders amongst the Whigs, and thus a miserable nauseous kind of political flirtation arose; the principles which men held steady and firm whilst they were obliged daily to fight for them, slipped away from them during this period of pusillanimous peace, or were drivelled down to the milk-and-water trash of liberalism; and the House lost much of that vigour, and energy, and stout English feeling, the want of which is perhaps as formidable a difficulty as any of those which are thrown in our teeth—and this we owe to Mr Canning.

In foreign policy, the first great matter of moment he had to grapple with was the French invasion of Spain. It will, I suppose, be scarcely denied, that in a great matter such as this, it behoved a British Minister to resolve upon, and execute, a line of policy, that should be direct to one point or the other, without twisting, or turning, or sly manœuvre; no Foreign Minister, under the Duke of Wellington, would be suffered to adopt any thing else; yet let us see how the Minister of that time, who is so much lauded now, at the expense of the present Ministry, proceeded. He made sundry very clever and very witty speeches, explanatory of the necessity of our *neutrality*, yet, instead of being really neutral, he tells us, three years afterwards, that in order to make the gain to France as little as possible, he had resolved to dismember the empire of Spain; and rushing into a somewhat bombastic and unintelligible strain, he informs us, that he "called a new world into existence to *redress the balance* of the old."* This he was not ashamed to say, although he had previously boasted of having contributed to the freedom of the new world, purely through an abstract love of civil liberty and free constitutions, and although (which is the worst feature of the whole) he had written to the Spanish Minister a year and half before, that "the separation of the Spanish colonies was neither our work nor our wish." Can we wonder after this, that the respect for English policy is diminished on the Continent? May it not be true that, with nations as with individuals, *honesty* is the best policy? and if swerving from the high rule of honesty have weakened our influence on the Continent, is it with the Duke of Wellington the blame is to rest? No,—but with Mr Canning. I shall not stop to inquire what advantage this country, or the old world, has gained, by this mighty achievement of calling a new world into existence. There are, however, some persons so unreasonable as to look at facts rather than speeches, who are of opinion that a parcel of Bankrupt States, plunged in

* This passage has been much spoken of as something very fine and original: In the 2d vol. of Russell's History of Europe, p. 191, I find the following—"They (the Spaniards) *had called into existence, as it were, another world*, had opened new sources of trade, expanded new theatres of dominion, and displayed new scenes of ambition, of avarice, and of blood."

anarchy so wretched, that the primary elements of society within them seem breaking up into a savage chaos, where brute force shall alone prevail, form but a poor foundation whereon to erect a boast, and were from the first but a shabby excuse for adding to the patronage of the Foreign Minister, by the considerable addition to the number of our foreign residents. These opinions, however, so heterodox in the eyes of the Liberals, I pass by, as this "new world" nonsense has no immediate connexion with the matter in hand; and for the same reason, I shall but allude to the absurd military enterprise which followed this grand explosion of eloquence, in which the Foreign Minister travelled across the Atlantic for materials for his own panegyric; doubtless for this good reason, that they were rather scarce nearer home. To send the *elite* of the British troops to be laughed at, and brought back from whence they came, each soldier having consumed nearly half an ounce of gunpowder during his absence, was doubtless a very glorious exploit, and highly contributive to the reputation of Great Britain upon the Continent! Alas! where was the common sense of England gone?

And now I come to the interference with the affairs of the Morea, that grand master-stroke, as the French papers have it, to prevent the "isolated action" of Russia upon the empire of the Porte. The plain and short statement with regard to the whole of this affair is, that Mr Canning, and afterwards Lord Dudley, who was perhaps led into the matter without looking very sharply before him, were outwitted, tricked, cheated, humbugged by the politicians of the court of St Petersburgh.

I am willing to believe that *it was* in order to amuse Russia, and keep her from invading Turkey with her unemployed army, that these negotiations were entered into; for I cannot suppose that even Mr Canning would be so carried away by Quixotic feeling, as to interfere merely on account of such people as inhabit the Greek Peninsula—a set of fellows for whom Turkish government is just as good as they deserve, if not better; but he seems to have forgotten that savages are cunning as well as ferocious, and while he thought to entangle the northern bear with his fine gossamer threads of diplomacy, the unwieldy brute looked down at its paws and laughed, to think how it would leave the "master mind" to play with the threads, while it trotted off in quest of prey across the Danube. The present invasion of Turkey by Russia, is an event which we are now able to see has been gradually and cunningly prepared and provided for during several years. It is well known that Lord Strangford, who was found rather too watchful an observer at Constantinople for the designs which Russia had in view, was brought to St Petersburgh, at the request of the Emperor, who professed a great liking for him, which died away with a wonderful rapidity after the removal was accomplished. His lordship's place at Constantinople was supplied by Mr Stratford Canning, who was found to answer better, and therefore did not experience the attractive force of the Autocrat's affection, which had drawn his predecessor to the north. But after all, it was considered rather a hazardous matter to attempt to march a Russian army to Constantinople, while Great Britain, the old *acquaintance* of Turkey, (the Liberals say she must not be called "ally," and one likes to please even Liberals in such small matters,) looked on, unfettered by any engagement; and while there was an Egyptian fleet upon the sea, which was able to beat any force which Russia could bring afloat. But if England could be by any means hooked into the quarrel against Turkey, so that her hands should be tied up, while Russia should overrun the territory of the Porte; and if, yet more, England could be induced to send some of her ships to blow the Egyptian fleet out of the water—these indeed would be master-strokes of policy, if a British Ministry could be found so simple as to yield to them. Unhappily such a Ministry was found. Mr Canning thought he was outwitting Russia, while he engaged her in a treaty, which bound the parties to it to abstain from the acquisition of new territory; but he was really completely outwitted himself, in binding this country to stand in a hostile position towards Turkey, while it was open to Russia to find matter of quarrel, apart from the treaty which was just signed, and, upon the ground of such quarrel, to invade the Turkish dominions. The trick was absolutely a coarse one, —a clumsy political juggle; yet by

such a trick was the wonderful Minister deceived, and we are, up to this hour, compelled by the unfortunate treaty of July 1827, to look on at the invasion by Russia, without active interference. We cannot assist Turkey, while she refuses (as she ought to refuse, while she has strength to uphold herself as an independent nation) to comply with the abject conditions which we are so imprudent as to bind ourselves by treaty to make her submit to. But more than this, we have, *assisted* by the fleets of France and Russia,—Heaven save the mark!—utterly destroyed the Turco-Egyptian marine, and left our good friend the Emperor of all the Russias at liberty to cut what capers he pleases on the Euxine—An "untoward" event indeed! But we had no business to put ourselves in the way of such untowardness. A British seaman, when afloat, is like an Irishman at a fair, he wants but an excuse for fighting,—he is eager for the knocking out of brains, and does not care much whether he dislodges them from the cranium of a Turk or a Frenchman. It was idle to expect, if it ever were expected, that, under the circumstances of sending our fleet to the shores of the Morea, they should come in collision with the Turkish ships, and yet not give them a drubbing; and more especially, when accompanied by the Russian admiral, who, it may be safely conjectured, was not without his instructions to promote a battle by every means in his power. If then it be a very disgraceful thing, as the Liberals say, to abstain from putting forth our strength to succour Turkey against Russia, the disgrace is all to be placed to the account of the blunders of their idol Mr Canning, assisted towards the conclusion by his friend Lord Dudley. "But," cries out the Liberal, "who assisted him at the beginning? was it not the Duke of Wellington who signed the Protocol at St Petersburgh in 1826?" True, it was; but what signifies a Protocol? What is it—*quid est Protocol?* It is, except upon some very extraordinary occasions, my good liberal gentleman, a bit of political humbug to gain time, and keep matters from rushing with too much rapidity to a crisis. Whether this was exactly the case with the Protocol in question, I don't mean at present to argue, because you admit that it was a good thing, a thing approved by your idol, and calculated to prevent the "isolated action" of Russia. I say, that the treaty which followed it, instead of preventing that isolated action, is the very thing which disables us from preventing it; and I defy you, without resorting to your usual refuge of stupidity or falsehood, to escape from this fact.

So much for the benefits derived from Liberal policy in foreign affairs. Now for Ireland, upon which I shall be brief, as a few words will suffice to shew to whom we are indebted for what is styled the "dangerous state of affairs" in that country. Even those who assert that the said state of affairs, and the danger thereof, are originally attributable to the denial of the claims of the Roman Catholics, still admit that the immediate danger arises from the organized power of the Roman Catholic Association. Without it, things would be no worse than they were ten years ago; to say that they would be as *well* would look like mockery. Now, to whom are we indebted for this Association? Who was it that looked on, while it proceeded gradually, step by step, in its pernicious career, till at last it stands a political monster, darkening the country by its shadow, and spreading in every direction its loathsome limbs, covered with the vermin of priests and prating papists, which buz and sting, and cause a general soreness, and a stench, throughout the land? It was Lord Wellesley and his prime minister, Mr (now Lord) Plunket. Mr Plunket tried to persuade the Legislature of the country to grant Roman Catholic emancipation; and found, that by the regular constitutional method, he could not succeed. As he has, like most men of great talents, a tolerably good opinion of himself, he was no doubt piqued that his powers of persuasion should have been unsuccessful, and was not sorry to see a power rising up, which, although unconstitutional, might, as he thought, have the effect of *forcing* from the Legislature, what all his eloquence and argument could not prevail upon them to yield. The Association, however, as soon as its monstrous features were observed by the public, became an object of public alarm, which a servant of the Government could not help taking notice of; but Mr Plunket, who is a shrewd observer, knew that any thing will be borne in this coun-

try, when people get a little accustomed to it; and, accordingly, he prepared a bill for the purpose (quasi) of putting down the Association, which served at the moment to allay the alarm of the Protestants. The bill was brought in, debated several nights, fine speeches were made, and altogether a very respectable sensation was produced. The bill was passed, and —what then? The Roman Catholic leaders laughed at it, acted in defiance of it, and proved that Mr Plunket was either a very unskilful framer of a bill, or—something else. He never attempted to put his bill in execution —the Association went on organizing and Rent-collecting. Mr Plunket went to the House of Commons, not to ask for a stronger bill to put them down; but to laud the Popish priests, and to assert, with a most admired hardihood, that the only obedience given to the laws in Ireland, was in consequence of the exertions of these same priests. He, Mr Plunket, a Privy-councillor, and the principal law officer of the Crown in Ireland, who may in fact be said to have had the government of Ireland in his hands, looked on, and indirectly encouraged the progress to that state of things, which it is now asserted is so dangerous, as to threaten the stability of the empire.

There was a time in England when such conduct would have been rewarded, not with a peerage, but an impeachment. It may be asked, how could he have dared to follow such a course? How could he expect that the public would remain blind to it, or the Government suffer it to be proceeded in? He did not expect any such thing, for he is a man of exceeding acuteness; but he has taken good care to shelter himself against the storm. He cannot be turned out of Parliament, for he is a Peer. He cannot be turned out of place, for he is a Judge.* His family cannot be left unprovided for, for he has already thrust them all into some preferment, some in the church, some in civil employments, but all rewarded with Government patronage, for the exertions which have produced the present political state of Ireland.

If, then, the Liberals think the state of Ireland so frightful, let them recollect that it is owing to the *conciliation* system (*i. e.* conciliation of the *Roman Catholics*) pursued by Lord Plunket, one of Mr Canning's peers.

We love to break an insolent fellow's head with his own stick; and therefore, in discussing the impudent assertions of the Liberals on the present state of affairs, we have, for argument's sake, granted their positions, and shewn, that they arise out of the folly, or something worse than folly, of their own favourites, and are not to be attributed to the present Ministers, who are fellows of the right sort, who will, we trust, in all their proceedings, go straight to the point, and carefully eschew that political poison called Conciliation. But as to real difficulties, there is no such thing, the Continental fighting, and the Irish tranquillity, in nowise notwithstanding. England has the beating of the world, three times over again, in her still, and that the saucy knaves, who prate at such a rate just now, know well enough; though, now that they are permitted for a while in France to print and publish their impertinence, they cannot help calling names, out of wretched spite for the drubbings they have got, and of which the smart has not yet quite left their shoulders. We can afford to smile at this ridiculous exhibition of wounded vanity. It is mighty easy to write inflated impudence, and get it printed in a newspaper; but when we meet by sea or land, with arms in our hands, we shall make short work of the argument. To be sure, we have not been taught the art of war, by having the enemy quartered in our capital. We have not had the benefit of a review of foreign troops within our squares, with their loaded cannon pointed against our public buildings, in case we dared to budge—Advantages which certain of our neighbours, who seem to be gifted with very short memories, have had the happiness to enjoy within a period not extremely remote. But still, we rather think that we can fight a little when it comes to the push; and to say nothing of our navy,—because there is no novelty in its superiority, and its

* The public were surprised that when Mr Plunket was made a peer, he was not also made Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Had the public known Mr Plunket well, they would not have been surprised at all. A Lord Chancellor may be turned out, and generally goes out, as a matter of course, upon any important change of the Ministry.

power to sweep the ocean of all the other navies in the world,—we are apt to think that we have *now* an army, which, for its number,—and even that is pretty formidable,—is the very finest that the world ever saw. We should like, that is to say, if it were "our cue to fight," to take a given number of our army, say fifty thousand, and in a given place, say the field of Waterloo, with the proper appurtenances of artillery, &c. and just give any other army of the world a field day;—we should allow of French two to one; of Germans, Russians, Spaniards, Turks, three; of Italians, Portuguese, and any other you please, four; and of any troops between Cape Horn and Hudson's Bay, fifteen; and we would stake a page of the Magazine against all Le Comte de Chateaubriand's works,—an immense odds, which we should not give if we were not sure,—that in ten hours, our fifty thousand would be undisputed masters of the field.

But, say the groaners, it is not the army or the navy we fear, but the debt. "The debt, sir,—it paralyzes us, and prevents us from being able to go to war." What nonsense is this! The debt may make us the less *willing* to go to war, until an important occasion arises for it; but it cannot affect our *power* to do so, whenever the occasion becomes serious. Suppose that to-morrow morning the debt were not, would there be a single man, or gun, or barrel of gunpowder, or any other material of war, the more, on account of its disappearance? Certainly not. The fundholders cannot mark a writ against our ships, and place them within "the Rules of the Bench;" nor can they go down to the Courts at Westminster, and obtain a writ "*ne exeat regno,*" directed to his Majesty's regiments of horse and foot. Let not foreign nations flatter themselves, that the debt is to make us a prey to them; for, if we should come to that pass that we cannot preserve the funds and the kingdom together, we should certainly not let both fall; and if the latter fell, the former must; therefore, we would keep up the latter. The fundholders themselves could not be so stupid as to say, you shall pay me interest this year in full, although, if you do so, you must refrain from going to war, and thereby, when next year comes, there will be no government or funds here at all. The kingdom is to be considered first, and the fundholders next. We are able, and, under providence, we shall be able, to take care of them both. We shall share our property, so long as no more immediate necessity of our country demands it, with the second; but for the first, no foreigner shall dictate terms to us, whatever may become of our excellent and most esteemed friends the fundholders.

But when we were last fighting, we paid fifteen millions a-year more taxes than we do now, and prospered exceedingly: Might we not do so again? The objector says, "No; because the amount of taxation you pay now, is really greater than when you appeared to pay fifteen millions more, on account of the changes which have taken place in the currency." Why, then, if the value of the money paid in taxation be so much increased, and since the fundholders get about three-fifths of that money, they must get much more than they used to do; and as they can hardly expect to do so, if we are once more engaged in war, they should only go back to the old scale again.

We are told, however, that any arrangement which should in the least touch the fundholders, would create such a dreadful confusion, such a frightful convulsion, and so forth, that the kingdom would be shaken to pieces. We do not believe any such thing. We English are rather a cool, prudent people, particularly where money matters are concerned, and are apt to bear either a loss or a gain with very considerable equanimity. We are not Frenchmen, to get into an ecstacy when we win, or an agony when we lose; and we can do what the occasion demands, without rushing upon extravagance. We therefore think, that should the time ever come, that the fundholders should be obliged to make a sacrifice of a part of their revenues for the sake of the preservation of the remainder, it will be done calmly and quietly, after the manner of our nation.

But we fight with shadows.—Be it known to the foreigner, who presumes to sneer at us upon the present state of affairs, that we can fight with men, when the occasion arrives.

A WHIG-HATER.

COURT OF DARKNESS.

SCENE. *The Mountains of Ephraim.—Time, Evening. The assembly of the Fallen Angels appears grouped over the broken and precipitous summits.*

SCENE I.—NISROCK, AGA, THAMMUS, TYRIEL.

Nisr. Ill met, Ethereal Powers;—whom Sammael
Compels thus rudely from the land and deep,—
From Nile to Eastern Pharphar, or the steep
Of rocky Carmel: With disturbing spell,
Wherever our devoted legions dwell,
Dispersing, like the golden dreams of sleep,
Those charmed pomps and pageantries, which quell
To brief repose our clinging agony.
Tham. Alas! with these fallacious glories flee
The gay attire of spell-raised loveliness,
And all the wanton forms of fantasy,
Which we to win the love of mortals wear,
And hide us from ourselves. The charms which dress
Earth's fond and passionate idolatry
With specious light; as Evening doth suffuse
Yon westward vapours, with her Iris hues.
Nisr. Yon sunset colours on the western air
Are not so fleet to perish, or so fair;
For swifter than the cloudborn lightening
Blights from the stately elm its garb of spring,
We feel and wither:—ere that sign be past,
Each godlike apparition is unblent,
Dissolved into its pilfer'd element;
And we are what sin made us; first and last—
Wan—thunderstricken—images of doom!
Aga. Our own black thoughts return:—as from the tomb,
The eternal damn'd, to judgment call'd, arise,
O'erladen with soul-sinking memories—
Thoughts which can die not;—could they but destroy
The wretched things who feel them,—happy they!
Tyr. Now truce with thy vain soothsaying;—or say,
Why are we thus disturb'd? stern Sammael
Dallies with us like victims,—his rough sway
Now briefly intermitting,—now more fell
Breaking our gloomy rest, our short oblivion
Of him, and of ourselves, and our dark fate.
Aga. He hates. And 'tis the wont of brooding hate,
To close in well-dissembled slumber's guise
The venom-spotted coils and serpent eyes,
And thus, disguised, in ambush grim await
The moment when its victims deem all still.—
The rest he suffers, but repairs for ill
The sentient spirit; and new-strings the breast,
Lest craving malice lack its vulture food:—
But when it hath the broken nerve renew'd,
And, all forgetful of the foe, we rest,—
He comes with retribution from afar,
As darkness follows the Hesperian star.
Tham. But who may tell, what woes peculiar brood
In our grim star to-night?
Nisr. We must abide
The pestilence of its collected ire:
Spent in the strife of solitary pride,—

Ambition, whose long toil hath nothing won;
He waits till the diurnal course hath run,—
To vent his surcharged bosom's angry fire
On us who must endure it.
Tham. He doth sway
With the sick pride of a fall'n potentate,
Who seeks to hide his ineffectual state,
And in dim darkness wears his faded ray
Of crazed and visionary pomp. When Day
Hath disappear'd beneath yon dusky portals,
Which stand in clouded gold on the bright west;
When dewy sleep falls o'er Earth's weary mortals,
These heights shall by his giant foot be prest,
Emerging from night's darkness.
Tyr. Day grows dim
Within yon cloudy curtain of pale gold,
Which mantleth its fair shrine with shadowy fold,
And Earth's deep vales put off their gaudy trim.
Nisr. The many tints of day melt into one
Embrowning shade, from Gilead to the plain,
As, like a fiery giant, the broad Sun
Hurrieth apace to meet the western main.
Tham. Oh, that a wish might stay its fatal course!
Nisr. Its course *is* fatal—It is past the force
Of angel power to stay it, and must on,
Uncheck'd by mortal's or immortal's care,
Till it hath measured its appointed share
Of seasons, and its tale of days is done.
Aga. It is the circling wheel of Destiny,
And with its revolutions, all things fleet
By many courses to one end; to meet
Assembled on Time's awful boundary—
And part for ever into light and darkness.
Power and dominions shall meet there, to hear
The repetition of our fatal story,
Read from the accuser's book, before the throne:—
And all Heaven's eyes burn fierce on us alone:—
And in our fall all vital beings glory,
From the wing'd Hierarch, to the child of clay,
Even man! Death's victim—slave to every ill
That flesh inherits in its mortal day,
Clothed in the light of that fair star, which still
The powers of earth and air in fear await,
For which wise mortals watch Heaven's eastward gate;
He shall arise as from the tomb newborn,
To look on our sad plight with hate and scorn.
Nisr. That sorrow shall be spared thee; awe shall drown
All triumphs and all glories—lost in one,
As the starr'd sphere grows faint before the sun,
And all those varying spirits be chain'd down
In one deep over-mastering agony,
One breathless pause of fear and mystery.
Tham. Not the bright angels!
Nisr. Angel sympathy
Shall turn their eyes to those weak souls which tremble
Between our fate and theirs.
Aga. Upon *them,* we
Shall darkly gaze where they in light assemble,
And—stain'd with guilt that cannot be forgiven—
Behold the blessed angels, erst our peers,
Where our fates cross and part 'twixt hell and heaven;
For one bright bitter moment—never more!

But, in that momentary meeting, store
More grief than an eternity of tears
Could ever weep away!
Tyr. These murmuring fears
To our unnatural forms, new horror add;
We want not such vain plaints to make us sad.
Aga. We are too light and vain for our sad fate.
Tyr. We, too, could weep—might tears but wash away
The written record—the predestined date
Of that unknown, unutterable day,
Which even the sinless fearfully await;
But nought is left the destined, save to linger,
Forgetful of the doom they may not shun
Among those fair scenes, where creation's finger
Hath writ no record of the deeds we've done.
Aga. Fall'n angel, no!—Sad memory haunts us still,
Far as the spirit's boundless sense of ill.
Our darkness dwells within:—We may not fly
The inborn torture of the conscious mind.—
Seek we the light?—Reproachful light on high
Bids conscience seek the refuge of the blind!
No!—not the scorpion pang—the fiery throe
Which starts the quick nerve from the burning vein—
The rack of insane terror—guilty woe—
The demons of the human heart and brain—
Wring our pale victim, as we writhe at this
Reproachful symbol of abandon'd bliss!
Tyr. Peace, Aga!—Silence thine ill-boding scream;
Thou scarest away the sun before his time.
Aga. Ay, thou weak angel—now his latest gleam
Is on the faded heaven.
Tham. To the left,
Dost thou not see yon thickening vapour rise
Like a dark yew-tree to the sable skies,
From the bare granite's thunder-smitten cleft?
Tyr. Who rises from beneath it?
All. Sammael!

SCENE II.—SAMMAEL.—*Angels.*—*Chorus.*

Sam. Spirits, whose birth-place is the highest heaven,
Whose home is in Gehenna's awful star,
Usurpers of earth's altars—earthly gods!
Or how shall I address you?—Revellers?—
Minions of gaudy light, who love the sun,
And dare to bask ye in his beams of glory?
Or fiends of darkness?—for like such ye look—
Ye have of late forgotten whose ye are,
Your proper functions and dark destiny;—
Ye have become ambitious and refined;
Genii of virtues and moralities—
Spirits of pomps and places—deities
Of actions, passions, elements;—array'd
In all that charms the eye and soothes the sense.
Ye ransack nature for ambrosial tastes,
And decompose the sun-beams for attire.
Courting repose and vain forgetfulness,
Ye slumber on soft breezes and fresh flowers;—
And dwell apart, or, meeting as earth's gods,
Make honour mean, with mutual reverence—
Rarely with man—or, if ye walk the world,

'Tis to seek fanes and votarists, not victims.
Was it for this, Spirits accurst!—for this
I lost celestial empire?—To establish
On earth a sensual sty for craven fiends!—
Was it for this? that ye may dwell secure
In light, I may not look unwither'd on.
Earth lacks not revellers; that such as you
Should lift their owl eyes to the glorious day,
And mock its noon of beauty with most foul
And phantom aspects!—Denizens of hell,
Ye are not for this earth, or earth for you;
Your proper home awaits her truant sons
With love, though long forgotten, unconsumed.

Chor. Taunt not thy slaves, lord of the burning throne,
With honours thou hast given,—
With blighted beauty—hope o'erthrown;—
We, too, have dwelt in Heaven!
What are Earth's glories to repay
Immortal glory, pass'd away!
Remember all we lost, and deem
Earth's respite brief from woe—
A light which trembles o'er the stream,
Ere yet it dash below,—
Where Hell's eternity doth spread
Its shoreless billow dark and dread.
Nor grieve thou, if to every wind
Our thrones and altars rise—
Where'er our standards gleam, behind,
Thine own black banner flies:—
Our deeds of seeming light, when done,
'Tis thine own triumph flouts the sun!—
On templed height above the wave
Where spells of power are utter'd,
In mystic shrine within the cave
Where saying dark is mutter'd—
Though Gods within be deem'd to dwell,
Oh, are they not the gates of hell?
All things that precious be, and all things fair,
From the lone desert to the roofs of man—
All the bright fields of air,
All the green wave doth span,
Are of our winning, and obey thy powers,
Thine empire—to enjoy them ours.

Sam. To mortals, leave these vain and idle toys,
To fool themselves with, till they are like us,
Immortal grown in sin and suffering.—
'Tis not the fuming altar, festal chant,
The solemn pomp, the wreathed sacrifice,
Can make ye that ye are not—heroes—Gods.
Can flattery vanquish fate, and lies repell
The eternal edict, which, once heard, even yet
Rings o'er the gulf of many a thousand years
Redemption to our victims,—woe to us?—
In vain ye blind the superstitious Gentiles;—
Unless our empire be establish'd here,
O'er Salem's mount and fated Galilee,
Earth's empire is as dust before the wind!
But this high end demands far other means
Than the poor play of mock divinity.
Ye must abandon pride—spurn empty honour—

Shake off the sloth of sensual hours; by these
Man is *our* victim—and with thriftless zeal
Stakes on their worth his soul's futurity,
And finds them worthless, and is lost for ever!—
Watch with enduring toil—your foe sleeps not,
But from Heaven's height laughs with immortal scorn,
To see his foes thus purblind at the brink
Of the unfathom'd pit!—Behold ye not
The footsteps dread of your arch-enemy
Stampt on the ground ye tread? Do not your pleasures
Proclaim the hand that forgeth pains for you?
When ye behold, at morn, yon granite hills
Bask in their Lord's serene and silent sunshine,—
When ye inhale the sweet fresh atmosphere,
Which mantles with life's breath the rolling world,—
Oh! can ye dare be joyful? Dare ye raise
Your phantom eyes to yon sidereal host,
Which throngs Infinitude with fearful brightness,
And hope your darkness may defy his light,
Or fiends exult at noonday?—Know ye not
His eye-beam and his spirit compass you,
His thunders dwell around you? Yet ye sleep!

Chor. We slumber not, dread chief! What mortal man
Escapes our fierce assay?
What moment, since the human world began,
Have we surceased for victims still to play
In the contemptible game of mortal life,
With repetition weary!—
Mingling with man's illusions, love, or strife,
Or project airy,
Do we not glitter in the far-sought gem,
Gay garment, gold?—
Flit we not round the uneasy diadem,
Whispering proud thoughts to things of earth's vile mould,
Prompting the base to stratagem,
To strife the bold?—
Do we not tempt the needy slave to stealth,
And win, by secret lure, or coffer'd wealth,
The sensual or the cold?—
Do we not win the wise man's willing ear
With specious pleas,
Tempting from Virtue's stern career
To fatal ease?—
The hunter, with barb'd sheaf and bended bow,
Breathes not with keener glow
The mountain's morning air—than we to chase,
With fine-wove wiles, and fair entanglements,
Our human quarry.—His, less delight
When the dun stag comes tottering to the ground—
Or savage bird, pierced on its airy round,
Flaps down with useless wing through the thin air;
Than ours, when round the victim to thy power,
We flit, in life's last hour,
To whisper horror and our own despair.

Sam. Now speak ye like yourselves: But this I know
That ye are evil.—I did only wonder
That so much wickedness becomes abortive,
By your strange vanity.—Enacting gods,
I've known ye sink the fiend, and preach good morals,
That men might deem you good. But this I pass,

For it is thus Sin fitliest clothes itself
In sounding apophthegms—while mortals, duped
By the false semblance of a seeming good,
Confide in fabled virtues, and abandon
Their better trust in Heaven.—I now repeat not
Your love of pleasures, which degrade all natures,
Making the best corrupt—vice impotent:—
But your vain malice, fiends! the ebullition
Of evil natures, furious to no end
But to defeat its object, and recoil
From the seared victim to his torturer:
For thus repentance from your fiery rack
Oft mounts to the Eternal Arbiter,
And Grace comes earthward hovering, to impart
Peace to the penitent and weary breast.

Chor. Stern King of Terror! Pain hath spent
Our fiery force of will—
Some power to good o'errules the intent,
Or to recoiling ill,—
Hell, weaving snares a thousand ways,
Finds Mercy central in the maze!

In vain we purpose—act—advise,
And shift the treach'rous view,
We feel the beam of unseen eyes
O'erwatching all we do!
Ambition—Hatred—Passion guides—
Heaven's mercy o'er the end presides.

So do we what we would not, fly
To the result we shun;
And when in fiercest ill we vie,
Lo! good is done.
So do our acts defeat our will—
So circumscribed our power of ill!

Sam. Ay—ye are weak, because ye seek oblivion,
And drown Hell's nerving hate with human follies.
Touch'd with the frail taint of humanity,
Ye do forget your very selves, and feebly
Talk as if fiends had conscience. Yet for this
Ye may not gain one moment from perdition;
Weak ye may be,—ye must be evil still,
Soft without mercy—without grace producing
The ends of Heaven from your hearts' hatefulness,
As genial warmth glows far, while the live furnace
Burns inward fiercely still.—For shame, ye damn'd,
Forget not your immitigable doom,
And let Hell's memory give relentless force—
Draw the fell purpose from the blighted hope—
Be stern and unsubdued, as ye are hapless—
As ye are fated, fatal.—If ye wear
The form of beauty, or the smile of love,
Remember what they cover still, and are
The sunbeam on the lake of bitterness—
The bloom that tempteth on the poison-fruit—
The mask of malice unsubdued—of woe
Eternal, unreprieved: For what avails
This low subsolar world, with all its charms,
To ease your fate's despair? Shall they not fleet?
Sun, stars, and sparkling waters, and gay shores;—

Pomps, powers, and pleasures;—all that glads the heart,
Or wins the curious eye or craving sense;
Shall they not perish, in one moment strewn
Upon that void wave of nonentity,
In which your own grim prison star alone
Travels its endless way, with its sad crew,
From deep to blacker deep,—where it shall be
My task to inflict far heavier woe than this
Derided exhortation?

Chor. Oh, spare us, spare us, dreadful King!
Thy brow is terror-crown'd,
And paints with horrid lightening
These ghastly cliffs around!
Thy voice rings, like the trump of doom,
To seal the abyss and cleave the tomb!

Sam. How livid Consternation's many hues
Cloud your scarr'd brows with Fear's deformity!
I love to gaze upon you thus,—and muse
In calmness upon things which Angels fear.
Yet oft, methinks, when I behold you thus
Crouch, terror-shaken, at the name of that
Ye must substantially endure, I feel
Strange pity touch my bosom's adamant,
To see how lost ye are, and could nigh weep
Over your hopeless state, as the lone granite
Pours down the night dews o'er the desert sands,
As if to weep o'er their sterility,
With softness not its own.—Alas! weak fiends,
Pleasure and soft forgetfulness are idle,
As dreams which change not the sad waking truth,
And coward shrinking magnifies the evil
Which ever lessens, as the heart expands,
And the soul gathers dignity from daring.
The tyrant Danger but subdues the weak—
The fiery war-steed, which the timid fears,
Bears on the brave with answering exultation
Into the storm of strife, with heart prepared
To dally with the thunder of the fight.
There is an hour mark'd in the page of doom,
When ye shall court the thing ye shudder at,
And plunge into Hell's self for terror's sake.
When Death's wide portals, opening widest—last—
Send forth their bony inmate to collect
The gleaning of life's harvest—ye shall envy
That common refuge from the judgment-seat,
Where Mercy's self, array'd in light too pure
For sin to look on, bids all hope depart.
But, 'tis enough—Ye may retire.—These thoughts
May fitlier soothe his loneliness, to whom
Terror is as a slave.—Be diligent
Each in his proper station, and obedient
To watch and win—be prompt at every call;—
Wear pleasure as a mask, and not a chain;—
Be men your victims, not your flatterers.
In all things view the end: That, perishing,
Vengeance may smile your fall—and mingle
Triumph with your despair—peopling Hell's prisons
With human generation.—Hence—away!

SCENE III.—SAMMAEL.

They're gone to ply their ineffectual labour,—
To sow in guilt what they must reap in woe,—
Heaping upon themselves more deep damnation.—
Thus would I have it.—Little once I thought,
When leagued with me in crime and punishment
They fell,—condemn'd to an eternity
Of exile from all joy and holiness—
And the first stains of sinfulness and sorrow
Fell blight-like o'er their cherub lineaments—
Myself the cause—Albeit too proud for tears,
Yet touch'd with their sad doom, I little thought
I e'er should hate them thus.—Yet thus I hate them,
With all that bitter agony of soul
Which is the punishment of fiends. Alas!
It was my high ambition, to hold sway,
Sole, paramount, unquestion'd, o'er a third
Of Heaven's resplendent legions:—Power and glory
Dwelt on them, like an elemental essence
That could not be destroy'd.—I could not deem
That aught could so extinguish the pure fire
Of their all sun-like beauty—yet 'tis changed!—
I gain'd them to my wish, and they are grown
Too hateful to be look'd on.—Thus I've seen
The frail fair dupe of amorous perfidy,
The victim of a smile,—by man beguiled—
Won to debasement, and then left in loathing:—
Alas! I cannot leave my fatal conquest!—
Man! would I were the humblest mortal wretch,
That crawls beneath yon shadowing temple's tower,
Under the sky of Canaan; so I might
Lay down this weight of sceptred misery,
And fly for ever from myself and these!
But Pride reproves the wish; and—it is useless;
The unatonable deeds of ages rise
Like clouds between me and the throne of Grace.
I may not hope,—or fear,—still unsubdued,
As when I ruled the anarchy of Heaven,
I stand in Fate's despite,—firm and impassive
To all that Chance, and Time, and Ruin bring.
—In that disastrous day, when this vast world
Shall, like a tempest-shaken edifice,
Rock into giant fractures—as the sound
Of the Archangel's trump, upon the deep,
Bids fall the bonds of nature, to let forth
Destruction's formless fiend from world to world,
Trampling the stars to darkness,—Even then,
Like that proud Roman exile, musing o'er
The dust of fallen Carthage, I shall stand,
Myself a solemn wreck, calm and unmoved
Among the ruins of the works of God.
And my last look shall be a look of triumph
O'er the fallen pillars of the deep and sky;
The wreck of nature by my deeds prepared—
Deeds—which o'erpay the power of Destiny.

K.

THE BROWNIE OF THE BLACK HAGGS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

When the Sprots were lairds of Wheelhope, which is now a long time ago, there was one of the ladies who was very badly spoken of in the country. People did not just openly assert that Lady Wheelhope was a witch, but every one had an aversion even at hearing her named; and when by chance she happened to be mentioned, old men would shake their heads and say, "Ah! let us alane o' her! The less ye meddle wi' her the better." Auld wives would give over spinning, and, as a pretence for hearing what might be said about her, poke in the fire with the tongs, cocking up their ears all the while; and then, after some meaning coughs, hems, and haws, would haply say, "Hech-wow, sirs! An a' be true that's said!" or something equally wise and decisive as that.

In short, Lady Wheelhope was accounted a very bad woman. She was an inexorable tyrant in her family, quarrelled with her servants, often cursing them, striking them, and turning them away; especially if they were religious, for these she could not endure, but suspected them of every thing bad. Whenever she found out any of the servant men of the laird's establishment for religious characters, she soon gave them up to the military, and got them shot; and several girls that were regular in their devotions, she was supposed to have popped off with poison. She was certainly a wicked woman, else many good people were mistaken in her character, and the poor persecuted Covenanters were obliged to unite in their prayers against her.

As for the laird, he was a stump. A big, dun-faced, pluffy body, that cared neither for good nor evil, and did not well know the one from the other. He laughed at his lady's tantrums and barley-hoods; and the greater the rage that she got into, the laird thought it the better sport. One day, when two servant maids came running to him, in great agitation, and told him that his lady had felled one of their companions, the laird laughed heartily at them, and said he did not doubt it.

"Why, sir, how can you laugh?" said they. "The poor girl is killed."

"Very likely, very likely," said the laird. "Well, it will teach her to take care who she angers again."

"And, sir, your lady will be hanged."

"Very likely; well, it will learn her how to strike so rashly again—Ha, ha, ha! Will it not, Jessy?"

But when this same Jessy died suddenly one morning, the laird was greatly confounded, and seemed dimly to comprehend that there had been unfair play going. There was little doubt that she was taken off by poison; but whether the lady did it through jealousy or not, was never divulged; but it greatly bamboozled and astonished the poor laird, for his nerves failed him, and his whole frame became paralytic. He seems to have been exactly in the same state of mind with a colley that I once had. He was extremely fond of the gun as long as I did not kill any thing with her, (there being no game laws in Ettrick Forest in those days,) and he got a grand chase after the hares when I missed them. But there was one day that I chanced for a marvel to shoot one dead, a few paces before his nose. I'll never forget the astonishment that the poor beast manifested. He stared one while at the gun, and another while at the dead hare, and seemed to be drawing the conclusion, that if the case stood thus, there was no creature sure of its life. Finally, he took his tail between his legs, and ran away home, and never would face a gun all his life again.

So was it precisely with Laird Sprot of Wheelhope. As long as his lady's wrath produced only noise and splutter among the servants, he thought it fine sport; but when he saw what he believed the dreadful effects of it, he became like a barrel organ out of tune, and could only discourse one note, which he did to every one he met. "I wish she maunna hae gotten something she has been the waur of." This note he repeated early and late, night and day, sleeping and waking, alone and in company, from the moment

that Jessy died till she was buried; and on going to the churchyard as chief mourner, he whispered it to her relations by the way. When they came to the grave, he took his stand at the head, nor would he give place to the girl's father; but there he stood, like a huge post, as though he neither saw nor heard; and when he had lowered her late comely head into the grave, and dropped the cord, he slowly lifted his hat with one hand, wiped his dim eyes with the back of the other, and said, in a deep tremulous tone, "Poor lassie! I wish she didna get something she had been the waur of."

This death made a great noise among the common people; but there was no protection for the life of the subject in those days; and provided a man or woman was a true loyal subject, and a real Anti-Covenanter, any of them might kill as many as they liked. So there was no one to take cognizance of the circumstances relating to the death of poor Jessy.

After this, the lady walked softly for the space of two or three years. She saw that she had rendered herself odious, and had entirely lost her husband's countenance, which she liked worst of all. But the evil propensity could not be overcome; and a poor boy, whom the laird, out of sheer compassion, had taken into his service, being found dead one morning, the country people could no longer be restrained; so they went in a body to the Sheriff, and insisted on an investigation. It was proved that she detested the boy, had often threatened him, and had given him brose and butter the afternoon before he died; but the cause was ultimately dismissed, and the pursuers fined.

No one can tell to what height of wickedness she might now have proceeded, had not a check of a very singular kind been laid upon her. Among the servants that came home at the next term, was one who called himself Merodach; and a strange person he was. He had the form of a boy, but the features of one a hundred years old, save that his eyes had a brilliancy and restlessness, which was very extraordinary, bearing a strong resemblance to the eyes of a well-known species of monkey. He was froward and perverse in all his actions, and disregarded the pleasure or displeasure of any person; but he performed his work well, and with apparent ease. From the moment that he entered the house, the lady conceived a mortal antipathy against him, and besought the laird to turn him away. But the laird, of himself, never turned away any body, and moreover he had hired him for a trivial wage, and the fellow neither wanted activity nor perseverance. The natural consequence of this arrangement was, that the lady instantly set herself to make Merodach's life as bitter as it was possible, in order to get early quit of a domestic every way so disgusting. Her hatred of him was not like a common antipathy entertained by one human being against another,—she hated him as one might hate a toad or an adder; and his occupation of jotteryman (as the laird termed his servant of all work) keeping him always about her hand, it must have proved highly disagreeable.

She scolded him, she raged at him, but he only mocked her wrath, and giggled and laughed at her, with the most provoking derision. She tried to fell him again and again, but never, with all her address, could she hit him; and never did she make a blow at him, that she did not repent it. She was heavy and unwieldy, and he as quick in his motions as a monkey; besides, he generally had her in such an ungovernable rage, that when she flew at him, she hardly knew what she was doing. At one time she guided her blow towards him, and he at the same instant avoided it with such dexterity, that she knocked down the chief hind, or foresman; and then Merodach giggled so heartily, that, lifting the kitchen poker, she threw it at him with a full design of knocking out his brains; but the missile only broke every plate and ashet on the kitchen dresser.

She then hasted to the laird, crying bitterly, and telling him she would not suffer that wretch Merodach, as she called him, to stay another night in the family. "Why, then, put him away, and trouble me no more about him," said the laird.

"Put him away!" exclaimed she; "I have already ordered him away a hundred times, and charged him never to let me see his horrible face again; but he only flouts me, and tells me he'll see me at the devil first."

The pertinacity of the fellow amused the laird exceedingly; his dim eyes

turned upwards into his head with delight; he then looked two ways at once, turned round his back, and laughed till the tears ran down his dun cheeks, but he could only articulate " You're fitted now."

The lady's agony of rage still increasing from this derision, she flew on the laird, and said he was not worthy the name of a man, if he did not turn away that pestilence, after the way he had abused her.

" Why, Shusy, my dear, what has he done to you?"

" What done to me! has he not caused me to knock down John Thomson, and I do not know if ever he will come to life again?"

" Have you felled your favourite John Thomson?" said the laird, laughing more heartily than before; " you might have done a worse deed than that. But what evil has John done?"

" And has he not broke every plate and dish on the whole dresser?" continued the lady, disregarding the laird's question; " and for all this devastation, he only mocks at my displeasure,—absolutely mocks me,—and if you do not have him turned away, and hanged or shot for his deeds, you are not worthy the name of man."

"O alack! What a devastation among the china metal!" said the laird; and calling on Merodach, he said, " Tell me, thou evil Merodach of Babylon, how thou dared'st knock down thy lady's favourite servant, John Thomson?"

" Not I, your honour. It was my lady herself, who got into such a furious rage at me, that she mistook her man, and felled Mr Thomson; and the good man's skull is fractured."

" That was very odd," said the laird, chuckling; " I do not comprehend it. But then, what the devil set you on smashing all my lady's delft and china ware?—That was a most infamous and provoking action."

" It was she herself, your honour. Sorry would I have been to have broken one dish belonging to the house. I take all the house-servants to witness, that my lady smashed all the dishes with a poker, and now lays the blame on me."

The laird turned his dim and delighted eyes on his lady, who was crying with vexation and rage, and seemed meditating another personal attack on the culprit, which he did not at all appear to shun, but rather encourage. She, however, vented her wrath in threatenings of the most deep and desperate revenge, the creature all the while assuring her that she would be foiled, and that in all her encounters and contests with him, she would uniformly come to the worst. He was resolved to do his duty, and there before his master he defied her.

The laird thought more than he considered it prudent to reveal; but he had little doubt that his wife would wreak that vengeance on his jotteryman which she avowed, and as little of her capability. He almost shuddered when he recollected one who had taken *something that she had been the waur of.*

In a word, the Lady of Wheelhope's inveterate malignity against this one object, was like the rod of Moses, that swallowed up the rest of the serpents. All her wicked and evil propensities seemed to be superseded by it, if not utterly absorbed in its virtues. The rest of the family now lived in comparative peace and quietness; for early and late her malevolence was venting itself against the jotteryman, and him alone. It was a delirium of hatred and vengeance, on which the whole bent and bias of her inclination was set. She could not stay from the creature's presence, for in the intervals when absent from him, she spent her breath in curses and execrations, and then not able to rest, she ran again to seek him, her eyes gleaming with the anticipated delights of vengeance, while, ever and anon, all the scaith, the ridicule, and the harm, redounded on herself.

Was it not strange that she could not get quit of this sole annoyance of her life? One would have thought she easily might. But by this time there was nothing farther from her intention; she wanted vengeance, full, adequate, and delicious vengeance, on her audacious opponent. But he was a strange and terrible creature, and the means of retaliation came always, as it were, to his hand.

Bread and sweet milk was the only fare that Merodach cared for, and he having bargained for that, would not want it, though he often got it with a curse and with ill will. The lady having intentionally kept back his wonted allowance for some days, on the Sabbath morning following, she

set him down a bowl of rich sweet milk, well drugged with a deadly poison, and then she lingered in a little anteroom to watch the success of her grand plot, and prevent any other creature from tasting of the potion. Merodach came in, and the house-maid says to him, "There is your breakfast, creature."

"Oho! my lady has been liberal this morning," said he; "but I am beforehand with her.—Here, little Missie, you seem very hungry to-day—take you my breakfast." And with that he set the beverage down to the lady's little favourite spaniel. It so happened that the lady's only son came at that instant into the anteroom, seeking her, and teazing his mamma about something which took her attention from the hall-table for a space. When she looked again, and saw Missie lapping up the sweet milk, she burst from her lobby like a dragon, screaming as if her head had been on fire, kicked the bowl and the remainder of its contents against the wall, and lifting Missie in her bosom, she retreated hastily, crying all the way.

"Ha, ha, ha—I have you now!" cried Merodach, as she vanished from the hall.

Poor Missie died immediately, and very privately; indeed, she would have died and been buried, and never one have seen her, save her mistress, had not Merodach, by a luck that never failed him, popped his nose over the flower garden wall, just as his lady was laying her favourite in a grave of her own digging. She, not perceiving her tormentor, plied on at her task, apostrophizing the insensate little carcass,—"Ah! poor dear little creature, thou hast had a hard fortune, and hast drank of the bitter potion that was not intended for thee; but he shall drink it three times double, for thy sake!"

"Is that little Missie?" said the eldrich voice of the jotteryman, close at the lady's ear. She uttered a loud scream, and sunk down on the bank. "Alack for poor little Missie!" continued the creature in a tone of mockery, "My heart is sorry for Missie. What has befallen her—whose breakfast cup did she drink?"

"Hence with thee, thou fiend!" cried the lady; "what right hast thou to intrude on thy mistress's privacy? Thy turn is coming yet, or may the nature of woman change within me."

"It is changed already," said the creature, grinning with delight; "I have thee now, I have thee now! And were it not to shew my superiority over thee, which I do every hour, I should soon see thee strapped like a mad cat, or a worrying bratch. What wilt thou try next?"

"I will cut thy throat, and if I die for it, will rejoice in the deed; a deed of charity to all that dwell on the face of the earth. Go about thy business."

"I have warned thee before, dame, and I now warn thee again, that all thy mischief meditated against me will fall double on thine own head."

"I want none of your warning, and none of your instructions, fiendish cur. Hence with your elvish face, and take care of yourself."

It would be too disgusting and horrible to relate or read all the incidents that fell out between this unaccountable couple. Their enmity against each other had no end, and no mitigation; and scarcely a single day passed over on which her acts of malevolent ingenuity did not terminate fatally for some favourite thing of the lady's, while all these doings never failed to appear as her own act. Scarcely was there a thing, animate or inanimate, on which she set a value, left to her, that was not destroyed; and yet scarcely one hour or minute could she remain absent from her tormentor, and all the while, it seems, solely for the purpose of tormenting him.

But while all the rest of the establishment enjoyed peace and quietness from the fury of their termagant dame, matters still grew worse and worse between the fascinated pair. The lady haunted the menial, in the same manner as the raven haunts the eagle, for a perpetual quarrel, though the former knows that in every encounter she is to come off the loser. But now noises were heard on the stairs by night, and it was whispered among the menials, that the lady had been seeking Merodach's bed by night, on some horrible intent. Several of them would have sworn that they had seen her passing and repassing on the stair after midnight, when all was quiet; but then it was likewise well known,

that Merodach slept with well fastened doors, and a companion in another bed in the same room, whose bed, too, was nearest the door. Nobody cared much what became of the jotteryman, for he was an unsocial and disagreeable person; but some one told him what they had seen, and hinted a suspicion of the lady's intent. But the creature only bit his upper lip, winked with his eyes, and said, "She had better let alone; she will be the first to rue that."

Not long after this, to the horror of the family and the whole country side, the laird's only son was found murdered in his bed one morning, under circumstances that manifested the most fiendish cruelty and inveteracy on the part of his destroyer. As soon as the atrocious act was divulged, the lady fell into convulsions, and lost her reason; and happy had it been for her had she never recovered either the use of reason, or her corporeal functions any more, for there was blood upon her hand, which she took no care to conceal, and there was too little doubt that it was the blood of her own innocent and beloved boy, the sole heir and hope of the family.

This blow deprived the laird of all power of action; but the lady had a brother, a man of the law, who came and instantly proceeded to an investigation of this unaccountable murder; but before the Sheriff arrived, the housekeeper took the lady's brother aside, and told him he had better not go on with the scrutiny, for she was sure the crime would be brought home to her unfortunate mistress; and after examining into several corroborative circumstances, and viewing the state of the raving maniac, with the blood on her hand and arm, he made the investigation a very short one, declaring the domestics all exculpated.

The laird attended his boy's funeral, and laid his head in the grave, but appeared exactly like a man walking in a trance, an automaton, without feelings or sensations, oftentimes gazing at the funeral procession, as on something he could not comprehend. And when the death-bell of the parish church fell a-tolling, as the corpse approached the kirk-stile, he cast a dim eye up towards the belfry, and said hastily, "What, what's that? Och ay, we're just in time, just in time." And often was he hammering over the name of "Evil Merodach, King of Babylon," to himself. He seemed to have some far-fetched conception that his unaccountable jotteryman had a hand in the death of his only son, and other lesser calamities, although the evidence in favour of Merodach's innocence was as usual quite decisive.

This grievous mistake of Lady Wheelhope (for every landward laird's wife was then styled Lady) can only be accounted for, by supposing her in a state of derangement, or rather under some evil influence, over which she had no control; and to a person in such a state, the mistake was not so very unnatural. The mansion-house of Wheelhope was old and irregular. The stair had four acute turns, all the same, and four landing-places, all the same. In the uppermost chamber slept the two domestics,—Merodach in the bed farthest in, and in the chamber immediately below that, which was exactly similar, slept the young laird and his tutor, the former in the bed farthest in; and thus, in the turmoil of raging passions, her own hand made herself childless.

Merodach was expelled the family forthwith, but refused to accept of his wages, which the man of law pressed upon him, for fear of farther mischief; but he went away in apparent sullenness and discontent, no one knowing whither.

When his dismissal was announced to the lady, who was watched day and night in her chamber, the news had such an effect on her, that her whole frame seemed electrified; the horrors of remorse vanished, and another passion, which I neither can comprehend nor define, took the sole possession of her distempered spirit. "He *must* not go!—He *shall* not go!" she exclaimed. "No, no, no—he shall not—he shall not—he shall not!" and then she instantly set herself about making ready to follow him, uttering all the while the most diabolical expressions, indicative of anticipated vengeance.—"Oh, could I but snap his nerves one by one, and birl among his vitals! Could I but slice his heart off piecemeal in small messes, and see his blood lopper and bubble, and spin away in purple slays; and then to see him grin, and grin, and grin, and grin! Oh—oh—oh—How beautiful and grand a sight it would be to see

him grin, and grin, and grin!" And in such a style would she run on for hours together.

She thought of nothing, she spake of nothing, but the discarded jotteryman, whom most people now began to regard as a creature that was not canny. They had seen him eat, and drink, and work like other people; still he had that about him that was not like other men. He was a boy in form, and an antediluvian in feature. Some thought he was a mule, between a Jew and an ape; some a wizard, some a kelpie, or a fairy, but most of all, that he was really and truly a Brownie. What he was I do not know, and therefore will not pretend to say; but be that as it may, in spite of locks and keys, watching and waking, the Lady of Wheelhope soon made her escape and eloped after him. The attendants, indeed, would have made oath that she was carried away by some invisible hand, for that it was impossible she could have escaped on foot like other people; and this edition of the story took in the country; but sensible people viewed the matter in another light.

As for instance, when Wattie Blythe, the laird's old shepherd, came in from the hill one morning, his wife Bessie thus accosted him.—"His presence be about us, Wattie Blythe! have ye heard what has happened at the ha'? Things are aye turning waur and waur there, and it looks like as if Providence had gi'en up our laird's house to destruction. This grand estate maun now gang frae the Sprots, for it has finished them."

"Na, na, Bessie, it isna the estate that has finished the Sprots, but the Sprots that hae finished it, an' themsells into the boot. They hae been a wicked and degenerate race, an' aye the langer the waur, till they hae reached the utmost bounds o' earthly wickedness; an' it's time the deil were looking after his ain."

"Ah, Wattie Blythe, ye never said a truer say. An' that's just the very point where your story ends, and mine commences; for hasna the deil, or the fairies, or the brownies, ta'en away our lady bodily, an' the haill country is running and riding in search o' her; and there is twenty hunder merks offered to the first that can find her, an' bring her safe back. They hae ta'en her away, skin an' bane, body an' soul, an' a', Wattie!"

"Hech-wow! but that is awsome! And where is it thought they have ta'en her to, Bessie?"

"O, they hae some guess at that frae her ain hints afore. It is thought they hae carried her after that Satan of a creature, wha wrought sae muckle wae about the house. It is for him they are a' looking, for they ken weel, that where they get the tane they will get the tither."

"Whew! Is that the gate o't, Bessie? Why, then, the awfu' story is nouther mair nor less than this, that the leddy has made a lopment, as they ca't, and run away after a blackgaird jotteryman. Hech-wow! wae's me for human frailty! But that's just the gate! When aince the deil gets in the point o' his finger, he will soon have in his haill hand. Ay, he wants but a hair to make a tether of, ony day. I hae seen her a braw sonsy lass, but even then I feared she was devoted to destruction, for she aye mockit at religion, Bessie, an' that's no a good mark of a young body. An' she made a' its servants her enemies; an' think you these good men's prayers were a' to blaw away i' the wind, and be nae mair regarded? Na, na, Bessie, my woman, take ye this mark baith o' our ain bairns and ither folk's—If ever ye see a young body that disregards the Sabbath, and makes a mock at the ordinances o' religion, ye will never see that body come to muckle good. A braw hand she has made o' her gibes an' jeers at religion, an' her mockeries o' the poor persecuted hill-folk!—sunk down by degrees into the very dregs o' sin and misery! run away after a scullion!"

"Fy, fy, Wattie, how can ye say sae? It was weel kenn'd that she hatit him wi' a perfect an' mortal hatred, an' tried to make away wi' him mae ways nor ane."

"Aha, Bessie; but nipping an' scarting are Scots folk's wooing; an' though it is but right that we suspend our judgments, there will naebody persuade me, if she be found alang wi' the creature, but that she has run away after him in the natural way, on her twa shanks, without help either frae fairy or brownie."

"I'll never believe sic a thing of any woman born, let be a lady weel up in years."

"Od help ye, Bessie! ye dinna ken the stretch o' corrupt nature. The best o 'us, when left to oursells, are

nae better than strayed sheep, that will never find the way back to their ain pastures; an' of a' things made o' mortal flesh, a wicked woman is the warst."

"Alack-a-day! we get the blame o' muckle that we little deserve. But, Wattie, keep ye a gayan sharp look-out about the cleuchs and the caves o' our glen, or hope, as ye ca't; for the lady kens them a' gayan weel; and gin the twenty hunder merks wad come our way, it might gang a waur gate. It wad tocher a' our bonny lasses."

"Ay, weel I wat, Bessie, that's nae lee. And now, when ye bring me amind o't, the L—— forgie me gin I didna hear a creature up in the Brock-holes this morning, skirling as if something war cutting its throat. It gars a' the hairs stand on my head when I think it may hae been our leddy, an' the droich of a creature murdering her. I took it for a battle of wulcats, and wished they might pu' out ane anither's thrapples; but when I think on it again, they war unco like some o' our leddy's unearthly screams."

"His presence be about us, Wattie! Haste ye. Pit on your bonnet—take your staff in your hand, and gang an' see what it is."

"Shame fa' me, if I daur gang, Bessie."

"Hout, Wattie, trust in the Lord."

"Aweel, sae I do. But ane's no to throw himsell ower a linn, an' trust that the Lord's to kep him in a blanket; nor hing himsell up in a raip, an' expect the Lord to come and cut him down. An' it's nae muckle safer for an auld stiffman to gang away out to a wild remote place, where there is ae body murdering another.—What is that I hear, Bessie? Haud the lang tongue o' you, and rin to the door, an' see what noise that is."

Bessie ran to the door, but soon returned an altered creature, with her mouth wide open, and her eyes set in her head.

"It is them, Wattie! it is them! His presence be about us! What will we do?"

"Them? whaten them?"

"Why, that blackguard creature, coming here, leading our leddy be the hair o' the head, an' yerking her wi' a stick. I am terrified out o' my wits. What will we do?"

"We'll *see* what they *say*," said Wattie, manifestly in as great terror as his wife; and by a natural impulse, or as a last resource, he opened the Bible, not knowing what he did, and then hurried on his spectacles; but before he got two leaves turned over, the two entered, a frightful-looking couple indeed. Merodach, with his old withered face, and ferret eyes, leading the Lady of Wheelhope by the long hair, which was mixed with grey, and whose face was all bloated with wounds and bruises, and having stripes of blood on her garments.

"How's this!—How's this, sirs?" said Wattie Blythe.

"Close that book, and I will tell you, goodman," said Merodach.

"I can hear what you hae to say wi' the beuk open, sir," said Wattie, turning over the leaves, as if looking for some particular passage, but apparently not knowing what he was doing. "It is a shamefu' business this, but some will hae to answer for't. My leddy, I am unco grieved to see you in sic a plight. Ye hae surely been dooms sair left to yoursell."

The lady shook her head, uttered a feeble hollow laugh, and fixed her eyes on Merodach. But such a look! It almost frightened the simple aged couple out of their senses. It was not a look of love nor of hatred exclusively; neither was it of desire or disgust, but it was a combination of them all. It was such a look as one fiend would cast on another, in whose everlasting destruction he rejoiced. Wattie was glad to take his eyes from such countenances, and look into the Bible, that firm foundation of all his hopes and all his joy.

"I request that you will shut that book, sir," said the horrible creature; "or if you do not, I will shut it for you with a vengeance;" and with that he seized it, and flung it against the wall. Bessie uttered a scream, and Wattie was quite paralysed; and although he seemed disposed to run after his best friend, as he called it, the hellish looks of the Brownie interposed, and glued him to his seat.

"Hear what I have to say first," said the creature, "and then pore your fill on that precious book of yours. One concern at a time is enough. I came to do you a service. Here, take this cursed, wretched woman, whom you style your lady, and deliver her up to the lawful authorities, to be re-

stored to her husband and her place in society. She is come upon one that hates her, and never said one kind word to her in his life, and though I have beat her like a dog, still she clings to me, and will not depart, so enchanted is she with the laudable purpose of cutting my throat. Tell your master and her brother, that I am not to be burdened with their maniac. I have scourged, I have spurned and kicked her, afflicting her night and day, and yet from my side she will not depart. Take her. Claim the reward in full, and your fortune is made, and so farewell."

The creature bowed and went away, but the moment his back was turned the lady fell a-screaming and struggling like one in an agony, and, in spite of all the old couple's exertions, she forced herself out of their hands, and ran after the retreating Merodach. When he saw better would not be, he turned upon her, and, by one blow with his stick, struck her down; and, not content with that, he continued to kick and baste her in such a manner as to all appearance would have killed twenty ordinary persons. The poor devoted dame could do nothing, but now and then utter a squeak like a half-worried cat, and writhe and grovel on the sward, till Wattie and his wife came up and withheld her tormentor from further violence. He then bound her hands behind her back with a strong cord, and delivered her once more to the charge of the old couple, who contrived to hold her by that means and take her home.

Wattie had not the face to take her into the hall, but into one of the outhouses, where he brought her brother to receive her. The man of the law was manifestly vexed at her reappearance, and scrupled not to testify his dissatisfaction; for when Wattie told him how the wretch had abused his sister, and that, had it not been for Bessie's interference and his own, the lady would have been killed outright,

"Why, Walter, it is a great pity that he did not kill her outright," said he. "What good can her life now do to her, or of what value is her life to any creature living? After one has lived to disgrace all connected with them, the sooner they are taken off the better."

The man, however, paid old Walter down his two thousand merks, a great fortune for one like him in those days; and not to dwell longer on this unnatural story, I shall only add, very shortly, that the Lady of Wheelhope soon made her escape once more, and flew, as by an irresistible charm, to her tormentor. Her friends looked no more after her; and the last time she was seen alive, it was following the uncouth creature up the water of Daur, weary, wounded, and lame, while he was all the way beating her, as a piece of excellent amusement. A few days after that, her body was found among some wild haggs, in a place called Crook-burn, by a party of the persecuted Covenanters that were in hiding there, some of the very men whom she had exerted herself to destroy, and who had been driven, like David of old, to pray for a curse and earthly punishment upon her. They buried her like a dog at the Yetts of Keppel, and rolled three huge stones upon her grave, which are lying there to this day. When they found her corpse, it was mangled and wounded in a most shocking manner, the fiendish creature having manifestly tormented her to death. He was never more seen or heard of in this kingdom, though all that country-side was kept in terror for him many years afterwards; and to this day, they will tell you of The Brownie of the Black Haggs, which title he seems to have acquired after his disappearance.

This story was told to me by an old man, named Adam Halliday, whose great grandfather, Thomas Halliday, was one of those that found the body and buried it. It is many years since I heard it; but, however ridiculous it may appear, I remember it made a dreadful impression on my young mind. I never heard any story like it, save one of an old fox-hound that pursued a fox through the Grampians for a fortnight, and when at last discovered by the Duke of Athole's people, neither of them could run, but the hound was still continuing to walk after the fox, and when the latter lay down the other lay down beside him, and looked at him steadily all the while, though unable to do him the least harm. The passion of inveterate malice seems to have influenced these two exactly alike. But, upon the whole, I scarcely believe the tale can be true.

Mount Benger,
Sept. 10, 1828.

THE TWO VOICES.

Death and its twofold aspect:—Wintery, one,
Cold, sullen, blank, from Hope and Joy shut out:
The other, which the ray divine hath touch'd,
Replete with vivid promise, bright as spring.
WORDSWORTH.

Two solemn voices, in a funeral strain,
Met, as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain
Meet in the sky:
"Thou art gone hence!" one sang:—"Our light is flown,
Our Beautiful, that seem'd too much our own,
Ever to die!

"Thou art gone hence! Our joyous hills among
Never again to pour thy soul in song,
When spring-flowers rise!
Never the friend's familiar step to meet,
With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet
Of thy glad eyes."

"Thou art gone home, gone home!" Then high and clear
Warbled that other voice, "Thou hast no tears
Again to shed!
Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,—
Never, weigh'd down by memory's clouds again,
To bow thy head.

"Thou art gone home!—Oh! early crown'd and blest!
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest
With aught below?
Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away—
Thrice blest to go!"

Yet sigh'd again that breeze-like voice of grief—
"Thou art gone hence! Alas! that aught so brief,
So loved should be!
Thou tak'st our summer hence!—the flower, the tone,
The music of our being, all in one
Depart with thee!

"Fair form, young spirit, morning-vision fled!
Can'st *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead?
The dark unknown?
Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,
Never again to light up hearth or hall,
Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, home!" once more th' exulting voice arose:
"Thou art gone home! from that divine repose
Never to roam!
Never to say farewell,—to weep in vain,—
To read of change in eyes beloved again;
Thou art gone home!

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast;
Joy for thee, happy Friend!—thy bark hath past
The rough sea's foam.
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd;
Home, home! thy peace is won, thy heart is fill'd,
Thou art gone home!"

F. H.

BALLAD STANZAS.

BY DELTA.

And art thou then away,—away,—
  And shall mine eyes no more
The features and the form survey,
  That won my heart of yore!
To roam is pain, yet I cannot rest,
  For I miss thee every where;
And hopes, that long sustain'd my breast,
  Now yield to low despair,
                Dear love,
  Now yield to low despair.

Though from me fled, thou art not dead,—
  And drearier 'tis to know
That thus forlorn, from thee I'm torn,
  In all thy beauty's glow!
That others in thy sight rejoice,
  And feast their eyes on thee,—
That yet on earth is heard thy voice,—
  But silent all for me,
                Dear love,
  But silent all for me!

Oh why wert thou so fair, so dear,
  Since we no more may meet?
And bitterness is mix'd, and fear,
  In what to both was sweet:
Alone I pine—I mourn alone—
  I can only think on thee,
For all things now, since thou art gone,
  Have lost their charms for me,
                Dear love,
  Have lost their charms for me.

I ponder on the time, when ours
  It was in bliss to meet,
When future years seem'd strewn with flowers,
  And grief itself grew sweet—
When fondly, wildly, I press'd thy hand,
  And gazed in thine eyes of blue,
Till Earth became an enchanted land,
  Which sorrow never knew,
                Dear love,
  Which sorrow never knew.

Dark is the night, the wild wind sighs,
  The shower beats on the pane,
But sweet sleep from my pillow flies,
  Never to come again!
Ever awake, for thy loved sake,
  A cloud hangs o'er my heart;
No wonder that it swells to break,
  Since we are torn apart,
                Dear love,
  Since we are torn apart.

Oh, welcome, welcome, the simplest lot,
  And than palace halls to me,
More dear by far were the humblest cot,
  If life were shared with thee!

None—none but thee could my bosom bless—
Where could I solace find—
Oh, where could I find happiness,
Save in thy sinless mind,
Dear love,
Save in thy sinless mind!

Thy form it floats before my sight—
It cometh to glide away
Before me in the deep midnight,
And in the bright noon day;—
Thy voice it saddens, or bids rejoice—
It stirreth to grief or glee;—
And the light that lies in thy sweet eyes,
Is more than life to me,
Dear love,
Is more than life to me!

In vain I turn—in vain I toss—
For I see thee every where;—
I see thy beauty, and feel my loss,
And I droop in my despair!
I would not live—I could not live—
And thus so distracted be;
I cannot live, if I must strive
To lose all thoughts of thee,
Dear love,
To lose all thoughts of thee!

Forget thee!—how can I forget?
Alas! 'tis all in vain;
My thoughts are ever thine; and yet
To think of thee is pain!—
'Tis pain to sit in silence drear,
When thy voice would music be;
'Tis pain to know that thou art near,
Yet ne'er thy form to see,
Dear love,
Yet ne'er thy form to see!

I see thee not, 'mid the young and gay,
In Beauty's circle fair;
And it fears my heart, that thine is wrung
In solitude, by care;
Yet I will bless thee—will ever bless—
While my bosom bleeds to know,
That I have caused thee this distress,
Yet may not soothe thy woe,
Dear love,
Yet may not soothe thy woe!

A storm hath pass'd before the sun,
Bedimming our bright noonday;
But, after the rain, he may shine again,
With a calm and cloudless ray;
And He, the sparrow's fall who heeds,
And can scatter the darkness dim,
Will never mock the heart that bleeds,
Or the faith that leans on Him,
Dear love,
Or the faith that leans on Him!

ANTESCRIPT.

The world has given us to understand, by the most unequivocal expression of her feelings, that she has been long longing for what, in her passion, she rather ungrammatically calls A NOCTES. We beg to assure the worthy world, with the utmost sincerity, that few things could give us more pain, than to disappoint her in any of her natural, reasonable, and honourable hopes of happiness, in as far as they are and ought to be dependent on this Magazine. The world, however—she must pardon us for publicly telling her so,—is constitutionally impatient. She ought to regulate her feelings—to bring them under a system of severer discipline—like Us, to tame the ardour of youth by the wisdom of age. She is, in fact, our senior; and yet to judge of the two, by their sense, their sobriety, and especially, by their submissive and cheerful resignation to the decrees of Providence, you might well suppose Us the older by some thousand years. "Why is there not a Noctes? Why is there not a Noctes? Why is there not a Noctes?" the world keep exclaiming, with disappointment akin to displeasure, during every month that is suffered to die away in gloom unillumined by one of those Divine Dialogues. "Why is there not a Noctes?" Heaven and Earth, why is there not always a Moon? How can the world be so impious as to find fault with the laws that regulate the motions of the Heavenly Bodies? The Moon, though to our eyes seeming to be occasionally "hid in her vacant interlunar cave," notwithstanding keeps sailing along all the while in her orbit. So We, too, though sometimes invisible to the world, still keep shining—and why will not the world wait till, obedient to the Astral rules and regulations, a Noctes Ambrosianæ returns, and she is made again to feel the exquisite beauty of those lines of Homer and Pope—

> "As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
> O'er Heaven's clear azure sheds her sacred light!"

We must not, however, be too severe on the world, whose chief fault, after all, is too impassioned admiration of Us. Let her know, then, that for some months past, the non-appearance of a Noctes has been owing to a cause over which we had little or no control—the illness of Mr Gurney. Early in May that gentleman was seized with a brain-fever. Something odd we certainly did see in his manner on May-day, when celebrating our annual feast of curds and cream at the Hunter's Tryst. But we continued to attribute the manifest flurry and fluster of his demeanour to an unfortunate domestic grievance, with most of the fundamental features of which the world, alas! is now but too well acquainted; and he still occupied his closet during our social evenings in Picardy, still took and still extended his notes. On setting up his MS. for June, the compositors—the choice of the establishment—were first perplexed—then confounded—and finally dismayed. However, they got up the article—and in the regular course of things, it fell under the eye of the best of foremen, Mr M'Corkindale. He stood aghast—and then carried the incomprehensible composition to head-quarters—to J. B. himself, who at once saw how it was, and immediately sent Mr Gurney (who had suddenly made his appearance in the office, very much in the dress of Hamlet, as described by Ophelia) to Dr Warburton, then, as the world knows, providentially on a visit to Scotland. There was no longer any possibility of not seeing, or of concealing the truth. Mr Gurney had for months been as mad as a March hare; and were we to publish the Three Noctes which he *extended*, during the incumbency of his disease, the world would think the Chaldee itself wishy-washy—such was the super-human impiety, and extra-mundane wickedness of the ravings, which, thank God, never issued from any of our lips; but, aided no doubt by a few hints from us—were the inspiration of his Demon. One truly singular and most interesting psychological curiosity we must mention in discriminating Mr Gurney's case from that of any other lunatic of our acquaintance. During his lunacy, he absolutely invented a new system of Short Hand! a system which—now that he is not only perfectly restored to his former senses, but inspired by new ones—gives him incredible facilities—so that never more will a single syllable of our wit and wisdom be suffered to elude his pen and make its escape. The Three Noctes—both as they exist in the new stenography—and in a state of extension—have been safely deposited in the British Museum. Two others, which may thus be fairly considered as the first of a new series—and which were taken and extended by Mr Gurney when he would appear to have been nearly recovered from the severest visitation by which a human creature can be afflicted—we now present to the world as specimens of a style of composition, which we cannot for a moment doubt will be even more popular than those hitherto inimitable productions that have been the chief causes of elevating the character of this Magazine to the highest pinnacle of earthly fame.

C. N.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXXVII.

ΧΡΗ 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.*

Picardy Place—Scene, the Oval.—Time, Seven in the Evening.
NORTH *and* TICKLER.

NORTH.

Is not Mrs Ambrose an incomparable coffee-brewstress?

TICKLER.

She is, indeed. I never got reconciled to the continental custom of creamless and sugarless coffee, North. The Dairy Company excels itself to-night.

NORTH.

Honey your bap, Tickler—I know you prefer it in the comb—and this has been a glorious season both for clover and heather.

TICKLER.

Virgin honey, indeed—but be so good as give me the marmalade—after the essence of flowers, the fruit smacks of paradise, and I shall conclude with jam.

NORTH.

To resume our conversation—What! says a great gaby in England, or a great rogue on the continent—what, are you then going to permit the Russians to eat up all Europe, leaf by leaf, as a maiden spinster eats a lettuce?

TICKLER.

You remember, North, Sir Bob Wilson wrote a book on this subject many years ago, which sadly terrified several old women who are holders of India stock. Sir Robert—he *was* a knight in those days—Sir Robert drew maps, and charts, and plans, and campaigned as actively on paper as ever he retreated at Banoz. He marched the troops of Russia from post to pillar over the bellies of the Austrians, Prussians, Poles, Saxons, Turks, Jews, and Atheists, all sprawling on the flat of their backs. Slap in like manner he dashed them down from Trebisond to the northern bank of the Euphrates, *ninety miles.*

NORTH.

To Arzroun, *one hundred.*

TICKLER.

To Sinope, *two hundred and seventy.*

NORTH.

To Scutari, opposite Constantinople, a little more than *five hundred.*

TICKLER.

Across the Isthmus of Asia Minor to Alexandretta, (a sea-port town opposite Cyprus, in the Mediterranean, and only *sixty* miles from Aleppo,) little more than *four hundred.*

NORTH.

And to the Red Sea from thence, not more than *five hundred*.

TICKLER.

Yes—these were his very words. Now, all this is done so easily, so gently, so quietly, so gingerly, that people would think they were reading a French road-book, with all its mysterious calculations of postes and postes et demi. Then, continued Sir Bob, they have nothing to do but get down the Red Sea.

NORTH.

Perfectly regardless of the fate of King Pharaoh of Egypt.

TICKLER.

Through the Straights of Babelmandeb, (which, by the way, they used to call Babelmande*l*, in my school-boy days,) and then, with fair weather to their tail, they would have nothing to do but to take Sir John Malcolm, or whoever else should reign in his stead, by the back of the neck, and drown him in any convenient part of the harbour of Bombay.

NORTH.

Or else there was Persia open to the march—get through Daughistaun, and Shirvaun, Tchiraun, and many more places ending in aun, and floating gaily adown the Persian Gulf, sail from Ormus, and so make themselves masters of India.

TICKLER.

It is amusing to remember the mouthing of our Modern Munchausen. All the time several people, otherwise respectable, were so shallow-pated as to believe that this cock-and-bull history had as much sense and truth in it as the Adventures of Aladdin and the Princess Badroulboudoûr. And it remains a standing proof of the imbecility of human intellect, that it was seriously answered in the Quarterly Review.

NORTH.

For our parts, when we read it, we said that we had a higher opinion of Bob's reading in consequence, as it was perfectly evident he must have been fresh from the perusal of that most admirable of all romances—that most philosophical of all works of science—that most delightful of compilations of Ethics, viz. the Romance of Gargantua, as written by Master Alcofribas.

TICKLER.

You are more at home, North, in Rabelais than I am—his prodigality overwhelms my senses and my reason.

NORTH.

For—Vertue-Bœuf, as Rabelais would say himself—the whole idea—many of the very phrases and locutions—almost the places—the entire plan, spirit, and regulation of the campaign—are pillaged, plundered, conveyed, and abducted from a celebrated chapter thereof,—that, I mean, in which the three Captains of his host come before King Picrochele, and promise that prince that they will make him, if he follows their advice, the most honoured and renowned monarch that ever made his appearance on the face of the world, since the days of Alexander the Macedonian.

TICKLER.

Brush up my memory of the wittiest work of the wittiest of all Frenchmen.

NORTH.

Swashbuckler, Dustaille, and Smelltrash, came before their king, and told him how they were to overcome the world—to make him, among other things, King of Trebizond—to massacre all the Mahometans, unless they were baptized—to rebuild Solomon's temple—to sweep through Syria, Palestine, Lydia, and many other places most abominably mis-spelt in the usual editions of Sir Thomas Urquhart, as they probably will be in Maga—and returning thence, to make but one mouthful of Europe—England, Ireland, and Scotland being gulped up in a single parenthesis. Picrochele having believed all this, went to war, which ended in his being a beggarman, awaiting for the coming of the Cocklicranes, to be restored to his kingdom.

TICKLER.

I see the application; though that the Emperor Nicholas has any chance of coming to this humble estate, I am far from believing; and sorry should I be if there were any chance of seeing his diademed head covered with a beggar's clout.

NORTH.

I should be most sorry, too, Tickler, because he is a good Anti-Catholic of the Greek persuasion, who would vote, if he had a vote, for the restoration of the penal laws in Ireland to-morrow. Secondly, because he is the representative of that house which crushed the Jacobin power, and broke up the Continental System. Thirdly, because he is a good free-mason, having been made in our presence in the Canongate Kilwinning.

TICKLER.

Reasons sufficient for being sorry were he ever to be so far reduced as to look for the advent of the Cochranes to be reinstated on the throne of all the Russias; yet I am not in the least degree grieved that he is now, in his proper person, exhibiting the enormous absurdity of the Bob Wilsonian school of Munchausenism.

NORTH.

Why, I, who flatter myself I know a thing or two, said from the very first, that Russia, unsubsidized, unassisted by foreign armies, unsupported by foreign cabinets, could not move forty thousand real soldiers,—I put Cossacks, &c. admirable as they are at home, or in pursuit of a defeated enemy, out of the question,—I say, that Russia, of herself, could not move forty thousand men forty miles beyond her own frontier, without being cursedly hampered.

TICKLER.

And the more uncivilized the enemy, North, the greater the difficulties. In rich countries, where there are wealthy cities,—fat burghers to be robbed,—greasy monasteries to be rifled,—golden chests and golden plains to be broken open or cut down,—there the honest system of *perquisitions*, the *vivere rapto* plan might succeed. Will that do in Turkey?

NORTH.

Alas! No. The invading army must there bring all its provisions, all the demands of its commissariat, all its ordnance and battering train with it; and these things are to be paid for in one way or another,—either way being equally inconvenient to his Imperial Majesty.

TICKLER.

"Here goes the EmperorNicholas," shouted all the Gentlemen of the Press all over Europe,—"one day at Moscow, the next in Constantinople. What is the Duke of Wellington doing? Oh! unhappy Ministry, you are ruining the country, by permitting the conquest."

NORTH.

How intensely, Tickler, the Duke of Wellington must have laughed! Somewhat as Hannibal did when he heard the old snuffling sophist,—one of a class of men, who, by the way, very much resembled, in information and honesty, our journalists at present,—lecturing *him*—him of Cannæ—on the art of war. How actively he must have rubbed his ear, as he heard blinkard after blinkard talk of walking to Constantinople, as the Cockneys on Easter Sunday walk to Greenwich fair.

TICKLER.

Wait, gentlemen, he might have said, all's not over yet. Wait till Russia is aggrandized by the taking of the city of the Cæsars.

NORTH.

Well did he know that this campaign of Russia, on her own resources, was the most impolitic act she could commit; and he had no objection that she should divert herself, by flinging away, in an idle and uncalled for contest, the stamina of ten years' political existence.

TICKLER.

The poor paltry politicians—the creatures whose names have become a byeword of scorn—the *sitting-part* of the Canningites—had, by that most bungling of all pieces of diplomacy, the treaty of the 6th of July, made us auxiliaries—art and part—in this Russian invasion; and the cunning men about the Czarmust have chuckled at their triumph over them, the idiots κατ' ἐξοχήν.

NORTH.

But "A change came o'er the spirit of our dream," my boy. These gen-

tlemen found the laugh considerably altered. They were left to fight the battle by themselves—with what success, all the world knows.

TICKLER.

Proo!

NORTH.

Now, my good little Masters and Misses, did the Duke do right or wrong? Was it better for him to let the Russians cut their own throats, or to mount his grand Waterloo horse, and play their game?

TICKLER.

The boy who has been booby for five years in each successive class of the High School could answer that question aright.

NORTH.

But the Greeks, Tickler, the Greeks!

TICKLER.

Fiddle-di-dee.

NORTH.

These fellows must be settled as the interests of Europe dictate. They or their petty affairs cannot be of any consequence, *now* that the great European interests are at stake. And I think that, since they got into the hands of Messrs Joe Hume, Orlando, Luriottis, Capo d'Istria, Trelawney, Steam-Engine Galloway, Apollo, and Mercurius, and the rest, the world in general care as little about them, as they do about the last cargo of Christian and Liberal patriots shipped for the colonies of Australasia.

TICKLER.

But then, says some interminable querist, holding you by the button, there's the French expedition to the Morea—Chateaubriand writes an immensity about it in the Journal des Debats? Are not you horribly afeard of that? Come, confess.

NORTH.

Afeard! not we. Why, it is ours when we want it. Why it should intend us harm, we cannot see; and even if it contemplated any, have not we, the rulers of the seas, the absolute disposal of all persons and things in the Peloponnesus? Had we not in more noisy days the French garrison in Malta, and the French army in Egypt, as completely in our hands as if they were in the hulks?

TICKLER.

Come—come—what do you say about the Pacha of Egypt?

NORTH.

An excellent fellow, lately converted to Christianity, and inrolled as a ruling elder of the Relief Kirk of Kirkintulloch, by the persuasion of the Reverend Mr Dobbie, and Miss Elizabeth Shanks. *He* will not annoy us. Perhaps in course of time he may yield to good advice, and surrender his country to our safe keeping, with the same good humour that the Great Mogul surrendered *his*.

TICKLER.

India?

NORTH.

Dinna fash your thoomb about India. It is a long march from the Caspian to the Passes of Altock—and there is many a stumbling-block in the way. And, moreover, listen to one word—if there was as fine an army as Napoleon Bonaparte marched against Russia herself, at the Passes of Altock, we could prove it to you, that without firing a gun, we (the English, we mean, not ourselves, C. N.) have it in our power to make it "a' wede away" almost as rapidly as the army of King Sennacherib of Assyria; and that by the time it came within sight of the foredoomed ground of Panniput, it would not be able to put 50,000 men, and they jaded and worn out, to cope against quadruple the number of as fine a set of fellows as ever pulled a trigger.

TICKLER.

Barring always the grenadiers of England.

NORTH.

No, laddie—for it must be to a very young person we are addressing this argument—if we lose India it will not be by an invasion from Russia. When

the time comes we shall give the world an Essay on that subject, which will illuminate it to the centre of its soul.

TICKLER.

North, you are in great force to-night! And now having thus most triumphantly proved, that we have no need to go to war with Russia—that she is injuring herself much more than we could injure her—that no English interest, direct or indirect, is at stake—you have not degraded yourself by answering the nonsense talked about "Rule Britannia" being in any danger, from sailors bred in icy seas, or the lakes which go by the names of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean—that if she want to fight, we are ready for it—suppose you turn your nose away from the North, and, like a cock on a steeple, point your neb to the South.

NORTH.

What is Don Miguel or Don Pedro to us? For the kingdom of Portugal we feel great respect, because we have been for more than fifty years swallowing the wine, the name of which is identified with its own—A liquid to be honoured—to be loved. Let Theodore Hook's admirable Sayings and Doings say and do what they please—that is the sound, constitutional, episcopal, presbyterian, protestant, godfearing liquor, in which I toss off Sempiternal bumpers to Church and King.

TICKLER.

I saw a prime pipe whaumled into my cellar this blessed day. Dine with me to-morrow, Kit.

NORTH.

I will.—Days, or rather nights of our youth! Shall we dishonour your memory by a word derogatory to that solid-fluid—a compound epithet, which, let mathematicians sneer as they please, is in this case no bull. Revering Portugal, therefore, on this ground, and having a hankering recollection of Vimeira, and other doings there, we shall not be suspected of saying a word in its disparagement. But really we cannot see why we are bound to cram a constitution down the throats of the Portuguese against their will.

TICKLER.

Unless the old lady were in a strait waistcoat, and could not feed herself with her own hands.

NORTH.

We cannot see that we were justified in sending five or six thousand soldiers there, to compel people to be free at the point of the bayonet.

TICKLER.

By the soft persuasion of military law.

NORTH.

No wonder that such proceedings—that the diplomatic pedantry of prating about *a casus fœderis*—and the schoolboy pedantry of quoting puffing verses about Æolus—should have very much irritated the Portuguese against us. As for the Constitution, it is very evident that they did not understand any thing about it.

TICKLER.

And as for the Constitutionalists, a more mean, cowardly, ignorant crew never usurped the functions of government.

NORTH.

The flight from the Vouga has indeed shewn these fellows up in their true colours. There have been few things in history, Tickler, more exquisitely comical than the expedition of the Marquis Palmella and his associates. Forth went these valorous champions from London, with the favourable gales of the applause of the Courier breathed hot upon their backs, to make their appearance, and to conquer.

TICKLER.

The Veni, Vidi, Vici, of Julius Cæsar, was to have been revived in their case. *Sed quales rediere?*

NORTH.

Such a running never was heard of. The very sound of the advance of Don Miguel's army made the fellows take to their heels as rapidly as the frogs and

mice, in the Batrachomyomachia, scudded into their holes and marshes on the arrival of the crabs. Taipa led the way—

"Πρωτος Πηνελεως Βοιωτιος ηρχε φοβοιο——"

TICKLER.

But allow me to add, that Peneleus was a good fighter, and did not stir till he was wounded in the shoulder, πρόσσω τετραμμενος αιει—until Jupiter, son of Saturn, had shaken his fringed Ægis, and darted his terror-striking bolt among the Greeks. Taipa ran before he saw the glistening of a gun, and the disorder shortly became infectious.

NORTH.

Palmella ran.

TICKLER.

Saldanha ran.

NORTH.

Villa Flor ran.

TICKLER.

They all ran.

NORTH.

There was not a man among them on that day whom you would not have backed with the long odds against Coates himself.

TICKLER.

And these are the good people with whom the men of England—the old INVICTI—the men who never run—it is for these cravens that our sympathies are sought to be enlisted! We wish they were delivered to the tender mercies of Friar Jean des Entoumeures, that he might inflict summary chastisement upon them with the sacred baton of the Cross.

NORTH.

People in this country, Mr Tickler, who are horribly gulled by the nonsense which is written in newspapers, are sometimes in the habit of calling Don Miguel an usurper, and that too is made a ground why we should go to war with him.

TICKLER.

How he is a usurper I cannot see.

NORTH.

Don Pedro, we shall be told at once, is his elder brother, and therefore, by all the rights of primogeniture, should have succeeded his father. Supposing this all to be as correct as possible, we cannot for the lives of us see how we are appointed conservators general of the due succession of kingdoms all over the world. Just see to what that would lead us at the present moment.

TICKLER.

Why, we should be very busy at war with Russia, because Constantine has been set aside for Nicholas.

NORTH.

We should be active in ousting Bernadotte, and restoring Colonel Gustafson.

TICKLER.

King Ferdinand's claim to his throne was not the most correct in the world at the beginning, yet no one that we ever heard of recommended us to attack the great man-milliner to the Virgin Mary on this ground.

NORTH.

What nonsense—what idiocy it is, then, to expect that we are to send out fleets and armies, and to puzzle our consols, simply that we may change the name of Miguel for that of Pedro!

TICKLER.

Of Don Miguel I know nothing—but as he is grossly abused in the Times, it is highly probable that he is a gentleman.

NORTH.

As to the validity of his election, let the Portuguese lawyers look to it. His partizans, in our opinion, make out a good case for him. The fundamental laws of Portugal require that the King must be a Portuguese, and Don Pedro

has declared himself a Brazilian. His right, therefore, they contend, has ceased, and exactly as happened at our own Revolution, the next in succession is put in his place. The Cortes of Lamego, which pronounced this decision, comprehended almost all the great names in the kingdom, and resembled, in many particulars, the Convention Parliament, which put the crown upon the head of William.

TICKLER.

The church is for Don Miguel.

NORTH.

Almost all the landholders.

TICKLER.

Nine-tenths of the mercantile property.

NORTH.

Besides, who is there that can bear the idea of an old European kingdom being turned into a colony to a mushroom American empire?

TICKLER.

Disgusting.

NORTH.

Be this law and this reasoning right or wrong, our interfering to arrange it would not be a whit more wise or rational than Don Quixote's campaign against the windmills. It is the interest of the people of Portugal to keep on good terms with us; and that being the case, it is of no consequence to us what king reigns over them.

TICKLER.

Not the value of a Queen Anne's farthing, which now sells, I believe, as low as thirty shillings of the coinage of George the Fourth.

NORTH.

We have thus concluded our foreign affairs—and Lord Aberdeen may, if he pleases, lay down our Magazine—so far as his own official duties are concerned. Delighted and instructed with the information he has thus gleaned, he may return to the business of his department, a wiser and a better man.

TICKLER.

But his Lordship's well-known literary taste must of course compel him to proceed.

NORTH.

True; ill indeed would he deserve the title of Athenian Aberdeen, if he did not every month peruse, with unsatiated appetite, every line of Maga, beginning with the title over the benignant countenance of Geordie Buchanan, and never checking for a moment, until he had fairly mastered the catalogues of the Born, the Married, and the Dead.

TICKLER.

But what say you of the colonies?

NORTH.

Nothing. Canada is peevish, but we shall soon settle all that. A most honoured Contributor, and a most excellent Tory—our friend Galt—reigns there in plenitude of power; and the department of woods and forests is under the control of a Lord Warden, (The Teegger,) whose learned lucubrations have figured in the Magazine. Under such control, Sir George Murray may rest contented. The remainder of the empire is as well as can be expected.

TICKLER.

At home, Corn—Currency—Catholics.

NORTH.

Good Lord deliver us from the three! Plague—Pestilence, and Famine—Battle—Murder, and sudden Death, are nothing to them! But as we must speak about them, we our weary lips unclose.

TICKLER.

Let us take them alternately, Kit.

NORTH.

Well, Tim.

TICKLER.

CORN. Every prospect of a fine harvest, in spite of St Swithin. This will

be one grand element of popularity for the Duke's Ministry. John Bull cannot grumble when his belly is full.

NORTH.

CURRENCY. Mr Peel's bill, we suppose, will be in operation in April. Great is the lamentation thereupon—and we suppose just—even in the imperishable pages of our own immortal work. But if the world will keep the secret, we mention to them in private, that we never cared any thing about the currency, further than to get as much of it as possible into our breeches pockets.

TICKLER.

"Good gracious," Mr North—a country banker will exclaim, lifting his spectacles to an angle of 63 degrees upon the top of his ear—"surely ye're no serious. Do ye forget a' the clever articles ye had aboot the ruin the daft measures o' the feelosofers wad bring upon the hail kintra? Are na ye fou, when ye talk sae guselike?"

NORTH.

Most encomiastic and eminent of bankers, we reply, we are no that fou—though, perhaps, we may hae a drappie in our ee. Admirable articles they were—them to which you allude—sound in argument—true in feeling—clear in position—powerful in facts.

TICKLER.

And so the whole country felt. They were articles which made the soul of Ebony glad within his bosom, for they did much—

"I verily believe, promote his sale."

And more such you must have.

NORTH.

It would have saved much loss, and prevented much mischief, had a few such thinkers as their writer had the management of our financial and commercial affairs. But, after all, I am an old man, a man long cured of listening to the predictions of politicians; and, *croyez en un vieux practicien,* as old Frederick of Prussia used to say of war, I am not now-a-days frightened by prophecies of our destruction from causes, the prevention of which we have in our own power. If the feelosofers have mismanaged affairs, are they not kicked out? Thank God, they are—to one and all the Duke has said, in the language of Juvenal——*aut accipe calcem!* Has not Huskisson, the Complete Letter Writer, been ejected in the manner so graphically depicted in the printshops, by the vigorous application of the toe of the Duke's jackboot to his *os coccygis?* Does not Free Trade stink in the nostrils of the people?

TICKLER.

Like a dead foumart.

NORTH.

So will it be with the Currency. If we find that a gold currency, to the exclusion of paper, works mischief, depend upon it, after a little of that mischief—and less now than ever—because the country looks upon the sayings and doings with suspicion—thanks principally to my Magazine—instead of hailing them with an *a priori* shout of approbation—depend upon it, I say, after the first symptom of its being calculated to do damage appears, we shall come back to the course in which we arrived at a pitch of prosperity unprecedented in the history of nations. No—no—my dear sir—we will never be ruined by that. Until it pleases God to strike us all mad at one stroke of the Dogstar, we shall never be so divested of common instinct as to destroy ourselves, for no reason in the world, but to gratify some cloudy theorists, or to gain a character for consistency in folly. I venture to lay a wager of guineas to shillings, that by this time twelve months, we shall not recollect whether this bill passed or not.

TICKLER.

CATHOLICS. No Popery! That is our cry now—then—and for ever. Our reasons for it we have so often discussed, my dear North, that we are not called upon to do it now. I think, indeed I am sure, that the events of the last six months have kindled that spirit among us to a warmer degree than it has ever been since the Revolution of 1688. Don't you think so, sir?

NORTH.

Yes. The Papists have fairly drawn the sword.

TICKLER.

The return of O'Connell, and the rejection of Mr Vesey Fitzgerald, a man who was fool enough to vote for them all his life, prove that no services to their infamous cause can atone for Protestantism.

NORTH.

It has proved, also, that those who prated about the Popish influence returning only a dozen members to Parliament, were mere idiots. It has proved, that if we grant Emancipation, we introduce at least 100 members into the House of Commons, bound by all that they deem sacred to overthrow the constitution of the country.

TICKLER.

Alarm prevails now, where nothing but sneers were heard before; and by a just retribution, the Irish pro-Popery members, (we thank thee, eloquent and able, stanch and true STANDARD, for teaching us that word,) are the first to suffer. Your Vesey Fitzgeralds, Sir John Newports, Villiers Stuarts, Spring Rices, &c. &c. will be the first to go—the first to afford a practical illustration of the justice and moderation of the triumphant Papists.

NORTH.

I rejoice, Mr Tickler, to see the country firmly possessed of this truth. I hail the accession to our side of the Marquis of Chandos, and the young nobility, gentry, and scholars, of almost all the rising youth of the country, whether distinguished for birth, or talent, or influence; and we cheer forward the establishment of the Brunswick Clubs, with the loudest compass of our lungs. All that the Protestants of the empire have to do, is to speak, and THEIR VOICE IS DECISIVE.

TICKLER.

Yes, my trusty feer, their voice is decisive, even if the Minister seem dubious or hostile. How much more so when the Minister is their stanch and uncompromising friend; in one word, when he is the Duke of Wellington?

NORTH.

Another cup of coffee. As to any doubts about him, give them to the winds! The Dawsons—I utter the name with pain, for many reasons—may seem to slink from their principles amid a general hooting of contempt, and some sighs of sorrow. But who compares the Duke of Wellington with them?

TICKLER.

Nobody who is permitted by his friends to walk without an attendant through city or suburb. Yet the Protestants of the empire must not desert him. If they be silent, it will be hard for him to resist the ceaseless clamours of his enemies.

NORTH.

That is—not a sad—but a serious—solemn truth. Let them be steady—let them come forward to shew that they are in earnest in resisting the encroachments of Popery, and

Our trust in him
Is firm as Ailsa's rock.

TICKLER.

Is there any thing else to say?

NORTH.

We hope not—for we are not going to say any more. We are old, now, consider, worthy world, and our hand does not dash off sheet after sheet with that impetuous rapidity that made in former times the devils to stare. We must now take our ease—

The young should labour, but the old should rest.

TICKLER.

Your life, sir, has been busy and various.

NORTH.

Ay, Heaven knows, our toils indeed have been immense; and until we came to the management of this Magazine, our pleasures but few. But we

are anticipating. Soon—very soon, perhaps, may the aged body of old Kit be consigned to the tomb——

TICKLER.

Hush—hear Mr Gurney sobbing in his closet!

NORTH.

When his Memoirs will see the light at last——

TICKLER.

O let them not, I pray, be a posthumous work!

NORTH.

His maligners then will see who it is they have slandered—what wild work they have wrought with a heart too sensitive, too tremblingly alive to the cruel censures of a censorious world——

TICKLER.

Gurney—blow your nose—and no blubbering.

NORTH.

Springs of action will be then developed, which will puzzle the politician—deeds developed, which will, in all probability, render it necessary that the history of fifty of the most important years of the world should be rewritten. When it is published, alike indifferent to him will be the voice of praise or of censure—

TICKLER.

Gurney!

NORTH.

But the readers of Blackwood's Magazine will, we trust, drop a tear of goodhumoured and grateful recollection over the page that tells the chequered fortunes of their guide, philosopher, and friend.

TICKLER.

Why, Gurney's grief is infectious. Forgive the pensive tear.

NORTH.

'Tis an idle thought, Tickler, but methinks that my bones would not rest in a city churchyard. Let them be deposited beneath the greensward of the burial-place of my native parish, by the side of her——

TICKLER.

My dear North, you know I have undertaken the interment——

NORTH.

Remember, that on turning off from the turnpike road into the lane, with its old hawthorn hedges——

TICKLER.

Fear not, sir, fear not—the coffin shall there be taken out of the hearse, and borne aloft on the shoulders of six chosen villagers——

NORTH.

You yourself walking, as chief mourner, at my head——

TICKLER.

The Shepherd at the right shoulder——

NORTH.

All right—all right—suppose we sing a song?

TICKLER.

Do—for Godsake!

NORTH.

With all my heart. But first a toast—in brandy—for after Turkish coffee, Bourdeaux is best. Here is

THE 144TH NUMBER OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE!

12 times 12!

Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra!
Hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra, hurra, &c. *ad libitum.*

And now one cheer more for the honour of Lord Eldon!

Hip, hip, hurra—hurra, hurra!——

Hark—how the echoes ring!

TICKLER.

Every room in the house has caught it.

NORTH.

And another, for as true a Tory, in other words, as good a man, as Scotland ever saw—his noble father not excepted—Lord Melville. Hip, hip, hurra,—hurra!——

TICKLER.

Some basely forgot, or rather, deserted him, during his short retirement. But WE knew better. OUT or IN, we honour the MAN.

NORTH.

That's the way to do things. THE 144TH No.! This is the Magazine which idiots and knaves endeavoured to put down—and which blockheads and fools predicted, over and over again, would not live out the month.

TICKLER.

Many a precious blockhead has kicked the bucket, hopped the twig, Kit, since the first prating of such predictions.

NORTH.

And it is pleasant to the conscience of an old man, to know that the death of many of them must be laid directly at the door of No. 17, Prince's Street. The braying of asses is unquestionably much diminished—and that justifies the belief that the asses themselves are far fewer in number, though I do not wish the breed to be wholly extinct.

TICKLER.

They are fewer in number—for while he breathes the vital air, your ass will bray.

NORTH. (*Sings.*)

Let us laugh at the asses, while here at our glasses,
The toast that we're drinking can give them the lie.—
Is Virtue and Merit, Wit, Learning and Spirit,
Is Honour, and Genius, and Fancy to die?
Even talent like Campbell's, when caught in Whig trammels,
'Mid Misses and Masters, content is to shelve;
While we are as clever and joyous as ever,
Though our Numbers, up-mounting, have reach'd Twelve times Twelve.

Alas, for the London!—three times it was undone;
We hope it may prosper in essay the fourth;
The Monthly, so smartish—the Westminster, tartish—
Are these to be fear'd by the Pride of the North?
The Gentleman's prosing—Frank Jeffrey is dosing;
His tomahawk's gone, both the hatchet and helve;
While, sharp as a razor, the sword *we* display, sir,
Was never more keen than in this Twelve times Twelve.

Like the hues of the morning, its pages adorning,
May its Genius continue long, lasting, and bright,
True Tories delighting, false Liberals spiting,
And cutting down Whigs to the left and the right.
Our rivals all rotten, sunk, dead, and forgotten,
In obscurity's slough, must go burrow and delve,
While still in full glory, a wit and a Tory,
Our Maga will number TWELVE HUNDRED TIMES TWELVE!

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXXVIII.

ΧΡΗ 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—*Large Dining-Room.—Time uncertain.*—NORTH *discovered sitting upright in his easy-chair, with arms a-kimbo on his crutch, asleep.*

Enter the SHEPHERD, *and* MR AMBROSE.

SHEPHERD.

Lord safe us! only look at him sitting asleep. Whatan a face!—Dinna leave the parlour, Mr Awmrose, for it would be fearsome to be alane wi' the Vision.

AMBROSE.

The heat of the fire has overcome the dear old gentleman—but he will soon awake ; and may I make so bold, Mr Hogg, as to request that you do not disturb——

SHEPHERD.

What! Wad ye be for my takin' aff my shoon, and gliding ower the Turkey carpet on my stocking soles, like a pard or panther on the Lybian sands?

AMBROSE.—(*Suaviter in modo.*)

I beg pardon, sir, but you have got on your top-boots this evening.

SHEPHERD.

Eh! sae I hae. And tryin' to rug them aff, tae and heel, aneath the foot o' a chair, wad be sure to wauken him wi' ane o' thae froons o' his, aneuch to dant the deevil.

AMBROSE.

I never saw Mr North frown, Mr Hogg, since we came to Picardy. I hope, sir, you think him in his usual health?

SHEPHERD.

That's a gude ane, Awmrose. You think him near his latter end, 'cause he's gi'en up that hellish froon that formerly used sae aften to make his face frichtsome? Ye ne'er saw him froon sin' ye came to Picardy?—Look, there —only look at the creatur's face—

A darkness comes across it, like a squall
Blackening the sea.

AMBROSE.

I fear he suffers some inward qualm, sir. His stomach, I fear, sir, is out of order.

SHEPHERD.

His stamach is ne'er out o' order. It's an ingine that aye works sweetly. But what think you, Mr Awmrose, o' a quawm o' conscience?

AMBROSE.

Mr North never, in all his life, I am sure, so much as injured a fly. Oh! dear me! he must be in very great pain.

SHEPHERD.

So froon'd he aince, when in an angry parle
He smote the sliding Pollock on the ice.

AMBROSE.

You allude, sir, to that day at the curling on Duddingston Loch. But you must allow, Mr Hogg, that the brute of a carter deserved the crutch. It was pretty to see the old gentleman knock him down. The crack on the ice made by the carter's skull was like a star, sir.

SHEPHERD.

The clud's blawn aff—and noo his countenance is pale and pensive, and no without a kind o' reverend beauty, no very consistent wi' his waukin' character. But the faces o' the most ferocious are a' placid in sleep and in death. That is an impressive fizziological and sykological fack.

AMBROSE.

How can you utter the word death in relation to him, Mr Hogg? Were he dead, the whole world might shut up shop.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na. Ye micht, but no the warld. There never leev'd a man the warld miss'd, ony mair than a great, green, spreading simmer tree misses a leaf that fa's doon on the moss aneath its shadow.

AMBROSE.

Were ye looking round for something, sir?

SHEPHERD.

Ay; gie me that cork aff yon table—I'll burn't on the fire, and then blacken his face wi' coom.

AMBROSE. (*Placing himself in an imposing attitude between* NORTH *and the* SHEPHERD.)

Then it must be through my body, sir. Mr Hogg, I am always proud and happy to see you in my house; but the mere idea of such an outrage—such sacrilege—horrifies me; the roof would fall down—the whole land——

SHEPHERD.

Tuts, man, I'm only jokin'. Oh! but he wad mak a fine pictur! I wish John Watson Gordon were but here to pent his face in iles. What a mass o' forehead! an inch atween every wrinkle, noo scarcely visible in the cawm o' sleep! Frae eebree to croon o' the head a lofty mountain o' snaw—a verra Benledi—wi' rich mineral ore aneath the surface, within the bowels o' the skull, copper, silver, and gold! Then what a nose! Like a bridge, along which might be driven cart-loads o' intellect;—neither Roman nor Grecian, hooked nor cockit, a wee thocht inclined to the ae side, the pint being a pairt and pendicle o' the whole, an object in itsell, but at the same time finely smoothed aff and on intil the featur; while his nostrils, small and red, look as they would emit fire, and had the scent o' a jowler or a vultur.

AMBROSE.

There never were such eyes in a human head——

SHEPHERD.

I like to see them sometimes shut. The instant Mr North leaves the room, after denner or sooper, it's the same thing as if he had carried aff wi' him twa o' the fowre cawnles.

AMBROSE.

I have often felt that, sir,—exactly that,—but never could express it. If at any time he falls asleep, it is just as if the waiter or myself had snuffed out——

SHEPHERD.

Let my image alane, Mr Awmrose, and dinna ride it to death—dooble. But what I admire maist o' a' in the face o' him, is the auld man's mouth. There's a warld's difference, Mr Awmrose, atween a lang mouth and a wide ane.

AMBROSE.

There is, Mr Hogg, there is—they are two different mouths entirely. I have often felt that, but could not express it——

SHEPHERD.

Mr Awmrose, you're a person that taks notice o' a hantle o' things—and there canna be a stronger proof, or a better illustration, of the effeck o' the conversation o' a man o' genius like me, than its thus seeming to express former feelings and fancies of the awditor—whereas, the truth is, that it disna wauken them for the second time, but communicates them for the first—for believe me, that the idea o' the cawnles, and eke o' the difference wi' a distinction atween wide mouths and lang anes, never entered your mind afore, but are baith, *bona feedy*, the property o' my ain intellect.

AMBROSE.

I ask you many pardons, Mr Hogg. They are both your own, I now perceive, and I promise never to make use of them without your permission in writing—or——

SHEPHERD.

Poo—I'm no sae pernickity as that about my original ideas; only when folk do mak use o' my obs, I think it but fair they should add, " as Mr Hogg well said," " as the Ettrick Shepherd admirably remarked," " as the celebrated author o' the Queen's Wake, wi' his usual felicity, observed"—and so forth—and ma faith, if some folk that's reckond yeloquent at roots and petty soopers, were aye to do that, when they're what's ca'd maist brilliant, my name wad be seldom out o' their mouths. Even North himsell—

AMBROSE.

Do not be angry with me, sir—but it's most delightful to hear Mr North and you bandying matters across the table; ye take such different views always of the same subject; yet I find it, when standing behind the Chair, impossible not to agree with you both.

SHEPHERD.

That's just it, Mr Awmrose. That's the way to exhowst a subject. The ane o' us ploughs down the rig, and the other across, then on wi' the harrows, and the field is like a garden.

AMBROSE.

See, sir, he stirs!

SHEPHERD.

The crutch is like a very tree growin' out o' the earth—so stracht and steddy. I daursay he sleeps wi't in his bed. Noo—ye see his mouth to perfection—just a wee open—shewing the teeth—a smile and no a snarl—the thin lips o' him slightly curled and quiverin', and the corners drawn doon a wee, and then up again wi' a swirl, gien wonderfu' animation to his yet ruddy cheeks—a mouth unitin' in ane, Mr Jaffray's and that o' Canning's and Cicero's busts.

AMBROSE.

No young lady—no widow—could look at him now, as he sits there, Mr Hogg, God bless him, without thinking of a first or second husband. Many is the offer he must have refused!

SHEPHERD.

Is that your fashun in Yorkshire, Mr Awmrose, for the women to ask the men to marry?

AMBROSE—(*susurrans.*)

Exceptio probat regulam—sir.

SHEPHERD.

Faith, ye speak Latin as weel's mysell.—Do you ken the Doctrine o' Dreams?

AMBROSE.

No, sir. Dreaming seems to me a very unintelligible piece of business.

SHEPHERD.

So thinks Mr Coleridge and Kubla Khan. But the sowl, ye see, is swayed by the senses—and it's in my power the noo that Mr North's half-sleepin' and half-waukin', to mak him dream o' a' sorts o' deaths—nay, to dream that he is himsell dreeing a' sorts o' deaths—ane after the ither in ruefu' succes-

sion, as if he were some great criminal undergoing capital punishments in the wild warld o' sleep.

AMBROSE.

That would be worse than blacking my dear master's face—for by that name I love to call him. You must not inflict on him the horror of dreams.

SHEPHERD.

There can be nae such thing as cruelty in a real philosophical experiment. In philosophy, though not in politics, the end justifies the means. Be quiet, Awmrose. There noo, I hae drapped some cauld water on his bald pow—and its tricklin' doon his haffets to his lugs. Whisht! wait a wee! There na, ye see his mouth openin' and his chest heavin', as if the waters o' the deep sea were gullaring in his throat. He's now droonin'!

AMBROSE.

I cannot support this—Mr Hogg—I must——

SHEPHERD.

Haud back, sir. Look how he's tryin' to streik out his richt leg, as if it had gotten the cramp. He's tryin' to cry for help. Noo he has risen to the surface for the third and last time. Noo he gies ower strugglin', and sinks doon to the broon-ribbed sand amang the crawling partens!

AMBROSE.

I must—I shall waken him——

SHEPHERD.

The dream'd death-fit is ower, for the water's dried—and he thinks himsell walkin' up Leith Walk, and then stracht intil Mr Blackwood's shop. But noo we'll hang him——

AMBROSE.

My God! that it should ever have come to this! Yet there is an interest in such philosophical experiments, Mr Hogg, which it is impossible to resist. But do not, I beseech you, keep him long in pain.

SHEPHERD.

There—I just tichten a wee on his wizen his black neck-hankerchief, and in a moment you'll see him get blue in the face. Quick as the "lightning on a collied night," the dream comes athwart his sowl! He's on the scaffold, and the grey-headed, red-eyed, white-faced hangman's lean shrivelled hands are fumblin' about his throat, fixin' the knot on the juglar! See how puir North clutches the cambric, naturally averse to fling it frae him, as a signal for the drap! It's no aboon a minute since we began the experiment, and yet during that ae minute, has he planned and perpetrated his crime—nae doubt murder,—concealed himsell for a month in empty hovels, and tombs, in towns,—in glens, and muirs, and woods, in the kintra,—been apprehended, for a reward o' one hundred guineas, by twa red-coated sheriff's officers—imprisoned till he had nearly run his letters,—stood his trial frae ten in the mornin' till twelve o'clock at nicht—examination o' witnesses, the speech o' the croon coonsel, and that o' the coonsel for the panel too, and the soomin' up o' the Lord Justice Clerk, nane o' the three shorter than twa hours,—been prayed till, frae day-break to breakfast, by three ministers,—O sickenin' breakfast!—Sat'n in a chair on account of his gout—a lang lang time on the scaffold—and then aff he goes with a swing, a swirl, and a general shriek—and a' within the space o' some forty seconds o' the time that passes in the outer air world, which we wauken' creatures inhabit—but which is the true time, and which is the fause, it's no for me to say, for I'm nae metaphysician; and judge o' time, either by the shadows on the hill, or on the stane sun-dial, or by the short and lang haun' o' our aught-day clock.

AMBROSE.

Mr Hogg, it is high time this were put an end to,—my conscience accuses me of a great crime—and the moment Mr North awakes, I will make a clean bosom of it, and confess the whole.

SHEPHERD.

What! you'll 'peach, will you? In that case, it is just as weel to proceed to the last extremity. Rax me owre the carvin' knife, and I'll guillotine him——

AMBROSE.

Shocking, shocking, Mr Hogg!

(*The* SHEPHERD *and* AMBROSE *struggle violently for the possession of the carving knife,—amid cries from the latter of* "Thieves—Robbers—Fire—Murder!"—*and in the struggle they fall against the chimney-piece, to the clash of shovel, poker, and tongs.* BRONTE, *who has been sleeping under* NORTH's *chair, bursts out with a bull-bellow, a tiger-growl, and a lion-roar—and* NORTH *awakes—collaring the* SHEPHERD.)

BRONTE.

Bow—wow—wow—wow—wow—wow—

SHEPHERD.

Ca' aff your doug, Mr North,—ca' aff your doug! He's devoorin' me—

NORTH. (*Undisturbed from his former posture.*)

Gentlemen, what is the meaning of all this—you seem discomposed? James! engaged in the duello with Mr Ambrose? Mr Ambrose!

(*Exit* MR AMBROSE, *retrogrediens, much confused.*

SHEPHERD.

I'll ca' him out—I'll ca' him out wi' pistols. He was the first aggressor.

NORTH.

Arrange your dress, James, then sit down, and narrate to me truly these *plusquam civilia bella.*

SHEPHERD.

Why, ye see, sir, a gentleman in the hotel, a Russian General, I believe, was anxious to see you sleepin', and to take a sketch o' you in that predicament for the Emperor, and Mr Awmrose insisted on bringin' him in, whether I would or no,—and as I know you have an antipathy against having your head taken aff—as naebody can hit the face, and a' the likenesses yet attempted are mere caricatures—I rose to oppose the entrance o' the General. Mr Ambrose put himself into what I could not but construe a fechting attitude, though I daursay it was only on the defensive; we yokit, and on me tryin' to hough him, we tumbled again' the mantel-piece, and you awoke. This is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

(NORTH *rings the bell violently, and* MR AMBROSE *appears.*)

NORTH.

Shew in the Russian General, sir.

AMBROSE.

The Russian General, sir!

NORTH.

How dare you repeat my words? I say, sir, shew in the Russian General.

SHEPHERD.

Haw—haw—haw—haw—haw—haw—haw—haw!—I'm like to spleet!—haw—haw—haw—haw—haw—haw!

NORTH, (*with dignity.*)

These manners, sir, may do in Ettrick—or the Forest—where the breed of wild boars is not wholly extirpated—but in Edinburgh we expect——

SHEPHERD.

Na—gin that be the way o't, I maun be on my mettle too. As for your wutticism, sir, about the boars, it's just perfectly contemptible, and, indeed, at the best, nae better than a maist meeserable pun. And as to mainners, I'll bet you a ten-gallon cask to a half-mutchkin, that I'll show an elder in Yarrow-Kirk, ony Sabbath atween this and Christmas, that shall outmainner your ainsell, wi' a' your high breedin', in every thing that constitutes true natural dignity—and as for female mainners, seleck the maist yelegant and fashionable leddy that you see walkin' alang Prince's Street, wi' a bonnet bigger than a boyne, atween three and four o' the afternoon, when the street's like a stream, and gin I dinna bring frae the Forest, within a mile's range, wi' Mount Benger the centre o' the circle, a bare-legged lassie, wi' hauns, aiblins, red and hard wi' milkin' the coos, wi' naething on her head but a bit pinch-beck kame, that shall outmainner your city madam, till she blush black through the red pent on her cheeks—my name's no James Hogg—that's all—And whether you tak the wager or no, let me tell you to the face o' you, that you're a damned arrogant, upsettin', impudent fallow, and that I do not care the

crack o' my thoom for you, or your Magazin, or your Buchanan-Lodge, were you and they worth ten thousand million times mair than what you ever will be, as lang's your name's Christopher North!

NORTH.

James—you are a pretty fellow. Nothing will satisfy you, it seems, but to insult most grossly the old man whom you have first drowned in his sleep, then hanged, and, but for my guardian angel, Ambrose, would have guillotined!

SHEPHERD.

What! and you were pretendin' to be asleep a' the while o' the pheelosophical experiments! What a horrid heepocrit! You're really no fit company for plain, simple, honest folk like the like o' me—but as we've been baith to blame, especially you, who began it a' by shammin' sleep, let's shake hauns—and say nae mair about it. Do ye ken I'm desperate hungry—and no a little thrusty.—(*Re-enter* Mr Ambrose, *in trim apparel and downcast eyes—with a board of oysters.*)

NORTH.

Bless you, James! You wheel me round in my chair to the table with quite a filial touch. Ay, my dear boy, take a pull at the porter, for you are in a violent perspiration.

SHEPHERD.

Nathing like draft!

NORTH.

Mr Ambrose, confine the Russian General to his chamber—and see that you keep him in fresh train-oil.

[*Exit* Mr Ambrose, *smiling through his tears.*

NORTH.

James, I shrewdly suspect Mr Ambrose is up to our high jinks.

SHEPHERD.

I really begin to jalouse he is. He was sair frichten'd at first—but I thocht I heard him gi'en a bit grunt o' a lauch, a sort o' subpress'd nicher, ahint the door, to the flunkies in the trance, wha had a' flocked thegither in a croud at the cry o' Fire and Murder. Hech, sirs! but the month o' September 's the month after my ain heart—and worth ony ither twa in the year—comin' upon you, as it does, after May, June, July, and August, wi' its R and its Eisters—na, that brodd beats a'—ilka shell as wide's my loof—ilka fish like a shot-star—and the tottle o' the whole swimming in its ain sawt-sea liccor, aneuch to create an appeteet in the palate o' yon Atomy swingin' in Dr Munro's class in the College by himsell during the lang vacation—Puir fallow!

NORTH.

Dear to me, James, September, because of the harvest moon——

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue, ye heepocrit.—The harvest moon, indeed! Did ye ever aince see her horns, or her lugs, or her een, or her mou', or her chin, or her nose, or her Toot-nsamble, as the French say, during a' that September you passed wi' us at Mount-Benger the year afore last, when wee Jamie, you ken, had the mizzles?

NORTH.

Why, James, there was a perpetual mist——

SHEPHERD.

Frae the toddy jug. Ye wad aye drink it het—and 'deed I agree wi' you in detestin' a blash o' cauld speerits and water wi' broon sugar—aneuch to gar you gru, scunner, and bock—Ye wad aye drink it het, and frae gloamin' till midnicht assuredly there was a mist,—but hoo could you possibly see the moon, ye auld sinner, through the mist, like ane o' Ossian's ghosts, when regularly at sax o'clock you axed me to ripe the ribs, and shut the shutters—and——

NORTH.

I rung the bell for that bonnie lassie, the "lass with the gowden hair," to come with her brush which she brandished so prettily, and sweep in the ashes——

SHEPHERD.

I ca'd you an auld sinner—and an auld sinner ye are, my maist excellent

sir, though I gladly alloo there's no a better man, for a' that, 'mang the eight hundred millions inhabiting the earth.

NORTH.

Sits still so trigly, James, the silken snood of my Lily of the Lea?

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen,
But it was na to meet Duneira's men.

SHEPHERD.

The last time I saw your Lily o' the Lea, sir, she was sittin on a stane at the cheek o' the door, wi' a mutch ower her tawty hair, a geyan dirty face, bauchles on, and sooklin' twuns.

NORTH.

Suckling twins! O Jupiter and Leda! Castor and Pollux!

SHEPHERD.

Ay, just sooklin' twuns. But what's there in that to gar you turn up the whites o' your een? Tibbie's married.

NORTH.

And I devoutly trust to a man worthy of her beauty, her virtue, her innocence—her——

SHEPHERD.

The tailor carried her aff frae them a'—The flyin' tailor o' Ettrick, sir—him that can do fifteen yards, at hap, step, and loup, back and forward on level grun'—stood second ae year in the ring at Carlisle—can put the stane within a foot o' Jedburgh Bell himsell, and fling the hammer neist best ower a' the Border to Geordy Scougal o' Innerleithen.

NORTH.

Another phantom of my imagination has melted, like a dew-drop from the earth. To a tailor!

SHEPHERD.

Another phantom o' *my* imagination has melted, like a dew-drop frae the earth—and a sappier eister never play'd plump intil a human stamack.

NORTH.

James, that is a sacrilegious parody on the expression of one of the finest feelings that breathes a sadness over our common humanity. Eat your oysters after your own fashion—but——

SHEPHERD.

O, sir! I wonder to see you, at your time o' life, lamentin' that a bit ferny-tickled kintra lassie, that used to gang atween barn and byre wi' worsted huggers on, and a jacket o' striped mankey, should hae sae far improved her condition within the year, as to be a sonsie gudewife, double the size she used to be—her wee bit prim rosy mouth, aince sae like a bud that refused to open out even in the sunshine, noo aye wide open as if wishing to catch flees—and her voice, formerly sae laigh and loun, now loud and fierce as ony ither wife and mither's, scaulding the servant lass, the doug, or a tramper.

NORTH.

True—James—as Wordsworth says,

"Such ebb and flow must ever be,
Then wherefore should we mourn?"

SHEPHERD.

As Wordsworth says—whroo!—Nae occasion for quoting ony body but oursells. We twa ken as muckle—and mair too, o' human nature, in its various phawses, than a' the Pond Poets pitten thegither. O man! Mr North, but my heart has often and often amaist dee'd within me, to think that a' we love and long for, pine to possess, and burn to enjoy—a' that passion maddens for on the midnicht pillow, in the desert day-dream—a' that the yearning sowl would fain expand itself to embrace within the rainbow circle o' its holiest and maist heavenly affections—a' that speeritualeezes our human nature, till our very dust-formed bodies seem o' the essence o' licht, or flowers, or music, something no terrestrial, but akin to the elements o' our native regions on the blue cloudless lift——

NORTH.

You touch a chord, James—You do indeed—you touch a chord—

SHEPHERD.

Should a' be delusion—a glamour flung ower us by a celestial but deceitful

spirit—felt and seen, as soon as it is broken and dissolved, to have been a fiction, a falsehood, a lie—a soft, sweet, bright, balmy, triumphant and glorious lie, in place of which nature offers us in mockery, during a' the rest o' our lives, the puir, paltry, pitiful, faded, fushionless, cauld-rifed, and chittering substitute—Truth. O, sir! waes me, that by stripping a' creation, fauld after fauld, o' gay, glitterin', gorgeous and glorious apparellin', you are sure at last to come to the hard naked Truth——

NORTH.

Hamlet has it, James—— "a foul congregation of vapours"—

SHEPHERD.

Or say rather, like a body carelessly or purposely pressin' a full-blawn or budding rose atween his finger and his thoomb, scalin' leaf after leaf, till what hae you in your hand at last but the bare heart o' the flower, and you look down amang your feet in vain for the scattered and dissipated bloom that a moment afore thrust its bold beauty into the eyes of the sun, and seemed o' its ain single self to be scenting the haill wilderness, then sweet wi' its grassy braes, as if the heavens had hung over mountains o' bloomin' heather steeped in morning dew evaporating in mist-wreaths exhaled from earth to heaven in morning sacrifice!

NORTH.

And Tibbie has twins!

SHEPHERD.

'Deed has she, sir. Her poetry is now prose.

NORTH.

Gone all the light lyrical measures! all the sweet pauses transposed. The numerous verse of her virgin being shorn of all its rhymes so musical—a thousand tunes, each in its specific sweetness murmuring of a separate soul, blended indistinguishably into one monotony—and marriage, marriage, marriage is the deadening word!

SHEPHERD.

That's treason, sir—treason against natur. Is the young lintie, I would ask, flutterin' amang the broom, or balancin' itsell in sportive happiness on ane o' the yellow jewels, half sae bonny as the same lintie sittin' in its nest within a briar-bush, wi' its head lying sae meek and lovingly on the rim o' the moss, and a' its breast yearning wi' the still deep instinctive bliss o' maternal affection—or fleeing ten times in a minute frae briar-bush to bracken-brae, and frae bracken-brae to briar-bush, wi' insects, and worms, and caterpillars, and speeders, in her neb, to satisfy the hunger o' a nest a' agape wi' yellow-throated young anes, and then settlin' hersell down again, as saftly as if she were naething but feathers, aboon her brood in that cozie bield, although but a bit sillie burdie, happy as ony angel in the heaven o' heavens?

NORTH.

A sweet image, James; an image that beams the light of Poetry on the Prose-ground of human life! But, alas! that thin golden ring lays a heavy weight on the hand that wears it—The finger it seriously and somewhat sadly decks, never again, with so lightsome touch, braids the hair above the fair forehead,—the gay, gladsome, tripping, dancing, and singing maiden soon changes into the staid, calm, douce, almost melancholy matron, whose tears are then sincerer than her smiles—with whom Joy seems but a transient visitor,—Grief a constant guest.

SHEPHERD.

And this warld, ye ken, sir, and nane kens better, was made for Grief as weel as for Joy. Grief and Joy, unlike as they appear in face and figure, are nevertheless sisters,—and by fate and destiny, their verra lives depend on ane and the same eternal law. Were Grief banished frae this life, Joy would soon dwine awa into the resemblance o' her departed Soror—aye, her face would soon be whiter and mair woe-begone, and they would soon be buried, side by side, in ae grave.

NORTH.

Shake hands, my dear James. I am in bad spirits to-night, and love to listen to your benign philosophy.

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae philosophy, my dear Mr North ; but I howp I hae some religion. If I had not, the banes o' my father and my mother would not lie at rest in Yarrow kirk-yard. Philosophy, I hae nae doubt, is an excellent, a capital thing, —and I'm sure Poetry is sae,—but the ane is but the moon, which, bricht and bonny though she be, is often sairly benichted, and at the best shines by a reflected licht,—the ither is like the stars—no useless in their beauty—God forbid I ever should think sic a stupid thocht—but still, after a', no just sae usefu' perhaps, in the ordinair sense o' utility, as they are pleasant and delichtfu to the shepherd on the hills ;—but the last, that is, Religion, she, sir, is like the sun, that gladdens heaven and earth, gars a' things grow, baith for the profit and the pleasure o' man, and convinces us, alike in gloom and glory, that the mortal senses hold a mysterious communion with the immortal soul ; that " we are greater than we seem ;"—may I be pardoned for even venturing to say, even *here*—and why not—that " the things which are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal."

NORTH.

You may say it, James, without reproach *here*, over the social board—*there*, by yourself, in the wilderness—*anywhere*, by day or by night, on the world of green earth or foamy waters, on the steadfast brae or reeling deck, in calm or in storm, in joy or in sorrow, in life and in death. Shame on the coward heart that fears to utter what itself prompts ! Shame on the coward ear that fears to hear what the heart dictates, in any time or any place, where the mood is blameless,—for mirth is still in sympathy with melancholy, and what, oh ! what thoughts profound circle round the wine-cup, when it flows to the memory of one beloved of yore,—one who left us in the sunshine of youth, and seems to reappear like a veiled shadow across the light of the festal fire—and then in a moment away into oblivion !

SHEPHERD.

Then you see, sir, the place o' the bonnie young distractin' and deceitfu' creatures—for, wi' a' their innocence—a favourite word wi' you, sir—they *are* deceitfu'—their places, I say, are supplied by anither flock o' flowers—just like annuals after annuals—as fair and as fragrant as theirsells—and thus, amid the perpetual decay and the perpetual renovation, there is naething worth weeping for—except, indeed, when twa silly poets like us,—and ye are a poet, sir, though ye dinna write verses,—foregather ower a brodd and a bowl, and gie vent, the ane or the ither o' us, it's the turnin' o' a straw which, to mournfu' heart-sinkings that maun hae an inkling o' pleasure in them, or else they would be at aince repressed—and seek in a sort o' diseased or distemper'd wilfulness, just as you hae been doing the noo—to look on the world in a licht that it was never intended we should look on it, and to people it wi' sorrowfu' spectres, instead o' various kinds o' gude flesh-and-blood folk, a' gude in their degree, in their place, and in their time,—and if that be true, is na a' moping contrar to richt reason, and them that's Penserosos for the maist pairt—Sumphs ?

NORTH.

" Melancholy and gentlemanlike," you know, James.

SHEPHERD.

It's a wicked ack, sir, in a warld like ours, to pretend to sham melancholy ; and if a man canna contrive, by ony other means, to look like a gentleman, he had far better keep on lookin' like a bagman. Besides being wicked, it s dangerous ; for by pretending to be melancholy, in desperation o' being thought a gentleman by ony other mair natural contrivances and endowments, a man comes to get himsell universally despised—contempt kills credit—then follows bankruptcy—and the upshot o' the whole is suicide—jail—or America.

NORTH.

But to be rational, and as far as possible from the poetical and the pathetic, I often shudder, James, in solitude, to think of the change, generally slow but often sudden, from the happiness of maidenhood, to the misery of the wife, especially in many of the classes of the lower orders of society. I use advisedly the words—happiness and misery. James, the whole world groans.—I hear it groaning—though no Fine-Ear to the doleful.

SHEPHERD.

There's owre muckle truth in what you say, Mr North—and were we to think too intently on the dark side o' the picture, or rather on the mony great big black blotches disfigurin' the brichtest pairts o' the fairest side o' the married life o' the puir, and ignorant, and depraved, weel might we shut them in despair, and weep for the maist o' woman born ! Meesery never comes to a head but in marriage. Yet, oh ! how different might it be, without supposing human natur' to be altogether changed, but only what it was intended to be, in spite o' original sin and corruption !

NORTH.

How many hundreds of thousands of harsh husbands—nay, cruel—savage —fierce—drunken—furious—insane—murderous ! What horrid oaths heard at the humble ingle—and, worse than oaths, blows and shrieks—and the pregnant mother of terrified children, all crouching in a corner, on her knees beseeching the demoniacal homicide not to kick to death the babe yet unborn—for its sake to remember the days of their courtship—and——

SHEPHERD.

Whisht—whisht—whisht !

NORTH.

Drunkenness is the cause of nine-tenths of the grief and guilt that aggravate the inevitable distresses of the poor. Dry up that horrid thirst, and the hearts of the wretched would sing aloud for joy. In their sober senses, it seldom happens that men, in a Christian country, are such savages. But all cursed passions latent in the heart, and, seemingly at least, dead, or nonexistent, while that heart beats healthily in sober industry, leap up fierce and full-grown in the power of drunkenness, making the man at once a maniac, or rather at once converting him into a fiend.

SHEPHERD.

There's nae cure for that but edication—edicatin' o' the people—clear the head and you strengthen the heart—gie thoughts, and feelings follow—I agree wi' Socrates in thinking a' vice ignorance, and a' virtue knowledge, takin' a' the four words in the highest sense o' which they are cawpable. Then they are baith επεα πτεροεντα και φωνοντα συνετοισι.

NORTH.

Yet I sometimes feel myself almost compelled to agree with the present Archbishop of Canterbury, that there is something necessarily and essentially immoral and irreligious in the cultivation of the intellect——

SHEPHERD.

Na—na—na—that can never be——

NORTH.

His lordship means—apart from—divorced from the cultivation of those feelings and principles—those great natural instincts—by which man is a moral and religious being. The tendency of intellect not only left to itself, but instructed solely in its own knowledge, is averse, his Lordship holds, from the contemplation and the love of more holy and higher things—and——

SHEPHERD.

Ay, there he's richt. I perfectly agree wi' his Lordship there—and I wish he ken't it—for aiblins I'm better acquainted, practically acquainted, I mean, than ony Archbishop's likely to be—nae disparagement to the Episcopawlian church—wi' the virtues and vices, the sins, sorrows, and sufferings, the noble thochts, and feelin's, and acks, the every-day wark-life, the Sabbath-day rest-life, o' the Puir ! The first often painfu', laborious, nay, slavish, and wi' but ordinar' satisfactions belongin' to our lower natur ; the last, in Scotland at least, pleasant, cawm, and elevated in blisfu' release, up to a mood that, alike in the auld grey-headed grandfather, and his bit bonnie wee oe walking haun' in haun' we him to the kirk, does indeed deserve the name o' religion, if sic a thing as religion be ony where to be found atween heaven and earth.

NORTH.

You speak like yourself, my dear James. In their present zeal for intellectual education, many good men forget——

SHEPHERD.

Then they should be reminded, that a' the knowledge which the puir—I

needna explain the sense in which I use the word puir—can ever acquire in schools, or mechanical institutions, can be nae mair than subsidiary to a far higher knowledge; and that if *that* be neglecked, or undervalued, a' that they can ever learn will either be useless or pernicious—for is nae the chief end o' man "to fear God and keep his commandments?"

NORTH.

I believe, my admirable friend, that you have said, in a few plain and simple, but allow me to add, beautiful and noble words—all that can possibly be said on this all-important subject. Put round the jug, James.

SHEPHERD.

Then, sir, what may be the case in England, I dinna weel ken—for I never was ony where in England except at the Lakes on a veesit to your frien' the Professor, then only the author o' the Isle of Pawms, and the City o' the Plague; and the folk there seemed no unlike the folk in our ain kintra, only they thocht ower little o' leadin' in corn on dry Sundays in rainy weather,—but in Scotland, the people are not ignorant—it is lang since they were ignorant,—and to return to what we was sayin' about unhappy marriages, believe me, sir, when I say, that maist marriages—by far the maist—are happy—for a warld o' new thochts, and new feelings, is unfalded within wife's and husband's heart—and though there will be sour or dour looks at a time—some flytin'—and even wilfu' meesery,—these are but the sughin' wunds and the drivin' cluds—and the Lift o' Life, gin I may use the expression, is, generally speaking, like our ain dear, sweet, blue Scottish sky, a' the year through, spring, simmer, awtumn, and wunter, pleasant baith to the ee, and to the sowl,—for God reigns day and nicht aboon and below, alike in dead creation, and in us his creatures, wha, if they serve him, shall never dee, but have immortal life.

NORTH.

Perhaps, then, James, you think that in Scotland, what we have chiefly to do is to keep education right——to——

SHEPHERD.

Nearly sae. At a' yevents, nane but ignorant sumphs wad apply to the people o' Scotlan' that vile nonsense about the "March o' Intellect," and so forth,—for our ancestors hae for generations been as wise in the best o' a' wisdom as oursells—though there has been great improvement in a' the airts, and aiblins the scee-ences,—but o' the latter I shanna for I canna speak—and aboon a' things else, there has been wrought by that means a great and a beneficial change in the agricultur o' the kintra.

NORTH.

Yet something, I fear, James, may have been lost.

SHEPHERD.

Ay, mony a thing, that had I my ain way, shud leeve for ever. But religion, wi' a' the cauld-rife changes in life, and manners, and customs, still strongly survives—and, thanks to Robert Burns—and aiblins ane or twa mair, there is still poetry amang our braes,—and o' nae shepherd on our Scottish hills could it be truly said, in the language o' Wordsworth:—

A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

For as gude a poet as Wordsworth, and in my opinion, a better too, has tauld us what he felt frae the sicht o' a Mountain Daisy.

NORTH.

There is comfort in that creed, my dear James. I feel as if an oppressive weight were taken from my heart.

SHEPHERD.

Then that's mair than I do—mair than you or ony ither man should say, after devoorin' half a hunder eisters—and siccan eisters—to say naething o' a tippenny loaf, a quarter o' a pund o' butter—and the better part o' twa pats o' porter.

NORTH.

James! I have not eat a morsel, or drank a drop, since breakfast.

SHEPHERD.

Then, I've been confusioning you wi' mysel. A' the time that I was sookin' up the eisters frae out o' their shells, ilka ane sappier than anither in its shallow pool o' caller saut sea-water, and some o' them takin' a stronger sook than ithers to rug them out o' their cradles,—I thocht I saw you, sir, in my mind's ee, and no by my bodily organs, it would appear, doin' the same to a nicety, only dashing on mair o' the pepper, and mixing up mustard wi' your vinegar, as if gratifying a fawse appeteet.

NORTH.

That cursed cholera——

SHEPHERD.

I never, at ony time o' the year, hae recourse to the cruet till after the lang hunder—and in September—after four months fast frae the creturs—I can easily devoor them by theirsells just in their ain liccor, on till anither fifty—and then, to be sure, just when I'm beginning to be a wee stau'd, I apply first the pepper to a squad, and then, after a score or twa in that way, some dizzen and a half wi' vinegar, and finish aff, like you, wi' a wheen to the mustard, till the brodd's naething but shells.

NORTH.

The cholera has left me so weak, that——

SHEPHERD.

I dinna ken a mair perplexin' state o' mind to be in than to be swithering about a farther brodd o' eisters, when you've devoor'd what at ae moment is felt to be sufficient, and anither moment what is felt to be very insufficient—feelin' stau'd this moment, and that moment yawp as ever—noo sayin' into yoursell that you'll order in the toasted cheese, and then silently swearin' that you maun hae anither yokin' at the beardies—

NORTH.

This last attack, James, has reduced me much—and a few more like it will deprive the world of a man whose poor abilities were ever devoted to her ser—

SHEPHERD.

I agree wi' ye, sir, in a' ye say about the diffeeculty o' the dilemma. But during the dubiety and the swither, in comes honest Mr Awmrose, o' his ain accord, wi' the final brodd, and a body feels himsell to have been a great sumph for suspecking ae single moment that he wasna able for his share o' the concluding Centenary o' Noble Inventions. There's really no end in natur to the eatin' o' eisters.

NORTH.

Really, James, your insensibility, your callousness to my complaints, paintully affects me, and forces me to believe that Friendship, like Love, is but an empty name.

SHEPHERD.

An empty wame! It's your ain faut gin it's empty—but you wadna surely be for eatin' the verra shells? Oh! Mr North, but o' a' the men I ever knew, you are the most distinguished by natural and native coortesy and politeness—by what Cicero calls Urbanity. Tak it—tak it. For I declare, were I to tak it, I never could forgi'e mysell a' my days. Tak it, sir.—My dear sir, tak it.

NORTH.

What do you mean, James?—What the devil *can* you mean?

SHEPHERD.

The last eister—the mainners eister—it's but a wee ane, or it hadna been here. There, sir, I've douk'd it in an amalgamation o' pepper, vinegar, and mustard, and a wee drap whiskey. Open your mouth, and tak it aff the pint o' my fork—that's a gude bairn.

NORTH.

I have been very ill, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue—nae sic thing. Your cheeks are no' half that shrivelled they were last year; and there's a circle o' yeloquent blood in them baith, as ruddy as Robin's breast. Your lips are no like cherries—but they were aye rather thin and colourless since first I kent you, and when chirted thegither—

Oh! man, but they have a scornfu', and savage, and cruel expression, that ought seldom to be on a face o' clay. As for your een, there's twenty gude year o' life in their licht yet. But, Lord safe us!—dinna, I beseech you, put on your specs; for when you cock up your chin, and lie back on your chair, and keep fastenin' your lowin' een upon a body through the glasses, it's mair than mortal man can endure—you look sae like the Deevil Incarnate.

NORTH.

I am a much-injured man in the estimation of the world, James, for I am gentle as a sleeping child.

SHEPHERD.

Come, now—you're wishin' me to flatter you—ye're desperate fond, man, o' flattery.

NORTH.

I admit—confess—glory that I am so. It is impossible to lay it on too thick. All that an author has to do to secure a favourable notice, short or long, in Blackwood's Magazine, is, to call it in the body of his work, or even in a footnote, "that matchless Miscellany," "that exhaustless fund of all that is entertaining and instructive," "that miracle of Magazines," "that peerless Periodical," "that glory of Scotland," "that wonder of the world," and so forth—while of ourself personally, let him merely say, "Christopher, who, with the wisdom of a Socrates unites the wit of an Aristophanes;"—"North, at once the Bacon, the Swift, and the Scott of the age;"—"Christopher, whose universal genius and achievements, while they prove the possibility of the existence of such a character as the Admirable Crichton, at the same time throw that wonderful person for ever into the shade," and let him be the most distinguished dunce extant—even MacDermot himself on Taste and Tragedy—and his brains shall be extolled to the skies, above moon and stars.

SHEPHERD.

What'n an avooal!

NORTH.

Why, James, are you so weak as ever to have imagined for a moment that I care a pin's point for truth, in the praise or blame bestowed or inflicted on any mortal creature in my Magazine?

SHEPHERD.

What's that you say? can I believe my lugs!

NORTH.

I have been merely amusing myself for a few years back with the great gawky world. I hate and despise all mankind—and hitherto I have been contented with laughing at them all in my sleeve—pleasing this blockhead only to pain that—holding up John as a great genius, that Tom might the more intensely feel himself to be a dunce. The truth is, James, that I am a misanthrope, and have a liking only for Cockneys.

SHEPHERD.

The chandaleer's gaun to fa' down on our heads. Eat your words, sir, eat your words, or——

NORTH.

You would not have me *lie*, during the only time that, for many years, I have felt a desire to speak the *truth*? The only distinctions I acknowledge are intellectual ones. Moral distinctions there are none—and as for religion—it is all a——

SHEPHERD. (*standing up.*)

And it's on principles like these—boldly and unblushingly avoo'd here—in Mr Awmrose's paper-parlour, at the conclusion o' the sixth brodd, on the evening o' Monday the 22d o' September, Anno Dominie aughteen hunder and twunty-aught, within twa hours o' midnicht — that you, sir, have been yeditin' a Măggăsin that has gone out to the uttermost corners o' the yerth, wherever civilization or uncivilization is known, deludin' and distracktin' men and women folk, till it's impossible for them to ken their right hand frae their left—or whether they're standin' on their heels or their heads—or what byeuk ought to be perused, and what byeuk puttin intil the bottom o' pye-dishes, and trunks—or what awthor hissed, or what awthor hurraa'd—or what's flummery and what's philosophy—or what's rant and what's reli-

gion—or what's monopoly and what's free tredd—or wha's poets or wha's but Pats—or whether it's best to be drunk, or whether it's best to be sober a' hours o' the day and nicht—or if there should be rich church establishments as in England, or poor kirk ones as in Scotland—or whether the Bishop o' Canterbury, wi' twenty thousan' a-year, is mair like a primitive Christian than the Minister o' Kirkintulloch wi' twa hunder and fifty—or if folk should aye be readin' sermons or fishin' for sawmon—or if it's best to marry or best to burn—or if the national debt hangs like a millstone round the neck o' the kintra or like a chain o' blae-berries—or if the Millenium be really close at haun'—or the present Solar System be calculated to last to a' eternity—or whether the people should be edicated up to the highest pitch o' perfection, or preferably to be all like trotters through the Bog o' Allen—or whether the Government should subsedeeze foreign powers, or spend a' its sillar on oursells—or whether the Blacks and the Catholics should be emancipawted or no afore the demolition o' Priests and Obis—or whether,—God forgie us baith for the hypothesis,—man has a mortal or an immortal sowl—be a Phœnix—or an Eister!

NORTH.

Precisely so, James. You have drawn my real character to a hair—and the character, too, of the baleful work over which I have the honour and happiness to preside.

SHEPHERD.

I canna sit here ony langer—and hear a' things, visible and invisible, turned tapsy-turvy and tapselteery—I'm aff—I'm aff—ower to the Auld Toon, to tak' toddy wi' Christians—and no wi' an Atheist, that would involve the warld in even-down Pyrrhonism—and disorder, if he could, the verra coorses o' the seven Planets, and set the central Sun adrift through the sky. Gude nicht to ye—sir—gude nicht—Ye are the maist dangerous o' a' reprobates—for your private conduct and character is that o' an angel, but your public that o' a fiend; and the honey o' your domestic practice can be nae antidote to the pushion o' your foreign principles. I'm aff—I'm aff.

Enter Mr Ambrose *with a How-Towdie, and King Pepin with Potatoes and Ham.*

SHEPHERD—(*in continuation.*)

What brought ye intil the room the noo, Mr Awmrose, wi' a temptation sic as that—nae flesh and bluid can resist? Awa' back to the kitchen wi' the savoury sacrifice—or clash down the Towdie afore the Bagman in the wee closet-room, ayont the wainsteoat.—What'n a bonnie, brown, basted, buttery, iley, and dreepin' breast o' a roasted Earock! O' a' the smells I ever fan', that is the maist insupportably seducin' to the palate. It has gien me the water-brash. Weel, weel, Mr North, since you insist on't, we'll resume the argument after supper.

NORTH.

Good-night, James.—Ambrose, deposit the Towdie, and shew Mr Hogg down stairs. Lord bless you, James—good night.

SHEPHERD. (*Resuming his seat.*)

Dinna say anither word, sir. Nae farther apology. I forgie you. Ye wasna serious. Come be cheerful—I'm soon pacified. O man, but ye cut up a fool wi' incredible dexterity! There—a leg and a wing to yoursell—and a leg and a wing to me,—then to you the breast—for I ken ye like the breast—and to me the back—and I dinna dislike the back,—and then How-Towdie! "Farewell! a long farewell to all thy fatness." O, sir! but the taties are gran' the year! How ony Christian creature can prefer waxies to mealies, I never could conjecture. Another spoonfu' or twa o' the gravy. Haud—haud—what a deluge!

NORTH.

This, I trust, my dear Shepherd, will be a good season for the poor.

SHEPHERD.

Nae fear o' that, sir. Has she ony eggs? But I forgot—the hens are no layin' the noo. They're mootin'. Faith, considering ye didna eat mony o'

the eisters, your appeteet's no amiss, sir. Pray, sir, will ye tell me gin there be ony difference atween this new-fangled oriental disease, they ca' the Cholera, and the gude auld-fashion'd Scottish complent, the colic?

NORTH.

Mr Ambrose, give Mr Hogg some bread.

SHEPHERD.

Ye needna fash—Mr Awmrose. I tak bread at breakfast, and the afternoons, but never either at denner or sooper—but I'm thinkin' a bottle a piece o' Berwick's or Giles' strong yill 'll taste gaen weel after the porter. Tak tent in drawin' the cork, that the yill doesna spoot up to the ceilin'. Bottled yill's aye up in the stirrups. The moment you pu' out the cork—in wi' your thoomb—and then decant baith bottles into the dolphin.

NORTH.

Above an average crop, I suppose, James.

SHEPHERD.

Do you contribute to it, sir?

NORTH.

To what?

SHEPHERD.

Mr Blackwood's New Agricultural Journal, to be sure. There's a gran' openin' the noo for sic a wark—and he's gotten a capital Editor. The subject is endless as the earth itsel and its productions.

NORTH.

I am a Monogamist.

SHEPHERD.

And what's that—may I ask?

NORTH.

A man with one wife. Her name is—Maga.

SHEPHERD.

Ay—ye do richt in stickin till her. Were the ane o' ye to die, the tither wad soon follow. You are lovely in your lives, and in your deaths you will not be divided.

NORTH.

She sometimes has her sulks and her tantrums,—but in spite of them all, our wedded life has been all one honey-moon.

SHEPHERD.

And then what a breedy body! A new birth every month—and sometimes twins. Is she never to hae dune?

NORTH.

Dropping all figure or metaphor,—What do you think of Maga, the Matron?

SHEPHERD.

She shud hae mair leeteratur—mair creeticshism—mair accounts o' books o' voyages and travels—mair owerhawlin' o' the press—mair philosophic estimates o' the genius o' the age, in Poetry, Eloquence, Paintin', Music, the Playhouse, and the rest of the Fine Arts—mair topography and antiquities—aiblins, mair divinity,—and I hear folk that canna read Latin and Greek cryin' out for the Classics, as they ca' them,—Popular Essays on the Classics, from Homer down to modern Romaics inclusive—and I can weel believe that the Greeks and Romans were gran' writers, for they were gran' fechters, and the twa aye gang thegither—the Lyre and the Lance, the Pen and the Swurd. Noo, tell me, sir, and tell me truly, was Theocrates really as gude a pastoral poet as me, or Robert Burns, or Allan Ramsay, or Allan Cunningham?

NORTH.

He was, James, your equal in truth, simplicity, nature; more than your equal in an occasional rustic grace without a name,—superior far in the power and magic of a language light as air, dense as clouds, cheerful as the dædal earth, magnificent as the much-and-many-sounding sea;—but he was, in variety of feelings and fancies, in depth and force of passion, in creation of character, in profusion of imagery, in invention of incident, far inferior to YOU GLORIOUS FOUR. He was indeed.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad to hear that, sir,—for the honour o' auld Scotland. She too, then, is an Arcawdia.

NORTH.

Let Glencorse-Burn, murmuring from Habbie's Howe through Compensation-Pond, down into the Esk, and then to the sea,—let the Ayr and Doune, cheering Coila with immortal music,—let the dewy, no more the dowie holms of Yarrow,—let the Nith, from Closeburn to Criffel, attest the truth,—let the——

SHEPHERD.

O man! but the inside o' the back is sappy—sappy. What wi' your sauce and its ain gravy, this is the maist delicious Towdie that ever foraged afore the fanners. Noo for the yill. I fancy there's nae sin in dichtin ain's gab wi' the table cloth,—for I've forgotten my pocket-hankerchief in my big coat.

NORTH.

Is it not singular, James, that, though we two have each our own peculiar and characteristic style of eating, we have finished equal quantities in equal times?

SHEPHERD.

I was dune lang afore you, sir,—and no to hurry you, have been sookin' awa, for ten minutes, in amang the trellice-wark o' the spine, lang after the banes o' the back were as dry as horn.

NORTH.

And I, for a quarter of an hour, have been dallying with the merry-thought.

SHEPHERD.

I aye kent, though we sometimes seem to differ in opinion, that we are congenial speerits.—For gudesake, dinna drain the dolphin!

NORTH.

A mixture of Giles's and Berwick—nectar worthy an ambrosial feast!

SHEPHERD.

It gars my een water, and my lugs crack. Noo for the toasted cheese.

(*Enter Taffy with two Welch rabbits, and exit.*)

SHEPHERD, (*looking after him.*)

What droich o' a new cretur's that?

NORTH.

A Welchman. Desirous of seeing the world, he worked his passage from Penrhyn to Liverpool, on board a slater—thence played the part of shoe-black in a steamer to Greenock and Glasgow—from Port Dundas in the West country to Port Hopetoun in the East, he ballad-sang himself in an unknown tongue by one of the canal coal-boats—and Mr Ambrose, who has a fine natural *coup d'œil,* picked him up one morning in the Vegetable Market, munching a carrot, without hat, shoes, or stockings—but a lively, active, and intelligent looking lad as you can see—and in less than a month he was the best waiter in Edinburgh.

SHEPHERD.

What's the name o' the cretur?

NORTH.

On account of a slight limp in his left leg, which promotes rather than impedes his activity, we call him—Sir David Gam.

SHEPHERD.

I hae some thochts o' keepin' a flunky——

NORTH.

Don't, James. A lassie's far better in every respect.

SHEPHERD.

But then, sir, a flunky in the Forest livery wad look sae genteel and fashionable——

NORTH.

What is the Forest livery?

SHEPHERD.

Bricht bottle green, sir, lined and turned up at the tails, lappelles, cuffs, and collar, wi' oker, barred on the breast, when the single-breasted coat's buttoned, wi' zig-zag stripes o' twisted gold lace—and the buttons o' yellow brass,

few in number, but about as big's a tea-cup cheena saucer. That's the Forest livery, sir.

NORTH.

The nether integuments?

SHEPHERD.

What? the breeks? There's nae maitter about the breeks—but, generally speakin', nankeens, wi' blue thread stockings and pumps, in summer—and in winter, corduroys, wi' grey rig and fur worsteds, and quarter boots.

NORTH.

I do not believe Sir David would leave Picardy for any place in the world; besides, James, it would not be handsome to tempt him away from Mr Ambrose, by the offer of high wages——

SHEPHERD.

High wages, indeed! The deevil a wage he should have frae me. A shute o' livery—and anither of wark claes—a ride in the gig thrice a week—that's to say, in the box ahint—and on the hill the ither three days wi' the grews—as muckle's as he could eat and drink o' meat, vegetables, and milkness, cheese included—plenty o' fun in the kitchen—and what mair could the heart o' the bit young Auncient Briton desirè?

NORTH.

I have no doubt that Sir David is laying up golden store, with a view to purchase an estate in his native country. Like us Scotchmen, the Welch are a proud and provident race. He is a boy of birth.

SHEPHERD.

There noo, Mr North—there's the whole Principawlity o' Wales lying untouched for articles in the Magazine. What for is't ca'd the Principawlity? What like is't by our ain Highlands? Is the language the same's the Erse? What mean ye by the Welch Triads? Did Cadwaller, Urien, Lewellen, Modred, and Hoel, flourish afore or after Ossian? And aboon a', what is or can be in a' this world, what, for mercy's sake, tell me, can be, the meanin' o' the Cymrodion at Estoffud?

NORTH.

All in good time, James—but I have hitherto been very unlucky about Wales. The only literary Welshman of great abilities and erudition I know, has been too busily occupied with the important functions of his own useful and honourable profession, to become a contributor to Maga—and these idle dogs of Oxonians and Cantabs——

SHEPHERD.

What! Mr Sheward and Mr Buller?

NORTH.

No—no—no. Batches of boys from Oxford and Cambridge, about to become Bachelors of Arts, settle down in Bangor and Llanwryst, and other pretty Welsh villages, getting themselves crammed by tutors with Greek and cube roots for wranglers, and senior optimes, and first classmen, and over and over again, during the last seven years, have the vagabonds promised to send me lots of leading articles——

SHEPHERD.

Never trust till a contributor fourty miles aff frae Embro'. Besides, young lawds like them, though clever chiels, nae doubt, carryin' aff at college gold medals for Greek and Latin epigrams, and English poems on the Druids, and so on, canna write articles gude for muckle—they canna indeed—and for years to come should just confine themsells to Allbums.

NORTH.

Albums! James—these compendiums of wit and wisdom have become the greatest nuisances of all civilized society——

SHEPHERD.

Tuts, man—what ails ye at Allbums?

NORTH.

They have broken that confidence between man and woman, which, in our young day, used to form the delight of an acquaintance with an amiable and accomplished female. In those happy times, how often have we sat in a bright circle of the fair and young, and talked, and laughed, in the gaiety of

our careless hearts, without fear or apprehension! But now we are afraid, in the presence of ladies, to give utterance to any thing beyond a remark upon the weather. It is long since we have drilled ourselves to attribute smiles and whispers, and even squeezes of the hand, to their true source. We see an album lurking in every dimple of a young maiden's cheek, and a large folio common-place book, reposing its alexandrine length, in every curve of a dowager's double chin.

SHEPHERD.

Tuts, man! What ails ye at Allbums?

NORTH.

No age is free from the infection. We go to a house in the country, where there are three unmarried daughters, two aunts, and a grandmother. Complain not of a lack of employment on a rainy morning, in such a domicile and establishment as this. You may depend upon it, that the first patter of rain upon the window is the signal for all the vellum and morocco bound scrap-books to make a simultaneous rush upon the table. Forth comes the grandmother, and pushes an old dingy-coloured volume into your hands, and pointing out a spare leaf, between a recipe for curing corns, and a mixture for the hooping-cough, she begs you to fill it up,—with any thing you please.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, weel, man—why canna you obleege the auld body?

NORTH.

What right has an old woman, with silver spectacles on her long thin nose, to enlist any man among the awkward squad which compose her muster roll? Who can derive inspiration from the boney hand, which is coaxingly laid on your shoulder, and trembles, not from agitation or love, but merely from the last attack of the rheumatism?

SHEPHERD.

But young leddies hae their Allbums, too, as weel's auld anes.

NORTH.

And even the young ladies, James, presume too much upon their power. Is there no way of getting into their books, but by writing in their albums? Are we to pay for smiles at the rate of so many lines a-dimple? If the fair creatures are anxious to shew they can read, let them discover it by the tenor of their conversation, and not by large folios of quotations from books which every body knows; or if they are anxious to shew that they can write, we can tell them they are very wrong in having any such wish. I will put it to any man—are not the pleasantest women of his acquaintance, those to whose handwriting he is the greatest stranger? Did they not think their adored enslaver, who at one time was considered, when they were musing on her charms, beneath some giant tree, within the forest shade, "too fair to worship, too divine to love,"—did they not think her a little less divine, without being a bit more loveable, when they pored over, in her autograph, a long and foolish extract from some dunderhead's poems, with the points all wrong placed, and many of the words mis-spelt?

SHEPHERD.

Neither points nor spellin' 's o' the smallest consequence in a copy o' verses.

NORTH.

Think of the famous lovers of antiquity, James. Do you think Thisbe kept a scrap-book, or that Pyramus slipped "Lines on Thisbe's Cat" through the celebrated hole-in-the-wall? No such thing. If he had, there would have been as little poetry in his love as in his verses. No man could have had the insolence, not even a Cockney poetaster, to kill himself for love, after having scribbled namby-pambys in a pale-blue gilt-edged album.

SHEPHERD.

Faith—that's rather a lauchable idea.

NORTH.

In every point of view, scrap-books are the death of love. Many a very sensible man can "whisper soft nonsense in a lady's ear," when all the circumstances of the scene are congenial. We ourselves have frequently descended to make ourselves merely the most agreeable man in the world, till we unfortunately discovered that the blockheads who could not comprehend us when

we were serious, were still farther from understanding the ineffable beauty of our nonsense; so that in both cases we were the sufferers. They took our elegant badinage for our sober and settled opinions, and laughed in the most accommodating manner when we delivered our real and most matured sentiments.

SHEPHERD.

Ye've run aff the coorse, sir.

NORTH.

Let no man despise the opinion of blockheads. In every society they form the majority, and are generally the most powerful and influential. Laugh not at their laborious disquisitions on the weather, and their wonderful discoveries of things which every one knows. If you offend a fool, you turn the whole muddy port of his composition into rancid vinegar, and not all the efforts you can make will abate its sourness.

SHEPHERD.

What the deevil are you drivin' after noo? You're just like a horse, sir, that aye gangs fastest when ye turn him aff the main road.

NORTH.

Nobody can write with any thing like ease in a scrap-book. It is much more widely published, so far as you are concerned, than if it issued from Albemarle Street, or Blackwood. Every person who sees your contributions, knows something or other about yourself. Whereas you might publish twenty volumes, and not one of your immediate neighbours, except perhaps a literary trunk-maker, know any thing of the matter.

SHEPHERD.

That's a fack.

NORTH.

If you write a flaming panegyric on any of those fair tormentors, you are set down as violently in love; and if you happen to be *very* warm in your praises, you will most probably be prosecuted for a "breach of promise of marriage," or shot dead, or lamed for life, by a brother as tall and fierce as ODoherty.

SHEPHERD.

I wad see him damn'd first, afore I wad fecht him in sic a quarrel.

NORTH.

In summer, when the woods are green, how delightful to wander forth, James, with some young blue-eyed maiden, far into the forest; to see the sun glinting on the moistened leaves, while the cushat is murmuring its song of happiness, which seems like the indistinct hum of a heart too filled with bliss to express it in intelligible words!

SHEPHERD.

Ay—noo that you're aff on that topic, I may ca' for my nichtcap. Auld men never tire o' taukin' o' love.

NORTH.

Who in such a situation as this has not felt, while his affections spread wide over the whole human kind, that there arose a tenderer and warmer friendship for the pure and lovely being who was gazing so placidly on the clear blue heavens; or clung closer to his side as the roaring of the distant linn, the sough of the waving branches, the cawing of rooks, the singing of the birds, and the mighty hum which pervades a vast and almost breathing forest, impressed a feeling of awe upon her innocent heart!

SHEPHERD.

Very innicent—nae doubt. They're a' innicent wi' their tales, and yours.

NORTH.

In a scene like this, if one speaks at all, it is not in the same style or manner as in a "gay and lighted hall." There is a humbling and yet an awakening thrill rushes upon the heart, which might well be mistaken for religion, save that its influence is so transitory——

SHEPHERD.

Say rather idolatry—eemage-worship.

NORTH.

And who, in such a situation, as he gazed with softened and chastened kind-

ness on the pale cheek of his beautiful companion, as he watched her eye wander with a wild and yet admiring expression from the mighty oak that cast its unwieldy arms over the yawning gulf, where far down you knew by the noise a river was struggling in its narrow bed, as the lion roars and dashes his mighty strength against his cage,—who would not take her by the waist, small and delicate as the waist may be, and chuck her half way over the brae, if she turned to you, and said, "How pretty!—You must write something on this in my scrap-book."

SHEPHERD.

Haw—haw—haw—haw!—that's really very enterteenin'.

NORTH.

It is upwards of fifteen years since we last contributed to an album; and as in fifteen years we have seen the advantages of refusing to do so, we do not expect we shall ever do so again. We are not excited to this by a selfish wish for ease. We would do any thing in the world to please the whole sex—from the plainest and least angelic damsel that ever mended stockings and made extracts from Nourse's Cookery, to the bright and fascinating maid that knitted silk purses, and wept over Medora and Gertrude, between the intervals of painting fans and thumping a grand piano. But the surest way to please them all, is to contribute to none. If you write no method of pickling onions for Joan, you write no sonnet to Anna Matilda.

SHEPHERD.

Change the subject, sir—I hae often observed that the better a man speaks on ony topic, the sooner you weary o't. Do you ken that I rather affeck the company o' blockheads?

NORTH.

O the delights of dulness! real, open, downright, acknowledged stupidity; where the idiot sits down on the quietest edge of the sofa, and has his great grey lightless eyes as entirely fixed on vacancy, as if the vision tended backwards into his own skull; where no remark is expected from him on any subject, however simple, and where, if he happens by accident to say something that has a glimmering of sense, it is treasured up as a wonder, while all your own witticisms are considered common-place.

SHEPHERD.

That's no the thing in't I like—but——

NORTH.

In a party composed entirely of gentlemen—how placid his countenance, while all the others are disputing! How calmly his eye rests on his smoking trencher, while others are engaged in literary, legal, or philosophical discussions! What does he care whether the Catholics obtain their claims, and hang the Archbishop of Canterbury with the string of his own apron! What does he care about Tests and Corporations, Free Trades, Navarinos, and Don Miguels!

SHEPHERD.

Wunna ye let a body speak?

NORTH.

Then how different from this calm placidity of emptiness is the noisy, restless sort of inanity, which distinguishes another class of fools! In them the eye is perpetually wandering; they smirk, giggle, and look as wise when a sensible man is speaking, as if they tried to persuade people they understood him. But all in vain. Look at that little man with the brown coat; see how he smiles with the same idiotical simper, whatever is the subject of conversation; hear how he interrupts, questions, doubts, and finally, squeaks so loud in his reply, that he wakens all the children in the nursery up stairs, whose squalling rouses the lap-dog, whose yelping, when you kick it, produces frowns from your amiable hostess; and, all through that empty-pated blockhead, you walk home with your head throbbing as if it would burst, and, moreover, with the reputation among all your friends of a hard-hearted monster, who kicked poor Brush, and almost broke its ribs—

SHEPHERD.

Wull ye no alloo a body to edge in a single sentence, sir?

NORTH.

But they are more intolerable even than that. They will interrupt you in

the most interesting *tete-a-tetes*—will bounce into a room just when you are popping the question, and astonish the faltering damsel, who is blushing at your side, by compliments on the beauty of her complexion, all the time you are anxious to put the insignificant coxcombs up the chimney.

SHEPHERD.

Mr North, I say, wull ye no alloo a body to pit in a single sentence?

NORTH.

Puppies of this kind can sometimes sing, and woe betide their hearers! They can dance, play tricks with cards, and sometimes even sew. They are sent messages, they are despised by the men, they are laughed at by the women, and every body at last agrees, that a noisy fool is not half so agreeable as a quiet one.

SHEPHERD.

I wush you was a wee mair quiet yoursell—you're ceasin' to be yeloquent, an' becomin' loquawcious.

NORTH.

We have no hesitation in saying, that a fool who knows himself to be one, and holds his tongue, is one of the most delightful and enviable men in the world.

SHEPHERD.

Whisht! whisht!—What's the great Reviews about, Mr North?

NORTH.

Our excellent friend, Dr Brewster, has written a very good and scientific paper, James, upon the recent history of astronomy, for the last Quarterly.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna doubt it—the Doctor's a real clever man.

NORTH.

In this article the Doctor informs us of many things of which we, in our astronomical ignorance, had no conception. Such as, that ourselves, the Sun, and Venus, and Mercurius, and the rest, are but a *nebula*—

SHEPHERD.

A nebula!—What's a nebula?

NORTH.

Never mind. That we are posting off, all of us in company, at some certain rate an hour, to bait at the sign of Hercules; that stars, which we simply had imagined to be like the stars in the back scene of a play, *stationary*, (excuse the pun—it is in Joe Miller,) were moving about as merrily as mites in cheese—and that a great many, which we considered to be in a state of single blessedness, were in reality as double as Lucifer—the star of morning—has occasionally appeared to our matin optics, as they saluted the dawning day, dimmed somewhat, from intense application in this our Picardian Academus of Ambrose.

SHEPHERD.

I never could mak out how astronomers lay doon their localities in the gate they do, wi' sic a Paterson-road precision, in the heavenly regions. I suspeck they tell great lees. But go on, sir; there's a pleasure in listenin' to what ane does na understaun'.

NORTH.

It appears, James, that Messrs Smith and Herschel have, by a system somewhat similar to ours, at which we have this moment glanced, viz. by a diligent and unceasing use of their glasses, discovered some 380 double stars, and fixed finally, irrevocably, and beyond all contestation, sixteen binary systems; or, if any one has a mind to be critically and impertinently exact, fourteen.

SHEPHERD.

But what *is* a binary system?

NORTH.

Never mind, James. Fourteen binary systems, whereof follows a list in Doctor Brewster's article, with which God forbid you should trouble yourself farther, James, as you have something better to do than tormenting your brains with ξ Ursæ Majoris—s f μ Bootis—and the rest of the rabble of heavenly rubbish; rabble, we say, for we do not perceive one among them which seems to be a star of the slightest respectability.

SHEPHERD.

Wae's me! I've entirely lost the thread o' your discourse. Do you ken, you've gien me a desperate headach?

NORTH.

Like Socrates, James, we were busied in bringing down wisdom from heaven to earth, and drawing, by an easy and soothing process, the minds of our readers from the double stars of the firmament, to the double stars which will decorate the front of our November Number 1828—the Twin Luminaries of Maga, shining harmoniously forth on the eyes of dark, benighted, wandering travellers, like reason to the soul.

SHEPHERD.

Twa numbers again! Some month o' some year or ither, you'll be puttin' out three, and if the warld staans that, she'll staun ony thing.

NORTH.

We recommend all manner of persons to dismiss from their minds all considerations of

> —— sphere,
> With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er,
> Cycle and epicycle; orb in orb;

And be warned by Adam's advice and our own

> —— to know,
> That which before them on the table lies,
> Is the prime wisdom—what is more is fume,[1]
> Or emptiness,[2] or fond impertinence.[3]

i. e. to say, the London,[1] Monthly,[2] and New Monthly[3] Magazines.

SHEPHERD.

Come, come, nae sneerin' at the ither periodicals. They're a verra gude.

NORTH.

They are—and the London is amazingly improved under its present able management. Here then we are, revolving not round one another in periods varying from 51 to 1200 years, but round the public in one steady period of thirty days; not through idle space, cheerless and uncheered, as far as humanity is concerned, but among millions of our countrymen, filling them with joy, and mirth, and gladness, and Toryism; never stationary, never retrograde, but always direct; never *minus* always *plus*——

SHEPHERD.

O man! but you appear to me to be keepin' up the metaphor wi' great power and skill, like a man playin' by himsell at battledore and shuttlecock, wha may gie ower whene'er he likes without losin' the game.

NORTH.

Our shine never dimmed by occultation or obscuration, but ever brilliant, fixed, and untwinkling; never of aspect malign, (except to the Whigs, in whose horoscope our influence was worse than that of Saturn,) but always benignant and friendly—always the lodestar.

SHEPHERD.

Your vice, Mr North, is soun' soundin' in my lugs like a far-aff waterfa'.

NORTH.

The Cynosure of church and king, on whom, with joyful eye, the tried friends of both delight to look, with a glance as keen and discriminating, as ever Dr Brinkley, the Bishop of Cloyne, first of astronomers and worthiest of men, ever turned upon Gamma Draconis, when in quest of its parallax.

SHEPHERD.

I'm thinkin' I was drappin' asleep the noo, and tumblin' ower a precipice. I howp I did na yawn nane?

NORTH.

Yawn, James!—yes, that you did, like a chasm in a treatise on the picturesque. This may *seem* the language of eulogium—it *is* that of truth. We appeal to that great mathematician whom we have named, and who is this moment occupied in studying our pages in the calm retirement of the Episco-

pal dwelling of St Colman; we appeal to Dr Pond, Dr Brewster, Mr Herschell, Mr Whewell, Mr Smith, Mr Rigaud, Mr Powell, and the late Messrs Vince and Woodhouse, (is the latter dead?) the invisible Dr Blair of the University of Edinburgh, and the inaudible Dr Cowper of the west country, and any other person who has made the movements of heavenly bodies the study of his life.

SHEPHERD.

What is it that you appeal to them about—may I respectfully ask you, sir?

NORTH.

Why, James, upon my honour I forget—let it be any thing whatever.

SHEPHERD.

Oh aye! I see how it is. The toddy's beginnin' to tell. The memory first gangs, and then the judgment.

NORTH.

We are frequently asked what is the reason why we publish double Numbers, as we sometimes do. The answer is in one word—Necessity. With that plea we excuse the devilish deeds of our groaning presses. What can we do? In the space of eight sheets it is physically impossible to squeeze the matter of sixteen. Inexorable, and occasionally even fierce, in the rejection of articles, as we are, it is still out of our power to keep down the ever-growing pile of excellent matter, which swells behind our editorial chair. We use all the methods recommended by old Anchises in Virgil,—

> " Alia panduntur inanes,
> Suspensa ad ventos; aliis sub gurgite vasto
> Infectum eluitur scelus, aut exuritur igne."

Which may be thus literally translated—

> Some from our attic window, perch'd on high,
> Borne on Auld Reckie's winds, are sent to fly—
> Some, hurl'd indignant by the hand of North,
> Dive to the bottom of the Frith of Forth—
> While o'er the rest impends a fiery fate,—
> The cook's devouring flames, the terrors of the grate.

SHEPHERD.

That's smooth versification, sir.

NORTH.

Yet with all these methods, and others, which we deem it unnecessary to mention, we cannot succeed.

SHEPHERD.

Puir chiel!—I was sorry to hear o' the death o' the head Incremawtor. What for did he no insure his life?

NORTH.

There are articles which it were sin—mortal sin—to destroy; and for these, how are we to manage, but by establishing a Supplemental Number? It is our sole remaining resource, and happy are we to say, it has always been palatable to both public and publisher. We never heard a complaint against it, but one from an Irish gentleman living in Nassau street, Dublin, that it puzzled him extremely when we published a double Number, for he never could distinguish which was the Magazine, and which the Supplement. Both of them, said he, are so first-rate, that there is no knowing which is to play second fiddle to the other.

SHEPHERD.

The first time a dooble Number appeared, ma copies were broght in by the lass as usual in a brown paper parshel, weel waxed and twined—and directed, James Hogg, Esq. Mount Benger. I tore't open—and thinks I, am I fou? When a body's in that state, you ken, sir, you can dispel the delusion o' dooble vision o' ony particular object, like a tome or a tummler, by takin' hard haud o't in your haun', like grim death, and thus garrin' yoursel confess that it's in the singular number. You've often dune that, sir, I'm sure. But on that occasion I held a number in ilka haun'—and I cried to the lass, who had

gaen ben the trance, " Tibbie, is't 'ere a byeuk, wi' a man's face on't, in your master's richt haun' and likewise in his left?" Tibby answered in the affirmative, and I grew convinced that there was *bona feedy* a dooble Number.

NORTH.

Coudn't you have look'd at the leading articles, James?

SHEPHERD.

I thocht o' doin' that—but suppose the ane had begun wi' a Horæ Germanicæ XXIV., and the other wi' a Horæ Italicæ XIV., hoo the deevil could ever I have come to ony satisfactory and permanent conclusion as to their being only ae Magazine or twa?

NORTH.

James, why were you not at the magnificent dinner given to that best of Highland gentlemen and soldiers, General David Stewart of Garth, on his appointment to the government of St Lucie?

SHEPHERD.

What for was ye no there yoursel'? But ca' him Garth.

NORTH.

I was confined to bed, and in vain attempted to put on the tartans.

SHEPHERD.

I set out in the gig, but got laired—for the Lammas floods were down—and the gig was na got out till the road had subsided. Sad and sorry was I no to be present to shew my regard and respect for my distinguished friend, about to take farewell for a time o' his native land. I had written twa songs for the occasion. The ane on Garth himsel' I'll sing anither time.—But here's the ane ca'd the " Stuarts o' Appin."—

I SING of a land that was famous of yore,
The land of Green Appin, the ward of the flood,
Where every grey cairn that broods over the shore,
Marks grave of the royal, the valiant, or good.
The land where the strains of grey Ossian were framed,—
The land of fair Selma, and reign of Fingal,—
And late of a race, that with tears must be named,
The noble CLAN STUART, the bravest of all.
Oh-hon, an Rei! and the STUARTS of Appin!
The gallant, devoted, old STUARTS of Appin!
Their glory is o'er,
For the clan is no more,
And the Sassenach sings on the hills of green Appin.

In spite of the Campbells, their might and renown,
And all the proud files of Glenorchy and Lorn,
While one of the STUARTS held claim on the crown,
His banner full boldly by Appin was borne.
And ne'er fell the Campbells in check or trepan,
In all their Whig efforts their power to renew,
But still on the STUARTS of Appin they ran,
To wreak their proud wrath on the brave and the few.
Oh-hon, an Rei! and the STUARTS of Appin, &c.

In the year of the Graham, while in oceans of blood
The fields of the Campbells were gallantly flowing,—
It was then that the STUARTS the foremost still stood,
And paid back a share of the debt they were owing.
O proud Inverlochy! O day of renown!
Since first the sun rose o'er the peaks of Cruachin,
Was ne'er such an host by such valour o'erthrown,
Was ne'er such a day for the STUARTS of Appin!
Oh-hon, an Rei, and the STUARTS of Appin, &c.

And ne'er for the crown of the STUARTS was fought
One battle on vale, or on mountain deer-trodden,
But dearly to Appin the glory was bought,
And dearest of all on the field of Culloden!

Lament, O Glen-creran, Glen-duror, Ardshiel,
High offspring of heroes, who conquer'd were never,
For the deeds of your fathers no bard shall reveal,
And the bold clan of STUART must perish for ever.
Oh-hon, an Rei! and the STUARTS of Appin, &c.

Clan-Chattan is broken, the Seaforth bends low,
The sun of Clan-Ranald is sinking in labour;
Glenco, and Clan-Donnachie, where are they now?
And where is bold Keppoch, the loved of Lochaber;
All gone with the house they supported!—laid low,
While dogs of the south their bold life-blood were lapping,
Trod down by a proud and a merciless foe,
The brave are all gone with the STUARTS of Appin!
Oh-hon, an Rei! and the STUARTS of Appin, &c.

They are gone! They are gone! The redoubted, the brave!
The sea-breezes lone o'er their relics are sighing,
Dark weeds of oblivion shroud many a grave,
Where the unconquered foes of the Campbell are lying.—
But, long as the grey hairs wave over this brow,
And earthly emotions my spirit are wrapping,
My old heart with tides of regret shall o'erflow,
And bleed for the fall of the STUARTS of Appin,
Oh-hon, an Rei! and the STUARTS of Appin!
The gallant, devoted, old STUARTS of Appin!
Their glory is o'er,
For their star is no more,
And the green grass waves over the heroes of Appin!

(*The whole tenement rings with acclamation.*)

SHEPHERD.

What's that? What's that?

AMBROSE. (*Entering much agitated.*)

The Festal Hall, Mr North, is filled with the Canongate Kilwinning—we have five supper parties in the Parlours—and the whole insist on either sending deputations, or coming bodily——

SHEPHERD.

Fling open the faulding doors, Awmrose—and that ither door commandin' a vista o' the lang trans——

(*The wide folding-doors fly open—and the Festal Hall is seen illuminated through all its lofty length, with its gas-chandeliers—and crammed with the Brethren of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, in gorgeous apparel. The side-door also is unfolded, and the lobby, far as the eye can reach, is seen crowded with crowned heads. There is a deep silence for a moment —and as Mr North and Hogg rise and bow, the thunder of applause is like the splitting of an ice-berg.*)

SHEPHERD.

Noo's the time for a toast, Mr North. Tak them in the fit, and astonish their weak minds wi' a speech.

NORTH. (*Raising his right arm in sign of silence, amidst prodigious applause.*)

GENTLEMEN,

On rising to propose, with all the honours, The Duke of Wellington and his Majesty's Ministers, (*Thunders of applause,*)—it will scarcely be expected that I can, at this late hour of the night, take more than a very general and sweeping survey of the principles that now guide the foreign and domestic policy of what, I fear not, will prove itself to be the wisest and strongest government with which Great Britain was ever blessed, by a gracious and benignant Providence. (*Loud cries of Hear, hear, hear.*) Thank Heaven, it is a *fixed* and a *permanent* government. Ministers were becoming as fickle and variable a race as women—either as young or old women—(*laughter*)—and

though at first wonderfully thankful, they in general contrived to get into the sulks before the expiration of the honey-moon. (*loud laughter.*) Why really, gentlemen, there was much to admire in the picturesque—the fantastic combinations into which the cloudland of administration was being perpetually thrown by every gale that chanced to blow from north or south—the chief shape in the airy pageant being sometimes like a whale, sometimes like a camel, and sometimes like a weasel. (*Loud laughter.*) But the whole unsubstantial fabric of mist and vapour is swept away—and we have once more a clear view of the bold, bright, blue sky. (*Hear, hear, hear.*) Why, even had the men and the measures themselves been *good*, there had been something luckless and portentous in this perpetual shifting of scenery and actors—but they were *all very bad*, or indifferently so—and, thank Heaven, before the bungled performance could be brought to anything like a catastrophe, the curtain dropped; and pray, whether, think ye, was it the more likely to have proved a tragedy or a farce? (*much laughter*)—I said, Gentlemen, that those frequent changes were bad as changes—and they were worse on this account, that they were always changes approximating the Government nearer and nearer to what the country hates, despises, and distrusts—Whiggery.—(*Loud cheers*)—Gentlemen, only suppose for a moment a change in the management of the Editorship of Blackwood's Magazine.—(*No, no, no, no, we cannot suppose it—no, no, no*)—Suppose Tickler edited Maga in spring,—(*Loud cheers*)—Mr Hogg in summer—(*Immense cheering and laughter*)—Mordecai Mullion in autumn—(*Laughter*) and in winter, Ensign and Adjutant Morgan O'Doherty, the Standard-bearer—(*Tremendous applause, and shouts of laughter*)—High as one and all of these eminent individuals stand, both as public and private characters in the estimation of the world, and most deservedly so—(*Hear, hear*)—I put it boldly to your consciences, and on your consciences you will reply—would, could MAGA have been the MAGA she long has been, is, and ever will be, under the Prime-Ministership—the First Lord of the Treasury-ship, of the very humble person who now addresses you—Old Christopher North?—(*Never, never, never—hurra—hurra—hurra—Enthusiastic cheers for many minutes*)—But, Gentlemen, suppose me dead—(*No, no, no, never, never, never, never—hurra—hurra—hurra, North's immortal—hurra*) and that Maga, by one of those wonderful changes in human affairs that sometimes startle the eye of wisdom, and make virtue hang her head—suppose that the administration of Maga had fallen into the hands, or rather the paws of the Cockneys—(*Enormous guffaws*)—that Leigh Hunt had been appointed Prime Minister—(*Continued cachination*)—Hazlitt, Home Secretary—(*Much derision*)—and Timms elevated to the War-Department—(*Convulsions of laughter*).—Gentlemen, the base Faction whom we have finally put down, might have been forgiven much, had they loved their country—even as slaves love the soil. But the passion of patriotism is too nearly akin to virtue, ever to find a place in the bosoms of the degenerate. They strove, as if they had been ungrateful aliens, in vain legitimized on the sacred soil of Albion, to shear her crown of glory of all its beams—(*Hear, hear, hear*).—True, they had a few watchwords which their unhallowed lips profaned—Hampden and Sydney, for example,—names that lost all their grandeur, when eulogised by the drivellings of drunken demagogues,—(*Tremendous applause*)—who, on concluding their orations, in their zeal against corruption, forgot to pay their bill, and, by their love of liberty, were eventually laid by the heels in jail.—(*Immense laughter.*)—Gentlemen, Let me come to the point at once. The great question is, Peace or War? Yes, say a thousand tongues—Peace—because you can't help it. The Viscount Chateaubriand in his Journal des Debats—the fat old editor of the Courier Francais—Cobbett—Hunt—the Philadelphia Quarterly—Shiel—Connel—Lawless—many others in all shapes, and sizes, loudly exclaim,—You must have peace. You are broken by your debt—you can't fire a gun. There are the Irish Papists—there are the Luddites (this was Chateaubriand's crotchet)—there are the one-pound notes—there is every thing in the world! (*Hear, hear, hear, that's a capital expression.*) Fight you can't—you are dead. You are "effaced in the universe," says the Viscount. "Bless us," says a man of a

very superior order of talent to Chateaubriand, namely Cobbett, "how pacific and gentle we are become in these days! We want the lion to lie down with the lamb. Having the greatest Captain of the age at the head of us, and having a most thundering standing army in the midst of profound peace, we, quite in the Quaker style, are wholly employed in producing peace and quietness among all the nations on the earth. Not content with having peace for ourselves, and letting the rest of the world do what it likes, we must needs make all other nations, or, at least, pray them to do it, live in peace and in brotherly love. This is a new tone, and this is a new office for England. It is very amiable; and it is amongst those good effects which poverty produces wherever it exists." (*Capital! Cobbett's often capital.*) And so Old England is beaten! Well! we are sorry for it—for it was a good fighting sort of country once upon a time. We remember the day when it had a name for holding out cold iron; and looking on, if we have seen—

—— that glory fade,
That honour perish, and that fame decay,

there is no use of talking about it any further—we have seen a sorry sight. (*Devil the fears—hurraw—hurraw—hurraw*). Cheer up! old Queen of the Waters! cheer up! We cannot fight, it seems. Have we fewer hands, or weaker thews and sinews, or colder hearts—is the breed of the men of Cressy, and Poictiers, and Agincourt, and Blenheim, and Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, Alexandria, Talavera, and Salamanca, Vittoria and Toulouse, and Waterloo—to say nothing of the Armada, La Hogue, the West Indies, (Rodney) the 1st of June, Camperdown, St Vincent, the Nile, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar, with ten thousand other battles and sieges by sea and land, which, in other histories, would have filled the trump of fame, as fitting passports to immortality for all concerned in them, and as crowns of eternal glory for the nation, whose annals they illuminated—(*Loud and enthusiastic cries of Hear—hear—hear*) Is that breed of men extinct? Nobody will say it. Is the spirit departed from among us, which won France in the days of chivalry, which smote to the ground the power of Spain, in the times of the commencement of modern civilization—(*No, it lives, and will live for ever*)—which has spread the dominions of Japhet unto the tents of Shem, and seated a company of foreign merchants upon the throne of the Tamerlanes and the Gengises—(*Beautifu' oriental imagery—Hear—hear—hear*)—which fought single handed against almost the whole world in arms, and came forth jubilant in victory from the gigantic contests in our own days—is the spirit that has made one of the smallest of nations mistress of all the waves of the sea, wheresoever they roll from North and South—is *that* spirit dead? (*Na—na—na—its an immortal speerit.*) Let any body say so, and we shall "call the tailor, loon." (*Tiler, tiler, tiler—snip, snip, snip.*) A tailor must he be—(*he maun be sae*)—and a most degenerate tailor—(*hear—hear—hear*)—a stercoraceous fawner upon the foreman —(*loud laughter*)—who never could screw his courage to the desperation of dreaming that he could be a man. (*Here the house was convulsed for several minutes.*) No—nobody says this. General Foy, in his Posthumous Work, James —Gentlemen—Mr Speaker—in which he endeavours to depreciate the English soldier as much as he can, is obliged in spite of himself to stop in his career of cursing, and to bless altogether. As for our sailors, he gives up any attempt to impeach their valour—he coolly dismisses them as "sea-wolves roaming over the ocean," with whom contest is so hopeless as to be almost impertinent. But a band there was, the Invincible Soldiers of La Belle France—there was the Old Guard, which, as Cambronne said, as he was sneaking away in custody of a corporal, "may die, but not surrender;" and with them, competition on the part of the modern Vikinger, was held to be equally absurd. In Spain, however, he remarks, the French officers observed that it was much easier to laugh at English armies in their *casernes* of Paris, than to stand before them in the fields of the Peninsula;—(*Hear, hear*)—and, adds the General, with much *naiveté*, "it does not require much discrimination to find out that the same courage, constancy, discipline, and coolness, which obtained for them victories at sea, would be equally available if properly conducted on land." Yet, before Waterloo, the French Peninsular officers comforted themselves with

the reflection, that the Emperor had not yet been opposed—excepting at Acre, which was judiciously forgotten—to the English troops—that the Old Guard had never been looked upon in all the grimness of gasconade;—(*laughter*)—and "wait," said they, "till *then.*" Well! the time came at last, of this much-wished for consummation. There was the Emperor—there was the Guard—there was the flower of France—there was Ney—and Murat, and the other thunderbolts of war, fighting for their lives, their honours, their fame, with all the desperation of men who knew that victory was glory and fortune, and that defeat was total ruin.—And what was the result?—(*Ay, what was the result!*)—Foy, and other writers of his school, filled with mean jealousy against the great and glorious General that prostrated their idol, a meanness of which Buonaparte himself, to his disgrace, was guilty, say all that they can to depreciate the Duke of Wellington. (*Scornful laughter.*) They employ all the petty and contemptible sophistry with which the discomfited have always consoled themselves, to decry the military skill of a general who never knew what it was to be defeated; and some of them go so far as to say, with countenances of triple brass, that the French had actually won the victory, and that the English were beaten some half-dozen times in the course of the day. If we ask them, why, if beaten, were they not driven off the ground? why did not your victorious legions hound them over the field in bloody chase? It would have been a new sight to have seen the backs of an English battalion. (*Cheers.*) Foy will give the answer. "There they stood," says he, "there they stood, the IMMOVABLE BATTALIONS, *as if they were rooted to the ground.*" Ay, there they stood, indeed—

> ——— No thought of flight,
> None of retreat—no unbecoming sound
> That argued fear—

until the moment came, when, responsive to the long-panted-for signal, "Up, Guards, and at them," they rushed forward to the annihilation of the army which had beaten them, according to all the laws of war—(*loud cheers*)—laws which, it seems, they could not comprehend. Long may such stupidity characterise the soldiers of England!—(*Shouts of laughter*)—Long may she be able, when necessity requires, to send forth into the field, the immovable battalions which cannot be persuaded of defeat—a word that could not make its appearance in their vocabulary.—(*Continued applause*)—James, Gentlemen, Mr Speaker—I may be reminded here, that nobody is doubting the valour, &c. &c. &c. of the Bristish army and navy, and that the only difficulty in the case, is the money. How can you go to war, when your National debt is 800,000,000 of pounds, to say nothing of shillings and pence,—and your annual taxes fifty or sixty millions, as depicted in a standing column of the Quarterly Review, some Numbers ago? To carry on a war, you must either borrow money or increase your taxation, before you propose to do either?—*O curvæ in terram animæ!* Is this pitiful penny policy to tie down the giant of England with its Lilliputian bondage.—(*Laughter*)—We agree with those who desire that the burdens laid upon the country should be as light as is consistent with its security and honour,—but not one farthing lighter. When its security and honour demand it, we are prepared to lay on, and "cursed be he who first cries, Hold,—Enough."—(*Hear, hear, hear,*)—We have no patience with those who tell us, that the resources of the country would not enable us to support double the taxation that they do at present, provided circumstances required it.—(*Eh? eh? eh? hoo's that?*)—Is there any one who does not perceive, that we could more easily bear the re-imposition of the Income-tax, (*I hae nae objection to the Income-tax,*) or some other one less obnoxious in its mode of collection, than we were at the time of its greatest pressure? And is there any man acquainted with the manner in which we should go to war *now*, who will not agree with us when we say, that *that* sum would be amply sufficient to carry us through any contest in which there is the slightest chance of our being engaged? He who will be hardy enough to say so, does not know how far 13 or 14 millions of money expended *on ourselves*—(*Hear, hear, hear*)—not in subsidies, the day of which is, thank Heaven! gone by—(*hear*) not in broken and detached expeditions; but in the maintenance of one or two great fleets and armies,—not in distant and expensive struggles about co-

lonies; but in Europe itself, at the head-quarters, in the very penetralia of any enemy who should be hardy enough to make it necessary for us to assault him,—not, in short, in the fribble school of the timid and cautious generals of the early days of the Antijacobin war, who suffered themselves to be frightened into the belief that we could not oppose the great continental powers in the field, but that we should be satisfied to play second fiddle to nations who took our money when it served their purposes, and deserted our side when they had been saturated with our guineas. No. The Wellington school has put an end to that—(*Loud cries of Hear, hear, hear, from the whole House*)—and if we must fight, a short clause of three or four lines in a money-bill would in three months put us in possession of the sinews of war.—(*Hear, hear.*) If we wished to borrow money—O Pluto! God of the Stock Exchange—wouldst thou not open thy bags, and let loose the imprisoned angels on the faith of the flag of Old England?—(*Loud cries of Hear—hear—interrupted with laughter.*)—When Gregor Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais, when Simon Bolivar, Lord Protector of Colombia, when King Ferdinand of Spain, who, like his great predecessor, Esquire South (See Arbuthnot's John Bull,) though rich in plate has no breeches, when Senor Thieftado, or whatever else his name is, from Mexico, (*Laughter*) when Don Pedro, importer of raw Irishmen, of Brazil, (*Continued laughter*) when, to make short work of it, Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphilia, in Egypt and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians, have been borrowing money from us, (*Convulsions of laughter*) when in ten years we have lent these lads more than a hundred millions of money—is it to be believed, that the only person who should be refused when he asked, would be King George the Fourth, if he were to show his noble countenance among the Jews and Gentiles of Cornhill?—(*Thunderous cheers from all parts of the house*)—that would be a hard case indeed—(*Laughter*).—But of London it may be said, as of the great maritime cities of old, that her merchants are princes—they do not belong to the Mammonites, "who, dead to glory, only burn for gold."—(*Hear, hear, hear*)—Though they, and their sons, and their servants, go out in ships to the uttermost parts of the earth,—distant far, their eyes are still dazzled into tears by the dream of the white cliffs of Albion—(*Hear, hear, hear*)—to their hearts, their native isle is the fairest gem set in all the sea; and were their King in jeopardy, they would pour the wealth of the world at his feet, till fleets and armies were seen on all our seas and shores, in service of Him, the highest-minded of all the House of Brunswick, *who never has forgotten* the principles that seated his family on the throne of these unconquered and unconquerable kingdoms.—(*Peals of thunder absolutely terrible.*)

(*For a few moments there reigns a dead silence—then another peal of thunder rolls in tumultuous echoes up and down all the streets and squares of the city, till, as if reverberated from the Castle, it dies over Arthur's Seat among the stars.*)

SHEPHERD.

Lift him up gently, lift him up gently—and for Heaven's sake, tak care o' the gouty foot.

(*The Master of the Canongate Kilwinning—Senior and Junior Wardens—two Highland Chieftains in full garb—and the Russian General—bear* MR NORTH *out in triumph on their shoulders, and the Procession disappears.*)

BLACKWOOD'S

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The Duellists.

A Tale of the "Thirty Years' War."

While Lower Saxony was oppressed and exhausted by the Austrian and Bavarian troops in the Thirty Years' War, the circle of Upper Saxony had been preserved for a considerable period from military outrage by the cautious or timid policy of the Elector, John George. At length the advance of the savage Tilly into his states, in consequence of his refusal to recede from the treaty of Leipzic; and the successive captures of Merseburg, Naumberg, and other places of strength, compelled the Saxon prince to relinquish his temporizing policy, and to embrace the proffered alliance and protection of Gustavus Adolphus. This unexpected accession of strength determined the Swedish monarch to abandon the defensive system he had for some time pursued, and to advance immediately upon Leipzic, which had also opened its gates to the Catholic general. At this dreadful crisis, when intelligence of the rapid advance of Tilly had spread consternation throughout the Electorate, and the dread of Austrian barbarity overbalanced the hope of deliverance by the Swedes, I had been officiating several months as curate in the populous village of B. in Upper Saxony. The atrocious cruelty of Tilly at Magdeburg was still fresh in our recollection, and the consternation of the villagers impelled them to seek relief from incessant and devout attendance at church. The bells were tolled hourly, and fervent prayers for divine assistance were succeeded by the sublime hymns of Luther, while around the portrait of the immortal Reformer, large tapers were constantly burning, as before the altar of a saint.

One day, while the congregation was singing with fervent devotion the fine hymn, beginning, "The Lord is a tower of strength," the church door was abruptly thrown open, and a dusty courier, in the Electoral uniform, rushed into the middle aisle. Immediately the organ ceased—the singers were mute, and every head was turned in anxious anticipation of some momentous intelligence. The stranger advanced rapidly to the altar, ascended the steps, waved his hat thrice above his head, and exclaimed in tones of loud and thrilling energy—"Rejoice, my dear fellow Christians, rejoice! The brave Lutherans have conquered—the battle of Leipzic is fought and won—7000 Imperialists lie dead on the field—Tilly has fled—and the great Gustavus Adolphus and his army have returned thanks to God Almighty on their knees."

At this joyful and unexpected intelligence every knee was bent, and every lip moved in thanksgiving; the pealing organ put forth all its volume, and the assembled villagers concluded the hymn with streaming eyes and grateful hearts.

About three weeks after this happy day, I was sitting alone in my humble

apartment, and contemplating with a grateful heart the improved condition and prospects of the great Protestant cause, when a stranger entered the room unannounced, and seated himself opposite to me in silence. His tall person was enveloped in a military cloak—his countenance was bronzed with exposure to sun and storm, and his eyes and forehead were overshadowed by a dragoon-helmet. I gazed for some time upon this mysterious intruder; but my earnest perusal of his features, although it roused some remote reminiscences, led to no satisfactory conclusion, until an arch smile, which curved his well-formed lips, revealed my old friend and fellow-student, Seifert. Joyous exclamations of Dear Charles! and Dear Albert! were followed by a cordial embrace, and many eager inquiries concerning our respective pilgrimages since our separation a few years before at the university of L. My surprise at this unexpected meeting was no little increased when my friend threw aside his cloak. At the university, he was distinguished by the classic elegance of his tall and slender person, by fastidious refinement of mind and manners, by his temperance, diffidence and taciturnity in mixed society, and by his unceasing devotion to study. I now gazed upon a robust and military figure, whose light yellow jacket and polished steel cuirass, announced the Swedish officer of dragoons. His former diffidence of tone and manner had vanished for ever, and was replaced by a loud voice, an air of military frankness, and an imposing self-possession, which however became him well, and developed advantageously his powerful and well cultivated understanding. I congratulated him upon his improved appearance, and upon the rank he had attained in the service of the noble Gustavus.

"I need not explain to you," he replied, with the air of a man who is not ignorant of his own merits, "by what process I have become a captain of dragoons. When the great drama of European politics grows serious, and the thrones of princes totter beneath them, the sons of nobles, and the minions of kings and ministers, yield to the force of events, and give place to men of talent and energy. At the present time there are few field-officers in active service throughout Germany who have not carried muskets in early life. This rule holds good even in the Imperial and other Catholic states, which are pre-eminently aristocratic. Tilly and Wallenstein, although of noble birth, are sprung from indigence; as are also Bucquoy and Dampier. Johann von Wert was a peasant; General Beck, a shepherd; Stahlhantsch, a footman; and Field-Marshal Aldringer, a valet-de-chambre."

He now arose, threw open the window, and whistled. This signal was soon explained by the entrance of a tall blue-eyed and fair haired Swede, who covered my deal table with a napkin of white damask, placed upon it a bottle of wine with two green glasses, and disappeared. Seifert filled two bumpers of costly Hochheimer, and exclaimed with glowing enthusiasm—"Long live Gustavus Adolphus!"

"Since I have known this great and admirable man, Albert," he continued. "I have ceased to indulge my fancy by building models of superhuman excellence. My day-dreams are dissolved, and my understanding and affections are occupied by a splendid reality. What has not the heroic Gustavus conceived and accomplished! A better man, in every sense of the word, walks not the earth; nor has any soldier, of ancient or modern times, made so many discoveries and improvements in military science. The Swedish regiments formerly comprised 3000 men, and were helpless and unwieldy as elephants. By reducing their numbers to 1200, he has enabled them to perform the most complex manœuvres with facility, and to move with the bounding energy of Arabian coursers. Four surgeons of approved skill are attached to each regiment. Before the introduction of this humane and politic improvement, the wounded were left groaning on the field of battle, a prey to the vulture and the wolf. In the Austrian army there is no provision of this nature; and Tilly himself, when marked with a Protestant sabre, was obliged to send to Halle for a surgeon. The brigading of troops,—the firing *en pelotons*,—the dragoon service—the short cannon, which carries farther than a long one,—the new pike,—and the cartridge-box, are but a portion of the inventions which we owe to Gustavus Adolphus. Every field-officer in the Swedish service is a worthy pupil of our heroic master, who

fights alike in summer and in winter, and who has proved himself the best engineer of his time, by his skill in the conduct of sieges, batteries, and entrenchments. When he drew his sword in the Protestant cause, and advanced like a hurricane into Germany, the military fops of Vienna called him the Snow-King, and predicted that he and his troops would melt in the summer heats. They little knew the formidable enemy they had to encounter. But the more sagacious Tilly shook his head when he heard this favourite jest of the Vienna circles, and was heard to say, that the snow-ball would probably roll up into an avalanche. He had sufficient knowledge of human nature to foresee a possibility, that the fresh and ardent religious zeal of the Swedish and German Protestants would eventually triumph over the worn-out fanaticism of the Catholic soldiery.—To return to Gustavus, I could utter volumes in praise of his eloquence, and of the talent displayed in his letters, treaties, and manifestos. His character, in short, exhibits a splendid combination of intrepidity and self-possession; of temperance and industry; of affability, clemency, and candour. To crown all, he is a good husband and father, a sound and fervent Christian; and may I fall into the talons of old Tilly, or of the devil, who is the best of the two, if I would not shed my blood for him as cheerfully, as I now pour out a bumper of old Rhine-wine to his health."

I listened with growing amazement to my enthusiastic friend, whose language and deportment had experienced a change as striking as the alteration in his person. I could not discern in the martial figure before me a vestige of the modest, taciturn, and temperate youth I had formerly known. The fire of his eyes, and the stern compression of his lips, indicated a resolute and decided character; his language flowed like a torrent; and he had so entirely subdued his dislike to the bottle, that, in the ardour of his eulogium, he swallowed successive bumpers, without observing that I had limited myself to a single glass.

After he had entered into some farther details of his military career, he rose to depart, and thus addressed me: "My object in calling upon you, Albert, was not merely to embrace an old friend, but to make his fortune. You are irrecoverably spoiled for a soldier; but a king, who pillows his head upon the works of the immortal Grotius, can appreciate learning as well as valour. He loves the book of Grotius on War and Peace, as much as Alexander the Great prized the Iliad of Homer; and has often declared, that he would make this highly-gifted man his prime minister, if he would accept the appointment. He has also a fine taste, or, I should rather say, an impassioned feeling for poetry. After the surrender of Elbing, but before the definitive treaty was signed, the King walked into the town unobserved, and purchased the Latin poems of Buchanan. You, Albert, are a scholar and a poet, but, more than all, you are descended from the family of Luther. I have often bantered you for attaching importance to this accident of birth, but I now foresee that it will greatly promote your advancement in life. Gustavus is a zealous Lutheran. He venerates the great Reformer as a second saviour; and he will certainly bestow upon you an honourable appointment when he learns, that, in addition to more solid merits, you are a scion, although but collaterally, of the stock of Luther.—And now, my Albert, *vale, et me ama!* The moon will be down in an hour, and I must to quarters. We are encamped three leagues from hence, near the small town of R——. The King and his staff occupy the adjacent castle. Visit me the day after to-morrow, and I will introduce you to his Majesty."

With these words he embraced me, and summoned his dragoon. Two noble chargers were brought to my cottage door, and the active riders, vaulting into the saddles, bounded rapidly across the churchyard path into the high road. The night was still and beautiful; the moon-beams shone brightly upon their nodding plumes and steel cuirasses; and, as I gazed upon their retreating figures, and listened to the loud ring of their sabres and accoutrements, I fancied them two knights of the olden time, sallying forth in quest of nocturnal adventure.

On the morning of the day appointed for my introduction to royalty, I felt a natural impulse to adorn the outward man, and surveyed, with some trepidation, the contents of my scanty wardrobe. Alas! the best coat in my possession displayed a surface more

brown than black; and, while endeavouring to improve it with a brush, I discovered more nebulous spots and milky ways than ever met the gaze of astronomer through his telescope. At the risk of giving dire offence to the royal nostrils, I obliterated many of these celestial systems with turpentine, converted an old hat into a new one by the aid of warm beer, took my walking-stick and bundle, and commenced my journey to the Swedish camp.

About a quarter of a league from the town I encountered groups of soldiers, seated at the entrances of tents and cottages. They were men of comely aspect, well clothed, and of peaceable deportment. To an officer of some rank, who inquired my object in approaching the camp, I mentioned the invitation of Seifert. He treated me with the respect due to my sacred office, and in terms of courtesy and kindness told me, that my friend was quartered near the castle gate. Anticipating a kind and hospitable reception from Seifert, I was no little surprised by his altered look and manner. He was sitting with folded arms, and clouded aspect; and did not immediately reply to my cordial address, nor even acknowledge my presence by look or gesture. At length he coldly replied,

"Good morning, Albert!—Excuse my reception of you, but I thought our appointment had been for to-morrow."

Suddenly the stern expression of his features relaxed into kindness and cordiality; he started from his seat, seized my hand affectionately, and exclaimed, with visible emotion,—

"It is well, however, that you have arrived to-day, for possibly you had not found me in existence to-morrow."

"Good God!" I ejaculated, "what calamity has befallen you, Seifert? Have you by any fault or misfortune lost the royal favour?"

"On the contrary," he replied, with a smile of singular meaning; "the King has just granted me a signal and unprecedented favour."

He then closed the door of his apartment, and continued in a lower tone: "Every human being, Albert, has his weak side, and even a great king is but a man. The failing of our heroic Gustavus is that of inordinate devotion. He is the high-priest as well as the general of his army, and no superannuated devotee can surpass him in praying, weeping, and psalm-singing. I give him full credit for zeal and sincerity, for it is impossible that Gustavus Adolphus can stoop to hypocrisy; but, amongst various unmilitary regulations which have sprung from this religious enthusiasm, he has forbidden duels under penalty of death."

Here I would have interrupted him.

"Excuse me, Albert," he continued, "I know all you would say on the subject; I know that, as a clergyman, you must vindicate this absurdity of Gustavus; but kings and curates are privileged men. The latter are not very tenacious of the point d'honneur; and when a king is insulted, he wages combat on a large scale, and arrays nation against nation to avenge his private quarrels. For instance, what was the battle of Leipzic but a duel between Gustavus Adolphus and Ferdinand III., or rather Maximilian of Bavaria? I must, however, do him the justice to acknowledge that he has at length relaxed the severity of this regulation, and has permitted me to measure swords with Captain Barstrom; but on condition that the duel shall take place in the baronial hall of the castle, and in presence of the king and his staff-officers. The gallery will be open to the public, and I will procure you a good seat and an intelligent companion, that you may have the pleasure of seeing me avail myself of his Majesty's gracious permission to humble the pride and insolence of my opponent. You are a classical man, Albert, and may readily suppose that you are beholding a mortal combat of gladiators, for the encounter will only terminate with the death of one or both. In return for this gratification," he added, with a careless smile, "you must pledge yourself to read the service of the dead over my remains, should I fall, and to compose for me a Latin epitaph in flowing hexameters. And now, my beloved Albert, farewell. I must go and apparel, for it would be a breach of etiquette to perform tragedy before spectators of such exalted rank in any but full dress."

"Strange being!" I here impatiently exclaimed, "you speak of a deadly combat as you would of a pageant! Cease this unhallowed levity, and tell me in plain language what is the nature of this insult, which can only be atoned for by the sacrifice of human life?"

"Last night at supper," he replied,

"Barstrom called me a German coxcomb, and I returned the compliment by calling him a Swedish bear. A defiance to mortal combat immediately ensued; the king's consent was obtained, and this day will prove whether the bear shall give the coxcomb a mortal squeeze, or be compelled to dance to the coxcomb's fiddle."

With these words he left the apartment, and shortly returned with a Saxon subaltern of mature age and intelligent physiognomy. He told him to accompany me to the gallery of the castle-hall, and to procure for me a commodious seat. Thunderstruck at this intelligence, I left the quarters of Seifert, and approached the castle gate in silent consternation. My companion gave me a look full of humorous meaning, and remarked, while he offered me a pinch of snuff,—

"All this is, doubtless, above your comprehension, reverend sir! It is almost above mine, although I have lived above half a century, and have made some use of my opportunities. Perhaps, however, you, who have studied at the university, can explain to me why no man likes to be called by his proper name. I have known Captain Seifert for a twelvemonth — I have seen him in battle—and, God knows! he wields his sabre as well as he does his tongue, which is no small praise, because he surpasses most men in wit and knowledge; but I maintain, nevertheless, that he is somewhat of a coxcomb. Captain Barstrom is also a man of distinguished bravery, and he had once the good fortune to save the king's life, but in manner he is a wild beast; and why he should take offence at the very characteristic appellation of a 'Swedish bear,' puzzles me exceedingly."

I followed my conductor into the gallery, which was crowded with citizens, who readily, however, made way for me and my escort, and we gained a position commanding a good view of the arena below. The royal guards, a fine body of men, in light blue coats and steel cuirasses, lined both sides of the spacious hall, and their polished battle-axes flashed brightly from the tops of their long black lances.

"I suppose," said I to my companion, "that these fine body-guards are the King's favourite regiment?"

"Gustavus is a father to *all* his soldiers," answered the subaltern; "and incredible as it may appear to you, he knows personally almost every Swede in his army, has conversed with most of them, and addressed them even by name. The entire Swedish force is as well equipped as the men before you. On this point the munificent Gustavus differs widely from Corporal Skeleton, as he always calls Tilly. The old Bavarian maintains that a polished musket and a ragged soldier set off each other. The Swedish monarch studies the health and comfort of his soldiers collectively, and indulges no preference for the guards. Indeed he has been often heard to say that he trusted not in body-guards, but in the providence of God."

During this discussion, the castle hall had become gradually crowded with officers in Swedish and Saxon uniforms. Suddenly the loud clash of spurs and voices ceased, and was succeeded by a deep and respectful silence. The lofty folding-doors were thrown open, and with a beating heart and aching eye-balls I awaited a first view of the mighty Gustavus. A tall man entered the hall, spare in body but stout and muscular in limb. His forehead was lofty and commanding, his eye-brows were prominent and bushy, and his nose had the curve of a hawk's. Good feeling and intelligence were finely blended in his physiognomy; but the powerful glance of his deep-set eyes was softened and shaded by an expression of settled melancholy. He saluted right and left with much urbanity, proceeded to the upper end of the hall, and stood with folded arms and abstracted gaze, evidently unconscious of the passing scene.

"That is a personage of high rank," I observed; "but it cannot be the king. I have understood that Gustavus is robust in person, and has a full and jovial countenance."

"That field-officer," replied the subaltern, "is the king's right arm, the admirable Gustavus Horn, whose division was immediately opposed to Tilly in the battle of Leipzic. He is at once a terrible warrior and a noble-minded man. I could relate many instances of his humanity and forbearance."

"But why," said I, "that expression of sadness in his countenance?"

"He has recently lost an excellent wife and two lovely children," answered my companion, "by a contagious malady. He clasped their dead

bodies in a long embrace, and sent them in a silver coffin to Sweden for interment.—But you must not overlook the Chancellor Oxenstiern, the tall and majestic figure approaching General Horn. Observe his fine open countenance, exactly what the Italians call a *viso sciolto.* He is no Cardinal Richelieu—no Machiavel; and yet as cunning as the devil. He is of a mild and tranquil temperament, and affords a noble proof that an honest man may be a clever fellow. Observe how cordially he presses the hand of his son-in-law, and endeavours to console him. The wife of Gustavus Horn was his favourite daughter, but his grief for her loss is not outwardly visible. The king, who is a man of quick feelings, could not refrain from remarking this singular composure on so trying an occasion, and called him a cold-blooded animal. But what think you was the chancellor's reply? 'If my cold blood did not occasionally damp your majesty's fire, the conflagration would become inextinguishable.' Gustavus did not hesitate a moment to acknowledge the justice of the remark, nor does any man in Sweden better understand the value of Oxenstiern's cool judgment and comprehensive understanding. Had the chancellor's feelings been more acute and obvious, his mind would have been proportionably deficient in that consummate power and self-balance which have enabled him to accomplish so much for his king and country.—Look at that impetuous young soldier, who is striding rapidly up the hall—I mean the one whose locks are combed half over his forehead, after the newest mode, instead of being brushed upwards in the lion-fashion, like the hair of Gustavus and the chancellor."

"Hah!" I exclaimed, "that is my own illustrious sovereign, Prince Bernard of Weimar. I have often met him, when we were children, on the stairs of Luther's tower near Eisenach, and he always honoured me with a friendly greeting. He has shot up into manly strength and beauty; and, if I read correctly his impatient gesture and flashing eye, he is a man of daring and impetuous character."

"Right!" answered the subaltern. "He is young and inexperienced; but there are within him all the elements of another Gustavus. Observe how eagerly he approaches General Horn and how cordially he embraces him. The general has many claims upon the esteem of this headlong youth, who has sometimes in the field dared to dispute the judgment and the orders of the veteran commander; but at length saw his errors, and redeemed them nobly, by proving himself soldier enough to submit to his superior in rank, and man enough to acknowledge in public his own rashness and inexperience."

"Who is that grave-looking field-officer," I inquired, "who has just entered, and is so cordially saluted by every one?"

"Ah, my good and reverend sir!" exclaimed the old man, "you see there a striking proof of the great advantages of war over peace, and especially in the Swedish service. In peaceable times, the signal merits of that man would not have raised him from obscurity. He is Colonel Stahlhantsch, a Finlander. In his youth he was a footman, and now he is the equal in military rank, and the personal friend of Duke Bernard. But he is a highly-gifted man, and, amongst other accomplishments, is well acquainted with the English language. He gained this knowledge when in the service of Sir Patrick Ruthven, and it has enabled him to render some valuable aid to the king, who speaks German, French, Italian, and Latin, as fluently as his native tongue, but is ignorant of English."

My companion was here interrupted by the loud cheers of a numerous assemblage in the castle-yard. The window being immediately behind us, we had only to reverse our position to obtain a good view of the spacious enclosure, crowded with a dense mass of human beings. The pressure was terrific, and yet no soldiers were employed to clear the way for the approaching monarch and his retinue. The assembled people shewed their sense of this forbearance, by uncovering their heads, and giving way respectfully as he advanced. I now beheld a large man on horseback, plainly attired in a suit of grey cloth. He had a green feather in his hat, and was mounted on a large spotted white horse, of singular beauty and magnificent action. I required no prompting to tell me that this was the Great Gustavus.

"Behold," exclaimed my cicerone, "how slowly he rides across the castle-yard. He is afraid that his mettlesome courser may injure the thoughtless children perpetually crossing his

path ; and, being near-sighted, he shades his eyes with his hand."

"The king is very plainly attired," I remarked ; "but a man so distinguished by nature needs not the aid of dress. His features are finely moulded and full of dominion ; but his person, although majestic and imposing, is somewhat too corpulent."

"Not an ounce too much of him," replied somewhat abruptly the subaltern. "He is not a heavier man than the heroic Charlemagne, or Rolf the Galloper, who founded the powerful state of Normandy ; and in activity of body and mind he is at least their equal."

Unwilling to irritate this partizan of Gustavus by pursuing the subject, I remarked the uncommon beauty of the king's horse.

"A fine horse," he replied, "is the hobby of Gustavus, and by the indulgence of this foible he has too often exposed to imminent peril a life on which hinges the fate of Protestant Europe. On all occasions, and even in important engagements, he persists in riding horses easily distinguishable from all others. A few days before the battle of Leipzic, a horse-dealer brought into the camp a noble charger, very peculiarly marked and coloured. This fellow was a spy employed by the base and cowardly Austrians, who calculated that Gustavus would ride this fine animal in the approaching engagement, and become an easy mark for their bullets."

"And who," I inquired, "is that broad-shouldered hero, with a clear, dark complexion, accompanied by a fine youth in the garb of a student?"

"That man of bone and muscle, he replied, "is the brave and chivalrous Banner, a name admirably characteristic of the man. He is truly a living standard, and, in the wildest tumult of the battle, stands firm as a castle-tower, rallies around him the bewildered soldiers, and leads them on again to combat and to victory. His noble daring cannot, however, be unknown to you. How much I regret that I cannot also shew you those valiant soldiers, Collenburg and Teufel. Alas ! They fell on the field of Leipzic. That fine-looking youth," he continued, in a whisper, "is a natural son of the king, born, however, before his marriage. Such an accident may happen to the best of men in the days of youthful riot ; and to kings, who are greatly tempted, we should be greatly tolerant. When Gustavus married, he undertook, in good faith, to become the husband of one woman, and he has ever been a model of conjugal tenderness and fidelity."

During these details, the king had entered the hall, and taken a chair upon a raised platform at the upper end ; his chancellor and staff-officers standing on each side of him. Suddenly the lively and beautiful march, which had greeted the entrance of Gustavus, ceased ; the king nodded to the band, and the wind instruments began to play the solemn dead-march, usually performed when a condemned officer is going to execution. The large folding-doors again opened, and two black coffins were brought in by soldiers, moving in slow time to the saddening music, and followed by a tall and harsh-looking man, with uncovered head and vulgar features. He wore a red cloak, which but partially concealed a glittering blade of unusual breadth, and resembling rather a surgical instrument than a weapon. "What does all this portend ?" I eagerly inquired from my old companion, who had hitherto answered all my queries with singular intelligence, and in language far above his apparent condition. Without, however, removing his eager gaze from this singular spectacle below, he briefly answered ; "those are two coffins, and that man with the red cloak and sword is the provost-marshal." The coffins were placed in two corners of the hall, the headsman retreated behind the body-guards, the music ceased, and Gustavus spoke to the following effect, with an impressive dignity of look, voice, and language, which no time will erase from my recollection.

"My beloved soldiers and friends ! "It is well known to you, that after mature deliberation with my faithful counsellors and field-officers, I have forbidden duels in my army, under pain of death to the offending parties. My brave generals expressed their entire approval of this regulation, and recorded their unanimous opinion, that there is no essential connexion between duelling and the true honour of a soldier, and that a conscientious avoidance of single combat is perfectly consistent with heroic courage and an elevated sense of honour.

"The soldier must be animated by a

just cause, or his courage is worthless as the embroidery of his uniform ; an ornament, but not a virtue. During the middle ages, the practice of duelling was perhaps expedient, to counterbalance the enormous evils which grew out of a lawless state of society ; and it must be allowed, that the rude and chivalrous habits of that savage period, were redeemed by no small portion of honourable and devotional feeling. Let us then prefer the substance to the shadow, and model our conduct by the better qualities of our ancestors, instead of copying their romantic exaggerations and absurdities. The lawless days of chivalry are gone by. They have been succeeded throughout Christian Europe by settled governments and institutions, which, however imperfect, afford comparative security to person and property. Why then will civilized men cling to the savage customs of a savage period? And why are we Protestants? Why are we in arms against Catholics? Is it not solely because they forbid us to keep pace with an improved state of knowledge, civil and religious? Some of you will perhaps contend, that an occasional duel is favourable to discipline and good manners ; but, are you prepared to prove that the Catholic officers, who fight duels with impunity, bear any comparison with mine in urbanity and discipline? And do you attach any value to that base and cowardly complaisance, which springs from the fear of death? Believe me, gentlemen, in a well disciplined army, there will always be an immense majority of brave men, whose courtesy is prompted by good feeling and common sense; and, where the great majority is civilized, rudeness becomes the exception to the rule, and meets with merited contempt and avoidance. Why then will even men of tried courage apply a remedy so strong as mortal combat to an evil so trivial?"

Here Gustavus paused, and fixed his eagle-eyes upon the duellists, who stood with folded arms and sullen mien, in the centre of the hall. Their very souls seemed to quail under his searching glance ; their eyes fell, and the dark red hue of conscious guilt suffused their cheeks and foreheads. The royal orator resumed.

" And yet we this day behold two officers of acknowledged bravery, who have yielded to this insane impulse, and who perhaps flatter themselves, that their readiness to stake life will excite admiration and astonishment. I had given them credit for better heads and better hearts, and I lament exceedingly their infatuation. There are some individuals, whose gloomy and ferocious temperament betrays their natural affinity to the tiger and the hyena; whose pride is not ennobled by a spark of honourable feeling; whose courage is devoid of generosity; who have no sympathies in common with their fellow-men ; and who find a horrible gratification in hazarding their lives, to accomplish the destruction of any one whose enjoyment of life, health, and reason, is greater than their own. I thank the Almighty, that this demoniacal spirit prevails not in my army ; and should it unfortunately animate any of my soldiers, they have my free permission to join the gipsy-camps of Tilly and Wallenstein."

The Swedish generals here exchanged looks and nods of proud gratification, and Prince Bernard of Weimar, whose fine eyes flashed with ungovernable delight, advanced a step towards the royal orator, as if he would have expressed his approbation by a cordial embrace. Controlling, however, with visible effort, this sudden impulse, he resumed his place. Meanwhile, the king exchanged a glance of friendly intelligence with his chancellor, and continued in a tone of diminished severity.

" You will probably, gentlemen, charge me with inconsistency in thus sanctioning a public duel, after my promulgation of a general order against the practice of duelling. There are, however, peculiar circumstances connected with this duel, to explain which, and to vindicate myself, I have requested your presence on this occasion. The gentlemen before you, Captains Barstrom and Seifert, are well known as officers of high and deserved reputation. Barstrom has evinced heroic courage on many occasions, and he saved my life in the Polish war, when I was bareheaded and surrounded, Sirot having struck off my iron cap, which heretic head-gear the Austrians sent as a trophy to Loretto. I knighted Barstrom on the field of battle; and, relying upon his good sense and moderation, I promised to grant him a free boon. He never availed

himself of this pledge until yesterday, when he solicited my permission to meet Captain Seifert in single combat.

"Seifert has studied chivalry at German universities, and to good purpose, if we may judge from the brilliant valour which made him a captain on the field of Leipzic. He has endeavoured to prove to me, by numerous Greek and Latin scraps, that I ought to sanction this duel; but it would not be difficult to bring forward old Homer himself in evidence, that the Greeks were not very fastidious in points of etiquette. For instance, Achilles called Agamemnon "a drunkard, with the look of a dog and the valour of a deer." Seifert, however, is not a man to be influenced by either classical or Christian authorities; his reason lies in prostrate adoration before the shrine of false honour, that Moloch of the dark ages, around which the chivalry of that period danced, until their giddy brains lost the faculty of distinguishing right from wrong.

"Thus solemnly pledged to two irreconcilable obligations, how can I extricate myself from a predicament so embarrassing? I have exhausted my powers of reasoning and persuasion in vain endeavours to accomplish a reconciliation. My promise of a free boon to Barstrom I cannot honourably retract; nor can I, for his sake, infringe upon the salutary law so long established. Happily one alternative remains. These misguided men are determined to fight, and, if possible, to destroy each other. Be it so! Their savage propensities shall be gratified, and I will witness their chivalrous courage and heroic contempt of life.—Now, gentlemen! draw, and do your worst! Fight until the death of one shall prove the other the better swordsman; but, mark well the consequence! Soon as one of you is slain, my executioner shall strike off the head of the other. Thus my pledge to Barstrom will be redeemed, and the law against duelling will remain inviolate."

Here Gustavus ceased to speak;—the solemn dead-march was repeated by the band, the coffins were brought nearer to the duellists, and the grim-visaged executioner again came into view, with his horrible weapon. At this awful moment I beheld Seifert and Barstrom suddenly rush forward, throw themselves at the feet of Gustavus, and supplicate for mercy.

"Mercy depends not upon me, but upon yourselves," mildly replied the king, soon as the band had ceased. "If you do not fight, the executioner will find no occupation here." These words were accompanied by a glance at the headsman, who immediately quitted the hall by a side door. "But, if you are sincerely desirous," continued Gustavus, "to regain the good opinion of the brave men and good Christians here assembled, you will at once relinquish every hostile feeling, and embrace each other as friends."

The duellists instantly flew into each other's arms. Gustavus raised his folded hands and kingly features in devotional feeling towards heaven, and the chancellor gave a signal to the band, which played a fine hymn on reconciliation and brotherly love. I now heard, with inexpressible delight the King, Oxenstiern, Horn, Banner, Stahlhantsch, and Prince Bernard, with the assembled officers and guards, singing the impressive verses of Luther, with beautiful accuracy of time and tone. The magnificent bass of Gustavus Adolphus was easily distinguishable by its organ-like fulness and grandeur; it resembled the deep low breathing of a silver trumpet, and although forty years have rolled over my head since I heard it, the rich and solemn tones of the royal singer still vibrate upon my memory.

The hallowed feeling spread through hall and gallery, and every one who could sing joined with fervour in the sacred song. Even my old subaltern, whose voice was painfully harsh and unmusical, drew from his pocket a hymn book and a pair of copper spectacles; his tones were tremulous and discordant, but, in my estimation, his musical deficiencies were amply redeemed by the tears which rolled abundantly down his hollow and time-worn cheeks.

Thus was this terrible camp-scene converted, as if by miracle or magic, into a solemn, and, surely, an acceptable service of the Almighty.

IRELAND AS IT IS ; IN 1828.

CHAPTER THIRD.

At the commencement of these Chapters, we stated our intention of abstaining as much as possible from the painful subject of Irish politics, and our hope of finding more profitable and entertaining employment in discoursing of the domestic habits of the people, and examining what progress they had made in the arts of industrious life. Unfortunately for the present interest of our subject, the aspect of political affairs in Ireland, and the disturbed state of large bodies of its population, either are, or appear to be, sufficiently important to engross all the attention which men can afford to pay to the affairs of that country.

When we began these papers, we hoped to speak of insurrectionary movements as things passed, and unlikely to occur again ; because we did not then anticipate any attempt, on the part of the Roman Catholic Association, of such extravagant audacity as "The Clare Election ;" nor could we have supposed, that if any so monstrous invasion of the spirit of the constitution were attempted, it would be suffered to pass without remark by the Parliament and the Executive Government. The present tumultuary movements of the Irish population are but the natural results of the success and the impunity which attended that grand outrage upon the established practice of the Constitution, and upon those habits of decent subordination which are observed by tenantry towards their landlords, in all countries where civilization has reached far enough to make a distinction between the proprietors and the cultivators of the soil. We must, however, resist the temptation which here presents itself for entering upon the *vexatissima quæstio* of Irish misgovernment, and turn to our original province of faithful describers of facts, such as they are at present, and have recently been ; yet, as we do not profess that immobility of design which belongs to graver historians, but willingly pour forth our knowledge upon those points with which it pleases the public to be presently most interested, we shall, in the present article, devote our attention principally to what are called the "insurrectionary movements" of the Irish.

It is, or it ought to be known, that so far as these disturbances have any distinct object, they divide themselves into two classes ; of which one is a forcible opposition to the government, or to some fundamental law of the government under which the people live ; the other may be termed an Agrarian disturbance, or a tumultuary resistance to the legal rights of the proprietors of the soil, and of the tithe of its produce, which the law assigns to the Protestant Church. To the first class belong those actual levyings of war against our Lord the King, which are dignified with the name of Rebellions, and which, in the reigns of Elizabeth, Charles I., William III., and George III., deluged the country with slaughter, and caused those immense forfeitures of landed property, which, to this day, fill the descendants of the ancient proprietors with hatred against the British Government, and wild hopes of advantage from its overthrow.—Amongst the second class may be placed those various designations of "Boys," which, until the recent invention of the term "Ribbon Men," distinguished the bands of savage ruffians who disturbed the rural districts, making life and property insecure, and consequently obstructing the progress of industry and civilization. Of these the Whiteboys is the name most familiar to modern ears, against whom a special act of Parliament was passed, which bears their name. Their ostensible object was to compel the owners of rents and tithes to submit to such terms as they, in their wisdom, deemed just and reasonable ; but their manner of imparting instruction upon these points, was a little at variance with the "conciliatory" method which is now so popular with certain political doctors, of great gravity and small wisdom. They argued, in short, with knives at men's throats, and illustrated their subject by the consuming blaze of the property of those whom it was their object to convince ;—a sort of potent and practical logic, which was more germane to the habitual ferocity of their habits than the Aristotelian dialectics of the schools.

Why it was that disturbances of this kind were suffered to go on for so long

a time as they were, without vigorous and effectual efforts to repress them, it is difficult now to tell; but we may safely conjecture, that it was partly owing to the absence or negligence of the principal gentry, and partly to the bad conduct of the Irish legislature and executive, who were generally too busy fighting amongst themselves, to prevent fighting amongst the peasantry.

The general character, however, for outrage and ferocity, which the White-boy association, and others of a similar description, imparted to the Irish kingdom in the eyes of Englishmen, was productive of more serious evil than even the outrages themselves. The house that was burned might be rebuilt,—the corn which was destroyed could be supplied by another year's crop,—even the murdered man was waked, wept for, and forgotten, amongst the wild Irish; but their character was not forgotten in England, and the industrious capitalist dreaded to trust himself where such horrors once had been. The Irish were at once feared and despised; and such is still the feeling entertained respecting them amongst the vulgar English.

The people in England are very slow to give up opinions they have formed, even when the circumstances which occasioned them have greatly changed, or entirely passed away; and their prejudices against the Irish are scarcely less strong now, than when English laws and customs scarcely obtained at all in the country. They still form their opinion from the details of the outrages which they perceive to be occasionally perpetrated, and shut their eyes to the vast improvements which have taken place, and to the infinitely more vast capabilities which exist of farther improvement.

It is worthy of remark, that by far the greater part of the violent atrocities which have occurred in the whole of Ireland during the last few years, have been confined to one county, and *that* the very county which is most frequently referred to by the Association orators, when they wish to terrify the loyal, by pointing out the physical force which they have at command. In the county of Tipperary, it is quite dreadful to think of the horrible offences which are committed, with the knowledge and consent of large bodies of the peasantry. They take no pains to conceal from each other the terrible desperation of their designs; and at every assizes it is made manifest, that murder has been deliberately prepared for, and loosely talked about, in the families of the murderers, for weeks before the favourable opportunity has arrived for the predetermined butchery. It is exceedingly hard to arrive at the true source of this frightful state of society, which disgraces particular districts of Tipperary. The deliberate and hardened ferocity, the utter abandonment of every spark of mercy and compassion, the cowardliness and fiendish delight in torture, which mark these atrocities, are foreign to the general character of the Irish, and we are almost driven to the belief expressed by two magistrates who had the amplest means of observation,* that there is some mysterious agency at work—some extensively organized system of sanguinary wickedness, the nature of which, the investigations hitherto made have not developed.

The criminal court at Clonmel, the assize town of the county Tipperary, is the favourite arena for the display of Mr Shiel's forensic eloquence; here he holds forth in that artificially figurative style which the Irish so much delight in, and beguiles the people of their tears, while he descants upon the miserable consequences of their cruelty.

But it is an appeal to their passions which makes them weep; and the same orator uses the same power, perhaps, in the very next week, to lash them on to fury by a political speech, whereupon follows murder, and from thence more speeches and more tears.

In order to give such a description as may convey an idea to others, of the distinction which we have drawn between the two kinds of insurrectionary movements which have from time to time disturbed Ireland, it will be necessary to depart in some degree from the strict limits which the title of these chapters of ours might seem to prescribe to us, and to request the attention of the reader to a period which has passed by, but is not so remote as to have already become the property of the historian. We allude to the Irish disturbances of 1823, which attracted so much of the attention of the whole em-

* Majors Wilcocks and Warburton. See Appendix to Commons Report, 1825, p. 487.

pire at the time, and gave rise to the celebrated Parliamentary investigation of 1825. These disturbances were of the Agrarian class, and did not partake of a general system of revolt against the constituted authority of the government; and though we have placed this species of disturbance last in our classification, we take leave to consider it first, according to the approved method in Irish disquisition.

The period which we are considering was one of extreme public depression. Even Great Britain had not yet recovered from the stagnation of her commerce, which followed upon the pacification of Europe; and in Ireland, the staple trade of which consisted in the supply of provisions to our armies, the reaction had been yet more distressing in its consequences. During the war, a class of persons called Middlemen had grown into existence in that country, who held an important position between the immediate occupiers of the soil, and the possessors of the landed property. The returns of agricultural produce had been so great as to afford, in addition to the reserved rent of the land, and the requisite remuneration to the farmer, a considerable revenue to such persons as were deemed eligible tenants for extensive farms, or tracts of land; and who, instead of farming themselves, subdivided and reset their holdings in small portions, and at an acreable rent much higher than that which they had themselves covenanted to pay. This difference of rent they found sufficient to compensate them, both for their trouble in managing, like agents, the immediate tenants of the soil, and also for the additional risk of loss by the insolvency of any of these tenants. When, with peace, prices fell, land would no longer pay these two outgoings, and, in many instances, would yield no more from the occupying tenant than the rent paid by the middleman. The interest of the latter was therefore annihilated, and he, of course, endeavoured, whenever it was practicable, to extricate himself altogether. By these means, a large extent of land was thrown into the hands of the proprietors, who, naturally averse to crowding their estates with paupers, set it in the largest divisions they could, to *bona fide* farmers. Thus, a numerous host of cottiers, who had occupied very small holdings under middlemen, were turned adrift by the altered disposition of property, and many of them were rendered desperate by destitution.

In the year 1820, an almost general failure of the Country Banks in the province of Munster took place; their small notes had constituted almost exclusively the circulating medium amongst the poor people, whose whole worldly stock seldom amounted to so large a sum as five pounds. Whatever little they had, was, however, entirely swept away by this misfortune, and even the pains-taking and saving man was instantly beggared. It may be easily supposed, that this calamity was the cause of many being obliged "to take to the hill-side, and become broken men."

For several years previous to 1823 the crops had been scanty, particularly those of potatoes. In 1821 the potatoe crop was a complete failure; and in 1822 it is impossible to tell, and dreadful to think, of what might have been the consequence, had not the English people come forward, and by the most stupendous act of national generosity which the world ever saw, and which none but a country so rich as England could afford, arrested the "plague of hunger," which must otherwise have desolated the country. The sufferings, however, from absolute, unmitigated hunger, were very great, notwithstanding the assistance which was received, and no doubt contributed to the desperation of the people.

One of the most savage and lawless districts of Ireland, was the Sea and River coast of Kerry.* This rugged and dangerous coast, which is open to the full sweep of the Atlantic storms, was the frequent scene of shipwrecks, and was infested by gangs of smugglers and wreckers, who, seizing their plunder upon the shore, retreated with it to their inaccessible haunts in the gorges of the mountains. A powerful preventive water-guard was placed here, to put a stop to this nefarious traffic, and to check the extensive contraband trade of the smugglers. These desperadoes, thus driven from

* For the honour of the kingdom of Kerry be it spoken, this description does not apply generally to its territory. The Kerry men are rather a peaceable race, who talk Latin, and till their ground in considerable peace and quietness.

their fastnesses, retreated inland to the hills of Kerry, Cork, and Limerick, where they found willing associates in the hordes of houseless wandering wretches, who had lost home and livelihood in the manner we have described.

While things were in this state, a system of severe and inhuman rigour upon a very large estate in the county of Limerick drove the people to madness, and set the torch to all these inflammable elements of outrage. An English agent was sent over to Lord Courtenay's estate, who refused to be bound by the promises of abatement of rent made to the poor tenants by the former agent, but without mercy resorted to the last extremities of the law to enforce the uttermost farthing that was due, both of the current rent, and the arrears which the tenants supposed would never have been demanded of them. We have been assured, that the scenes of misery occasioned by this conduct were beyond all description shocking. Every day miserable creatures were left with their families of little children, without a stick, or a rag, or a potatoe in their wretched dwelling, and forth they were obliged to go, as wandering beggars along the road, praying with all the vehemence which despair lends to the most emphatic of languages,* that the heaviest of curses might fall on their oppressor. The people decreed a terrible vengeance. It was resolved among them, that the agent should be put to death; and nothing but the extremest caution on his part prevented them from accomplishing their purpose. There were many men sworn solemnly to kill him whenever he came within their reach, no matter what might be the occasion, or where the place; but his extreme vigilance eluded them, and he continued to live, and to be execrated. Baffled in the main object of their pursuit, and choking with unquenched revenge, they came to the dreadful determination, that the punishment of the father should be accomplished by the murder of his son. He was a very young lad, of gentle unoffending manners; but this had no effect upon these men, whose terrible excitement thirsted for blood. If they thought of it at all, it was but to recollect that he was probably on that account dearer to his father, and that consequently the vengeance derived from his murder would be the greater. They met the lad in the broad day-light; and though he threw himself from his horse, and on his knees implored their mercy, he found none from these relentless savages. A shower of balls struck him in every part of the body, and he was left upon the road dead, and all disfigured with needless wounds.

This was the commencement—the firing of the train, which rapidly spread along extensive districts of Limerick, Tipperary, Cork, and Kerry. The houseless people we have described, forming themselves into powerful bands, skulked in hiding-places among the hills by day, and stealing out by night to some appointed rendezvous, they swept the open country in bodies, carrying off such booty as was portable, and burning or destroying what they could not take away; often, too, inflicting savage vengeance on their successors in the tenancy of the farms of which they deemed themselves unjustly deprived. Not content with their own atrocities, they forced the miserable victims of their violence to swear compliance and assistance to their machinations; and in a short time the inhabitants of almost half the island were influenced by the terrors of a system of slaughter and devastation personified under the singular soubriquet of Captain Rock.

This state of things, so anomalous and so terrific, was deemed to call not only for the special interposition of the legislature to put it down, but also for a national inquiry into its cause. But whilst this stupendous investigation into all the countless grievances of Ireland dragged its slow length along, necessarily tedious from the vastness of its extent, combined with the minuteness of its detail, the alarm in which it originated had been graduaally dissipated, the commercial and agricultural difficulties with which we were beset, had given way before the returning tide of industry and prosperity, peace and order were restored by the strong arm of the law, and by the return of employment, and abundant crops; and the Irish Inquiry, to the remedial issue of which men had looked forward with an eagerness and anxiety proportioned to the magnitude of the evil to be corrected, and the

* In this part of the country the common people all speak the native Irish.

good to be obtained, sunk into neglect, and terminated, as the manner of Irish Inquiries is, in a conclusion, wherein nothing was concluded.

We do not mean, however, to impute any censure to the committee for the manner in which they brought the result of their labours before the public, by a simple detail of the evidence elicited on the subject, without note or comment. On the contrary, we are persuaded they pursued the wisest plan they could adopt, in thus furnishing us with the largest induction of particulars they could procure, and leaving the public to judge for itself, unburdened by a mass of crude opinions, under the name of a report.

As the committee sought for information from men of all parties, and various conditions in life, they, as was naturally to be expected, obtained much conflicting testimony, not only as to matters of opinion, but as to facts, which had been viewed differently, according to the means of information, or the pre-existing sentiments, of the witnesses; but however differing on other points, in this one thing they seemed unanimous,—that Ireland was improving.*

It may seem strange that we should bring in this piece of evidence as a suitable commentary upon the details of outrage which we have just given; but when we consider that this evidence was taken in 1825, and look at the events which followed from the disturbances of 1823, it will not appear surprising that those best acquainted with Ireland should have witnessed to her improvement.

The disturbances of 1823 acted like a violent fever, which, carrying off the collected bad humours of the body, leaves it in a healthier state than it was before. They turned the attention of a considerable number of exceedingly able men to a consideration of the evils which affected Ireland. A spirit of investigation was aroused, the magistracy was put more upon the alert, and institutions were adopted, of which the benefit is felt now, when a disposition to insurrection with a different object has been evinced Even now, notwithstanding the frightfully excited state of political feeling which seems to portend a national storm, the minor details, which, in a state of peace, contribute to a nation's strength and prosperity, are in a state of improvement to which Ireland, until within a very few years, has been a stranger. There is at present more judicious farming, more rational commercial enterprise, more exactness in the administration of justice, and more careful attention to the duties of public and private life, than have been at any preceding time, notwithstanding the abundant epithets of a miserable, wretched, savage, degraded country, which are every day showered upon poor Ireland.

Chap. IV.

We now proceed to say something of the alarming assemblages of the people which so very lately took place, and which, in the opinion of many, have only submitted to a very temporary dispersion. These assemblages were purely political in their object; and, unlike the insurgents of 1823, they seek not to disturb the regular proceedings of these potent and important legal phantoms, Messrs John Doe and Richard Roe. They trouble not their heads for the present about rents, tithes, and ejectments, but affect to have a higher game in view,—that of dictating to the legislature of the country, and terrifying it into an important alteration of the Constitution.

These assemblages are, in short, but a part of the system of the Roman Catholic Association. They have, to be sure, gone a little farther than the Association wished, and struck some terror into the minds of the agitators themselves, who began to feel that their troops were getting unmanageable, and that they were very near the alternative of having to disband their forces at once, or, by heading, put their own heads in very serious jeopardy; but it is the Association which has

* See Evidence, D. O'Connell, Commons' Report on State of Ireland, 1825, p. 85. Evidence of J. L. Foster, Lords' Report, 23, fol. 1825. Mr A. R. Blake, Lords' Report, 2d March 1825, &c. &c.

"organized" these bodies of men, and it is the Association which, in the eyes of the country and of Government, ought to be responsible for all the mischief which these assemblages have created, or may hereafter occasion.

The Catholic Association is a society, whose *avowed* purpose was "public exasperation."* In this it has been eminently successful; and for some time its manifest, but not *yet* avowed, purpose has been "Protestant intimidation." There is no man of ordinary sanity, and who has the least notion of the rational liberty, and the protection, of the legitimate system under which men live in these kingdoms, that does not consider this Association as one of the greatest public nuisances that ever was permitted to exist under a regularly established government. It is chiefly composed of fierce and coarse-minded men, excessively illiterate and extremely bigoted, who, having made some money in their respective trades, are thereby raised a little above the condition of the lowest of the people, and are vain of belonging to a political society, the proceedings of which are noticed in the newspapers. Along with these are a considerable number of rank young Papists, who have been lately called to the bar, and have put on the gown, when they should, with much more propriety, have put on the apron behind their fathers' counters. These young men, not having sufficient sense or discretion to be trusted with a guinea brief, in the most trifling legal dispute, yet consider themselves well qualified to discuss the affairs of the nation in a public assembly; and they form the light phalanx of the Association's oratorical force, and are permitted to make an unskilful noise, when the leaders are away. The leaders, Mr O'Connell, Mr Shiel, and two or three others, who do not appear so frequently, are able men in their pernicious vocation, who understand well the art of rousing the passions of an Irish mob, and who can wield at will the fierce democracy of their society. The Association is in regular correspondence with the Roman Catholic priests throughout the whole kingdom, who serve as conduits from the chief reservoir of political violence in Dublin, and carry its noxious streams from house to house, in every town, village, and hamlet throughout the country. For some time after its institution, this society struggled on in contemptible obscurity, holding its meetings in a dark room over a small bookseller's shop in Dublin. It used to meet at night; and we recollect, that upon one occasion we felt a curiosity to be present at the meeting of a society which even then occasionally occupied the attention of the newspapers, and we ventured into the assembly. It only wanted a few pewter pots upon the table to be the very counterpart of a club of discontented mechanics combining for a rise of wages. We only poked our head in, and then made a precipitate retreat, under the influence of a mixed sensation, which we believe was compounded of a dread of treason and of pickpockets. But as the proverb, that "ill weeds thrive apace," is nowhere so true as in Ireland, the Association soon rose into such notoriety, that, even from the Throne itself, it was deemed necessary to reprobate its existence. In the King's speech at the opening of the session of 1825, in speaking of Ireland, his Majesty informed his Parliament, that "industry and commercial enterprise were extending themselves in that part of the United Kingdom; it was therefore the more to be regretted that Associations should exist in Ireland which had adopted proceedings irreconcilable with the spirit of the Constitution, and calculated, by exciting alarm, and by exasperating animosities, to endanger the peace of society, and to retard the course of national improvement."

Never were truer words put into the mouth of a sovereign; and yet, strange to say, the Government which used these words never took the trouble of seeing that the evil which they perceived so clearly, and described so accurately, was abolished.

An act of Parliament was passed in pursuance of the recommendation in the King's speech; but either from ignorance in the construction of the bill, or because the executive officer of the Crown in Ireland did not participate in the sentiments of the Throne, the act has remained a dead letter; and this Association, so truly described as endangering the peace of society, and retarding the course of national improvement, continued to exist, increasing every day in the virulence

* We quote the words of Mr Shiel.

and the extent of its mischief, until it now appears a portentous thing, pregnant with rebellion, which we know not the hour it may bring forth.

This body has been all along at once despicable and dangerous. When we first looked at the throng of which it was composed, we felt disposed to treat it with contempt; but when we contemplated it as a body incessantly employed in stirring up the ignorant population to mutiny, levying a heavy tax on the people for political purposes, and preaching to them the efficacy of exerting their combined numerical strength, we felt inclined to exclaim with Didius, when he looked upon the superstitious ceremonies of the Druids,

> " I scorn them, yet they awe me."

It is in vain to mince the matter, or try to disguise the fact. The Government are much to blame in this business of the Roman Catholic Association. They should have crushed it in 1825, when they saw the mischief it was doing; and it is but a poor excuse to say, that they were misled by an Irish Attorney-general. They were warned over and over again of the mischief which was brewing. They were told, that this Association was proceeding fast upon the road to irremediable mischief—that the Agitators should be curbed in time,

> " Injurioso ne pede proruant
> Stantem columnam: neu populus frequens,
> Ad arma cessantes, ad arma
> Concitet, Imperiumque frangat."

But they did not listen, or, if they did, they did not attend; and now the Association itself can hardly control the whirlwind of wild and disaffected spirit which it has raised.

Mr Shiel now comes down to the Association, and with all the appearance of alarm, affects to deplore the excited state of the peasantry. Hypocrite! Who was it that excited them? Who was it that said, in the Association, "*We will not let the people be quiet?*" Who was it that said, "the Catholic Question was nearly forgotten until the Association began its "*work of excitement?*" Who was it that called the peaceable behaviour of the people "*a degrading and unwholesome tranquillity?*"

The common people in Ireland, (we speak not from conjecture, but from knowledge of the fact,) when they read such audacious language, said, that it would not be borne by the Government *except through fear;* and that if Government did not put a stop to it, it was because they dared not. The fruit of these opinions, and the continued forbearance of the Government, has been the immense assemblages in the south, appearing in military array, and in all but open rebellion.

At the time at which we write, a temporary tranquillity has been restored in Ireland; but every one feels that it is only a smothering of the flame which must soon burst out anew, with increased violence, unless the Catholic Association, which supplies the material of the fire, be crushed utterly, and at once. It will not do to delay. The awakened spirit of the Protestants—the front of determined resistance shewn by the Brunswick clubs—the co-operation of the Government by its proclamation, and the instantaneous movement of the British troops towards the scene of agitation, have warned the Association, that the time is *not yet* come for the successful exertion of the physical strength of the rabble; and therefore it exerts its influence to keep them quiet. But it is manifest that the Association only waits its time, and therefore it is the duty of the Government to destroy it before that time arrives. England may not always have troops to spare for the Irish service; or even if not engaged in foreign war, she may not always have a Prime Minister, who, by an exertion of military skill, which is not the less admirable, because it has remained unnoticed, has been able on the present occasion, within two days, and without any noise, or "note of preparation," to cover the shore most convenient for transport to Ireland, with soldiers and artillery.

We, however, willingly quit this subject, with the hope that, the vigilance of the Protestants and of the Government having been aroused to the political state of Ireland, something may speedily be done to avert the danger which seems to threaten that portion of the empire. The absurdity of attempting to steer a middle or "conciliatory" course, is now sufficiently evident—it only makes matters worse; and Government must decide either to abandon Ireland to the wild tyranny of the Roman Catholic

Association, or to step forward boldly, and shew that it is able to put it down.

We trust that when we again meet our readers with a further continuation of these Chapters on Irish affairs, the public mind may be tranquil enough upon the subject, to admit of our resuming our original intention of giving information on matters more connected with the improvement and the happiness of that country, than political strife.

J.

London, 8th Oct. 1828.

THE FIRST PLAY OF THE SEASON.

GENTLE READER,

HAVE you ever known what it is to be in town—we mean in the city of Westminster—during the whole of that period which is designated by men learned in the law, the long vacation? Moreover, have you led a bachelor's life therein—made your own breakfast, and then sallied forth to spend, as best you might,

"The long, long summer holiday?"

If you have, you have had abundant opportunity of finding out what it is to be very miserable. During "the season" the veriest stranger who has an eye and an ear, and thought, must find in London sufficient to occupy his attention; true, he may start and sigh, to think that of the busy and enormous multitude around him, not one would care, if, treading on yonder bit of orange peel, he should slip off the flagway, and falling beneath the wheel of that immense coal-waggon, have his thigh crushed to atoms, while you'd be saying "Jack Robinson." But if he do so sigh, the more fool he; first, because "grieving's a folly," as the old sea song hath it; next, because he is mistaken in supposing that no one would feel interested in his misfortune. There are two upon the very flagway with him, who would evince the greatest sympathy in his fate; the one is a surgeon's apprentice, who would with anxious care bear him off to *his* hospital, that he might "try his 'prentice hand" to doctor him while living, and dissect him when dead; and the other is a running reporter to one of the morning papers, who would with gentle and soothing accents inquire his name, condition, and abode, to swell the paragraph and increase his pay. Thirdly, there is quite enough of material around him for observation and meditation, without giving way to fanciful emotion; the business and the pleasure, the toil and the vanity, of the greatest city in the world, are sweeping along before his eyes, and the ever-varying scene is pregnant with instruction and amusement, like the successive articles in a number of Blackwood's Magazine.

But in August and September, alas! how different! How insupportable the bright sunshine that blazes on the white pavement of the wide solitary squares! Why doth it shine at all upon these closed-up windows? Why are we mocked with this dazzling desolation? Methinks it should be dark—quite dark; for the light of heaven is thrown away here. Thrown away! By Jupiter, it is worse than thrown away; for, were it dark, a poor devil might walk about to get an appetite for his dinner unseen; but as it is, down comes a sun-beam plump in your face to reveal your visage to your friend's housekeepers, who stand taking the air on the steps, and stare at you with as much wonderment as if you had just dropped from the clouds; to say nothing of a rencontre with your tailor at the corner of the street, who takes off his hat, runs home, and directs your bill to be made out immediately, with a remark that he fears all is not right with Mr ——, or he wouldn't be here when nobody is in town.

There are a million vexations like unto these, or worse, which attend the summer sojourn of the West-Endian. No wonder then, that he should hail with satisfaction the autumnal equinox, the early setting sun, and the evening gusts which come on with the darkness, mingled with rain-drops, and sweeping away the parched and smoky leaves from the trees in park and square. No wonder that he should delight to see the first of October, the early lighted lamps, the watch set, and the groups of young thieves clustering about the corners of the streets at half past six; that he should hear with pleasure the rolling of the hackney-coaches—the clattering of hurrying and crowded feet along the flags, and

the cry of "Fine fruit, your honour —bill of the play, your honour—Common Garden and Doory Lane!"

Once more a city seems a proper place for man's dwelling—noise and bustle, and the glare of artificial light arouse from their summer sleep, and London is itself again! Thus at least did we, (that is I, Timothy X.) feel as we wended our way in the swiftly darkening twilight of last Wednesday to Drury Lane Theatre. It was the first night of the season, and we arrived at the door just in time to take our place at the tail of a huge crowd, which, with a little jostling, and much good-humour, forced its way through the long winding passage which leads into the pit. Turn not up thy nose at us, because we went to the pit; it is a very pleasant place, and costs only three and sixpence. It is true, that one may sometimes find oneself seated beside two respectable persons who have brought cold beef and bread in their waistcoat pockets, and bottles of beer in the appendages of the same name which belong to the skirts of their coats; but the chances are ten to one that these are honest people, who tell truth, and cheat no one, which is more than can be said for some of the better dressed people in the boxes. Moreover, when a man goes to the pit, he *feels* that he is going to the play; there is a kind of trembling expectancy while one waits with the crowd for the door to open—and when it does open, there is such a rush and a sensation, (here, take care of your pockets, and turn your chain and seals into your fob,) and then when you do get into the wished-for and struggled-for place, there is so much settling and fixing, and congratulation of young women to one another that they are safe, and it is so pleasant to hear their remarks of delighted wonderment at the light and the splendour of the place, and to watch the subsiding of that wonder and delight, and the impatience which succeeds for the rising of the curtain. Then turn you to that group of fine young men who have two copies of the play amongst them, which they snatch one from another to point out the passages towards which each man directs the battery of his criticism: Why, sir, that alone is worth more than your three and sixpence. Pope, Warburton, Steevens, Malone, Johnson, Schlegel, never said any thing half so original as you may hear now. We could write six chapters upon the advantages of going to the pit, and still leave room for six more chapters of good matter to be written upon the same subject; but for the reason of ourself being present there, let this suffice. We found ourself, at half past six of the clock, standing with our hands in our pockets gazing up at Mr Cadell's shop in the Strand, which we never pass without a mingling of pleasure and of awe —that shop! how plain its outside—how modest, how unaspiring—simple as that of a Quaker, with its few grey-covered books in the windows; and yet from thence cometh forth Maga upon the metropolis of Great Britain! So springeth forth the Eagle from its nest beneath the old grey stone that juts out in the face of the mountain. So leapeth out the Lion from his sandy cave, where through the livelong day he sleeps quiet and unnoticed as the earth on which he lies. So darteth forth the whale, swiftest of God's creatures, when, roused from its slumber on the surface of the waters, it shoots away, shaking the deep. But there we stood, wrapt in meditation, when a little urchin thrusting a play-bill upon us, which we, mechanically as it were, received out of his hands, awakened us from our reverie by his pertinacious demand for a penny. That instant we resolved to go to the play, and in the same instant we discovered that we had in our pockets precisely five shillings, besides coppers.—We trust we have made out a sufficient case to excuse our going to the pit.

We were hardly seated, when the huge house was full; and no wonder that it should be so,—the play was to be Hamlet, the most exquisite of plays, and the Prince was to be enacted by Young—of our time—the most admirable of players.—How wretchedly inadequate do we find words to be, when we wish to convey our ideas respecting such a play as Hamlet, and such a genius as conceived it!—that unutterably glorious genius! permitted for a while to walk this lower world, and, departing, to leave behind it a track of light that shall glow for ever, illuminating the souls of men! It was a curious thing to meditate upon the two characters, drawn by this mighty master, which were this night presented at the same instant to the audiences of the two great theatres. Here they had chosen Hamlet,—at Covent Garden, Jacques. How like are the general

outlines of these characters, yet how different their effect!—how exquisite the discrimination which separates them! Both are melancholy,—both meditative—both philosophical—both inclined, in bitterness of soul, to satirize mankind,—yet do they no more resemble each other than two countenances of different expression, but of which the noble and beautiful features are the same. Hamlet is our favourite. The deep, soft melancholy that breathes around the character,—the starts of energy,—the sarcasm, which has nothing hard or sharp in it, —the wit that flashes out like the flickering meteor, when it shoots athwart the darkened welkin, leaving the succeeding murkiness more dread and sombre,—the philosophy that soars upon the wings of poetry, and then, sorrowfully drooping, would "inquire too curiously" concerning things unsearchable. These, and a thousand other things, if we had imagination to describe, or words to utter them, give Hamlet the first place in our affection of all dramatic heroes.

Courteous reader, thy pardon; we brought thee to see the play, and here we keep thee, most unreasonably, with the huge green curtain only before thine eyes, while we lecture upon a subject, which has been so often and so ably lectured upon before. But, hark! there goes the prompter's little bell,—up goes the curtain,—and there stands before us the whole vocal company—"the old familiar faces"—dressed in their very finest, and ready to welcome us with a stave of "God save the King,"—a song ever welcome, and ever may it be welcome to a British audience!—Bless us! what a clattering of smiting palms! We clapped our hands ourself, old fool as we are, like the very youngest of them; and uproariously encored the song, which was as badly sung as it could well be. With delight we encored it, and with yet more delight did we peruse the vexation of the Times newspaper the next morning, that an encore should have been given to such singing. We have no doubt, the unhappy man who "did Drury" that evening for the "leading journal of Europe," gnawed his nails to the very quick before he went to bed, and we wish him much joy upon the occasion. The miserable creature did not know, because he could not feel, that it was the song and not the singing which called forth the loud and hearty encore; and that if the hoarsest ballad-singer from Saint Giles's had roared out *that* song, or even if he himself had brayed it from his beer-bemoistened throat, it would have been encored with enthusiasm.

And now they have made their bows and curtseys, and are gone,—the curtain falls, and rises again, and Shakspeare's tragedy is begun. Generally, one would as soon skip the first scene, but not so to-night; for Horatio's speech to the Ghost was extremely well delivered by a Mr Aitken, who was new to us Londoners, but who is not so to the stage, or, as we have heard, to the dwellers in the city of Maga.

Scene second brought us, as usual, the flourish of drums and trumpets, and the splendid entrée of the court of Denmark, closed by the melancholy Prince, clad in his "inky cloak." Not for many a day have the walls of Drury echoed to a burst of applause so loud and long as that which greeted Young on his appearance;—if hearty applause be pleasure to an actor, he must have been a happy man.

Young is acknowledged to be the greatest Hamlet of his time. His appearance is now something too old for the character; and, in looking at his figure, one could wish that he were rather less lusty in his waist and limbs, and that he carried his head "nearer to heaven by the altitude of a chopine;"—but here the subject of defects must have an end—all the rest is wellnigh faultless. He has the finest voice we ever heard, round, and full, and mellow as the deep tones of a musical instrument. Yet it is very capable of the energy of the fiercest storms of passion; and, whether roused to threaten and command, or modulated to the gentlest tones of love or grief, it harmonizes admirably with the sentiment which it conveys. Who that has once heard it can ever forget the deep, soft, sad tones with which he commences the beautiful soliloquy upon his own unhappiness, and his mother's guilty marriage?—these tones

> So musical—so melancholy,—

and then, how they are altered to the accents of bitterest anguish, as the passions of grief and indignation gain upon him,—

> "—— O God! O God!
> How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
> Seem to me all the uses of this world;"

was delivered with such voice and action, as to convey the most vivid impression of mental misery, that it is possible to experience or conceive. We could with pleasure follow him through all the scenes of this play, dwelling upon the excellencies of his performance; or if, for the sake of holding to the old vocation of critics, we should find a little fault, it would be that he sometimes threw more force and rough energy into certain passages than the sentiment demanded, or than became the character of the gentle Hamlet. A softened melancholy should, in our humble opinion, be the pervading quality of the performance of this character, and that which made Kean's performance of it so detestable, was the strutting and stamping, and roaring, with which he outraged its beautiful solemnity. Hamlet is only passionate for brief starts.

— " A while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping."

Of Young's performance this night, perhaps the very best part was the closet scene with the Queen, and the worst was his discourse with Horatio at the grave of Ophelia; the latter was deficient in conversational ease of delivery.

Miss Kelly—*The* Miss Kelly, as some newspaper very properly calls her—played Ophelia. We would give a thousand pounds (if we had it to give) to make this lady beautiful; and indeed we are rather angry with Dame Nature, that when she bestowed every thing else upon her, she should have left out this trifle, which would have thrown a dazzling splendour upon all the rest. Miss Kelly's Ophelia is an inimitable performance: it is the very perfection of art to imitate natural simplicity, that sweet, delicate, touching simplicity, in the delineation of which our Shakspeare does, more than in any thing else, seem to have called a spirit from heaven to guide his pen. It is an exceedingly delicious thing to listen to Miss Kelly's *articulation* of Shakspeare's blank verse—it is soft and clear as a silver bell, and only to be surpassed by her singing of such wild distracted snatches of melody as Ophelia pours forth in her madness. Good, gentle reader, did you hear her? If not, I have but small chance of conveying to you any thing like a conception of those soft, wild notes, sung in a minor key, and dying gently away into silence. I know nothing to compare it to, except the sighing of the low wind of an autumnal evening through the strings of an Eolian harp.

Our grave-digger was played by Mr Harley, a merry grimacing gentleman, who ought to be allowed to stay at home, whenever Shakspeare is to be performed. He has manifestly no conception of poetry. Shakspeare's grave-digger, when he propounds his merry riddle to his companion, which his companion cannot answer, says to him,—" Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating." The which we have always thought a right merry and ingenious conceit. Mr Harley said, "*puzzle* thy brains," and made nonsense of the passage. If the text had been " d'ye give it up?" it would have been much more appropriate and intelligible to him.

Our friend Terry, who played Polonius, and afterwards endeavoured to play Simpson in the farce, was evidently extremely ill, which we were very sorry to see, both on his account and on our own. Towards the conclusion of the evening, he could hardly speak; and the newspaper people, who most absurdly get perched up in the boxes near the roof, from which it is impossible to see any thing accurately on the stage, told the public the next morning that he played ill, without hinting at the cause, which, had they been near the stage, they must have perceived.

The consequence of Terry's indisposition was, that the farce of Simpson and Co., which is one of the very best that modern skill has produced, went off very flatly; yet one couldn't go away, because Miss E. Tree looked so bewitchingly handsome, and played her part with so much gaiety and naturalness, that even I, whom fifty years, and the rheumatism, have made passing indifferent to such attractions, could not take away my eyes while they were to be seen.

But at last the evening came to an end, and so does this article.

X.

Westminster, 3d Oct. 1823.

THE GOODE MANNE OF ALLOWA.

Ane most strainge and treuthfulle Ballande,

MADE BE MR HOUGGE.

Did you never heire of ane queere ould manne,
 Ane verry strainge manne wals hee,
Quha dwallit on the bonnye bankes of Forthe,
 In ane towne full deire to mee?

But if all bee true als I herit telle,
 And als I shall telle to the,
There wals neuir soche ane thyng befelle
 To a man in this countrye.

One daye hee satte on ane lonely brae,
 And sorely he maide his mone,
For his yuthfulle days had passit awaye,
 And ronkilit aige came on;

And hee thoughte of the lychtsome dayis of lufe,
 And joifulle happy soulis,
Quhille the teris ran ower the oulde manis chekis,
 And downe on his button holis.

" Ochone, ochone," quod the poore oulde manne!
 " Quhare shall I goe laye myne heide?
For I am wearie of this worlde,
 And I wish that I were deide;

" That I were deide, and in myne graif,
 Quhare caris colde not annoye,
And myne soule saiflye in ane lande
 Of ryches and of joie.

" Yet wolde I lyke ane cozye bedde
 To meite the strok of deth,
With ane holie sawme sung ower myne heide,
 And swoofit with my last brethe;

" With ane kynde hande to close myne een,
 And shedde ane teire for mee;
But, alaike, for povertye and eilde,
 Sickan joies I can neuir se!

" For though I haif toylit these seuentye yeris,
 Waisting bothe blode and bone,
Stryffing for rychis als for lyffe,
 Yet rychis I haif none.

" For though I sezit them be the taylle,
 With proude and joifulle mynde,
Yet did theye taike them wyngis and flye,
 And leive mee there behynde.

" They left me there to rante and raire,
 Mockying myne raifing tung,
Though skraighing lyke ane gainder gose,
 That is refit of his yung.

" Och! woe is mee, for all myne toylle,
And all myne deire-boughte gainis,
Yet most I die ane cauldryffe dethe,
In pouertye and painis!

" Och! where are all myne ryches gone,
Where, or to what countrye?
There is golde enough into this worlde,
But none of it made for mee.

" Yet Provydence wals sore misledde,
Myne ryches to destroye,
Else many a poore and vertuous herte
Sholde haif had cause of joie."

Then the poore aulde manne layit down his heide,
And rairit for verye greef,
And striekit out his lymbis to die;
For he knowit of no relief.

But bye there came ane lovely dame,
Upon ane palfraye graye,
And sho listenit unto the auld mannis tale,
And all he had to saye

Of all his grefis, and sore regraitte
For thyngis that him befelle,
And because he colde not feide the poore,
Which thyng he lofit so welle.

" It is greate pity," quod the daime,
" That one so verie kynde,
So fulle of cherityis and lofe,
And of such vertuous mynde,

" Sholde lie and perish on ane brae
Of pouvertye and eilde,
Without one singel hande to prufe
His solace and his sheelde."

Sho toke the oulde manne hir behynde
Upon hir palfreye graye,
And swifter nor the sothelande wynde
They scourit the velvet brae.

And the palfreyis taille behynde did saille
Ower locker and ower lee;
Quhille the teris stode in the oulde mann's eyne,
With swiftness and with glee.

For the comelye daime had promysit him
Of rychis mighty store,
That his kynde herte might haif fulle scope
For feeding of the poore.

" Now Graice me saife!" sayit the goode oulde manne;
" Quhare beris theyne brydel hande?
Art thou going to breake the Grenoke Banke?
Or the Bank of fair Scotlande?

" Myne conscience hardlye this maye bruike;
But on this you maye depende,
Quhateuir is giuen unto mee,
Is to ane rychteous ende."

"Keipe thou thyne seate," sayit the comelye daime,
"And conscience cleire and stenne;
There is plentye of golde in the seais boddam
To enryche ten thousand menne.

"Rydde on with mee, and thou shalt se
Quhat tressuris there do lie;
For I can gallop the emeralde waife,
And along its channelis, drie.

"If thou canst doo that," sayit the goode ould manne,
"Thou shalt ryde thy lane for mee;
For I can nouther soome, nor dyve,
Nor walke the raigyng se.

"For the salte water walde blynde myne eyne,
And what sholde I se there?
And buller buller downe myne throte;
Which thyng I colde not beare."

But awaye and awaye flewe the comlye daime
Ower moorelande and ower felle;
But whether they went northe or southe,
The aulde manne colde not telle.

And the palfreyis taille behynde did saille,
Ane comelye sychte to se,
Lyke littil wee comet of the daille
Gawn skimmeryng ower the le.

Quhan the aulde manne came to the salt se's brynke,
He quakit at the ocean faeme;
But the palfrey splashit into the saime,
Als it were its naityffe haeme.

"Now Chryste us saiffe!" cryit the goode oulde manne;
"Hath madnesse sezit thyne heide?
For wee shall sinke in the ocean waiffe,
And bluther quhille wee be deide."

But the palfrey dashit o'er the boundyng waiffe,
With snyfter and with stenne;
It wals fyrmer nor the fyrmest swairde
In all the Deffane glenne.

But the goode aulde manne he helde als dethe
Holdis by ane synneris taille,
Or als ane craiffan clyngis to lyffe,
Quhan dethe doth him assaille.

And the littil wee palfrey shotte awaye,
Lyke dragonis fyerie trainne,
And up the waiffe, and downe the waiffe,
Like meteor of the mainne.

And its stremyng taille behynde did saille
With shimmer and with sheine;
And quhanever it strak the maene of the waiffe,
The flashes of fyer were seine.

"Ochone! ochone!" saide the goode oulde manne,
"It is awsome to bee heire!
I feire these ryches for which I greine
Shall coste mee very deire.

"For wee are runnyng soche perylous raice
Als mortals nevir ranne;
And the deuil is in that littil beiste,
If euir he wals in manne."

"Hurraye! hurraye! myne bonnye graye!"
Cryit the Maydin of the Se:
"Ha! thou canst sweipe the emerant deipe
Swifter nor birde can fle.

"For thou wast bredde in ane coral bedde,
Benethe ane sylver sonne,
Quhare the brode daylichte, or the mone by nychte,
Colde neuir neuir wonne;

"Quhare the burdlye whayle colde neuir sayle,
Nor the laizy walrosse rowe;
And the littil wee thyng that gaife the socke,
Wals ane thyng of the caiffis belowe.

"And thou shalt rome till the laste sonne
Synke ower the westlande hille;
And thou shalt rydde the ocean tydde,
Till all its waiffis lie stille.

"Awaye! awaye! myne bonnye graye!
Quhare billowis rocke the deide,
And quhare the rychest pryze lyes lowe
In all the ocean's bedde."

The palfrey scraipit with his fote,
And snorkyt feirsumlye;
Then lokit ower his left sholder,
To se quhat he colde se.

And als evir you sawe ane moudiwort
Bore into ane foggye le,
So did this littil deuilish beiste
Dive downe into the se.

The goode oulde manne he gaif ane raire
Als loude als hee colde straine:
But the wateris closit abone his heide,
And downe he went amaine.

But hee nouther blutherit with his braith,
Nor gaspit with his ganne,
And not one drop of salt watere
Adowne his throppil ranne.

But he rode als faire, and he rode als fre,
Als if all swaithit and furlit
In Mackintoshis patent wairre,
The merval of this worlde.

At length they caime to ane gallante shyppe,
In the channellis of the se,
That lenit hir sholder to ane rocke,
With hir mastis full sore aglee.

And there laye many a gallante manne,
Rockit by the mofyng mainne;
And soundlye soundlye did they sleipe,
Nevir to waike againne.

The shippis mighte sayle, and friendis mighte wayle
On mairgen of the se,
But newis of them theye walde nevir heire
Till the dayis of eternitye;

For it wals plaine, als plaine colde bee,
From all theye saw arounde,
That the shippe had gone downe to the deipe
Without one warnyng sounde—

Without one prayer pourit to heuin—
Without one pairtyng sighe,
Lyke se-burde sailling on the waiffe,
That dyves wee knowe not whye.

It wals ane wofulle sighte to se,
In bowellis of the deepe,
Loferis and lemanis lying claspit
In everlasting sleipe.

So caulmlye theye laye on their glittye beddis,
And in their hammockis swung,
And the billowis rockit their drouzye formis,
And ower their creddilis sung.

And there wals laide ane royall maide,
Als caulme as if in heuin,
Who hald thre golde ryngis on eiche fyngir,
On hir mydde fyngir seuin.

And sho hald jewillis in hir eiris,
And braicelettis braif to se;
The golde that wals arounde hir heid,
Wold haif boughte erldomis thre.

Then the goode oulde manne pullit out his knyffe,
It wals both sharpe and cleire,
And he cut off the maydenis fyngeris small,
And the jewellis from ilkan eire.

" O shaime, O shaime!" sayit the comelye daime,
" Wo worth thyne rothlesse hande!
How daurest thou mangil ane royall corpse,
Once flower of many a lande?

" And all for the saike of trynkets vaine,
Mid soche ane storre als this."
" Ohone, alaike!" quod the goode aulde manne,
" You judge fulle fare amiss;

" It is better they feide the rychteousse poore,
That on their God depende,
Than to lye slobberyng in the deipe
For nouther use nor ende,

" Unlesse to graice ane partanis lymbe
With costlye, shyning orre,
Or decke ane lobsteris burlye snoutte,—
Ane beeste whiche I abhorre!"

Then the Se Maide smyllit ane doubtfulle smylle,
And sayit, with liftit ee,—
" Fulle many a rychteousse manne I haif seine;
But neuir a one lyke the!

"But thou shalt haif thyne hertis desyre,
In feidyng the uprychte;
And all the goode shalle blisse the daye
That first thou saw the lycht."

Then sho loaded him with gemis and golde,
On channel of the maine;
Yet the goode manne wals not contente,
But turnit him backe againe.

And eviry handfulle he put in,
Hee sayit rycht wistfullye,
"Och, this will ane wholle fortune profe
For ane poore familye."

And he neifuit in, and he neifuit in,
And neuir colde refraine,
Quhille the littil wee horse he colde not mofe,
Nor mount the waife againe;

But he snorkit with his littil nose,
Till he made the se rockis ryng,
And waggit his taille acrosse the waiffe
With many an angry swyng.

"Come awaye, come awaye, myne littil bonnye grave,
Thynke of the goode before;
There is als moch golde upon thyne backe
Als will feide ten thousande poore."

Then the littil wee horse he strauchlit on,
Through darkling scenis sublyme—
Ower sholis, and stonis, and deide mennis bonis;
But the waiffe he colde not clymbe.

But along, along, he sped along
The floris of the sylente se,
With a worlde of wateris ower his heide,
And grofis of the coral tre.

And the tydde streime flowit, and the billowis rowit
Ane hundred faddomis high;
And the lychte that lychted the floris below
Semit from some oder skie;

For it stremit and tremblit on its waye
Of bemis and splendour shorne,
And flowit with an awful holynesse
Als on ane journeye borne.

Till at length they saw the gloryous sonne,
Far in the weste that glowit,
Flashyng like fyer-flaughts up and downe
With every waiffe that rowit.

Then the oulde manne laughit ane hertsome laughe,
And ane hertsome laughe laugh'd he,
To se the sonne in soche ane trymme
Dauncyng so fooriouslye.

For he thought the angelis of the evin
Had taken the blissit sonne,
To tosse in the blue blankit of heuin,
To make them gloryous fonne.

But at length the Maye, and her palfreye graye,
  And the goode ould manne besyde,
Set their thre hedis abone the waiffe,
  And came in with the flowyng tydde.

Then all the folkis on the shoris of Fyffe
  Ane terrour flychte beganne,
And the borghesse men of oulde Kilrose
  They lefte their hamis and ranne.

For they kend the Se Maydis glossy ee,
  Lyke the blue of hevin that shone;
And the littil wee horse of the coral caiffe,
  That nouther had blode nor bone.

And they sayit quhan sho came unto their coaste,
  Sho neuir came there for goode,
But wairnyng to giffe of stormis and wrackis,
  And the sheddyng of chrystian bloode.

Alaik for the goode men of Kilrose,
  For their wyttis were neuir ryffe!
For now sho came with ane myghtie store,
  For the saifyng of poore mennis lyffe.

Quhan the littil wee horse he found his foote
  On the fyrme grounde and the drie,
He shoke his maene, and gaife ane grane,
  And threwe his helis on hie,

Quhille the golde playit jyngille on the shore,
  That eisit him of his paine;
Then he turnit and kickit it quhare it laye,
  In very great disdaine.

And he hatte the oulde manne rychte behynde
  With soche unspairyng mychte,
That he made him jompe seuin ellis and more,
  And on his face to lychte.

"Now, wo bee to the for ane wicked beiste!
  For since euir thyne liffe beganne,
I neuir sawe the lift thyne fote
  Againste ane rychteousse manne.

"But fare thee welle, thou goode oulde manne,
  Thyne promysse keip in mynde;
Let this greate welthe I haif giuen to the
  Be a blessing to thy kynde.

"So as thou stryffe so shalt thou thryffe,
  And bee it understoode
That I moste vyssit the againe,
  For evil or for goode."

Then the bonnye Maye sho rode her waye
  Along the se-waiffe greine,
And awaye and awaye on her palfreye graye,
  Lyke the oceanis comelye Queene.

Als sho farit up the Firthe of Forthe
  The fysches fledde all before,
And ane thousande coddis and haldockis braif
  Ranne swatteryng richte ashore.

Ane hundred and threttye bordlye whailis
Went snoryng up the tydde,
And wyde on Allowais fertylle holmis
The gallopit ashore and died.*

But it greifith myne herte to telle to you,
What I neuir haif tould before,
Of that manne so rychteousse and so goode,
So long als he wals poore.

But quhaneuir he gotte more store of golde
Than euir his wyttis coulde telle,
He neuir wolde giffe ane mite for goode,
Nouther for heuin nor helle.

But he broded ower that mychtie store
With sordyd herte of synne,
And the housselesse wychte, or the poore by nychte,
His gate wanne neuir withynne.

And the last accountis I had of him
Are verye strainge to telle:
He wals seene with the Maye and the palfrey graye
Rydding feircelye out through helle.

For the Mynister of Allowa he wals there,
With some of his freinds in towe,
Puttyng them up in that cozey hame,
Quhair hee toulde them they sholde goe.

And the Mynister knowis the place full welle,
And greate delychte hath hee
For to descryve it out and in,
In patente geographye.

And hee sayit hee sawe the poore oulde manne,
With the Maiden of the Se,
Boundyng awaye to the hottest place
Of all that hotte countrye.

And aye she cryit, "Hurraye, hurraye!
Make roome for mee and myne!
I bryng you the Manne of Allowaye
To his poonyshmente condyne.

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* As this is likely to be the only part of my *Treuthfulle Ballande* the veracity of which may be disputed, I assure the reader that it is a literal fact; and that, with one tide in the month of March, one year lately, there were no fewer than 130 whales left ashore in the vicinity of Alloa. The men of Alloa called them young ones; but to me they appeared to have been immense fishes. Their skeletons at a distance were like those of large horses. There were two old ones ran up as far as the mill-dam of Cambus, on the Devon, where the retreating tide left them, and where, after a day's severe exercise and excellent sport to a great multitude, they were both slain, alongst with a young one, which one of the old ones used every effort to defend, and when she saw it attacked she bellowed most fearfully. But, moreover, on testifying my wonder one day to the men of Cambus why the whales should all have betaken them to the dry land, I was answered by a sly fellow, "that a mermaid had been seen driving them up the Frith, which had frighted them so much, it had putt them all out of their judgments."

J. H

"His Maker tryit him in the fyre,
To make his herte contrytte;
But, quhan he gat his hertis desyre,
He profit ane hyppocrytte."

And quhan the Mynister hee came hame,
Hee hearit with wonderyng mynd,
That the myser had gane, and left this workle
And his ryches alle behynde.

Then all you poore and contrytte ones,
In deipe afflictiounis hurled,
O, neuir grieue or vex your hertis
For the ryches of this worlde;

For they bring nouther helthe nor pece
Unto thy spyritis frame;
And there is ane tressure better farre,
Which mynstrelle daris not name.

Hast thou not herit ane oulden saye,
By one who colde not lee?—
It is somethyng of ane greate bygge beiste
Ganging through ane nedilis ee.

Then thynke of that, and bee contente;
For lyffe is but ane daye,
And the nychte of dethe is gatheryng faste
To close upon your waye.

I haif ane prayer I ofte haif prayit,
And ofte wolde praye it againe—
Maye the beste blessyngs heuin can giffe
On Allowa long remaine!

I neuir aske ane blessynge meite,
Outher on kythe or kynne,
But the kynde hertis of Allowa
That asking comis withynne.

Then maye thaye lairne, from their Shepherdis taile,
To truste in Heuin alone,
And they'll neuir be mette by their Mynister
In soche ane place als yonne.

Mount Benger,
10*th October* 1828.

SHAKSPEARE A TORY, AND A GENTLEMAN.

SHAKSPEARE was a Tory. Not that he had place or pension—(I am afraid, had he possessed either, he would not have written or blotted a line)—not that he had a great stake in the country, or was particularly interested in "vested interests"—not that he was a fellow with an "epileptic visage," a "superserviceable knave," a "coward in soul," that hated liberty because he was morally incapable of enjoying it;—neither these nor any other of the despicable reasons which induce so many miserables to call themselves Tories, had, nor could have, any influence over a mind like "the gentle Willy's."* Yet it cannot be doubted that he was a Tory—as kindly, as sincerely, as decisively, as Christopher North himself. It would be no difficult matter to prove this by quotations from his dramas, if sentiments uttered by dramatic characters could be fairly imputed to a dramatic poet; but, in truth, Shakspeare's characters are never tasked to utter his private opinions. His *dramatis personæ* are *bona fide* persons—not speaking masks. He used not the privilege of the stage to catch the popular sympathies for his own peculiar likes or dislikes.

It is not by multiplying citations, (an easy device to fill a sheet, and shame one's own invention,) but by a comprehensive view of the informing spirit, the final scope and tendency of his works, that we can ascertain the actual direction of his mind. Now it

* *Gentle Willy.*] The following lines, describing the irreverend familiarity with which the baptismal appellatives of Shakspeare's contemporaries were "curtail'd of their fair proportion," occur where we scarcely should have looked for them—in Heywood's "Hierarchie of Angels." The good old man has contrived to introduce the poets among the dominations.

> "Greene, who had in both Academies tane
> Degree of master, yet could never gain
> To be called more than Robin, who, had he
> Profess'd ought save the Muse, served, and been free
> After a seven years' prenticeship, might have
> (With credit too) gone Robert to his grave.
> Marlow, renown'd for his rare art and wit,
> Could ne'er attaine beyond the name of Kit;
> Although his Hero and Leander did
> Merit addition rather. Famous Kid
> Was called but Tom. Tom Watson, though he wrote
> Able to make Apollo's self to dote
> Upon his muse, for all that he could strive,
> Yet never could to his full name arrive.
> Tom Nash (in his time of no small esteem)
> Could not a second syllable redeem.
> Excellent Beaumont, in the foremost rank
> Of rarest wits, was never more than Frank.
> Mellifluous Shakspeare, whose enchanting quill
> Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
> And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
> Be dipp'd in Castaly, is still but Ben.
> Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
> None of the meanest, yet neither was but Jack.
> Decker's but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,
> And he's now but Jack Ford, that once were John."

Heywood has been called a Prose Shakspeare for his dramas, which are indeed touching pictures of plain, homely, fireside feelings, that make us more intimately acquainted with the middle life and practical morals of our ancestors, than the more intellectual productions of his compeers can possibly do. I am afraid his "Hierarchie of Angels" will scarce entitle him to be called a Prose Milton; yet it is sufficiently curious to merit preservation, not only for the number of mysterious dogmata, strange tales, and stranger comments, which it contains, but for the grave simplicity, the matter-of-fact palpability of faith, which it discloses. Heywood treats of thrones, virtues, principalities, and powers, as if their rank and precedence were as well known and as regularly marshalled as that of dukes, marquisses, city knights, and country squires, at a coronation. He gravely settles the month of the year, and day of the month, on which the Creation was begun and finished, and determines how long Satan and the rest of the heavenly minority remained in administration.

will be granted on all hands, that his works prove him to have been a thorough Gentleman, and profoundly acquainted with Human Nature—*ergo* with the British Constitution; and from these premises all Tories will conclude that he must have been a Tory—and whom else should one dream of convincing?

First, He was a Gentleman—a term very vaguely applied and indistinctly understood. There are Gentlemen by birth, Gentlemen by education, Gentlemen's Gentlemen, Gentlemen of the Press, Gentlemen Pensioners, Gentlemen whom nobody thinks it worth while to call otherwise, *Honourable* Gentlemen, Walking Gentlemen of strolling companies, Light-fingered Gentlemen, &c. &c., very respectable Gentlemen, and God Almighty's Gentlemen. I purpose to dilate only on the two last varieties.

Among the numerous tribes of Gentlemen that are not Gentlemen, ἐλεύθεροι ἀνελεύθεροί, the *very respectable* Gentleman unquestionably holds the most respectable place. He is, indeed he must be, a very creditable, responsible, worthy, good sort of a man. He can hear the Decalogue and feel no self-reproach. He does not suspect the clergyman of personal applications at the mention of "all other deadly sin." He is perfectly admissible to the best tables. He offends against no formal law of honour. He conforms scrupulously to the ritual of etiquette. His speech and demeanour smack not of school or Change; for aught that we can tell, he is perfectly gentleman*like;* and yet he is not a Gentleman. He might fill a pulpit respectably, take the chair whenever it was vacant, adorn the bar, the bench, the senate, or the throne; and yet he is no Gentleman. The fault is not in himself, nor in his pedigree, nor in his understanding, nor in his breeding, nor in his politics, nor in his religion, but in his nature. He may be a ministerialist, a royalist, a loyalist, a constitutionalist, a church and king man, a Pittite, an Orangeman, an ultra—still he is not half a Tory, and no corpuscle of a Gentleman. It is not a choice assortment of loyal toasts and sentiments, a quotidian ague of loyal apprehensions, a paternal tenderness for the public credit, a superstitious horror of innovation, a sneer at the "march of intellect," a signature to a "hole and corner" petition—far less brutality, bigotry, or contempt of any living creature—that can make a real Tory; neither can a solvent purse, a clear reputation, and a competent drilling in the discipline of polished life, accomplish a real Gentleman.

Your very respectable *gentlemanly* man succeeds very well so long as he is quite correct and well with the world —so long as he preserves his gravity, keeps perfectly sober, out of love, and out of debt. But a sudden spring of laughter, a drappie in his ee, a touch in the heart or on the shoulder, dissolves the illusion at once, and leaves him worse than nothing—for he is too like a Gentleman to appear well in any other capacity. He should never receive or confer a kindness—for he lacks alike the dignity of gratitude and the grace of generosity. He should converse little with inferiors or superiors, for he knows not the mean betwixt an incommunicable distance and an infectious familiarity. He should not pay compliments to the ladies, much less pretend to be satirical on the sex; and should utterly abjure waltzing; indeed, he ought not to dance at all—for if he dances well, he looks like a parish-clerk transmogrified into a dancing-master; and if he dances badly, he puts out his partner, and tires her with apologies, and looks so ludicrously serious, so elaborately easy, and so pitiably gay, so very like bad prose staggering into worse metre, that one cannot find in one's heart to laugh at him. It is a high reach of gentility to do any thing ill with a grace; and no Gentleman does any thing *too* well. He may be allowed to ride for health or convenience; but then he must keep the broad highway,—from which he ought on no concernment to diverge,—not begrudge a penny to the ragged children at the gates, confine himself strictly to the prose department of the equestrian art, sit solidly on his saddle, choose a staid, sober, elderly pad, never think of passing for a cavalry officer, and try no fancies, or I will not answer for the consequences. If he has not a firm seat, let him walk, or hire a chaise. We have all heard of horse-laughs; but a horse-sneer to a dismounted cavalier—*Experto crede.*

Of course he must never romp, play at blindman's-buff, or hunt-the-slipper, snatch kisses from the girls at forfeits, make bad puns, (or good ones

either, for a professional punster is *low company* for Dusty Bob, and whatever your Respectable does, has the professional drag with it,) spout Romeo, fall on his knee, (except when he says his prayers,) black his face with a cork, or tell incomprehensible lies, to arch the finely-pencilled brows and expand the full welkin eyes of wondering maidens. He should be cautious how he trusts the frail bark of his pretensions to the gusty breeze of laughter, or the shallow flood of tears. Tears seldom become a man, unless they come unbidden strangers to his eyes. A full-grown blubberer, with great greenish-grey goggles, swimming in his own pathos, like half-cold calf's-foot jelly, soaked in his drizzling tenderness for his own dear self, makes one ashamed of humanity. But the Respectable is seldom lachrymose; his most ambitious sorrow seldom reaches higher than his jaws, which become unusually flaccid, and give passage, with a lamentable droop of the lower mandible, to a few interjections, not quite matured to oaths, snuffled out in a tone compounded of groan, grunt, whiffle, and grumble. Neither is he often risible, unless he be a young parson, who thinks it necessary to wear a never-ending still-beginning smile. But if once the *vis inertiæ* be overcome, happy are they who were born where nerves are unknown. The winding-up of a crazy church-clock, the hysterics of a "mastive bitch," the lamentations of a patient in hydrophobia, the Christmas psalmody of a coughing congregation—what are they to

> "The long dry sea-saw of his horrible bray?"

I am far from agreeing with certain pious Fathers, who attributed all extempore laughter to the agency of evil spirits—neither do I give credit to those fanciful old Zoologists, who speak of the "laughing hyena." I am even sceptical as to the marvellous properties ascribed to the Sardinian herb, though the story, and the metaphor borrowed from it, are as old as the Odyssey. I do not, therefore, ascribe this monstrous cachinnation, of which we treat, either to demoniacal possession, or to force of simples—nor do I call it bestial; only it is vastly disagreeable. It is nothing like that good honest confiding guffaw, which warms the heart if it grate upon the ear; and if it be not very genteel, is as good, or better. It is not morally offensive, like the sneer of an apathetic coxcomb, or the hard, coarse, overbearing burst of a bully. It is something less idiotic than a snigger, heartier than a titter, manlier than a simper, and far honester than a *glaivering smile,* which last Fielding, no bad judge of such matters, pronounces to be an infallible sign of a rogue. But it is a mere mechanical convulsion of leathern lungs, uninformed by imagination or feeling. It has a base-metal clink with it, which sadly belies the exterior plating of gentility.

In one sentence, the equivocal Gentleman must always keep his dignity, for his dignity will not keep him. We have no objection to meet him at a dress party, or at the quarter sessions, nor to read his articles in the Edinburgh, the Quarterly, or the British Critic; but we request not his contributions for Maga, nor will Mr North send him a general invitation to the Noctes.

Now, a God Almighty's Gentleman may do just as he pleases, subject to no restrictions but those of honour, virtue, and religion. Wherever nature leads, let him follow, fearless and free. He needs not to freeze his features in unmeaning gravity, or bring on wrinkles with laborious mirth. His home is everywhere; "a pilgrim bold in nature's care," he may mingle unblamed in the frolics of children, and the holiday sports of rustics; he may join in the half-suppressed, and still ebullient laughter of misses in their teens—listen *perdu* to their audible whispers—filch their secrets—cheat at the loo table—draw characters on Twelfth Night—make young hearts merry with old-world follies—grace the dance, or turn it to confusion—sing to any tune or none—utter paradoxes like a metaphysician, and pun as vilely as a Cabalistic divine; or, if the fit be on him, he may be absent, mute, meditative, in the midst of mirth. "Melancholy and gentlemanlike," was an old association, nor is its meaning antiquated yet. But then, gentlemanlike melancholy is never obtrusive—gentlemanly silence does not put a stop to conversation. In his stiller moods, the Gentleman's presence is scarce marked, or only felt as the murmuring of a distant stream, whereof we are only conscious by the

calm feeling with which it tempers gaiety.

The Gentleman may write what he will, tragedy, comedy, farce, satire, panegyric, amatory sonnets, or laureate odes. It is not necessary that he should write all or any of these styles well. He may, if he chooses, write very badly; we will not promise not to laugh at him—but we shall never blush for him. His distinguishing excellence is generally in satire and panegyric,—for his sarcasms mangle not—if they wound, it is not mortally—his flattery is a perfume light as air—he may be of any trade or profession, for his occupation never imbues his soul. It is an instrument which he uses—no part of himself. It is needless to say that true Gentility cannot exist in a mean, a gross, or a malignant nature. But it is a good angel that is very loth to quit its charge. Hard it were to determine through what oblique, what dark and miry paths the gentle spirit will accompany an erring and bewildered favourite. There are some natures so intrinsically noble, so perseveringly pure and beautiful, that even their own act and will cannot utterly degrade or defile them. They cannot be "less than archangels ruined." But these are painful spectacles in their penal humiliation to be viewed with other thoughts, than such as rise at sight of a "garden flower run wild."

So little is recorded of Shakspeare's personal history, and so much of that little is of dubious credit, (for relics and anecdotes illustrate the general principle, that demand creates supply, and fraud is always at hand to cater for curiosity,) that it may seem presumptuous to say more of him, than his writings, the bright and express image of his genius will vouch for. Now of all writers (except Homer) he is the least of an egotist. Among all his numerous characters, there is none of which we can say—this is himself. He nowhere appears to paint his own virtues or to apologize for his own frailties; nor do his imaginations appear to be coloured by the passages of his individual life. His "Sonnets," which Stevens (bless his five wits!) talks of compelling people to read by act of parliament, are the only compositions in which he uses the first person; and these, though they often pathetically touch upon his private circumstances, are too obscure to afford even a plausible ground for conjecture. They shew the profundity of his thoughts, his natural tendency toward metaphysical introversion and involution, which the necessity of composing for a mixt audience happily tempered in his dramas,—the half-playful, half-melancholy tenderness of his affections; and, more than all, the noble modesty, which led him to esteem lightly all that he produced, in comparison, not with the works of others, but with the perfect model of his idea, which he generously hoped that succeeding bards might realize.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
  When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shall, by Fortune, once more resurvey
  These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
  And though they be outstript by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
  Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
  Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
  To march in ranks of better equipage;
But since he died, and poets better prove,
  Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

Sonnet 32.

Yet is this humble estimation of himself so stoutly upborne by the high reverence of his art, and the glad consciousness of undying power, that he fears not to foretell his own immortality.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
  Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
  And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometimes too hot the eye of Heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every Fair from fair sometimes declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd.
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
Nor shall Death brag, thou wanderest in his shade,
While in eternal lines to time thou growest;
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet 18.

Though I, once gone, to all the world must die,
The earth can yield me but a common grave;
When you, entombed in men's eyes shall lie,
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er read,
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead.

Sonnet 81.

Alas! the greatest poets are but indifferent prophets after all, and often fail in securing the immortality of their subjects, even while they achieve their own. It is unknown to whom these sonnets were addressed, whether he were a real or an imaginary person. As little information can be derived from them, as to the author's worldly circumstances, habits of life, recreations, studies, politics, or religion. They display, indeed, a softness of disposition, a courtesy, a fine affectionate sense of the beautiful, which could scarce have belonged to a malcontent or a puritan. As far as they go, they prove Shakspeare to have been a Gentleman, and that too in some very critical points. It is hard to praise another with a manly grace, still harder to praise one's self—but to dispraise one's self in a becoming manner, is hardest of all. Puritans of all denominations are much addicted to confession and contrition. Every man of them, if you will believe him, is the chief of sinners; but then their self-abasement is always meant to degrade human nature, which is not a gentlemanlike propensity. But Shakspeare's self-condemnation ennobles his nature—it is a sorrowful perception of disproportion betwixt his actual state and the desired excellence which he imagines to exist in another—an apprehension lest the soiling contact of his earthly course should infect his better part, and taint his lasting name.

One thing is evident, if he was a Gentleman at all, he must have been so by Nature's own patent and sign manual. He had little opportunity of learning to be genteel till *he* was too old to learn. His birth was humble, his education scanty and imperfect,—his early companions unlettered, rude, and riotous. And if the imprudence of his youth and its consequences drove him into the purlieus of lofty rank, and courtly splendour—if he lived to play before a maiden queen, and to be patronized by a high-minded peer; such intercourse with power and grandeur is a searching test, a touch-stone that proves, not improves, the intrinsic quality of the ore.

But can it be doubted that Shakspeare, the man Shakspeare, was in heart and soul, in speech and action, in hue and lineament, gait and gesture, a Gentleman of God Almighty's own, undebased by proximity of baseness; unstained even when he fell, and vigorous as a young eagle in his rising?

He bears no token of the sabler streams,
But soars far off among the swans of Thames.

If his portraits may be trusted, he had a most gentlemanlike visage; and that is no small matter. I think the bust at Stratford upon Avon bears the strongest marks of resemblance. What could possess Malone to turn it into a whited sepulchre? Nothing but that merciless lust of emendation, which is the Alastor of commentators. But neither Malone, nor Hanmer, nor Warburton himself, with all his perverse ingenuity, not even Bentley, had he treated Shakspeare as unceremoniously as he did Milton's hypothetical editor, could wash away the unction of gentility from Shakspeare's true and living monument, the authentic image

of his mind, expressed in the delphic lines of his unvalued book. What Shakspeare *was*, we can but guess; but what he *is*, and will remain as long as memory holds its seat, the world can testify.

His very *precepts* of politeness are better than Lord Chesterfield's, and comprise the substance and the lustre of civility. If his plays contain but little of the amorous ritual, the scientific gallantry which the French tragedians copied from the Romances of Scudery and his imitators, and little of the courteous enmity and romantic friendship which Spenser has glorified in his allegorical apotheosis of chivalry; they are pervaded with a natural tenderness, an unsophisticated honour, a true gentleness, that can never be out of fashion.

It much repairs me,
To talk of your good father. In his youth
He had the wit which I can well observe
To-day in our young Lords; but they may jest
Till their own scorn return to them unnoticed,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier. Contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness. If they were,
His equals had awaked them, and his honour,
Cloak to itself, knew the true moment, when
Exception bade him speak, and at that time,
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
He used as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent head to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility
In their poor praise he humbled.

All's Well that ends Well.

How regally the invalid monarch comments! We might fancy that we heard our own, the most perfect Gentleman that wears a European diadem. Polonius had all his life been an official professor of ceremony and decorum; yet the natural good-breeding of Hamlet instructs him in his own department.

" *Pol.* My Lords, I will use them according to their desert.

"*Ham.* Odds bodikins, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty."

A strong evidence of Shakspeare's Toryism, is the respect with which he always treats established orders, degrees, institutions, and opinions; never seeking to desecrate what time and the world's consent have sanctified. Even prejudices and superstitions he touches gently, as one would be loath to pull down an old crazy shed, if the swallows had built under its eaves, and the ewe and her lamb resorted to its shelter from the storm:

" If the sad grave of human ignorance bear
One flower of hope, Oh! pass and leave it there." *

Wherever any character appears simply as the representative of his vocation, he is always endued with honour and dignity. The friar, the judge, the counsellor, the physician, even the steward, are, each in their several capacities, worthy and reverend members of society. If individuals of any profession be held up to scorn or laughter, the ridicule is always so individualized and circumscribed, that it cannot diffuse itself over the profession in general. Are the medical faculty concerned in the starved apothecary? Do " his alligator stuffed," and " ill-shaped fishes," throw discredit on the elegant and fashionable pursuit of Taxidermy? I do not think the privileges of the cloth at all infringed by the humours of Sir Hugh Evans, or Sir Oliver Martext; though, as some learned clerks have felt themselves aggrieved by the exquisite simplicity of Parson Adams, and even thought that Doctor Primrose should have known rather more of the world, there is no saying. At all events, they were Papists, and therefore partook not of Protestant holiness. Be it remembered, also, that the most venerable professions have certain retainers, whose occupation is villainy. Neither the Law

* Wordsworth.

nor the Gospel require the satirist to observe any measure with pettifoggers, and Fleet parsons. Happily *both* are obsolete. None but a true Gentleman knows what gentility is—none but a Gentleman of genius can embody gentility in an imaginary portrait, or even copy it correctly from an actual view. Now Shakspeare's characters are always Gentlemen, when they are meant to be so; and when the reverse is intended, the learned delineation of natural coarseness or overstrained nicety, only illustrates the manner in which contraries expound each other. Few writers could intermeddle so frequently and so familiarly with the low, the extravagant, the dull, with mere privation or confounding perversion of intellect, and emerge, like Shakspeare, taintless from the mire. But the crystal mirror receives no stain from the objects it reflects; and the pure imagination of the poet is unsullied by whatever images it may shape and modify. Falstaff, Poins, Doll Tearsheet, Dame Quickly, Dogberry, Shallow, and the rest, are delightful anomalies, wherein we behold our common nature, as we might see our faces, handsome or ugly, in a billowy stream, in flitting fragments, vividly coloured, but broken and destroyed. None but a high-souled Gentleman could have conceived them.

But nothing sets so wide a mark "between the vulgar and the noble seed," as the kind respect and reverential love of womanhood. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate, or a coarse bigot, no matter which. True, the noblest minds may be stung by jealousy or disappointed love to treason "against the reigne of Feminitie;" but these libels, so uttered, are but the outcries of insuppressible anguish, the sophistry of distraction, which would infer a general from a particular—the false consolation of a wounded spirit, which would fain believe its private woe an universal calamity, and would have its own "fee grief" entailed on human kind for perpetuity. Many sweeping sarcasms on the sex may doubtless be read in Shakspeare; some I have seen quoted as plain, categorical propositions, declaring the sentiments of the author himself; but they are either uttered by villains, as Iago and Jachimo, and so are confuted in the utterance, or by jealous husbands, as Leontes and Posthumus, under a strong delusion; or by men like Hamlet and King Lear, who having found depravity in particular females, in a revered mother, or in daughters too dearly prized, would rather suppose a congenital frailty of the gender, a necessary ill, inseparable from the matter, than a voluntary vileness in creatures long and inextricably beloved. In all suffering, man craves for sympathy; most of all when suffering is linked with shame. But were the gibes of Iago the sentiments of Shakspeare? No more than the vapours of a dunghill which the sun calls forth with its heat, and gilds with his lustre, are the solar light. But how does the *Poet represent* woman? We all know that it has been asserted, "that Shakspeare wrote for men alone;" but he who said so, either was misled by an antithesis, or knew very little of the loveliest part of the creation. Shakspeare's women are very women—not viragoes, heroines, or Tragedies-queens, but the sweet creatures whom we know and love, our sisters, mothers, lovers, wives. They seem to think and speak as the best women with whom we are acquainted would think and speak, could they talk in poetry as beautiful as themselves. It is easy to attribute masculine virtues to a female character—to pourtray a virtuous Martia towering above her sex—and to assure the reader, that she is perfectly soft, and gentle, and feminine. But Shakspeare knew better than to disparage nature by pretending to make Hermaphrodite improvements upon her finest workmanship. He approves his zeal for the ladies, not by inventing a monster of incompatible perfections, and giving it a name of feminine termination, but by subliming to poetry the actual, or at least possible, qualities of real women,—their household affections—their perseverant love, unconquerable by peril, by neglect, by unkindness, by hopelessness—strong even in the very abyss of weakness; and heroic amid the shock of woman's fears. Even where the course of histories (which are sometimes such as only he could have rendered agreeable or even bearable) obliges him to exhibit the aberrations of female infirmity, as in Cressida,—in Cleopatra, and the Juliet of Mea-

sure for Measure; with how gentle a hand does he seem to soothe, while he upbraids; and smilingly relents in the very execution of his satire! Nay, in the darkest picture he ever drew, that of Lear's Demon Daughters, the very hideousness of the delineation precludes the possibility of any woman, that is not utterly unsexed, discovering a single trait of herself therein. Lady Macbeth, is Shakspeare's nearest approach to a heroine.* She is not, like Goneril, a monster—she is only a strong-minded woman—and from a strong-minded woman—*Libera nos, Domine*—Yet she is a woman—she has given suck—and loved the babe that milked her. It is amazing how small a beam of light redeems a soul from the condemnation of utter darkness. The slight misgiving,

"Had he not look'd like
My father, as he slept, I had done it,"

though it occupies but a line and a half, brings back the speaker into the compass of human sympathies. She is a rebellious, but not quite a reprobate spirit. We regard her with terror and amazement, not with horror and disgust.

But who that, by fancy's potent spell, hath listened to Miranda in her enchanted Isle, or wandered with Hermia in the fairy wood,—that hath overheard Juliet in Capulet's Garden, or toyed with Rosalind beneath the greenwood tree,—or seen the pastoral Princess Perdita in her holiday weeds,—or heard Desdemona chant her death-song of Willow, can dispute the stainless generosity—the bright and lovely honour—the soul-subduing courtesy of our mighty Bard?†

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* Were there no other proof against the authenticity of the First Part of King Henry the Sixth, the slanderous, filthy, blasphemous libel on the Maid of Orleans which it contains, would convince me that it is not Shakspeare's. In representing her as a witch, the author only falls into the superstition of the time; but in degrading her to a strumpet, he exposes the rotten malignity of a nasty mind. A Frenchman, it is true, has done worse; but that Frenchman was an infidel.

In whatever degree Joan of Arc was instrumental in frustrating the ambitious designs of our monarchs upon France, in that same measure is she creditor to the thanks of England. Had Henry the Fifth lived long enough to consolidate his conquests, or had he been succeeded by a princely warrior like himself, England might now have been a petty province of the Gallic empire; or, like Ireland, struggled in uneasy dependency—that bane of improvement. It would have been poor comfort to remember, that the alienated and Gallicised dynasty sprung from British race. The Mandshurs conquered China, but the consequences have been as if the Chinese had conquered the Mandshurs. The Duke of Normandy vanquished the King of England, and seized his crown. Could Normandy have reverted, as a forfeited fief, to France, if its dukes had never crossed the Channel? A small army may change the royal family of a large empire, but a small nation (and such were the English in comparison to the French,) cannot keep the mastery over a great one. Even as a strong and rapid river, when first it rushes upon the sea, drives back the sluggish brine, and lords it over ancient ocean, but ere a league be passed, the inland waters are lost, and indistinguishable in the salt immensity of waves; so may a handful of brave men bear down the hosts of an overgrown population, and keep state a while, as an aristocracy, a privileged order, the few over the many, but it cannot last. In a few generations the conquerors and the conquered become one people. Quantity prevails over quality, and the less numerous race pay dearly for their nominal pre-eminence, with the loss of national existence. More than all, the claim of England to the French crown was unjust; and injustice meets with its lightest punishment, when it is unsuccessful.

† In estimating the female characters of Shakspeare, something must be allowed to the manners of the time,—a time in which primitive plainness, or, if it must be so, grossness,—contrasted strangely with the ceremonial refinements and metaphorical circumlocutions of Euphuism. Our great dramatist could scarce have foreseen, that an age would come when a family edition of his works would be deemed necessary, or he would perhaps "have blotted for himself before." But on this head, may I be allowed to borrow the words of a writer, whose worst fault is, that he writes too little—the delightful Elia, alias Charles Lamb, who has done more to introduce our elder poets to the hearts of the people, than all the editors and Bibliomaniacs put together.

"One characteristic of our excellent old poets is, their being able to bestow grace on subjects which naturally do not seem susceptible of any. I will mention two instances, Zelnare in the 'Arcadia' of Sidney, and Helena in the 'All's Well that Ends Well' of Shakspeare. What can be more unpromising at first sight, than the idea of a young man disguising himself in woman's attire, and passing himself off for a woman amongst women? and that too for a long space of time? Yet Sir Philip has preserved such a

"Out, hyperbolical Fiend! talk'st thou of nought but ladies!"

Ay—of Tories—of poetical Tories—and Shakspeare in particular, whose natural indefeasible gentility we have proved, past contradiction. But is every Gentleman a Tory? Yes, amid all vicissitudes of speculation. The moon has many phases, but truth has many more; yet the absolute figure of the moon changes not, neither does the absolute form of truth. Now there are men, who, if they chance to have noticed the moon first in a crescent or gibbous state, will swear that she is not the moon when she is at the full. These are your consistent Politicians, your stickers to principle. Others there are, who, possessed of eye-sight, but lacking memory and forecast, maintain that every shape in which the moon appears, be it crescent, quarter, half, or full, presents her total substance. These are your temporisers—your expedient-mongers, whose hand-to-mouth measures for ever court the moment, which will not stop to hearken to their suit. And there are a few creatures of "large discourse, looking before and after," endued with eye-sight and foresight, and memory, who can trace the mutable planet through her changes, and recognise her in all; and, perceiving in each presentation a history of the past and a promise of the future, are enabled to construct out of the ever-varying phenomena, the true idea of her proper form, and to calculate times and seasons unborn, according to the permanent and immutable law, which explains causes, rules and integrates the ceaseless succession of changes. And these are your true Tories, who build the Commonweal, not on the shifting shoals of expedience, or the incalculable tides of popular will, but on the sure foundation of the divine purpose, demonstrated by the great and glorious ends of rational being, who deduce the rights and duties of man, not from the animal nature, in which neither right nor duty can inhere, not from a state of nature which never existed, nor from an arbitrary contract which never took place in the memory of men nor angels, but from the demands of the complex life, of the soul and the body, defined by reason and conscience, expounded and ratified by Revelation.

Many true gentlemen, and some great poets, have doubtless called and thought themselves Whigs, Republicans, even Jacobins and Radicals. But however Whiggish or revolutionary their particular opinions may be, however absurd or unjustifiable the means whereby they hope to improve the condition of mankind, they are still Tories in their object. They aim at a high mark—they would raise social institutions to their standard of human nature, and forget that this standard is purely ideal—that themselves, with all advantages of birth and breeding, under all the purifying influences of knowledge and elegance, fall infinitely short of it—that it never can be realized while man is fettered with a mortal body in alliance with a corrupted will—that it is only to be discerned by Faith, and that by Hope and Love its benign and sublimating influences are conveyed to the lower orb of practic works and secular relations. Still the error is a Tory error—it acknowledges an absolute Truth, an indefeasible Majesty; but because that majesty can never be more than imperfectly represented by a man, it thinks to mend the matter by imparting it to many. But in this error Shakspeare had no part—he was precluded from it by his adequate knowledge of human nature as it is; in the light of which knowledge, he saw and admired the whole structure of the British state, the most perfect system of representation ever devised

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matchless decorum, that neither does Pyrocles' manhood suffer any stain for the effeminacy of Zelnare, nor is the respect due to the princess at all diminished, when the deception comes to be known. In the sweetly-constituted mind of Sir Philip Sidney, it seems as if no ugly thought nor unhandsome meditation could find a harbour. He turned all that he touched into images of honour and virtue. Helena in Shakspeare is a young woman seeking a man in marriage. The ordinary laws of courtship are reversed; the habitual feelings are violated; yet with such exquisite address this dangerous subject is handled, that Helena's forwardness loses her no honour; delicacy dispenses with her laws in her favour, and Nature in her single case seems content to suffer a sweet violation."—*Dramatic Specimens—Maid's Tragedy.*

—representation not of any number of men that may exist at any given time, but of permanent man, in all his human functions, interests, and capacities, making due provision for every demand of his complicated nature, giving to each faculty its proper sphere and area of growth, energy, and enjoyment, and subjecting all to one law of subordination. The imaginary republic of Plato did *not* so happily symbolize the powers which uphold the "little kingdom, Man," as does the actual polity of Britain. It were no preposterous conceit to affirm, that nature typifies, in each individual man, the several offices and orders which our commonwealth distributes to the several ranks and functionaries of the state and church. There is the regality of reason, "which can do no wrong," sacred, indefeasible, irresponsible, never to be deposed or violated by any suffrage, combination, consent, or conspiracy of lower delegated powers, yet of itself eyeless, handless, passionless, seeing, acting, and feeling, mediately by the understanding, its responsible minister, who is again dependent for information upon the senses, its subordinate agents. There are the Operative Energies, Talents, Passions, Appetites, good servants all, but bad masters, useful citizens, always to be controlled, but never oppressed, and most effective when they are neither pampered nor starved. There, too, is the Executive Will; Prudence, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Self-love, Minister for the Home Department; Observation, Secretary of Foreign Affairs; Poetry, (alias Lord Lowther,) over the Woods and Forests; Lord Keeper Conscience, a sage, scrupulous, hesitating, head-shaking, hair-splitting personage, whose decisions are most just, but too slow to be useful, and who is readier to weep for what *is* done, than to direct what should be done; Wit, Manager of the House of Commons, a flashy, either-sided gentleman, who piques himself on never being out; and Self-denial, always eager to vacate his seat and accept the Chiltern Hundreds.

Now, the genius of Shakspeare was perfectly constitutional, or, in other words, Tory. His mind was the sphere and mirror of all humanity; knowing himself, he knew all men. The monarchical, aristocratical, and popular elements, were as happily tempered in his poetic character, as in the constitution which he revered. In as much as he was a deep-thinking philosopher, profoundly versed in the immutable, irrefragable forms of reason, it was monarchical; as he was a poet, passionately enamoured of the beautiful, the grand, the elegant, the exquisite, the excellent, it was aristocratical. As he was a dramatist, sympathetically intelligent of all that works within, and experimentally acquainted with the signs and demonstrations, the dark hints, the obscure paradoxes, and self-confounding oracles of passion, in its homeliest and most familiar instances, no less than in its tragical pomp and majesty—minutely observant of the varieties and specific differences of minds, of the reciprocal influences of thought and feeling, of the partial eclipses which passion, folly, age, and ignorance, produce on the understanding—of the secret impulses which are best known to those whom they impel; in short, of all that in strict phrase constitutes and reveals the nature of man—it was popular. None ever better distinguished the varieties of human nature, and few seem to have so thoroughly comprehended the mighty truth, that, in all its varieties and modifications, that nature is essentially one and the same—a truth which is the sole law, and measure of relative morality, the principle of just command and liberty, the key to all heart-knowledge, and the ground of all communion between souls.

This happy, constitutional mixture appears not only in his plots and characters, but in his language, his metaphors, and even in his versification. His muse, like Homer's, brings forth men and women, not heroes and heroines, preux chevaliers, or dames of romance. His characters are exalted by the grandeur of intellect, of feeling, of imagination, not by inaccessible remoteness from ordinary thoughts and cares.

He is not afraid to trust his most interesting personages in promiscuous company, or to place them in situations highly inconsistent with the decorum of artificial tragedy. His allusions, which oftentimes present the grandest objects of nature, the finest imaginations of man, at others, recall the downright literal utensils of our

daily business and amusements. His language sometimes soars as high as sense can accompany it—sometimes wears a mask of clownish rudeness. His measure often quits the stately march of blank verse, for the mazy dance of rhyme, and sometimes saunters along in something like prose.—But in all this we feel no discord, no want of keeping.

If classical authority were needed, we should refer the admirers of Shakspeare not to the Greek tragedians, whose dramas, admirable in an admirable kind, are too artificial, too colossal in their proportions, too massy in their colouring, to bear any analogy to the more human scenes of our favourite; but to Homer, who was a far more minute, and individualizing dramatist, in fact, though he used the form of narrative, far more dramatic than Æschylus and his great compeers. Homer, like Shakspeare, was a good Tory—he revered a good dinner. His warriors eat, and drink, and sleep, like ordinary mortals. Even his gods are not absolutely incorporeal—his characters have passions more energetic and violent, but by no means more refined and spiritualized than common experience displays. They lift greater weights, hurl longer javelins, level huger carcasses than their degenerate descendants; they speak better, that is to say, more forcibly, vividly, fluently, and harmoniously—they have bequeathed a language to posterity; and given speech to affections that were dumb—but the very fitness of their phrases to the common occasions of life, the daily goings-on of ordinary bosoms, is proof demonstrative, that the feelings they were first used to express, were no other than those which the unfailing course of circumstances excites in perpetual recurrence.

The number of humble allusions, similies, and metaphors, the minute and sometimes tedious detail of the homely business of domestic economy, so conspicuous in the Iliad, and yet more in the Odyssey, with which some critics have been offended, and which some poets have unskilfully imitated, is not to be ascribed solely or chiefly to the rude simplicity of an age unacquainted with decorum, which had not discovered the vulgarity of familiar things, nor put a barrier between the gross and the refined! This homely circumstantiality is proper to the genius of Homer, and would never have left him, had he sung in the most Frenchified period of vicious refinement, under the prevalence of that pseudo-aristocratic delicacy, which, emanating from a morbidly-conscious sensuality, teaches its victims to be ashamed of their own nature, of the very means whereby they live and are sustained—a delicacy thin and sickly, as the vapour which, glittering in the sun-beams, assumes kindred with the sky, while its pestilential miasma proclaims it an exhalation of earth's worst rottenness. Just such a fog long hovered over the fertile fields of France, blighting her genius, perverting her moral sense, and corrupting her institutions. No less a tempest than the Revolution could suffice to blow it clear away. For a while it partially tainted the atmosphere of England; but luckily, not till her literature, and institutions, had attained that robust, and youthful maturity, which enabled them to stand the foul infection. The British oak spread out its giant arms in health and verdure, and with all the flowers that grew beneath its shade, sent forth such streams of life and fragrance, as subdued or neutralized the emasculating malaria that was creeping over the Channel.

Homer was the Shakspeare of his age; the poet of action; of passion as it is the proximate cause of action; of human nature as it is embodied in sensible effects. The world of thought, the mysterious substratum of our affections, sympathies, antipathies, undefined anticipations, and reminiscences, and the dread secret of the hidden will, of which the conscious volition is only an abortive issue, a fleeting phenomenon, were to him a world unknown. But Shakspeare's intellect was not only representative of the State but of the Church also—it was not only in just and balanced proportion, monarchial, aristocratical, and popular, but it was metaphysical, and in some sort theological. He did not, indeed, turn the theatre into a conventicle,—he wrote neither sermons nor sacred dramas, (though we do not see why a religious play might not be written as properly as a religious novel, and even acted for the benefit of a charitable foundation, as devoutly as an oratorio, whether in playhouse or cathedral,) far less did he em-

ploy his histrionic talents as a preacher; for in those days, preaching, direct or indirect, would have sounded strangely from one, who was by nature a gentleman—by education a wool-comber—by indiscretion a deer-stealer—by necessity a player, and a poet, *jure divino*. Neither does he abound in allusions to the religious disputes of the time. I doubt not he was a good Protestant, malgre the purgatory of Hamlet's Ghost, and the very favourable specimen of monastic virtues, exhibited in Friar Lawrence. But had he been a thorough no-Popery-man, methinks he would have protested against Papal supremacy, through a more estimable mouth-piece than the base-minded, murderous, infidel King John, who crouched in the sobriety of cowardice to the idolized power, which he, most likely, only defied in the valour of drunkenness. Between the dramatists and Puritans there raged a *Bellum Internecinum*: yet Shakspeare was all but a neutral in the fray. He does indeed make Sir Toby Belch revile Malvolio for Puritanism; but Maria, "the nettle of India, the youngest wren of nine," the prettiest piece of shrewd mischief that ever was invented, defends him from the charge. "The d——l a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly but a time-server," which reflection I might be inclined to apply to certain recently emancipated T. P.'s, only I am sure that the liberality and candour of my friend Christopher, would never suffer such personal calumny to scintillate from the coruscant page of Maga. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, forgetting that he lives in Illyria, "had as lief be a Brownist as a Politician;" and Sir Toby, in putting to the self-love-sick steward the pertinent question, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, that there shall be no more cakes and ale?" has been supposed to darken the white up-turned, lack-lustre eye, of those schismatics *in ovo*,—those callow regicides,—those impugned vipers, who, when they dared not undermine the altar, valorously upset a Maypole, and enacted equal abhorrence to minced-pies and to masses. But the question requires an answer from the "unco good" of every sect, as well as of the four denominations. After all, the testimony of these two doughty, droughty knights, of whom the one has just wit enough to be a knave, and the other almost enough of simplicity to make him honest, cannot have been introduced but as an argument of laughter. The Clown of the Winter's Tale, Perdita's foster-brother,—relates in a soliloquy (only Shakspeare's clowns think aloud) that the shearers are "three men, song-men all, and very good ones,—*but one Puritan among them, and he sings Psalms to hornpipes*." Some of the modern evangelicals have adapted hymns to Moore's Melodies, and to most of the fashionable songs, quadrilles, waltzes, &c.—thinking it hard, as they say, that Satan should have all the good music to himself. There is nothing new under the sun, not even a new absurdity.

These, and probably a few more jokes of like calibre, are all the revenge which the gentle Willy ever took against a sect who were not only endeavouring to preach him to eternal perdition, but literally to deprive him of his occupation, whose spiritual seed, even to this day, cease not to blaspheme him, like Jews, or, far worse, to mutilate him like Turks. Some of his contemporaries and successors, it is true, were not quite so forbearing. But what is that to him or to us either?

Shakspeare, then, as a *Lay-poet*, wisely and reverently abstained from frequent allusions to religion, either in comic or serious vein. How then was his genius theological? Because, in fathoming the abyss of human nature, he transcended nature, and explored the hidden regions of the soul,—discovered instincts, prophetic yearnings, unutterable vacuities of spirit, which nothing in the sensible or intellectual world can satisfy or fulfil.

——— Those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature,
Moving about in worlds not realized—
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble, like a guilty thing surprised!

Oh, Wordsworth, thou too art a poet!—and like Shakspeare,

> Read'st the eternal deep
> Haunted for ever by the eternal mind—

In short, because he penetrated the Sanctuary of Faith, the holy place where Faith alone should dwell, but which, alas! too, too often, since the first temptation, hath been invaded by vain mistrusting curiosity, the dupe and tool of sensual and malignant selfishness, seeking to make the things above sense subject to sense, to enslave spiritual powers to corporal purposes, to circumscribe infinity in formal bounds, and imprison eternity in a chain of conscious moments.

In reproof of this sad desecration of man's possible sanctity, the genius of Shakspeare (for I dare not aver that he foresaw or designed the scope of its workings) created the tragedies of Macbeth and Hamlet. In plain language, (for I am afraid I have been a little mystical,) the ethical purport of those dramas, is to shew the evil and confusion which must be introduced into the moral world by a sensible communication between natural and supernatural beings.

In Shakspeare's age, the possibility of such communication was an article no less of the philosophic than of the popular creed. The gravest sceptics only dared to doubt the authenticity of certain recorded facts, the legitimacy of certain logical inductions. The learned of our generation (I speak not of the half-learned ignorant) conclude, that there is no such possibility. Not content with questioning the *a posteriori* evidence of each particular case, they determine *a priori*, that no conceivable strength of evidence could establish the fact of an apparition, or a magical operation. They do not, *all of them,* deny the boundless powers of Heaven, nor can they pretend to know all the powers of earth; but between heaven and earth, they admit nothing more than is thought of in their philosophy. Optical delusion, nervous excitement, indigestion, and casual coincidence, are to explain all the mystery of ancestral fear,—pronounce all extra-scriptural miracles apocryphal, and prove the vast invisible realms of air untenanted.

> The central caverns of the hollow earth,
> That never heard the sea's tempestuous call,
> Nor the dread summons of impatient thunder;
> Which not the Earthquake moves, nor solid flood
> Of Ætna's molten entrails e'er can warm.—
> Dread vacancy! Cold, silent, changeless, holds
> Of blank privation, and primeval Nothing,
> Obstructed by the o'erincumbent World—
> Believed of old, the home of wicked Dreams,
> Night-walking Fancies, Fiends invisible,
> As troubled thoughts!
>
> *Earth, a Poem.*

Geologists, no doubt, give a different account of the matter. But Shakspeare wrote in another age—for men of another generation;—men, who deemed that no impassable gulf divides the things seen from the unseen powers; who had no corpuscular theories to guard them against the shapings of a passionate imagination—from inhibited hopes, and blind interminable fears—from thoughts that go astray in the wilderness of possibility—from "speculations that are the rottenest part of the core of the fruit of the tree of knowledge." Grievously are they mistaken who think that the revival of literature was the death of superstition—that ghosts, demons, and exorcists retreated before the march of intellect, and fled the British shore along with monks, saints, and masses. Superstition, deadly superstition, may coexist with much learning, with high civilization, with any religion, or with utter irreligion. Canidia wrought her spells in the Augustan age, and Chaldean fortune-tellers haunted Rome in the sceptical days of Juvenal. Matthew Hopkins, the witch-finder, and Lilly, the astrologer, were contemporaries of Selden, Harrington, and Milton. Perhaps there was never a more superstitious period than that which produced Erasmus and Bacon.

Whether Shakspeare believed the popular creed, which his more erudite contemporaries exhausted their book-learning and their logical acuteness to engraft upon the reigning philosophy, and to reconcile with their favourite theories, it is idle to inquire. That in his youth he listened with a faith sincere to all fire-side traditions, may be regarded as certain. That he ever totally and confidently disbelieved them, is exceedingly doubtful.

But his fine sense, and knowledge of the soul, which his imagination extended to all conceivable cases and circumstances, informed him of the moral unfitness of such supernatural intercommunion; and if it did not demonstrate (what has never yet been demonstrated) the physical impossibility, or logical absurdity, of the popular Pneumatology, intimated its inconsistency with the moral welfare of man, and, consequently, with the revealed will of Heaven. Never was poetry more sublimely employed than in rebuking that idolatrous and perverted faith, which transgresses the limits of sense and sympathy, yet stops short of the infallible One, to whom alone faith is due.

The proper state of man can only be maintained in sympathy and communion with his fellow-men. *Nulla salus extra ecclesiam.* All legitimate rules, motives, and purposes of action, must be universally explicable and intelligible. All lawful and salutary knowledge must be communicable to every capable understanding. But it is manifest, that one who held intercourse, derived information, received aid, or took orders from a disembodied spirit, no matter of what degree, would be excluded from human sympathy and communion, insulated and excommunicated; his knowledge would no longer be "discourse of reason;" and out of that knowledge duties, or apparent duties, would arise, widely diverging from, and frequently crossing, the prescribed and covenanted track of human conduct—abrogating the public law of conscience. Hence an inward contradiction, a schism in the soul, jarring impulses, and all the harmony of thoughts and feelings like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh. Hence, in impetuous natures, crime impelling crime, and, in meditative spirits, a paralytic will, a helpless melancholy madness, rendered the more insupportable by the co-existence of an unimpaired understanding.

INTERSCRIPT.

My dear H.,

I have duly received all your seven successive sheets through the safest of all circulating mediums, the Post-Office; and as I have answered none of them, I hope that you believe me dead. I trust, too, that you have fixed the era of my decease at a period long anterior to the date of your last Epistle—as I should be sorry that you wrote my Biography, under an impression that I had died seven letters in your debt; for nothing so souring to the sweetest blood as the feeling of having been absurdly treated by a friend whose virtues you had firmly undertaken to commemorate. But, my dear H., how the deuce could I answer your letters—kept, as I have been, in Cimmerian darkness as to your local habitation in this unintelligible world? You have absolutely annihilated time and place, that two friends might be unhappy; and withheld from me the slightest clew by which I could discover your sylvan, champagne, mountainous, city, or suburban retreat. One letter is dated "Wednesday," another "Friday," another "Sunday," and so on—but no hint dropped of the month or year—county or kingdom. Some progress I have made in the study of ancient Egyptian Hieroglyphics, under the tuition of my learned and ingenious friend, James Browne, LL.D.; but they throw no light whatever upon the modern Hieroglyphics of the Post-Office department—to the deciphering of which there is a single objection, seemingly insurmountable, namely, that not one red stain in ten thousand has any character at all; so that what appears at one moment to the perplexed spirit of one inquirer long devoted to the study, to mean possibly "Kendal," the very next moment, "as a change comes

over the spirit of his dream," seems to the sceptic to be "Japan." Methought I had made out on your Fourth Epistle, as I "turned up its silver lining to the light," "Constantinople," and presumed that you were about to set off to Schumla with the Sultan. This was by candle-light; but on trying the stamp by gas, I could have sworn it was Kidderminster, and that you had sent me an account of the great strike of the Carpeteers. But to be brief, where you now are, and have been for the last six months, I am much exhausted and reduced to a mere shadow by having all in vain been occupied during the summer in conjecturing; and the only resource left is to address you in Maga. She will find you out, or the devil is in it, be your tent pitched in Europe, America, Asia, or Africa. And do, my dear fellow, do, I pray you, remember not to forget to jot down—through the same channel, if you please—about what degree of latitude and longitude you are sitting or sailing at date of your next, so that I may have something more than a mere guess of the hemisphere. Be assured that Scotland stands where it did, and that all the people are well, and anxious for your arrival in Edinburgh. The city is filling fast, and the winter threatens to be a mild one, so don't care about your cough—nor pay any attention to all that silly nonsense about asthma and consumption. You are neither a whit more asthmatic nor consumptive than people at large—and as for dyspepsy, I should as readily believe you capable of picking pockets. Come to us, then, my dear H., do come to us—yourself by the light coach, your baggage, at least the hairy trunk with the articles, by the heavy waggon. My housekeeper—fat worthy soul—has been sleeping in the bed set apart for your honour for several months, so it is well aired; and you need be under no fear of being blown up by an explosion of fire-damp, as you providentially were, without serious, or at least permanent injury, on the first night of your last visit to the Lodge. As we are to see you so soon, I shall reserve all I have got to say about your Series of Specimens of the great Greek Poets, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c., till our first game at snap-dragon in the Sanctum. They will be a new glory in the garland round the forehead of Maga, who will then be a very Minerva. I agree with you in thinking that beautiful as she has hitherto been in her budding growth, winning all hearts and charming all eyes, she is becoming monthly more irresistible in the full-blown bloom of her matured magnificence. Not one dissentient voice is now heard from the decision of the world, that she is, out of all comparison, the finest woman of her age, uniting in her own single self, Harmonious Discord, Contradiction, all the mental and bodily attractions of an Eve, a Judith, a Cassandra, a Lucretia, a Cleopatra, a Zenobia, and a Semiramis. She is quite wild about your article on Shakspeare. It is, my dear H., indeed an article to win any female heart—and poor Emily Callender, after reading your beautiful explanation of Hamlet's behaviour to Ophelia, walked with tears in her fair eyes away into the Virgins' Bower, where she sat pity-and-love-sick till sunset. Knowing by experience that strong emotion, when long sustained, becomes almost unsustainable, I have divided your fine Essay into two parts—and lo! here I am standing on the "Landing-place," to use the language of one whom I honour and you reverence—and that I may soon see you in the body coming dreamily down the avenue, is the warm wish, my dear H., of your affectionate friend,

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

BUCHANAN-LODGE,
Oct. 14, 1828.

ON THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

May not that critical problem, the character of Hamlet, be partly elucidated upon this principle? No fictitious, and few historical personages, have given rise to more controversy. Some commentators hold him up as the pattern of all that is virtuous, noble, wise, and amiable; others condemn him as a mass of unfeeling inconsistency. It is doubted whether his madness be real or assumed. Stevens declares that he must be madman or villain. Boswell, the younger, makes him out to be a quiet, good sort of man, unfit for perilous times and arduous enterprises, and, in fine, parallels him with Charles I. and George III.

Goëthe (in his William Meister) burns, as the children say at *hide-and-seek*, but when about, as it were, to lay hands on the truth, he is blown "diverse innumerable leagues." "It is clear to me," he says, "that Shakspeare's intention was to exhibit the effects of a great action imposed as a duty upon a mind too feeble for its accomplishment. Here is an oak-tree, planted in a china vase, proper only to receive the most delicate flowers. The roots strike out, and the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitutes the hero, sinks under a load, which it can neither support nor resolve to abandon. All his obligations are sacred to him, but this alone is above his powers. An impossibility is required at his hands—not an impossibility in itself, but that which is so to him. Observe how he turns, shifts, advances, and recedes—how he is constantly reminding himself of his great commission, which he nevertheless in the end seems almost entirely to lose sight of, and this without recovering his former tranquillity."

Now, surely, feebleness of mind, the fragility of a china vase, lack of power and energy, are not the characteristics of Hamlet. So far from it, he is represented as fearless, almost above the strength of humanity. He does not "set his life at a pin's fee." He converses, unshaken, with what the stoutest warriors have trembled to think upon, jests with a visitant from darkness, and gathers unwonted vigour from the pangs of death. Nor, in all his musings, all the many-coloured mazes of his thoughts, is there any thing of female softness—any thing of amiable weakness. His anguish is stern and masculine, stubbornly self-possessed, above the kind relief of sighs, and tears, and soothing pity. The very style of his more serious discourse is more austere, philosophic, —I had almost said prosaic,—than that of any other character in Shakspeare. It is not the weight and magnitude, the danger and difficulty, of the deed imposed as a duty, that weighs upon his soul, and enervates the sinews of his moral being, but the preternatural contradiction involved in the duty itself, the irregular means through which the duty is promulgated and known.

Presumptuous as it may appear to offer a new theory on a subject that has exercised so many wits before, or to pretend to know what Shakspeare intended, where his intentions have been so variously conjectured, I will venture to take a cursory view of this most Shakspearean of all Shakspeare's dramas, and endeavour to explain, not justify, the most questionable points in the character of the hero.

Let us, for a moment, put Shakspeare out of the question, and consider Hamlet as a real person, a recently deceased acquaintance. In real life, it is no unusual thing to meet with characters every whit as obscure as that of the Prince of Denmark; men seemingly accomplished for the greatest actions, clear in thought, and dauntless in deed, still meditating mighty works, and urged by all motives and occasions to the performance,—whose existence is nevertheless an unperforming dream; men of noblest, warmest affections, who are perpetually wringing the hearts of those whom they love best; whose sense of rectitude is strong and wise enough to inform and govern a world, while their acts are the hapless issues of casualty and passion, and scarce to themselves appear their own. We cannot conclude that all such have seen ghosts; though the existence of ghost-seers is as certain, as that of ghosts is problematical. But they will generally be found, either by a course of study and meditation too remote from the art and practice of life,—by

designs too pure and perfect to be executed in earthly materials,—or from imperfect glimpses of an intuition beyond the defined limits of communicable knowledge, to have severed themselves from the common society of human feelings and opinions, and become as it were ghosts in the body. Such a man is Hamlet; an habitual dweller with his own thoughts,—preferring the possible to the real,—refining on the ideal forms of things, till the things themselves become dim in his sight, and all the common doings and sufferings, the obligations and engagements of the world, a weary task, stale and unprofitable. By natural temperament he is more a thinker than a doer. His abstract intellect is an overbalance for his active impulses. The death of his father, his mother's marriage, and his own exclusion from the succession,—sorrow for one parent, shame for another, and resentment for himself,—tend still further to confirm and darken a disposition, which the light heart of happy youth had hitherto counteracted. Sorrow contracts around his soul, and shuts it out from cheerful light, and wholesome air. It may be observed in general, that men of thought succumb more helplessly beneath affliction than the men of action. How many dear friends may a soldier lose in a single campaign, and yet find his heart whole in his winter quarters; the natural decease of one whereof in peace and security, would have robbed his days to come of half their joy! In this state of mind is Hamlet first introduced; not distinctly conscious of more than his father's death and mother's dishonour, yet haunted with undefined suspicions and gloomy presentiments,—weary of all things, most weary of himself,—without hope or purpose. His best affections borne away, on the ebbing tide of memory, into the glimmering past, he longs to be dissolved, to pass away like the dew of morning. Be it observed, that this longing for dissolution, this fond familiarity with graves, and worms, and epitaphs, is, as it were, the back ground, the bass accompaniment of Hamlet's character. It sounds at ever recurrent intervals like the slow knell of a pompous funeral, solemnizing the mournful music and memorial pageantry. No sooner is he left alone, in the first scene after his entrance, than he wishes "that the Everlasting had not fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter;" in the last, *in articulo mortis,* he requests of his only friend,—

> If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
> To tell my story.

So little does the dying man love life, that he holds it the utmost sacrifice of friendship to endure it. But this desire is not prompted by any anticipation of future bliss; he dreams neither of a Mahometan paradise, nor a Christian heaven; his yearning is to melt,—to die,—to sleep,—not to be. He delights in contemplating human nature in the dust, and seems to identify man with his rotting relics. Death, the most awful of all thoughts, is to him a mere argument of scorn, convicting all things of hollowness and transiency. Not that he does not believe in a nobler, a surviving human being; but the spring of hope is so utterly dried up within him, that it flows not at the prospect of immortality.

It might easily be imagined,—it has even plausibly been asserted,—that the appearance of a departed spirit, admitting it to be authenticated, would, so far from a curse and a terror, be a most invaluable blessing to mankind, inasmuch as it would remove every doubt of an hereafter, and demonstrate the existence of a spiritual principle. He that knew what was in the heart of man, and all its possible issues, has declared otherwise: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead;" and even so. The knowledge, the fact, the revelation which finds no companion in the mind,—which remains a mere exception, an isolated wonder,—may cast a doubt on all that was before believed, but can never of itself produce a fruitful or a living faith. Seeing is not necessarily believing; at least, it is not rational conviction, which can only take place on one of two conditions: 1st, If the new truth be itself conform-

able with and consequent to former convictions; or, 2dly, If it be able to conform and atone all other truths to itself, and become the law and centre of the total being. The latter is the blessed might of Christian truth, when, being received by faith to faith, it renews and ferments the regenerate soul. The former is the condition of all growth in mere human knowledge.

All the movements of Hamlet's mind, and consequently all his words and actions, would be explicable on the supposition, that the Ghost were, like the air-drawn dagger in Macbeth, a mere illusion. But the belief of Shakspeare's age, the nature of dramatic representation, the very idea of poetry, which deals not with the invisible processes of mind, but with their sensible symbols, selected, integrated, realized by the imagination, require that the apparition should be considered as a real, *unobjective* existence. Accordingly, the appearance is authenticated with the most matter-of-fact judicial exactness. It is produced before several witnesses, and, in the first instance, to impartial evidence,—to Horatio and the rivals of his watch,—before Hamlet is even apprised of the visitation. There is a detail, a circumstantiality in the successive exhibitions of the departed monarch, worthy of attentive observation. First, we have the chill night—the dreary platform—the homely routine of changing guard—the plain courtesy of honest soldiers—then the incredulity of the scholar—the imperfect narrative, interrupted by the silent entrance of the royal shade—the passing and repassing of the "perturbed spirit"—the wide guesses, and auld-world talk of the sentinels, calling up all records of their memory to find precedents, to bring their individual case under the general law, and to dignify it by illustrious example:

> In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
> A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

The images of superstition are not always terrible. The halo, no doubt, is an unsubstantial, it may be an ill-omened vision; still it is the halo of the pure and lovely moon.

> Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;
> No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm:
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

But it is impertinent to quote Hamlet, or any thing else now. Suffice it, then, to remark, with what consummate skill this introductory, and it might be deemed supererogatory scene, prepares the way for the subsequent disclosures. The wonder, the terror of the Ghost is shaded and humanized; the spectator is familiarized to his aspect before he becomes a speaker and an agent in the drama, and is enabled to sympathize fully with Hamlet, who almost forgets the spectre in the father. His awe, his surprise, is momentary; his natural doubts are suppressed by a strong effort of his will, an act of faith,—

> I'll call thee King—Hamlet—Father!

It is not easy to reduce this Ghost to any established creed or mythology. Of the Scandinavian system, as recorded in the semi-christianized Edda, no trace is discoverable in the whole history. Nor does it appear that a penal or expiatory purgatory is indicated in any record of Gothic theology. Neither their heaven, their hell, nor their gods, were supposed to be eternal; they were all ordained to perish at the last, and a new paradise of peace and innocence to succeed the drunken Valhalha. But with these things Hamlet's Ghost had no acquaintance. He talks like a good Catholic; though some commentators have taken pains to prove, by chronological arguments, that he must be a Pagan. A Pagan, however, would scarce complain that he was cut off

> Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled;

and yet, would not a true Catholic spirit have requested prayers and masses, rather than vengeance?

Some persons, from these allusions to Popish practices, have inferred that Shakspeare was himself a Papist. If he were, let us hope, that before his death he reconciled himself to a Church, which, considering the theatrical turn of many of her own ceremonies, deals rather scurvily with players and playwriters. But first, the doctrine of Purgatory does not imply Popery, though the priesthood have contrived to turn it to excellent account. It is older than Christianity itself; it has been the professed belief of some professing Protestants, and, it is more than probable, the secret hope of many more; and, secondly, on what other hypothesis could the Ghost have been introduced with equal effect? A mere shade or Eidolon were too weak a thing to bear the weighty office imposed on this awful visitation. Would men at any time have believed in the descent of an emancipated soul from heaven, to demand vengeance on a wretched body for sending it thither? Or could they have sympathized in the wrongs of a "goblin damned?" Is not the desire of revenge, even upon an adulterous murderer, one of the imperfections—that must be "burned and purged away?" Yet, to Hamlet, a son and a mortal, what motive of revenge so mighty as the purgatorial pangs, the indefinitely protracted sufferings of a parent, whose virtues had entitled him to immediate bliss, had they not been taken in company with casual infirmity? He who believes a Purgatory, proportioned to the degree of sinfulness adhering to a soul endued with the principles of salvation, may take vengeance for the dead. We, rational Protestants, when we hang or shoot a murderer, only revenge, or, more properly speaking, defend ourselves.

Nothing in this mysterious history bears a stranger aspect than the inconsistent wildness of Hamlet's behaviour towards this same apparition. In its presence he displays the affectionate reverence of a son to his departed sire, of an earthly to a spiritual being; yet no sooner does the presence of human mortals break in upon him, than he treats the fearful vision with ludicrous irreverence—calls him (in his own hearing, be it remembered) "True-penny," "Fellow in the Cellarage," "Hic et ubique," "Old Mole." How is this to be explained? Is it mere buffoonery, foisted in to reward the gallery for silence? Is it an ordinary fetch of policy, to baffle the curiosity of his companions? Is it the prologue to the assumption of madness? or the true symptom of incipient derangement?

I never, to my knowledge, saw, or even fancied that I saw, a ghost, much less the ghost of a murdered father; nor am I acquainted with any one that has; of course, therefore, I cannot tell how I or my friends would comport ourselves, either in the presence of a spirit, or immediately after its exit. But I shrewdly suspect, that our demeanour would be widely at variance with all established notions of propriety, decorum, and seriousness. Nay, from analogy, I conceive it probable, that the utter abeyance and confusion of all common forms and processes of understanding, the inadequacy of all human expressions of reverence, might find vent in something very like jocular defiance. Those who would profit by the experience of an old and able practitioner, may consult Luther's Table-Talk, in that passage (I cannot at present refer to it) where he details his usual method of receiving the visits of his Satanic majesty.

While the spirit is present, Hamlet's faculties are absorbed and concentred; his composing powers are suspended; he feels the reality of his moral relation to the incorporeal visitant, and is upheld by the consequent sense of moral obligation. Even after the "Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me," his soul is still collected, and retained in unity with the one great object. The dire injunction fills up the total capacity of his being; it is to him the only truth; all else is vanity and phantasm—"saws of books and trivial fond records." He is still out of the body; earth glimmers away into non-existence; but the bare recollection, that there are other creatures—creatures with whom he is newly placed in the relations of utter estrangement and irreconcilable enmity—occasions a partial revulsion; his human nature is resuscitated in an agony of wrathful scorn.

The sound of living voices, the sight of living bodies, farther remind

him that he is in the flesh, but charged with a secret that must not be imparted, which alienates him from the very men, who, not one hour since, might have read his heart in the light of day, which turns his former confidents into intrusive spies. Hence the wild and whirling words—the half-ludicrous evasions—the struggle of his mind to resume its customed course, and affect a dominion over the awful shapes and sounds that have usurped its sovereignty. From this period, the whole state of Hamlet may aptly be likened to a vast black deep river, the surface whereof is curled and rippled by the passing breezes, and seemingly diverted into a hundred eddies, while the strong under-current, dark and changeless, maintains an unvaried course towards the ocean.

If it be asked, Is Hamlet really mad? Or for what purpose does he assume madness? We reply, that he assumes madness to conceal from himself and others his real distemper. Mad he certainly is not, in the sense that Lear and Ophelia are mad. Neither his sensitive organs, nor the operations of his intellect, are impaired. His mind is lord over itself, but it is not master of his will. The ebb and flow of his feelings are no longer obedient to calculable impulses—he is like a star, drawn by the approximation of a comet, out of the range of solar influence. To be mad, is not to be subject to the common laws, whereby mankind are held together in community; and whatever part of man's nature is thus dissociated, is justly accounted insane. If a man see objects, or hear sounds, which others in the same situation cannot see or hear, and his mind and will assent to the illusion, (for it is possible that the judgment may discredit the false intelligence which it receives from its spies,) such man is properly said to be out of his senses, though his actions and conclusions, from his own peculiar perceptions, should be perfectly sane and rational. Hamlet's case is in some measure the reverse of this—his actions and practical conclusions are not consistent with the premises in his mind and his senses. An overwhelming motive produces inertness—he is blinded with excess of light.

The points in his character which have given occasion to most controversy, are his seemingly causeless aversion to Polonius; his cruel treatment of Ophelia; his sceptical views of an hereafter, spite of ocular demonstration that to die is not to sleep; his apparent treachery to his two schoolfellows, Rozencrantz and Guildenstern; and his tardy, irresolute, and at last casual, performance of the dread vow which he has invoked Heaven, Earth, and Hell to witness.

The character of Polonius, though far less abstruse and profound than that of Hamlet, has been far more grossly misrepresented—at least on the stage—where he is commonly exposed to the *gods* as a mere doodle, a drivelling caricature of methodical, prying, garrulous, blear-eyed, avaricious dotage; in fact, as all that Hamlet, between real and counterfeit madness, describes him. A similar error has turned Othello, the sable Mauritanian chieftain, haply descended from the vanquishers of Roderic the Goth, into a rank woolly-pated, thick-lipped nigger, a protegée of the African Association. The Danish Chamberlain is indeed superannuated—a venerable ruin, haunted with the spectre of his departed abilities. But he has been already sufficiently vindicated by Dr Johnson, who was seldom wrong, when acute observation of life and manners, unaided by extensive imagination, could set him right. Of Polonius, in his prime, it might be said, that "wisdom and cunning had their shares in him;" his honour and honesty were of the courtier's measure, more of the serpent than the dove. Even his advice to Laertes, which has sorely puzzled those who mistake him for an anile buffoon, is altogether worldly and prudential, such as a worldly-wise man might derive from the stores of experience, long after he had lost the power of applying his experience to passing occasions. A cautious wisdom, never supported by high, philosophic principles, has degenerated into circuitous craftiness. Witness his notable scheme of espionage upon his son's morals at Paris. He is, moreover, a member of the Academy of Compliments, a master of ceremonies, and evidently practised in the composition of set speeches and addresses, as his rhetorical formulæ and verbal criticisms sufficiently evince. "A foolish figure"—"A vile phrase" "beautified is an ill phrase"—"That's

good, mobled queen is good." It would seem, too, that like some other great statesmen, he has dabbled in polite literature. How correctly he inventories the genera and species of the Drama — Tragedy, Comedy, Pastoral, Pastoral-comical, Historical-pastoral, Tragical-historical, Tragical-comical, Historical-pastoral, Scene-undividable, or Poem-unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the "law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men."

He much resembles an emeritus professor of legerdemain, who continues to repeat his slight-of-hand tricks when gout or palsy has deprived his hands of the quickness necessary to deceive. He is a formalist in politics, a precisian in courtesy.

Between such a personage, and the moody, metaphysical, impatient, open-hearted Hamlet, there must needs have existed an utter antipathy; and though antipathy is not synonymous with hatred, it is on the high-way to it. Where natures are entirely discordant, small provocation suffices to produce personal hostility. Now, Polonius is the confidential agent and adviser of the usurping king, and may be supposed to have had a hand in diverting the course of succession. He is Ophelia's father, and, as such, has enjoined her to deny her company to Hamlet—prudently enough, no doubt, but paternal prudence seldom escapes the resentment of the disappointed lover. The plainest dictates of parental duty are ascribed to sordid and unworthy designs; and that the Danish Prince imputes such to Polonius, is manifest, from the ambiguous epithet, fishmonger, and from his ironical admonition, "let her not walk in the sun," &c. But what is more than all, Polonius betrays his intention of pumping Hamlet; and the irritation naturally consequent on the discovery of such a purpose, is heightened by contempt for the manœuvring imbecility, the tedious periphrasis with which it is pursued, which renders age contemptible for its weakness, and odious for its indirection. It is not, therefore, unnatural—though certainly far from proper—that Hamlet should make the infirmities of the venerable lord a topic of reproach and ridicule; and that when, in a feverish flash of vigour, he has stabbed him like a rat behind the arras, he should vent his just anger against himself upon the victim of his rashness, whom he chooses to consider as the impediment to his just revenge; and, unable to speak seriously on what he cannot bear to think of, should continue to the carcass, the same strain of scornful irony wherewith he used to throw dust in the dim prying eyes of the living counsellor.

But, for wringing the kind, fond heart of sweet Ophelia, with words such as man should never speak to woman, what excuse, what explanation, can be offered? Love, we know, is often tyrannous and rough, and too often tortures to death the affection it would rack into confession of itself; and men have been who would tear open the softest breast, for the satisfaction of finding their own names indelibly written on the heart within. But neither love, nor any other infirmity that flesh is heir to, can exempt the live dissection from the condemnation of inhumanity. Such experiments are more excusable in women, whose weakness, whose very virtue, requires suspicion and strong assurance; but in man, they ever indicate a foul, a feeble, an unmanly mind. I never could forgive Posthumus for laying wagers on his wife's chastity. Of all Shakspeare's jealous husbands, he is the most disagreeable.

But, surely, the brave, the noble-minded, the philosophic Hamlet, could never be guilty of such cruel meanness. Nor would Shakspeare, who reverenced womanhood, have needlessly exposed Ophelia to insult, if some profound heart-truth were not developed in the exhibition. One truth at least it proves—the fatal danger of acting madness. Stammering and squinting are often caught by mimicry; and he who wilfully distorts his mind, for whatever purpose, may stamp its lineaments with irrecoverable deformity. To play the madman is "hypocrisy against the devil." Hamlet, in fact, through the whole drama, is perpetually sliding from his assumed wildness into sincere distraction. But his best excuse is to be found in the words of a poet, whom it scarce beseems me to praise, and who needs no praise of mine:—

For to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.

S. T. C.

Hamlet loved Ophelia in his happy youth, when all his thoughts were fair and sweet as she. But his father's death, his mother's frailty, have wrought sad alteration in his soul, and made the very form of woman fearful and suspected. His best affections are blighted, and Ophelia's love, that young and tender flower, escapes not the general infection. Seemed not his mother kind, faithful, innocent? And was she not married to his uncle? But after the dread interview, the fatal injunction, he is a man among whose thoughts and purposes love cannot abide. He is a being severed from human hopes and joys—vowed and dedicated to other work than courtship and dalliance. The spirit that ordained him an avenger, forbad him to be a lover. Yet, with an inconsistency as natural as it is unreasonable, he clings to what he has renounced, and sorely feels the reluctant repulse which Ophelia's obedience presents to his lingering addresses. Lovers, even if they have seen no ghosts, and have no uncles to slay, when circumstances oblige them to discontinue their suit, can ill endure to be anticipated in the breach. It is a sorrow that cannot bear the slightest show of unkindness. Hamlet, moreover, though a tardy, is an impatient nature, that would feel uneasy under the common process of maidenly delay. Thus perplexed and stung, he rushes into Ophelia's chamber, and, in amazed silence, makes her the confidante of his grief and distraction, the cause of which she must not know. No wonder she concludes that he is mad for her love, and enters readily into what to her appears an innocent scheme to induce him to lighten his overcharged bosom, and ask of her the peace, which unasked she may not offer. She steals upon his solitude, while, weary of his unexecuted task, he argues with himself the expediency of suicide. Surprised as with a sudden light, his first words are courteous and tender, till he begins to suspect that she too is set on to pluck out the heart of his mystery; and then, actually maddened by his self-imposed necessity of personating madness, he discharges upon her the bitterness of blasted love, the agony of a lover's anger, as if determined to extinguish in himself the last feeling that harmonized not with his fell purpose of revengeful justice. To me, this is the most terrifically affecting scene in Shakspeare. Neither Lear, nor Othello, are plunged so deep in the gulf of misery.

The famous soliloquy, which is thus painfully interrupted, has been murdered by its own celebrity. It has been so bespouted, bequoted, and beparodied—so defiled by infant reciters, and all manner of literary bores, *vivâ voce* and in print—so cruelly torn from its vital connexion with its parent stock, that we are hardly conscious that it derives its sole sense and propriety from the person by whom, and the circumstances under which, it is spoken. Even when recited on the stage, we always feel as if Hamlet were repeating a speech, not uttering the unpremeditated discourse of his own divided thoughts. Strangely enough, it has been taken as a clerical diatribe against suicide, that might do honour to a pulpit, or chair of Moral Philosophy. Yet the scepticism which considers death as a sleep, futurity as a possible dream, and conscience as a coward, has not been wholly unobserved; and Shakspeare has been boldly accused of inadvertence in putting such doubts into the mouth of one who had actually seen and conversed with a denizen "of that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns." Many insufficient solutions of this apparent contradiction have been proposed. Perhaps the most plausible is that which ascribes it to the uncertainty still existing in Hamlet's mind, whether the thing which he has seen is really his father's spirit, or only a diabolical illusion. But this explanation, though good as far as it goes, does not go far enough. I will not say, that an apparition might not confirm the faith of an hereafter where it pre-existed, but where that faith was not, or was neutralized by an inward misery, implicated with the very sense of being, its effect would be but momentary or occasional—a source of perplexity, not of conviction—throwing doubt at once on the conclusions of the understanding and the testimony of the senses, and fading itself into the twilight of uncertainty, making existence the mere shadow of a shade. Hamlet, in his first soliloquy, speaks like a Christian—an unhappy and mistrusting Christian indeed, but still a Christian who reveres the Almighty's "canon 'gainst self-slaugh-

ter." But now, when his belief has received that confirmation which might seem irrefragable, he talks like a speculative heathen, whose thoughts, floating without chart or compass on the ocean of eternity, present the fearful possibility of something after death, but under no distinct conception either of hope or of fear. The apparition has unsettled his original grounds of certainty, and established no new ones. Are there no analogous cases within the limit of our own experience? Have not some half intuitions of metaphysical truths operated on certain minds, like the Ghost upon Hamlet's, to destroy the intelligible foundations of common-sense, and give nothing in their stead? to impair the efficiency of ordinary motives, yet supply none adequate either to overcome indolence or counteract impulse?

That the active powers of Hamlet are paralyzed, he is himself abundantly conscious. Every appearance of energy in others—the histrionic passion of the player—the empty ambition of Fortinbras—the bravery of grief in Laertes, excite his emulation and his self-reproaches. Yet day after day—hour after hour, the execution of his vow is in his hand—no fear—no scruple seems to detain him; and yet, after the play has caught the conscience of the King, and every doubt of the Ghost's veracity is removed, the said Ghost upbraids his almost blunted purpose. The power of acting revisits him only at gusty intervals; and then his deeds are like startings out of slumber—thrustings on of his destiny. In one of these fits, he stabs Polonius; in another, he breaks open the commission of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and without considering how far they might, or might not be, privy to his uncle's treachery, sends them by a forged instrument to the block. At last, when the envenomed rapier has wound up his own tragedy, he feels new strength in his mortal moment, and, in an instant, performs the work, and dies!

THE OLD BACHELOR.

POSTSCRIPT.

MY DEAR H.

I wish you, at your leisure, to mutilate Bowdler, as he has mutilated Shakspeare. It is to be lamented, that human nature is fallen and corrupt—that Shakspeare is not a seraph. But we ought to take him for better or worse, and be contented. Does Bowdler leave out the Prince's half-bitter, half-sweet badinage with Ophelia in the play-scene—and on another occasion, his warning to her not to be a "breeder of sinners?" Does he correct the innocent maniac for warbling her snatches of old love-songs so affectingly full of allusions which she would never have made ere her brain was turned? Does he insist on Othello using no coarse words, in his fury, to Desdemona? What makes he with a whole wilderness of monkeys? Pioneers and all? Iago's shocking insinuations? and the plain language of his honest wife? By what principle does he guide the shears in clipping? Are passages, moderately offensive to his delicate eyes and ears, permitted to stand, and only the staring and striking *maculæ* expunged? Or is every passage cut out in which the feeling, or thought, or expression, borders on what a Bowdler thinks naughty, or naughty-looking? Are young ladies privileged to approve of all that is left? Poor creature! how feeble his trust in the power of innocence in young uncorrupted minds! But do, my dear H., as you love me, settle the hash of the Bath Tinman.

Ever yours, affectionately,

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

BUCHANAN LODGE,
Oct. 14, 1828.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A POOR PROSCRIBED ANIMAL.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

INTRODUCTION BY DR N. N.

In altering an old wall of the closet of my study, a dirty roll of paper was discovered by the workmen. Upon looking into it, I found it to be a MS., written in a very curious old crabbed hand, which at first appeared totally incomprehensible. I think now, however, with the very able assistance of Sir W. H., Mr T—— T., and of three clerks from the Register Office, well versed in old writings, my own powerful microscope, and my two pair of spectacles, aided perhaps also by a little imagination, I have been able to decipher very nearly the whole.

This gives me the greater satisfaction, as I positively rejected all the scientific and philosophical processes suggested by two very ingenious and learned Professors of our University, as also the various plans pointed out by the illustrious Sromphrydavy, all of whom most kindly offered me their very valuable assistance. One Professor, I may mention, proposed that the MS. should be committed to a jar containing some particular gas in a state of ignition, which he assured me would have the effect of instantly restoring whatever was illegible. I, however, was perverse and obstinate enough to follow the old jog-trot plan; and, much to the mortification of the learned Doctor, have succeeded almost better than my own most sanguine expectations.

Very near the MS., I may mention, was found a long shrivelled substance, which I immediately suspected to be the extreme rear of that animal which the Romans called Sorex, and sometimes dignified with the military appellation of Major Mus. This animal seems to be well known in every language. It is called in Greek, Μυς; in Polish, Sczvrez; in French and English, Rat; in German, Ratz; in Italian, Ratto; in Swedish, Rotta; in Spanish, Raton; and in Scots, Rottan. But how, of itself, the *Cauda* should get there, I was at first, I must confess, a good deal puzzled. Some of my friends endeavoured to convince me that it was merely the twig of a birch. All of them soon, however, came over to my opinion, and pretended to account for the phenomenon in various ways, and did not fail to put me in mind of Macbeth's witches' "R—t without a Tail," and of Hamlet's Ghost, who "could a *Tail* unfold," &c. &c. But the case, Kilkenny Cat v. Kilkenny Cat, appeared to myself to be completely in point, and to afford satisfactory proof, that two heroes had been engaged in mortal combat, and had concluded their amusements by swallowing each other, with the exception of the aforesaid Cauda or Tail.

In reading over the Manuscript, I have made a few notes as they occurred to me. They are, however, of so little consequence, that I believe I should merely have jotted them in pencil; and most probably the reader may think, as is indeed the case with the notes of most Commentators, that the text is much more intelligible without them. I therefore by no means insist upon his reading them.

Chapter I.

Morte carent animæ: semperque, priore relictâ
Sede, novis domibus habitant, vivuntque receptæ.
Ovidii *Metamorph.* lib. xv. 158.

"A R—t! a R—t! clap to the door."
Pope.

As I intend to write the following pages entirely for my own amusement, and as they will most probably never meet the eye of mortal man, who alone can decipher them, it is unnecessary for me to make any observations on the doctrine of metempsychosis, to which indeed my reader (if there shall ever be one) may perhaps not be inclined to give implicit belief. It is unnecessary for me, therefore, to begin by alluding to my former visit

to this earth. I shall not even hint, whether if it ever took place, it was in antediluvian ages, or during the Babylonian, Grecian, or Roman glory; or in more modern times. Be assured, however, gentle reader, (if any there ever be,) that I have the faculty of observation—that I have seen many generations of men—that I have been in almost every corner of the habitable world, and that I am intimately acquainted with the history of mankind.—(Sir Walter Scott's Novels I have listened to with the greatest attention!)—I have eat opium in Constantinople—garlic in Italy—potatoes in Ireland. I have dabbled my whiskers in Guäva jelly—have drunk rack at Delhi, and at New South Wales I have enjoyed the luxuries of Kangoroo soup and Opossum gravy. I have been at the Highland-moors with young Englishmen—at Melton with young Scotsmen, and at bathing-quarters with old dowagers and their daughters. I have travelled in all ways—by sea—by land—on foot—on horseback—in a carriage—in a ship—in a palanquin—in a muff; but the motion of the camel I never could bear, it so jolted my poor old bones, and discomposed my whole body. India never agreed well with me. The insects, not to mention the serpents, annoyed me. The heat made me quite bilious; and, indeed, I began to feel my liver affected. And however partial I naturally was to perfumes, I soon had a great dislike at the strong smell of musk, which I felt about myself, and which, as I observe every historian agrees, very soon begins to appear in all of my species who reside for any time in India.* Musk should not of itself be disagreeable; but to have it constantly below one's nose, and to have every thing you touch smelling of it, you may easily conceive must be very annoying.

The Count de Buffon, whom we reckon one of our best historians, I see, says we are an omnivorous animal, and that we only seem to prefer hard substances to those which are tender or succulent. In this, however, he is mistaken; at least I can answer for myself. I know, for my part, I prefer mullicatawney and a tender young chicken, to an old pair of boots or a well-picked bone.

I have the misfortune, my reader, whoever you may be, to belong to a race to which you have an aversion—I may say a perfect horror. I am a wretched proscribed animal. A lady would faint at the sight of me; and if I should merely run across a room, a whole legion of boys and footmen would be after me; and if they should kill me, they themselves, and I am afraid every other person, would give them credit for doing a meritorious action. But, gentle reader, our character is worse than it should be. Although we never received any kindness from man, I am sure I can answer for myself, at least, I have not very often done him mischief for mischief's sake; and do remember that I did not choose my own form, and that perhaps I am now doomed to animate it from the contempt and cruelty, with which, in better days, I may have used the species. But I moralize, and this does not well suit my present condition. You may think it as ridiculous an idea as an oyster in love, which, I remember, used to tickle my fancy. I must only for one moment be allowed to observe, that man bestows far too much care and attention on that green-eyed monster, which I do detest—I mean the cat. If we were caressed and made of like it, and half so carefully attended to, I am sure we would make a much better return, and be truly grateful and attached. My friend Buffon seems perfectly to understand their character, and I must be allowed to quote a sentence or two from him, which I know will be much more credited than any thing I could myself say. "They possess," says he, "an innate malice, and perverse disposition, which increase as they grow up, and which education teaches them to conceal, but not to subdue. From determined robbers, the best education can only convert them into flattering thieves, for they have address, subtlety, and desire of plunder." .... "They easily assume the habits of society, but never acquire its manners, for they have only the appearance of attachment and friendship." And again he says, "The

* Vide M. de Querhöent, Count de Buffon, Voyage de la Boullaye le Gouz, p. 256, &c.—Editor.

cat appears to have no feelings which are not interested—to have no affection which is not conditional—and to carry on no intercourse with man, but with the view of turning it to his own advantage. Even the tamest are under no subjection, for they act merely to please themselves."

The dog is a very different animal. He is really attached to his master, and only lives to serve him. A dog is a perfect gentleman, and I love to fight with gentlemen.

The Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Philippians, says,—"Beware of dogs!"—C. iii. v. 2. Now, I cannot help always having thought, that he must have meant cats. It is very easy to suppose the Greek word "κύνας," may have crept in instead of "γαλας;" and this, indeed, is, I believe, corroborated by the folio manuscript copy of the Bible, of 1223, in the British Museum.

A few of the human race are, however, superior to the weakness of being so horrified at the sight of us. I remember the late Sir A. C., when at a hotel at Portsmouth, waiting for a fair wind to embark for India, paid a friend of mine the greatest possible attention, and repeatedly fed him with his own hand. When Sir A. was out one day, a brother officer happening to call, my friend, being short-sighted, mistook him, and came out to play his accustomed gambols. The brutal officer immediately attacked him sword in hand, and soon destroyed him. Sir A. coming in, his visitor told his exploit, expecting credit, no doubt; but the gallant general was so shocked at what had happened, that I was told he never afterwards could entirely forgive him. Dr Shaw, in his Travels, gives the following account of a sensible German, who was likewise above the vulgar prejudice:—"Travelling through Mecklenburgh some years ago, I happened to dine at the post-house at New Stutgard. After dinner, the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup, and gave a loud whistle. Immediately there came into the room a mastiff, an Angola cat, a raven, and a remarkably large R—t, with a bell about his neck. The animals went to the dish, and, without disturbing each other, fed together; after which the dog, the cat, the raven, and the R—t, lay down before the fire, and all fell asleep. The landlord, like a wise fellow, declared the R—t was the most useful of the four."

Our race is generally said to have come from some of the islands in the Levant, or, according to others, from Sweden; but I can ascertain with certainty, that my family came to France along with the Huns, and that my immediate ancestors came over to England with William the Conqueror, in 1066. I consider my blood, therefore, as purely British as any of the inhabitants of the island. There is a tradition among us, that the descendants of the pair who cruised with old Noah, settled in the north of Asia, and that we were to be found nowhere else for about 500 years afterwards. As to this, however, I do not pretend to speak with certainty; but one thing I know, that wherever man is seen to inhabit, we are to be found—wherever he goes, we attend him. We sent out parties to make discoveries with Vasquez de Gama, Dampier, Anson, and Cook, and although we English gentlemen (who have no blood-relationship with the Norwegians) are known to have such a natural abhorrence at cold, the love of science prevailed, and a strong party were sent to the frozen seas with Ross, Lyon, and Parry. Pontoppidan sagely observes, that "neither the wood nor water R—ts can live farther north than Norway; that there are several districts, as that of Hordenvor, in the diocese of Bergen, and others in the diocese of Aggerhum, where no R—ts are to be found; and that the R—ts on the south banks of the Vormen soon perish, when carried to the north side of it."* But we do not reckon Mr Pontoppidan a historian implicitly to be believed, and indeed the Admiralty took such care of us, that we might have remained for years at the Pole itself, without even having the toothach!

We always accompany the first visitors of countries, and when they take possession for their king, we do so for ourselves; and without being put to much trouble in carrying out stores, we have always the best and the pick of every thing. Often have I laughed

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* *Vide* third volume of folio edition, p. 256.—EDITOR.

at the pains man took to preserve his property from man. Stone and iron are made to do their best—armed sentries walking night and day—when all the time I have, with the coolest composure, been daily wallowing in the best of every thing. Nature abhors a vacuum, and will not allow us to starve, especially in the midst of plenty; but I may safely say, that I never wantonly destroyed, and, if possible, have always preferred the rich man's store.

Before the flood, as the cave of Yorkshire no doubt proves, we were to be found in this island—but upon this subject I shall not enter at present. Probably what is now Britain, was not then an island—I leave this, however, to wiser heads!

In the beginning of the year ——, my parents accompanied the baggage of the —— Dragoon Guards to Scotland. They told me they came in the carts with the sergeants' wives, as being the most comfortable. I was born above one of the stables on the east side of the court of Piershill barracks, or, as I used to hear the soldiers then call it, "Jock's Lodge," which is within a mile and a half of Edinburgh. My father was a kind, sensible gentleman, and was much esteemed by all his friends; and I sincerely forgive him for the great desire, and the many attempts he made, to eat me up. It was a natural instinct, and, poor fellow, he could not be blamed for it.* If he had succeeded, it would have saved me many vexations and trials, but my poor mother thought otherwise; and I am sure she fought most valiantly with my father whenever he made any attempt of the kind.

I might perhaps have lived and died in the barracks where I was born, if it had not been for the following adventure:—My eleven brothers and sisters and myself, when about three weeks' old, after being instructed by my mother in the intricacies of our habitation, made a few excursions beyond it. One morning, I am sure I shall never forget it, we were standing at the entrance. What I was told was daylight was visible—every thing appeared to be perfectly quiet, and she thought it a good opportunity of extending our walk, and expounding to us the wonders of the outward world. We proceeded cautiously along, delighted with all we saw. My eyes, I remember, could scarcely take in at once the immense animals we beheld; but as my mother told us they were harmless, we were not afraid. Unluckily by degrees we got more bold. I soon observed a less animal, which I foolishly thought would be less dangerous than the others, although I at once recollected it to be a dog. It was lying on some straw apparently quite motionless, and my eleven brothers and sisters and myself seemed all at once seized with a desire to run upon it, so as to be better able to ascertain what like it was. Our mother had found a prize, so that she did not for the moment observe us, and when she did it was too late. We had scarcely proceeded a few steps in our ascent, when the animal darted up, shook itself violently, uttered a dreadful noise, and, before many moments were over, it had killed five of the family. Our mother darted on it with the most headlong fury, and a most fearful engagement took place. In the midst of it the door opened, and a couple of dragoons entered. Our mother instantly sounded a retreat; but in her hurry of flight, she unfortunately tumbled into a water-pail, and was instantly secured. My brothers and sisters ran in all directions, but only three of them reached our habitation. The others, with myself, were all laid hold of, and were tumbled into the pail, where we found our mother. The stable seemed to be again dark, and all was quiet. I cannot say I was much alarmed at our situation; I was young and foolish, and I had an idea man would be kind to us; I even most stupidly thought, that under my present wretched form I might be recognised by them as one of themselves. Our mother, however, knew better. She told us we were a proscribed race, and she warned us to prepare for a most cruel and barbarous death. Several of her own family, she said, had fallen into the hands of man, and she had witnessed their agonizing sufferings.

* *Vide* Buffon, Querhoënt, &c. &c.—EDITOR.

While she was thus comforting us, my father, who had been told of what had happened by my brothers who escaped, accompanied by a few friends, came into the stable to see if we were still alive, and if any thing could be done for us. He soon found out where we were confined, and, after endeavouring to raise our spirits as well as he could, with a prospect of deliverance, he and his friends made a most minute survey of how matters stood. Upon inspection, they did not look flattering. On the top of the pail where we were, they found there was another nearly full of water, the weight of which made it almost impossible to be moved. My father's first plan was to endeavour to overturn both pails and to let us have our chance of escape as we best could. He accordingly got his whole band to make a united effort by applying their backs to our dungeon. This was done by word of command in the most regular manner; but after repeated trials, it was found totally impossible, as scarcely the slightest motion was produced. All this time our poor mother's agony was much increased by fears for my father's life, and she used every argument to endeavour to persuade him to leave her and us to our fate. My father's next idea was to endeavour to upset the upper pail, and this he thought might be effected by throwing all their weight to one side, (providing little water should be found to be in it,) we prisoners at the same time making our utmost exertions to raise the weight as much as possible. This had been no sooner planned than my father made a spring to ascertain as to the water; but at this moment the key was heard in the door—our sentinel gave the alarm—a retreat was sounded. Alas, however, my father lost his balance and fell into the water. He was a capital swimmer, and might soon have got out if his retreating friends had not made so much noise, that it instantly made the dragoons, who entered, think that something was wrong. The two who had taken us prisoners, were now accompanied by a couple of sergeants, whose favour by such a treat they did not doubt they would gain. Each sergeant had a terrier with him, both of which were famed for their bloody deeds. Upon their entrance, the dogs barked loudly, and their masters immediately went to where we were; when they found my father in his sad plight, a loud vulgar laugh first apprised us of their discovery. My father had remained so very quiet, that we were in hopes he had escaped their notice; but all in vain. The one sergeant now said to the other, that as there was to be such good sport, he thought he would go and tell Lieutenant —— and Cornet ——, both of whom he was sure would thank them all, and perhaps help them out of the next scrape.

"If you are to do that," says his comrade, "I may as well also just tell my Captain, old ——, who has been rather sulky of late, and I think it may help me on a bit in his good books—I know he likes good sport, and I don't think he has tried his new ferrets yet."

The Captain, the Lieutenant, and the Cornet, I suppose, thought it but friendly to tell some of their companions, for in a few minutes the two sergeants returned with five or six officers of the regiment. All this time the two dragoons had held the dogs, who did not fail to give plenty of tongue, I assure you.

"Pity, a'nt it, ———," says a young Cornet, "that the good fat Colonel should not see the fun?"

"And the Major too," said one of the others.

They were both duly informed, and in a little time, puffing and blowing, they both made their appearance.

"I hope you have not begun yet," was the worthy commandant's first words. "I was very busy with the Paymaster; but faith I could not afford to miss this."

Being assured they had waited for him, he wiped his forehead, and seemed in the best possible good-humour; and indeed a good-natured fellow he always was, I am told. A regular court-martial was now held. The sergeants and the privates modestly stood aside, but were soon called up by the Colonel.

"Well, Sergeant ———, is this your doing? Ha, ha, ha!"

The sergeant could not resist silently assenting; and would thus modestly have claimed the whole merit, if his brother sergeant had not at the moment taken the liberty of treading on his toe.

"Sergeant ——— and I thought it was a pity not to let your honour

know, plaise your honour," was the reply.

The result of this drum-head court martial was instantly proclaimed, viz. that we should be taken to the mess-room, and there have each a fair chance, at least, for our lives. A hand-barrow was provided, and the whole party immediately adjourned to the scene of action, the officers bringing up the rear. We seemed to make no small sensation in our progress across the barrack-yard. The Adjutant instantly dimissed the men at drill. The Surgeon made a right about wheel on his way to the hospital, and found that the Assistant would do equally well; and two young Cornets made a sudden escape from the riding school.

I do not blame any of the regiment for the pleasure they all seemed to feel at the amusement to be derived from our torture. Any other corps would have done exactly the same. A barrack-yard has not many amusements, and every little event is looked upon with interest. In former days, perhaps, I might probably have been one of the first to join, though I cannot blame myself with ever having been fond of unnecessary cruelty.

We reached the field of combat. The water in the pail, where my father was, was carefully removed, by being poured off. He was allowed ten minutes to recruit, in case, as the Colonel, who loved fair play, said, he should be at all exhausted by his immersion. The tables were by this time removed, and a large circle of chairs was made, in the centre of which it was arranged that the combat should take place. In case of accidents, the spectators were to stand on their chairs, the sergeants, messmen, &c. remaining behind. Our father, it was determined, should commence the amusements of the day. Captain ———'s ferrets were produced, muzzled. They were said to be in famous fighting order. You may imagine, reader, that our family party was at this moment in no very enviable situation. For my part, I scarcely as yet knew my own powers. I, however, was resolved to do my best, and, at all events, die like—a man, I was almost going to say—but let it be like a hero. My teeth I found sharp and tolerably long; but more calculated for gnawing than for biting, as they seemed to be situated at the extremity of the lever or jaw, and had not therefore so much force as they should have had. But I need not, I am sure, distress you, gentle reader (if any there ever be,) with the particulars of the battle which ensued. Suffice it to say, that our father, mother, brothers and sisters, died fighting bravely. I believe it is impossible for our species, although our strength is said to be nearly equal, to overcome the ferret. He bites with his whole jaw, and, instead of ever quitting his hold, sucks the blood from the wounded part, till exhausted nature at last gives way. One of them, however, I was happy to hear, was very much bitten; and both the terriers, by their cries, shewed they had suffered severely. I was now alone left; and as it was said I was a fine tight fellow, it was agreed I should be well fed till next day, by which time Cornet ——— expected his new dog home. Before the party broke up, as it was a wet day, and they had nothing better to do till six o'clock, they thought they would amuse themselves by having a nearer look of me; and the pail was accordingly put upon the mess-table. The old Colonel seemed to enjoy the sight, and kept turning the pail from side to side. I began to have hopes; I watched my opportunity; I made a spring full in the Colonel's face. He tumbled over a chair. Cornet ——— upset the Major; the Major pulled Captain ——— to the ground along with him. A rush was made to the door, and it seemed to be *sauve qui peut*. In the confusion I easily made my escape; and although I could not regain my old habitation for some days, I secured myself in a safe retreat.

I must here most distinctly observe, that I do by no means intend to cast the smallest slight upon the courage of any of my military friends. There is many a brave officer who would far rather engage a couple of Frenchmen than a couple of R—ts; and some of those whom I singly routed, may yet die like heroes upon the battle's bloody field.

I met many of my species behind the wainscot, who were most anxious to know all particulars of the fight, the noise of which they had heard—and by them I was most kindly entertained for some days. Our race are always generous to one another, when not pressed by hunger; and it

is only in the utmost necessity that we are driven to the shifts, I shall be afterwards obliged to mention. While in my present quarters I fared most luxuriously. The mess generally broke up about 10 or 11; but we used often to come out long before that, and play our cantrips, our friends being generally pretty far gone early in the evening. The mess-man's pantry was not far distant, and every good thing was there to be found in abundance, without the smallest trouble. About 12 at night we generally set out on our peregrinations. I soon easily found my way to my old quarters, and was joyfully received by my surviving brothers and sisters. None of my friends, or of my family, were at all surprised when I told them of the cruel loss of our parents. They only seemed astonished that I should ever have come back to tell their fate, and said that I was the first who had returned from the hands of the Philistines.

A few nights afterwards a large band of us made an excursion of several miles, and in returning, we remained for a day or two at Leith. It being a seaport, we met some of our own species from all parts of the world, the language of most of whom I could not understand. Among others I met some beautiful creatures, who, I was told, were natives of Spain; their hair was long and silky; their shape was elegant, and altogether they appeared to be the most lovely of their race.* It was now I first felt a curious kind of palpitation of my heart; but I know, fair reader, you cannot in this enter into my feelings, so I shall not again obtrude them upon you. It was here, likewise, I first witnessed battles between ourselves. A snarl or a side bite I had before heard of, but any thing further I could not imagine. The first I saw was truly dreadful; it was between a brawny Norwegian and a sturdy Scot. I don't know what was the cause of the quarrel—probably some dispute about the honour of their two countries; but dreadful was the shock of combat, and long and loud the cheers and cries of the two heroes. They were both well practised in the art of war, and their respective weapons were used with such effect, that the field of battle was soon drenched with blood. They seemed equally matched, and the friends of both thought their own countryman sure of success, when all of a sudden the Norwegian's strength appeared at once to fail, and at the same moment the vigour and courage of his opponent began to rise. He seized his foe so fiercely by the lower part of the throat, that the blood gushed from the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears. Shriek succeeded shriek, but in a moment all was hushed, and the Norwegian lay extended on the ground a mangled and unseemly corse. If the fight had terminated otherwise, the head of our countryman would have been instantly opened, and he would have been speedily devoured by his antagonist. But, like a true hero, the Scot knew how to use his victory with moderation, and modestly retired from the scene of action. While in Leith, I saw many other battles, both single combats and regular fights of ten or fifteen on each side; but it is unnecessary to say more about them at present, as I shall soon have occasion, in describing my adventures in Germany, to dwell so much on blood. I was much amused at the mixed society I met with at this seaport, and listened with an eager ear to the many adventures and tales of wonder I heard related. One boasted of the many countries he had visited—another of the escapes he had made—a third of the hardships he had endured in an eight months' voyage—a fourth amused us all with the stories of Whittington, Lord Mayor of London, and Puss in Boots. And an old fellow, who appeared to have seen a great deal of service, maintained to us, that, in the West Indies, he and a dozen companions had been swallowed alive† by a large serpent, and that they had cut a passage out for themselves, "*sword in hand*," and escaped safe to a R—t! But what delighted me most, was an account another old fellow gave of the taking of the Isle of France by an army of 360,000,000 R—ts!! The poor Dutch, he said, fought most valiantly for long, but nothing could withstand

* The climate of Spain is uniformly found to soften and refine the skins of all the lesser animals. *See* Buffon, *&c.*—Editor.

† I see this mentioned by Du Tentre, tome II. p. 303, Buffon, *&c.*—Editor.

the force of our arms, and the Dutch were at last fairly driven out of the Island.* You may believe how greedily I gulped in such a narrative—I felt my spirit rise within me, and I determined instantly to go abroad and share in such deeds of glory. What, I thought, could be more ignoble than to stay moping at home, while others were gaining such immortal honours! I had always had a great desire to see the world, and revisit, perhaps, former scenes, now alas, gone for ever—

> "Oft in the stilly night ere slumber's chains have bound me,
> Fond memory brings the light of other days around me."†

But the real reason was, that I could not possibly stand the dreadful effluvia of those very horrible rivers and lakes which form the chief defence of our barracks.‡ Often, often have I turned sick, but that did me no good. My military friends were, however, as much to be pitied as myself—indeed more so—they could not take themselves off, like me, when they chose, without consulting any body. I used truly to pity them, poor fellows, when in a hot summer evening they were driven from their claret in the open square or court—many a hearty curse, I can answer for it, the worthy town and corporation of Edinburgh got—but I doubt it would do them little harm, or my friends little good!

My resolution to go abroad was quickly formed, and I immediately accepted of a passage from a respectable-looking old R—t, who told me he sailed a vessel in the Rotterdam trade. I was then so ignorant, (would you believe it?) that I thought if I went to Holland, I should be very short distance from this famous Isle of France, which had so taken my fancy. The world, I at first thought, (when I began to enter upon my new existence) did not extend beyond our barrack-yard; gradually my ideas got so enlarged as to take in Leith and Edinburgh, but as yet they knew nothing beyond them except this fancied famous island, which was I could not imagine where. My friend told me he was to sail next day, so he advised me to lose no time in setting about my preparations for my voyage. Little, however, he said, was necessary, as he would keep a good table, and all he asked in return was, that I should be under his command upon my arrival. I did not much relish coming under any engagement of this kind; but he told me it was a mere form, and that it was necessary for my own protection on the other side of the water. I accordingly got over my scruples, and he promised to sail next day—Next day came—and the next, and the next; and we had not even gone on board. Upon remonstrating, my friend told me a long story of the storm being so great, that he could not venture out; but I soon learnt that he had nothing whatever to do with the sailing, and that that depended upon a good-humoured looking fat fellow, with a reddish face, who went by the name of the Captain. I therefore determined to go up to Edinburgh, and afterwards to pay a visit to my brothers and sisters, and other friends at the barracks. I took the Leith stage as far as the Black Bull. Pray, reader, (if there ever be one,) do not doubt my narrative, for I positively did; and the way I managed it was, in the coat pocket of the aforesaid corpulent Captain. I believe this was the first time I had tried this conveyance, so you may imagine I was not a little nervous; but I have often, often since tried it, and made many a trip in the pouch of a young midshipman.

The Captain mentioned on our way up, (not however expressly to me,) that he was to sail in a month, so that I had now no occasion to hurry myself, and determined to see a little of my own country. We alighted at the Black Bull. The Captain went into the coffee-room to take a glass of grog with an old shipmate. Happening to hear George, the red-faced waiter, say, that so many dinners were to take place that day, I thought I could not do better than remain at his house; and therefore gently slipped out of my friend's pocket, and took my place very quietly in a corner, till I had an

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* I find this actually mentioned by Buffon, St Pierre, and M. le Vicomte de Querhoënt, and indeed by several other authors.—EDITOR.

† T. Moore.—EDITOR.

‡ Supposed to be the river Tumble, &c.—EDITOR.

opportunity of going up stairs. When I was about half way up, an ill-bred cur of a dog flew at me, but I gave him tit for tat; and he was happy to have the excuse of hearing his master whistle, to take himself off. I went from room to room, and at last I took George's word for it, that the best dinner was to be in No. 7; and I accordingly comfortably nestled myself behind the fire-screen till the moment of attack should commence. It at last arrived, and a good set-to we certainly had. The waiter fellows whipt off the dishes from the sideboard so quickly, however, that I had scarcely time to dip my whiskers in half of them. I therefore determined to accompany a choice one down stairs, and gently insinuated myself below the cover. I was not a little nonpluss'd at one of the fellows taking off the cover as soon as he got out of the door, for the purpose, no doubt, of having a tasting himself, and was forced to leap in his face, and make my escape as I best could. The consequence was, the poor devil was so terrified, that he let fall the turkey, china and all, and had his wages stopped for three weeks for his pains. I adjourned to the pantry, and made a most excellent repast, and after some time returned to the dining-room for my wine. I found so many glasses of champaigne on the side-table, that I must confess, I rather exceeded, and had such a headach next morning, that I was not relieved till I had taken one of Puke and Spew's best Sedleitz.*

I am afraid I am rather long-winded in details of so little consequence, so I must pass over my visit to the Royal Hotel, the New Club, my friend Blackwood's, our R—t Assembly-room, (below, or rather *in* the North and South Bridges,) and the Parliament House (a devilish dusty place,) where I found the macers uncommonly officious. At the first mentioned, I must only remark, that my rashness had wellnigh cost me my life. In the early part of the evening, I had observed a pair of green eyes prowling about; but the eatables were so excellent, I soon quite forgot all caution, and never once again thought of the matter, till I heard a dreadful scream—saw dishes overturned in all directions, and found myself engaged in mortal combat with that abominable creature called a cat. She luckily trusted to her claws, and was not a good biter—I was; and elevated with Glasgow punch and claret, I fought so desperately, that she was, before long, glad to sound a retreat.

I often walked along the streets of Edinburgh, and frequently have I put my head above a grating in the South Bridge, and stood for hours moralizing. Often, in the middle of my melancholy reflections, have I been made to laugh aloud, at the sight of two fat burghers meeting, and attempting to pass each other, first on the one side and then on the other, I daresay at least eighteen different times, but the result always was, their falling into each other's arms. The good people of Edinburgh should really have lessons in walking. It would be more worthy of the Provost and Corporation to set the example of such a thing as this, than all their gymnastics and nonsense. Nobody ever seems to think it necessary to look where he is going. Indeed, every body makes it a rule to look one way and walk another. The more dirty a fellow is, with the more confidence he walks the streets of Edinburgh. He thrusts a hand into each pocket of his inexpressibles, and the pavement is instantly cleared for him, as no one but those as filthy as himself care to rub shoulders with him. It is really quite unsafe for one of us to go along the pavement of Edinburgh, for there is no saying which side the man you meet will take—ten to one he even puts his foot on you. Now, in the streets of London, every body knows there are regular sides and regular streams of people; and often have I walked between the two columns, and indeed often in the middle of them, as the Londoners are too much taken up with themselves to mind any body else. A Sawney Scot, on the contrary, is always looking about him, and would, I am sure, stay a quarter of an hour, be he ever in such a hurry, to see one of us killed, or even to look at one of our dead bodies.—But I have to apologize for taking the li-

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* Supposed to be Messrs Pugh and Plews, of No. 33, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.—EDITOR.

berty of making the above remarks, which are perhaps uncalled for from me.*

Before leaving Edinburgh, I must, however, in justice to its inhabitants, give them credit for their good living. The Scots are in general talked of as a saving, parsimonious people, but I am sure they are not so in their wines. There is not a poor, half-famished young Lawyer, who can pretend to give a dinner, without claret; and the idea of only kitchen wines would be quite shocking—a thing talked of for a month, and what indeed he could never recover. Now, look at John Bull, who is as rich as you choose; but he thinks if he gives you port, you are very well off!! Reader, can you explain this? Perhaps John is sensible his claret is not good, at least in comparison of the Leith claret. No such thing, John thinks every thing that belongs to him the very best that can be!—I think I can expound it—John is a fat, good-humoured fellow, but a little selfish. He finds black strap, which he certainly has very good, agrees best with his own stomach, and therefore thinks it should do so with his guests. We Scots gentlemen, on the contrary, have been long accustomed to claret, it having been introduced during our connexion with France, and supplied by the smugglers long after that was at an end; and besides, we would rather starve a week ourselves, than not be able to give our friends the very best. John is rich—we are poor, and at the same time proud; and a fellow without a fortune, you know, is always afraid of showing his poverty!! The tax upon French wines is very hard upon us; but we still contrive to carry on in a small way, though the *tappit-hens* of former days are now at an end. Indeed, it is thought by some, that this tax, which diminished the use of claret in Scotland, did more to overturn the old Jacobite spirit of the country, than even the Clan Act itself.

Haughty and bold the Caledonian stood,
Old was his mutton, and his claret good:
"Let him drink port," the crafty statesman cried;
He drunk the poison, and his spirit died.

But although the crazy spirit of Jacobite loyalty has fled with the *tappit-hens,* there is still nowhere more loyalty than in Scotland; and it has only become more rational with their more moderate potations. Long may they hip, hip, hurra to the king's health, over a bumper of claret!

During the following week, I went upon an expedition with some of my own family, and about 200 others, to East Lothian, to visit some friends. The weather was delightful, neither too hot nor too cold, and I really enjoyed my trip. In our progress through a field, we run over a couple of labourers, who were fast asleep, but they never saw us, and we thought it a pity to disturb them. Next day, we met a couple of nurserymaids, with children, who all screamed most furiously at the sight of us. We passed on, however, and were out of sight in a moment. On the third day, for we took our journey very easily, we arrived at our place of rendezvous, which was a large old mansion-house, at the time uninhabited. The muster-roll was called early next morning, and our force was found to be about 10,000. The proprietor of the house (or rather he who reckoned himself so,) a large muscular old brown R—t, thanked us for the honour we had done him, and for so kindly volunteering to assist him in what he considered a great national quarrel. It was arranged that we should all assemble in fighting order, in the large dining-room, at nine o'clock that evening. Punctually as the old clock tolled that hour, each hole vomited forth her garrison, and in the course of half an hour we were in full march. Our first attack, it was determined, should be upon the house of a farmer, who had been most active against us. I had the honour of commanding a small party of picked fellows, and offered my services to push on and make observations how matters stood.

It was midnight, and all around seemed to be still as death. My heart sickened at the sight of horror which was now before me—1500 heads of slaughtered friends, I counted, nailed up along a paling—but vengeance is sweet, and we pushed on.

* I wonder our historian did not notice the dust of Edinburgh, for which it is justly so celebrated. It may, however, be of some service to the eyes of my pedestrian friends, for me to observe, that the dust on the North Bridge, where indeed it is always to be found, is only annoying on that side from which the wind is blowing.—EDITOR.

The farmer and his family were fast asleep, totally unconscious of the mischief which was plotted against them. The surly watch-dog gave now and then a growl; but I ascertained he was chained, so little attention was paid to him. Our first attack was on the hen-house. Chickens, young turkeys, geese, &c.—every thing was swept away, and a few bones and feathers alone remained to show the slaughter which had taken place. The pigeon-house was next visited, then the dairy; and the cheese, milk, and cream, in a moment disappeared. Every thing which could not be eaten was destroyed. Here some of our fellows, however, seemed to forget themselves, and were so overcome by the quantities they had consumed, that we were forced to leave them to their fate, which I have no doubt was not a pleasant one, as they of course fell into the hands of the infuriated enemy. An attack upon the sleeping rooms of the cottage was now meditated; but I was most happy that it was voted first to destroy the wheat, as I fear some of the younger children must have fallen victims to the ungovernable rage of our troops. Ample justice was, however, done to the wheat, and every thing else we could find. We suddenly came upon two cats, but they fled in dismay at the sight of our numbers. A retreat was at last sounded—day began to dawn, and we marched at a slow pace back to our castle. Above 1000 never returned, and most probably fell victims to their excesses.

Two days were necessary to recruit our stomachs, and then another expedition was arranged to attack one of the human species, (a kind of two-legged monster,) whose profession, I am told, was to make war upon us, and who had been the chief assistant of the farmer we had just visited. I do detest a tall, lean, lank, pale-faced ill-looking man about fifty, who is dressed in dirty old buckskin breeches, an old washed-out jane frock-cut coat, and a mole-skin waistcoat, (or, monster of cruelty! one sometimes even made of the skins of our countrymen,) especially if he has a kind of spear walking stick, and be followed by three or four little mongrel curs. He is sure to be a R—t-Catcher,* as you, my reader, would call him. Many a friend have I seen demolished by his cantrips—many lose a leg, and many die in agony in their own houses, from the vile food he prepared for us. But any thing is better than to be taken prisoner by one of these vile vermin, for they will think nothing of skinning you alive, or of burning you to death over a candle. And, Mr Human-Reader, (if this ever reaches the eyes of one,) besides ridding you of us, (which they really don't try to do,) they will ease you of plenty more; for I never saw one of those gentry who was not also by profession a thief! This expedition, however, I could not join, as I was anxious not to disappoint the party with whom I had agreed to go to Holland. I therefore made the best of my way back to Leith, which I accomplished without difficulty, as a friend procured me a seat in a hay cart.

Chapter II.

We set sail in a few days with a fair wind down the Frith, and soon left the Bass and the May behind us. I must confess, I was a little afraid, when, for the first time, I was out of sight of land. It is a dismal thought to have nothing but sea and sky around, and only a frail plank between us and the fathomless depths of ocean. This was my first voyage; but many a day and month and year have I spent on the water since that time. I have tried all vessels, but certainly prefer the merchantmen. As for their sloops or brigs of war, I shall not try them in a hurry again. It is a shame for the Admiralty to risk *people's* lives in them. I believe I was the only living thing that remained to tell the fate of the last I was in. The eating (a point of some little consideration) in the merchantmen is always good. On board them, we have likewise fewer human enemies; and the men-of-war's men are rather troublesome. They are too knowing for us, and never think of giving any quarter.

I was a little squeamish or so for

* "Muricidus" of the Romans.—Editor.

the first day, but nothing like some of our passengers. The great secret I have always found, is to eat plenty, and drink a little brandy; that is much better than all your quack receipts.

We had a dog on board, but he was a lazy mangy fellow, and gave us little trouble. The wind continued favourable, and on the sixth evening, the lights of Goëree and Helvoetsluis were visible. Some of the passengers left us at the latter town; but I merely went ashore and took a rapid look of the streets, and of the guard-ship, which was in the Dock in the centre of the town, and returned to the smack by the Captain's boat. I saw rather a curious scene on board the man-of-war. Some of her men had been engaged in a row the previous night, and were sentenced to be flogged. After being stripped, they seemed to dip each man in the water before commencing the more disagreeable part of the operation. If I had not been in such a hurry, I should certainly have made bold to have carried a biscuit to a poor little midshipman, who was condemned to remain twelve hours at the mast-head for some nonsense or other, and who looked most miserably cold.

Mynheer is certainly a strange fat-bottomed animal after all. His pipe never seems to be out of his mouth, nor his hands out of his pockets. The pilots who came on board, with their very little hats, their immense wide short breeches, and large wooden shoes, surprised me not a little. The Dutch get the credit of being very cleanly, but I cannot say much as to that, in their persons at least. The Bad Huis, or Bath Hotel, which is on the Böom Keys, the best street in Rotterdam, was recommended to me as the only one a gentleman could go to, and there accordingly I and four of the passengers took up our quarters. They all immediately ordered hot baths; but I contented myself with a cold one, which I found very agreeable, after being cooped up as we had been. They had the bill of fare brought to them. I went to the pantry myself and chose what I thought best. By the by, it was curious enough that I did not find a single gentleman of my species in the whole house; I however, found plenty traces of them, and therefore conjectured they had gone on some expedition. At the house of the consul, Mr Ferrier, (who was a Scotsman,) I found many friends, to whom I had introductions, and I can assure my reader I was most liberally and hospitably entertained.

Upon the whole, there did not appear much to be seen in the town. The inhabitants seemed more an eating and drinking sort of people than any thing else. Their ferries through the town are a very great nuisance, as one cannot always have a doit about them; and a surly brown Dutch rascal at one time had the impudence to stop me till I had to borrow from a friend. The statue of Erasmus is a shabby concern.

We made several excursions into the neighbouring country, sometimes on foot, but we generally went in their track boats, or "Trekschuiten," as they choose to call them—"Roef," in which we always found tolerably clean and comfortable; and we visited various of the Lust-Huises, or country villas of the Burghers, where excellent tables are always kept, I warrant. Among other places, I paid a visit to the village of Broek, where there is such an affectation of cleanliness, that I remember seeing a poor little boy sent to the Rasping-Huis for a month, for merely in a corner attempting 2. P.!!!* We stayed two days with an old rich Mynheer, who had a large dairy at Gouda; but his cheese was very salt to my taste, and it certainly made me drink far too much of his Schiedam gin, which was quite to my fancy.

A party were intending, I found, to make a trip along the Rhine; so I thought I could not do better than join it. We went by the Hague, Häarlem, and Amsterdam. With the last, I was much disappointed. They say it contains 200,000 human inhabitants, but it has not even a tolerable hotel. The famous Häarlem tulip gardens, I of course visited, particularly those of Van Eeden. I wonder what the fools could see in tulips, who gave 10,000 guilders for one root. The organ is certainly very fine; but it nearly cracked the drum of my ears.

* "H. P." so written in the original MS. The Editor cannot comprehend what is meant!!—Editor.

It was a few miles from Häarlem that I was surprised with the sight of Mynheer Wöodenblok passing me on foot at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. A few days before, I had left him at Rotterdam a happy comfortable-looking fellow. He was now pale and care-worn, and evidently much confused. But I had just a glimpse of him, for he passed me like a shot. Every body knows the story of poor Mynheer Wöodenblok. Some years before he was thrown from the diligence, and had his leg so shattered, that amputation was necessary. He had, however, perfectly recovered his health, and was universally esteemed one of the richest and happiest men of Rotterdam. In an evil hour, he was attracted by an advertisement of M. Tournevoult, a most ingenious mechanic, who had just, he thought, brought to perfection his admirable invention of artificial legs. Poor Wöodenblok was easily persuaded to order one. Only two days before, it had been fitted on for the first time. After walking about, he called at the shop to suggest a slight alteration. Toürnevoult appeared merely to have tightened a screw nail; but the effect was instantaneous — Wöodenblok rushed down stairs—the streets were cleared before him—he loudly called for assistance, but nobody could come up with him. At last in his agony, he laid hold of the railing of Mynheer Schelderman's house. It stopped him for a moment, and then yielding to his grasp, he dragged it along with him. Tournevoult's house was on the bank of the Schic Canal, which, it will be recollected, is straight in the direction of Häarlem. Wöodenblok having completely lost all command of his leg, was entirely at its mercy. Neither canal, nor wall, nor tree, nor house rendered him the slightest assistance, for nothing could oppose his headlong course. Poor fellow, I never saw him again. Towards the end of the following day, I believe, exhausted nature gave up the struggle. But his limb, vigorous as ever, still insisted on performing its office, and continued to stalk along with its ghastly burden. I am told his withering bones may yet be met with in the wilds of Germany; and indeed they must continue their rapid march till the end of time, as their speed is so completely beyond the reach of mortals!

When at Amsterdam, I was nearly carried off to Archangel, which would, at the time, have been rather a bore indeed. After a grand let-off, given by a rich burgo-master, to which my friends got me a special invitation, I incautiously exceeded in the curaçoa, of which I did not at all then know the strength. The vessel put to sea, and I had enough to do to secure my retreat in the pilot boat. From Amsterdam we proceeded in a curious large diligence to Utrecht, and from that to Cologne. We had twelve (human) passengers inside, who smoked the whole time without intermission. I, as well as all my species, are most partial to perfumes, and I did not therefore fail to visit the representative of Signior Jean Marie Farina in his shop, No. 4568, à la rue haute à Cologne. Nothing struck me particularly in this town of Cologne. The streets are very narrow, and seemed dull enough. To be sure, the principal one, which is said to be a German league in length, is rather fine. The old convent of the Ladies of St Ursula, is curious at least. They shew you in it the bones of 11,000 virgins, who they say were murdered by the Huns at the time of their invasion, when they destroyed the town. I might easily have had a taste of them; but I had no fancy for such antiquated old maids. In the Cathedral, or Dom, as they call it, you see the tomb of the three famous Kings of Cologne, and the gold and silver chests which contain the bones of the Holy Engelberth. I don't think, in the whole town, there is any thing else worth the trouble of looking at. The Hotel "Le Prince Charles," I found tolerably comfortable: There is a good French cook, but he is a saucy fellow.

It was in the trenches of Cologne, that I first saw prisoners working out of doors in chains. They looked poor miserable creatures. All of them were dressed in dirty yellow, and were chained in couples, the most desperate having likewise chains to their feet.

Finding a detachment just setting out to join the Grand Allied Army, I thought, as a true Briton, I could do no less than accompany it, and prevailed upon all our party to do the same.

Every body knows, that the French nation, seized with the same wild desire, which maddened their human

countrymen, had for long been endeavouring to humble and crush the whole nations of the Continent. The spirit of freedom had now, however, begun to arise, and the French, in their turn, found themselves attacked on all sides. The detachment with which I marched, consisted of 80,000. As we had little baggage, having crossed the Rhine, we proceeded rapidly through a dull uninteresting country. On the morning following the 5th night, we had scarcely begun to enjoy a refreshing slumber, when there was a call to arms. Our light troops, who were in advance, had come unexpectedly upon the enemies' sentries, and immediately fell back upon the main body. From a prisoner or two they had taken, we learnt that we were close upon the grand French army, amounting, by the lowest accounts, to 300,000,000 fighting R—ts! The Allies lay three miles off; but not a moment was to be lost; and we luckily effected a junction, almost before our arrival had been well known in the French camp. The Allied Army did not exceed 200,000,000, of whom not above 180,000 were British. Both armies had long been suffering the extremity of famine. The Commissary General of each army, and the whole commissariat, had already been devoured, after pleading in vain, how unexpectedly the supplies had been cut off by irresistible human force.

I must attempt a short description of that memorable battle, which, as is well known, decided the fate of Europe.

The signal was no sooner given than the Allies, without waiting the attack of the French, rushed in upon their ranks with desperate rapidity, as if wholly regardless of safety. The French considered this first step of the Allies to be the result of madness, and were more inclined to despise them as maniacs than oppose them as soldiers. However, they were quickly undeceived. It had never before been the custom of the Allies to run on with this headlong valour, but pinching hunger added fury to their courage, and comparing the number of their own forces with that of the enemy, and expecting victory only from desperate valour, they determined to break through the enemies' ranks, or fall in the attempt. The French, however, stood their ground with great intrepidity, and the battle was long, and loud, and fierce. The conflict raged with doubtful issue for many hours. Quarter was neither given nor taken, and the field was everywhere dyed with blood. About three in the morning, the French made a desperate effort by bringing up the best and bravest of their whole army. The French general led this furious attack in person. Undismayed by the dreadful slaughter around them, they struggled on with fearful shouts, over ground, now slippery with blood, now almost impassable with accumulated heaps of dead. Our light troops, who were acting as skirmishers, gave way before them. They were now within ten yards of us—We were no longer to be restrained.—The word, to charge, was given. At that moment, the rising sun broke through the clouds, and darted a ray of glory on the advancing army. The onset was irresistible; and indeed the enemy, exhausted and dispirited by their previous exertions, now scarcely even attempted resistance. The first line was soon thrown back, and mingled with the second in hopeless confusion. On every side the French fled in the utmost dismay—In vain their commander endeavoured to restore the day; it was too late. All attempts at regularity were abandoned, and their corps of every description were mingled and blended together in one tide of flight, which no one any longer either attempted to guide or restrain.

Such was this memorable battle,* which annihilated the hopes of France, and put an end to that convulsive struggle, which so long shook Europe—nay, even the earth itself, to its centre. Since the deluge, never was there such a slaughter. The field was literally soaked with blood, and in many places masses of seventy or eighty dead bodies were to be found heaped above each other, just as they had fallen in the struggle of death. The slaughter at Attila's battle of Chalons was only estimated at 460,000, but that number was nothing in comparison of those who fell on this bloody field. The loss of the French alone exceeded 156,000,000. That of the Allies was little more than half that number!!

As I do not intend to attempt any history of the war, of which so many

* As to this battle I can pretend to say nothing.—EDITOR.

accounts have no doubt been published, I shall now continue my *personal* (not, as in law language, opposed to *real*) narrative. I shall only add, that it seemed perfectly to be understood on both sides, that no enemy was to be devoured, till the battle was completely at an end. Dangerous indeed it would have been for him who broke through this rule to satisfy his cravings, as in the moment of victory he would assuredly have been surrounded and torn to pieces by his infuriated foes. The following night, however, presented a shocking spectacle. Imagine to yourself, my gentle reader, about 120,000,000 warriors, maddened with hunger, let loose on such a banquet. But I shall not attempt a description. Suffice it to say, that, as might have been expected, many paid the penalty of their voraciousness. I suffered in a slighter degree; and was glad to avail myself of the vicinity of the Seltzer waters, which are only about thirty miles from Coblentz. I forgot to say, that on the night of the engagement, a duel took place in presence of the whole army, between two Austrian Hamsters,* as if they had not already had enough of fighting. We waited till the one dispatched the other, and then we instantly, by a drum-head court-martial, condemned the victor to death. This was absolutely necessary with those gentry, as they must always be fighting with somebody. They are the very Irish of R—ts.

In a few days I was as well as ever. My wounds were only flesh ones. My teeth soon recovered their edge. The stiffness left my jaws, and I was able again to admire the beauties of the surrounding scenery.

The town of Coblentz is situated at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle. Here the majestic Rhine gently flows along in all its grandeur, separating the town from the noble fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. I crossed over the bridge of boats, and made a most minute inspection of this very romantic castle, which gave me great pleasure indeed. In a few days I availed myself of a passage-boat which was going to Mayence, and was quite enraptured with the view on all sides. The beautiful little islands—the ruined convents and castles so tastefully perched on the surrounding heights—the constant succession of vineyards now laden with harvest—all delighted me. Still, however, I was out of humour. Our boat had a cargo of those low beer-drinking miscreants called German students, who, to strangers, and I am sure to every body but themselves, are most disagreeable and disgusting fellows. Their ridiculous dress, long l—sy hair, bravado manners, and real as well as affected dirtiness, not to mention their constant songs and noisy mirth, quite put me out of sorts. Some of our species who attended them took them as their model, and succeeded in making themselves equally disagreeable. In addition to this annoyance, Rhenish wines, and perhaps also the water, I found did not well agree with my stomach; and no inconsiderable annoyance, I soon experienced. They seemed, however, to have exactly the same effect upon every Englishman I saw, so I was not singular. A little brandy soon, however, put me all to rights; and by the time I reached Strasbourg, I was perfectly well again, and able to do ample justice to her Splendid Pies! † I attended high mass in the great Cathedral of Strasbourg, and was surprised and pleased at the sight of 10,000 soldiers, in review order, drawn up within its walls. It was tiresome enough work mounting to the top of the spire, (which I ascertained, by the steps I took, to be exactly 490 feet high, Strasbourg measure; and this is exactly eight feet higher than St Peter's at Rome,) but I made it out, notwithstanding the sulky looks of the jackanapes who lives at the top. Nothing can surpass the beauty of the view from this

* The *Mus Cricatus* of Linnæus. The life of a Hamster is divided between eating and fighting. He attacks man and every other animal, and will never let go his hold till he be beaten to pieces. They abound chiefly in Austria and Silesia, but are to be found in almost every part of Germany. Their holes are very commodious, and are laid out with great ingenuity.—*Vide* Buffon, Sultzer's Travels, &c.—ED.

† Les patés de Strasbourg, composed of *gibier* of every kind, and which are sometimes six feet in length, are highly celebrated!—EDITOR.

Cathedral. At your feet you have the ancient town, with all its regular fortifications and outworks—the majestic Rhine, with its bridge of boats, and ruined Gothic bridge, sublime in its decay—and as far as the eye can reach you have an exceedingly rich country, everywhere speckled with towns, and fertilized by luxuriant streams.

I made a point of visiting my venerable friend, the old Comte de Strasbourg, who, unchanged in the rolling on of centuries, lies in his glass coffin, to all appearance in the same freshness of health and vigour in which, when myself a very young man, I saw him many hundred years ago*—his countess, his son, and his daughter, keep him company, each in their separate place of repose. Alas, alas! the sight made me weep. It is a sad and melancholy thing to contemplate the illustrious dead—and, after the lapse of centuries, to have the friends of your life, with whom you have spent so many happy hours, conjured up before you, in the same actual form—nay, even dress and armour—in which you have known them so well. How humbling for my noble friends, if, like me, a poor persecuted shade, they now hover about their still princely remains! Perhaps, too, the treacherous Louis now haunts the scene of his perfidy, where, in the middle of a profound peace, regardless of all the honour of a king, he basely seized upon the unsuspecting city.†

It was in this town, at M. Schœpflin's collection, that, without at all knowing what I was nibbling at, I tasted a mummy, and, ignorant as I was, I may safely say it did not at all take my fancy. It had such a strange, bitter, dusty taste; and then the resiny kind of stuff stuck so about my teeth as to be very annoying—and, indeed, as soon as I ascertained what it was, I had strange misgivings. How horrible the idea of its real proprietor being perhaps the witness of my impiety!

A few days afterwards, I was rather unexpectedly stopped in my tour.—For a night I had taken up my residence in the carriage of a young Englishman, who that day arrived from Rome, the hostler having assured me that he would remain for some time. I did so, as I found it much quieter and cooler than the hotel "La ville de Lyon," which was overcrowded. In the morning, I thought my friends were merely going a short drive, so I kept my seat. We, however, travelled on till night, when I heard we were bound for London; but as my companions were very agreeable, I thought I might as well accompany them the whole way. They seemed to be annoyed at every post-house with their passports, &c.; I was never even asked about the matter. The custom-house gentry, in their searches, to be sure, occasionally gave me a little trouble, but I was soon up to their tricks. We had an avant-courier constantly galloping before us, and we travelled with such expedition that we reached London in five days; for my fellow-travellers were idle young men of fortune, who are of course always in the greatest hurry for the end of a journey, because they don't know what to make of themselves when it is over.

I had not then an opportunity of seeing Paris, as we only changed horses in it. I have since, however, spent many months there, and have always been very much pleased with every thing I saw, particularly the Catacombs, which were my favourite lounge. When last in Paris, I made a narrow escape with my life, as I tumbled headlong into a cask of brandy. I, however, managed to scramble out, with the assistance of a bit of cord, which happened to be hanging over its side, and which my friend pushed in to me. I was little the worse of my ducking; for, as soon as I got out, I was set a-laughing by his telling me how to spell *brandy*, in both French and English, in three letters, viz. "B. R. and Y." and "O. D. V."

In Paris, I have always been much annoyed at the quantities of fellows of all kinds, who constantly call and waste all one's mornings. My old friend Tillotson was quite right in what he used to say as to visiting; and I see his grandson, who, I believe, was afterwards Archbishop of

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* I understand the venerable Count died about the year 1519. The glass coffins are still shewn. I saw them a few years ago.—Editor.

† Louis XIV., I find, seized upon Strasbourg in 1631, in the middle of a profound peace.

Canterbury, has given the same idea in his Sermons, almost indeed in his grandsire's words:—"The great design," said he, "of most people in visits, is not to better one another, but to spy and make faults, and not to mend them; to get time off their hands; to shew their fine clothes, and to recommend themselves to the mutual contempt of one another by a plentiful impertinence." *

In London I made a point, as a stranger, of going everywhere, and was certainly much delighted with every thing. I must confess, however, that I thought all the acting at the Opera and Theatres, and all the eloquence of the Houses of Parliament, as nothing in comparison of what I saw and tasted at the East India and London Docks. When I was in the House of Lords, a companion whispered to me, that he had heard an act read, offering a reward of L.10,000 for a *male* tortoise-shell cat. This I believe, indeed, is a very safe offer, for such a thing was never heard of.† And it is certainly as much worth their while as making an act that I should never have more than six dishes of meat at my dinner, or that I should not be buried in linen above twenty shillings Scots value per ell, although I wished it particularly, and could well afford to pay for it. There was, however, one restrictive act, which had sense in it; and the husbands of the present day would, I dare say, give their ears that it were still in force, whatever the dress-makers might think of it.‡ But many of their acts of Parliament are silly enough—as they must be; for they don't like to be thought idle, and imagine that it is necessary to be always enacting something.

It is curious, indeed, how fashion should be every thing in the great city. A lady could not possibly venture to see her dearest friend on earth, or even her own sister, if she happened to live in rather an unfashionable part of the town. By so doing, she would expose herself to her own footmen, who very properly would lose all respect for her, and I suppose instantly leave her service, as, poor fellows, they have a rank in life to keep up!! John Bull certainly gives himself many airs, to say the least of it. After receiving the greatest kindness and hospitality from you in Scotland, and perhaps staying for months in your house, he will cut you dead in London. I remember once meeting with such a return, but took it, of course, very coolly. Next day, when I was arm in arm with —— ——, I happened again to meet my quondam friend, who immediately rushed up to me.—I, however, turned on my tail, and did not know him.——Fashion is an odd thing after all. It is not rank which will do. I have seen many a spendthrift young commoner cut his uncle the duke; and being a duchess by no means will ensure admittance at Almack's.——I thank my stars, I am not fashionable, and am always happy to see my friends!

There are certainly many luxuries to be had in both of the rival capitals of Britain and of France; but, in making a fair estimate of their comparative merits, the prize of honour, I fear, must be adjudged to the latter. Where, in London, for instance, can we find such a Paradise as Les Bains Chinois,

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* Tillotson's Sermons, Sermon xlvii.—EDITOR.

† All the old ladies whom I have consulted on this point assure me that such a thing as a *male* tortoise-shell cat was never heard of.

‡ By act 5th of Queen Mary, c. 25, it is devised and ordained, "that na arch-bishops, bishops, nor earles, have at his meate bot aucht dishes of meate; nor na lord abbot, lorde prior, or deane, have at his meate but sex dishes of meate; nor na baronne nor freeholder have bot foure dishes of meate at his messe; nor na burges, nor uther substantious man, spiritual nor temporal, sall have at his meate bot three dishes, and bot ane kind of meate in every dishe."

Many different acts were passed in Scotland relative to burying in linen. But probably neither the Dinner act nor any of the Burying acts were passed expressly to annoy our friend.

The other act alluded to must be the 23d of James VI. of Scotland, c. 25, which declares, sect. 13, "that the fashion of clothes now presently used bee not changed by men or women, and the wearers thereof, under the paine of forefaultie of the clothes, and L.100 to be paid by the wearers, and as much by the makers of the said clothes, *toties quoties*."

with its Naples soap, almond paste, eau de Cologne, hot flannels, arm-chairs, and Maintenon cutlets!!!

I was persuaded, soon after reaching London, to go down to Essex for a few days, to pay a visit to an old friend. When I arrived at his house, which I think they called Waltham Abbey, I was sorry to receive the melancholy accounts that he had been devoured, and that, if I did not instantly take myself off, I should be dealt with in the same manner. The truth was, that a famine had arisen; and it is well known, on those occasions, as necessity has no law, that the stronger kills the weaker. Day after day the combat is renewed, till at last all except one are destroyed, and he is then obliged to decamp, or eat himself up, as he likes best. It is in this way that castles, houses, &c. which have been long infested by us, are so suddenly entirely freed from our presence. Aristotle of old, and many others of our historians, I find, ascribe our sudden disappearance to heavy rains; but that is a complete mistake. We have sense enough to keep at home in wet weather. The plain truth is, when we can get nothing else for love or money, we eat each other.*

I amused myself in making an excursion to Epping Forest, till I thought the civil war at my late friend's habitation might have proceeded far enough for my presence to be useful. In the Forest, one day, I had the luck to kill one of those troublesome reptiles—a Tom-Cat. I believe, however, it was a house one. After a hard day's hunting his highness made too free at a Valerian party.† I watched my opportunity, and soon put an effectual end to his caterwauling. When I returned to the Abbey, I found I was in the best possible time—the garrison being reduced to about a dozen, and they so weakened and tired out with the constant worrying work they had had, that I was myself a complete match for any two of them. In a few days their number was only four, and in other two days I was sole lord and master. Amusing myself in going through my dominions, I was surprised to find such hordes of things, which I am sure could be of little use to any of our species. Thimbles, rings, bracelets, brooches, cork-screws, shillings, guineas, &c. I found in abundance; but what surprised me most was a gold watch, chain, and seals. I could not help thinking what mischievous animals we were, when not one article of the whole heap could ever be of the smallest use to any of us. I determined, however, that if possible they should not be all lost. Ever since I had come to this country, I had observed a pair of disconsolate lovers, who seemed most attached to each other. To my joy, the happy day for their union was at last fixed. The bride was uncommonly modest-looking, and from the first I had taken a great fancy for her. I resolved to make her a wedding present; and accordingly, the night previous to her marriage, I laid the watch, a couple of rings, and a brooch, at her bed-side. As I was obliged to go to town next day on business, I could not stay to see how my present was received; but I fear the girl would have much hesitation in taking them from a stranger.

At a friend's house, in Berkeley Square, where I met a distinguished party, a scene took place, just such as Pope describes,—

> Our courtier walks from dish to dish;
> Tastes, for his friend, of fowl and fish;
> "That jelly's rich, that malmsey's healing,
> Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
> Was ever such a happy swain?
> He stuffs, and swills, and stuffs again.
> "I'm quite ashamed—'Tis mighty rude
> To eat so much; but all's so good!
> I have a thousand thanks to give;
> My lord alone knows how to live."—
> No sooner said, but from the hall
> Rush chaplain, butler, dogs, and all:
> "A R—t, a R—t! clap to the door!"—

I, however, made good my exit, and was nothing the worse of a practical warning to be more cautious in future.

Ever since I had heard the story in Leith, about our forces driving the Dutch out of the Isle of France, I had had a vast desire to visit it; and I accordingly set about looking for a ves-

* Buffon, iv. p. 278.—EDITOR.

† The well-known favourite delicacy of cats, and which is of a very intoxicating nature.—EDITOR.

sel for that quarter, which was easily to be found in London. Our party was most pleasant, and I doubt not we should have had a most agreeable voyage; but I was always too undecided, and too easily persuaded to change my plans. Here, to be sure, it was almost worth my while to do so, and to give up my intended voyage. In the Chops of the Channel, seeing a Swede with a signal of distress, we brought to. A boat came alongside, and an officer and some seamen got up to beg assistance, as they said they were nearly devoured by R—ts. A couple of our boys came along with them, and gave us such a laughable account of how they carried on matters, that I could not resist the temptation of going on board. My conscience! what a sight I did see! The Captain and crew were in complete subjection, and dared not attack one of us. Indeed, though starving themselves, they were obliged to feed us before touching a morsel.* The Captain of the British ship, though he could not help laughing at what was told him, sent the Swede a barrel or two of pork, and a hogshead of water, which was handsome enough certainly; but he would on no account spare her any men. My new quarters were rather dirty; but, for the fun of the thing, I would put up with a great deal. The dinner-bell rung soon after I went on board. The Captain and his mess took their seats,—we issued from our births, jumped upon the table, ran over every dish, discussing what we thought best: we even took the morsels off the forks, and out of the mouths of the party. No resistance was made—that had already been tried in vain. The crew only consisted of sixty, and we were 60,000! After eating and wasting as much as we chose, we jumped on the cabin-floor, and by scraping made our signal for water, which the stewards and seamen were ordered instantly to put down for us. Indeed, if any denial had taken place, the consequences must have been dreadful; as we had so many fierce spirits on board, that they would not for a moment have scrupled to have eat through the planks, and sunk the ship.†

This the Captain seemed quite aware of, as the work of destruction had more than once been commenced, and he now never for a second allowed us to want for any thing. Every meal was the same, and we were most punctual in our attendance, as soon as the bell sounded. Once, indeed, they avoided this signal, and attempted to dine on deck; but we convinced them we were not to be trifled with! I soon became sick tired of this kind of work, and was most happy when we got within sight of the Norsunda Lights. In case of accidents, I thought it as well to be off by the first pilot boat; but I believe there was no danger, as the vessel was ordered to the quarantine station, in case the capital itself should be taken by storm.

About eighteen months afterwards, I did at last make out my way to the Isle of France. Instead, however, of finding the island, as I expected, in the sole possession of our fellows, scarcely one of us was to be seen. After expelling the Dutch,‡ I was told by a native, that we had a glorious time of it for a month or two; and that our rascals even captured a large Dutch vessel, which put in to the island on its voyage to Batavia. But this did not last long—dissensions began to arise as the stores decreased; and at last, when every thing was eaten up, we had no alternative but to attack each other, and thus became an easy conquest to the French, who soon afterwards arrived.

In the following year I made a trip to Canada, and had the good fortune to assist in storming a Canadian Musk-R—t village, where we found our quarters so pleasant, notwithstanding the almost overpowering perfumes, that we remained the whole winter. Nothing can be more comfortable than the huts of the Musk gentry, which are composed of herbs and rushes, so interlaced and plastered with clay, as to be perfectly impenetrable to rain

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* This, many naval men know, has more than once taken place. The crew of the Valiant, in 1766, was completely overpowered by rats, and the ship itself very much endangered.—EDITOR.

† If rats on board a ship are in want of water, it is well known they have little hesitation in eating through her bottom. It is believed that many, which have never been heard of, have been lost in consequence of those operations.—EDITOR.

‡ Vide St Pierre, vol. II. p. 137, and M. de Querhoënt, vol. V. p. 276.—EDITOR.

and snow. I do like, when all within is snug and warm, to hear the raging tempest and warring elements without.*

It would be endless for me to describe all my after voyages and travels. Suffice it to say, I have been both east and west, north and south, and there is scarcely a part of the habitable globe which I have not visited. After all, I have come to this conclusion, that there is no country like Britain. Oh! how I could wish my human existence had been in such happy times and under such glorious sovereigns as a George the Third, and George the Fourth!!!

For some years I have remained in this country, enjoying (like a patriarch of old) a quiet regular life with my family,† which now amounts to above 2000. I, however, keep very much to my own room, as I hate bustle, and like to enjoy my own reflections.

The age to which our species can exist is not ascertained, as never one of us was known to die in his bed, at least a natural death. A kind of instinct, I have always had, has as yet saved me from arsenic, stewed corks, traps, stamps, &c.; and my great strength, and a good deal of science, which is of more consequence, have as yet preserved me in many a deadly combat, both with my own species, and with the dog, the ferret, the weasel, the hawk, and that green-eyed monster—the cat. But I am now getting somewhat stiffer, and am not so sharp as I was. I am not—

"—— qualis eram, quum primam aciem
Præneste sub ipsa
Stravi, scutorumque incendi victor acervos;
Et regem hâc Herilum dextrâ sub Tartara misi!!"‡

And in some evil hour my time must come.

—— I am well aware, indeed, of the fleeting existence even of this world itself, for I studied astronomy with the celebrated M. Olbers of Bremen, and assisted him in making many useful observations and discoveries, particularly regarding comets, in the course of which we came to this melancholy conclusion, that the comet which was afterwards visible in 1786 and 1795,|| will, in 83,000 years, approach the earth as nearly as the moon; and that in 4,000,000 years it will come to within a distance of 7700 geographical miles;—the consequence of which will be (if its attraction be equal to that of the earth) the elevation of the waters of the ocean 13,000 feet; that is to say, above the tops of all the European mountains, except Mont Blanc. The inhabitants of the Andes and of the Himalaya mountains alone will escape this second deluge; but they will not benefit by their good fortune more than 216,000,000 years, for it is probable, that at the expiration of that time, our Globe, standing right in the way of the Comet, will receive a shock severe enough to insure its utter destruction!!!§

I never, however, allow those melancholy thoughts to discompose me. What must be—must be. If we were

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* The Canadian Musk-R—t belongs to the same country with the beaver, and in their dispositions and instincts they have considerable resemblance to each other. The huts of the Canadian Musk-R—t are, I have no doubt, exceedingly comfortable. They are built in a circular form, are generally two stories in height, and the walls, and roof (which is always in the form of a dome,) are so strongly cemented with earth, which they plaster with their feet, that they are never annoyed with even the slightest dampness. Vide Descript. de l'Amer. Septent. par Denys, tom. II. p. 124. Nat. Hist. des Antilles, tom. II. p. 302, &c.—EDITOR.

† An old R—t is reckoned by his family to be terribly tyrannical and cruel, but luckily for them he keeps much by himself. *Vide* Buffon, vol. IV. Goldsmith's Nat. Hist. p. 162.—Rats multiply so prodigiously, that were it not that they are a universally proscribed animal, and receive quarter from neither man nor beast, nor even from one another, it is calculated the world itself could not contain them. From one pair, 1,000,000 may be propagated in two years. *Vide* Buffon, Querhoënt, &c. I don't myself pretend to know any thing of the natural history of the species, but a learned *Muricidus* of my acquaintance told me, that he was of opinion the water r—t was fast driving the old brown r—t out of this country.—EDITOR.

‡ Æneid, lib. viii. v. 561.—EDITOR.

|| Was not this the same which was seen in 1801, 1805, and 1818?—EDITOR.

§ From not knowing the date of this manuscript, we cannot with certainty calculate the exact period when this most awful catastrophe will take place.—EDITOR.

always thinking of evils to come, it would take away every enjoyment of life. Let us rather endeavour to fulfil all our duties to the best of our power, and let us be grateful to Providence for the many blessings we enjoy. My maxim has always been with Horace—

"Carpe diem, quam minimùm credula postero."

NOTE.

After reading over the above MS., I am inclined to come to this conclusion —that our historian, while in a human form, must have been a Scottish nobleman—that he probably was born about the year 1501—and that he lived to about the age of 89.

So many different Acts were passed in Scotland, relative to burying in linen, that they can be of little use in my biographical sketch: But the Dinner Act, which our historian so pathetically laments, is well known to have been passed on the 1st of February, 1551, and this is of very great importance in establishing a date, and also in pointing out the status in society which he held; for the six dishes, to which he complains of being restricted, were what was allowed to abbots, lords, priors, and deans, and I am not inclined to think he was a churchman. But it will be observed, that our historian mentions remembering the old Comte de Strasbourg, who, I believe, died in the year 1519—also that he talks of the grandfather of Tillotson, as his friend. Archbishop Tillotson was born in the year 1630—Supposing his grandfather to have been 70 years older, he would be born in the year 1560. If our historian was eighteen when the Count died, he might easily have known the Archbishop's grandfather, as a young man, (himself being an old one,) as will at once be seen by calculation.

I wish our historian had rather given us his recollections of his own *proper* times, than of his more modern visit to this earth—Living, as he seems to have done, in the troublous times of James V., Queen Mary, and her son, his life must have been one full of interest, though I fear by no means a happy one—one which it would be pleasanter to read of than to have led. I am sure it was with the greatest sincerity he wished he had run his human course in our own more fortunate days. Perchance his wish is now accomplished; for as from the relic of the *cauda*, it is probable that his *sorexian* course is at last concluded, it is impossible to say what new form his frank and kindly spirit may now animate. Would that I could discover him in a human shape, and it would be my utmost endeavour to gain his friendship. It would, perhaps, give me some claim to that happiness that I have been the humble means of laying his narrative before the reader, whose most obedient servant I have the honour to subscribe myself.

NICOL NEMO, LL.D.*

Edinburgh, September 1828.

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* Nicol Nemo begs leave to state, that he is in no way related to the Scots family of Nobody's, who get the credit of so much mischief.

TASSO'S CORONATION.*

A crown of victory! a triumphal song!
Oh! call some friend, upon whose pitying heart
The weary one may calmly sink to rest;
Let some kind voice, beside his lowly couch,
Pour the last prayer for mortal agony.

A trumpet's note is in the sky, in the glorious Roman sky,
Whose dome hath rung, so many an age, to the voice of Victory;
There is crowding to the Capitol, th' imperial streets along,
For again a conqueror must be crown'd,—a kingly child of song.

Yet his chariot lingers,
Yet around his home
Broods a shadow silently,
'Midst the joy of Rome.

A thousand thousand laurel-boughs are waving wide and far,
To shed out their triumphal gleams around his rolling car;
A thousand haunts of olden gods have given their wealth of flowers,
To scatter o'er his path of fame bright hues in gem-like showers.

Peace! within his chamber,
Low the mighty lies,
With a cloud of dreams on his noble brow,
And a wandering in his eyes.

Sing, sing for Him, the Lord of song, for him whose rushing strain
In mastery o'er the spirit sweeps, like a strong wind o'er the main!
Whose voice lives deep in burning hearts, for ever there to dwell,
As a full-toned Oracle's enshrined in a temple's holiest cell.

Yes, for him, the victor,
Sing—but low, sing low!
A soft, sad miserere chaunt,
For a soul about to go!

The sun, the sun of Italy is pouring o'er his way,
Where the old three hundred triumphs moved, a flood of golden day;
Streaming through every haughty arch of the Cæsars' past renown—
Bring forth, in that exulting light, the conqueror for his crown!

Shut the proud bright sunshine
From the fading sight!
There needs no ray by the bed of death,
Save the holy taper's light.

The wreath is twined—the way is strewn—the lordly train are met—
The streets are hung with coronals—why stays the minstrel yet?
Shout! as an army shouts in joy around a royal chief—
Bring forth the bard of chivalry, the bard of love and grief!

Silence!—forth we bring him,
In his last array;
From love and grief the freed, the flown—
Way for the bier—make way!

F. H.

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* Tasso died at Rome on the day before that appointed for his coronation in the Capitol.

THE SHAVING SHOP.

'Tis not an half hour's work—
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done.
FLETCHER.

" HOLD back your head, if you please, sir, that I may get this napkin properly fastened—there now," said Toby Tims, as, securing the pin, he dipped his razor into hot water, and began working up with restless brush the lather of his soap-box.

" I dare say you have got a newspaper there?" said I; " are you a politician, Mr Tims?"

" Oh, just a little bit of one. I get Bell's Messenger at second hand from a neighbour, who has it from his cousin in the Borough, who, I believe, is the last reader of a club of fourteen, who take it among them; and, being last, as I observed, sir, he has the paper to himself into the bargain.—Please exalt your chin, sir, and keep your head a little to one side—there, sir," added Toby, commencing his operations with the brush, and hoarifying my barbal extremity, as the facetious Thomas Hood would probably express it. " Now, sir—a *leetle* more round, if you please—there, sir, there. It is a most entertaining paper, and beats all for news. In fact, it is full of every thing, sir—every, every thing—accidents—charity sermons—markets—boxing—Bible societies—horse-racing—child-murders—the theatres—foreign wars—Bow-street reports—electioneering—and Day and Martin's blacking."

" Are you a bit of a bruiser, Mr Tims?"

" Oh, bless your heart, sir, only a *leetle*—a very *leetle.* A turn-up with the gloves, or so, your honour.—I'm but a light weight—only a light weight—seven stone and a half, sir; but a rare bit of stuff, though I say it myself, sir—Begging your pardon. I dare say I have put some of the soap into your mouth. Now, sir, now—please let me hold your nose, sir."

" Scarcely civil, Mr Toby," said I, " scarcely civil—Phroo! let me spit out the suds."

" I will be done in a moment, sir—in half a moment. Well, sir, speaking of razors, they should be always properly tempered with hot water, a *leetle* dip more or less. You see now how it glides over, smooth and smack as your hand.—Keep still, sir, I might have given you a nick just now.—You don't choose a *leetle* of the mustachy left?"

" No, no—off with it all. No matrimonial news stirring in this quarter just now, Mr Tims?"

" Nothing extremely particular.—Now, sir, you are fit for the King's levee, so far as my department is concerned. But you cannot go out just now, sir—see how it rains—a perfect water-spout. Just feel yourself at home, sir, for a *leetle*, and take a peep around you. That block, sir, has been very much admired—extremely like the Wenus de Medicine—capital nose—and as for the wig department, catch me for that, sir. But of all them there pictures hanging around, yon is the favourite of myself and the connessoors."

" Ay, Mr Tims," said I, " that is truly a gem—an old lover kneeling at the foot of his young sweetheart, and two fellows in buckram taking a peep at them from among the trees."

" Capital, sir—capital. I'll tell you a rare good story, sir, connected with that picture and my own history, with your honour's leave, sir."

" With all my heart, Mr Tims—you are very obliging."

" Well then, sir, take that chair, and I will get on like a house on fire; but if you please, don't put me off my clew, sir.—Concerning that picture and my courtship, the most serious epoch of my life, there is a *leetle* bit of a story which I would like to be a beacon to others; and if your honour is still a bachelor, and not yet stranded on the shoals of matrimony, it may be *Werbum sapienti,* as O'Toole the Irish schoolmaster used to observe, when in the act of applying the birch to the booby's back.

" Well, sir, having received a grammatical education, and been brought up as a peruke-maker from my earliest years—besides having seen a deal of high life, and the world in general, in carrying false curls, bandeaux, and other artificial head-gear paraphernа-

lia, in bandboxes to boarding-schools, and so on—a desire naturally sprung up within me, being now in my twenty-first year, and worth a guinea a-week of wages, to look about for what old kind Seignor Fiddle-stringo the minuet-master used to recommend under the title of a *cara sposa*—open shop —and act head frizzle in an establishment of my own.

"Very good, sir—In the pursuit of this virtuous purpose, I cast a sheep's eye over the broad face of society, and at length, from a number of eligible specimens, I selected three, who, whether considered in the light of natural beauty, or mental accomplishment, struck me forcibly as suitable coadjutors for a man—for a man like your humble servant."

"A most royal bow that, Mr Tims. Well, proceed, if you please."

"Very good, sir,—well, then, to proceed. The first of these was Miss Diana Tonkin, a young lady, who kept her brother's snuff-shop, at the sign of the African astride the Tobacco Barrel—a rare beauty, who was on the most intimate talking terms with half a hundred young bloods and beaux, who looked in during lounging hours, being students of law, physic, and divinity, half-pay ensigns, and theatrical understrappers, to replenish their boxes with Lundyfoot, whiff a Havannah cigar, or masticate pigtail. No wonder that she was spoiled by flattery, Miss Diana, for she was a bit of a beauty; and though she had but one eye—by Heavens, what an eye that was!"

"She must have been an irresistible creature, certainly, Mr Tims," said I. "Well, how did you come on?"

"Irresistible! but you shall hear, sir. I foresaw that, in soliciting the honour of this fair damsel's hand, I should have much opposition to encounter from the rivalry of the three learned professions, to say nothing of the gentlemen of the sword and of the buskin; but, thinks I to myself, 'faint heart never won fair lady,' so I at once set up a snuff-box, looked as tip-topping as possible, and commenced canvassing.

"The second *elite* (for I know a *leetle* French, having for three months, during my apprenticeship, had the honour of frizzling the head-gear of Count Witruvius de Caucauson, who occupied private state-lodgings at the sign of the Blue Boar in the Poultry, and who afterwards decamped without clearing scores)—the second *elite*, (for I make a point, sir, of having two strings to my bow,) was Mrs Joan Sweetbread, a person of exquisite parts, but fiery temper, at that time aged thirty-three, twelve stone weight, head cook and housekeeper to Sir Anthony Macturk, a Scotch baronet, who rusticated in the vicinity of town. I made her a few evening visits, and we talked love affairs over muffins and a cup of excellent congou. Then what a variety of jams and jellies! I never returned without a disordered stomach, and wishing Highland heather-honey at the devil. Yet, after all, to prove a hoax!—for even when I was on the point of popping the question, and had fastened my silk Jem Belcher with a knowing *leetle* knot to set out for that purpose, I learned from Francie, the stable-boy, that she had the evening before eloped with the coachman, and returned to her post that forenoon metamorphosed into Madam Trot.

"I first thought, sir, of hanging myself over the first lamp-post; but, after a *leetle* consideration, I determined to confound Madam Trot, and all other fickle fair ones, by that very night marrying Miss Diana. I hastened on, rushed precipitately into the shop, and on the subject—and hear, oh Heaven, and believe, oh earth! was met not by a plump denial, but was shewn the door."

"Upon my word, Mr Tims," said I, "you have been a most unfortunate man. I wonder you recovered after such mighty reverses? but I hope——"

"Hope! that is the word, sir, the very word, I still had hope; so, after ten days' horrible melancholy, in which I cropped not a few heads in a novel and unprecedented style, I at it again, and laid immediate and close siege to the last and loveliest of the trio—one by whom I was shot dead at first sight, and of whom it might be said, as I once heard Kean justly observe in a very pretty tragedy, and to a numerous audience,—'We ne'er shall look upon her like again!'"

"Capital, Mr Tims. Well, how did you get on?"

"A moment's patience, with your honour's leave.—Ah! truly might it be said of her, that she was descended

from the high and great—her grandfather having been not only six feet three, without the shoes, but for forty odd years principal bell-ringer in the steeple of St Giles's, Cripplegate; and her grandmother, for long and long, not only head dry-nurse to one of the noblest families in all England, but *bona fide* twenty-two stone avoirdupois—so that it was once proposed, by the undertaker, to bury her at twice! As to this nonpareil of lovely flesh and blood, her name was Lucy Mainspring, the daughter of a horologer, sir,—a watchmaker—*vulgo* so called—and though fattish, she was very fair—fair! by Jupiter, (craving your honour's pardon for swearing,) she fairly made me give all other thoughts the cut, and twisted the passions of my heart with the red-hot torturing irons of love. 'Pon honour, sir, I almost grow foolish, when I think of those days; but love, sir, nothing can resist love, a saying which Professor Heavystern once turned into Greek, as I was ribbanding his pigtail for a tea and turn-out.—'*Homniæ wincit Hamor,*' said he; to which I observed, 'a very 'cute remark, your reverence.' But you shall hear, sir."

"I hope, Mr Tims, you were in better luck with Miss Mainspring?"

"A *leetle*, a *leetle* patience, your honour, and all will be out as quick as directly—the twinkling of a bed-post:—For three successive nights I sat up in a brown study, with a four-in-the-pound candle burning before me till almost cock-crow, composing a love-letter, a most elaborate affair, the pure overflowing of *la belle passion,* all about Wenus, Cupids, bows and arrows, hearts, darts, and them things, which, having copied neatly over on a handsome sheet of foolscap, turned up with gilt, (for, though I say it myself, I scribble a smart fist,) I made a blotch of red wax on the back as large as a dollar, that thereon I might the more indelibly impress a seal, with a couple of pigeons cooing upon it, and '*toujours wotre*' for the motto. This I popped into the post-office, and awaited patiently—may I add confidently?—for the result.

"No answer having come as I expected *per* return, I began to smell that I was in the wrong box; so, on the following evening, I had a polite visit from her respectable old father, Daniel Mainspring, who asked me what my intentions were?

"'To commence wig-maker on my own bottom,' answered I.

"'But with respect to my daughter, sir?'

"'Why, to be sure, to make her mistress, sir.'

"'Mistress!' quoth he, 'did I hear you right, sir?'

"'I hope you are not hard of hearing, Mr Mainspring. I wish, sir—between us, sir—you understand, sir—to marry her, sir.'

"'Then you can't have her, sir.'

"'But I must, sir; for I can't do without her, sir.'

"'Then you may buy a rope.'

"'Ah! you would not sign my death-warrant—wouldn't you not now, Mr Mainspring?'

"'Before going,' said he, rummaging his huge coat-pockets with both hands at once, 'there is your letter, which I read over patiently, instead of my daughter, who has never seen it; and I hope you will excuse the liberty I take of calling you a great fool, and wishing you a good morning.'

"Now, though a lad of mettle, you know, sir, it would not have been quite the thing to have called out my intended father-in-law; so, with amazing forbearance, bridling my passion, I allowed him to march off triumphantly, and stood, with the letter in my hand, looking down the alley after him, strutting along, staff in hand, like a recruiting sergeant, as if he had been a phœnix.

"A man of my penetration was not long in scenting out who was the formidable rival to whom Daddy Mainspring alluded. *Sacre!* to think the mercenary old hunks could dream of sacrificing my lovely Lucy to such a hobgoblin of a fellow as a superannuated dragoon quartermaster, with a beak like Bardolph's in the play. But I had some confidence in my own qualifications; and as I gave a sly glance down at my nether person, 'Dash-the-wig-of-him!' thought I to myself, 'if he can sport a leg like that of Toby Tims.' I accordingly determined not to be discomfited, and took the earliest opportunity of presenting Miss Lucy, through a sure channel, with a passionate billet-doux, a patent pair of gilt bracelets, and a box of Ruspini's tooth powder. By St Patrick and

all the powers, it was shocking to suppose that such an angel as the cherry-cheeked Lucy should be stolen from me by such an apology for a gallant, as Quartermaster Bottlenose of the Tipperary Rangers. 'Twas murder, by Jupiter."

"I perfectly agree with you, Mr Tims. Did you challenge him to the duello?"

"A *leetle* patience, if you please, sir, and you shall hear all. During the violence of my love-fits, I committed a variety of professional mistakes. I sent at one time a pot of bear's grease away by the mail, in a wig-box, to a member of parliament in Yorkshire; and burned a whole batch of baked hair to ashes, while singing Moore's 'When he who adores thee,' in attitude, before a block, dressed up for the occasion with a fashionable wig upon it—to say nothing of my having, in a fit of abstraction, given a beautiful young lady, who was going that same evening to a Lord Mayor's ball, the complete charity-workhouse cut, leaving her scalp as bare as the back of my hand. But cheer up!—to my happy astonishment, sir, matters worked like a charm. What a parley-vooing and billet-dooing passed between us! We would have required a porter for the sole purpose. Then we had stolen interviews of two hours' duration each, for several successive nights, at the old horologer's back-door, during which, besides a multiplicity of small-talk—thanks to his deafness—I tried my utmost to entrap her affections, by reciting sonnets, and spouting bits of plays in the manner of the tragedy performers. These were the happy times, sir! The world was changed for me. Paddington canal seemed the river Pactolus, and Rag-Fair Elysium!

"The old boy, however, ignorant of our orgies, was still bothering his brains to bring about matrimony between his daughter and the veteran—who, though no younger than Methusalem, as stiff as the Monument, and as withered as Belzoni's Piccadilly mummy, had yet the needful, sir—had abundance of the wherewithal—crops of yellow shiners—lots of the real—sported a gig, and kept on board wages a young shaver of all work, with a buff jacket, turned up with sky-blue facings. Only think, sir—only ponder for a moment what a formidable rival I had!"

"I hope you beat him off, however," said I. "The greater danger the more honour you know, Mr Tims."

"Of that anon, sir.—Lucy, on her part, angelic creature, professed that she could not dream of being undutiful towards kind old Pa; and that, unless desperate measures were resorted to, *quamprimum*, in the twinkling of a bed-post she would be under the disagreeable necessity to bundle and go with the disabled man of war to the temple of Hymen. Sacrilegious thought! I could not permit it to enter my bosom, and (pardon me for a moment, sir) when I looked down, and caught a glance of my own natty-looking, tight little leg, and dapper Hessians, I recommended her strongly to act on the principle of the Drury-lane play-bill, which says, 'All for Love, or the World well lost.'

"Well, sir, hark ye, just to shew how things come about; shortly after this, on the anniversary of my honoured old master, Zechariah Pigtail's birth, when we were allowed to strike work at noon, I determined, as a *dernier, resort* as a clincher, sir, to act the genteel, and invite Miss Lucy, in her furs and falderals, to accompany me to the exhibition of Pictures. Heavens, sir, how I dressed on that day! The Day and Martin of my boots reflected on the shady side of the street. I took half an hour in tying and retying my neckcloth *en mode.* My handkerchief smelt of lavender, and my hair of oil of thyme—my waistcoat of bergamot, and my inexpressibles of musk. I was a perfect civet for perfumery. My coat, cut in the jemmy fashion, I buttoned to suffocation; but 'pon honour, believe me, sir, no stays, and my shirt neck had been starched *per order,* to the consistence of tin. In short, to be brief, I found, or fancied myself killing—a most irresistible fellow.

"I did not dare, however, to call for Miss Lucy at old Pa's, but waited for her at the corner of the street, patiently drumming on my boot, with a knowing little bit of bamboo; and projecting my left arm to her, off we marched in triumph.

"The Exhibition Rooms were crowded with the *ton;* and to be sure

a great many fine things were there. Would you had seen them, sir. There were Admirals in blue, and Generals in red—portraits of my Lord this, and my Lady that—land scenes, and sea scenes, and hunting scenes, with ships, and woods, and old castles, all amazingly like life. In short, sir, Providence seems to have guided us to the spot, where we saw a picture—*the* picture, sir—the pattern copy of that there picture, sir,—and Heavens! such a piece of work—but of that anon—it did the business, sir. No sooner had I perused it through my quizzing glass, which, I confess, that I had brought with me more for ornament than use—having eyes like a hawk,—than I pathetically exclaimed to Lucy—'Behold, my love, the history of our fates!' Lucy said, 'Tuts, Toby Tims,' and gave a giggle; but I went on in solemn gravity, before a circle of seemingly electrified spectators.

"'Spose now, Miss Lucy,' said I, holding her by the finger of her Limerick glove; ''spose now, that I had invited you to take an outside seat on the Hampstead Flying Phœnix with me, to go out to a rural junketing, on May-day in the afternoon. Very well—there we find ourselves alive and kicking, forty couple footing it on the green, and choosing, according to our tastes, reels, jigs, minuets, or bumpkins. 'Spose then, that I have handed you down to the bottom of five-and-twenty couple at a country-dance, to the tune of Sir Roger de Coverley, Morgiana in Ireland, Petronella, or the Triumph; and, notwithstanding our having sucked a couple of oranges a-piece, we are both quite in a broth of perspiration. Very good—so says I to you, making a genteel bow, 'Do you please to walk aside, and cool yourself in them there green arbours, and I will be with you as quick as directly, with a glass of lemonade or cherry brandy?' So says you to me, dropping a curtsey *a la mode*, 'With ineffable pleasure, sir;' and away you trip into the shade like a sunbeam.

"'Now, Lucy, my love, take a good look of that picture. That is you, 'spose, seated on the turf, a *leetle* behind the pillar dedicated to Apollar; and you, blooming like a daffodilly in April, are waiting with great thirst, and not a little impatience for my promised appearance, from the sign of the Hen and Chickens, with the cordials, and a few biscuits on a salver—when lo! an old bald-pated, oily-faced, red-nosed Cameronian ranter, whom by your elegant negligee capering, you have fairly danced out of his dotard senses, comes pawing up to you like Polito's polar bear, drops on his knees, and before you can avert your nose from a love-speech, embalmed in the fumes of tobacco and purl, the hoary villain has beslobbered your lily-white fingers, and is protesting unalterable affection, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, inclusive of stoppages. Now, Lucy, love, did you ever,—say upon your honour,—did you ever witness such a spectacle of humanity? Tell me now?—Behold, that very little lap-dog in the corner is so mortally sick, that, were he not upon canvass, there would be nothing for it but vomiting.

"'Very well. Now, love, take a peep down the avenue, and yon is me, yon tight, handsome little figure, with the Spanish cap and cloak, attended by a trusty servant in the same costume, to whom I am pointing where he is to bring the cherry-brandy; when, lo! we perceive the hideous apparition!—and straightway rushing forward, like two tigers on a jackass, we seize the wigless dotard; and, calling for a blanket, the whole respectable company of forty couples and upwards, come crowding to the spot, and lend a willing hand in rotation, four by four, in tossing Malachi, the last of the lovers, till the breath of life is scarcely left in his vile body.

"'Now, Lucy,' says I, in conclusion, 'don't you see the confounded absurdity of ever wasting a thought on a broken-down, bandy-legged, beggarly dragoon? Just look at him, with an old taffeta whigmaleerie tied to his back, like Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind! Isn't he a pretty figure, now, to go a-courting? You would never forsake the like of me—would you now? A spruce, natty little body of a creature—to be the trollop of a spindle-shanked veteran, who, besides having one foot in the grave, and a nose fit for three, might be your great-grandfather?'

"It was a sight, sir, that would have melted the heart of a wheel-barrow. Before the whole assembled exhibition room, Lucy first looked blue, and then blushed consent. 'Toby,' said she, 'don't mention it, Toby,

dear,—I am thine for ever and a day!' Angelic sounds, which at once sent Bottlenose to Coventry. His chance was now weak indeed, quite like Grantham gruel, three groats to a gallon of water. In an ecstacy of passion, sir, I threw my silk handkerchief on the floor, and, kneeling on it with one knee, I raised her gloveless fingers to my lips!

"The whole company clapped their hands, and laughed so heartily in sympathy with my good luck! Oh! sir, had you but seen it—what a sight for sore eyes that was!"

"Then you would indeed be the happy man at last, Mr Tims," said I. "Did you elope on the instant?"

"Just done, please your honour.—Next morning, according to special agreement, we eloped in a gig; and, writing a penitent letter from the Valentine and Orson at Chelsea, Daddy Mainspring found himself glad to come to terms. Thrice were the banns published; and such a marriage as we had! 'Pon honour, sir, I would you had been present. It was a thing to be remembered till the end of one's life. A deputation of the honourable the corporation of barbers duly attended, puffed out in full fig; and even the old Quartermaster, pocketing his disappointment, was, at his own special petition, a forgiven and favoured guest. Seldom has such dancing been seen within the bounds of London; and, with two fiddles, a tambourin, and a clarionet, we made all the roofs ring, till an early hour next morning—and that we did."

"You are a lucky fellow, Mr Tims," said I.

"And more than that, sir. When old Mainspring kicks, we are to have the counting of his mouldy coppers—so we have the devil's luck and our own; and as for false curls, braids, bandeaux, Macassar oil, cold cream, bear's grease, tooth-powder, and Dutch toys, shew me within the walls of the City a more respectable, tip-topping perfumery depot and wig-warehouse, than that wherein you now sit, and of which I, Tobias Tims, am, with due respect, the honoured master, and your humble servant!

"I hope, sir, in explanation of that there pretty picture, I have now given you a full, true, and particular account of this most important scene of my life to the letter. Perhaps, sir, you may think it rather a plain, unvarnished tale; but true and simple though it be, it may prove a *leetle* useful to those, whose fingers itch to mount "proud Ambition's ladder." Perhaps few can crop hair, or cut their cards with my dexterity; and I trust I have shewn, sir, to your entire satisfaction, that an inexperienced barber's boy succeeded in out-manœuvring an ancient officer of the line; and, as I have a beard to be shaved,

'"Twas thus I won sweet Lucy's hand,
My bold and beauteous bride.'"

Just as Master Tobias Tims, with vehement gesticulation, was mouthing and murdering the lines of poor Coleridge, a bevy of beauties from Cheapside landed from a hackney coach, to get a little head-trimming for Alderman Marrowfat's great dinner-party; and, as the master of the ceremonies was off at a tangent to place chairs,—the rain still continuing, I unfurled my umbrella, on his door-steps, wished the eloquent pruner of mustachios a hearty good-by—and exit.

NOTES ON THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

It is much to be regretted, that a volume of travels from the pen of a man properly qualified to write one, is as rare, as it is amusing and valuable. The mass of "Travels," "Tours," &c., with which the press in late years has teemed, may, in respect of manufacture and authenticity, though not of amusement, be fairly classed with novels. If we except a little information drawn from official sources contained in them, which their adventurous parents might procure with infinitely more facility at their firesides at home, than amidst perilous exploits abroad, their general characteristics harmonize sufficiently with those of novels, to prove a close family affinity. The difference is little more than a nominal one between the "privileges" of the traveller which he understands so well and luxuriates in so largely, and those of the novel-writer. The one too often, like the other, invents the adventure, or the more attractive parts of it, fills up a rude outline of fact from imagination, and erects on a narrow, feeble foundation of real life, a magnificent fabric of fiction.

The causes are not involved in much mystery. A very rare combination of qualifications and circumstances is essential for enabling a man to give a just description of even his own country. Divers difficult scientific acquirements, powers of observation and deduction of the first order, indefatigable industry, a thorough practical knowledge of men and things, derived principally from actual experience—these rank amidst his indispensable qualifications. Even though possessed of them, his description will be a miserably erroneous one, if he have not ample means for both seeing and examining—if every thing be not thrown open to his inspection, and he be not allowed abundant time for scrutinizing, sifting, and judging. It may be gathered from this how few there are who are capable of describing foreign countries, and that these few must be almost the last of their kind to become travellers.

While the great body of those who wander abroad labour under almost every possible disqualification, they nevertheless must publish their "Travels." The inexperienced novice, whose knowledge of life has been almost wholly drawn from books—the superficial coxcomb, who cannot describe the most common occurrence accurately—the romantic female, whose eyes are confined to some half dozen drawing-rooms, and who sees every thing through the medium of poetical fiction—the man who merely gallops a few hundred miles across a country, and draws his knowledge of it from what he observes on his gallop—he who only sojourns two or three months in a foreign land, and does not become generally acquainted with fifty of its inhabitants, or intimately with even one—all must publish, and all must give a finished description of the countries they visit. On setting pen to paper, they find themselves destitute of genuine materials, and in consequence disguised pilferings from the works of others, and gorgeous sketches from the ideal world, supply the place of naked fact and faithful delineation. If such a traveller, happily for himself, select a country which is not visited by competitors, his volume circulates without contradiction, as a marvellous specimen of truth and information; but if the same country be described by different travellers, description refutes description, until the most credulous readers are driven into incredulity.

The Irishmen who undertake to describe Ireland, furnish striking proofs of the difficulties which environ the writers of travels. They speak with even more than warrantable contempt of all sketches of their country which are made by those who have not seen it. Place one of these sketches before them, and on the answer to the question—Has the author ever been in Ireland? depends their judgment. If the answer be in the negative, they on this alone pronounce it, directly, or by implication, to be of no value. Now it so happens, that no Englishman or Scotchman ever dreams of describing Ireland in any other way, if he have not been in it, than from the best Irish authorities; he merely repeats in substance what has been writ-

ten or spoken by Irishmen. The judgment, therefore, thus passed on his description amounts to this—one Irishman declares that another knows nothing of Ireland. As to reasoning from facts, the world, we imagine, will think with us, that an Englishman or Scotchman is as capable of doing it as an Irishman. Our own experience enables us to say, that it is no pleasant matter being led in this manner by one Irishman into the fire of another; and that it is doubtful whether any thing can be safely believed which Irishmen say of their country.

But the Irishmen who describe their country, do not content themselves with attacking the descriptions of each other, through the immolation of the English and Scotch writers who unwarily repeat what they promulgate. They assail each other, front to front, in the most murderous manner possible. In the last Session of Parliament the state of Ireland was brought under discussion, and a number of the most respectable Irish members of all parties declared that a large part of the population was involved in extreme penury and suffering. Mr G. R. Dawson—what an incomprehensible person he is!—boldly, and with his wonted vehemence, denied the truth of this, and asserted, that the people were in reasonably comfortable circumstances, and had nothing worthy of notice to complain of. Scarcely any thing is stated of Ireland by one Irishman, which is not contradicted by another; and almost every Irishman who describes its condition, declares, that his description is the only true and perfect one; and that all others are worthless fictions. If nothing is to be believed of Ireland, save what Irish writers and orators concur in, nothing more is known of its actual condition at this moment, than is known of the North Pole. The misfortune is, that these writers and orators, according to their own evidence, eternally substitute one error or defect for another; their labours lead us only to this conclusion, that the state of Ireland is a thing wholly above description.

Matters, we regret to say, are much the same with the Englishmen who describe England. During the last Session of Parliament, the prices of corn were notoriously below remunerating ones, and the farmers complained loudly of loss and suffering: the Legislature was assured, by evidence on petition, that the wool-growers, the shipowners, the silk manufacturers, the glove manufacturers, those employed in the production of lead, kelp, &c. &c. were enduring great losses and privations, and that pauperism prevailed in many quarters to a lamentable extent. Nevertheless, Ministers, in the King's speech, indulged in congratulations on the general prosperity of the country: it required innumerable readings of the speech to convince us that this was reality. The shipowners and silk manufacturers declared to the House of Commons, that they were distressed; Mr Huskisson, Mr Grant, Mr Goulburn, and other members, declared to it that they were in great prosperity. At this moment, large portions of the community complain that they are in grievous suffering, while the Treasury papers protest, that not only the community in general, but these very portions of it, are in the most prosperous condition. The government scribes have long enjoyed notoriety of a particular kind, and their present exploits far surpass all their former ones. If a body of men be brought to the verge of bankruptcy, one of these creatures, at the nod of Mr Goulburn, Mr Vesey Fitzgerald, or any other master, exhibits his brazen front, and swears before heaven and earth, that they are in the most flourishing circumstances. The most opposite descriptions are given of almost every thing; even conflicting conclusions are drawn from such official documents, as might be expected to preclude by their nature all diversity of opinion. If we seek information touching the circumstances and character of any division of society—the operation of any law-system or institution—the feelings and manners of the population—in a word, any matter, one set of describers gives us an elaborate statement, which another set protests is a mass of falsehood. We cannot find sufficient unanimity on any subject to justify evidence; and we are almost compelled to exclaim—facts have vanished from the world, and England has become to its own inhabitants an unknown country!

What may be properly called the Travels of the Gentlemen of the Press,

are of a nature to inspire inveterate incredulity touching the literary labours of travellers. We are always much enraptured when we see a London newspaper announce, that it is dispatching "a Gentleman" to some foreign land, to report on passing events, or on a tour through the English counties, to describe their condition. Our rapture flows, not from the hope of information, for we resolve to disbelieve all that the "Gentleman" may write; but from the certainty that a plentiful and delicious feast of amusement is about to be placed before us. If a Gentleman of the Press traveller fall infinitely below all others in furnishing correct information, he far surpasses them in amusing his readers. The most witty and humorous novel-writer can scarcely bear comparison with him, on the score of creating laughter. He is an animal, who from nature or avocation—we suspect the latter—cannot see any thing as it is, or give to the most manageable lie the air of probability. When we say that he makes the truth appear to be an impossibility, we need not say what he makes of fable. The easy toil and unlimited leisure of the voluntary traveller are not his; the iron chains of a master bind him to time and quantity of labour; by a certain packet or post, he must transmit a certain number of sheets; and these sheets must be filled with "news"—with matter which will be comprehended and relished, not only by the general readers of newspapers, but by the readers of the particular paper which employs him. Whether he see or not, he must describe; whether he know any thing or not, he must supply information; and his description and information must be of a particular kind, though they be directly the reverse of what he sees and knows to be the reality.

If the Gentleman of the Press be in a foreign country, the direful necessity which rests upon him compels him to profess to do what it is impossible for any human being to do. A stranger to the language, and destitute of sources of information, he shuts himself up in his lodging, and, in his off-hand task-work manner, describes the force and operations of distant armies, the feelings and conduct of all classes of the people, and the most secret intentions and measures of the government, with minuteness and confidence perfectly amazing. His events, and anecdotes, and sketches of character, far excel any thing that romance-writers have hitherto ventured to trace. He gives such horrible accounts of this ruler or that—of one party or another—that his pot-house believers fancy, as they read them, their porter tastes of blood, and their tobacco-smoke smells of gunpowder. The unhappy Cockney lights upon them at the eating-house during dinner, and his visage assumes a lachrymose expression absolutely heart-breaking. He cannot finish his meal; he stands aghast at the occasional clatter of plates, fearing it proceeds from the chains of some tyrant; and he broods over the awful news for the rest of the day, until he utterly wastes the materials on which his calling employs him. The newspaper gives the "Gentleman's" marvellous narrative—the next packet brings a complete official refutation of it, but nevertheless he heroically writes on. The war which the course of events makes on him renders him furious; and then his ravings, diatribes, denunciations, predictions, and delineations, become to all but his petrified Cockney readers ludicrous beyond conception. At the termination of his adventures abroad, actual occurrences complete the falsification of every thing he has written.

If the Gentleman of the Press make a tour in England, he lands, perhaps, from a steam-vessel in the dusk of the evening at some seaport, which he leaves by the six o'clock coach the next morning. He is an utter stranger in the place, and he knows nothing of shipping or mercantile affairs; nevertheless, by some method comprehended in the arcana of the Press, he in this single night becomes better acquainted with the place than its oldest inhabitant. He sends to his paper a flaming account, shewing that shipowners are in circumstances precisely the reverse of what they state, and proving that they are ignorant of their own affairs, and incapable of managing their own business. Having demonstrated them to be liars and dolts, he oracularly settles an intricate question of state policy, by promulgating that prohibition is a part of free trade. He then describes the state of trade, the peculiarities of the place, and the character of its inhabi-

tants as authoritatively as though he possessed some knowledge respecting them.

The most experienced farmer has to walk through his own fields again and again before he can form an estimate of what they will produce; and after the most careful examination, his estimate is frequently an erroneous one. The Gentleman of the Press is an extremely different person. Riding on the coach-top at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, and having probably never before seen a field of corn, he perceives at a glance how much every acre will yield to a bushel, not only in the part through which he passes, but throughout the country. Passing in this manner through some half-dozen villages, he is enabled to perceive, without asking a question, the precise state of pauperism in the whole district; he sees clearly that the complaints of landlords and farmers, touching their inability to supply their labourers with employment, are utterly groundless. Against such an authority the evidence of parish-books is of course worthless. The state of the hedges, farmsteads, and land, demonstrates to him that the farmers are in great prosperity, and that their allegations to the contrary are wholly false. From the conversation of two fellow-travellers he discovers the peculiar disposition and characteristics of the inhabitants of the whole shire; by seeing at intervals, at a distance of some hundreds of yards, a few straggling labourers, he is enabled to describe accurately the bodily size and strength of the whole population; and in glancing at the mode of management followed in a field or two, he is made intimately acquainted with the mode followed throughout England. He finds that the landowners are utter strangers to their own interests, and that the farmers are totally ignorant of their own business. Then the inventions and schemes he puts forth in the way of improvement are positively incredible. The solemn, pompous, oracular, dictatorial tone in which he gives his absurdities is in perfect keeping with them, and to the lovers of merriment he furnishes the most delicious treat imaginable.

When two newspapers publish accounts of the same place at the same time from their "correspondents," the "Gentlemen" operate on each other in an excessively unlucky manner. A few weeks ago, the "correspondent" of one of the London morning papers represented the silk trade at Manchester to be in the most flourishing state. This took place just after the London silk manufacturers had held their public meeting; and the "correspondent" protested that their complaints of stagnation were utterly false, and that the trade in general was brisk in the highest degree. This supernaturally gifted person, who had no connexion whatever with the silk trade, and who dated himself at Manchester, was far better acquainted with the state of the trade in London, Macclesfield, Congleton, &c., than the manufacturers resident in these places. A week or ten days afterwards, through some unhappy discovery, the same "correspondent" notified in his paper that at Manchester the silk trade was very heavy, the manufacturers gave out a greatly diminished quantity of work, and the workmen were only partially employed. Here was a torturing confession. Almost on the same day the Manchester "correspondent" of another London morning paper announced the silk trade to be so amazingly prosperous at Manchester, that the manufacturers were sending to all parts of the country in search of additional hands. "Correspondent" here smote and exposed "correspondent" in a way truly anti-christian. In the following week the first-named "correspondent" proclaimed that the silk weavers had struck, because their masters sought to reduce wages. This was a deadly stab in the very vitals of his rival. The heads of the press, we suspect, then discovered that these proceedings, so amusing and edifying to the public, were endamaging their reputation, and placing the secrets of the press in danger of exposure; and in consequence they put an end to them. We suspect this, because both the "correspondents" were afterwards wholly silent touching the Silk Trade in their accounts of Manchester.

How barbarously have the Irish "correspondents" of the newspapers dealt with each other! "Your accounts," says one of them to his paper, meaning thereby the accounts written by himself, "have made here a deep impression—they are acknowledged to be the only true ones—the stuff published in the other papers is really

abominable." Then the "correspondent" of another paper cuts up these accounts in the most savage manner, and protests that the reverse of them is the truth. Each rails against the newspapers for imposing those falsehoods on the public, which, amidst them, they fabricate.

What we have said, makes us read the published descriptions of both foreign countries and our own with a bias to disbelieve every thing. We frequently read with much pleasure; we sometimes think if it be invention it is very pardonable; we are anxious to be informed, but still our incredulity is unconquered. This incredulity towards the generality of such descriptions makes us attach the greater value to the few, on the fidelity of which we know we can rely. From one of the latter we are about to make some extracts. A gentleman of great experience and respectability in the mercantile world, an active and accurate observer, and in whom much reading is combined with extensive knowledge of men and things, lately visited the United States of America; and his journal has been placed in our hands, with permission to transcribe any part of it that may be calculated to interest our readers. It was never intended for publication, and of course it was not written to serve the author's interests or ambition, or to benefit this party or that party: it is an unvarnished statement of what he saw and heard. We commence our extracts without farther preface.

"New York, June 16th, 1828. The steam-boats or ferries across the river are well managed. Steam-boats are the glory and comfort of this country, and they display much that might be imitated in England. They come up to floating wharfs at all times, the exact height of the vessel, so that children and cattle go in and out with perfect ease and safety. They are double boats, the paddles working between, so that the great commotion so dangerous in the Thames is avoided. At one ferry they are obliged to give you a good boat in five minutes for two cents, or one penny; but the steam-boats charge four cents or twopence, and they arrive so frequently, that you need never wait five minutes. How different is all this from the danger to person and baggage, and the exactions and insults of the watermen met with on the Thames!"

The authorities of the City of London might here, we conceive, draw some useful instruction from Jonathan.

"In a steam-boat, I had had some conversation with a decent-looking man, who, with five others, buys cattle in Ohio for the New York market. He had then 500 on the road; I saw them, and they were very fine cattle, in both shape and condition. They travel 600 miles in sixty days, and lose about 100 lbs. in weight each on the journey. They cost four dollars per 112 lbs. in Ohio, and sell for from seven to seven and one-half dollars in New York; thus leaving a very good profit. The consumption of New York is from 400 to 500 head of cattle, and 500 to 600 of sheep per week. Were it not for Ohio, the market would be an ill-supplied and dear one; in the last fall meat was twelve to thirteen dollars the cwt. The butchers bleed their cattle almost to death previously to slaughtering; as the people like their meat as white in cooking as possible. My informant thinks that the Ohio cattle will not go down the Welland canal to Montreal, as they cannot bear shipboard."

"Notwithstanding that the trade of New York is very dull, the revenue arising from the customs for the first quarter of 1828, is 4,188,935 dollars. All the newspapers are advertising for mechanics, weavers, labourers, &c. People here say, that while England is receiving the worthless emigrants of Ireland, they (the Americans) are receiving a valuable mass of English emigrants, driven from home by the usurpations of the Irish ones. This I fear is too true; 140 vessels arrived at New York during the month of May, and they brought 4100 passengers."

Jonathan is in the right, and he has great cause to rejoice that things are in such a lamentable state in this country. The declaration made during the last Session of Parliament by Mr G. R. Dawson, that the Irish labourers did not deprive the English ones of employment, and throw them on their parishes, displayed ignorance, which no one could have expected to find in even the humblest government office. The lower orders in London are Irish to a very large extent; and the case is the same in many other large places. We see it announced, that one town or another contains 20,000 or 40,000 Irish inhabitants, which, not many

years ago, scarcely contained one. It cannot be doubted that there are some hundreds of thousands of Irish of both sexes permanently established in England and Scotland. Now, did they bring their employment with them from Ireland, or do they merely do what the English would not do? The reply must necessarily be in the negative; and of course the only conclusion before us is, they deprive the English labourers of employment, and compel them to apply for parish relief, and to emigrate. The matter is above doubt. In late years, Irish labourers have spread themselves throughout England, and have established themselves in great numbers in every place of magnitude; in the same time, vast numbers of English ones have been compelled to emigrate or receive parish relief from obvious inability to procure employment. Those who, in the teeth of this, will maintain what Mr Dawson asserted, must be much deficient in either intellect or honesty. Even the Irish who merely come for hay-time and harvest, and then return to their own country, add much to pauperism in England. The English labourer was wont, by obtaining good wages for himself and employment for his wife, to provide in these seasons what would enable his insufficient winter earnings to support his family. The Irish labourers, by keeping down wages, and preventing his wife if not himself from being employed, disable him from doing this; and in consequence, in winter, when work is scarce and wages are bad, he is constrained to have parish relief.

The influx of Irish labourers brings various grievous evils on England. We willingly admit, that the people of Ireland possess many fine qualities, but, nevertheless, we must believe our own eyes and ears; and, without pretending to speak of those who remain in Ireland, we must say, that the portion of them who visit this country possess many evil qualities as well as good ones. One lamentable characteristic of the lower Irish, male and female, is, a residence in England will not improve them. They bring with them a ponderous load of barbarism and vice; and neither good example, nor good wages, nor any thing else, can induce them to throw it from their shoulders. Those who have been long established in and near London are about as filthy, ragged, and vicious, as they were when they left their native island. It is a curious illustration of human nature, that Irish vices have, even in our courts of justice, been, by their impudence and invincibility, almost converted into virtues. If English labourers are brought before the sagacious magistrates of London for being drunk in the streets, and engaging in savage rows, these magistrates know not how to reprobate and punish them sufficiently; but if Irish ones appear on a similar charge, it is made matter of amusement, and almost treated as though they had an exclusive privilege to indulge in such conduct.* Drunkenness is condemned in the English, as an odious and destructive vice; in the Irish, it is only laughed at as a half-innocent, half-laudable love of whisky.

Not only does this influx of Irish labourers injure the body of English ones most grievously in their general circumstances, but it establishes among them examples of the worst description. It converts our mobs to a great extent into Irish ones, and causes the lower orders in our large places to consist in a great measure of beings distinguished for dirt, rags, ignorance, and bad morals. It tends powerfully to give us a labouring population of Catholics. If it continue to be what it has for some time been, it must produce a deplorable change in the general circumstances

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* The manner in which police cases are often reported in some of the London newspapers is highly disgraceful to the country. Justice to the public and the individual demands that they should be reported with strict accuracy and proper decorum. Instead of this, a large part of the reports is frequently pure fiction. The reporter puts speeches into the mouths of those who appear before the magistrate which they never utter; and he does this to cover them with ridicule, for the amusement of the readers of his paper. This is not the worst. He, in his ribaldry, holds up good feelings to contempt, and justifies, or even lauds the worst vices, by making heroes and martyrs of the profligate. This is more especially his conduct in regard to the Irish. No matter what shameful deeds they may be charged with, he turns it into burlesque, and intimates, that it is mere harmless eccentricity.

and character of the lower classes in England.

While it thus operates against this country, it is in the highest degree beneficial to America. It banishes to the latter our civilization, docility, industry, skill, and good principles, to give her power and wealth, which are employed in various ways to injure us.

This state of things calls aloud for remedy. If it be necessary for a part of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom to emigrate, let those do so who can be best spared; but suffer not the least valuable to banish the most valuable. If Irish labourers cannot come to England without driving English ones to America, proper facilities ought to be afforded them for emigrating to America instead of this country.

" The population of New-York is said to be 180,000: this includes 20,000 strangers, and the same number of blacks. On the 1st June, there were in its port 582 vessels of above 50 tons burden each. 140 vessels arrived at it during May, of which 109 were American, and 23 British ones."

" After what had been said of the American navy, I was anxious to see the navy yard, and had an excellent opportunity. The officers of each department went with us; and my astonishment was great. We found a sloop of 24 guns almost ready for launching; two vessels called frigates, as far finished as they choose to finish them, and one which they called a 74, the Ohio. The frigates carry 64 guns, and are in size, &c. equal to our seventy-fours. The 74 will be of 2700 tons, and will carry 110 guns. This is a wonderful ship; she has 52 feet beam, and her deck is enormous, not being drawn in as usual. These vessels are all built of live oak; the timbers are so close, that they would be perfectly water-tight without planking; they, however, have planking 7 inches in thickness. Two other seventy-fours, the Franklin and Washington, are here a good deal out of repair. Here is also the Hudson, a frigate built for the Greeks, but which has been purchased by the government; she is ready for sea, to convey an envoy to England, and then to take a cruise. We then went over the Fulton steam-battery, formed for firing red-hot shot and throwing boiling-water. It is bomb-proof. It was not finished until after the war, and it is now used as a receiving ship. We saw in it 766 men receiving their grog; part of them were for the Hudson frigate. The Americans will not find the difficulty in obtaining men for their navy which De Roos supposes, because a naval war would render much of their mercantile shipping idle. They are recruiting for their navy far inland, where the smart straw-hats, blue-bosomed shirts and white trowsers, seem to have charms. Salt is used to a very great extent in ship-building; and it is even in contemplation to have salt-water pits, in which the timber may be kept in pickle till wanted. They say, that beef-barrel staves never rot. Twelve of the large vessels, one of which is to carry from 140 to 150 guns, and twelve sloops, besides frigates, are building in their different yards. I shall endeavour to see the great ship. The timber, build, finish, and weight of metal of their ships are astonishing, and well does it behove the British government to consider, whether it has vessels able to cope with them. In the retrenchment plans of the United States, their navy and its pay were included, but this has been abandoned; both have been raised, and their officers are much better off than ours. We saw the naval chapel; the service is Episcopalian."

We will now give our traveller's account of what he saw in the navy yard at Philadelphia.

" I now went to the navy yard, and here, my astonishment was complete. I went over, and through, and measured the 74 gun-ship, the Pennsylvania, intended to carry 144 guns, most of which, 42 pounders, are in the yard. I made her deck 225 feet long, her beam 54 feet, and her depth 80 feet. I was told she would be of 3100 tons burden, and would have 1200 men. She is in a state to be quickly finished, if wanted. Her work is finished like cabinet-work, and she is closely timbered like the Ohio. De Roos has shewn a levity in his descriptions, which the sight of such ships ought to have prevented. He has hurt his character much in this country by his flippancy and ignorance, and the Americans express much surprise at his promotion. The hull of another frigate, *alias* 74, is finished; and a 24-gun sloop is ready for launching."

It is prodigiously galling to an Englishman, that the boasts of naval architecture are to be found in England no longer—that ships can be found in another country, to which equals cannot be furnished by the British navy. This humiliation ought to be shook from us in utter contempt of expense, even if it affected nothing beyond national pride; but it affects other matters, on the importance of which we need not dilate. Things will, indeed, be most criminally managed by government, if, in our next war with America, British ships be not at the least fully equal to American ones in every thing.

While the merchant navy of America is gaining so rapidly upon, and is making so near an approach to our own, it is attempted in various quarters to allay our apprehensions by the assurance, that the Americans will never be able to procure seamen to man a powerful navy. We fear this assurance, is entitled to but little attention. Granting that they have not impressment to resort to, they could enact laws which would be equally efficacious. A country anxious for naval glory, thirsting for aggrandisement, and to which in time of war powerful fleets are essential for preserving its commerce and protecting its shores from invasion, would readily submit to such laws, should they be found necessary. Whenever America shall possess as many merchant seamen as this country, it will be a practicable matter for her to man as many ships of war as this country. She will possess the means, and the fair probability is, that she will employ them.

But she would be a very dangerous enemy on the ocean if she possessed only half as many ships of war as this country. This would make her practically almost our equal, because our strength would of necessity be so much divided. We ought to know from the history of our own naval greatness how much depends on the first two or three great battles. Suppose she should in the aggregate have half as many ships of war as ourselves, and that in the first battle she should capture and destroy fourteen or twenty sail of the line, what would be the consequence? Naval power differs widely from military power: it is a thing of the most frail and delicate existence; and they who possess it, and to whom the possession is of the first moment, should nurture it with the care required by the tender exotic. The loss of a single battle may destroy it, not only for the moment, but for ever. We took from France her navy; and her colonies—her means of creating another navy—followed. Let America wrest from us for a moment our naval supremacy in any point she may assail, and some of the most valuable of our colonies must become her easy prey: let her obtain these colonies, and not only must we lose a large part of our merchant navy, but she must practically gain it. As it happened heretofore to France, Holland, &c., so it must happen to us if we be beaten on the ocean. The loss of the first fleet will go far towards insuring the loss of the second: with fleets—colonies, merchant ships, and the means of forming fleets, must be lost; and what we lose must be gained by the enemy.

There is in this the most powerful argument which could be adduced to prove, that if, in case of a war, America could send a fleet of fifteen or twenty sail of the line to sea, it must be of the very highest importance that the British ships destined to meet them should be at the least fully equal to them in size, build, weight of metal, complement—every thing. And it shews that we ought not to neglect precaution, in our reliance on our aggregate numerical superiority. Whatever difficulty America might encounter in procuring seamen, it is matter of certainty, that she possesses all the essentials for sending to sea a powerful naval force. It is matter of certainty that she is at this moment in essentials a formidable naval power, looked at without reference to any alliances she might enter into. When we glance at her population and merchant navy, we cannot give implicit credit to those who aver that it is impossible for her to procure 50,000 or 100,000 men for her ships of war. But it is pretty clear that in hostilities with us, she would have allies. Of France, we need not speak; but what is passing in the Mediterranean makes it necessary for us say, that to Russia and America have for some time obviously made it a point of policy to cultivate each other's friendship, and lean to each other against this country. Make Russia a strong naval power by suffering her to appropriate

European Turkey, and she will be the naval ally of America against us. We need not point out what Russian and American interests this alliance would serve.

The triumph which Russian diplomacy has lately achieved is amazing, unparalleled, and even miraculous. The execrable Greek treaty was entered into by this country confessedly to prevent her from making war on Turkey, and yet it left her at full liberty to make such war! On its being signed, she attacked Turkey, and used it as the means for making allies of England and France in the attack. That Turkish fleet which she could not have destroyed alone, she destroyed through the assistance of the English and French fleets, which this treaty gave her. She would not exercise her rights as a belligerent in the Mediterranean, until a French army was landed in the Morea—that is, she would remain a neutral, because by doing so, she could war much more effectually against Turkey through the aid of England and France, than she could do as a belligerent. As soon as neutrality became less effective than open war, she resorted to the latter through the most shameful breach of faith. The Greek treaty was to bind the contracting parties from employing arms, and yet France has sent an army to Greece to enforce it. Through this detestable treaty Russia gained the courage and pretexts for making war on Turkey, she made England and France her powerful allies in the war, and she restrained other powers from interfering against her. Why Ministers have adhered to it so tenaciously, when they might so long since have honourably abandoned it, is a matter not to be explained by ourselves. We do not say all we think, when we say that they have followed a most hazardous line of policy. Russia and France may be sincere in their professions, but at any rate it is very clear that not the least reliance can be placed on those of the former. Our belief is, that they are not sincere—that they are actuated by motives of vicious aggrandisement—and that France will be mightily disappointed if she cannot contrive to involve herself in hostilities with the Pacha of Egypt. If the Turkish authorities do not act with incredible dexterity, we imagine we shall soon hear of a French army being sent to Egypt, or some other part, to avenge insults, and of course demand indemnities. If they are not sincere, they have had vantage ground given them by this country, from which they may do her incalculable injury. The spirit and principles of the Greek treaty gave England a clear right to insist that Russia should not commence war, and that France should not send a soldier to Greece; and this right she ought to have sternly exercised without any regard to professions.

When the proceedings of these powers may easily do great injury to our relative naval strength in regard to America, it behoves us to keep a jealous eye on the naval strength of the latter. Ministers deserve the highest praise for the fortifications they are raising in our American possessions, and we earnestly trust that the miserable cant of "economy" will only make them on this point more lavish in expenditure. These fortifications will practically rank amidst the leading bulwarks of our maritime supremacy. Valuable as the Canadas are in a commercial point of view, they are still more valuable on other considerations. If America gain them, she must take from us that large portion of naval power which we draw from them. This will make her merchant navy about equal to our own, and render our retention of the West Indies a doubtful matter. The question—Shall the Canadas belong to England, or America? is to a very great extent this question—Shall maritime supremacy be possessed by England, or America?

We heartily wish that we could praise Ministers as warmly for protecting our merchant navy. This has long been, and still is, distressed and declining; and the American one has long gained rapidly upon it. If American ships multiply as they have done, they will in a few years be—putting the loss of colonies out of the question—more numerous than our own. While such is the case, a reciprocity treaty is in existence between this country and America, which gives to the latter nearly the whole carrying trade. Instead of having a full and regular share of this trade, British ships are in a great measure driven out of it, except in times of loss and suffering. Here is a treaty which

gives to the ships of America most unjust advantages, to the great benefit of her naval power, and the great injury of our own. From this fact, what is the irresistible inference? The treaty should be abandoned, and our own ships should be, at the very least, placed on an equality with the American ones. What is there to prevent this from being done? Nothing. This country can annul the treaty at any time by giving six months' notice. The plea that it might injure our manufactures, has no longer any weight; the tariff has destroyed it. To a discriminating duty on their ships and their cargoes, America could oppose nothing of much moment in the way of retaliation. A retaliatory duty on ours would be of comparatively no use to her. Her ships already carry almost every thing that we export to her, therefore it could do but small injury to the British ones in the outward voyage. Speaking with reference to maritime power alone, it is imperiously necessary for this treaty to be annulled, and for the carrying trade between this country and America to be so regulated that British ships may have at all times their full share of it.

We must proceed to other matters. It would be unpardonable in us to omit the following notice of the American ladies.

"The American women are certainly very lady-like, pretty, good walkers and good dressers."

We can easily believe this when we remember from whom they sprung.

"Quakers are not so numerous here as I expected; they dress in all ways, from the original broad brim to the gayest fashion. A great schism has lately taken place among them. An English female preacher accused them of Unitarian principles; they denied the truth of the accusation, but it has thrown among them the apple of discord."

Notwithstanding the different accounts which have been published of the Shakers, the following will be read with much interest:

"When we reached the Shakers' village, we were surprised by the number of carriages, gigs, carts, and horses, which were waiting under the trees. On entering the chapel, we found the brothers and sisters in silent meeting, which is usually the commencement of their devotions. There were about seventy of each sitting on stools facing each other, as still and motionless as statues. The men had no coats, but were dressed in old-fashioned jackets without collars, having flap pockets, and three plaits behind, trowsers, worsted stockings, and good shoes. Their linen was beautifully white; and their faces were a wholesome healthy brown. The women wore very fine, plain, bordered, pretty caps, and long white dresses from the throat to the wrists and ankles, as white and pure as we were told their minds were within. The old women were plump and good-looking; the young ones were almost as white in their faces as in their garments. Their eyes were all soul, and their eyebrows and lashes seemed as if pencilled. The men had, many of them, ribbons round their arms, as if marks of office. There were nearly double the number of visitors on benches along the walls, &c. After so sitting for some time, a leader thanked God for all the blessings they enjoyed, but in an especial manner for having had their souls opened to the knowledge of the last revelation, and to an understanding thereof, leading them to salvation, into which happy state they had now entered, having a fulness of joy. They then all rose, removed their seats, and stood like ballet-dancers. A man now commenced a psalm or spiritual song, in which all joined, marking the time with their bodies in a short shake, the men with their feet also. The style of singing resembled that of a London street-ballad-singing sailor: their tunes were of the same style; in one of their dances the chorus was 'Toora, loora, loo.' When the psalm was finished, a nice old gentleman came forward and addressed the visitors. He welcomed us to see their simplicity of worship; and requested those, who came from curiosity to see something new, to look and observe, as they might carry away something to think upon which might do them good. He observed, they did not set their light under a bushel, but they let all the world see it; and hoped none came to interrupt them, or amuse themselves improperly.

"Another psalm was now sung, and another short address to God followed, in which reference was made to the old custom of praising God by dancing. After a pause the dance began,

the whole singing at the same time as loudly as possible. In dancing they held up their hands as dancing dogs hold up their paws, waving them up and down to the time. 'The dance required but little space; it cannot be so easily described as imitated; sometimes they clapped their hands violently. This was repeated several times; the perspiration ran down their faces, and the place smelled much.

"A preacher now came forward and preached to the visitors, (not to his own people.) He gave us his reasons for the hope that is in them, by giving a short, and in general, a clever and fair history of revelation, divided into three heads. His text was,—'Old things have passed away, behold all things are become new.' This exposition, in all, save the peculiar tenets, was very sensible, and was given much after the manner of our Wesleyan Methodists. However, of Wesley, he said, that he had not knowledge without measure, as he had missed a knowledge of the last revelation. He made a curious allusion to circumcision, and gave a strange exposition of being 'neither married nor given in marriage,' which he maintained had reference to this life. He asserted that they should abstain, &c. and that it was priestcraft of the most abominable kind to pretend for a dollar to give people the right of living in ungodly and destructive lusts. He said, that in them, the new Jerusalem was present upon earth; and that it was necessary to live here now as we would live in heaven hereafter, seeing how we prayed for that heaven. He exhorted us to observe how happy they were—that they were all as angels purged and purified from sin, &c. &c. 'Have you,' said he, 'any cheaper way of salvation than ours? Have you any other way? No! without bodily purity, there is no mental holiness; and without holiness no man shall see God.' New singing and dancing followed; in the last psalm all fell on their knees exerting their voices to the utmost. After another short exhortation to us, the leader said, 'the meeting is finished.' Original sin was throughout strongly and convincingly argued.

"There are some curious anomalies among these singular people; while they prohibit matrimony and sexual acquaintance, they will take charge of and educate children. They hold their goods in common; any one on joining them gives up all his property to the common stock, and if he even leave them he takes nothing away. There are several establishments; the largest is at Lebanon, and is said to be very rich. This society is one of the smallest, and may consist of from 400 to 500 members. It has been in existence about forty years. It is clear that knaves, fools, and enthusiasts, make up the majority of its members. Not long since the treasurer walked off with 25,000 dollars; it is said he originally took to them 20,000, so that he only abstracted his own with usury. Sometimes a couple, who are anxious to change the spiritual titles of brother and sister into more worldly ones, will leave the society, and pay the dollar alluded to by the preacher. Their rules are severe; they work hard, and manufacture every thing they wear and use; they are excellent gardeners, by which they make great gains; it is common all over the United States, to see on the shops—'Shakers' seeds sold here.' They occasionally expel members."

It is singular enough that religious enthusiasm, even in the wildest of its vagaries, should bottom religious purity and salvation on that which strikes at the existence of the human race.

"Being on the subject of religion, I may observe, that while any opinions not inconsistent with the safety of the State are tolerated, blasphemies and obscenities, such as are exhibited in London, and are there patronised and defended by those who know better, are not allowed here. In the immoral New York, not a blasphemy or indecency like those of Carlile, Taylor, &c., is exhibited. The exhibitor of such things would soon find himself within the walls of a penitentiary."

We extract this with a deep sense of shame. That America, without a church establishment, should so far excel this country in her care of morals, is certainly a matter of humiliation. At this moment, books are openly sold in London which contain not only the most revolting attacks on religion, but the most seductive incitements to profligacy; some of them are specially addressed to our wives and daughters, to induce them, by argument and instruction, to cast off their chastity. Yet the Government, the

laws, and even the Society for the Suppression of Vice, are wholly inactive. If such books were wholly innocuous, the character of the country demands that the foul blot which they form upon it should be removed; but they are extremely injurious. When our rulers and legislators again inquire into the causes of the increase of vice and crime, we hope they will open their eyes to the fact, that publications which cast every species of abuse and mockery on religion, and place before the inexperienced of both sexes every temptation to lewdness and debauchery, may rank amidst such causes.

"I have given as nearly as possible what I saw and heard at Niskuyana, but I am told very different things of the Shakers and their doctrines; viz. that they are Atheists—that they disavow, or at least make no account of, the Mosaic revelation—that they deny the resurrection of the body, claiming a preference for the last or present revelation, as given by their founder, Ann Lee, who is therefore superior to Jesus Christ, as in her the last revelation is fulfilled. I am told that they claim a degree of perfection superior to that of Moses, David, or Christ. In respect of these things, the preacher I heard spoke in general, as I conceive, in an orthodox way of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He spoke of the resurrection, and the final judgment. They do, however, claim perfectibility."

"The pains taken to promote education are astonishing; there is a strong feeling in its favour among the different religious bodies. Even the Catholic clergy are obliged to give education to some extent, to preserve their flocks, and their moral power over them. Each district is obliged to pay a certain sum to a general education fund; and in certain modes money is received from this fund in proportion to the numbers educated. A stimulus to education is thus kept up. The Catholics are labouring hard in the back western counties, using the old French settlers as a *point d' appui;* and the College de Propaganda, I am told, is by no means niggardly of money to assist them. Being on religion again, I find I have forgotten, in its place, a notice of Unitarianism. I did think it was gaining ground here; I have now reason to think otherwise. It appears, like the religion of other sects, to have had its 'revival,' and to be going down again. It has for some time been paramount in Massachusetts, having by some means got hold of the divinity professor's chair in Hollis' College; several judges and other influential men belong to it. Dr Channing is the leader; he is a seceder from the Congregational Church."

Our traveller speaks of the horses of America in terms of high praise:

"The horses in this country have pleased me much; the general stock being far superior to ours. Their sires were from England, and the blood is kept pure, so that none are now imported. They beat ours in trotting; I have heard of three miles in eight minutes and two seconds.

"Our horses are very good; one of them had just been taken from grass, and although it worked hard, it would not sweat. The driver, at our first watering place, gave it a bottle of whisky to make it sweat—and as this had not the desired effect, he threatened to give it a gallon. However, I did not see him administer this gentle dose. In giving his horses water, he put a shovel of wood-ashes into the pail; I asked him if this was to take the chill from the water, or take off its hardness. His reply was, 'I guess not—it's to do 'em good, I reckon.' On pursuing my inquiries farther, I found this was generally done to cure botts."

The following harmonizes but little with the glowing and poetical descriptions which have been put forth of the American Indians; but as it is, we suspect, so much the more faithful, we must give it:

"Saratoga. Some Indians, men and women, pass the house. The men are almost black; they are large-headed, Calmuck-foreheaded, large-mouthed, ugly old fellows. Their long black hair hangs over their faces, on which some straggling apologies for beard and whiskers are seen, which have not been pulled out, or shaven; they are dressed in slouching hats and smock frocks. The women are *squawish* enough; their long black hair is parted; a blanket is round their loins, pulled up to the neck of a child hung behind them, and held by the corners in their hands: they wear a petticoat, and loose leggings on their feet. The young men look cleaner and better;

and they pull out the face-hair: they have formed a small encampment near the town, and are the Oneidas. Alas! can these be the descendants of those Oneidas whom Campbell, in his Gertrude of Wyoming, has endowed with the greatest and sternest virtues of humanity—'The stoics of the woods, the men without a tear?' It is even so. I am sorry to confess, that the little I have seen of these children of the forest has caused me to write off a heavy discount from my anticipations, and I may say my hopes. This Indian nation is in the pay of the United States; the Indians are allowed 6 dollars, or 26s. each, per annum, and are located near Utica.

"I found that the Indians were considered to be not so swift of foot, or so strong, as Europeans; but endurance and continuance are their forte; when a European is about exhausted, their wind is improving."

The following characteristic of Jonathan is of a diverting nature. In Albany our traveller went into a handsome well-built church, and was amused to find the said Jonathan's ease and habits consulted in a place of worship in this manner: "The seats were made to lean back, so as to be what a chair is, when it is half thrown over backwards. An American is seldom content with one chair; he kicks it up and balances it, or leans it against the wall, and sends out his feelers for all within reach: he will sometimes have three or four under contribution at the same time. He is fond of having his heels higher than his head."

We have not extracted this for the sake of its adoption in England.

"Utica. I went into a rifle manufactory, and looked at these unerring guns in all states. According to our ideas, they are ill made, having no size or weight in the ball; although they are in general very light, they handle in proportion very heavy, from their wanting a stock balance. The stock is hollowed out at the end for the shoulder, and is inconvenient for quick use. But the Americans hold them and handle them differently from us. They lift the gun out, using their left hand at a very long rest; their right elbow is even with their shoulder; their hand is up to their ear as if drawing a bow; and they thus pull the stock to fit the shoulder. Their most approved rifle turn is once round in four feet length. Their barrels are somewhat longer than ours; the bores are very small. I saw one 150 balls to the pound. They vary in price from fifteen to eighty dollars; their best are made heavy; detonating locks are 2½ dollars or 11s. 3d. extra. The greatest place of manufacture is near Baltimore, where they have a mode of loading at the breech to fire very quickly; by this mode they fire four times more quickly than by the common mode. As I have not seen, I cannot describe it. The government has bought the manufacture for the army."

The honours to which General Jackson is aspiring demand the extracting of the following notice of him:

"Mohawk country. I see a curious sight. A large team of oxen and a host of men and boys are dragging down the mountain a tall hickory tree, to plant it in a neighbouring town, to rejoice around on the 4th—the anniversary of independence. It is astonishing what wonders a nickname will perform. General Jackson's is 'Old Hickory.' This tree is strong, hard-grained, with a hard rough bark—Jackson has a dry hard phiz, and looks rough and ready. This emblematic tree shews the political feelings of the neighbourhood. He is considered by all, even by his friends, to be a rough back-woodsman, Indian kind of soldier; and his credit was gained by his success over our troops at New Orleans, and his destroying of the hostile Indians. 'As bold as a lion, as tough as hickory, as hard as nails, but as unlicked as a bear's cub.' His military reputation may, in the event of his being elected President, be productive of serious events; should he prove ignorant and incapable in his civil capacity, he may wish to hide his deficiencies by playing at soldiers. How blind is human nature! This people, the most unmilitary among civilized nations, is proud of its military achievements, and pants for military renown."

Nothing is more calculated to prevent us from feeling that respect for the character of the people of America which we wish to feel, than the fact, that they are likely to make such a man as Jackson their President. It is impossible for us not to deduce something from the man's character touching that of his friends. A part of the London press, we perceive, has been

puffing this uncivilized, uncouth being as "the friend of all that is liberal and enlightened." We suspect he has won this by the furious animosity he has occasionally displayed against England, and the fate to which some time ago he subjected certain Englishmen. It is hazardous work to its parents. If the liberal and enlightened people marshal themselves under such leaders as "Old Hickory," their exploits will soon lead to their own annihilation.

We will now give at one view our traveller's notices of manufactures.

"New York. The best Bengal and China goods they get from London at much lower rates than they can import at from the East. Some ordinary goods would do well if sent to London; they do not sell here. Cotton goods of domestic manufacture are so well protected, that they pay well for manufacturing: the duty on British goods that may cost 4d. per yard being 3d. I saw some bleached shirtings, well manufactured, at 18 cents, equal to 9d.; they would be worth about 6½d. at Manchester. The duty on woollens they consider quite a prohibition. I am most surprised to find that calico printing is carried on to a great extent. A Mr —— from Manchester, they tell me, has been expending 100,000 dollars on premises and machinery; and he turns out a great quantity of work very low; single colours are 14s. per piece of 20 yards. I attended some public sales, and examined these prints; they resemble in cloth and work Belfast goods."

Our traveller asks, "Are not such men traitors?" In better times, the reply would have been in the affirmative, but in these, such men are lauded above all others. If a man now transport his capital and skill to a foreign nation, and assist it to strike millions annually from the trade of his native land, his conduct receives the highest eulogy; it is only when he wishes his country to retain her wealth, skill, trade, superiority, and greatness, that he is stigmatized as a traitor. The worst of the traitors are not the men who act like the individual in question; they are the Ministers and Legislators, who not only tell such men that their conduct is highly laudable, but enable them, by the abrogation of laws, to send abroad machinery and workmen. For their own sake, we advise this higher class of traitors to be guilty of the inconsistency no longer, of insisting that machinery, skill, and capital, ought to be exported to foreign nations, and, in the same breath, lamenting that such nations rival us and destroy our trade. It would disgrace the most ignorant hind in the realm. If our machinery, skill, and capital, ought to be exported, an export of manufactures ought to be destroyed. Nothing could be more self-evidently true.

"Baltimore. In this town and neighbourhood are various manufactories, cotton, glass, copper-rolling, printing, &c. &c. I visited Crook's cotton manufactory, where the whole process from cleaning the cotton to selling the manufactured article is performed. Sail cloth, their principal article, 22 inches wide, was from 30 to 42 cents; or from 15d. to 21d. per yard, less 5 per cent. It is getting greatly into use in the United States navy. It is said to hold the wind better, to wear longer, to suffer less from chafing, and not to mildew. They give in wages one dollar to nine per week. Mechanics here get from one to half a dollar per day; or from 4s. 6d. to 6s. 9d. Common labourers obtain from 2s. 3d. to 4s. 6d. according to work and value. They keep constantly importing improvements from England, but cannot bring goods out so cheap as the latter. All machinery is done by imported workmen, but Jonathan constantly claims it."

Great light is here thrown on the causes which enable foreign countries to gain so swiftly upon us in manufactures.

"Troy. There are several manufactories of different kinds in this neighbourhood. The largest belongs to Mr ——, of whom mention has been made already. He brought out his brother from Manchester last year; they have five establishments, and it is said have invested therein above 500,000 dollars.

"In 1825 the value of woollens imported here from England was . . . . . 10,876,873 dollars.
In 1827 it was . . . . 7,014,931.

"The new duty on woollens is almost a prohibitory one on most articles. It is estimated that in the woollen manufactories here 60,000,000 dollars are invested, and that they employ about 80,000 persons directly, and 30,000 indirectly.

"In 1825 the import of cotton manufactures was . 11,036,038 dollars.
In 1826 it was . . . . 5,601,961.

"Under the new duty, the import must be very inconsiderable. Our liberal Manchester men, following up our liberal legislators, have set machinery enough to work here to render importing unnecessary. Messrs ——, now find that it is better to make their machinery here, than to import it.

"But all kind of manufactories are exceedingly on the increase.

"I have in a short time seen and heard much; I have, in all instances, gone to the best hotels, and have heard the great men of the country hold disputations on the Tariff, in which after a time I have ventured to join. Although the Tariff has been greatly abused by the merchants of New York and the cotton-growers of Georgia, I believe it to stand in a large degree on national vanity, as touching England in a sore place. I am sorry to find a great jealousy of our commerce, and particularly of our manufactures. There is in the people much disposition to a little sparring, and to uphold manufactures at any risk, or what they call the American system. Their political economy begins at home, and I fear ends there. With us an opponent of our 'New System' is taunted with being behind the age in which he lives, and is called an ignorant, or prejudiced, or foolish fellow, full of old-fashioned, obsolete notions; but here the boot is on the other leg. If a man advocate free trade, and the liberal principles which are now the rage among us, he is in the same manner denounced; he is suspected of being no good citizen, and of being interested in the benefit of foreigners. The cotton-growers are called selfish, &c., like our agriculturists."

"The Tariff, however, is far from being satisfactory in respect of woollens. It cuts in two ways; it lays a duty on imported wool, and protects the manufacture by an enormous duty. The measure was carried as some of our measures are carried in the House of Commons. When the agriculturists were asked to vote for the Tariff, —Yes, was their reply, if you will vote for the duty on wool.

"There is a certain and great degree of fear that Great Britain may retaliate by a heavy duty on cotton. If she can encourage it from other places in sufficient quantity, I wish she would. In 1827 the entire crop of cotton was 970,000 bales, of 310 lbs. each, or 329,800,000 lbs. Of this England took 670,000 bales, or 201,000,000 lbs. This was nearly all brought to England by American ships. The cotton-growers, shipowners, and agents, may well feel sore on the subject; but I do not believe that they will be able to make any impression on the manufacturing and agricultural people of the north and east."

In remembering the side we have taken, and the bitter epithets which have been showered upon us, we are mightily comforted by the information that ours are the fashionable principles amidst the "liberal and enlightened republicans" of the United States. It is gratifying to us to be able to appeal from our revilers to the very people whom these revilers have been so long holding up, as a perfect model in principle and conduct of every description. How can we be called bigoted, illiberal, and unenlightened, when we join in creed with such a people? After having been so long told that we have been born a century too late, and that in the march of intellect we cannot even keep sight of the rear, the discovery that we have been born some century too soon, and that we are marching with the "most virtuous and enlightened of nations" at the head of mankind, with antiquated Old England at an immeasurable distance behind us, is almost too much for us. We feel powerfully tempted to make forthwith our own ability and wisdom the subject of magnificent and finished panegyrics, after the fashion of Mr Huskisson, Mr C. Grant, and other celebrated egotists. Seriously, let any man look at these matters; let him observe that in both England and America free trade is puffed and supported solely from motives of personal interest. Let him remark that the vast body of those who, on both sides of the Atlantic, dogmatise so

pompously and vociferously in favour of Free Trade, are grossly ignorant of the subject, and obviously do so for the benefit of their own purses. Let him do this, and it will teach him to estimate both the opinions and the abuse of such people at their proper value.

England has solemnly renounced her principles of trade, and America has solemnly adopted them: England has banished the system she so long fondly worshipped; it has gone with the stream of emigration, and it is now THE AMERICAN SYSTEM. This is alike marvellous and ominous. Our Free Trade people are shocked at the barbarous folly of America, and they are wroth beyond measure at the injuries she has inflicted on them. As it is universally acknowledged, that, whatever her system may yield to herself, it will operate very mischievously against this country; a glance at certain of the means which have enabled her to adopt it may perhaps afford us some instruction.

So long as her manufactures were comparatively in a state of infancy, it was impossible for her to adopt such a system. While her manufacturing capital, machinery, skill, and labour, were below a certain point, it was decidedly the interest of the mass of her inhabitants to oppose such a system; and it could not have been introduced. Now, how have these been raised to the point necessary for enabling her to exclude foreign manufactures, and for making it the interest of the majority of her inhabitants to sanction such exclusion? They have been so raised principally by ourselves and our new system. From this country she has to a very great extent drawn the necessary portion of capital, machinery, skill, and labour. Our rulers repealed the laws for prohibiting the emigration of workmen—they in violation of law permitted the exportation of machinery—they proclaimed it to be meritorious for manufacturers to vest their capital in, and for workmen to carry their skill and labour to, foreign countries—in a word, they assisted her to the utmost to place herself in a condition to do without our manufactures. Had it not been for the powerful aid which this country and its government have rendered her, she could not from interest have adopted such a system, and she could not have possessed a party sufficiently strong to carry its adoption. England has given manufactures to America; and from her new system, has naturally sprung the new American system.

Now, in the name of common sense, what other fruits can we expect to gather from our new principles? We send to foreign nations every thing necessary for enabling them to manufacture for themselves—we make it their interest to exclude our manufactures—we create in them a mighty host of enemies, sufficiently powerful to obtain laws for their exclusion, on the score of public good—and it inevitably follows, that they refuse to buy our manufactures, and become our rivals. To such of them as not only exclude our goods, but maintain formidable competition with us where these goods are admitted—we send every thing in our power to enable them to excel us. It is physically impossible for this to yield us any thing but injury. Such infatuation is unexampled. No religious bigotry and superstition ever equalled the bigotry and superstition of Free Trade.

It is now a serious question—How ought this conduct in America to be treated by England? The liberal people decide for submission, on the ground that America will soon be compelled to abandon her system. Really this is scarcely worthy of being addressed to babes. What! are manufactures, which these persons declare are almost the sole source of wealth in this country, to be a source of ruin in the United States? Will this new system destroy the trade of the manufacturers, and deprive their workmen of employment? Will it diminish the price and consumption of corn and cattle? Will it prohibit the export of cotton, rice, and tobacco? Will it reduce the demand for, and value of, labour? If the American manufacturers could, in most articles, compete with ours before the additional duty was imposed, this duty cannot raise their prices for a long period. In a short time, competition among themselves will make cottons and woollens, with few exceptions, as cheap as they were before the new Tariff was framed. This system, therefore, will not make manufactures permanently dearer, it will benefit greatly the whole manufacturing population—it will largely increase the demand for labour—it will

add much to the trade of the farmers, and it does not touch the export of cotton, &c. while it will yield much advantage to the chief part of the population—it will not perceptibly injure any very influential interest—What it spares, we are to spare likewise. We must have their cotton, and we cannot increase the duty on it. We must likewise have their tobacco, for a substitute for it cannot at present be found. Our rulers are to suffer all kinds of American produce to come as usual.

And now what rational reason is there for expecting that, if we remain passive, America will soon be compelled to abandon her system? None can be discovered. When we look at what England was compelled to do, while she followed such a system, we can only find reasons to lead us to an opposite conclusion; and the system, we imagine, will work in the one country as it has worked in the other.

Believing, as we do, that if this country resort to no retaliatory measures, America will persevere in her system, we naturally conceive that government will fail greatly in its duty, if it do nothing. Endeavours to make the best of the matter for our own interests, will be the most efficacious means we can use for compelling her to retrace her steps. She has given us full license to do whatever we may think good, and we are no longer obliged to sacrifice one interest to her for the sake of another; she has demonstrated that she will not buy any thing of us beyond what her interests or necessities may require, and it is for us to act accordingly.

With regard to her cotton, as we have said, we must have it, and we cannot increase the duty on it. A duty would do far more injury to our own manufacturers, than to her growers, and of course it cannot be thought of. Our only resource here is, to encourage the cultivation of cotton as much as possible in our own colonies, and to favour the import from other nations. Ministers appear to have decided on taking the right course in regard to both cotton and rice. A few years will render us independent of America for these articles, and enable us to buy them where we can sell the manufactures which she has excluded.

In respect of tobacco, that of America is the kind which is almost exclusively used by the lower classes, and no substitute for it, in either quantity or quality, can at present be found. It would not in our judgment be wise to increase the duty on it; such increase would be an additional tax on the poor man, and it would injure ourselves more than the Americans. We would recommend, instead, a large reduction in the duty on tobacco produced in our own colonies. The duty on it is, we believe, at present 2s. 9d. per lb., while that on American tobacco is only 3s. This difference appears to have been insufficient for stimulating the growth of colonial tobacco. Let the duty on the latter be reduced to 2s. or even 1s. 6d. per lb. This will ensure to the colonist a profit, which will not only incite him to raise it in adequate quantity, but enable him to make the requisite experiments and expenditure for raising it of the proper description. Mr Huskisson stated in Parliament, that abundance of tobacco could be produced in the East Indies. We admit the abundance, but doubt the quality. It has been asserted that excellent tobacco can be grown at the Cape of Good Hope and New South Wales—colonies which are greatly in need of staples—and we think it worthy of credit. Amidst our colonies some certainly may be found capable of producing tobacco similar and equal to that of America. Government might perhaps render much assistance, in introducing proper seed, culture, and modes of curing. The low duty on colonial tobacco could not, from the small import, do much injury at the first to the revenue; and it could afterwards be raised, if necessary.

But our first great blow ought to be struck at the ships of America. As we have before stated, these ships now engross the chief part of the carrying; they carry not only nearly all that she buys of us, but nearly all that we buy of her. Her cotton, tobacco, &c. are to a very great extent brought to this country in her own vessels. It matters not whether this state of things did or did not originate in necessity; it is sufficient for us to know, that nothing but imperious necessity could sanction it, and that no such necessity can now be pleaded. No one but a traitor will say, that after America has, to the farthest point in her power,

excluded our manufactures from her market, her ships should still be suffered to bring her productions to the market we give her, to the exclusion of our own. Let notice be at once given to annul the reciprocity treaty; and let her cotton, &c. henceforward be brought to this country in our own vessels. We repeat that, to a discriminating duty on our part, she cannot oppose one that will have any material operation. Powerful and discontented as her cotton-growers, &c. are, she will scarcely venture to depress her exports with such a duty; and if she do, the probability will be the greater that she will be compelled to change her system. Granting that the duties of both should drive the ships of both wholly out of the trade, what would follow? The loss would fall principally on her; and our ships would only lose, what is on the average a losing trade of insignificant extent. It would be far more consistent with our general interests, for her cotton, &c. to be imported into this country exclusively in Swedish, Hanseatic, and Prussian ships, than to be imported as they now are, almost exclusively in American ones. Let the reciprocity treaty be abandoned. By this, great injury will be done to her naval power—our suffering shipowners will be benefited—our own naval power will be positively and negatively increased—and a precedent will be established for abandoning other reciprocity treaties as they expire.

And now, we will ask, ought not all practicable means to be used for preventing the emigration of capital, machinery, skill, and labour, to America? Unless it can be proved that the more expert in manufactures, numerous in population, wealthy, and powerful, we render her, the more we shall promote our own interests and security—unless this can be proved, the reply must be in the affirmative. It would be very idle in us to place argument before those who cannot see what ought to be done in her past history and present conduct. At any rate, the current of voluntary emigration might be turned from her into our own colonies. It is a melancholy fact, that our surplus inhabitants, instead of emigrating, as they might do, to benefit us, do it to injure us in almost every way.

Cannot the superiority enjoyed by America in the fisheries be taken from her and given to our North American possessions? We say, yes; we say that by the judicious employment of bounties and other means, this might be done to the great injury of her naval power, the great benefit of our own, and the great extension of our trade. It is, however, useless in us to insist on this when the frantic maxim is acted on, that the most valuable trade ought not to be obtained or preserved, if it could not be done without the aid of bounties.

From no other country has England so much to fear, as from America. No other country is so much our rival in general interest—entertains towards us so much jealousy and antipathy—is so anxious to make common cause against us at all opportunities—is so much above the control of other powers in her hostility to us—is so desirous of stripping us of territory—and is so advantageously situated for injuring us. In addition to this, she has been hitherto distinguished as a nation almost above all others, by her capacious spirit and her utter contempt of principle. In impressing this on the attention of Ministers, we will inform them, it is not by following the steps of many of their predecessors—it is not by conciliation, submission, and concession—it is not by practising the dogmas of Free Trade—it is not by pouring into her, capital, machinery, skill, ships, trade, population, wealth and power—that they will protect this country from the aggressions, and confine her to her relative weakness and inferiority. They must have a new system, and AN ENGLISH SYSTEM. The only true principles of free trade which they can act on in regard to England and America, are those which will render the former as powerful, and the latter as feeble, as possible. Different principles will be as destructive to the trade of England, as to the rest of her possessions.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

"There is nothing in the wide world so like the voice of a spirit."—GRAY'S LETTERS.

I.

OH ! many a voice is thine, thou Wind ! full many a voice is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps, thou bear'st a sound and sign.
A minstrel wild, and strong thou art, with a mastery all thine own ;
And the Spirit is thy harp, O Wind ! that gives the answering tone.

II.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where shiver'd helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a Clarion in the sky ;
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of stormy drums—
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader comes.

III.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their wastes brought back
Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery of thy track ;
The chime of low soft southern waves on some green palmy shore,
The hollow roll of distant surge, the gather'd billows' roar.

IV.

Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing Wind !
And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined ;
The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free,
Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

V.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry ;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

VI.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines, from ancient minsters vast,
Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd ;
Thou hast caught the Anthem's billowy swell, the stately Dirge's tone,
For a Chief with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slumber gone.

VII.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true ;
Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and fled—
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead !

VIII.

Are all these notes in *thee,* wild Wind ? these many notes in *thee ?*
Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be ;
Yes ! buried but unsleeping *there,* Thought watches, Memory lies,
From whose deep Urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's harmonies !

F. H.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XXXIX.

ΧΡΗ 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 I.

The smaller Oval.—Time, seven o'clock.—NORTH *and* SHEPHERD.—*Table with silver urn—Tea and coffee-pots, ditto—China, pattern the Murder of the Innocents—Cakes, crumpets, cookies, muffins, bunns, short-bread, petticoat-tails, &c. &c.—Honey, marmalade, jams, jellies, &c.—rizzards, kipper, red herrings, eggs, &c.—Dutch dram-case,* THE BOTTLE, &c.

SHEPHERD.

I think little or naething, Mr North, o' the four-hours by way o' a meal, accepp a man has happened, by some miscalculation o' time or place, to miss his denner.

NORTH.

I cannot now do, James, without a single cup of coffee.

SHEPHERD.

A single cup o' coffee! gin ye hae drank ane the nicht, sir, you've drank half a dizzen—forbye twa dishes—or ca' them rather bowls—for cups wad indeed be a misnomer—or rather baishins o' gun-poother tee——

NORTH.

As you love me, my dear James, call it not tee—but tay. That, though obsolete, is the classical pronunciation. Thus Pope sings in the Rape of the Lock, canto first,

"Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip with nymphs, their elemental tea."

And also in canto third—

"Where thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea."

And finally in the Basset Table—

"Tell, tell your grief, attentive will I stay,
Though time is precious, and I want some tea."

SHEPHERD.

A body might think frae thae rhymes, that Pop had been an Eerishman.

NORTH.

Now, my dear James, remember your promise—that you will allow me to

play First Fiddle as long as the urn hisses—or, as Wordsworth says of the kettle on the fire, "murmurs its sweet undersong."

SHEPHERD.

Play awa then, sir—but dinna you forget that I am to do the same thing after sooper. Try to be as little wearisome as you can, and first plump anither lump o' loaf-sugar intil my baishin.

NORTH.

Why, James, you not only said you were for no more tay, but turned up your cup and laid your spoon across——

SHEPHERD.

You're leein'—I did nae sic thing—or if I did, I noo draw back, and eat in my words——

NORTH.

Why, after eating in so much multifarious and multitudinous bread, I should think you will find that no easy matter——

SHEPHERD.

Do ye ca' that playin' the First Fiddle? Gie ower attemptin' bein' wutty the nicht, sir, for you've never recovered yourself after fa'in' intil yon pun. It's an easy matter for ane that's nae conjuror to swallow the staff o' life. But "leave off your damnable faces and begin."

NORTH.

Won't you allow me, my dear Shepherd, a half caulker?

SHEPHERD.

Na—but 'll alloo you a haill ane—and as ae freen' canna do anither a greater service than to shew him a gude example—up goes my wee finger——

The Shepherd upsets the BOTTLE—*the bottle upsets the urn—the urn upsets the tea-pot—the tea-pot upsets the coffee-pot—the coffee-pot upsets the cream-jug, and the Murder of the Innocents is brought to a catastrophe.—Enter* MR AMBROSE *and Household, in great agitation.*

OMNES.

Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!

NORTH.

Calm mid the crash of the whole Empire of China, I lean upon my crutch.

SHEPHERD.

A meeracle—a meeracle! I've wroucht a meeracle. The cheeny, though frail and fair as cranreuch, has nae sae much as ae sasser chipped on the rim. No an atom broken. A' that belangs to The Magazine is imperishable.

AMBROSE.

Wonderful—most wonderful!

[*Exit with his tail.*

SHEPHERD.

Noo, sir—begin your lecture.

NORTH.

The origin of Poetry is only to be investigated in the principles and demands of human nature. Wherever man has asserted his humanity, we find some sort of composition, oral or written, spontaneous or premeditated, answering to the general notion of the Poetic. Authentic history informs us of no time when poetry was not; and if the divine art has sometimes sung its own nativity, it is in strains which confess while they glorify ignorance. The sacred annals are silent, and the heathens, by referring the invention of verse to the gods, do but tell us that the mortal inventor was unknown.

SHEPHERD.

Of airts, as of men, the beginnings, sir, are commonly too weak to remember themsells. As therefore the first man could never have learned but by express revelation, whence he was, or hoo and when he began to be—so does the obscurity that invests the original of poetry seem to me to evince its primeval nobility.

NORTH.

Good, James.—In all the legends of antiquity, history, allegory, and arbitrary fiction, are inextricably interwoven. Vain were the attempt to unravel the complex tissue, and to sort the threads according to their several shades of

truth and falsehood. To borrow the pleasing illustration of one who was himself more poet than historian, the truth that has been in fabulous tradition, is like the dew of morning for which we may look in vain beneath a scorching noon.

SHEPHERD.

Gin poetry be "the spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings, regulated by an internal law o' order and beauty," why inquire after its origin at a'? Wherefore doubt that it was heard in Paradise, that it expressed the loves, the joys, the devotions of our first parents in those happy days, sir, when

> ——————— Often from the steep
> Of echoing hill or thicket they have heard
> Celestial voices to the midnight air,
> Singing their great Creator—
> * * * *
> Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
> Their orisons, each morning duly paid
> In various style; for neither various style,
> Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
> Their Maker in fit strains pronounced or sung
> Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
> Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
> More tunable than needed lute or harp
> To add more sweetness?

NORTH.

No less beautifully than aptly recited, my dear Shepherd. But if by a poet we mean an *artist*, an artist, James, who, by the voluntary exercise of a certain faculty, according to certain rules, produces semblances of the emanations of native passion, which, though ever high and rapturous, are no longer absolute reality, but always pure and happy, refined and exalted semblances for purposes of delight and edification, then may it not safely be assumed that music and poetry were of coeval birth, twin streams from one fountain, how widely soever their currents may since have diverged?

SHEPHERD.

That's it to a hair, sir.

NORTH.

The ear is endued with an instinctive sense of proportion, and is naturally delighted with a sweet sound, as the eye with a brilliant hue, and the palate with a luscious savour. The elements of rhythm and melody exist in language itself, and in the modulations of the untutored voice.

SHEPHERD.

And are they no perceived in the sang o' birds, in the fa' o' waters, in the mounting swell, and dying cawdence of the wund——

NORTH.

In the repeated percussion of sonorous bodies——

SHEPHERD.

In the murmur o' the sea, in the hum o' distant and mighty multitudes?

NORTH.

Metrical arrangements frequently occur, you will observe, James, in common conversation, and are readily, perhaps most readily, perceived by children. Nor can it be doubted, that man, in the childhood of the race, was feelingly alive to such casual music, and eager to reproduce, by imitation, those concords at once so new and so delightful.

SHEPHERD.

That's verra ingenious and verra true, sir.

NORTH.

In the first ages a few and slight hints were sufficient to evoke the *idea* of an art, though to realize and develope it, an indefinite period of time, and many auxiliar circumstances, might be necessary. In cultivated life, man resembles certain equestrian tribes, who live so perpetually on horseback, that they almost forget how to walk. We lose the faculty of invention, by relying

on the inventions of others, as musicians who play constantly from the book, are often at a loss to recall the simplest strain by the unassisted ear.

SHEPHERD.

That's the case wi' a' first-rate fiddlers.

NORTH.

But in the beginning it was not so. Had our forefathers, like us, depended on rules and instruments of art, James, how could art or instruments have been discovered?

SHEPHERD.

Never till the end o' time, sir.

NORTH.

Yet I am not disposed to refer the origin of Poetry, or of any worldly faculty, to immediate revelation.

SHEPHERD.

Nor me neither. Revelation does not authoreese sic an inference, and wad scarcely do that for man, which natur and reason enable him to do for himsell.

NORTH.

But I do believe, James, that the same Providence who makes a blind man's touch a substitute for sight, and mercifully supplies the defect or absence of one member by the preternatural activity of some other, bestowed on the patriarchs of human kind a finer tact, a more wakeful eye, and ear, and heart, than we, their later progeny, possess.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! that we twa had been antediluvians!

NORTH.

Seated in a luxuriant clime, with just enough of natural wants to stimulate, not exhaust their industry, blest with undegenerate vigour, and antediluvian length of days, our first ancestors had both leisure and aptitude to become inventors—to improve every suggestion of chance and nature. An old tradition ascribes the first hint of musical notes to the strokes of a hammer upon the anvil—an ingenious fancy, which derives some countenance from the scriptural record, that Jubal, " the father of all that handle the harp and organ," was half-brother to Tubal-Cain, " the instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."

SHEPHERD.

Baith being sons o' Lamech.

NORTH.

Nor, James, should we too scornfully reject the pretty tales of the Gentiles, the chorded shell of Hermes, and the wax-cemented pipe of the wood-god—since they serve at least to prove from how small an urn antiquity conceived the stream of harmony to flow.

SHEPHERD.

Verse, if it didna precede instrumental music, would follow close ahint it, I suspeck.

NORTH.

Now, James, suppose a certain measure or measures once discovered, to accommodate them with words would be both easy and obvious. Early bards are very unceremonious in forcing language into a predetermined mould. Accent, quantity, and orthoepy, yield to the spirit of music—and words are set extempore to the tune.

SHEPHERD.

Just sae, sir—just sae—carry on.

NORTH.

Unfixed languages are pliant and supple, James, as an infant's limbs.

SHEPHERD.

And that's soopple eneuch.

NORTH.

The versification of a semi-barbarous people is often complex and various, and only becomes simple and uniform—when language has done growing, and critics have broken it into orderly paces. The prosody of the Welsh constitutes a curious and difficult topic of antiquarian discussion, and the ancient Runic boasted of more than a hundred and twenty measures.

SHEPHERD.

That's no verra mony.

NORTH.

There is a time when a poet can shape the language to his thoughts, and then comes a time when he must shape his thoughts to the language.

SHEPHERD.

A true antithesis, sir.

NORTH.

The poet of the first period is truly a *maker*,—the versifier of the second must be a rare genius, if he be more than a *composer*.

SHEPHERD.

Capital!

NORTH.

In the age of Orpheus or Homer, language was like the *prima materies* of ancient metaphysics.

SHEPHERD.

What the deevil is that?

NORTH.

A something that yet was nothing.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

NORTH.

Capable of all forms, confined by no actual shape, but plastic as the formless element, which some fine spirit might choose for a temporary vehicle.

SHEPHERD.

O sir! but you are gettin' fearsomely profoon'!

NORTH.

Language is the first-born of the human intellect, and, too common case, the child is become the tyrant of the parent.

SHEPHERD.

A parricide? Unnatural monster!

NORTH.

But once it was obedient, and then, instinct with divine sense, and following the paces of music, which, in all its wild excursions and labyrinths of sound, still grows out of unity, and when farthest off, is still returning to unity, it became poetry.

SHEPHERD.

A pike-staff's a joke to that for plainness——

NORTH.

As soon as measure was applied to significant sounds, we may suppose, that its convenience, as a technical remembrancer, would insure its adoption by all whom choice or need made public speakers, especially in nations to whom writing was unknown, or not generally known. Even the most prosaic subjects—History, Legislation, Science—were anciently sung to the lyre; nor could the real poets, who were prompted by a commanding impulse to sway the minds of their compatriots, fail to observe the influences of melody, and court its alliance.

SHEPHERD.

Alloo me to tak anither caulker, sir.—Noo, I'm ready for you again.

NORTH.

The wonderful effects which Grecian fancy attributed to the strains of Orpheus and Amphion, should not be ascribed solely to hyperbolical metaphor and baseless fiction.

SHEPHERD.

There never was a baseless fiction.

NORTH.

No fiction, unless imposed by authority on the conscience of men, could ever obtain general credence, if it be not symbolical of truth.

SHEPHERD.

Truth's the essence—Fiction the form. Poets in early times never claimed the merit of inventing stories.

NORTH.

Excellent, James! The ancients pretended a *bona fide* inspiration, and the romancers of the middle age refer to their authorities with more than historical ostentation. They relate wonders, because themselves believe them probable, and their audience are delighted to think them true.

SHEPHERD.

For my ain pairt, I can believe ony thing.

NORTH.

But to court admiration by professed audacity of falsehood, is the device of a palled and superannuated age.

SHEPHERD.

When Time is in his dotage, like.

NORTH.

While the limits of possibility are undefined, the little that is seen will procure credit for all that can be conceived. The early Greeks were conscious of the power of music over mind, and therefore readily believed in its power over matter.

SHEPHERD.

The transition's easy to creters like us o' a mixed nature.

NORTH.

How great, James, must have been the sway of harmony, among a people who could suppose it imperative over insensate nature, potent to " uproot the fixed forest," to stay the lapse of waters, to charm deaf stones to motion and symmetry, and change the savagery of brutes to mildness and obedience! Nor should that later and more learned fable be forgotten, which imagines an eternal concert of the universe, a ceaseless " dance and minstrelsy" of the never-wearied stars.

> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
> But in its motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim—
> Such Harmony is in immortal souls;
> But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

SHEPHERD.

I'm sure that maun be Shakspeare, sir.

NORTH.

No other mortal. Then, James, in a more moral vein the great Theban——

SHEPHERD.

And wha's he?

NORTH.

Pindar. He ascribes to music the power of stilling and soothing the sternest of immortal natures—hear him in his first Pythian ode.

SHEPHERD.

Ye maunna spoot Greek upon me, my dear sir.

NORTH.

No, James. Hear him in English.

> My harp of gold, that eloquently pleadest
> For young Apollo, and the dark-hair'd maids
> That sanctify Pierian glades,
> Sovereign of the number'd measure,
> Thou the gladsome motion leadest
> Of merry dance, the prime of pleasure.
> Dance and song obey thy bidding,
> Every maze of music thridding;
> When thrilling, trembling through thy vocal wires,
> Thou sound'st the signal to the festive choirs;
> And thou canst quench the warring thunder brand
> Of fire immortal. On Jove's " sceptred hand"
> The Monarch Eagle sleeps, o'erpower'd by thee,
> And the sweet impulse of thy melody.
> His beaked head a dusky slumber shrouds
> Like a soft curtain o'er his sun-lit eye;
> And each strong pinion, wont to cleave the clouds,
> Close by his side, hangs loose and lazily;

A languid grace his lither back assumes,
And wavy curves play o'er his ruffled plumes.
Yea, the rough soldier God, the lusty Mars,
Forgets the rugged vigour of his might,
The hurtling lances, and mad-whirring cars,
And calms his heart with drowsy, dull delight.
For thy enchantment, finely wrought,
Controls the Gods, and charms eternal thought;
By the sage art, Latona's son infuses,
By the wise skill of those deep-bosom'd Muses.
But dark, and evil, and unholy things,
Whom God not loves, they shudder at the strain;
The blessed strain the blessed Goddess sings
On earth, and all throughout the vast, unconquerable main.

What do you think of that, my dear Shepherd?

SHEPHERD.

That's as gude poetry's ever I heard in a' my born days. O, sir, you're a master-mason in buildin' up the lofty rhyme.—Gie us a' Pindar in English.

NORTH.

Perhaps. The marvels of song and melody were not confined to Greece. We have unerring testimony, that in a holier land, a really inspired minstrel could restore a distracted soul to reason, and assuage the agony of judicial madness.

SHEPHERD.

David harping before Saul!

NORTH.

The truth is, James, that antiquity possessed a livelier sense of harmonious combinations than the moderns, with all their refinement, can easily conceive. The very habit of judging, disputing, and comparing the merit of various composers, materially weakens, if it does not utterly destroy, the influence of the composition. A critic may, indeed, be delighted with the science of the work, and the skill of the performer, but has little perception of the simple self-oblivious rapture, the entranced faith of childhood and unsophisticated nature. He cannot be pleased, "he knows not why, and cares not wherefore." His satisfaction is, perhaps, more intellectual and permanent, but it is far less intense.

SHEPHERD.

The raptures o' a musical cognocenti never seem to me to be sincere—the creter's aye prood o' himsell, and cries, "Whisht!" to the like o' us for ruffin', with an intolerable insolence, for which he would be cheap o' gettin' himsell knocked doon, or kicked out o' St Cecilia's Ha'.

NORTH.

Of the Greeks, it may be held, that they retained, amid the highest cultivation, that intelligent susceptibility to numerous sound, which deified the Muses, and ascribed to the same young and beautiful power, the origin and dominion of Light and of Harmony.

SHEPHERD.

Mournfu' music's unco like moonlicht.

NORTH.

More than one philosopher has deem'd music a fit subject of legislation, and innovators were doom'd to exile and dishonour.

SHEPHERD.

That was carryin' the maitter rather ower far.

NORTH.

Something, perhaps a great deal, James, is to be allowed for the superior delicacy of southern organization; much is to be set down to the close, and almost inseparable union of music with sublime and impassioned words.

SHEPHERD.

O' a' the senses, hearing seems to be maist at the mercy o' memory. How often have a few bars o' some weel-kent air, tho' aiblins "whistled for want o' thought," charm'd back the feelings o' departed years, makin' us smile or weep, we know not why? Mony a time hae I dighted my een, when a' at

ance the sang o' some lanely lassie liltin' by hersell, has brought the spirit o' auld times ower the dowie holmes o' Yarrow, and filled the haill Forest wi' a lament mair ruefu' than belanged or could belang to the scenes or sufferins o' this waukin' warld!

NORTH.

Beautiful, James—Then the Greeks, a *hearing*, not a *reading* people, cultivated their native sensibility of ear till it became as feelingly discriminative of audible as their eyes of visible beauties. Their language, so picturesque and imitative, had doubtless a strong reaction on that frame of intellect, that constitution of society out of which it grew. As they seldom studied foreign tongues, their own appeared rather as the living body of thought than its conventional sign, and was polished to a degree of refinement which its natural vigour preserved from effeminacy, and the logical shrewdness of the speaker from florid emptiness.

SHEPHERD.

Do you think, sir, its ower late for me to begin learning Greek?

NORTH.

Rather. Need we then wonder, Theocritus, at the achievements of Grecian eloquence and Grecian song, or rashly discredit the recorded effects of glorious imaginations expressed in a language of all others the most eloquent and poetical, wafted on " sweet air" to the souls of a people, who craved for beauty and melody with a lover's longings?

SHEPHERD.

What was their music like?

NORTH.

That it was simpler than ours, more confined in compass, less rich in combination, might not render it less popularly effective. It was not for chromatic ears; it was probably, in its rudiments, a measured imitation of the tones and inflexions of the human voice, under the modulation of strong feelings. By seeming to follow the movements of passion, it guided and fashioned them. It was a continuous variety, a multitudinous unity—for ever new, and still the same. It was Novelty wooing Memory.

SHEPHERD.

It was Novelty wooin' Memory! That's verra distink.

NORTH.

A profound thinker has said, that the man of genius is he who retains, with the perfect faculties of manhood, the undoubting faith and vivid impressions of the child. If the same characteristic may apply to a nation, as to an individual, then were the Greeks a nation of geniuses.

SHEPHERD.

Just as the Scotch are a nation o' gentlemen.

NORTH.

In their most advanced civilization, in the strongest maturity of their national life, they retained much that makes childhood amiable, and much which only childhood can excuse.

SHEPHERD.

I like to hear about the Greeks and Romans at a' times.

NORTH.

The keen relish, the delightful feeling of freshness connected with most familiar things, which is the joy and privilege of children, preserved the simplicity of their taste when their manners were become corrupt—like children, they looked on the visible with a satisfaction,

> That had no need of a remoter charm
> Unborrowed from the eye.

And if they dreamed of unseen lands, their dream was but the reflection of their daily experience.

SHEPHERD.

Were they, on the whole, what you could ca' real gude chiels?

NORTH.

With a fine perception of the loveliness of virtue, James, and little sense of the imperative obligation of duty, they were continually striving to realize their fancies, and mistook vivid conceptions for rational convictions.

SHEPHERD.

A dangerous delusion.

NORTH.

They had all the docility which results from a susceptible, sympathizing nature, and all the obstinacy which denotes an unsubdued will. They were alike impatient of external control, and incapable of controlling themselves; therefore easy to persuade, and difficult to govern.

SHEPHERD.

You seem to be hand in glove with——

NORTH.

Credulous, imitative, volatile, fickle, and restless—often cruel from mere restlessness, and the childish desire of seeing the effect of their own superfluous activity, yet as readily swayed to mercy as to cruelty—selfish from the want of fixed principle, and generous from the intermitting fever of sympathy—of all mankind the most ingenious, and perhaps of cultivated nations, the least wise—they exhibit a glowing picture of the world's minority, of that period which enjoys the perfection of all faculties, but has not learned to use them.

SHEPHERD.

I canna understand the youth o' a nation at a', sir.

NORTH.

While speaking of the youth of nations, James, let us protest against an error on which much false and some impious speculation is grounded. Be it not supposed, in the teeth of reason, revelation, and all recorded experience, that primeval man was a savage, with all his energies subservient to the wants and appetites of the hour.

SHEPHERD.

It's an ugly creed, hoosomever, and I canna swallow it for scunnerin'.

NORTH.

Savage life is always improgressive, scarce capable of receiving, far less of originating, improvement. Every country affords but too many proofs, that Man, even in the midst of polite and learned cities, may sink to a mere unclean, ferocious animal. But where is there a single instance, James, of the being, thus degraded, resuming his proper nature without extraneous aid? Savages must needs be degenerate men, withered branches torn from the trunk of society, and cast by wind and waves upon incommunicable shores.

SHEPHERD.

'Faith, you've read your Bible to some purpose. The erudite's aye orthodox.

NORTH.

It is not among such, though even they have their ferocious war-whoops, their lascivious dances, their fierce howls, haply remnants of some abortive and forgotten civilization,—it is not with these that we would look upon poetry in its cradle; but with man as he issued from Eden, fallen indeed, unaccommodated, unlearned, but endued with adult faculties, quick perceptions, and noble aspirations, eager to learn, and apt to imitate, finding in all things an image of himself, feeling reciprocal sympathy between his own heart and universal nature, and, whether from reminiscence, or from hope, or both, as beseems " a creature of such large discourse looking before and after," still yearning after something more true, more good, more beautiful than himself, or aught that sense subjected to himself, which yet was dimly reflected in himself, and " was the master light of all his seeing." Thus knowing his nobleness by his infirmity, and exalted by his profoundest abasement, Man erected the fabric of immortal song.

SHEPHERD.

There's no anither man leevin' capable o' sayin' sic fine things sae finely, sir; and I do indeed verily believe—never having heard Mr Coleridge—that you are the maist eloquent discourser, especially if naebody interrupts you wi' questions, noo extant.—You are indeed, sir.—Let me hear *you* define poetry, sir?

NORTH.

Perhaps I cannot. There have been many definitions of Poetry, most of them containing part of the truth, some perhaps implying the whole truth, but almost all either partial and imperfect in themselves, or imperfectly developed.

SHEPHERD.

I used ever before last Tuesday, when a schoolmaster tauld me better, to think that Poetry was synonymous wi' Verse.

NORTH.

Strange as it might sound in critical ears to call *As in presenti* a poem, still it may not irreverently be asked, what besides verse divides Poetry from Prose, from Eloquence, from the ordinary converse of life?

SHEPHERD.

The Dominie did not tell me that, though.

NORTH.

Certainly not the subject-matter; for, unlike the works of philosophy and science, a poem is generally composed of the same matters which make up the sum of our daily, unlearned talk—the appearances of Nature, the acts and accidents of human existence, the affections that are native to all bosoms. If the poet sometimes introduces supernatural agents, fabulous deities, ghosts, witches, fairies, and genii, for many ages the homeliest firesides, in fearful earnest, told of the same; and the imagined influences of such beings form a considerable part of the prose history of the planet.

SHEPHERD.

Why, sir, the Brownie o' Bodsbeck——

NORTH.

In the plain matter-of-fact conceptions of many generations, James, Minerva was as real a personage as Ulysses, and the Weird Sisters no less historical than Macbeth.

SHEPHERD.

Perhaps, sir, the diction o' poets, apart from metre, will supply the essential character required.

NORTH.

No, my dear James. Those critics who have pretended to give recipes for the compounding of poems, are very diffuse on this head of Diction, and availing themselves of the peculiar facility afforded by the Greek language to word-coiners, have given names to almost every form into which words can be fashioned or distorted,—

For all a Rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.

But among all these tropes, figures, skemata, or whatever else they may be called, there is not one to which the poet can lay an exclusive claim.

SHEPHERD.

The distinction's no in the diction then, sir?

NORTH.

Certainly not, James. Most of them are mere arbitrary departures from common sense, grammar, and logic, extremely rife in the mouths of persons, who, from passion, ignorance, or confused intellects, forget one half of their sentence, before they have uttered the other—figures which Poets have imitated with more or less propriety, but of which they are neither inventors nor patentees.

SHEPHERD.

What say you, sir, to Metaphors?

NORTH.

The Metaphor, the only figure which adds to the wealth of speech (most others indeed are the shifts of poverty) and to which all others that have any real beauty or fitness may be reduced, constitutes a large portion of every spoken language, as must be obvious to any one who will analyze a few of the simplest sentences he may hear from the dullest person he knows.

SHEPHERD.

That's the way wi' Jock Linton—an idiot——

NORTH.

The fact is, we use figures so frequently that they cease to affect us as such. The language of the rudest nations, and of the most uneducated individuals, is always most palpably figurative, because their vocabulary is too narrow to furnish a sufficiency of proper terms,—and because they are unacquainted with that artificial dialect, which philosophers have invented, in the bootless

endeavour to avoid figures. Bootless indeed! for after all, the language of Chemistry, of Metaphysics, even of Mathematics, is even more figurative than that of Oratory or Poetry.

SHEPHERD.

Is that possible?

NORTH.

There are more tropes in a page of Euclid or Aristotle than in a whole book of Homer.

SHEPHERD.

Surely, sir, Philosophy has a dialect different frae the common vernacular idiom?

NORTH.

James, the common vernacular idiom is so essentially tropical, that, if we except the names of sensuous objects, there is not a single term or phrase that was not originally metaphoric; unless we exclude a few abstractions strayed from the schools, such as Quantity, Quality, Relation, Predicament, &c. which, though now familiar as If and But, were of scholastic mintage, and probably, when first issued, sounded as strange and pedantic as Idiosyncrasy, Ideality, or any modern compound of the Transcendentalists and Phrenologists. The truth of the position, though evident enough, is yet more striking in primitive unmixed languages, such as the Greek and Hebrew, than in our own, which, being derivative and heterogeneous, often borrows a word in the secondary sense only. Thus, we pronounce the word Virtue without being conscious that it is related to Force or Manhood; and talk of a Jejune Style without thinking of Physical Inanition.

SHEPHERD.

Na—there I'm thrown out entirely, and can follow you nae langer.

NORTH.

The diction, then, of Poetry, in all its component parts, is, and must be, the same as that of Prose—not always of *book* prose, which is often abstract and technical, but of the plain unmeditated prose of actual life and business.

SHEPHERD.

I'm weel disposed to believe that, if I could.

NORTH.

You do believe it, James, and act upon it, both in oral and written discourse. You speak poetry, my dear Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad ye think sae, sir. Sae do ye.

NORTH.

Nor does it at all invalidate my argument that certain expressions, or particular words, in process of time become peculiar to metrical composition, or that many words and phrases have been invented by poets which never obtained general currency. Every form of speech, every noun, verb, and particle must have been first uttered, at some time, by somebody—just as all the fashions of dress, which the many assume to avoid singularity, must once have been singular. The question is not, whether poets do not introduce more new fashions into language than other men, but whether any particular fashion is the constant and distinctive uniform of Poetry.

SHEPHERD.

That's the pint.

NORTH.

Some composers in metre have essayed an ornate or exotic style, and some, like Henry Moore, the Platonist, have inserted in couplets and stanzas the contents of the Scientific Glossary; but these are only to be regarded as experimenters on established diction; nor could their innovations strike root in poetry, though they long kept possession of book-prose.

SHEPHERD.

What say you, sir, to poetical leeshanses?

NORTH.

As to what are called poetical licenses, they are either acknowledged transgressions, or remnants of old liberty, protected by the precedents of such great models as were produced before language was reduced to rule. Such licenses

may be convenient—they may be agreeable, because they have agreeable associations; but they no more constitute a poetic dialect, than the mole, "cinque-spotted" on the bosom of a beautiful woman, constitutes an order of beauty.

SHEPHERD.

Say that simile ower again—it's maist beautifu'.

NORTH.

Since, then, neither the matter nor the expression of Poetry specifically differs from that of Prose, where shall we find the distinctive character?

SHEPHERD.

Heaven knaws.

NORTH.

It has been said, Poetry is passion. Is there, then, no passion in Prose? None in ordinary conversation? Are Poets the only men who feel and express Love, Admiration, Pity, Hate, Scorn? Or is every man, when he feels, expresses, and imparts these emotions, *pro tempore* a poet?

SHEPHERD.

That's a *reductio ad absurdo.*

NORTH.

Passion may indeed divide Poetry from abstract science, but surely not from oratory, hardly from history, which can neither be written nor read without some interest in the recorded acts, some sympathy with the agents, some feeling apprehension that what has been may be again.

SHEPHERD.

It seems to me, sir, to be ae thing to say there is nae Poetry without Passion, and anither thing to say that Passion makes Poetry.

NORTH.

You have hit the nail on the head, my dear James. Matters in which the vital sentient nature of man is uninterested, propositions to the truth or falsehood of which the heart is indifferent, belong as little to the poet as to the moralist. There may be necessary parts of a poem in which there appears to be no passion, but these are no more Poetry than the hair, nails, or other insensate furniture of the body, are partakers of animal life. Passion, then, is an essential element of Poetry, but not its determining or exclusive property.

SHEPHERD.

I wonder where this philosophical inquiry o' ours is to end.

NORTH.

Many poets, and more critics, have taken for granted that the Passions which the poet feels and communicates are the same as the Passions he describes, or different only in degree and duration—that the affections excited by Poetry are the same as those excited by real events in real life—and that the intensity of these emotions is the criterion of poetic excellence.

SHEPHERD.

And are they not, sir? Are you gaun to deny that?

NORTH.

The generality of prose tragedies, such as George Barnwell and the Gamester, and almost the whole class of sentimental novels and crying comedies, are constructed upon this principle—productions always pernicious so far as they are effective, and not least pernicious when they appeal most powerfully to those sensibilities, which, in their natural healthful exercise, are the best prompters of virtue.

SHEPHERD.

I think but little o' sic plays as them—

NORTH.

The same assumption has induced some writers to discard the use of metre and whatever else, in matter or expression, might remove Poetry from the sphere of daily doings and sufferings. Hence, too, the enemies of the Muse have taken occasion to censure poets as evil citizens, corrupters of youth, allies of sin, nourishers of those rebellious frailties which it is the office of reason to condemn, and of religion to subdue. Would that no poets really deserved the imputation! But all the greatest human poets must deserve it, if it be true that Poetry excites the common passions, or is itself the growth of such passions; for the few didactic and descriptive authors who might escape, possess the very name of poets by a very dubious tenure. Then must it follow that the worst-regulated minds are the most poetical.

SHEPHERD.

That's powerfu' reasonin', and anither *reductio ad absurdo.*

NORTH.

"The vision and the faculty divine" would then have to be wooed, not in silence and seclusion, in the calm of nature, or amid the sweet amenities of social life, but in the sunless skulking holes of high-viced cities—in the carnage of the lost battle—at the sack of long-besieged towns—in the selfish turmoil of revolution—among smugglers, conspirators, and banditti—at the mad gaming-table—in lunatic asylums, and wherever else man grows worse than beast.

SHEPHERD.

Gurney—Gurney—be sure you tak that doon correck.

NORTH.

This strange error, James, seems to arise from two sources:—First, from ignorance or forgetfulness, that there is a specific poetic passion, pervading every faculty of the true poet while in the exercise of his function, and communicated to his "fit audience"—which is neither irascible nor concupiscible, neither earthly love, nor joy, nor mere human pity, far less anger, fear, hate, pain, remorse, or any other infirmity that "flesh is heir to." This is the muse of ancient bards—the poetic madness.——

SHEPHERD.

It is—it is—I've felt it a' thousan' times.

NORTH.

This passion is no more confined to any separable portion or portions of a poem, than the soul of man to any particular member of his body. It is all in every part, but cannot be detected in any. It cannot be exhibited in an abstract form, nor can it manifest itself at all, except by animating and informing the imagination—or by assuming the shape of some human passion, in which it becomes, as it were, incarnate, and confers beauty, power, glory, and joy, on its earthly vehicle.

SHEPHERD.

Glorious—perfectly glorious! (*Aside*)—Wull he never be dune?

NORTH.

As the pure elemental fire of Heraclitus was supposed to be essentially impalpable and invisible, but to act on the senses through ordinary fire as its medium, or as light, which contains all colours, is itself colourless, and indistinguishable from clear vacancy.

SHEPHERD.

Beautiful—perfectly beautiful! (*Aside*)—What'n nonsense!

NORTH.

It may be objected, that the word Passion is unfitly applied to a pure and purifying energy; but the poverty of language supplies no better term for those acts of the soul that are independent of volition; and whether to good or to evil, carry man beyond and out of himself. Perhaps, however, we may be permitted to use a term, without claiming for profane or modern poets, that divine afflatus, which the prophetic bards enjoyed, and the earlier Heathen songsters declared, and probably believed, themselves to enjoy—a term which——

SHEPHERD.

Inspiration—sir—that's the term.

NORTH.

It is. Let the metaphysician determine, whether this passion, energy, or *Inspiration,* be a cause or an effect, whether it fecundizes the imagination with poetic forms, or results from the organization of the forms themselves. We know that the forms often remain in the charnel-house of passive memory, when there is no spirit to animate them; but whether the spirit pre-exists or survives in a separate state, we have no means of ascertaining; nor is the question of more importance to poet or critic, than a somewhat similar and much-agitated problem, to the anatomist and physician. It is enough for us to know, by the evidence of our consciousness, by phenomena else contradictory and inexplicable, that the poetic spirit, the *lux lucificus* of the imagination, *acts,* and therefore *is*—What it is, or how it came to be, we are as indifferent as we are ignorant. Our concern is with the laws by which it acts, and

the forms through which it is revealed—and therefore I may now proceed, James——

(*The Trumpet blows for supper.*)

SHEPHERD.

Mercy on us—Is that the sooper trumpet? I declare on my honor and on my science, that though you maun hae been speakin' for twa hours, the time did na seem aboon ten minutes at the longest.

NORTH.

We have had a most delightful twa-haundit crack, my dear James—but I fear I may have been occasionally rather tiresome.

SHEPHERD.

Tiresome! You tiresome!—I never saw you brichter in a' my days—sae clear, sae conceese, and sae short! O, sir, you are indeed an oracle.

NORTH.

I hope that I have left no part of the subject involved in the slightest obscurity?

SHEPHERD.

As you kept speakin', sir, the subject grew distinker and distinker—till it was overflowed or rather drooned in licht; just like a mountainous kintra that has been lang lyin' in Scotch mist, till the sun, impatient o' his cloudy tabernacle, after some glorious glimmerin' among the glooms, comes walking out o' the front door o' his sky-palace,—and glens, rivers, lakes, and seas, a' at ance revealed, sing and shine homage to the Meridian Apollo.

NORTH.

The subject, James, is one which I have studied deeply, for half a century—and I hope you will not make any use of my ideas.

SHEPHERD.

Use o' your ideas, sir! No me. I ken the value o' your ideas, sir, ower weel, ever to mak use o' ony o' them.

NORTH.

A work in Four Quartos, James, on the Principles of Poetry, would——

SHEPHERD.

Hae a great sale—there can be no doot o' that. You shoudna let Mr Blackwood hae the copy-right under fower thousan' guineas at the verra least——

NORTH.

Will you, my dear James, have the goodness to look over a thousand or fifteen hundred pages——

SHEPHERD.

O' the MSS.?

NORTH.

And give your candid opinion——

SHEPHERD.

I shall be maist prood and happy to do sae, sir.—(*Aside.*)—Tibby 'll singe fools wi' them.

[*The supper trumpet sounds.*

NORTH. (*Springing to his feet.*)

That trumpet stirs my soul like the old ballad of Chevy Chace.

SHEPHERD.

"His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer days to take!"

Oh, but these twa lines are in themsells a poem. What'n a boundin' o' deer and glancing o' arrows, and soundin' o' horns—and——

NORTH.

Take my crutch, James—I can walk without it to the supper-room. Follow me, my dear James.

SHEPHERD.

Go on—I'll follow thee.—(*Aside*)—What unconceivable, uncomprehensible, and unexpressible nonsense has he been toomin' out, about poetry and a' the rest o't!—and that he ca's playin' the first fiddle! Poor silly auld man! What a smell o' roastin!—Take care, my honoured sir—take care—father—take care. Dinna slip on the ile-claeth.

(*Exeunt Ambo.*

SCENE II.—*The Octagon.*

Enter MR AMBROSE, *with a roasted hare;* KING PEPIN, *with a brace of grouse;* SIR DAVID GAM, *with a hen pheasant;* TAPITOURY, *with the Cold Round, and Boys with supplementary dishes. Then enter* NORTH, *with a very slight limp, and back gently curved, with* THE BOTTLE *under one arm, and the Dutch Dram-case under the other; followed by the* SHEPHERD, *apparently very lame, hobbling along on the Crutch, and imitating the Old Nonpareil, like a Matthews.*

NORTH.

Stand out of the way, Ambrose.

SHEPHERD.

Staun out o' the way, Ambrose—or, "with my staff I'll make thee skip."

NORTH.

Where's Crutch?

SHEPHERD.

Here. Wou'd you like, sir, to see me gang through the manual and platoon exercise?

NORTH.

Shoulder The *Crutch,* and shew how fields are won!

SHEPHERD.

That way o' giein' the word would never do on paraud. Shoother hoof!

(*The crutch flies out of the* SHEPHERD'S *hand, and hits* TAPITOURY *on the sconce, and* KING PEPIN *on the shins, Mr* AMBROSE *himself making a narrow escape.*)

SHEPHERD.

Confoun' me, gin the Timmer did na loup out o' my haun o' its ain accord, instinck wi' speerit, like ——

NORTH.

Aaron's rod. Why, James, let Mr John Lockhart, and Mr Francis Jeffrey, and Mr Thomas Campbell, and Mr Charles Knight, and other Editors of credit and renown lay down their walking sticks on this floor, during a Noctes, and Crutch will swallow them all up, to the discomfiture of their astonished owners, the magicians.

SHEPHERD.

Be seated, sir, be seated—what a savoury smellin' sooper ggemm maks!—What can be the reason that there's nae tholin' pootry, gin they be stinkin' ever sae little, while ggemm on the ither haun 's no eatable, unless they're gaen strang?

NORTH.

Say grace, James.

SHEPHERD.

I've said it already.

NORTH.

I never heard it, James.

SHEPHERD.

Aiblins no—but I said it though—"God bless us in these mercies"—only when the ee's greedy the lug's deaf.

NORTH.

James, within these few weeks, how many boxes of game, think ye, have been sent, directed to Christopher North, Esq. care of —— Ambrose, Esq. Picardy Place, Edinburgh?

SHEPHERD.

Some dizzens, I dinna dout.

NORTH.

Mr Ambrose?

AMBROSE.

Eight boxes of grouse, four of black game, two of ptarmigan, twelve of partridges, three of pheasants, and one-and-twenty hares. Yesterday, arrived from Killarney, the first leash of woodcocks; and really, sir, I have kept no account of the snipes.

SHEPHERD.

That's fearsome.

NORTH.

At least three times that amount of fur and feathers has found its way to the Lodge. I gave John a list of the names of some hundred, or so, of my particular friends, alphabetically arranged, with orders to distribute all over the Old and New Town, setting aside every sixth box for my own private eating, and it was with difficulty we got rid of the incumbrance, at the allowance of three brace of birds and a hare to each family of man and wife with four children and upwards; two brace of birds and one maukin to each family with three mouths; one brace or a hare to every barren couple; and a single bird to almost every maiden lady of my acquaintance.

SHEPHERD.

It's the like o' you, sir, that deserves presents.

AMBROSE.

Then, sir, the red deer and the two roes.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo did you get through the red deer, sir?

NORTH.

I sent it, James, hide and horns, to that ancient and illustrious body, the Caledonian Hunt.

SHEPHERD.

An' the Raes?

NORTH.

One of them I eat myself—and the other, which had got maggoty, I buried in the garden beneath my bank of heaths, which I expect next year to glow like the western heavens at sunset.

SHEPHERD.

You maun leev at sma' expense——

NORTH.

A mere trifle; and then, you know,

I do not eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good.

SHEPHERD.

But you can drink with any he
That ever wore a hood.

NORTH.

Glenlivet comes pouring in upon me at a rate never to be overtaken. The last anker, per Cromarty packet, from my most excellent friend Millbank, I tasted this morning before breakfast, and it excels any thing of the kind I can ever hope to enjoy on this side of the grave——

SHEPHERD.

Is't the same way with wines, ales, and porter?

NORTH.

Almost. Whitbread, though a whig, is a fine fellow, like his father before him, and his annual butt is true as the swallow to the spring. What with my Edinburgh and Leith friends, Messrs Berwick and Giles, the Secretary of the Shakspeare Club at Alloa, and the Town Council of Peebles, my ale cellar is a reservoir that is never dry—and as for wines, it is pleasant to be reminded by pipe and hogshead, that the visit of Christopher North is not forgotten on the Tagus or the Rhine——

SHEPHERD.

Are you no tellin' me a pack o' lees?

NORTH.

Why, James, it is the first time I ever heard my veracity called in question.

SHEPHERD.

Folk never ken what's their character in the warld. Thousans maintain that you never spak ae word o' truth at the Noctes a' the days o' your life.

NORTH.

Poo! Nor are the largesses of my dear Public confined to vivres alone—but include all articles of wearing apparel—cloth shoes for my gouty foot—

quarter, Wellington, and top-boots, James—lambs-wool stockings—comforters—wrist-ruffs—flannel for drawers—and you would stare to see the inside of my closet of Kilmarnock nightcaps. My leading article for September brought me from Manchester, one piece of fustian for jackets, and another for breeches, measuring each—I speak chiefly from conjecture—from fifty to a hundred yards—for after unrolling from the pin for a good quarter of an hour, I was called down stairs by Helen, and fustian and velveteen remain unmeted to this day.—Some hare, James?

SHEPHERD.

I'll just tak the ither groose.

NORTH.

Then as for razors—I have specimens of all the cutlery in the kingdom—a blade for every day in the year.

SHEPHERD.

Three hunder and sixty-five rauzors!

NORTH.

Upon the supposition that you may shave twenty times with one razor, without sending it to be set, I shall not need to trouble that matchless artist, Mr Macleod in College Street, for twenty years.

SHEPHERD.

Your baird 'ill be mingled wi' the mools long afore that, I fear, sir.

NORTH.

No tears, James—no tears.

SHEPHERD.

Nae tears! Hoo can I help the water frae staunin' in my ee, when the back of the groose is sae hell-het wi' kyean pepper? It's waur than an Indian curry. Oh! man, but a hare makes a curious skeleton!

NORTH.

You are satirical on my appetite, James—but remember I am dining now.

SHEPHERD.

You seem to me, sir, to be breakfastin', lunchin', dinin', takin' your four-hours, and sooper a' in ane and the same meal—and oh! but you're a Rabiawtor.

NORTH.

Sir David, bring me a stewed snipe or two.

SHEPHERD.

Do the moths, sir, ever get in amang your claes?

NORTH.

Do they not? It was only last Saturday night, that I had rung the bell for Shoosy, that we might wind up the clock—

SHEPHERD.

The clock in the trans—Oh! man! but she's a gran' ticker—and has a powerfu' pendulum.

NORTH.

To my amazement, Shoosy was in tears—absolutely sobbing—and covering her white face with her apron.

"Then cheered I my fair spouse, and she was cheered."

SHEPHERD.

What? Hae you married your hoose-keeper? Is Shoosey your spouse?

NORTH.

A mere quotation, James—and Tickler, you know, insists on every quotation being *verbatim et literatim*—correct—

SHEPHERD.

That's unco silly in him—and he must ken better what's the privileged practice in that respeck o' wuts and orators—but the question is, hae your claes suffered frae moths?

NORTH.

Shoosy, James, had that afternoon been overhauling one of the chests of drawers, in which—my clothes-closets being all full—we are necessitated to stow away some of our apparel—and, on coming to the bottom drawer, which she opened on her knees, by all that is transitory, the moths had drilled their way clean down through a devil's dozen pair of breeches, including one of doe, and two of buckskin!

SHEPHERD.

That must hae been a tryin' discovery to the faithfu' creter! I see her on her knees—wi' clasped hauns—as if sayin' her prayers.

NORTH.

The claret-coloured breeches, in which Christopher North was so much admired by the King—God bless him—when he kept court in Holyrood—"were," said Shoosy, "when I held them up between me and the light, oh, master, master—in the bottom part like a very sieve!"

SHEPHERD.

Maist distressin'! for mendin' moth-eaten claes is perfeckly impossible. But may I mak so free, sir, as to ask, hoo mony pair o' breeks you think you may chance to hae?

NORTH.

I have every one single pair of breeches, James, that have been made for me since I came of age. They may amount—but, to use the language of the Trade, I have not taken stock for some years—to some four or five hundred pair.

SHEPHERD.

Do you mean pairs or cooples? For five hunder coople's dooble five hunder pair—a pair o' breeks bein' singular, and a coople of coorse bein' plural.

NORTH.

Pardon me, James—but I cannot agree with you in thinking a pair o' breeks singular, except indeed, in the Highlands, where the genius of the language—

SHEPHERD.

Bring me some stewed snipes, too, Tapitoury.

TAPITOURY.

Oh yes! (*Absconds.*)

SHEPHERD.

Gin I thocht that imp was mockin' me, I wad pu' his lugs for him—

NORTH.

What is your opinion now, James, of Irish affairs?

SHEPHERD.

What the deevil hae I to do wi' Eerish affairs? You're gettin' crazy about Eerish affairs a'thegither—

NORTH.

Not quite. But, all that is necessary, I verily do believe, to get stark staring mad about them, is to pay a short visit to Ireland, and gulp a few gallons—not of her whisky, James, but merely of her atmosphere.

SHEPHERD.

It'll be a kind o' gas that maks folk daft—

NORTH.

Look with a discerning spirit over the seven millions, and you will find that the more capacious the lungs, the madder the man. There are Dan O'Connell, and Eneas MacDonnell, and Purcell O'Gorman, and sundry other tremendous Os and Macs, each of whom has capacity for at least a hogshead of atmosphere between back and breast bone, which they spout forth in speech, as madly as the whales do the water, when they leap and play, in the Arctic seas.

SHEPHERD.

But is na' Shiel a sma' imp?

NORTH.

True. But Dicky, being a man of diminutive proportions, has just enough of madness to make him mischievous, and no more. He can point it, as you would the index of a weather-glass, to the precise circumstances of the time. He weighs his periods in his study, with the nicety of an apothecary in his shop, and models his madness into not unskilful tropes, which even please the fancy, when one can forget the mischief of the intention.

SHEPHERD.

Let us howp that it is upon natives alone that the influence of the Irish atmosphere has this strange effeck.

NORTH.

Nay, James, send over the soberest Englishman or Scotchman to Ireland, and unless from great care and a diligent use of counteracting medicines, in

the course of no long time he gets as wild as the rest; and in just proportion to the capacity of his lungs, and the number of hours which he passes in the clear open air.

SHEPHERD.

Is that what they ca' a yippidemic?

NORTH.

It is. Look at Lord Anglesey, what a changed man, since he has been given to riding about amongst the mountains and the Milesians of Munster! Mr Peel was very little touched while in Ireland, because he took care to come over frequently and take large draughts of English atmosphere; but even he wanted to have a pistol shot at Dan O'Connell, in which desire the said Daniel not appearing very warmly to participate, the Right Honourable Secretary was suffered to exhale his fit of Irishism, without risk of homicide, upon the flats about Calais. Mr Goulburn, again, escaped without the least touch of Irishism; but the reason was, that he was always at work in his office—he did not go abroad, and he brought over a quantity of official atmosphere from England, in which he lived, and moved, and had his being, during his residence in the sainted Isle.

SHEPHERD.

We never heard o' Mr Goolburn in the Forest—but he may be a very clever man for a' that.

NORTH.

It follows from all this, James, that as the Irish in Ireland are all mad, and as the English sent over there are so very likely to become so, it would be very proper that the English Government should take the affairs of Ireland more immediately into their own hands, and if the Roman Catholics must have an Association, they should be made to hold their club in London, where the change of air, and experienced keepers, would, no doubt, have the most beneficial effects.

SHEPHERD.

There's plenty o' Eerishmen in this kintra already, without bringing ower the Association——But let ony sane man (some one who has arrived from Holyhead the same morning) walk into sic a place as an Eerishman's Association maun be on the day of a debate, and he'll no need to wonder that the wild yet imposin' orgies are productive o' political madness, independent o' the atmosphere, which nae doubt helps. Grupp either me or you even, and lock us up in a mad-house wi' raving maniacs, and it 'll soon need a stout chain and a stiff strait waistcoat to keep us down to the floor o' our cell.

NORTH.

This process goes on in Ireland every day in the year. Suppose you walk into the Association while the dry reports about rent and so forth are being read, there is an air of importance and legislative authority about the assembly which carries you away from the reality of things before you. Men speak of "the other House," meaning thereby the Imperial House of Lords, and no one laughs, or seems to think it an absurdity or a blunder.

SHEPHERD.

And yet, sir, it is 'maist as absurd as if a set o' noisy neerdoweels sittin' in the Royal Hotel, after the races, were to liken themsells to us o' the Noctes, sitting here in "the ither house."

NORTH.

But what is all this to the speech-making? The other day an Englishman —of the name of Williams—got up and talked a considerable portion of good sense—not fearing to say even there that the Duke of Wellington was "neither a fool nor a coward"—and, according to the rational course pursued by people brought up where the air does not make them mad, he recommended temper and moderation. Up started a young Irish maniac, or barrister, for in the Association these terms are synonimous, and he launched into a harangue about the provocations of Irish Roman Catholics, in a voice of agony, as if all the while some one had been tearing the flesh off his body with red-hot pincers. He described the murderings, the floggings, the torturings, the shedding of blood, which were suffered by the Roman Catholics in the last rebellion——

SHEPHERD.

He wud dwell particularly on the bluid.

NORTH.

—Until it must have appeared to his excited auditory, that they saw the miserable bands of fugitive Papists struggling and plashing through the rivers of gore, which flowed from their slaughtered——

SHEPHERD.

What a difference atween a pautriot and a demagogue!

NORTH.

We read these speeches at our breakfast table, and we laugh at their absurdity, and so we ought, for they are absurd; but if we heard them as they are delivered before a great multitude, the illusion might be too strong for any man who has not had some fifty years experience of the emptiness and falsehood of the world, to steel his heart against all enthusiasm.

SHEPHERD.

You've forgotten your theory o' the atmosphere, sir. But even such a man as you suppose, might be carried away, when the description was one o' misery. Were it of happiness, he might laugh in all the scorn o' unbelief; but guilt and misery, sir, seem true to the old, as well as to the young.

NORTH.

Why indeed, James, the account of all these horrors, so extravagantly painted by the young counsellor, are true in part; for in all rebellions there must be hanging, and shooting, and cutting of throats with swords, and much burning and outrage. But all these terrible things happen on both sides; and the Papists did not suffer more than did the Protestants in the rebellion of ninety-eight; but there is no one to tell them all this in the Catholic Association, and they go forth maddened with the recollections so vividly and partially called up before them.

SHEPHERD.

It canna be diffeecult to foresee the effeck o' a' this on the opposite pairty, the Protestants.

NORTH.

The effect produced in the Protestant Clubs is of the same kind, but less in its degree, in proportion to the comparative smallness of each separate assembly, and the absence of that great and widely-spread authority which attaches itself to the insanities of the Association. Besides, they have not had the practice in this kind of infuriating oratory which the Papists possess, nor have they had, until very lately, much provocation to its exercise.

SHEPHERD.

There's been nae want o' provocation lately.

NORTH.

While they were the dominant party, they sunk into culpable slothfulness, and neglected the prudent means of preserving their power, and the stability of the constitution, such as it was given us by our fathers.

SHEPHERD.

Nae uncommon case, either wi' individuals or nations.

NORTH.

Above all, they committed the grand error of suffering the power of the parliamentary representation to pass, in a great measure, into the hands of a Roman Catholic tenantry, and now this error recoils upon them with a force which is almost irresistible.

SHEPHERD.

I'm only surprised, sir, that the Roman Catholic pairty should hae delayed sae lang to make use o' it.

NORTH.

But now, James, the Protestants see the danger which threatens the ascendency of their church and party in Ireland—Now *their* orators start forth, and it will go hard with them if they do not soon equal the Papists in vehemence and passion, as they already surpass them in every thing else (save multitude) which makes a party strong.

SHEPHERD.

Don't you approve of the Brunswick Clubs?

NORTH.

I do. But the Brunswick Clubs are set up as measures of defence against the Catholic Association: let the latter be put down by solemn and stern interposition of the law, and the Brunswick Clubs will immediately, not dissolve of themselves, but subside into quiescence,—and, to use a favourite expression of the Irish orators, men will no longer "halloo" each other on, to glut the savage passion of political revenge.

SHEPHERD.

What a rickle o' banes on the trenchers on the table and the side-board! Hare—pheasant—groose—snipes—sweet-breeds—palates! no to mention a' the puir bits o' tarts, custards, and jellies—melted awa' like snaw aff a dyke! But is na't a great—a noble—a shublime sicht—the Cauld Roun', towerin' by himsell in the middle o' the board—his sides clothed wi' deep fat, like a mountain wi' snaw-drifts?—and weel does he deserve the name o' mountain—Ben-Buttock—see—see—furrows, as if left by the ploughshare, high up his sides!

NORTH.

What it is to have the eye and soul of a poet! The mere marks of the twine that kept him together in the briny pickle-tub!

(*Enter* AMBROSE *and others with the materiel.*)

SHEPHERD.

Fair fa' your honest face, Mr Awmrose. Oh! but you're a bonny man—and I'm no surprised that Mrs Awm——

NORTH.

Spare Mr Ambrose's blushes—James——

SHEPHERD.

What a posse comitawtus o' them they look, as they're a' leevin' the room, ilka chiel, big and sma', gien a glower outoure his shoother, first at me and then at Mr North! I'll tell you the thing that maist o' a' marks men o' genius like me and you, sir—we never lose our novelty. Ken us for fifty years, and see us every ither week, and still a' folk, o' ony gumption at least, are perfectly delichted—nor can they help wunnerin'—wi' the novelty—as I was sayin'—o' our faces—and the novelty o' our feegars—and the novelty o' our mainers—and the novelty o' every thing we say—or do—just as bricht or brichter than the first time they ever saw us atween the een!

NORTH.

A shallow fellow runs out in a single forenoon call of elishmaclaver—and next time you meet him, the Bohemian chatterer is like a turkey without a tongue.

SHEPHERD.

The reason is, that his mind's like a boyne that somebody else has filled half fou' o' dirty water—say a washerwoman wi' suds—and whenever it's cowped, the suds o' course fa' out first wi' ae great blash, and then sune dreep through the wee worm-holes o' the yearth, and in a few minutes disappearin' dry and durty.

NORTH.

While with us, James, the stream of thought is like a river flowing from a lake——

SHEPHERD.

And only lost in the sea.

NORTH.

Fructifying, as it flows, a hundred realms——

SHEPHERD.

Why even a shallow mind—that's to say, sir, a mind no very deep, if it hae but a natural spring o' its ain, never runs dry, but murmurs alang a bit wee water-coorsey o' its ain seleckin amang the broomy and brackeny banks and braes, weel contented at last to lose its name, but no its nature, in anither mair capacious intellect, sic as mine or yours—like the Eddlestane, or the Quair, or the Leithen, singin' wi' a swirl into the sawmon-haunted Tweed.

NORTH.

Exquisite, my dear James—exquisite. Give me a companion with a mind of his own—something peculiar at least—if not absolutely original——

SHEPHERD.

And I'm sure, sir, you would let a dull dungeon o' mere learnin'——

NORTH.

Go hang. What's the matter—James?—What's the matter?

SHEPHERD.

I really canna help wishin', sir, that there was a mark on the thermometer aboon that o' bilen' water, just for the sake o' whusky toddy.

NORTH.

Is the Jug a failure, James?

SHEPHERD.

It wad be sacrilege to whusky like that, to gi'et mair than ae water—but then ae water, especially gin it be the least aff the bile, deadens the jug below the proper pitch o' hetness, nor in a' the realms o' nature, art, and science, is there ony remeed.

NORTH.

There are many evils and imperfections in our present state of existence, James, to which we must unrepiningly submit.

SHEPHERD.

Repinin'? Whaever heard me repinin', sir? But surely you're no sae stupit as no to ken the difference atween yawmerin' and moraleezin'!

NORTH.

They are often not easily to be distinguished, in the writings of those persons who have been pleased to devote their time and talents to the promotion of the temporal and eternal interests of the human race, James.

SHEPHERD.

What skrows o' sermons are written by sumphs!

NORTH.

It requires that a man should have a strong mind, James, to get into a pulpit every seventh day, and keep prosing and preaching away, either at people in particular, who are his parishioners, or at mankind at large, who are merely inhabitants of the globe, without contracting a confirmed habit of general insolence, most unbecoming the character of a Gentleman and a Christian.

SHEPHERD.

Especially ministers that are mere callants, little mair than students o' Divinity—fresh frae the Ha'—and wha, even if they are rather clever, canna but be verra ignorant o' human natur, at least o' its warst vices, it is to be houped; yet how crouse the creters are in the poopit! How the bits o' bantams do craw!

NORTH.

The spectacle is more than disgusting.

SHEPHERD.

No, sir; it's neither less nor mair than disgustin'! Disgustin's the verra word. Nae doubt a weak mind, ower sensitive, micht ca' the creter's impidence profanation; but it's no in the power o' a bit shallow, silly, upsettin' creter, wi' an ee-glass dangling at the breast o' him, though he's nae mair blin' than I am, except, indeed, to his ain insignificance and presumption, and to his character and reputation baith wholesale and retail—wi' his starched neckcloth proppin' up the chouks o' him, as stiff as a black stock—and the hair o' his head manifestly a' nicht in papers—sae, that when you first see him stannin' up in the poopit, you can scarcely help lauchin', at the thocht o' a contrived eemage risin' up out o' a bandbox; it's no sae easy, I say, sir, for a creter o' that kind to profane a kirk.

NORTH.

How so, James? I scarcely fathom you.

SHEPHERD.

The sanctity o' a sma' kintra kirk is strang—strang, sir, whether it be on a dark day, when a sort o' gloamin' hangs aboon and below the laigh galleries, soberin' and tamin' the various colours o' the congregations's sabbath-claes, and gi'en a solemn expression to a' faces, whether pale and wrinkled, or smooth, saft, and shinin' as the moss-roses when bloomin' unseen, a' left alane to their bonny sells, in the gardens o' a' the breathless houses sprinkled in the wilderness, and a' stannin' idle during the hours o' divine worship.

NORTH.

God bless you, James. I feel the Sabbath silence of a thousand hills descending upon my soul and senses. Never is your genius more delightful, my dear Shepherd, than when——

SHEPHERD.

You're a real gude, pious auld man, Mr North, wi' a' the unaccountable perversities o' your natur. Or, haply, when after a wee bit cheerfu' and awaukening patter o' a hasty simmer shower on the windows lookin' to the stormy airt, the sun bursts out in sudden glory, and fills the humble tabernacle wi' a licht, that is felt to be gracious as the smile o' the all-seeing God!

NORTH.

Happy Scotland—thrice happy in thy most simple Sabbath-service, long ago purchased and secured by blood—now held by the tenure of now and then a few contrite tears!

SHEPHERD.

The bonnie lasses—a' dressed like verra leddies, and yet, at the same time, for a' that, likewise just like themsells; and wha wadna wish to see them arrayed on the Sabbath like the lilies o' the field? Their sweethearts, perhaps, or them no quite their sweethearts yet, helpin' them to turn ower the leaves o' their Bibles at every reference to Scripture, till the haill kirk rustles wi' religion.

NORTH.

Even like the very sycamore shading the porch, when the only breeze in all the air visits for a minute its sacred umbrage!

SHEPHERD.

Just sae, sir; gie me your haun'. Let me fill your glass. This jug's sweeter nor usual—and what's strong shud aye be sweet. Every here and there an auld grey head o' grandfather or great-grandfather, wi' an aspect amaist stern in its thouchtfulness, fixed wi' dim yet searchin' een on the Expounder o' the Word—and matrons, wi' sweet serious faces, fair still, though time has touched them, in the beauty o' holiness—and young wives sae douce, but no sae douncast, wha in early spring, and yet 'tis simmer, were maidens, and as they walked amang the braes pu'd the primroses for their snooded hair—and, sprinkled up and down the pews, gowden-headed weans that at school are yet in the Larger or Shorter Catechism, some o' them listenin' to the discourse like auld people, some of them doin' a' they can to listen; some o' them, aiblins, when their pawrents are no lookin', lauchin' to ane anither wi' silent jokes o' their ain, scarcely understood by themsells, and passin' awa aff their faces in transitory smiles, like dewy sunbeams glintin' frae the harebells—or wearied wi' their walk, and overpowered by the slumberous hush o' the place o' worship, leanin' their heads on the shouther of an elder sister, wha stirs not lest she disturb them,—heaven forgive and bless the innocents—fast, fast, and sound, sound asleep!

NORTH.

The "contrived Eemage," James, as you called him, with his eye-glass, stiff-starched stock, and poll of ringlets, has disappeared into his bandbox—on with the lid upon him—and let him rest within the pasteboard.

SHEPHERD.

When me and you begins a twa-handed crack, there's nae kennin' whare the association o' ideas—there's a pheelosophic word for you—will carry us—and oh, sir! it's pleasant to embark in our fairy pinnace, me at the oars, and you at the helm, and wi' wind and tide, to drap awa down the banks, sometimes laigh without being flat, sometimes just tremblin' into knowes, and sometimes heavin' into hills—noo a bit solitary birk-tree dancin' to the din o' a waterfa' —noo a coppice, a' that remains o' an auld decayed forest—noo a wood, a hundred years o' age, in the prime o' life—noo a tower, a castle, an abbey—to say naething o' the glintin' steeples o' kirks and the lumms o' dwallin' houses smokin' in the clear air, or, in the heat o' simmer, lookin' as if they were only ornaments to the thatch-roofs variegated by time wi' a' the colours o' the rainbow.

NORTH.

I feel now, James, in my heart's core, the difference between "yawmerin' and moraleezin'."

SHEPHERD.

A man may let his sowl sink down to the verra bottom o' the black pit o' mental despair, sir, and yet no deserve the name o' a yawmerer.

NORTH.

Ay, James, it was in no playful mood, but in an agony, that some haunted spirit first strove to laugh the phantoms to scorn, by naming them blue devils.

SHEPHERD.

Mercy on us! when a man thinks wha made him, and for what end, and then thinks what his life at the verra best has been, the only wonder is that he does na gang mad. Wha that breathes the breath o' life, when standin' a' by himsell in the desert, has na reason to ca' upon the rocks to cover him, to hide him in the bowels o' the earth frae the beautiful, benign, and gracious blue sky? Every day is a day o' judgment. I feel that, sir, every nicht I kneel down to say my prayers, and hear wee Jamie breathin' in the bed at the foot o' our ain; but then again, bairns and ither blessings are gien us to hinder our souls frae swarfin' within us at the thocht o' our ain wickedness—and since he who made us and provides for us, hung our planet by the golden chain o' beauty round the sun, and gied us senses mirroring creation, and spirits to rejoice in the mysterious reflection, surely, surely, silly and sinfu' though we all are, we may venture at times to lift up a humble but happy ee to the "glorious firmament on high," being, fallen as we are from our high estate, but a little lower—so we are truly tauld—than the angels.

NORTH.

We are getting perhaps somewhat more serious, James, than is altogether suitable to——

SHEPHERD.

Na, sir. This is Saturday nicht—and cheerfu' as Saturday nicht ever is to every son o' dear auld Scotland,—mair especially since sweet Robin hallowed it by that deathless strain—it aye, somehow or ither, seems wi' me to partake o' the character o' the comin' Sabbath.

NORTH.

I have felt that sentiment, my dear James, through all the chances and changes of my chequered life ever since boyhood. Even then, when night came unawares upon us at our play, with her one large clear moon and her thousand twinkling stars, at the quick close of the happiest of all holidays—the Saturday—a sudden hush used to still the beatings of my wild heart—and whether with my playmates, or slipping away by myself, I used to return from the brae or the glen to the Manse, with a divine melancholy in my mind, ever and anon eying with a delight allied to awe and wonder, the heavenly host marshalling themselves, every minute, in vaster multitudes all over the glorious firmament.

SHEPHERD.

Do you ken, Mr North, that every thocht, every feeling, every image, every description, that it is possible for a poet to pour out frae within the sanctuary o' his spirit, seems to be brought frae a hidden store, that was gathered, and girnell'd, and heaped up by himsell unconsciously during the heavenly era o' early life?

NORTH.

True, James, true. O call not the little laddie idle that is strolling by some trotting burn's meander, all in aimless joy by his happy self—or angling, perhaps, as if angling were the sole end of life, and all the world a world of clear running waters—or bird-nesting by bank and brae, and hedgerow and forest-side, with more imaginative passion than ever impelled men of old to voyage to golden lands—or stringing blaeberries on a thread, far in the bosom of woods, where sometimes to his quaking heart and his startled eyes, the stems of the aged mossy trees seemed to glimmer like ghosts, and then in a sudden gust of the young emotion of beauty, that small wild fruitage blushed with deeper and deeper purple, as if indeed and verily gathered in Paradise—or pulling up by the roots,—that the sky-blue flowers might not droop their dewy clusters, when gently the stalk should be replanted in the rich mould of the nook of the garden, beside the murmuring hives,—the lovely Harebells, the Blue Bells of Scotland——

SHEPHERD.

Hourra—hourra—hourra!—Scotland for ever!—damn a' the niggers that daur to hint the tenth pairt o' the sma'est monosyllable against Scotland. Say on, sir, say on—but acknowledge at the same time, that you are catchin' your inspiration frae him you love to ca' the Shepherd—and wha, were he to be ane o' the crooned heads o' Europe, would glory in the name!——

NORTH.

Or tearing a rainbow branch of broom from the Hesperides——

SHEPHERD.

That's a real bonny use o' a classical fable——

NORTH.

Or purer, softer, brighter far than any pearls ever dived for in Indian seas, with fingers trembling in eagerest passion, yet half-restrained by a reverential wonder at their surpassing loveliness, plucking from the mossy stones primroses and violets! And almost sick with the scent of their blended balm, faint, faint, faint as an odour in a dream—and with the sight of their blended beauty, the bright burnished yellow,—yes, at once both bright and pale,—and the dim celestial blue,—yes, at once both celestial and sullen,—unable to determine in the rapt spirit within him, whether primrose or violet be the most heavenly flower of the wilderness! All blent, mingled, transfused, incorporated, spiritualized the one with the other into one glowing, gorgeous, meek, mild, magnificent whole, into one large Luminous Flower, worthy, nor more than worthy, to be placed by his own happiest hands on the bosom of his own first-love, then seen sitting, far off though she be, by the knee of her old grandame, reading the Bible aloud with her silver voice—an orphan, even more blessed than she knows herself to be, in the well-pleased eye of Heaven.

SHEPHERD.

Gin Mr Gurney spiles *that*, either in the contraction or the extension, he deserves to gang without his sooper—that's a'—and yet, perhaps, it'll no read sae weel in prent as to hear it spoken—for oh, sir! but you hae a fine modulated vice when you speak rather laigh—and then when a body looks at your dim een and your white face—though they're no that unco dim nor white neither—and your figure mair bent o' late than we a' cou'd wish—the effeck's no to be resisted—But the jug's noddin' at you, sir; touch noses wi' him, as freens, they say, do in Turkey—and then shove him ower to me, and I'll replenish—for, by this time, puir fallow, he maun be sair exhausted.

NORTH.

All fictitious composition—however pathetic—ought to leave the mind of the reader in a happy state, James. Is not the soul of every man worthy of immortality left in a happy state, at the conclusion of Lear, knowing that Cordelia's now gone to heaven?

SHEPHERD.

'Twas an inevitable consummation!

NORTH.

But inferior writers——

SHEPHERD.

The verra instant an author begins darkenin' heaven's gracious daylight, except it be for the sake o' a burst o' sunshine that has been dammed up as it were amang the black clouds, and is a' at ance let out in a spate o' licht breakin' intil a thousan' streams through the sky,—I say, the verra instant I see the idiwit, and the waur than idiwit, doin' what he can to "put out the licht, and then—put out the licht"—I order awa the book, just as I would do an empty bottle wi' some dregs o' soor yill in't that never at its best was worth the corkin', and tell the mistress that she maunna alloo that volumm to get into the leebrary again on penalty o' its being burnt.

NORTH.

What! You are your own Incremator?

SHEPHERD.

It was only the last week that we had an *Auto da Fe* o' yawmerers on the knowe—the pamphlets burned sweetly—but ae blockhead in boards died verra hard, and as for the coofs in cawf, some o' them,—would you believe it—were positively alive next mornin', and I lichted my pipe at the finis o' a volumm on Corruption, afore I went to the hill with the grews.

NORTH.

But how do you reconcile, James, this cheerful creed of yours with the general melancholy of the Noctes?

SHEPHERD.

There is nae creed either philosophical or theological with which the melancholy o' the Noctes may not be reconciled, as easily as twa friends that hae never quarrelled. My remark amounted to this, that there never was, never will, never can be, in this sublunary scene, a perfect jug o' het toddy.

NORTH.

I have the beau ideal of one, James, in my mind——

SHEPHERD.

Na—na—dinna think o' bamboozlin me wi' your bo-adeeals. Imperfect as I alloo this jug to be, it is nevertheless better, when you put it to your mouth, than ony bo-adeeal o' a jug that ever you had in your mind. For what can ony bo-adeeal o' a jug, by ony possibility, be but a conception, or in ither words, a remembrance? And will you pretend to tell me that there ever was, either o' eatables or drinkables, a conception or a remembrance half as vivid as the liquid or solid reality its ain sell?

NORTH.

But then, James, by abstracting, and adding, and modifying, and——

SHEPHERD.

O sir, sir! O my dear sir, ye maunna, ye really maunna begin sae soon as the verra first second jug to dreevil metapheesics——

NORTH.

Even thus, James, the loveliest of the loveliest of the creation, as she breathes and blooms in bright and balmy flesh and blood, what is she to the vision, the idea, in the poet's brain?——

SHEPHERD.

I'll tell you what she is—her wee finger, ay, her wee tae's worth a' the air-woven limmers—

NORTH.

O, Medicean Venus!

SHEPHERD.

I never saw, ye ken that weel aneuch, the marble statute; but I hae seen a plaister cast o' the Heathen creter—and I dinna deny that she's a gae tosh body, rather o' an under size, and that the chiel who originally cut her out, could hae been nae journeyman. But may this be the last jug o' toddy that ever you and I drink thegither, if I havena seen a dizzen, a score, a hunder, a thousan' times, lassie upon lassie, nane o' them reckoned very extraordinar in the way o' beauty, far, far, far bonnier, baith in face and figure, than the Greek image, dookin' in secret pools o' the burnies among the braes—noo splashin' ane anither, like sae mony wild swans a' at ance seized wi' a mirthfu' madness, and far out in the very heart o' St Mary's Loch, garrin' the spray spin into rainbows aneath the beating beauty o' their snow-white wings, —noo meltin' like foam-bells, or say rather, sinkin' like water-lilies, veesible through the element as if it were but a pearly veil—Oh! sir—ower ower veesible,—noo chasin' ane anither, in ee-dazzlin', soul-sickenin' succession, Naiad after Naiad, this ane croon'd, say rather apparelled, in a shower o' sunbeams, and that ane wi' a trail o' clouds—brichtenin' or blackenin' their fair bodies like day or like nicht, such was the dreepin' length o' yellow or sable hair, that hung, in their stooping flight, frae forehead unto feet—chasin' ane anither, I say, sir, through alang the pillared and fretted gallery that runs alang the rock ahint the waterfa', cool, caller, cauld in July's dog-star drought, and yet sae chearfu' and halesome too within the misty den, that there the wren doth hang her large green nest in a nook, and at any time you throw in a stane, lo! the white-breasted water-pyet flits forth, and skimmin' the surface, dips and disappears sae suddenly, that you know not whether it was a bird or a thocht!

NORTH.

My dear James—you have peopled the pool with poetry, even as the heaven with stars.

SHEPHERD.

That's as true a word as ever you spake; and ane o' the maist glorious gifts

of poetry, sir, is the power o' bringin' upon the imagination woman—virgin woman—for a glimpse—a glimpse and nae mair—veiled but in her ain native—her ain sacred innocence—and secure from all profanation of unhallowed thoughts, as the nun kneeling in her cell before the crucifix.

NORTH.

So have all great poets and painters felt, my dear James—nor have they ever feared for nature and her sanctities. To the pure all things are pure; but there are poor, feeble, fastidious fribbles, James, who would have turned aside their faces, clapped a handkerchief to their eyes, and deviated down a lane, had they suddenly met Eve in Paradise.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo the mother of mankind would hae despised the Atheists! For what better than Atheists are they who blush for the handy-work of their Maker?

NORTH.

Their tailor stands between them and God.

SHEPHERD.

That's a daurin' expression—but noo that I've taen a minute to think on't, I see it's a profoond apophthegm. Fause delicacy's mair excusable in a woman than a man—for it ower aften forms pairt o' her edication—and some young leddies live in a perpetual horror of lookin', or sayin', or doin' something improper; whereas if the bit harmless creters would but chatter away on, they would be as safe no to talk out o' tune as the lintie on the broom, or the laverock in the cloud.

NORTH.

What think you of a hook-nosed old maiden lady, with a yellow shrivelled neck, James, attempting to blush behind her fan——

SHEPHERD.

When reading a Noctes! Huts! the auld idiwit—you micht imagine her, in like manner, comin' suddenly upon Adam, with a wooden spade over his shoulder, and shriekin' loud enough, at the sight of our worthy first male parent, to alarm the fairest of her daughters, Eve, employed in training the pretty parasites of Paradise to cluster more thickly round the porch of her nuptial bower.

NORTH.

Yes—I have been credibly informed, James, that there are absolutely creatures permitted to inhale the vital air, under the external appearance of human beings, male and female, who won't read the Noctes, because, forsooth, they are indelicate——

SHEPHERD.

I wudna advise the pawrents o' ony female under forty, that pretends no to read the Noctes for that reason, to alloo Miss Madam to ride out on horseback for an airing, wi' an unmarried groom-lad, or it'll no be her fawt if them twa's no ae flesh, and her, before lang, the landlady o' a tavern in Bow Street, wi' livery stables with back premises, wi' horses staunin' in them at a guinea a-week.

NORTH.

Might this tongue—and this hand—be benumbed by palsy, if ever one word dropt from either that modest maiden might not read, with no other blush but that of mantling mirth on the cheek of Innocence, who, herself knowing no ill, suspecteth it not in others, and least of all in the harmless merriment of an old man, fain, now and then, my gentle Shepherd, as you know, to kindle up a light beneath the sparks of such a genius as thine, James, in the dry and withered sticks, as it were, of his imagination—coruscating fitfully, alas! and feebly, but innocently too, as the flakes of wild-fire through the fast-descending, and deepening, and thickening mists of age——

SHEPHERD.

Mists! A mind like yours, sir, wad be naething without mists. Your gran' towerin' sky-seekin' thochts are aften dimly seen through mists, just like the mountains o' Swisserland, or our ain Highlands—while through the heart o' the dead or drivin' cloud-gloom is heard the roarin' o' mony streams a' in unison wi' the voice of some Great Waterfa', the Leader o' the Band,—

when they are silent, singin' a gran' solo by himsell, and ha'en nae objections to takin' either the first or the second in a duet with the Thunder. Or haply, sir,—and there the similie hauds gude too, when you're in a chearfu' mood, and weel-timed daffin's the order o' the nicht,—haply, sir, through the disparting mist is heard the laughter o' lads and lasses tedding the rushy meadow hay in the moist hollows among the heather, or the lilting o' some auld traditionary lay; or what say you to the bagpipe, to a gatherin' or a coronach, saft and faint as subterranean music, frae ahint a knowe a' covered wi' rocks, and owershadowed wi' pine-trees like oaks, so majestic is the far sweepin' o' their arm-boughs, and so high their green-diadem'd heads in heaven?

NORTH.

Hollo! Fancy! Whether art thou flying?

SHEPHERD.

Indelicate indeed! at that rate wha's delicate in the haill range o' English leeteratur? Is Addison delicate, wha left "no line which dying he would wish to blot?" Let your prim, leerin', city madams read his Spectawtors—beautiful, pure, simple, graceful, elegant, and perfectly innocent as they are, and then daur to blame the Noctes Ambrosianæ.

NORTH.

Let Pope's Works, truly moral as he is, Poems, Letters and all, go into the fire.

SHEPHERD.

Let the Castle o' Indolence be inserted in the Index Expurgatorius, on account o' that stanza about the silly maiden "waxing very weakly as she warms" in the arms of the Losel——

NORTH.

Whisht, James, whisht—the very allusion to the most perfect poem in the English language is indelicate.

SHEPHERD.

What say they to the description o' Adam and Eve in the garden o' Eden—to Dido and Æneas in the cave—to Tasso and Ariosto, and——

NORTH.

Shakspeare in every other page—to Ophelia, and Cymbeline, and Desdemona.

SHEPHERD.

O the cutties!

NORTH.

Why, James, the galleries of the Festal Hall might be crowded with the chariest virgins of the land to listen to our colloquies during our wildest orgies; nor would the most shame-faced of them all ever need once to veil her eyes beneath the white wavings of her ostrich plumes.

SHEPHERD.

There canna, sir, be a mair fatal symptom o' the decline and corruption o' national morals than what's ca'd *squeamishness.* Human natur, I fancy, is the same in essentials in high and in low degree—and I ken ae thing for a dead certainty, that there never was a lass yet in a' the Forest that was misfortunate, who had nae aye lookit as if butter would nae hae melted in her mouth; and what was the upshot? A skirlin' babbie at the dead hour o' night, to the astonishment o' her mither and a' her sisters—and you'll fin' the same thing noted in auld ballants by thae great masters o' natur and teachers o' virtue, the Poets.

NORTH.

Ay, James—the old minstrels saw far, and deep, and clear into all heart-mysteries—and, low-born humble men as they were, their tragic or comic strains strike like electricity.

SHEPHERD.

Shame came into the warld wi' Sin; and whether by the lowin' ingle-nook, or amang the bonnie bloomin' heather, aneath the moon and stars, she bides na lang wi' Innocence, sittin' or lyin' in the arms o' Love—for Love, though a gentle, is a bold-eyed spirit; and wi' ae smile, that fortifies the tremblin' virgin's heart, scaurs awa' Shame and Fear to the haunts o' the guilty; and if there be a blush on her brow or her bosom, Love kens weel whence came the dear suffusion; and, in a sweet lown voice, asks his ain lassie to lift up her head and look him in the face, that he may kiss the tears frae her cheek, and

what seems to be tears—but is only a mist—far within her thoughtful and affectionate een, through which is seen swimmin' the very essence o' her soul!

NORTH.

Once adopt the false delicate, and Poetry and Painting are no more. Jephtha's daughter must not bewail her virginity on the mountains—and her breast must not be bared to the sacrificial knife of her father. Iphigenia in Tauris——

SHEPHERD.

If three bonny maidens, sisters perhaps, had been a' droon'd in ane anither's arms, in some shelvin' plum—not only betrothed, but the verra day fixed for their marriages—and were a' there laid out, stiff and stark, on the sunny bank, like three wee bit naked babbies, what wad you think o' that man or that woman, wha, in the middle o' that mortal meesery, when the souls o' a' present were prostrated by the sicht o' sudden and saddest death, should, *out o' delicacy*, order awa' the weepin', and sobbin', and shriekin' haymakers, that had a' run down dimented to the pool; and some o' them, at the risk o' their ain lives, louped into the deeps, and were now wringin' their hauns, because there was nae hope for either Mary, or Margaret, or Helen Morrison—Useless a' their bridal garments—and for their bonnie breasts nae linen wanted noo—but sufficient for a shroud!

NORTH.

That self-same sight I saw, James, in a pool on a bank of the Tweed—fifty years ago——

SHEPHERD.

I ken you did—and though I've heard you describe't fifty times, I wad rather no hear ony thing mair about it the noo—for I hate to greet—and whatever else you may be deficient in, the greatest coof in Scotland canna deny that you're a matchless master o' the pathetic.

NORTH.

Yes, James—and of the humorous, too——

SHEPHERD.

You micht hae left anither to say that for you, sir—but o' a' the vain, prood, self-conceited creters that ever took pen in haun', you are at the head—and if ever you chance to be confined in a lunatic madhouse, nae dout you'll continue to believe that you're still the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine, and 'll no alloo naebody but yoursell to write the leading article.

NORTH.

And of the sublime.

SHEPHERD.

What! you conceit yourself to be a prose Milton? I think naething o' your grand style. Saw ye ever an auld man totterin' wi' stilts ower a ford that a shepherd micht skip amaist without being wat-shod?

NORTH.

And the beautiful——

SHEPHERD.

And the mean, low, base, coorse, clatty——

NORTH.

Come, James, keep a good tongue in your head. See, here are Retzsch's Illustrations of Hamlet.

SHEPHERD.

Stop till I dicht the table wi' the rubber. Noo unfauld, and let's hear till another lectur. Play awa' the first fiddle. You like to shine, even afore the Shepherd alane—and oh! but auld age is garrulous, garrulous, and loes dearly the soun' o' his ain tremblin' vice!

NORTH.

Here is the apotheosis of Shakspeare.

SHEPHERD.

I hate apotheoses's, for they're no in natur, or hardly sae—but is there a pictur o' the murder?

NORTH.

Here it is. The adulterous brother is pouring the "leperous distilment" into the ear of the sleeping monarch. What a model of a coward assassin!

He seems as if he trod on a viper. He must needs have recourse to poison, for he dare not touch a dagger. Every nerve in his body is on the rack of fear, and yet no quiver of remorse can reach his dastard soul. The passage from sleep to death—how finely marked on the features of his victim! Life has departed without taking leave, and death has not yet stamped him with its loathsome impress. But the deed is done, and the "extravagant and erring spirit," with all its imperfections on its head, is already in Purgatory. What a placid beauty in the reclining attitude of the corpse! A graceful ease, which finely contrasts with the crouching curve of the villain. It is a posture which a lady on a sofa might study with advantage—yet manly, royal—in sleep in death, he is "every inch a king."

SHEPHERD.

And the artist o' that is a German? I can hardly credit it.

NORTH.

The antique garniture of the Arbour—the Gothic fret-work—the grotesque imagery—the grim figure of Justice with her sword and scale—all seem to sympathize with the horrid act—and bear a charmed life, a reflection of sad mortality.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! sir! but Claudius is an ugly heathen.

NORTH.

Is he not, James—not indeed too bad a villain—but too low a scoundrel? He could not be the brother of a king—he could seduce no woman who was not degraded below all degradation—and the mother of Hamlet is still a queen. He is downright physically disgusting. Retzsch has embodied the grossest issues of Hamlet's hatred. He has combined in a human form the various deformities of a satyr, a drunkard, a paddock, a bat, a gib, a slave—and, altogether, has produced a true semblance of one of those hoary miscreants who are brought up to Bow-street or Marlborough Office for assaults upon female infants. His vile low forehead, whalley eyes, pendulous cheeks, and filthy he-goatish beard—foh—the nobles of Denmark would never have compounded felony with such "a cutpurse of the empire."

SHEPHERD.

But you'll find, sir, that Shakspeare's Claudius is really such a monster.

NORTH.

No, James—no.

SHEPHERD.

But Hamlet says sae——

NORTH.

No matter what Hamlet says. Hamlet utters his own sentiments, not Shakspeare's—and hatred is twentyfold blinder than love. Now, I really think, that sensualist, adulterer, fratricide, and usurper as he is, Claudius has royal blood in his veins, and, for an usurper, plays the King's part rarely. Even the Ghost ascribes to him "witchcraft of wit;" and accordingly he is a fine talker, a florid rhetorical speaker, not unfurnished with common-places of morality, and thoroughly capable of sustaining his assumed dignity. His reproof of Hamlet's perseverent woe would have done credit to a better man.

——— to persever
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness: 'tis unmanly grief,
It shews a will most incorrect to Heaven;
A heart *unfortified*, or mind impatient:
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is—Death of Fathers!

SHEPHERD.

That's orthodox divinity, sure aneuch!

NORTH.

Nay, when his conscience will let him, he lacks not courage when assailed by Laertes—he behaves like a prince, and speaks like a Tory.

> Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person.
> There's such Divinity doth hedge a king,
> That treason can but peep at what it would,
> Acts little of his will.

SHEPHERD.

He may speak like a Tory—but he acts like a Whig.

NORTH.

Forget party for a night, James. Shakspeare, in short, was aware, and here Retzsch seems to have forgotten, that great moral guilt may coexist with much personal or official dignity, and even with acute intellectual perceptions of right and wrong.

SHEPHERD.

Turn ower to the Ghost, sir—gin ye please.

"By Heaven, I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me."

NORTH.

Lo! Young Hamlet, beckoned away by the Ghost, who stands in the distance, dim and shadowy, ghostly indeed and king-like too, is bursting from his friends, whose admonitory, dissuasive countenances interpret their fears. There is nothing of rage or violence, you see, James, in his deportment—nothing but the self-transcending energy of one, whose fate cries out. Never did art produce a finer sample of manly beauty in its vernal summer. We can see that his downy cheek is smooth and blooming as a virgin's; and yet he is the man complete—the soldier, scholar, courtier—the beloved of Ophelia—"the beautiful, the brave." Perhaps he is even too beautiful—not that he is effeminate—but the moody, moon-struck Hamlet must needs have had a darker and a heavier brow.

SHEPHERD.

Which is Horautio?

NORTH.

That. Horatio, here and throughout, is a sensible, gentlemanlike young man—and Marcellus a fair militia officer.

SHEPHERD.

Eh! here's the soliloquy!

NORTH.

To say that it is a picture of Hamlet uttering that soliloquy, would be to attribute to the pencil a skill which it does not possess. But it is evidently the picture of a man speaking—reasoning to himself—a rare advantage over the generality of theatrical portraits, which generally stare out of the canvas or paper, just as if they were spouting to the pit, or familiarly eyeing the gallery. Hamlet stands in the centre—his body firm and erect, his head downcast, hands slightly raised. He is manifestly in a state of inward conflict, and strong mental exertion—not in a passive day-dream, or brown study. On the one side, Ophelia sits sewing—her hands suspended, her countenance marked with affectionate anxiety. On the other, the King and Polonius, watching, one with malicious, the other with curious intentness. Retzsch has admirably represented the popular idea of Polonius;—but when he visits England, he may perhaps find, among our venerable Nobles, a more adequate representative of the Polonius of Shakspeare.

SHEPHERD.

Was ye speakin' the noo, sir, for I didna hear your vice?

NORTH.

Beauty, Innocence, and Sorrow, each in their loveliest dress, unite in the simple figure. Most wonderful and excellent is the art, that with a few strokes of the pencil, can produce a being whom at once we know, and love, and pity. Hamlet, seated at her feet, his eye fixed like a Basilisk on the King, with uplifted finger, expounds "the Mouse Trap."—"He poisons him in the garden for his estate. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife." The King, with averted face, draws back his chair, as in the act of rising.—The Queen, a royal matron, still noble and beautiful—though

guilt, and care, and years, have set their several marks upon her,—holds up her hands in astonishment—but shews no fear.—She evidently was not privy to the murder. The rest of the audience are merely amazed, or it may be, chagrined at the interruption of their entertainment. Ophelia, pensive and heart-broken, yet thinking no evil, scarce perceives what is passing.

SHEPHERD.

Puir creter!

NORTH.

But, look here, my dear Shepherd—look here. The King is praying—no, pray he cannot—the picture tells it. We compassionate, even this miscreant, under the severest of all Heaven's judgments.—Not so does Hamlet. "Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent," is clearly blazoned in his own act and visage. That was one of the speeches which Shakspeare, had he lived in these days, would not have written—nor would he, in the golden days of Queen Bess, or King Jamie, have put it into the mouth of Hamlet, had he meant to represent him as a sane and exemplary youth. Yet I know not whether the notion of retributive vengeance as a propitiation to the departed, will not justify even this horrid scruple. The speech, whatever it were meant for, certainly is a tremendous satire on revenge.

SHEPHERD.

It gars me grue and greet.

NORTH.

After the last confirmation of the king's guilt, Hamlet, fooled to the top of his bent by successive intruders, and screwing up his spirits for the interview with his mother, not only is, but confesses himself maddened.

Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on.

He even contemplates, while he deprecates, the possibility of his "heart losing its nature." Just then, "at the very witching time of night," "when hell itself breathes out contagion to this world," he crosses the chamber where the king is kneeling. The opportunity strikes him, but his natural disinclination to action intervenes, with somewhat of a secret consciousness, that the moment of repentance is not the time of vengeance. Still, soutterly are his feelings envenomed against the poor culprit, and so strangely his moral sense perplexed by "supernatural soliciting," that even remorse itself is turned to cruelty, and he vindicates the adjournment of the blow by arguments, which certainly "have no relish of salvation in them," but which, perhaps, sounded less impious in an age, when every stanch Protestant, no less than his Catholic cousin, thought himself bound to believe in the eternal perdition of their dissentient neighbours.

SHEPHERD.

I can look at it nae langer; turn ower, sir, turn ower to Ophelia!

NORTH.

Here it is,—the madness of Ophelia! She is still lovely—still the same Ophelia—but how changed! Her aspect tells of fierce conflicting woes—but they are passed. Surely that bereavement of reason, which to man appears so cruel, is a dispensation of mercy! She scatters her flowers—rue, for remembrance, and pansies for thoughts—and warbles snatches of old songs—such as she may have overheard in her childhood, without knowing what the words imply, only that they tell of love and death—of faithless love and death untimely!

SHEPHERD.

Can yon be the cauld roun' that I see on the side-board through a sort o' mist afore my een? If sae, let us baith hae a shave, wi' moostard and vinegar—for it's a gae while syne sooper, and you look yawp, sir.

(*The* SHEPHERD *cuts dexterously a plateful of beef, with much taste interlarding the lean with the fat.*)

NORTH.

After a hot and heavy supper, James, it is dangerous to go to bed, without a trifle of something light and cold—and no well-regulated private or public house should ever be without a Round. Thank you, James, thank you.

SHEPHERD.

Saw ever ony body the likes o' that? The trencher was meant for us baith to fill our ain plates aff 't, and instead o' that, there hae you ta'en the trencher to yoursell, and are absolutely eatin' awa fra'it, first a link o' lean and then a dab o' fat, as if you hadna seen butcher-meat for a towmont, and I'm obleeged to hae the trouble o' gangin' again to the sideboard.

NORTH.

Have you seen any of the Annuals, James?

SHEPHERD.

No ane. But I've contributed to severals o' them.

NORTH.

I see you have, my dear Shepherd, and that most potently and effectively, to the Anniversary, and the Forget-me-Not. I could, would, and should have had an admirable article on all the Annuals this month, had the Editors or Publishers had the sense to send me their Flowers; but they have not, with the exception of Allan Cunningham, Mr Ackerman, Mr Crofton Croker, and Mr and Mrs Hall.

SHEPHERD.

First come first served. What for no hae a review o' them by themsells?

NORTH.

Because I hate any thing that can possibly be mistaken by the weakest mind for the appearance of partiality.

SHEPHERD.

Whoo! That's ha'in ower thin-skinned a conscience. Is the Anniversary gude?

NORTH.

If any of the others be better, their Editors must have made a wonderful improvement on them since the last show of Christmas roses. Allan Cunningham, as Sir Walter has said, is an honour to Scotland; and Scotland alone ought to take a large edition of the Anniversary. That is the best patronage that can be shewn to a man of genius. Allan has a proud and independent spirit, and appeals to his country. She knows his worth—and each son and daughter of hers knows how to reward it. His own poetry is perhaps the best in the volume—though it contains poems of considerable length—by yourself, James, Mr Southey, and Professor Wilson. Your Carle of Invertime, is one of your most beautiful effusions, and its spirit reminds one of Kilmeny and Mary Lee. But your prose Tale of Death and Judgment is one of the most powerful things you ever did, James—and I will back it against all the other prose compositions in all the other Annuals—Cameronian against the field.

SHEPHERD.

Ony gude poetry by ony ither contributors?

NORTH.

One of the best Dramatic Scenes ever Barry Cornwall wrote—and a singularly beautiful Poem, full of feeling and fancy, entitled, "Sorrows of Hope," by George Darley, the ingenious author of a dramatic Poem of a Fairy Nature, which I remember reading with pleasure a year ago, Cynthia's Revels—some fine vigorous verses by Lockhart; and two scenes, strange and spirited, by Lord Leveson Gower, from Schiller's Camp of Wallenstein, hitherto supposed untranslateable.

SHEPHERD.

What poems has Cunningham wrote himsell?

NORTH.

The chief is the Magic Bridle—quite in the style and spirit of Tam o' Shanter.

SHEPHERD.

What else?

NORTH.

Don't make so much munchin with your mouth, and I will repeat you——

SHEPHERD.

I dinna mak nae mair munchin wi' my mouth nor you do yoursell—no, nor half sae muckle—and naebody can say they ever heard my jaws or cheek banes playin' clunk, clunk, clunk, like yours when you're eatin'—a soun' for

which I could aften amaist murder you by stickin' the carvin' knife into your verra heart.

NORTH.

Hush! I got by heart Allan's verses, entitled, "The Mother Praying," on two readings, and that's a strong proof of their power; for my memory is weak. They are indeed, my dear James, the passionate breathings of a true poet and a true man. Allan was one of the best of sons—and is one of the best of husbands and fathers.

SHEPHERD.

And I houp sits wi' his family in his frien' Irving's kirk—and no in an Episcopawlian chapel.

NORTH.

Why, James, one of the curiosities of the Anniversary is a Tale—for, as Wordsworth says, if you be wise, you "may find a tale in every thing"—by Edward Irving. There is an earnestness, a sincerity, and a solemnity about it, which is affecting and impressive, in the almost total want of incident; and often as religious old women have been described, sitting with their dim spectacled eyes, and withered hand on the Bible, and discoursing on the suffering saints of old, Mr Irving's old woman is brought before our mind's eye, so as to touch our hearts with reverence for her and her faith.

SHEPHERD.

Is't a bonny book?

NORTH.

Most beautifully embellished, and most exquisitely printed. The engravings are all from paintings by the first masters, and the subjects are well chosen—probably by the publisher, Mr Sharpe, who has long been distinguished by taste and judgment in the fine arts. In short, the Anniversary is sure of splendid success. Mine is but a rough copy.

SHEPHERD.

And sae is Mr Ackerman's Forget-me-Not sure o' success too—the auldest Annual o' them a'.

NORTH.

And one of the fairest and freshest too, James. Its embellishments are beautiful. Martin's Curtius leaping into the Gulf is most magnificent—most glorious. Lo! borne along in a clear space, surrounded by a mighty multitude, and overshadowed by palaces and temples, the Capitol shrouded in a stormy sky all tormented with lightning, on a snow-white horse, with far-streaming tail, and neck clothed with thunder—with his shield aloft on his arm, and his helmeted head with plumes all elate, even as if flying, in front of both armies, against some champion about to advance from the barbaric host, that the dread issue may be decided by single combat—"The Devoted" is already on—over—the very edge of the abyss, and in another moment her saviour will sink from the sight of shuddering and shrieking Rome. That is indeed a triumph! No wonder, James, that the Seven-hilled City was the Mistress of the World.

SHEPHERD.

Your words gie me the guseskin a' ower my body.—And what o' the letter-press?

NORTH.

Your Eastern Apologue is admirable—and I hope you were well paid for it, my dear Shepherd.

SHEPHERD.

There's no a mair just, nay, generous man, in his dealins wi' his authors, in a' the tredd, than Mr Ackerman.

NORTH.

He has got that charming painter of rural life, Miss Mitford, to brandish her Bramah for——

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir, but that leddy has in truth a fine and a bauld haun', either at a sketch or a finished picture.

NORTH.

Miss Mitford seems to have a strong passion for cricket—

SHEPHERD.

Crickets are chearfu' creatures—

NORTH.

For the game called cricket, James. Yet I trust I shall be forgiven for whispering into a fair ear, that ladies never can make themselves mistresses of the rules, technicalities, and character of male games. Who but Miss Mitford ever heard of a cricket ball being thrown five hundred yards? One hundred, it is well known to all cricketers, is about the "top of their bent;" and De Foe the pugilist, who has beaten all England at that feat, has thrown it a very few yards farther—five or six at the utmost. Were you or I, James, to commit a mistake equivalent to this, when writing about any female avocation or pastime, how would this lady's intelligent countenance be lighted up with the sweet sarcasm of a smile!

SHEPHERD.

It's a maitter o' nae earthly consequence. She's a jewel o' a writer—and though, like a' ither folk that's voluminous, unequal,—yet dull or stoopit she never is, and that gangs a lang way towards makin' either man or woman popular.

NORTH.

The "Amulet" has always been an especial favourite of mine, and it works more charms and wonders this year than ever. Its embellishments are all good—some exquisite. Nothing can surpass the Spanish flower girl, by R. Graves from Murillo—the Rose of Castle Howard by Portbury, from Jackson—or the Mountain Daisy, by Armstrong, from Sir Thomas Lawrence. The literary contributions to the Amulet have always been selected with much taste and judgment, and no less distinguished by talent, than by a pure moral and sound religious feeling; which latter merit has, I understand, secured for it a very wide circulation among those who are not satisfied with works even of light amusement, unless they contribute, at the same time, to expand or enlighten the mind to the feeling and perception of higher truths. The editor is, manifestly, an able and amiable man, and the Amulet is now one of the most firmly established of all the Annuals.

SHEPHERD.

Does that dear, delightfu' creter, Mrs Hemans, continue to contribute to ilka Annual, ane or twa o' her maist beautifu' poems?

NORTH.

She does so.

SHEPHERD.

It's no in that woman's power, sir, to write ill; for, when a feeling heart and a fine genius forgather in the bosom o' a young matron, every line o' poetry is like a sad or cheerful smile frae her een, and every poem, whatever be the subject, in ae sense a picture o' hersell—sae that a' she writes has an affectin' and an endearin' mainnerism and moralism about it, that inspires the thochtfu' reader to say in to himsell—that's Mrs Hemans.

NORTH.

From very infancy, Felicia Dorothea was beloved by the Muses. I remember patting her fair head when she was a child of nine years—and versified even then with a touching sweetness about sylphs and fairies.

SHEPHERD.

Early female geniuses, I observe, for the maist pairt turn out brichter in after life than male anes. Male anes generally turn stoopiter and stoopiter—till by thirty they're sumphs.

NORTH.

I fear it is too true. Miss Bowles is equal to Mrs Hemans. Aye, that Andrew Cleaves in the Magazine was a subduin' tale.

SHEPHERD.

Wha are thae three brothers and sisters, the Howitts, sir, whose names I see in the adverteesements?

NORTH.

I do not know, James. It runs in my head that they are Quakers. Richard and William—they will not be angry if I mistake their names—seem amiable and ingenious men—and sister Mary writes beautifully——

SHEPHERD.

What do you mean by beautifully? That's vague.

NORTH.

Her language is chaste and simple—her feelings tender and pure—and her observation of nature accurate and intense. Her "Studies from Natural History" in the CHRISTMAS BOX—the Squirrel, Dormouse, and King Fisher, have much of the moral—say rather the religious spirit that permeates all Wordsworth's smallest poems, however seemingly light and slight the subject—and shew that Mary Howitt is not only well read in the book of Bewick, but in the book from which Bewick has borrowed all—glorious plagiarist—and every other inspired Zoologist——

SHEPHERD.

The Book o' Natur——

NORTH.

The same, James—and few—none have read that volume to greater purpose than yourself. You have not seen the Christmas Box?

SHEPHERD.

Me? I see naething.

NORTH.

This year it is edited by one of the most agreeable and ingenious gentlemen in all England, James—Mr Crofton Croker.

SHEPHERD.

What! him that put out the Fairy Legends o' Eerland? Yon's twa delichtfu' volumes. Is't true that the Fairies ran awa wi' Mr Crofton when he was a wean?—

NORTH.

Perfectly true. He possesses in perfection the indescribable wit of his country.

SHEPHERD.

You may weel ca'it that—but the Box is really fu' o' gude things, is't, sir?

NORTH.

Garry Owen, or the Snow-Woman, a tale, by Miss Edgeworth, one of her happiest productions, would of itself float a heavy volume; but the volume is as light as a many-winged butterfly, wavering, like an animated flower, in the sunshine.

SHEPHERD.

Wha else writes for it?

NORTH.

Mrs Jameson, the authoress, as I have heard, of the very interesting Diary of an Ennuyé, has contributed a dramatic Proverb, called "The more Coin, the more Care," full of naiveté and nature, a homely humour and a homely pathos, which make the reader pleased with himself, with the fair writer, with the Christmas Box, with the public, with the world, with human life, and with things in general.

SHEPHERD.

A weel conceived and original trifle is apter to do a' that than a mair elaborate wark.

NORTH.

There is also a capital thing by our friend Major Beamish, who, like a hundred other British officers, handles the pen as well as the sword——

SHEPHERD.

What o' the embellishments?

NORTH.

The less that's said about them the better, James.

SHEPHERD.

Toot, toot—that's a pity—I'm sorry for that——

NORTH.

Because no words of mine could do justice to the fertile fancy—the magical imagination of Mr Brooke. With a few touches he peoples the page with phantoms of grace, pensive, or fantastic—and by means of them brings into contact, or rather blends together, the waking world and the world of sleep.

SHEPHERD.

Ho, ho! I perceive mony a young heart will beat wi' pleasure on receevin' the CHRISTMAS BOX.

NORTH.

I must positively write one of my delightful articles on Annuals for Childhood and Youth. There's the Juvenile Keepsake—edited by a Roscoe—a pledge of all that is good;—the Juvenile Forget-me-Not, by Mrs Halls—which I have read—and it is excellent;—and another, which must be good, by Mrs A. A. Watts, the sister of that good scholar, pleasing poet, and most worthy quaker, Wiffen of Woburn.

SHEPHERD.

And her husband's Souvenir will no easily be surpassed——

NORTH.

Nor equalled. The Souvenir set them all a-going—but it will never be driven off the road. The vehicle is not only lightly and elegantly, but strongly built—the patent springs will never snap—it is well horsed—carries good company, both inside and out—the driver is cautious and skilful, and the guard has a good tongue on the bugle. I love the Souvenir.

SHEPHERD.

Preserve us—how many are there o' them altogether?

NORTH.

Heaven knows—There is a critique in that Literary Gazette, James, on the Gem edited by that original and inimitable genius in his way, and his way is wider and more various than most people think—Thomas Hood—and the verses by the Editor himself, therein quoted, " Eugene Aram's Dream," are among the best things I have seen for some years.

SHEPHERD.

What say you to your auld frein' Pringle, the Editor o' the Friendship's Offering, sir.

NORTH.

I say, James, that Mr Pringle is himself a pleasing poet and amiable man, that he possesses peculiar qualifications for being the Editor of an Annual, and I have no doubt that his will be one of the best of the whole set. Then there's the Bijou, which last year was exquisite—and the Keepsake—Heaven preserve us—with all the rank, fashion, and genius of the age. It will prove the GRAND CONTUNDER.

SHEPHERD.

THE GRAND CONTUNDER—what's that?

NORTH.

Masonic.—Here, James, is one of the best, because most business-like Prospectuses I ever read—of a new weekly Periodical, about to be published in Edinburgh, in the middle of November—THE EDINBURGH LITERARY JOURNAL. From what I know of the Editor, a gentleman of talent, spirit, and perseverance, I foretell the book will prosper.

SHEPHERD.

I shall be glad o' that, for ane gets tired o' that eternal soun'—Blackwood's Magazeen—Blackwood's Magazeen—dinnin' in ane's lugs day and night a' life-long.

NORTH.

One does indeed.

Enter MR AMBROSE.

AMBROSE.

Agreeably to your orders, sir, I intrude to tell you that it is but a few minutes from twelve, and your coach is at the door.

NORTH.

My dear Shepherd, we always keep good hours on a Saturday night. Come and take a bed at the Lodge.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' pleasure; and I'll stay ower the Sabbath, without gaun to the kirk, for I like to hear you read ane o' Blair's Sermons—who may hae been nae great theologian; but the creter had an unaccountable insicht into human natur.

[*Exeunt.*

BLACKWOOD'S

EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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PART I.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XL.

ΧΡΗ 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 I.

The Octagon.—Time—Ten.

NORTH. SHEPHERD. TICKLER.

NORTH.

Thank heaven, my dear Shepherd, Winter is come again, and Edinburgh is beginning once more to look like herself, like her name and her nature, with rain, mist, sleet, harr, hail, snow I hope, wind, storm—would that we could but add a little thunder and lightning—The Queen of the North.

SHEPHERD.

Hoo could you, sir, wi' a' your time at your ain command, keep in and about Embro' frae May to December? The city, for three months in the dead o' simmer, is like a tomb.

TICKLER,—(*in a whisper to the* SHEPHERD.)

The widow—James—the widow.

SHEPHERD,—(*aloud.*)

The weedow—sir—the weedow! Couldna he hae brocht her out wi' him to the Forest? At their time o' life, surely scandal wud hae held her tongue.

TICKLER.

Scandal never holds her tongue, James. She drops her poison upon the dew on the virgin's untimely grave—her breath will not let the grey hairs rest in the mould——

SHEPHERD.

Then, Mr North, marry her at ance, and bring her out in Spring, that you may pass the hinney-moon on the sunny braes o' Mount-Benger.

NORTH.

Why, James, the moment I begin to press matters, she takes out her pocket-handkerchief—and through sighs and sobs, recurs to the old topic—that twenty thousand times told tale—the dear old General.

SHEPHERD.

Deevil keep the dear old General! Hasna the man been dead these twunty years? And if he had been leevin', wouldna he been aulder than yoursell, and far mair infirm? You're no in the least infirm, sir.

NORTH.

Ah, James! that's all you know. My infirmities are increasing with years——

SHEPHERD.

Wad you be sae unreasonable as to expect them to decrease with years? Are her infirmities——

NORTH.

Hush—she has no infirmities.

SHEPHERD.

Nae infirmities! Then she's no worth a brass button. But let me ask you ae interrogatory.—Hae ye ever put the question? Answer me that, sir.

NORTH.

Why, James, I cannot say that I ever have——

SHEPHERD.

What! and you expeck that *she* wull put the question to *you?* That would indeed be puttin' the cart before the horse. If the women were to ask the men there wad be nae leevin' in this warld. Yet, let me tell you, Mr North, that it's a shamefu' thing to keep playin' in the way you hae been doin' for these ten years past on a young woman's feelings——

TICKLER.

Ha—ha—ha—James!—A young woman! Why, she's sixty, if she's an hour.

NORTH.

You lie.

SHEPHERD.

That's a douss on the chops, Mr Tickler. That's made you as red in the face as a Bubbly-Jock, sir. O the power o' ae wee bit single monosyllabic syllable o' a word to awawken a' the safter and a' the fiercer passions! Dinna keep bitin' your thoomb, Mr Tickler, like an Itawlian. Make an apology to Mr North——

NORTH.

I will accept of no apology. The man who calls a woman old deserves death.

SHEPHERD.

Did you call her auld, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

To you, sir, I will condescend to reply. I did not. I merely said she was sixty if she was an hour.

SHEPHERD.

In the first place, dinna "Sir" me—for it's not only ill-bred, but it's stoopit. In the second place, dinna tawk o' "condescendin'" to reply to me—for that's language I'll no thole even frae the King on the throne, and I'm sure the King on the throne wadna mak use o't. In the third place, to ca' a woman saxty, and then manteen that ye didna ca' her auld, is naething short o' a sophism. And, in the fourth place, you shudna hae accompanied your remark wi' a loud haw—haw—haw—for on a tender topic a guffaw's an aggravation—and marryin' a widow, let her age be what it wull, is a tender topic, depend on't—sae that on a calm and dispassionate view o' a' the circumstances o' the case, there can be nae doot that you maun mak an apology; or, if you do not, I leave the room, and there is an end of the Noctes Ambrosianæ.

NORTH.

An end of the Noctes Ambrosianæ!

TICKLER.

An end of the Noctes Ambrosianæ!

SHEPHERD.

An end of the Noctes Ambrosianæ.

OMNES.

An end of the Noctes Ambrosianæ!!!

NORTH.

Rather than that should happen I will make a thousand apologies——

TICKLER.

And I ten thousand——

SHEPHERD.

That's behavin' like men and christians. Embrace—embrace.

(NORTH *and* TICKLER *embrace.*)

NORTH.

Where were we, James?

SHEPHERD.

I was abusin' Embro' in simmer.

NORTH.

Why?

SHEPHERD.

Whey? a' the lumms smokeless! No ae jack turnin' a piece o' roastin' beef afore ae fire in ony ae kitchen in a' the New Toon! Streets and squares a' grass-grown, sae that they micht be mawn! Shops like bee-hives that hae de'ed in wunter! Coaches settin' aff for Stirlin', and Perth, and Glasgow, and no ae passenger either inside or out—only the driver keepin' up his heart wi' flourishin' his whup, and the guard, sittin' in perfect solitude, playin' an eerie spring on his bugle-horn! The shut-up play-house a' covered ower wi' bills that seem to speak o' plays acted in an antediluvian world! Here, perhaps, a leevin' creter, like ane emage, staunin' at the mouth o' a close, or hirplin' alang, like the last relic o' the plague. And oh! but the stane-statue o' the late Lord Melville, staunin' a' by himsell up in the silent air, a hunder-and-fifty feet high, has then a ghastly seeming in the sky, like some giant condemned to perpetual imprisonment on his pedestal, and mournin' ower the desolation of the city that in life he loved so well, unheeded and unhonoured for a season in the great metropolitan heart o' the country which he ance rejoiced to enrich and beautify, telling and teaching her how to hold up her head bauldly among the nations, and like a true patriot as he was, home and abroad caring for the greatest—and the least of all her sons!

NORTH.

He was the greatest statesman ever Scotland produced, James; nor is she ungrateful, for the mutterings of Whig malice have died away like so much croaking in the pouchy throats of drought-dried toads, and the cheerful singing and whistling of Industry all over the beautifully cultivated Land, are the hymns perpetually exhaled to heaven along with the morning dews, in praise and commemoration of the Patriots who loved the sacred soil in which their bones lie buried.

SHEPHERD.

That's weel said, sir. Let there be but a body o' Truth, and nae fear but imagery will crood around it, just like shadows and sunbeams cast frae the blue sky, the white clouds, and the green trees round about the body o' some fair maid,—that is some bonnie Scotch lassie, bathin' in a stream as pure as her ain thochts.

TICKLER.

There again, James!

SHEPHERD.

But to return to the near approch o' wunter. Mankind hae again putten on worsted stockins, and flannen drawers—white jeans and yellow nankeen troosers hae disappeared—dooble soles hae gotten a secure footen ower pumps—big coats wi' fur, and mantles wi' minever, gie an agreeable rouchness to the picturesque stream o' life eddyin' alang the channel o' the streets—gloves and mittens are

sae general that a red hairy haun' looks rather singular—every third body ye meet, for fear o' a sudden blash, carries an umbrella—a' folk shave noo wi' het water—coal-carts are emptyin' theirsells into ilka area—caddies at the corners o' streets and drivers on coach-boxes are seen warmin' themsells by blawin' on their fingers, or whuskin' themsells wi' their open nieves across the shoothers—skates glitter at shop-wundows prophetic o' frost—Mr Phin may tak' in his rod noo, for nae mair thocht o' anglin' till spring,—and wi' spring hersell, as wi' ither o' our best and bonniest friens, it may be said, out o' sicht out o' mind,—you see heaps o' bears hung out for sale—horses are a' hairier o' the hide—the bit toon-bantam craws nane, and at breakfast you maun tak tent no to pree an egg afore smellin' at it—you meet hares carryin' about in a' quarters—and ggem-keepers proceedin' out into the kintra wi' strings o' grews—sparrows sit silent and smoky wi' ruffled feathers waitin' for crumbs on the ballustrawds—loud is the cacklin' in the fowl-market o' Christmas geese that come a month at least afore the day, just like thae Annuals the Forget-me-Nots, Amulets, Keepsakes, Beejoos, Gems, Anniversaries, Souvenirs, Friendship's Offerings, and Wunter-Wreaths——

TICKLER.

Stop, James—stop. Such an accumulation of imagery absolutely confounds—perplexes——

SHEPHERD.

Folk o' nae fancy. Then for womankind——

TICKLER.

Oh! James, James! I knew you would not long keep off that theme——

SHEPHERD.

Oh! ye pawkie auld carle! What ither theme in a' this wide weary warld is worth ae single thocht or feelin' in the poet's heart—ae single line frae the poet's pen—ae single——

NORTH.

Song from the Shepherd's lyre—of which, as of the Teian Bard's of old, it may be said

Ἁ βαρβιτος δε χορδαις
Ερωτα μουνον ηχει.

Do, my dear James, give us John Nicholson's daughter.

SHEPHERD.

Wait a wee. The womankind, I say, sirs, never looks sae bonnie as in wunter, accepp indeed it may be in spring——

TICKLER.

Or summer, or autumn, James——

SHEPHERD.

Haud your tongue. You auld bachelors ken naething o' womankind—and hoo should ye, when they treat you wi' but ae feelin', that o' derision? Oh, sirs! but the dear creters do look weel in muffs—whether they haud them, wi' their invisible hauns clasped thegither in their beauty within the cozy silk linin', close prest to their innicent waists, just aneath the glad beatins o' their first-love-touched hearts——

TICKLER.

There again, James!

SHEPHERD.

Or haud them hingin' frae their extended richt arms, leavin' a' the feegur visible, that seems taller and slimmer as the removed muff reveals the clasps o' the pelisse a' the way doon frae neck till feet!

NORTH.

Look at Tickler—James—how he moves about in his chair. His restlessness——

SHEPHERD.

Is no unnatural. Then, sir, is there, in a' the beautifu' and silent unfauldin's o' natur amang plants and flowers, ony thing sae beautifu' as the white, smooth, saft chafts o' a bit smilin' maiden o' saxteen, aughteen, or twunty, blossomin' out, like some bonnie bud o' snaw-white satin frae a coverin' o' rough leaves,—blossomin' out, sirs, frae the edge o' the fur-tippet, that haply

a lover's happy haun had delicately hung ower her gracefu' shoothers—oh the dear delightfu' little Laplander!

TICKLER.

For a married man, James, you really describe——

NORTH.

Whisht!

SHEPHERD.

I wush you only heard the way the bonnie croo-din-doos keep murmurin' their jeists to ane anither, as soon as a nest o' them gets rid o' an auld bacheleer on Prince's Street.

TICKLER.

Gets rid o' an auld bachelor!

SHEPHERD.

Booin' and scrapin' to them after the formal and stately fashion o' the auld school o' politeness, and thinking himsell the very pink o' coortesy, wi' a gold-headed cane aiblins, nae less, in his haun', and buckles on's shoon—for buckles are no quite out yet a'thegither—a frill like a fan at the shirt neck o' him—and, wad the warld beleeve't, knee-breeks!—then they titter—and then they lauch—and then, as musical as if they were singin' in pairts, the bonnie, bloomin', innicent wicked creters break out into—I maunna say, o' sic rosy lips, and sic snawy breasts, a guffaw—but a guffay, sirs, a guffay—for that's the feminine o' guffaw——

NORTH.

Tickler, we really must not allow ourselves to be insulted in this style any longer——

SHEPHERD.

And then awa they trip, sirs, flingin' an antelope's or gazelle's ee ower their shouther, diverted beyond measure to see their antique beau continuing at a distance to cut capers in his pride—till a' at ance they see a comet in the sky—a young offisher o' dragoons, wi' his helmet a' in a low wi' a flicker o' red feathers—and as he "turns and winds his fiery Pegassus," they are a' mute as death—yet every face at the same time eloquent wi' mantling smiles, and wi' blushes that break through and around the blue heavens of their een, like crimson clouds to sudden sunlight burning beautiful for a moment, and then melting away like a thocht or a dream!

NORTH.

Why, my dear James, it does one's heart good even to be ridiculed in the language of Poetry. Does it not, Tickler?

TICKLER.

James, your health, my dear fellow.

SHEPHERD.

I never ridicule ony body, sirs, that's no fit to bear it. But there's some sense and some satisfaction in makin' a fule o' them, that, when the fiend's in them, can mak fules o' a' body, like North and Tickler.

NORTH.

You would cackle, my dear James, were I to tell you how the laugh went against me, tother day on the Calton Hill.

SHEPHERD.

The laugh went against you, sir? That forebodes some evil to the State o' Denmark.

NORTH.

I had chanced to take a stroll, James, round the Calton Hill, and feeling my toe rather twitchy, I sat down on a bench immediately under Nelson's Monument, and having that clever paper the *Observer* of the day in my pocket, I began to glance over its columns, when my attention was suddenly attracted to a confused noise of footsteps, whisperings, titterings, and absolutely guffaws, James, circling round the base of that ingenious model of a somewhat clumsy churn, Nelson's Monument. Looking through my specs—lo! a multitude of all sexes—more especially the female—kept congregating round me, some with a stare, others with a simper, some with a full open-mouthed laugh, and others with a half-shut-eye leer, which latter mode of expressing her feelings, is, in a woman, to me peculiarly loathsome,—while ever and anon I

heard one voice saying, " He is really a decent man ;" another, " He has been a fine fellow in his day, I warrant ;" a third, " Come awa, Meg, he's ower auld for my money," and a fourth, " He has cruel grey green een, and looks like a man that would murder his wife."

SHEPHERD.

That was gutting fish afore you catch them—But what was the meanin' o' a' this, sir ?

NORTH.

Why, James, some infernal ninny, it seems, had advertised in the Edinburgh newspapers for a wife with a hundred a-year, and informed the female public that he would be seen sitting for inspection——

TICKLER.

In the character of opening article in the Edinburgh Review——

NORTH.

From the hours of one and two in the afternoon, on the identical bench, James, on which, under the influence of a malignant star, I had brought myself to anchor.

SHEPHERD.

Haw ! haw ! haw ! That beats cock-fechtin'—So then Christopher North sat publicly on a bench commandin' a view o' the haill city o' Embro', as an adverteeser for a wife wi' a moderate income—and you canna ca' a hunder a-year immoderate, though it's comfortable—and was unconsciously undergoin' an inspection as scrutineezin' to the ee o' fancy and imagination, as a recruit by the surgeon afore he's alloo'd to join the regiment. Haw—haw—haw !

NORTH.

I knew nothing at the time, James, of the infernal ninny and his advertisement——

SHEPHERD.

Sae you continued sittin' and glowerin' at the crood through your specs ?

NORTH.

I did, James. What else could I do ? The semicircle " sharpening its mooned horns," closed in upon me, hemming and hemming me quite up to the precipice in my rear—the front rank of the allied powers being composed, as you may suppose, of women——

SHEPHERD.

And a pretty pack they wad be—fishwives, female cawdies, blue-stockin's, toon's-offisher's widows, washerwomen, she-waiters, girrzies, auld maids wi' bairds, and young limmers wi' green parasols and five floonces to their forenoon gowns——

NORTH.

I so lost my head, James, and all power of discrimination, that the whole assemblage seemed to me like a great daub of a picture looked at by a connoisseur with a sick stomach, and suddenly about to faint in an exhibition.

SHEPHERD.

You hae reason to be thankfu' that they didna tear you into pieces.

NORTH.

At last up I got, and attempted to make a speech, but I felt as if I had no tongue.

SHEPHERD.

That was a judgment on you, sir, for bein' sae fond o' taukin'——

NORTH.

Instinctively brandishing my crutch, I attacked the centre of the circle, which immediately gave way, falling into two segments—the one sliding with great loss down the slope, and stopt only by the iron paling in front of the New Jail—the other wheeling tumultuously in a *sauve qui peut* movement up towards the Observatory—the plateau in front being thus left open to my retreat, or rather advance.

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir ! but you should hae been a sodger ! Wellington or Napoleon wad hae been naething to you—you wad soon hae been a field-marshal—a generalissimo.

NORTH.

The left wing had rallied in the hollow—and having formed themselves into a solid square, came up the hill at the *pas de charge,* with a cloud of skirmishers thrown out in front—and unless my eye deceived me, which is not improbable, supported and covered on each flank by cavalry.

SHEPHERD.

That was fearsome.

NORTH.

I was now placed between two fires, in imminent danger of being surrounded and taken prisoner, when, with one of those sudden *coup d'œils,* which, more than any thing else, distinguish the military genius from the mere martinet, I spied an opening to my right, through, or rather over the crags, and, using the but-end of my crutch, I overthrew in an instant the few companies, vainly endeavouring to form into echellon in that part of the position, and, with little or no loss, effected a bold and skilful retrograde movement down the steepest part of the hill, over whose rugged declivities, it is recorded, that Darnley, centuries before, had won the heart of Queen Mary, by galloping his war-horse, in full armour, on the evening after a tournament at Holyrood. Not a regiment had the courage to follow me; and, on reaching the head of Leith Walk, I halted on the very spot where my excellent friend the then Lord Provost presented the keys of the City to his most gracious Majesty, on his entrance into the metropolis of the most ancient of his dominions, and gave three-times-three in token of triumph and derision, which were faintly and feebly returned from the pillars of the Parthenon; but I know not till this hour, whether by the discomfited host, or only by the echoes.

SHEPHERD.

Fortunate Senex! Wonderfu' auld man!

NORTH.

There was I, James, within fifty yards of Ambrose's; so, like a fine, old, bold buck of a red deer, who, after slaughtering or scattering with hoof and horn the pack that had dared to obstruct his noon-day flight, from his high haunts at the head of green Glen-Aven to his low lair in the heart of the black forest of Abernethy, at last unpursued *takes to soil,* that is, buries himself, back and belly, in a limpid pool of the running waters;—so did I, Christopher North, after giving that total overthrow, *take to soil* in the Sanctum Sanctorum of Picardy; and issuing from the cold-bath, vigorous—to use another image—as a great, old cod in the deep sea,—as round in the shoulders, and as red about the gills too,—astonished the household by the airy and majestic movement with which, like an eagle, I floated into the festal hall,—sung a solo, like a spring nightingale,—then danced a lavolta, to the terror of the chandelier, like a chamois making love on Mont Blanc,—then subsiding out of Dance, which is the Poetry of Motion, into Attitude, which is the Poetry of Rest, finally sunk away into voluptuous diffusion of lith and limb on that celestial sofa, like an impersonation of Alexander the Great, Mark Antony, and Sardanapalus.

SHEPHERD.

Did naebody in the crood ken Christopher North?

NORTH.

Their senses, James, were deluded by their imagination. They had set me down as the Edinburgh Advertiser,—and the Edinburgh Advertiser I appeared to be,—instead of the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine. The senses are the slaves of the soul, James. "How easily's a bush supposed a bear!" Yet a few voices did exclaim, "Christopher North! Christopher North!" and that magical name did for a moment calm the tumult. But forthwith arose the cry of "Impostor! Impostor!'—"Kit has no need to advertise for a wife!"—"Hang his impudence, for dauring to sham Christopher!"—"He's no far aneuch North for that!"—and in vain, during one pause of my combat and career, did I make an appeal to the Public in favour of my personal identity. It would not do, James. I appeared to be a Perkin Warbeck detected; and had nearly paid the penalty of death, or, in other words, forfeited my existence, for merely personating myself!—Mr Ambrose, with his usual ingenuity, immediately on hearing the recital of our adventure, and just as he was pouring us out a caulker consummative of our restoration to our wonted placidity

and repose, sphinx-like solved the riddle, and devoutly congratulated us on our escape from a Public justly infuriated by the idea, that a counterfeit of Us had thrown himself for a wife upon their curiosity; sagaciously observing, at the same time, that it would be a salve to the sore of her signal defeat on the Calton to know, that, after all, it was the veritable Christopher North who had scattered her like saw-dust, without distinction of age or sex.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Tickler, do you recolleck what Mr North said to you, a wee while sin'-syne, that made ye sae angry? I think you micht pay him back noo in his ain coin. Few owtobeeograffers are verawcious historians.

TICKLER.

Without meaning offence to any individual in particular, they all——lie.

NORTH.

They do, like troopers. And did they not, they would not be fit to live.

SHEPHERD.

Nor dee.

TICKLER.

The man does not live who dares to outrage humanity by a full, true, and particular account, of every thing he has said, done, and *thought,* during even the least guilty year of his youth, manhood, or old age.

SHEPHERD.

Especially auld age. Oh! never—never—never—but at the great day o' Judgment, will there be a revelation o' an auld sinner's heart! I appeal to you, Mr North, for the awfu' truth o' that apothegm. Are na ye an auld sinner, sir?

NORTH.

I do not know, my dear James, that *to you or any other man* I am bound to confess *that;* sufficient surely, if I do not deny it. I am not a Roman Catholic layman; nor are you, James, so far as I understand, a Roman Catholic priest; nor is the Octagon a Roman Catholic confessional; nor are the Noctes Ambrosianæ Roman Catholic nights of penance and mortification for our manifold sins and iniquities. Yet, my dear James, if, as I believe you do, you mean nothing personal in your question,—and you know I hate all personality either in my own case, or that of others—but interrogate me as a representative of human nature,—then do I most—cheerfully, I was going to say—but I correct myself—most sorrowfully confess, that I am indeed—an old sinner.

TICKLER.

So am I.

SHEPHERD.

And sae I howp to be—meaning thereby, merely that I may live till I'm as auld as you, Mr Tickler, sir, or you, sir, Mr North. For the only twa perfeck seenonims in the English language are, man and sinner.

NORTH.

In utter prostration, and sacred privacy of soul, I almost think now, and have often felt heretofore, man may make a confessional of the breast of his brother man. Once I had such a friend—and to me he was a priest. He has been so long dead that it seems to me now, that I have almost forgotten him—and that I remember only that he once lived, and that I once loved him with all my affections. One such friend alone can ever, from the very nature of things, belong to any one human being, however endowed by nature and beloved of heaven. He is felt to stand between us and our upbraiding conscience. In his life lies the strength—the power—the virtue of ours—in his death the better half of our whole being seems to expire. Such communion of spirit, perhaps, can only be in existencies rising towards their meridian; as the hills of life cast longer shadows in the westering hours, we grow—I should not say more suspicious, for that may be too strong a word—but more silent, more self-wrapt, more circumspect—less sympathetic even with kindred and congenial natures, who will sometimes, in our almost sullen moods or theirs, seem as if they were kindred and congenial no more—less devoted to Spirituals, that is, to Ideas, so tender, true, beautiful, and sublime, that they seem to be inhabitants of heaven though born of earth, and to float between the two regions

angelical and divine—yet felt to be mortal, human still—the Ideas of passions and desires, and affections, and "impulses that come to us in solitude," to whom we breathe out our souls in silence or in almost silent speech, in utterly mute adoration, or in broken hymns of feeling, believing that the holy enthusiasm will go with us through life to the grave, or rather knowing not, or feeling not, that the grave is any thing more for us than a mere word with a somewhat mournful sound, and that life is changeless, cloudless, unfading as the heaven of heavens, that lies to the uplifted fancy in blue immortal calm, round the throne of the eternal Jehovah.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' little trouble, sir, that micht be turned into blank verse, and then, without meanin' to flatter you, 'twould be a noble poem.

NORTH.

Now, James, "to descend from these imaginative heights," what man, who has ever felt thus, would publish his inner spirit in a printed confession, on wire-wove, hot-pressed paper, in three volumes crown octavo, one guinea and a half in boards?

SHEPHERD.

And wait anxiously for the beginning o' every month, to see himsell reviewed in a pack o' paltry periodicals!

NORTH.

Much of himself is gone—gone for ever—not only from his present being—but even from his memory, even like a thousand long summer days, each so intensely beautiful that it seemed immortal, yet all the splendid series now closed for ever and aye. Much remains—with strange transformation—like clear running waters chained by dim fixed frost, or like soft, pure, almost aerial snow-flakes, heaped up into hard, polluted, smoky, sooty wreaths by the road-side; much is reversed into its opposite in nature, joy into grief, mirth into melancholy, hope into despair; and oh! still more mournful, more miserable far, virtue into vice, honour into shame, innocence into guilt;—while Sin is felt to have leavened the whole mass of our being, and Religion herself, once a radiant angel, now moody as Superstition, now fantastic as Philosophy—or haply but the hem of her garment seen like a disappearing cloud, as an angel still, she evanishes from our short-sighted eyes in heaven!

SHEPHERD.

I hae often wushed, my dear sir, that you would publish a few volumes o' Sermons. I dinna fear to say't, 'cause I believe't true, that in that department Christopher North would be noways inferior to Jeremy Taylor.

NORTH.

My dear James, Friendship is like Love—So far from being blind, each—I will not say sees what is not—but magnifies what is—and that, too, to such a degree, that Truth becomes Falsehood. Jeremy Taylor had a divine spirit. That divine spirit pervades, permeates all he ever embodied in words. Each sermon of his is like a star—a star that is not only framed of light, and self-burning unconsumed in its own celestial fires, but hung in light as in an atmosphere which it does not itself create, and thus blended and bound in links of light to all the rest of the radiant Host of Heaven. Thus it is that all his sermons are as a galaxy. Read one of them, and it is

> "Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky——"

Read many, and you think of some beautiful and sublime night—a bright sky, with the full moon,

> "When round her throne the radiant planets roll,
> And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing Pole."

As the moon is among the stars—so seems the Holy Spirit to hang effulgent among the sacred sparkles of thought issuing out from the "blue serene," the untroubled firmament of his Christian frame of being!

SHEPHERD.

I believe I was wrangin' you in the comparison. He served in the sanctuary—the inner shrine. Others can only bow down and adore at the threshold, and aneath the vestibule o' the temple.

NORTH.

In all those works of uninspired men, my dear James, whether in prose or verse, to which we may justifiably give the name of divine, such as Taylor's and Milton's, is there not a spirit invisible to the eyes, inaudible to the ears, of the mere understanding? And if so, who that is wise in humanity, can think that the cultivation of the mere understanding may ever give an insight, or an inhearing, into such truths of our being as such men as Taylor and Milton have communicated to the race in a kind of dimmer revelation?

SHEPHERD.

Nae wise man 'ill believe't. Edicate a' men, and women too, say I, as much as possible—but dinna expeck impossible results. If edication be confined to the mere understaunin', a man may gang out o' schools, and institutions, and colleges, after seven years study, far waur than a coof. For a coof generally kens, or at least suspecks, that he is a coof; but an "Intellectual-all-in-all," as Wordsworth weel ca's him, thinks himsell the verra perfection o' God's creters. No ae single thing will he believe that he doesna understaun—sae that ye may ken how narrow is his creed—puir blinded moudiwarp, that has deluded itsell into a notion that it's a lynx! Noo, I ca' this Impiety. What say ye, sir?

NORTH.

The highest philosophy, whether natural or mental philosophy, my dearest James, leads to Christianity—indeed, the highest mental philosophy *is* Christianity. But all beneath the highest is either dangerous or unsatisfactory, while the low and the lowest is nothing better than blind base scepticism, alternating between superstition and atheism. An ill-instructed, or confusedly and imperfectly informed person, who prides himself upon, and trusts to his understanding——

SHEPHERD.

Is at a' times walkin' on the edge o' the bottomless pit.

NORTH.

At least wandering in the ways that lead to it.

SHEPHERD.

And that comes to the same thing, sir; for only gie him length o' time and tether, and in he'll play plump some day at last, just like a sand-blind man botaneezin' in a wood, and a' at ance tumblin', through briers and brambles, into the mouth o' an auld unsuspected coal-pit—whereas, a man that was quite blin' a'thegither would either hae had a guide wi' him, or, what is the still safer scheme for ane in his condition, wouldna hae ventured into the wood at a', but sat contented at his ain ingle amang his wife and bairns, and listened wi' decent humility to an orthodox sermon.

NORTH.

Without religion, the poor are poor indeed—with it, they may be the only rich.

SHEPHERD.

O, sir! but you sometimes say things wi' a sweet sententiousness that sinks into the heart. I hauld it, sir, to be utterly impossible that those men, who, as friends of the education of the people, avow that their character may be raised to the utmost pitch of which it is capable, by the distribution of ae Library o' Useful, and anither o' Enterteenan Knowledge, can have any saving knowledge either o' their ain souls, or the souls o' ither folk, or the trials and temptations to which men are exposed, who work from sunrise to sunset, with their hands, and legs, and backs, for their daily bread, or o' the conditions on which alone they can howp to hauld in health and longevity their moral and their religious being. What's the matter wi' you, Mr Tickler, that you dinna speak ony the nicht?

TICKLER.

In the company of the truly wise I love to listen. Besides, to tell you the truth, James, that fire has made me rather sleepy.

SHEPHERD.

You're no the least sleepy, sir. Your een are like gimlets—augres.

TICKLER.

Why, my dear Shepherd, 'tis half an hour ago since you promised us a song.

NORTH.

Come, James, John Nicholson's daughter.

TICKLER.

And I will accompany you on the poker and tongs.

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae objections—for you've not only a sowl for music, sir, but a genius too, and the twa dinna always gang thegither—mony a man haein' as fine an ear for tunes, as the starnies on a dewy nicht that listen to the grass growin' roun' the vernal primroses, and yet no able to play on ony instrument—on even the flute—let abee the poker and the tangs.

NORTH.

A true and fine distinction.

SHEPHERD.

Whereas, sir, a genius for music can bring music out o' amaist ony material substance—be it horn, timmer, or airn, sic are the hidden qualities o' natur that lie asleep, even as if they were dead or were not, till the equally mysterious power that God has given to man, wiles or rugs them out to the notice o' the senses—in this case the ear—and then, to be sure, melody or harmony chimes or tinkles accordant and congenial to ony strain o' feelin' or o' fancy that the poet sings to the musician, and the musician plays back again, or rather at ane and the same time to the poet—the twa thegither sae speeritualeezin' the verra air o' the room, that the fire seems to burn as purely as the star that may be blinkin' in through the half-uncurtained window, frae its ain hame in heaven!

TICKLER.

Come, then, James, let me accompany you on my favourite instrument; a finer-toned tongs I never took in hand than this of the Octagon. The poker is a little out of tune, I fear—" but that not much." We have " counted the chimes at midnight" before now, my dear Shepherd——

SHEPHERD.

I wish I mayna burst out a-lauchin' in the middle o' my sang, for siccan anither feegur I never saw, even in a dream, sir, as you, when you first rax yoursell up your hail hecht on the rug, and then loot doon awee ower the tangs, swingin' to and fro, wi' an expression o' face as serious as if it depended a'thegither at that moment on you, whether or no the earth was to continue to circumvolve on her ain axis.

NORTH.

Tickler puts all his soul, James, into whatever he happens to be doing at the time. Why, he brushes his hat, before turning out at two for a constitutional walk, with as much seeming, nay, real earnestness, as Barry Cornwall polishes a dramatic scene, before making an appeal to posterity.

SHEPHERD.

And baith o' them rub aff the nap. Commend me to a rouch hat and a rouch poem—a smooth hat's shabby-genteel, and a smooth poem's no muckle better. I like the woo on the ane to show shadows to the breeze—and the lines o' the ither to wanton like waves on the sea, that, even at the verra cawmest, breaks out every noo and then into little foam-furrows, characteristic o' the essential and the eternal difference atween the waters o' an inland loch, and them o' the earth-girdlin' ocean.

NORTH.

Come, my dear James, don't keep Tickler any longer in untinkling attitude.

SHEPHERD (*Sings to* TICKLER'S *tongs and poker accompaniment.*)

SONG,—"*John Nicholson's Daughter.*"

THE daisy is fair, the day lily rare,
The bud o' the rose as sweet as it's bonnie—
But there ne'er was a flower, in garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's bonnie Nannie.
O my Nannie,
My dear little Nannie,
My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nannie,
There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie.

Ae day she came out wi' a rosy blush,
To milk her twa kye, sae couthie an' cannie—
I cower'd me down at the back o' the bush,
To watch the air o' my bonnie Nannie.
O my Nannie, &c. &c.

Her looks so gay, o'er Nature away,
Frae bonnie blue een sae mild and mellow—
Saw naething sae sweet, in Nature's array,
Though clad in the morning's gouden yellow.
O my Nannie, &c. &c.

My heart lay beating the flowery green,
In quaking, quavering agitation—
And the tears came trickling down frae my een,
Wi' perfect love, an' wi' admiration.
O my Nannie, &c. &c.

There's mony a joy in this world below,
And sweet the hopes that to sing were uncannie—
But of all the pleasures I ever can know,
There's none like the love o' my dearest Nannie.
O my Nannie,
My dear little Nannie,
My sweet little niddlety-noddlety Nannie—
There ne'er was a flower,
In garden or bower,
Like auld Joe Nicholson's Nannie.

NORTH.

Bravo! You have sent that song to our friend Pringle's Friendship's Offering—haven't you, James?

SHEPHERD.

I hae—and anither as gude, or better.——

Enter MR AMBROSE *with a hot roasted Round of Beef*—KING PEPIN *with a couple of boiled Ducks*—SIR DAVID GAM *with a trencher of Tripe, a la Meg Dods—and* TAPITOURIE *with a Haggis. Pickled Salmon, Welch Rabbits, &c. &c.—and, as usual, Oysters, raw, stewed, scolloped, roasted, and pickled, of course—Gizzards, Finzeans, Red Herrings.*

SHEPHERD.

You've really served up a bonny wee neat bit sooper for three, Mr Awmrose. I hate, for my ain pairt, to see a table overloaded. It's sae vulgar. I'll carve the haggis.

NORTH.

I beseech you, James, for the love of all that is dear to you, here and hereafter, to hold your hand. Stop—stop—stop!—

(*The* SHEPHERD *sticks the Haggis, and the Table is instantly overflowed.*)

SHEPHERD.

Heavens and earth! Is the Haggis mad? Tooels! Awmrose—tooels! Safe us—we'll a' be drooned!

(*Picardy and his Tail rush out for towels.*)

NORTH.

Rash man! what ruin have you wrought! See how it has overflown the deck from stem to stern—we shall all be lost.

SHEPHERD.

Sweepin' every thing afore it! Whare's the puir biled dyucks? Only the croon-head o' the roun' visible! Tooels—tooels—tooels! Send roun' the fire-drum through the city.

(*Re-enter Picardy and "the Rest" with napery.*)

MR AMBROSE.

Mr North, I look to you for orders in the midst of this alarming calamity. Shall I order in more strength?

SHEPHERD.

See—see—sir! it's creepin' alang the carpet! We're like men left on a sand-bank, when the tide's comin' in rampaugin'. Oh! that I had insured my life! Oh! that I had learned to soom! What wull become o' my widow and my fatherless children!

NORTH.

Silence! Let us die like men.

SHEPHERD.

O, Lord! it's ower our insteps already! Open a' the doors and wundows—and let it find its ain level. I'll up on a chair in the meantime.

(*The* SHEPHERD *mounts the back of The Chair, and draws* MR NORTH *up after him.*)

Sit on my shoothers, my dear—dear—dearest sir. I insist on't. Mr Tickler, Mr Awmrose, King Pepin, Sir David, and Tappitourie—you wee lazy deevil—help Mr North up—help Mr North up on my shoothers!

(MR NORTH *is elevated, Crutch and all, astride on the* SHEPHERD'S *shoulders.*)

NORTH.

Good God! Where is Mr Tickler?

SHEPHERD.

Look—look—look, sir,—yonner he's staunin' on the brace-piece—on the mantel! Noo, Amrose, and a' ye waiters, make your escape, and leave us to our fate. Oh! Mr North, gie us a prayer.—What for do you look so meeserable, Mr Tickler? Death is common—'tis but "passing through Natur' to Eternity!" And yet—to be drooned in haggis 'll be waur than Clarence's dream! Alack, and alas-a-day! it's up to the ring o' the bell-rope! Speak, Mr Tickler—O speak, sir—Men in our dismal condition—Are you sittin' easy, Mr North?

NORTH.

Quite so, my dear James, I am perfectly resigned. Yet, what is to become of Maga—

SHEPHERD.

O my wee Jamie!

NORTH.

I fear I am very heavy, James.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna say't, sir—dinna say't. I'm like the pious Æneas bearin' his father Ancheeses through the flames o' Troy. The similie does na haud gude at a' points—I wish it did—Oh, haud fast, sir, wi' your arms roun' my neck, lest the cruel tyrant o' a haggis swoop ye clean awa under the sideboard to inevitable death!

NORTH.

Far as the eye can reach it is one wide wilderness of suet!

TICKLER.

Hurra! hurra! hurra!

SHEPHERD.

Do you hear the puir gentleman, Christopher? It's affeckin' to men in our

condition to see the pictur we hae baith read o' in accounts o' shipwrecks realeezed! Timothy's gane mad! Hear till him shoutin' wi' horrid glee on the brink o' eternity!

TICKLER.

Hurra! hurra! hurra!

NORTH.

Horrible! most horrible!

TICKLER.

The haggis is subsiding—the haggis is subsiding! It has fallen an inch by the sabbase since the Shepherd's last ejaculation.

SHEPHERD.

If you're tellin' a lee, Timothy, I'll wade ower to you, and bring you doon aff the mantel wi' the crutch.—Can I believe my een? It *is* subseedin'. Hurraw! hurraw! hurraw! Nine times nine, Mr North, to our deliverance—and the Protestant ascendency!

OMNES.

Hurra! hurraw! hurree!

SHEPHERD.

Noo, sir, you may dismunt.

(*Re-enter the Household, with the immediate neighbourhood.*)

SHEPHERD.

High Jinks! High Jinks! High Jinks! The haggis has puttin' out the fire, and sealed up the boiler—

(*The* SHEPHERD *descends upon all fours, and lets* MR NORTH *off gently.*)

NORTH.

Oh, James, I am a daft auld man!

SHEPHERD.

No sae silly as Solomon, sir, at you're time o' life. Noo for sooper.

TICKLER.

How the devil am I to get down?

SHEPHERD.

How the deevil did you get up? Oh, ho, by the gas ladder! And it's been removed in the confusion. Either jump down—or stay where you are, Mr Tickler.

TICKLER.

Come now, James—shove over the ladder.

SHEPHERD.

O that Mr Chantrey was here to sculptur him in that attitude! Streitch out your richt haun'! A wee grain heicher! Hoo gran he looks in basso relievo!

TICKLER.

Shove over the ladder, you son of the mist, or I'll brain you with the crystal.

SHEPHERD.

Sit doon, Mr North, opposite to me—and, Mr Awmrose, tack roun' my plate for a shave o' the beef.—Is na he the perfeck pictur o' the late Right Honourable William Pitt?—Shall I send you, sir, some o' the biled dyuck?

NORTH.

If you please, James—Rather " Like Patience on a monument smiling at Grief."

SHEPHERD.

Gie us a sang, Mr Tickler, and then you shall hae the ladder. I never preed a rosted roun' afore—it's real savoury.

NORTH.

" Oh! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The height where Fame's proud temple shines afar!"

SHEPHERD.

I'll let you doon, Mr Tickler, if you touch the ceilin' wi' your fingers. Itherwise, you maun sing a sang.

[TICKLER *tries and fails.*

TICKLER.

Well, if I must sing, let me have a tumbler of toddy.

SHEPHERD.

Ye shall hae that, sir.

(*The* SHEPHERD *fills a tumbler from the jug, and balancing it on the cross of the crutch, reaches it up to* MR TICKLER.)

TICKLER.—(*sings.*)

THE TWA MAGICIANS.

The lady stands in her bower door,
As straight as willow wand;
The blacksmith stood a little forbye,
Wi' hammer in his hand.

Weel may ye dress ye, lady fair,
Into your robes o' red,
Before the morn at this same time,
I'll loose your silken snood.

Awa', awa', ye coal-black smith,
Wou'd ye do me the wrang,
To think to gain my virgin love,
That I hae kept sae lang?

Then she has hadden up her hand,
And she sware by the mold,
I wu'dna be a blacksmith's wife
For a' the warld's gold.

O! rather I were dead and gone,
And my body laid in grave,
Ere a rusty stock o' coal-black smith,
My virgin love shou'd have.

But he has hadden up his hand,
And he sware by the mass,
I'll cause ye be my light leman,
For the hauf o' that and less.
Chorus.—O bide, lady bide,
And aye he bade her bide;
The rusty smith your leman shall be,
For a' your meikle pride.

Then she became a turtle dow,
To fly up in the air;
And he became another dow,
And they flew pair and pair.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

She turn'd herself into an eel,
To swim into yon burn;
And he became a speckled trout,
To give the eel a turn.
O bide lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a duck, a duck,
Upon a reedy lake;
And the smith wi' her to soom or dive,
Became a rose-kamed drake.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

She turn'd herself into a hare,
To rin ower hill and hollow;
And he became a gude grey hound,
And boldly he did follow.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a gay grey mare,
And stood in yonder slack;
And he became a gilt saddle,
And sat upon her back.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a het girdle,
And he became a cake;
And a' the ways she turn'd hersell,
The blacksmith was her make.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

She turn'd hersell into a ship,
To sail out ower the flood;
He ca'd a nail intill her tail,
And syne the ship she stood.
O bide, lady, bide, &c.

Then she became a silken plaid,
And stretch'd upon a bed:
And he became a green covering,
And thus the twa were wed.
Chorus.—Was she wae, he held her sae,
And still he bade her bide;
The rusty-smith her leman was,
For a' her meikle pride.

SHEPHERD.

Noo—sir—here is the ladder to you—for which you're indebted to Mr Peter Buchan, o' Peterhead, the ingenious collector o' the Ancient Ballads, frae which ye have chanted so speeritedly the speerited Twa Magicians. It's a capital collection—and should be added in a' libraries, to Percy, and Ritson, and Headley, and the Minstrelsy o' the Border, and John Finlay, and Robert Jamieson, and Gilchrist, and Kinloch, and the Quarto o' that clever chiel, Motherwell o' Paisley, wha's no only a gude collector and commentator o' ballads, but a gude writer o' them too—as he has proved by that real poetical address o' a Northman to his Swurd in ane o' the Annals. Come awa' doon, sir—come awa' doon.—Tak tent, for the steps are gae shoggly. Noo—sir—fa' to the roun'.

TICKLER.

I have no appetite, James. I have been suffering all night under a complication of capital complaints—the toothach, which like a fine attenuated red-hot steel-sting, keeps shooting through an old rugged stump, which to touch

with my tongue is agony—the tongue-ach, from a blister on that weapon, that I begin to fear may prove cancerous—the lip-ach, from having accidentally given myself a labial wound in sucking out an oyster—the eye-ach, as if an absolute worm were laying eggs in the pupil—the ear-ach, tinglin' and stounnin' to the very brain, till my drum seems beating for evening parade—to which add a headach of the hammer and anvil kind—and a stomach-ach, that seems to intimate that dyspepsy is about to be converted into cholera morbus; and you have a partial enumeration of the causes that at present deaden my appetite—and that prevented me from chanting the ballad with my usual vivacity. However—I will trouble you for a duck.

SHEPHERD.

You canna be in the least pain, wi' sae mony complaints as these—for they maun neutraleeze ane anither. But even if they dinna, I believe mysell, wi' the Stoics, that pain's nae evil—Dinna you, Mr North?

NORTH.

Certainly. But, Tickler, you know, has many odd crotchets. Pray, James, have you read the last number of the Edinburgh Review?

SHEPHERD.

Pray, Mr North, have you lowpt ower the Castle o' Embro? I wud as sune offer to walk through the interior o' Africa, frae Tripoli to Timbuctoo. Howsomever, I did read Mr Jaffray's article on the Decline and Fa' o' Poetry.

NORTH.

I read with pleasure all that my ingenious brother writes; but he is often a little paradoxical or so—sometimes a little superficial, I fear, in his philosophy and criticism. However, he handles delicately and gracefully every subject he touches; and seldom fails to leave on it something of the brightness of his genius.

SHEPHERD.

The article's doonricht intolerable and untenable nonsense frae beginnin' to end. Whether Poetry's exhowsted or no, it's no for me to say; but Mr Jaffray himsell, though that could scarcely hae been his end in writin 't, has proved in his article, beyond a' doubt, that Criticism is in the dead-thraws.

NORTH.

I was somewhat surprised certainly, James, to hear my brother absolutely asserting, that in our Poetry since Cowper, there is " little invention, little direct or overwhelming passion, and little natural simplicity,"—" no sudden unconscious bursts either of nature or passion—no casual flashes of fancy—no slight passing intimations of deep but latent emotions—no rash darings of untutored genius soaring proudly up into the infinite unknown."

SHEPHERD.

After havin' in every ither article, for the last twenty years, laboured wi' a' his power to pruve the direck contrar'! Noo that the New Licht has brak in on him, he maun look back on the Francey Jaffray that keepit year after year oratorically—I mean oracularly—haranguin' on the terrible and awfu' bursts o' a' the dark and fierce passions in Byron's poetry, as a wee demented madman or lunatic.

NORTH.

But what say you, James, to " no rash darings of untutored genius"?

SHEPHERD.

That it's either nonsensical or fawse. If he allude to the great leevin' Poets wha have had College educations, then its nonsensical; for hoo could they " shew rash dawrin's o' untutured genius," seein' that ane and a' o' them had tutors, public and preevat, for years? If he allude to me, and Allan Kinnigam, and Bloomfield, and Clare, and ithers, wha were left to educate oursells, then it's fawse. " Nae rash dawrin's o' untutored genius" indeed! I'll thank him, or the likes o' him, wi' a' his tutored genius, to write Kilmeny, or Mary Lee the Female Pilgrim o' the Sun, or ae single prose tale o' honest Allan's, or ae single sang like mony o' his spirit-stirrin' strains baith about the land and the sea. " Nae rash dawrin's o' untutored genius" indeed! Impident body, I wush he mayna hae been fou'——or rather, I wush he may —for afore I declair'd mysell a Tory, he himsell told the warld in sae mony words, that my Poetry was fu' o' " Dawrin' flichts o' untutored genius;" and

sae it is, in spite o' the ignorant impertinence o' the like o' him, and ither envious elves that out o' natural or political malice will annonymously slump half-a-dizzen o' men o' genius ower into ae clause o' a sentence, which, when you analeeze't, is just naething mair nor less than a self-evident and contemptible lee.

NORTH.

How I admire the Doric dialect, my dear James! What a difference to the ear in the sound of lie and lee!

SHEPHERD.

My ear detecks nane. But supposing there to be a difference i' the soun', there's nane in the sense; and Mr Jaffray, either in the ae creetique or the ither, maun hae said what is no' true.

NORTH.

A mere matter of taste—of opinion, James; and will you not allow a man to change his mind?

SHEPHERD.

No, I won't. At least, no an auld man like Mr Jaffray. It's just in mere matters o' taste and opinion that I'll no alloo him or ony ither supperannated creetic to say that he has changed his mind—without at least tellin' him that he's a coof—and that what he may conceive to be a change o' opinion, is only a decay o' faculties—a dotage o' the mind.

NORTH.

My brother complains that we have no poetry now-a-days, containing " slight passing intimations of deep, but latent emotions"—yet in three or four most elaborate disquisitions of his on the genius of Campbell, the power of thus, by slight passing intimations, raising " deep but latent emotions," is dwelt upon as the power characteristic of that delightful poet, beyond almost all other men that ever wrote!

SHEPHERD.

Hoo can a man, after contradickin' himsell in that silly and senseless manner, look himsell in the face in the mornin', when he sits doon to shave?

NORTH.

My brother goes on to say of Modern British Poets, that " their chief fault is the want of subject and matter—the absence of real persons, intelligible interests, and conceivable incidents——"

SHEPHERD.

I really wush, sir, you would gie ower quotin' drivel, for it maks me sick. Ca' you that leavin', " on every subject he touches, something o' the brichtness o' his genius?"

NORTH.

Why, I confess, James, that here my respected brother is indeed a great goose.

SHEPHERD.

Or rather a wee bit duck—cryin' quack, quack, quack—as it plouters amang the dubs; and then streekin' itsell up, as if it were tryin' to staun on its tail, and flappin' the dirty pearls frae its wings, and lengthenin' out its neck like an eel, and lookin' roun' about it wi' a sort o' triumph—cries quack—quack—quack, again—and then dives doon in the gulf profoond for anither mouthfu' o' something, leavin' naething veesible in the upper warld but its—doup!

NORTH.

The poetry of Crabbe and Scott is fuller of " real persons, intelligible interests, and conceivable incidents," than any other poetry—Shakspeare of course always excepted—perhaps yet in existence; and this, or nearly this, my brother has said at least a thousand times—showing, and well showing—for I repeat, James, " that on every subject he handles, he leaves something of the brightness of his genius,"—that therein lies their power and glory.

SHEPHERD.

And I hae only to repeat, sir, that I wunder hoo your brither can after a' that look himsell in the face in the mornin' when he sits doon to shave.

NORTH.

My brother, James, says, that all the Poems of Crabbe, Scott, Byron,

Moore, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Campbell, yourself, and all other poets now living or dead since Cowper and Burns,—" are but shadows, we fear, that have no independent or substantial existence—and though reflected from grand and beautiful originals, have but little chance" of being remembered, and so forth.—What say you to that, James?

SHEPHERD.

I say that that's either no in the Edinburgh Review, or that the Editor ought to be in a strait-waistcoat. For the man that raves in that fashion 's no safe—and some day 'll bite.

NORTH.

Scott's Poems, he says, are mere reflections of the Romances of Chivalry—which, I admit, he could not have said, had he ever read one single romance of chivalry—either in prose or verse—as you, James, know well, that in all points whatever they are the very antipodes—

SHEPHERD.

I never read—nor even saw ane o' the Romances o' Cheevalry in my life—excepp you ca' Blind Harry's Sir William Wallace ane—and it, to be sure—though a glorious auld thing—has about as little resemblance to Marmion—as a peat-car—nae contemptible vehicle for rattlin' either up or doon a hill wi' an active nag—to a war-chariot armed wi' scythes, and thunderin' ower the field wi' four white horses.

NORTH.

Then Wordsworth, it seems, went back to the early ballads for his Excursion, Sonnets to Liberty, &c. &c., and all others alike to Spenser and Shakspeare, and——

SHEPHERD.

Oh, sir! tell me what I hae said or dune to deserve sic drivel as this bein' poured out upon me as a punishment; and I wull mak ony apology you like to demand, doon even to axin' pardon at your feet on my bare knees!

NORTH.

My brother sums up by setting Mr Atherstone, as a poet, by the side of Mr Southey!

SHEPHERD.

Mr Atherstane, from what I hae seen o' his verses, may just as weel be set at ance by the side o' Shakspeare. Mr Soothey is a poet o' the very highest order, sir—and Thalaba, Madoc, Roderic, Kehama—are gran' soun's, that at ance fill the mind with images o' high achievement. Has Mr Atherstane really written poems like them? If sae, I wush I was introduced to him—and that he was sittin' here just noo at the Noctes.

NORTH.

I should have no objections, James—none in the world; but Mr Atherstone (I say it reluctantly) is not much of a poet. Something of a painter he may be, though his conceptions, vivid enough in themselves, seem to arise in series, and often too in great confusion and disarray; nor has he been able to produce a single picture, having in it Unity, comprehending all the details, great and small, to which they are all made to conform, and which is felt to be the spirit of the whole. Till he does this, he is not even a painter; and for the truth of what I say, I refer him to his friend Martin. In the same article, my brother laments the loss " in the morn and liquid dew of their youth" of Kirke White, Keats, and Pollok—and " that powerful, though more uncertain genius, less prematurely extinguished, Shelley." Now, why did he not encourage, animate, and spread the fame of these poets while they were alive, to reap profit and pleasure from his praise?

SHEPHERD.

I fancy, because he cared little or naething about them, and either never knew, or forgot, that such poets were in existence.

NORTH.

Henry Kirke White, when chilled by the frost of criticism, would have had his blood warmed within the very core of his heart, by a panegyric on his genius in such a work, so powerful for good and evil, as the Edinburgh Review then was—But no—not a hint dropped of " the morn and liquid dew of his life," till many years after his pure spirit had soared to heaven!

SHEPHERD.

While Mr Soothey cheered the life o' the young pensive bard, and after death, embalmed his name in one of the most beautiful pieces of biography in the language!

NORTH.

My brother praised Keats, it is true, but somewhat tardily, and with no discrimination; and, to this hour, he has taken no notice of his Lamia and Isabella, in which Keats's genius is seen to the best advantage; while, from the utter silence observed towards him in general, it is plain enough that he cares nothing for him, and that it is not unjust or unfair to suspect the insertion of the article on Endymion was brought about by a Cockney job of Hunt or Hazlitt's.

SHEPHERD.

Is his review o' Pollok's Course of Time a fine one?

NORTH.

That noble Poem has never been so much as mentioned,—though, no doubt, the mere introduction of Pollok's name is thought to be a sufficient sacrifice to the genius of that singularly gifted young man.

SHEPHERD.

And what said he o' Shelley?

NORTH.

Never, to the best of my remembrance, one single syllable. Now, my dear James, all this may be very consistent with the principles on which my brother conducts his Review; but nobody can say that it is a high-minded, fine-souled, warm-hearted system. The voice of praise can be of no avail then,—

"Nor flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death."

Still, with all his deficiencies, inconsistencies, and contradictions, my brother is a charming critic.

SHEPHERD.

O' a' the creetics o' this age, you alone, sir, have shown that you have a heart. You're the best creetic that ever existed o' warks o' imagination.

NORTH.

That seems to be the general opinion. Yet even I am not perfection.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna allow yoursell to say sae, sir; you're far ower modest.

NORTH.

There's Mr David Lester Richardson, or some other dissatisfied person, who says, in that entertaining work, the London Weekly Review, that the last degradation that can befall a writer, is to be praised in Blackwood's Magazine.

SHEPHÉRD.

Faith, he's maybe no far wrang there. Is that the Diamond Poet, who published three hunder and sixty-five panegyrics on his ain genius, by way o' Notes and Illustrations to his Sonnets—ane for every day in the year?

NORTH.

The same.

SHEPHERD.

His modesty's amaist as great's your ain, sir; for he canna bring himsell to believe that ony body will credit his being a poet, without ha'en his judgment overpowered by the testimony o' a cloud o' witnesses.

NORTH.

Perhaps he was nettled, James, by my exposure of that puffery; but the truth is, I have a great kindness for David, and the very first volume, either of prose or verse, he publishes, I shall try him with praise in Blackwood; and he will be surprised to find that it is far more delightful, and not nearly so degrading, as he or his contributor, during a fit of the jaundice, imagined.

SHEPHERD.

Tak care ye dinna turn his head—for I should be sorry o' that, as, if he's the Editor o' the Weekly Review, he's a clever fallow.

NORTH.

Hazlitt, too, has lately somewhere said—I think in that acute paper, the Examiner—that Maga is a work of which no man will mention the name, who

has any regard to his own character. Now, Hazlitt has not written a paper of any kind whatever, these last ten years, without using the most unwarrantable, and unprovoked, and unnecessary liberties, with Maga's name. Therefore, Hazlitt is a man who has no regard to his own character.

SHEPHERD.

You hae him on the hip there, sir. It's a good syllogism.

NORTH.

Yet you see, James, the inutility of the syllogistic form of reasoning; for it ends with proving what has already been admitted by all the world.

SHEPHERD.

I see your meanin', sir—Oh! but you're a desperate sateerical auld chiel, and plant your skein dhu——

NORTH.

The blundering blockhead, James, drove his own knife up to the hilt in his own side, beneath the fifth rib, in his rage to strike a harmless old man like me, who was not minding the maniac, and had not kicked him for years.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! man, but there's a cawm, cauld, clear, glitterin' cruelty in the expression o' your een the noo, that's no canny, and you'll obleege me by takin' aff your glass; for the taste o' that Glenlivet's eneuch to saften the sowl towards the greatest reprobate. A caulker o't could mak a man for a minute or twa amaist endure a Cockney.

NORTH.

Maga, James, is an Engine.

SHEPHERD.

An Ingine!—Lord safe us!—She is that!—An Ingine o' five hunder Elephant-power. Nae mortal man should be entrusted wi' sic an Ingine; it's aneuch to mak ony man as prood as Nebuchadnezzar—and if you dinna tak tent, wha kens but you may share the fate o' that unfortunate monarch. You would be a curious creter on a' fowres, munchin' gerse!

NORTH.

Maga is, you know, my dear James, an omnipresence. In hall and hut alike, her visits are hailed by the heart-acclamation of young and old—her face beams in equal beauty by the fire-light reflected from brass mirrors bright as gold, within a chimney-piece of the dove-coloured Italian marble—and by the peat-low frae the ingle o' the "auld clay biggin'——"

SHEPHERD.

As noo and then the melted snaw-flakes drip doun the open lumm, sir, and the reading lassie, while the flickering flame momentarily leaves a darker shade ower the gay or serious page, loots doon her silken snood nearer to the embers, that the circle mayna lose ae word o' auld Christopher North, or the Shepherd, or Delta, whether Delta be singin' a sweet sang, aiblins about Mary, Queen o' Scotland, or tellin' a comical story in a Chapter in the Life and Adventures o' that curious Dalkeith tailor body, now retired, as I hear, frae bizziness, hain' taen out his capital altogether, and become a Box-proprietor on the Esk—Mansie Wauch.

NORTH.

That, James, is true fame. The consciousness of a circulation confined to certain classes—an exclusive circulation, would be the death, or paralysis of my genius.

SHEPHERD.

'Cause in that case, you would have to compose for an exclusive circulation—Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! perhaps a Cockney coterie,—and then to a' mankind you would become either unintelligible or disgustin'! Does your body, sir, ever get wearied wi' writin'? for as to your mind, ane micht as weel ask if the *vis generawtrix Naturæ* ever got wearied.

NORTH.

I write, James, *by screeds*. Whenever I feel the fit coming on, which it often does about ten in the morning—never sooner—I encourage it by a caulker—a mere nut-shell, which my dear friend, the English Opium-Eater, would toss off in laudanum; as soon as I feel that there is no danger of a relapse—that

my demon will be with me during the whole day—I order dinner at nine—shut myself up within triple doors—and as I look at the inner one in its green-baized brass-knobbedness, there comes upon me an inspiring sense of security from all interruption, nay, from all connexion or even remembrance of the outer world. The silver salver—you know it, James—with a few rusks, and half a pint of Madeira—a moderation which Sir Humphry must approve—stands within a few inches of my writing hand. No desk! an inclined plane—except in bed—is my abhorrence. All glorious articles must be written on a dead flat.

SHEPHERD.

No if you use the sclate.

NORTH.

At two o'clock, from September to March—true to a minute—Robin Redbreast comes hopping in through one unglazed diamond of my low lattice—Mousey peers with his black eyes and whiskered nose out of his hole, and the two contend in pretty gambols about the crumbs.

SHEPHERD.

What a pictur o' Innocence! Oh, my dear, dear Mr North, I've aften thocht you were ower gude—ower tender o' natur—ower simple for this wicked, hard, cunnin' warld.

NORTH.

Mousey, after feeding and fun, glides into his hole behind the wainscot, and Robin flits, with a small sweet song, into the shrubbery—and then I at it again tooth and nail——

SHEPHERD.

Sacrifeecin', perhaps, the peace not only o' individuals but o' families—by making them, and a' that's connecket wi' them, meeserable in life, and sae odious and infamous after death, that the son gies up his father's name a'thegither; if the surname be ane o' ae syllable, the better to obliterate a remembrance o't even in his ain mind, adoptin' ane o' four or five—and changin' the Christian name, too, into something heathenish, as, for example, Tam into Heliogabawlus.

NORTH.

Just as the gloaming begins to deepen on the wire-wove paper, so that there is felt a slight strain on the optic nerve, and pots and hooks assume a hieroglyphical character—inaudibly doth door after door open like a dream—and Helen, with a wax candle in either pretty small hand, between which are seen shining her large blue eyes, soft in their brightness, in a moment is at my side, and my manuscripts are at once illuminated.

SHEPHERD.

She's a bonny lassie. I saw a pictur very like her the day in Mr Galli's exhibition on the Mound——

NORTH.

An exhibition which all people should visit. It contains many excellent, and some splendid pictures.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! but the Auld Masters, sir, had a deep sense o' the beautifu'——

NORTH.

No soup—but first a sole, then a beef-steak, and then a chicken—with a finish of a few tartlets, and a saucer of parmesan—judiciously interspersed with an occasional sip of old hock ending in a gulp—a caulker, of course—and then at the MSS. again, over a Scotch pint of claret. By midnight—

"Ae wee short hour ayont the twal;"

and lo! ready for the devil a sheet of Maga!

SHEPHERD.

And whan do you rise?

NORTH.

Early. Precisely at nine (I speak of winter,) Helen is at my bedside—

"And, like the murmur of a dream,
I hear her breathe my name."

SHEPHERD.

That's scarcely safe, sir.

NORTH.

God bless the dear child!—she loves me with all the reverential affection of a grand-daughter. While I keep getting fairly awake, she stirs up the fire, that has been napping during the night, and, arranging with delicate dexterity my shirt, drawers, stockings, breeches, &c. on a neat mahogany screen, places it before the glow—and disappears. In about half an hour, I am apparelled—and just as I have given the last touch to the topmost curl of my wig——

SHEPHERD.

I like ye best bald——

NORTH.

The clear tingle-ingle-ing of the small brass bell in the hand of my pretty maiden——

SHEPHERD.

That's the thing—and no ane o' thae infernal bells that the man-servant in some houses keeps ringing for ten minutes, as if he meant to awawken a' the folk in the neist street——

NORTH.

Chimes me down to the parlour——

SHEPHERD.

Nae mair aboot your domestic economy, sir—You're gettin' egotustical.

NORTH.

I wrote "Christopher in his Sporting Jacket," James—forty pages of Maga—at two such sittings.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna believe you—though you should swear't on the Bible.

NORTH.

At five such sittings I have more than once written—with this hand——

SHEPHERD.

And a lang-fingered, bony, ghaunt, formidable-lookin' haun' it is, like the haun' o' grim death—clutchin'——

NORTH.

Written the whole Magazine—an entire Number, James——

SHEPHERD.

And a desperate bad ane it must hae been——

NORTH.

No, James,—brilliant as the Aurora Borealis—musical as is Apollo's lute.

SHEPHERD.

And that's the way ye serve your contributors! Flingin' their capital articles intil the Balaam-box, that your ain trash may——

NORTH.

Trash! What the devil do you mean by trash, sir?

SHEPHERD.

I just mean a hantle o' your ain articles,—especially them that you're fondest and proodest o'—sic as "Streams"—"Cottages"—"Hints for Holidays"——

NORTH.

Oh! James—James—that genius should be thus debased by jealousy—

SHEPHERD.

Me jealous o' you? That's a gude ane. But what for didna you send me out a' the Annwals o' the year as you promised? I hate folk that promises and ne'er performs.

NORTH.

By the rule of contraries, my character to a tittle. I promise nothing—and perform every thing. But the reason, James, was, that I had not them to send. The Keepsake I have not got yet—but I have Mr Alaric Watt's Souvenir, in my pocket—there,—well-caught, ye cricketer—aye you may well turn up your eyes in admiration—for of all the embellishments—of all the engravings I ever beheld, these are the most exquisitely beautiful.

SHEPHERD.

Sir Walter? Ma faith! The thing's dune at last. The verra man himsell, as if you were lookin' at him through the wrang end o' a telescope! Only see his hauns! The big, fat, roun', firm back o' his hauns! I shou'd hae said in an

instant—that's Sir Walter—had I seen nae mair than just by themsells thae hauns! Hoo are ye, Sir Walter? Hoo are ye, sir? I'm glad to see you lookin' sae weel. Na—am na I a fule, Mr North, to be speakin' till an eemage, as if it were—Lord bless him—the verra leevin' glory o' Scotland?

NORTH.

I request posterity to be informed, that Lesly's is the best likeness of Sir Walter Scott ever achieved—face, figure, air, manner—all characteristically complete. Lesly is a genuine genius—so is Stephanoff.

SHEPHERD.

And is the writin' in the Souvenir gude, sir?

NORTH.

Excellent. Taken altogether, the volume is a formidable rival, competitor, or compeer, to the Anniversary——

SHEPHERD.

In leeterature—my cry has ever been—Free Tredd, Free Tredd. If the Keepsake beats the beauty o' the Souvenir, she may change her name into the Phœnix or the Bird o' Paradise.

NORTH.

Pocket the affront, James.

SHEPHERD.

Hae you made me a present o't, sir, outricht? You hae?—then alloo me to treat you wi' the eisters at my ain expense.

NORTH.

To purchase the Souvenir in oysters! Oh! the horrid thought!

SHEPHERD.

Rax me ower that newspaper, my dear sir, that I may wrap it——

NORTH.

Nay, we must not destroy Mr Ambrose's Courier.

SHEPHERD.

Is that the Coureer? It's the best paper, the Coureer, o' the hail set.

NORTH.

There cannot be a better paper, James—but there may be as good—and the Standard is so—the two together, well studied, may set a young Member of Parliament up in politics. Both true to the backbone. "Alike—yet oh, how different!" Mr Street is a man of great talents—and Mr Gifford an admirable writer. As for the Doctor——

SHEPHERD.

He has na his match in a' England, I'm sure, for wut, satire, and fun, and deevil tak me if he's no also a maist poorfu' reasoner. Wut and Intellect are twun-brithers, and sae like that but for a sort o' smile native to the face o' the first, I'll defy you to tell the ane frae the ither!

NORTH.

These are my Evening Papers, James; and my Morning ones are the Morning Post, always full of news of the fashionable world, and excellent and able in its politics—the Morning Journal most spirited and vigorous—the Morning Herald, miscellaneous to a most amusing degree, and teeming with various matter—the Morning Chronicle—you know the worthy Editor, Mr Black, James?

SHEPHERD.

A fine fallow—'gin he were na a Whig—and a great freen' o' dear Gray's——

NORTH.

Of itself a good sign of his heart;—but though a Whig, not a bitter one, and, though rather lengthy,—a writer of much talent and information.

SHEPHERD.

Do you no read The Auld Times?

NORTH.

What! not read the Leading Journal of Europe? Daily. Inexplicable altogether in its political machinery, I admire the strength and audacity of the bold Old Times. I also see that moderate and very able paper, the Globe.

SHEPHERD.

Faith there's the Embro' Saturday Evening Post turnin' out a maist capital paper. There's smeddum yonner, Mr North.

NORTH.

There *is* smeddum yonder, James. The pen of one first-rate writer may be weekly traced in its leading articles, and occasionally elsewhere—and some of his coadjutors are apparently men of power and principle. It has—though young—a good circulation, and is sure to succeed. A true Tory.

SHEPHERD.

What's the real *bonny feedy* state o' the case, sir, the noo, wi' what's ca'd the Question o' Catholic Emancipawtion ?

TICKLER (*yawning out of a profound sleep*).

Hallo ! where am I ? Who are you, gentlemen, intruding on a sober citizen's privacy at this hour of the night ? I say, who are you ?

SHEPHERD.

He thinks himsell at hame.—I really had nae notion, sir, that Mr Tickler was sae soon made fou ?

TICKLER.

Made fou ?—Heavens, at Ambrose's !

SHEPHERD.

At Awmrose's sure aneuch. You've been sleepin' this twa hours, sir, wi' your mouth wide open—and it required great forbearance no to put a half-lemon into your mouth. I would hae dune't, had ye snored—but as ye did na snore nane——

TICKLER.

I have awoke to all my " aitches !"

SHEPHERD.

When you gang hame, let me recommend you to get a flannen-petticoat frae ane o' the servant lasses, and wrap it roun' your chowks.

TICKLER.

Oh ! I am in great pain, James ! Let me lie down on the sofa.

SHEPHERD.

Do sae—do sae—but dinna snore nane.—Weel, Mr North, what's the bonny feedy state o' the case, wi' what's ca'd the Question o' Catholic Emancipawtion ? You dinna think it 'ill be carried or conciliated ?

NORTH.

Unquestionably, James, there is a belief among certain circles, that think themselves well informed, with respect to authentic rumours of intended measures of Government, that something is to be done for the Catholics in next Session of Parliament. One cannot dine out without having much sickening stuff of the sort dinned into his ears. But the nation has the Duke of Wellington's word for it—that nothing will be done for the Catholics in the next Session of Parliament.

SHEPHERD.

Has it ?

NORTH.

Yes, the Duke of Wellington said, in his simple strong style, in the House, that " if they kept quiet, *perhaps* something might be done for them ;" but they have not kept quiet ; and, therefore, *certainly* nothing will be done for them next Parliament.

SHEPHERD.

Quiet, indeed ! ay—ay—there's different kinds o' quiet, as the Duke, nae doot, kens as weel as either you or me, Mr North.

NORTH.

True, James. The French Marshals in Spain used to keep quiet—sometimes for weeks and months at a time—but the great Lord, for all that, lay asleep in his position like a lion with his eyes open,—and on an alarm, in half an hour the whole British army had been in order of battle.

SHEPHERD.

A toon coof, comin' intil the kintra, and kennin' o' coorse naething at a' about the symptoms o' the atmosphere, having contented himsell a' his life wi' noticin' the quick silver in his glass, and in spite o' a' its daily deceits keepit still payin' the maist shamefu' deference to its authority,—a toon coof, I say, sir, comin' intil the Forest, cocks his ee up to the heavens, without attendin' to what airt the wind blaws frae, and prophesying a fine, clear, dry, breezy day,

whustles out Ponto, and awa to the hill after the groose. The lift looked, he thocht, sae cawm, the weather sae settled! There was a cawm in heaven, nae doot—a dead cawm. But then far aff on the weather-gleam, there was a froonin', threatenin', sullen, sulky, dark, dismal, dour expression o' face in the sky—no the less fearsome 'cause o' the noo and then glimmerin' out o' something like a grim ghastly smile, as if it were stiffled lichtenin'—ahint the cloud that noo lies black and dense on the towerin' mountain, is heard first a sigh—then a groan—then a growl—then a clap—and then a rattle o' thunder, till earth shakes wi' a' her quiverin' woods, and the lochs are seen tumbling a foam on the levin!—a deluge droons the misty hills—and doon come the hay-rucks, or the corn-stooks, wi' aiblins a human dwelling or twa—sailing alang the meadows, in which the main course o' the Tweed is lost as in a sea, —sae sudden, sae red and sae roaring is the spate, that sweeps the vale o' half its harvest, and leaves farmer, hind, and shepherd, in ruin.

NORTH.

Strong as your imagery is, James, and vivid—most vivid your picture—it is neither overcharged—nor in one point inapplicable.

SHEPHERD.

I'm sure it's no, sir. Then let nae man tell me that seven million o' Eerishmen,—for if there were sax million at the last Noctes, they'll be seven noo,—will ever keep a cawm sugh—unless when they're brooin' mischief. I would despise them if they did, frae the bottom o' my heart—and I'm far frae despisin' the Eerish, wha, but for priests and priestcraft, would be, certes, a glorious people.

TICKLER.

Why, according to that rule of judgment, James, you suspect them alike, whether they are tame or tumultuous.

SHEPHERD.

Ye maunna argue wi' me, Mr Tickler; fa' asleep—for, wi' a' your poors o' reasonin', I'll set ye doon, and nail your coat tails to the chair, so as you'll no be able to get up again, wi' the strong haun' o' plain, gude, common sense. A' Eerland's under the thoombs o' the Agitawtors. Thoombs doon, and a's cawm; —thoombs up, and rebellion wud wade the bogs breast-deep in blood.

NORTH.

I repeat what I have said to you, James, a hundred times within these last four years, that the Government of this country has much to answer for to civil and religious liberty on account of its shameful supineness—must I say of a British Government—its cowardice?

TICKLER.

Well, then, pray is this state of things to be eternal?

SHEPHERD.

Let me answer that, Mr North.—It will last, Mr Tickler, as lang as the Bible is a sealed book. Break the seal—let the leeves flutter free—and Superstition, blinded by the licht o' heaven, will dwine and die. She will dwine for mony years afore she dies; but, during a' that time, knowledge will be gainin' head o' ignorance—Eerishmen will be becomin' mair and mair like Scotchmen and Englishmen in their character and condition—and when the similitude grows strong and secure,—for naebody wants perfect identity,—then, and not till then, "something perhaps may be done for the Catholics;"—and feenally, —for you maunna talk nonsense about eternity,—the Roman religion will be undermined and fall, and then there will indeed be a glorious Emancipawtion.

NORTH.

Meanwhile, good heavens! what might not the Irish landlords—Protestant and Roman Catholic alike—do for their beautiful country! There are many difficulties to contend against; but I, for one, never could see any mystery in the evils that afflict Ireland. She wants an enlightened system of education; —she wants an enlightened system of employment:—she wants an enlightened system of poor-laws;—she wants an enlightened, generous, patriotic, fatherland-loving resident gentry—lords and commoners;—and with these, Erin would indeed be the Emerald Gem of the Sea!

SHEPHERD.

What blesses ae kintra, blesses anither; and o' a' blessin's, what's mair

blessed than a resident gentry?—O that ugly sumph! that first daured to write doon in the English langage that a kintra was the better o' Absenteeism!

NORTH.

A paltry paradox, that stunk in the nostrils before it was a day old.

SHEPHERD.

O the ugly sumph! The doctrine was an outrage on human nature, and an insult to Divine Providence!—Would a kintra be the better if a' its clergy were non-resident in it,—absentees abroad,—and their duties discharged universally by proxy curates? Likewise a' its Judges? Likewise if a' partners in mercantile concerns were to leave them to the foreman, and gang ower to Boulogne to play billiards? And, to crown a', would the sumph say, that it wad be better for THE MAGAZINE, if its Editor,—even yoursell, sir, Christopher North, God bless you!—were an absentee?—Na, na! that you'll never be. Easier wad it be to root up an auld oak tree.

NORTH.

A blind, base blunder it was indeed, James; and how the owl did hoot in the sunshine, staring and winking most absurdly, with eyes made only for the twilight!—What books could the sumph, as you call him, have read?—With what manner of men held converse?—that his ear had not got accustomed, in some measure, to the expression of those natural feelings and affections, that bind the human heart to the *natale solum*,—feelings and affections so inevitable, that he is probably the first, and will be the last man, that ever avowed himself born without them,—insensible to their influence, or, rather, unaware of their existence!

SHEPHERD.

Better for a kintra that a' the gentry should leeve abroad! O the sumph! But, eh sir! is na't cheerin' to see and hear how suddenly a sumph's put down in Great Britain, when, wi' open jaws and lung-labouring sides, he sticks out his lang-lugged pericranium, and reckless o' breakin' the wund o' the puir harmless echoes, brays out insupportable nonsense, a' the while never dootin' himsell to be ane o' the greater prophets, lifting up a warning, as in an angelic voice, unto some foolish people determined to perish in their pride—were the ass to bray on till Domesday?

NORTH.

Yes, James, the British nation are not, in the long run, by any means easily humbugged. They have their temporary follies—why not? The proprietor, "of the wonderful duck," may make money for a month or so, asserting that she sings like a nightingale; but people will not pay sixpence twice to hear what, if their ears "are to be in aught believed," is neither more nor less, in tone or articulation, than—quack—quack—quack! Then, what a disgrace—what a degradation to Ireland—the land of eloquence and Burke, to have produced, in these latter days, no better demagogues than Sheil and O'Connell!—Scrape O'Connell's tongue of blackguardism, and Sheil's of blarney, and they will be as dry as that of an old parrot.

SHEPHERD.

I'm sure that Sheil's nae orator. Puttin' politics, and the peace o' Ireland, and the cause o' civil and religious liberty a' ower the world, a'thegither aside —and ane can easily do that at a Noctes——

NORTH.

With all the ease in the world, James.

SHEPHERD.

I mysell am an agitawtor! And not only can I mak a' allowance for them, but as ae human being wi' ither human beings, I can sympatheeze, sir, frae the very bottom o' my sowl, wi' agitawtors.

NORTH.

And so can I.

TICKLER—(*yawning.*)

And—I.

SHEPHERD.

Dear me, Mr Tickler! are you no asleep?—But, pity me the day! when I tak up a speech o' Sheil's, houpin' to get my heart made to loup like a cod in a creel; to be stung by his sharp swarming syllables into rebellion against the

state, like a colley attacked by bees, and in the madness o' pain bitin' his master; or rather, like a bull stung by a hornet in the flank, or a red-rag in the ee, plungin' after the herds and hinds, wha a' rin helter-skelter into the woods —or, like a teeger, or a lion, that has lain peaceably licking his paws till a man, in a hairy fur-cap, stirs him up with a long pole, and gars him roar as if about to carry aff in his mouth the son o' Sir George Monro across his shoother—or like an elephant that——

NORTH.

Stop, James—stop, for Heaven's sake, stop!

SHEPHERD.

Or like a whale that——

NORTH.

Stop, James—stop, for Heaven's sake, stop!

SHEPHERD.

Weel, then, I will stop. When, instead o' ony thing o' that sort, ae pert, pratin' fribble o' a coxcomb o' a Cockney o' a paragraph follows after anither, a' as like's they can smirk or stare, brither on brither o' the same conceited family, wi' faces and voices no to be distinguished, were it no that ane seems to be greetin' and ane to be lauchin', and ane to be troubled wi' a sair cough, and ane to hae the cholic, and ane to be dressed as for a bridal, and ane for a funeral—ane wi' a sodger's green coat, and ane apparelled in brown like a Quaker—yet a' the hail set equally cauldrife, formal, pedantical, and pragmatic,—and what's waurst than a', and damnation to the soul o' oratory, when I see hypocrisy, meanness, truckling insincerity, cruelty, and what's akin to cruelty, political cowardice, staining all the pairts o' speech—so that when a' the paragraphs have passed aff and awa, and the orawtion is closed, you know by a feeling no to be mistaken nor mistrusted, that Sheil is after a' only a playactor, sir, who has taken to the stage by chance, idleness, or impidence, but whom Natur has barely fitted to perform even the maist inferior and subordinate characters, either in farce or tragedy; although on the total eclipse of that sort of dramatic talent amang the Roman Catholics o' Eerland, he plays Captain Rock himself, even as in the submarine warld, in the dearth o' theatrical talent among the cetawceous tribe, ane might imagine a shrimp, to the astonishment of all other fishes, acting a whale, "wallowing unwieldy enormous in his gait," from a quarter to half an inch long.

NORTH.

Charles Phillips was worth a gross of Sheils. There were frequent flashes of fine imagination, and strains of genuine feeling in his speeches, that shewed Nature intended him for an orator. In the midst of his most tedious and tasteless exaggerations, you still felt that Charles Phillips had a heart; that he was a fine, bold, open, generous Irishman, in whom, more especially in youth and early manhood, you are delighted with a strong dash of folly—and who is entitled, in seasons of real or pretended passion, to avail himself of the privilege of his birth, to the very verge of madness, without being thought in the least insane—while in his more felicitous efforts, he rose fairly into the region of eloquence, and remained there on unwearied wing, either like a Glead on poise, or a Peregrine in pursuit, sufficiently long and light to prove the strength of his pinion, and the purity of his breed.

SHEPHERD.

What's become o' Chairley Phullups?

NORTH.

In good practice at the English bar, James—and at the Old Bailey, making a fair strussle even with Adolphus, who is one of the cleverest and acutest men I ever heard conduct a cross-examination, or address a jury.

SHEPHERD.

I'm glad o' that, sir. The lad was rather flowery; but he pu'd the flowers for himsell, frae the spots where natur bade them grow—and oh! but they tell me Eerland's a flowery flowery kintra—and didna buy them in shops like Sheil, out o' green wicker baskets set in the shade, or glass bottles wi' some water in them to enable the pinks and puppies for a few hours to struggle up their droopin' heads, while to the ee o' a florist they are visibly faded frae the very first—faded, sir, and fusionless, alike destitute o' bloom and bawm, and to a' intents and purposes, either o' utility or ornament, worthless as weeds.

NORTH.

When a sudden strong frost succeeds a week's wet, James, icicles make really a pretty show, as depending from slate or thatch eaves of cot or palace, they glitter in the sunlight, with something even of the lustre of the rainbow. The eye regards, with a sort of sensuous pleasure, the fantastic and fairy frost-work. But it soon is satisfied with the peg-like display of prisms—for even to the sense of sight they are cold, James—cold—we blow our fingers—on with our gloves—and leave the icicles to the admiration of schoolboys, who regard with open mouths and uplifted hands the raree-show—but who soon pass by unheeding when familiar with the dripping brotherhood, as they melt away beneath the meridian heat into the common mire of the street. Sheil's speeches are as formal and as cold as any long low level eaves of icicles—and can any other quality, James, supposing it to be there, compensate for frigidity?

SHEPHERD.

Neither man nor woman can thole frigidity. It's the death o' every thing, either dangerous or delightfu'—and then, because in his case it's sae totally unexpected—it strikes a chill into the marrow o' the back-bane—comin' either frae the haun' or the tongue o' an Eerishman.

NORTH.

Mr Sheil is a man of education—and something, though not much, of a scholar. You have read his plays?

SHEPHERD.

No me. Are they tragedies, comedies, or farces?

NORTH.

A sort of unintended mixture of the three, James. Occasionally rather elegant——

SHEPHERD.

Rather elegant! Oh, sir, that's damnation to a drama! Pity me the day! An elegant tragedy! Yet aiblins no sae very elegant either, if we tak a critical look at it——

NORTH.

Perhaps not, James.

SHEPHERD.

Just as my leddy's waitin' maid, or my leddy's milliner, whom you may hae mista'en, at a hasty glance, for my leddy hersell, is sune seen and heard thro', when you begin to flirt wi' her on the ootside o' a cotch.

NORTH.

The outside of a coach, James?

SHEPHERD.

Yes, the ootside o' a cotch, Kit. For she's aye sae fashous in pu'in' her petticoats ower her coots, though you're no lookin' at them; and aye drawin' her shawl across her breist, or rather wushin' you to do that for her, though there's neither cauld nor wund; and instead o' looking straight forrit, aye leerin' unaccoontably frae aneath her curls to the tae side—and every noo and then pretendin' to be frichtened whan ane o' the blin' leaders gies a start or a stumble, that she may press her shoother at the least again' yours—and then when she does ventur to begin to speak, keepin' at it tongue and nail, up hill and doon hill, the hail fifteen-mile-stage, wi' an H afore every vooel to help it out, and makin' use o' the maist comicallest words that are no even provincialisms, but peculiar to peculiar butlers in peculiar servants' ha's; sae that you're sair bamboozled to form a conjecture o' her meanin', and out o' pure gude breedin' are under the necessity, the first owershadowin' tree you cum to on the road, to loot down aneath her bannet and gie her a kiss.

NORTH.

And that somewhat amatory description of a would-be lady, you conceive, James, to answer, at the same time, for a critical dissertation on the dramatic genius of Mr Sheil?

SHEPHERD.

I leave you to judge o' that, sir. The pictur's drawn frae natur and experience—but it's for you and ithers to mak the application, for I ne'er read a verse o' Mr Sheil's in my life—and after yon beastly abuse, in a speech o' his

that has long been dead and stinkin', o' the late gude and gracious Duke o' York, whom all Britain loved—gude God! in the last stage o' a dropsy! and a' Eerland loved too, savin' and acceppin' the disgustin' imp himsell—confoond me gin I ever wull, though it were to save his neck frae the gallows.

NORTH.

With that sentiment, my dear Shepherd, all mankind will sympathise. Yet it was no outrage on the dying Duke.

SHEPHERD.

What?

NORTH.

Sheil, as he uttered those foul execrations, was simply in the condition of a drunk street-blackguard, who, in attempting to spit in the face of some sickly gentleman well stricken in years, grew so sick with blue ruin as to spew—while a sudden blast of wind from an opposite direction blew the filth back with a blash all over his own ferocious physiognomy, forcing the self-punished brute, amidst the hootings of the half-mirthful, half-abhorring mob, to stoop staggering over the gutter, and, in strong convulsions, to empty his stomach into the common sewer.

SHEPHERD.

Ma faith! you tawk o' my strang language? What's a' the coorse things I ever said at the Noctes Ambrosianæ puttin' thegither in comparison wi' that?

NORTH.

Far too mild, James. Let him or her who thinks otherwise fling Maga into the fire—from the arms of "the rude and boisterous North," fly into those of the sweet and simpering Sheil—for "rude am I in speech, and little graced with the set phrase of peace," iron would not melt in my mouth nor butter in his —yes, he is as mealy-mouthed on occasion as a flour sack in autumn—as honey-lipped as a bee-hive in spring—Yet hearken to me, James—his potatoe-trap—to borrow a good vulgarism of his own country, is liker the hole of a wasp's nest, when in the heat of the dog-days all the angry insects are aswarm, all at work, heaven only knows exactly at what, but manifestly bent on mischief, and ready to bury themselves with a bizz in the hair of your head, or to sting out your eyes lost in a blue-swelling, if you so much as look at them as the yellow Shanavests are robbing the hives of the beautiful industrious Orange-men the bees—aye just as the Catholic crew would, if they dared, rob the domiciles of the Protestants, upset if they could, James, the great Hives of National Industry, and——

SHEPHERD.

Murder a' the Queen Bees. There's a cleemax!

NORTH.

Do they, or do they not, seek the destruction of the Protestant Established Church in Ireland?

SHEPHERD.

Leears, as most o' the Roman leaders are, they sometimes speak the truth —and I believe them when they say, as they have said a thousand times *coram populo*, that that will be the most glorious, the most blessed day for Ireland, which sees that Church razed to its foundation-stane, and hears the huzzas o' the seven millions mixed wi' the dusty thunder o' its overthrow.

NORTH.

Let all Protestants therefore, who hope to hear the echoes of that consummation, vote for Catholic emancipation. Let all Protestants who venerate the holy altar of the Living Temple resist Catholic emancipation, even to the death! though to avert that calamity, they once more must see the green shamrock—God bless it—blush red—and for a season trodden with pain under patriotic feet, torn from the foreheads of traitors and rebels.

SHEPHERD.

What! mercy on us! ye're for fechtin'—are ye, sir?

NORTH.

No, James, I am for peace; but though blustering and bullying may for a long time be despised, yet when ruffians shake their fists or flourish their shillelas in your face, or begin sharpening their pikes, James—then it is time

to point with your hand to your sword—So, James—so—to recite with the alteration of one word those lines of Milton—

> "HE SPOKE—AND TO CONFIRM HIS WORDS, OUT FLEW
> MILLIONS OF FLAMING SWORDS DRAWN FROM THE THIGH
> OF MIGHTY PROTESTANTS!"

SHEPHERD.

Wha spak?

NORTH.

Wellington.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! do, my dear sir, I beseech you, tell me what can be the meanin', in a case like this, o'——securities.

NORTH.

A man of common prudence, James—a man who was not a downright absolute born idiot, would not lend five pounds on such securities as are talked of by some politicians as sufficient to lend out upon them the dearest and most vital rights and privileges that belong to us as Protestants, to our avowed enemies the Catholics, whose religious duty it is—let frightened fools deny it, and get laughed at and murdered for their cowardly falsehoods—to overthrow Church and State. For we, James, the prime of the people of England, and Scotland, and Ireland—that is, of the Earth—*are Heretics*—that is, we love the Tree of Freedom that is planted on earth, because it is a scion from the Tree of Life that grows in heaven "fast by the Throne of God." For centuries now have we flourished beneath its shade, and been refreshed with its fruitage. But had the Roman Catholics sway, the axe would be laid to its root——

SHEPHERD.

Mony a thump it would thole afore the bark even was chipped through o' the gnarled aik; for, wi' your permission, I change the eemage frae a fruit until a forest-tree; but then, sir, as you weel ken, the bark's——

NORTH.

Not like "the unfeeling armour of old Time——"

SHEPHERD.

Na, sir; but like the very hide o' a man, a horse, or an elephant, protectin' the beautifu' and fine vein-machinery through which the blood or the sap keeps ebbing and flowing, just as mysteriously as the tides o' the great sea. For my ain pairt, I hae nae fears that a' the axes o' our enemies, lang-armed and roun'-shoother'd though the race o' Eerishers be, could ever, were they to hack awa for ten thousan' years, penetrate through the outer ring o' the flint-hard wood, far less lab awa intil the heart o' the michty bole o' the Tree——

NORTH.

> "Like a cedar on the top of Lebanon
> Darkening the sea."

SHEPHERD.

Na, na, na. For there's nae saft silly sap in the body o' the tremendous auld giant. He's a' heart, sir—and the edges o' their axes would be turned as if strucken against granite.

NORTH.

True, James—most beautifully, sublimely true!

SHEPHERD.

Yet still an aik-tree (be thinkin' o' the British Constitution, sir), though o' a' things that grow, wi' roots far down in earth, and branches high up in heaven, the maist storm-lovin' and thunder-proof, depends for its verra life amaist as muckle on its outer rind as on its inner heart. Tear aff or cut through the rind, and the bole festers with fungus's, that, like verra cancers, keep eatin', and eatin', and eatin' day and nicht, summer and winter, into the mysterious principle o' leafy life.

NORTH.

You speak like a man inspired, James.

SHEPHERD.

Hae na ye seen, sir, and amaist grat in the solitude to see, some noble Tree, it matters not whether elm, ash, or aik, staunin' sick sick-like in the forest—why or wherefore you canna weel tell—for a' roun' the black deep soil is pervious to the rains and dews, and a great river gangs sweepin' by its roots, gently waterin' them when it rins laigh, and dashin' drumly yards up the bank when it's in spate—and yet the constitution o' the tree, sir, is gane—its big branches a' tattery wi' unhealthfu' moss, and it's wee anes a' frush as saugh-wands, and tryin' in vain to shoot out their buds unto the spring—so the hawk or heron builds there nae mair—and you are willing, rather than the monarch o' the wood should thus dee o' consumption, that axes should be laid to his root, and pulleys fastened to his bole and branches, to rug him doon out o' that lang slaw linger o' dwining death, till at last, wi' ae crash no unworthy o' him, doon he comes—owerwhelming hunders o' sma' saplins, and inferior stannards, and alarmin' distant vales wi' the unaccountable thunder o' his fa'—no the less awfu' because lang expecket, and leavin' a gap that 'ill no be filled up for centuries—perhaps never while the earth is the earth, and wi' a' its ither trees gangs circlin' round the sun, who misses, as niest morning he rises in the east, the lang-illumined Glory!

NORTH.

Better and better still, my dear James. The bold, bluff, sea-breeze-bronzed Men of Kent, James, how their strong lungs must have crowed within their broad bosoms, to see Sheil attempting to introduce on that stage the principal part in the farce of the Fantoccini!

SHEPHERD.

Oh! the puppy!—Oh! the puppet!

NORTH.

A great soul in a small body—and I know some such—is a noble—yes, a noble spectacle!—for there mind triumphs over matter, or, rather, dilates the diminutive form into kindred majesty;—or, what is most likely, the shape is sunk, and we see, while we hear, only the soul.

SHEPHERD.

That's as true a word's ever was spoken, sir. As reasonably admire a great, big, hulkin' fallow wi' a wee sowl, as think o' undervaluin' a man wi' a wee, neat body,—or even if it's no neat,—wi' a sowl fit for a giant. Never mind the size o' a man. Let him, on risin' to speak, tak the advantage o' a stool, sae that his head be on a level wi' the lave, and when the fire o' genius flashes frae his een, and the flood o' eloquence frae his lips, a' the waves o' that livin' sea will be charmed into a cawm; and whan he ceases speakin', and, jumpin' aff the stool, disappears, that livin' sea will hail him wi' its thunder, like fifty thousan' billows, at full tide, breakin' against the beach.

NORTH.

Admirable, my dear James, admirable!—But here was a puppet indeed! jerking legs and arms, and contorting nose and mouth, as if to a string, managed by Punch, or Punch's wife, beneath the platform.

SHEPHERD.

Sputterin' out amang shoots and shrieks o' involuntary lauchter—for man's by nature a lauchin' animal, and that distinguishes him frae a' the beasts, no acceppin' the lauchin' hyena, who after a' only grunts—sentences o' a speech, written a fortnight afore in Eerland!

NORTH.

Something inexpressibly ludicrous in the whole concern from beginning to end, James. The farewell to his native shores—the passage to Liverpool by steam—his approach in the mail towards London, of which that mighty metropolis lay, with all its millions, unconscious and unaware—and finally, the irresistible appearance of the ape in a cart on the Heath, with his mows and grins, and strangely accented chatter, so different from that of the same species in the Tower or Exeter 'Change—the rage of the animal on being what is absurdly called insulted, that is, treated in one universal and varied roar, with the tribute felt, by sixty—or say thirty thousand Englishmen,—to be due to one small Paddy, self-elected representative of the seven millions—and whom any Jack Tibbutts of a Kent yeoman could have put into his breeches-pocket,

where the little orator, like the caterwauling voice of a ventriloquist suddenly thrown into your apparel, would have delivered a speech just as like the one he did from the cart, as its report in the Sun newspaper.

SHEPHERD.

Haw—haw—haw! about midnight, sir, you begin to open out granly, and to wax wondrous comical. But what say ye to O'Connell?

NORTH.

Dan, again, James——

AMBROSE—(*entering with his suavest physiognomy.*)

Beg pardon, Mr North, for venturing in unrung, but there's a young lady wishing to speak with you——

SHEPHERD.

A young lady! shew her ben.

NORTH.

An anonymous article?

AMBROSE.

No, sir, Miss Helen Sandford, from the Lodge.

NORTH.

Helen! what does she want?

AMBROSE.

Miss Sandford had got alarmed, sir——

SHEPHERD.

Safe us! only look at the time-piece! Foure o'clock in the mornin'!

AMBROSE.

And has walked up from the Lodge——

NORTH.

What? Alone!

AMBROSE.

No, sir. Her father is with her—and she bids me say—now that she knows her master is well—that here is your Kilmarnock nightcap.

(MR NORTH *submits his head to Picardy, who adjusts the nightcap.*)

SHEPHERD.

What a cowl!

NORTH.

A capote—James. Mr Ambrose,—we three must sleep here all night.

SHEPHERD.

A' mornin' ye mean. Tak' care o' Tickler amang ye—but recollect it's no safe to wauken sleepin' dowgs.—Oh! man! Mr North! Sir! but that was touchin' attention in puir Eelen. She's like a dochter, indeed.—Come awa', you auld vagabon', to your bed. I'll kick open the door o' your dormitory wi' my fit, as I pass alang the trans in the mornin.' The mornin'! Faith I'm beginnin' already to get hungry for breakfast! Come awa, you auld vagabon'—come awa.

(*Exeunt* NORTH *and* SHEPHERD, *followed by the Height of* TICKLER, *to Roost.*)

NORTH—(*singing as they go.*)

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise!"

Da Capo.

"BUY A BROOM?"

Chapter I.

One beautiful afternoon, about the beginning of the barley and wheat harvest, young Frederick Hume arose from his desk, where, for several hours he had been plodding at his studies, and, to unbend himself a little, went to his window, which commanded a view of the neighbouring village of Holydean. A stillness almost like that of the Sabbath reigned over the hamlet, for the busy season had called the youngsters forth to the field, the sunburnt sickleman and his fair partner. Boys and girls were away to glean: and none were left but a few young children who were playing quietly on the green; two or three ancient grandames who sat spinning at their doors in the rich sunlight; and here and there a happy young mother, exempted by the duties of nurse from the harvest toils. A single frail octogenarian, who, in hobbling to the almost deserted smithy, had paused, with the curiosity of age, to look long beneath his upraised arm after the stranger horseman, who was just going out of sight at the extremity of the village, completed the picture of still and quiet life which our student was now contemplating. After raising the window, and setting open the door to win into his little apartment the liquid coolness which was nestling among the green fibrous leaves around the casement, he had resumed his station and was again looking towards the village, when, hearing a light foot approach the door of his study, he turned round, and a young female stranger was before him. On seeing him she paused at the threshold, made a sort of reverence, and seemed willing to retire. From her dark complexion, her peculiar dress, especially the head gear, which consisted merely of a spotted handkerchief wound round her black locks, Hume guessed at once that she was a foreigner; and he was confirmed in this supposition when, on his advancing and asking, "What do you wish, my good girl?" she held forward a light broom, and said, in the quick short pronunciation of a foreigner, "Buy a Broom?"—"Pray what is the use of it, my good lass?" said Frederick, in that mood in which a man, conscious that he has finished a dry lesson to some purpose, is very ready to indulge in a little badinage and light banter.

"For beard-shaving," answered the girl quizzically, and stroking his chin once or twice with her broom, as if with a shaving brush. It might be she was conscious that he was not exactly the person to buy her broom: or perhaps she assumed this light mood for a moment, and gave way to the frank and natural feeling of youth, which by a fine free-masonry knows and answers to youth, despite of differences in language and manners,—despite of every thing.

"Most literally an *argumentum ad hominem*, to make me buy," said the scholar; "so what is the price, fair stranger?"

"No, no," said the girl, in quick reaction from her playful mood, whilst a tear started in her dark lustrous eye, "but they bid me come: they say you are a doctor: and if you will be kind and follow me to my poor brother, you shall have many brooms."

On inquiring distinctly what the girl meant, our student was given to understand, that her only brother, who had come with her as a harper to this country, had fallen sick at a gentleman's house about a mile off, and that she, on learning Mr Frederick Hume was the only person within many miles who could pretend to medical skill, had come herself to take him to her poor Antonio. After learning farther the symptoms of the lad's illness, the young surgeon took his lancets and some simple medicine, and readily followed the girl, who led the way to a neat villa, which, as Frederick had heard, was the residence of an Italian gentleman of the name of Romelli. He had been an officer in the French service, and had come to this country with other prisoners; but instead of returning home on an exchange being made, he chose to continue in Scotland with his only daughter, who had come over to him from Italy, and who, Frederick had heard, was a young lady of surpassing beauty. Following his conductress to Romelli's house, Hume was shewn into a room, where, reclining upon a sofa,

was a boy apparently about sixteen years of age, the features of whose pale face instantly testified him to be brother to the maid with the broom. He was ministered to by a young and most beautiful damsel, Signora Romelli herself, the daughter of the house, who seemed to be watching him with the softest care. At the head of the sofa stood the harp of the wandering boy.

"I presumed, sir," said the lovely hostess, turning to Hume, "to hint that perhaps you might easily be found, and that certainly you would be very willing to take a little trouble in such a case as this. The affectionate sister has not been long in bringing you."

"If the cause of humanity may be enforced by such kind and beautiful advocacy," returned Frederick, bowing, "the poor skill which you have thus honoured, young lady, is doubly bound, if necessary, to be most attentive in this instance.—What is the matter with you, my little fellow?" continued he, advancing to the patient. "Nothing," was the boy's answer: and immediately he rose up and went to the window, from which he gazed, heedless of every one in the apartment.

"I am afraid the boy is still very unwell," said Signora Romelli; "only look how pale he is, sir."

Hume first looked to the boy's sister, to assure himself what was the natural healthy hue of these swarthy strangers; then turning to the boy himself, he could not but observe how much the dead yellow of his face differed from the life-bloom which glowed in her dark brown cheek. His eye at the same time burned with arrowy tips of restless lustre, such as are kindled by hectic fever. He resisted, however, all advances on the part of our surgeon to inquire farther into his state of health, impatiently declaring that he was now quite well; then resuming his harp, and taking his sister by the hand, he seemed in haste to be gone.

"My father is not at home," said the young lady of the house to Hume, "nevertheless they must abide here all night, for I can easily see that boy is unable to travel farther this evening: And besides, they are of my own native country. Use your prerogative, sir, and don't let him go."

In spite of the surgeon's persuasions, however, and heedless of Signora Romelli and his sister, who joined in the remonstrance against his departure, the boy would be gone, even though at the same time he declared there was no place elsewhere where he wished particularly to be.

"He is a capricious boy, to reject your excellent kindness, Miss Romelli," said Frederick; "and I doubt not he will treat, in the same way, a proposal I have to make. With your leave, young lady, I shall try to win him, with his sister, to our house all night, lest he grow worse and need medical aid."

From the unhappy appearance of the young musician, this proposal seemed so good, that it was readily acquiesced in by his sister, and by the kind lady of the house, provided the boy himself could be brought to accede to it, which, to their joyful surprise, he most readily did, so soon as it was signified to him.

"With your permission, Miss Romelli," said Frederick, as he was about to depart, "I shall do justice to your benevolence, and walk down to-morrow forenoon to tell you how the poor lad is."

At this the fair Signora might, or might not, slightly blush, as the thing struck her, or the tone in which the offer was made, gave warrant. She did for a moment blush; but of course her answer was given very generally, "that she would be most happy to hear her young countryman was quite well on the morrow."

The affectionate sister gratefully kissed the hand of her kind hostess. As for the boy himself, with a look half of anger, he took the former by the hand and drew her hastily away, as if he grudged the expression of her gratitude. He had not moved, however, many paces forward, till, quitting his sister's hand, he turned, and taking Signora Romelli's, he kissed it fervently, with tears, and at the same time bade the Virgin Mother of Heaven bless her.

Struck with the remarkable manner of this boy, our student tried to engage him in conversation by the way, but he found him shy and taciturn in the extreme; and as he had already shewn himself capricious, he now evinced an equal obstinacy in refusing to allow either of his companions to carry his harp, which being somewhat large, seemed not well proportioned

to the condition of the bearer, who, besides being manifestly unwell, was also of a light small make. From the sister, who seemed of a frank and obliging temper, Frederick learned some particulars of their earlier history and present mode of life. Her name, she said, was Charlotte Cardo, and her brother's Antonio Cardo. They were twins, and the only surviving children of a clergyman in Italy, who had been dead for two years. Their mother died a few hours after giving them birth. "After the loss of our father," added the maiden, "we had no one to care much for us; yet I would have dwelt all the days of my life near their beloved graves, had not my brother, who is of a restless and unhappy temperament, resolved to wander in this country. How could I stay alone? How could I let him go alone? So a harp was bought for him; and now every day, from village to village, and up and down among the pleasant cots, he plays to the kind folk, and I follow him with my brooms. We have been a year in this country, and I know not when we shall return home, for Antonio says he cannot yet tell me." Hume having expressed his surprise that she could talk English so well on such a short residence in this country, she explained, by informing him, that both her brother and herself had been taught the language so carefully by their father, that they could talk it pretty fluently before they left Italy. During the brief narrative of his sister, the boy, Antonio, kept his eye intensely upon her, as if ready to check every point of explanation, but Charlotte ended her short statement without any expressed interruption on his part, and again his eye became self-contained and indifferent.

The next expression of the boy's character was no less singular and unexpected. On observing a company of reapers, in a field by the way-side, taking their brief mid-afternoon rest, he advanced to the gate, opposite which, at a little distance, they were seated, and, unslinging his harp, began to play, filling up the sweetly dotted outline of the instrumental music with his own low but rich vocal song. After the first preamble, he nodded to his sister, and instantly her loud and thrilling voice turned magnificently into the same strain. On first view of the musician and his party, the rude young swains of the field, for favour, no doubt, in their mistresses' eyes, began to play off their rough wit; but in another minute these bolts were forgotten, and the loud daffing of the whole company was completely hushed. At first the song was grave and lofty, but by degrees it began to kindle into a more airy strain, till, as it waxed fast and mirthful, the harvest maids began to look knowingly to their partners, who, taking the hint, sprang to their feet, hauled up their sweet abettors, were mated in a moment, and commenced a dance among the stubble, so brisk, that the tall harvest of spiky wheat, standing by, rustled and nodded to them on its golden rods. Aged gleaners stood up from their bowing task, and listened to the sweet music, while the young came running from all parts of the field, and, throwing down their handfuls, began madly to caper and to mix with the more regular dance. The old grey bandsters, as they stood, rubbing in their hands ears of the fine grain, smiled as much under the general sympathy, as from a consciousness of their own superior wisdom above such follies. Even the overseer himself, who stood back, silently, was, for a minute, not scandalized at such proceedings, which were converting a time of repose for his weary labourers into mad exertions, which went positively to unfit them for the remaining darg of the day. Consideration, remonstrance, anger, were, however, soon mantling on his face, and he came forward; but he was anticipated, for the principal minstrel, who, with something like a smile on his countenance, had seen at first the quick influence of his music on the swink't labourers of the sweltering day, had gradually grown dark and severe in his look, and now stopping his song all at once, he refitted his harp to his shoulder and walked away without looking for guerdon, and heedless of the rustic swains, who shouted after him and waved their rye-straw hats.

With the greatest good-humour our young surgeon had indulged, to the very top of their bent, this musical frolic of the two foreigners, sitting down by the wayside till it was fairly

over, and now he resumed his way with them. Antonio was silent and shy as before; but the manner in which he looked round him over the beautiful country, shewed that his spirit was touched with its glad scenes. All the western sky was like an inflamed sea of glass, where the sun was tracking it with his fervid and unallayed wheels. Beneath his golden light lay the glad lands, from right to left white all over with harvest; thousands were plying in the fields; sickles were seen glinting on the far yellow uplands, and nearer were heard the reapers' song, and the gleaners calling to each other to lay down their handfuls in the furrows.

The road now led our party by an orchard where boys were up in the trees shaking down the fruit. The little fellows, all joyous in their vacation from study, were tugging with might and main at and among the clefted branches; their sisters below gathered the apples in baskets, whilst the happy father, walking about with his lady, decided their appeals as to the comparative beauty of individual apples. Allured by the sound of the fruit hopping on the ground, two or three stray waifs had left off their gleaning in a neighbouring field; and the ragged little urchins were down on their hands and knees, thrusting their heads through holes in the hedge which separated the orchard from the road. One of them having been caught behind the ear by the stump of a thorn, found it impossible to draw back his head, and in this predicament he had to bawl for assistance. This drew the attention of the lady; and, after the rogue had been released, the whole party were summoned to the gate, and blessed with a share of the bounties of the year, which the kind lady dispensed to them through means of her own dear little almoners. Whether it was that he liked the benevolence of this scene, or whether he was reminded of his own beautiful Italy, or from whatever other affection, the young harper again took his harp, and waked those wild and dipping touches, which seem more like a sweet preamble than a full strain. He again accompanied it with his voice, and his sister did the same. The young girls laid down their baskets of fruit, and drew to the gate; the trees had rest for a while from shaking, while the fair-haired boys, with faces flushed and glowing from their autumnal exercise, looked out in wonder from between the clefts of the boughs. When the song ceased, the lady offered money, but neither of the minstrels would accept it. On the contrary, Antonio took his sister by the hand, and hurried her away from the gate, ere one of the children could bring the basket of fruit for which she had run, to give a largesse from it to the strangers. Frederick, after talking a few minutes to the lady and gentleman, and telling them how he had fallen in with the foreigners, followed and overtook his companions, just as they had come in sight of Greenwells cottage, where he resided.

"So there is our house now, just beyond the village," said Frederick, advancing to them. "The lady with whom I live will be very kind to you; and you must stay with her for a few days, and give her music, which she loves. What say you, pretty Charlotte?"

Antonio here stepped forward between his sister and Hume, and said, with quick emphasis, "I will go with you, sir, and I shall let Charlotte follow me."

On arriving at the cottage, Frederick introduced the strangers to his relative, Mrs Mather, with whom he resided, and who, on learning their circumstances, kindly received them as her guests. They would have taken their departure next day, but in this they were resisted by the charitable old lady, who farther won from them the promise that they would stay with her for at least a week. Ere the expiry of that time, whether from the caprice or benevolence of her nature, or from her especial liking for Charlotte, who had gained rapidly upon her affections, Mrs Mather had conceived the design of adopting the two Italians, and preparing them for situations worthy of their good descent; and she was confirmed in her purpose when, on breaking the matter to Frederick Hume, it met with his entire concurrence. The next step was to gain the consent of Antonio, which might be no easy matter, as he seemed a strange and impracticable boy; but, somewhat to the surprise of Frederick, no sooner was the proposal made to him, than he heartily acceded to it.

As for his sister, independent of her dislike to a wandering life, and her growing attachment to Mrs Mather, her brother's will was, in all cases, her law. It was then settled that Charlotte should be confidential maid to the old lady, to read to her at night, and assist her in making dresses for the poor, among whom she had a number of retainers; while Antonio should be sent to the Rev. Mr Baillie's, a clergyman, a few miles off, to board with him, and finish his education, which had been neglected since his father's death, that so he might be fitted for a liberal profession. Proud though Mrs Mather was of this scheme, her self-complacency was not without one qualification, in the cold and doubtful manner in which Miss Pearce nodded to the old lady's statement and explanation of her plan. As this woman, Miss Pearce, had it in her power, ere long, grievously to affect the fortunes of young Hume, we shall notice her here a little fully. She was the only daughter of a half-pay captain, whose death left her with a trifling annuity, and the proprietorship of a small house in the village of Holydean. After the death of her husband, a wealthy retired merchant, who had spent the last years of his life at Greenwells, Mrs Mather, having no family, began to cast about for a companion, and Miss Pearce was soon found out to be one of those indispensable parasitical maidens whom old ladies like Mrs Mather impress into active service, in the seasons of raspberries, and the elder-vintages; —hold long consultations with on the eve of entertainments;—retain as their own especial butt in company, and a fag partner at whist when a better fourth hand is wanting;—appeal to in case of a (shall we name it?) lie, when there is danger of detection;—cherish and moralize with when the party is over;—and, finally, would not dismiss, though one were to rise from the dead and cry out against the parasite. In addition to these implied qualifications, the amiable creature was a monopolist in ailments; and, of course, careless about the complaints of others, of which, indeed, when within reach of Mrs Mather's sympathy, she seemed to be jealous. In her person she was lean and scraggy, with a hard brown face, kiln-dried by nervous headachs. Her figure was very straight, and she was elastic in her motions as whalebone or hiccory, and might have been cut with advantage into tapes for tying up bundles of her favourite tracts, or sinewy bowstrings for Cupid, for his arrows, not to be shot *at*, but to be shot *from*. We need scarcely add, after all this, that her nose was very long, and so sharp it might have cleft a hailstone. When Frederick Hume was thrown a helpless orphan on the world, and Mrs Mather, who was a distant relative of his mother's, proposed to take him to herself and bring him up as if he were her own son, Miss Pearce, though she could not set her face directly against such a charitable arrangement, yet laboured to modify it by a counter-proposition, that the boy should be provided for, but by no means brought to the cottage. She was then, however, but in the spring-dawn of favour with her patroness, and her opinion being overruled, the boy was brought home to Mrs Mather, and daily grew in her affections. During his childhood, Miss Pearce advanced steadily in favour, and she was too jealous of divided influence, and too Jesuitical in her perseverance, not to improve every opportunity of challenging and modifying the growing affection of Mrs Mather for her adopted son, whose bold and frank nature was endearing him to every one. When this would not do, she began to change her battery, and tried, by a new show of kindness, to make a party in the young elève himself, whom yet she thoroughly hated. Whether it was, however, that he knew her enmity, and never forgave her for having once or twice secretly and severely pricked him with pins; or, whether, with the quick instinct of childhood, which knows in a moment, and despises, the kind notice bestowed upon it for the sake of currying favour with parents, he virtually set down Pearce's new attentions to such a motive, certain it is, if he did not positively hate her, he never once stroked her purring vanity; and she, on the other hand, was, from his indifference, confirmed in her dislike. As Frederick grew up, he had many opportunities of shaking Miss Pearce's influence with her patroness; but, as he thought her despicable merely, and not dangerous, he was too magnanimous to molest her. In that scheme of life to which the heart has long responded, what was at first a jarring

element hath become a constituent part of the general sympathy; and from this it might be that Hume not only continued to endure Miss Pearce, but even loved her with the affection of habit.

One might have supposed, that ere the time to which our narrative now refers, Miss Pearce would have been tired of intrigue, and would have seen the folly of being jealous in the favour which she had proved exactly, and from which she knew so little was ever to be gained or lost; but a Jesuit would be a Jesuit still, were the Church of Rome utterly annihilated, and petty intrigue merely for its own sake, and little selfish arrangements of circumstances, although nothing was to be gained, constituted the very breath of Miss Pearce's nostrils; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at, that, when Mrs Mather stated her design of adopting the two Italians, as above mentioned, she heard it with that umph, and nod, which express—not that a thing has been assented to—but merely that it has been literally and distinctly heard. Her objections were entered under a masked battery. She began by praising Mrs Mather's unbounded benevolence of heart. She hoped they would be grateful; they could not be too grateful; nay, they could never be grateful enough. She allowed the conversation to take a general turn, then tried to control it gradually to her purpose, and found an opportunity of relating, as if incidentally, how a certain lady, whom once she knew, had been ruined by a foreign protegée whom she had unwisely cherished. She touched upon swindling, vagrants, and obscurely alluded to legislature, and the alien act. Notwithstanding all such hints, however, the thing was settled in the affirmative; the boy Antonio was sent to stay with Mr Baillie, and Charlotte commenced work under the immediate auspices of her new patroness. The regularity and certainty of her new mode of life, soon subdued the roving qualities which her character might have slightly acquired, and which quickly give a corresponding wildness to the features. Her dark and comely beauty remained quick and expressive, but it was sobered under the accompaniments of an English dress, and tamed by the meek offices of our country's excellent morality. Her eye was still drunk with light as when morning comes upon the streams, but it waited and took commands from the looks of her mild hostess. The footstep of the reclaimed wanderer might still be light and airy, but now she went about the house softly, under an excellent ministry. In health she became Mrs Mather's delight, and still more so when the infirmities of the good old lady required delicate attentions. Like the glorious Una of Spenser's Fairy Queen, the kind eyes of this beautiful Italian, even amidst affliction, " made a light in a shady place."

Frederick Hume forgot not his promise to wait upon Signora Romelli, and inform her, that his minstrel-patient was quite well on the morning after the day when he was ill in her house. At the same time, he presented a card from Mrs Mather, requesting a mutual acquaintanceship. A friendly intercourse grew up accordingly, and, ere the fall of the season, Signor Romelli and his daughter were at least once every week at Greenwells Cottage, to the huge dismay of Miss Pearce, but the delight of our young surgeon, who began most deeply to love the beautiful Julia Romelli. She was taller and fairer than the maid Cardo: her locks were nut-brown: her eye was a rich compromise betwixt the raven and the blue dove, a deep violet,

> ———" like Pandora's eye,
> When first it darken'd with immortal life."

She was quick, capricious, and proud; bold in her pouting displeasure, which was like a glancing day of sunshine and stormy showers: but then she was ardent in her friendships, and very benevolent; ready, withal, nay in haste, to confess her faults, in which case her *amende honorable*, and her prayer for pardon, were perfectly irresistible. A heart of her ambition, and so difficult to be won, insensibly exalted her in the eyes of the dashing and manly Frederick; who, without any ostensible calculation of selfish vanity, loved her the more deeply, that she was a conquest worthy of boldest youth. Notwithstanding her superior qualifications, and the ardour of his suit, we infer that the fair Julia kept shy and aloof, and at the same time that her lover was only the more deeply determined to make her his, from the circumstance that, in a few months, he

had condescended to calculate how he stood in her father's affections, and was studious to accommodate himself to the manner of the Signor, who was grave in his deportment, and almost saturnine, seldom moved to smiles, and never to laughter; and who, though he could talk fluently, and with eloquence, seemed, in general, to wear some severe constraint upon his spirit.

Chapter II.

Things were in this state when the winter session came round, which called Frederick to Edinburgh, to prosecute still farther his medical studies. The summer following he continued in town studying botany; and after making a tour through the Highlands of Scotland, it was about the middle of autumn ere he returned to Greenwells Cottage.

He found Charlotte Cardo improved in beauty and accomplishments, and advanced in favour with every one who knew her; even Miss Pearce herself condescended to patronize her publicly and privately. But what pleased him most of all, was to find that Julia Romelli was still a frequent visitor at the Cottage. The season of harvest, too, had given a vacation to Mr Baillie's scholars, and Antonio Cardo was now at home beside his sister; and the harp and the song of the Italian twins were not forgotten when the sweet gloaming came on. Deeply occupied in spirit as Hume was with thoughts of his fair and shy Signora, he was yet constrained to attend to the abrupt and strange manifestation of Antonio's character, which broke forth, from time to time, mocking the grave tenor of his ordinary behaviour. According to his reverend tutor's statement, he had been a very diligent scholar; and he testified it thus far, that he talked English with great force and propriety. With the boys of his own age he had consorted little, and seemed to take no delight in conversing with any one, though now and then he would talk a few minutes to the old men of the village, and sometimes to the children. He was now equally taciturn at Mr Mather's; but occasionally he broke forth, expressing himself in rapid and earnest eloquence, and shewing a wonderful power of illustrating any point. From his manner altogether towards Miss Romelli, his devoted attentions at one time, and at another his proud shyness; and from his dignified refusal, often, to play on the harp when Hume wished to dance with that lady, Frederick could not but guess that he was a rival candidate for Julia's love. But the most striking and unaccountable demonstration of the boy's character, was the visible paleness which came over his face, the current—the restless flow—of his small features, and the impatience of his attitudes, now shrinking, now swelling into bold and almost threatening pantomime, whenever Signor Romelli came near him. Visibly, too, he was often seen to start when he heard his countryman's deep voice: He spoke to Romelli always with an eloquent *empressement* in his tone, as if his thoughts were crowding with his crowding blood: He looked him eagerly in the face: He often went round about him, like an anxious dog.

One night Romelli, more open and talkative than usual, had told two or three stories of the sea, when Antonio, who had listened, with a sharp face, and his whole spirit peering from his eyes, came forward, and sitting down on the carpet before his countryman, looked up in his face, and said, "I will now tell you a legend of the sea, Captain Romelli."

Cardo's Legend.

'A rude Captain in the South Seas had murdered his mate, an excellent youth, for pretended disobedience of orders; and for this crime God sent the black-winged overtaking tempest, which beat his ship to pieces, and he was cast alone upon a desert island. It was night when he recovered from his drenched dream, and sat down on a green bank above the sea-marge, to reflect on his situation. The storm-racks had fled away: the moon came peering round above the world of seas, and up through the cold, clear wilderness of heaven: the dark tree-tops of the forest, which grew down to the very sands, waved in the silver night. But neither this beauty after the tempest, which should have touched his heart with grateful hope, nor the sense of his deliverance, nor yet the subduing influence of hunger, could soften that mariner's soul; but he sat till morn-

ing, unrepentant of his murder, fortifying himself in injustice, hardening his heart, kicking against the pricks. About sunrise he climbed up into a high tree, to look around him. The island, so far as he could see on all sides, seemed one wild and fenceless forest; but there was a high hill, swathed in golden sunlight, perhaps three or four miles inland, which, if he could reach and climb it, would give him a wide prospect, and perhaps shew him some inhabited district. To make for this hill, he descended from the tree, and struck into the woods, studious to pursue the straight line of route which he laid down for himself, in order to reach the mountain.

The forest was full of enormous trees, of old prodigious growth, bursting into wild gums, and rough all over with parasitical plants and fungi of every colour, like monstrous livers; whilst up and down the trunks ran strange painted birds, pecking into the bark with their hard bills, and dotting the still air with their multitudinous little blows. Deeper from the engulfed navel of the wood came the solitary cries of more sequestered birds. Onward went the wicked Captain, slowly, and with little caution, because he never doubted that he should easily find the mountain; but rough and impervious thickets turned him so oft, and so far aside, that gradually he forgot his proposed track, and became quite bewildered. In this perplexity, he again climbed a high tree, to discover the bearing of the hill; but it was no longer to be seen. Nothing was before him and around him, but a boundless expanse of tree-tops, which, under a sky now darkened to a twilight, began to moan and surge like a sea. Descending in haste, he tried to retrace his steps; but this it was out of his power distinctly to do; and he only went deeper into the wood, which began to slope downwards perceptibly. Darkness, in the meantime, thickened among the trees, which were seen standing far *ben*, as in a dream, crooked in their trunks, like the bodies of old men, and altogether unlike the trees of an upper world. Every thing was ominously still, till all at once the millions of leaves were shaken, as if with small eddying bubbles of wind. Forthwith came the tempest. The jagged lightning lanced the forest-gulfs with its swift and perilous beauty; whilst overhead the thunder was crushed and jammed through the broken heavens, making the living beams of the forest to quiver like reeds. Whether real or imaginary, the wicked Captain thought that he heard, at the same time, the roar of wild beasts, and saw the darkness spotted with their fiery eyes; and to save himself from them, he climbed up into a tree, and sat in its mossy clefts. As the storm above and beneath ranged away, and again drew nearer and nearer, with awful alternations, the heart of the wicked Captain began to whirl within him, tugged at by immediate horrors, and the sense of ultimate consequences, from his helpless situation. In his agony, he twisted himself from branch to branch, like a monkey, braiding his legs, and making rings with his arms; at the same time crying out about his crime, and babbling a sort of delirious repentance. In a moment the tempest was over-blown, and every thing hushed, as if the heavens wished to listen to his contrition. But it was no contrition: nothing but an intoxicated incontinence,—a jumble of fear and blasphemy; such a babbling as a man might make if he were drunk with the devil's tears, gathered, as they came glittering like mineral drops down the murky rocks of damnation, in bottles made of the tough hearts of old vindictive queens.—Holy Mother! Do you hear me, Signor Romelli? By the Holy Mother of Grace! you and I, Signor, think he ought to have repented sincerely, do we not?—Well, what next? God does not despise any working of the sinner's heart, when allied, even most remotely, to repentance: and because the wicked Captain had felt the first tearings of remorseful fear, God sent to him, from the white land of sinless children, the young little Cherub of Pity. And when the wicked Captain lifted up his eyes and looked into the forest, he saw far off, as at the end of a long vista, the radiant child coming on in naked light; and, drawing near, the young Being whispered to him, that he would lead him from the forest, and bring a ship for him, if he would go home, and on his knees confess his crime to the aged parents of the youth whom he had murdered, and be to them as a son, for the only son whom they had lost. The wicked Captain readily vowed to perform these

conditions, and so the Babe of Pity led him from the forest, and, taking him to a high promontory above the sea shore, bade him look to the sea:—and the promised ship was seen hanging like a patch of sunshine on the far blue rim of the waters. As she came on and came near, the heart of the wicked Captain was again hardened within him, and he determined not to perform his vow.

"Your heart has again waxed obdurate," said the Figure, who still lived before him like a little white dial in the sun; "and I shall now turn the ship away, for I have her helm in my hand. Look now, and tell me what thou seest in the sea." The wicked Captain looked for the ship, but she had melted away from off the waters; and when he turned, in his blind fury, to lay hold on the White Babe, it was vanished too.

"Come back to me, thou imp," cried the hungry blasphemer, whilst his face waxed grim with wild passions, "or I will hurl this dagger at the face of the Almighty." So saying, he drew a sharp clear dagger from his side, and pointing it upwards, threw it with all his might against the sky. It was now the calm and breathless noontide, and when this impious dagger was thrown up, not a breeze was stirring in the forest skirts or on beaked promontory; but ere it fell, a whirling spiral blast of wind came down from the mid-sky, and, catching the dagger, took it away glittering up into the blue bosom of heaven. Struck with a new horror, despite of his hardened heart, the wicked Captain stood looking up to heaven after his dagger, when there fell upon his face five great drops of blood, as if from the five wounds of Christ. And in the same minute, as he was trying to wipe away this Baptism of Wrath, he reeled and fell from the lofty promontory where he stood into the sea, into the arms of the youth whom he had murdered and thrown overboard, and whose corpse had been brought hither by the tides and the wandering winds. So the wicked Captain sunk for ever in the waters.

"Now, Signor Romelli," said the boy Antonio, after a brief pause, "what do you think of my Legend?"

Ere an answer could be returned, a broad sheet of lightning flashed in at the window, (for the sky all day had been thunderous and warm,) and instantly it was followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, which doubly startled the whole company sitting in the twilight room.

"Get up, foolish boy," said Romelli, his deep voice a little tremulous, whilst at the same time he struck Antonio gently with his foot. Not more quickly did the disguised Prince of Evil, as represented by Milton, start up into his proper shape at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, than did the young Italian spring up at the touch of Romelli's foot. His very stature seemed dilated, and his pantomime was angry and threatening, as for a moment he bent towards the Signor; but its dangerous outline was softened by the darkness, so that it was not distinctly observed; and next moment the youth drew back with this remark,—"By Jove, Captain, there was a flash from the very South Sea island in question! What a coincidence! what a demonstration was there! and O what a glorious mirror plate might be cut from that sheet of fire, for the murderer to see himself in. Thank God, none of us have been in the South Seas, like the wicked Captain in the Legend."

There was no farther reply to this, and Signor Romelli was silent and unusually pale during the remainder of the evening. After waiting one hour, during which there followed no more thunder and lightning, and then a second hour till the moon was up, he arose with his daughter and went home.

Chapter III.

Again the season came round, which called Frederick Hume to town for another session, to finish his medical studies, and get his degree as a physician; and once more he prepared to take a tender leave of his Julia, whom he loved more than fame or life. Overcome by his deep passion, he confessed it all to the maiden; and when he caught her trembling at his declaration, how could she explain her emotion otherwise than by confessing, despite of her pride, that their love was mutual? or answer for it better than by pledging her troth for ever, in return for his vow of constancy?

About Christmas, Antonio Cardo came from Mr Baillie's, to spend a few holidays at Greenwells Cottage. One night Signora Romelli gravely assumed the character of a prophetic improvisatrice, and told the future fortunes of Mrs Mather's household.

"And now," said she to Antonio, "come forward, young harper; you look there for all the world as if you were about to be set down for a murderer."

The boy started and went out, but in a few minutes he returned, and, flinging himself on his knees before Miss Romelli, he prayed her, for the love of heaven, to reverse her ungentle prophecy.

"Up, foolish boy," said Julia, "why you look indeed as if your conscience were fairly measured; as if the red cap fitted you. Well, Antonio, you are either waggish or simple to an uncommon stretch."

The boy rose with a groan, and Julia's father entering the room at this moment, he took up a small knife from the table, and shaking it at the Signor Captain, said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Your foolish daughter, sir, says that I am to be a murderer." On no answer being returned, he bit the handle of the knife for a moment, and then laid it down.

Next evening, a party being assembled at the cottage, and Julia Romelli being there, she was of course an object of general attention and the most assiduous gallantry. During a dance, Antonio, who had refused to play on the harp, sat moodily in a corner, watching the graceful Signora, and louring against the smiles of her partner; heedless at the same time of his sister, who, when she stopped near him in the dance, gently chid him one while, and then, smiling in her happy mood with a tearful glance, which asked him to share her joy, patted him below the chin, and bid him rise and dance merrily. Miss Romelli saw the sisterly love of Charlotte; and, in her good-nature, a little while after, she made up to the youth, and speaking to him as if he were merely a shy and timid schoolboy, insisted upon his taking part in the dance.

"Prithee, do not think me quite a boy," said he in return.

Signora, as the best rejoinder, repeated her invitation, upon which he started up, and flinging his arms with mad violence around her neck, saluted her before the whole company. Julia disengaged herself, blushing. There was bridling on the part of the ladies; hearty laughter and cheers from old bachelors; and some of the young gallants looked very high, and ready to call the offender to account. Signor Romelli looked grave and moody after the strange salutation; and poor Charlotte hung down her head, and gradually withdrew from the room. As for the culprit himself, he walked haughtily out, and was followed by Mrs Mather, who took him to task in another apartment. The amiable Miss Pearce had likewise followed to approve her former prophecy of trouble from such guests; but her patroness was not in the vein for tolerating officious wisdom, and forestalling that virgin's charitable purpose, she turned her to the right about in a moment.

"And now, mad boy," demanded the old lady, "what meant this outrageous solecism? For my sake, what did you mean, Antonio Cardo?"

"Kind and gracious lady," he replied, "do not question me just now. But if you would have me saved from perdition, bind me hand and foot, and send me far away over seas and lands."

"If this is all you have to say for yourself," returned Mrs Mather, "it is certainly a very pretty speech: though it is far above my comprehension. No—no; the thing was a breach of good manners; but I don't exactly see that your precious soul's endangered, or that you are entitled to be sent to Botany Bay for stealing a bit kiss—doubtless your first offence."

"Well, my excellent apologist," said Antonio, "if you will use a little address, and bring Signora Julia hither, I will ask her forgiveness perhaps."

"You are a very foolish young man indeed," returned the old lady, who was one of those persons whose humour it is, without abating from their real good-nature, to rise in their demands or reproaches when any thing like concession has been made. "I say it—a very foolish boy; and I have a great mind to let the young lady be angry at you for ever; and so I don't think I shall either bring her or send her."

Cardo knew very well that these words of his hostess, as she left the apartment, implied any thing but a decisive negative; and he sat still waiting the entrance of Julia, who, af-

ter a few minutes, made her appearance accordingly, with Mrs Mather.

"Now, my most gracious hostess," said the youth, rising and turning to the latter, "you must give us leave for a brief while, for I have something particular to say to this young lady."

Mrs Mather looked to Signora.

"O yes, by all means," said Julia, "do according to his request, and let me hear this wonderful secret."

When Mrs Mather had retired, the boy Cardo advanced, and said to Julia, in a voice trembling with emotion, "Will you judge me, fair Italian, and condemn me by coldhearted rules? If you do, I ask ten thousand pardons for my rudeness to-night."

"And, pray, what right have I, sir, to give dispensations beyond the laws of wise and prudent society?"

"O, let me vary my question then, beautiful woman," said the passionate boy, flinging himself on his knees before her,—"Can you forgive my deep soul then for loving you to madness, Julia Romelli?"

"Now, shall I laugh at you for a very foolish boy, or shall I bid you rise at once, if you would not have me leave the apartment as quickly? Now, sir, that you are up, (for you seem to dread the imputation of boyhood,) let me tell you, that when I spoke of the rights of society I gave no liberty to suppose that my own maidenly feeling would be more liberal than such a law. The truth is, sir, I have nothing farther to add or hear, unless you sent for me to ask pardon for your breach of good manners, in which case, I readily allow, that I mistook you so much as heedlessly to give you some provocation. As for the offence itself, really you seem so very foolish that I know not whether I do right in saying, (with a smile) that it was not by any means very grievous."

"Is that all?—Is that all?" said the Italian boy. "No—no; you must let my heart love you, and you must love me in return. O, if you value your father's life, and your own peace; and if you would save me from perdition, you must become my wife, lady!"

"Why, sir, I do think it were charity to believe that you have lost your reason: You are most foolish else.—I will not stay flippantly to debate your boyish proposal; but, young sir—Antonio Cardo I think is your name—Can you——"

"Mother in Heaven!" interrupted Cardo. "Do you *think* so? only *think* so? Why, my sister's name is Charlotte Cardo, and by Heaven I think she is a lady. You will say, Are we not dependent? Yes, to that: for a certain overwhelming reason I have allowed it for a little while; but soon the whole shall be accounted for."

"Condescend not for me, sir," said Julia, "to vindicate your dignity or pride: I have no right, nor am I disposed, to offend either."

"Perhaps not, young lady. But be wise and wary as you list, cold and cruel, I shall only love you the more; or plague you with my demon: there are but two alternatives; and I must be miserable in either, I am afraid."

"Sir," said Julia angrily, and walking away, "I will pay the only compliment which I can reasonably bestow upon you, by telling you that your conduct obliges me to discontinue my visits in future at this house."

"One moment—stay then, Signora," cried Antonio, stepping between her and the door, "listen to me this once. Mrs Mather loves you dearly, and so does Frederick Hume, and so does Charlotte Cardo, and so does ——. Well, so do you also love to visit at this house; and never for me shall you forego that delight, never for me shall the three excellent persons above named forego your delightful presence. I shall leave this house for ever, to-morrow morning, nor plague you more."

"I must now do you justice, sir," said the fair Italian, "and though you certainly speak like a foolish boy, I will not urge this, but address you as a frank, open-minded, honourable man, and tell you at once that my affections are already engaged, and my vow of constancy made to another."

"Enough said, Signora Romelli: I can guess who that highly favoured youth is: and I will say there is not a nobler heart than his in all the earth. Forgive me, young lady, and let me not detain you longer. Be assured, too, my impertinent solicitations are ended for ever."

The lady withdrew, and Antonio, locking the door, paced hurriedly up and down the apartment. Signor Romelli in the meantime had retired from the house. The yellow moon was swimming through the streams, but not in unison with the lovely night was the heart of this Italian Captain as he walked forth along the bank. "By

Heaven," said he to himself, "this boy, Cardo, knows it all! whether from prophetic divination, or whether the sea hath given up her dead to declare against me. I will as soon believe that those hot seething brains of his could produce the literal dagger which his hand seems always in the act of clutching, as that they could frame that celebrated Sea-legend without some horrid collusion. Well, 'tis passing strange: but the imp seems daily ripening for some disclosure, or for some act of vengeance, and I must forestall him in both. How shall it be done? Stay now, let me see—he is nearly mad; that must be allowed by all—well, then, can I not get a professional verdict to that effect? Stay now: is not Stewart, the principal physician of the Lunatic Asylum in the neighbouring town, a suitor of my daughter? I can easily see that he is bold and unprincipled, and the other consulting physicians are old women. Well, may I not possess Stewart with the belief that my daughter loves this Antonio Cardo, and get him to warrant the removal of the boy to the mad-house, in virtue of his late strange behaviour, which, to common observation, will amply justify a charge of lunacy? Stewart, I think, will do it in the faith that my daughter will never give herself to one that has been in Bedlam: and I, for my share, will gain the security, that whatever he may hint or declare in future, relative to what I think he knows of me, will be easily ascribed to a taint of remaining madness. Any period, however short, in that redoubted place, will serve Stewart's motives and mine; but if the horrid sympathy of the house make a convert of his soul to the propriety of his chains, so much the better. Now Stewart is at present in the cottage, and why may not the thing be carried into effect this very night? By his authority, we shall get constables from the village without a moment's delay."

Romelli lost no time in making his representations to Stewart, who, hearing the Signor's professions in his favour relative to Julia's love, if Cardo could be morally blackballed, gave in without hesitation to the wicked scheme. Mrs Mather, overcome by the explanations of the Doctor, and by the dread of having a madman in her house, was constrained also to accede, and charitably undertook to detain Charlotte in a remote part of the house, till her brother should be seized and carried off, which was to be done as quietly as possible. The door, however, of the room in which he had locked himself had to be forced, as he could not be prevailed upon to open it; and ere the constables could do this, and overcome the resistance which he offered to their attempts to seize him, the whole house had been alarmed, and crowded to see what was the matter. Charlotte, when she saw him in custody, uttered a piercing shriek, and fell in a swoon to the ground; some of the ladies retired with her; others, with compassion, drew around the hapless boy, while Stewart, who was a bold and callous tactician, would not attend the unhappy sister till he had enforced the necessity of sending the brother to the madhouse.

"Ha!" cried poor Antonio, at mention of this horrid destination; and a convulsive shudder ran through his frame. He turned a rueful glance on Julia Romelli, whilst at the same time he trembled as if his slight body would have been shaken to pieces. "So, you ruffians," he said, at length, "you have crushed my poor sister down to the earth, and all for what? Where is my broken flower? well—she is better hence. Lead on:—and, gentlemen, I am not very mad perhaps. Look to Charlotte, and tell her I have escaped—any thing but"——Lead him out then. He bowed to the company with a kind of wild, unsteadfast energy; and was led away manacled.

Much, indeed, was Frederick Hume surprised and shocked to hear, from Mrs Mather's next letter, of Antonio's fate, and he determined to visit the country as soon as possible, for the express purpose of seeing the poor Italian boy. A few weeks after this, he was sitting in his apartment one evening with two or three of his college chums, when his landlady announced to him that a young lady was in another apartment waiting to see him.

"Why, this is something," said Frederick, rising and following the mistress of the house—"Who can it possibly be?"

"Ah, you are a lucky dog, Hume," observed one of his companions.

"Some very fond, faithful, or despairing shepherdess!" said a second.

Little did these gay chaps know the

cause of such a visit, for it was poor Charlotte Cardo herself; and no sooner did she see Frederick, than grasping his proffered hand, she fell on her knees, and looking him wistfully in the face, cried, "Oh, my poor brother! have mercy on me, good sir, and help him."

"Poor child!" said Hume, raising her, "I am afraid I can do little for him; but I shall lose no time now in seeing him. Can I do any thing for him in the meantime?"

"I do not know, sir," said Charlotte, confusedly; aware, probably for the first time, that she had undertaken a foolish journey.

"And have you come all this way, Charlotte, for my poor help?"

"O, speak not, Mr Hume, of miles, or hundreds of miles, in such a case, if you can do any thing for us. I am told there are great physicians in this city. Perhaps you know them, and perhaps"——She stopped short.

"Well, my good girl," said Frederick, clapping her on the shoulder, "for your sisterly love, every thing shall be done for your brother that man can do. I shall see him first myself, and that ere long; and then I shall consult on his case with one or two eminent doctors, friends of mine."

"God bless you, sir, all the days of your life!" said the Italian girl, sobbing almost hysterically from her full and grateful heart. "I have no other friend on earth that I can seriously trust; they are all hollow, or foolish in their kindness."

"Does Mrs Mather know of this pious journey of yours, Charlotte?" asked Frederick.

"Forgive me, sir—She tried very much to dissuade me, and bade me write if I chose—But, pardon me, sir, I thought it better——"

"To see me personally, you would say? Well, Charlotte, you argue fairly that letters are but second-rate advocates, though, to do myself justice, I think, in such a case as this of your brother's illness, the mere representation of the thing was enough to make me do my very utmost. Now, Charlotte, that you may not be ultimately disappointed, let me warn you——"

The maiden here looked so piteously, that he was fain to add, "Well, I have good hopes that he may soon recover."

To this Charlotte answered nothing; for in the natural sophistry of the heart under an overwhelming wish, she durst not appear confident, lest she should again provoke the doubts of her medical Aristarch, as if the evil were not, when she had not heard it literally expressed by another. Yet still, when Frederick tried to change the conversation, by asking indifferent questions, she brought it back to the subject which engrossed her heart, by citing instances of some who had been confined as lunatics, though they were not, and of others who had gradually recovered their reason.

Resigning Charlotte to his landlady's care for the night, Frederick in the morning provided for her a seat in the mail, and took leave of her, with the promise, that he would make a point of being at Greenwells in little more than a week.

In less than ten days he visited Antonio in his cell, and found the poor boy lying lowly in his straw, and chained, because, as the keeper explained, he had made the most desperate efforts to get out. He arose, as Hume entered, and with a suspicious look, demanded, "Are you also come to spy out the nakedness of the land?"

"Do you not know me, Antonio?" asked Frederick, kindly.

"I think I do," answered the boy, with a faint smile; "but do you know me under this sad change of affairs?"

"You have not been very well, I understand?" said Hume.

"No doubt you were given to understand so," was the answer; "but if you will request that official gentleman to retire for a little, I shall undeceive you."

Frederick did so; and the keeper having withdrawn accordingly, the poor patient, with a tear in his eye, looked eagerly at Hume, and said, "Are you, too, sir, against me? Holy Virgin! will you also leave me here, and go tell the world I am truly mad?"

"Well, my good boy," said Frederick, "you must be very quiet, and you will soon give the lie to the charge. I am glad to see you as you are."

"God in Heaven! to be sure, sir. As you say, very quiet I must be; and reason good; and all that. Let me tell you, Dr Hume, you have not a good method with madmen. Nothing manages them so well as grave banter, half-angry and half-yielding; or stern and unmitigated awe, which overrules

them as the lower range of the creation is controlled by the 'human face divine.' You may try these methods with me, if you think me *bona fide* insane. But, oh, rather hear me, sir, this once, and give me justice: take for granted that I am in my right mind: affect neither kindness nor menace in your words; but speak with me as man to man, and then you shall not lose perhaps the only opportunity of saving my body and my spirit from this unhallowed coercion, for I may soon be ill enough."

"Whatever you have to state," returned Hume, "I shall in the first place hear you without interruption."

"I readily grant, sir," said the supposed maniac, "that you have good reason to believe me insane, and that it is a very difficult thing for you to be satisfied of the contrary. On the other hand, it is no easy matter for me, chafed and tortured as I have been by my horrid confinement, to refrain from the 'winged words' of an indignant spirit. But I shall try to be calm and consistent; and you must try to be unprejudiced and discriminating. You see, sir, I go to work scarcely like a lunatic, since I have sense and reason to provide allowance for preliminary difficulties."

"Very well; tell me what you wish, good Antonio: what can I do for you?"

"Either you have little tact, Dr Hume, or you still think me mad, since you speak in that particular tone of voice—I know it well. The God of Heaven help me in my words at this time, that I may not speak from my full and burning heart, and you misinterpret me!"

"My dear fellow, Antonio Cardo," said Frederick, with kind earnestness, "for your own sake, and for your sister Charlotte's sake, I will not leave this part of the country, till I have thoroughly sifted the cause and reasonableness of your confinement; yet you must allow me to do the thing with prudence. I may not be able to get you released to-night; but, as I said before, I am disposed this very moment to hear and judge what you have to propose or state. I think you ought not now to be suspicious of me?"

"Ave Maria!" said Antonio—"Holy Virgin of Grace! you have sent one wise and honourable man to my wretched cell; and I think my hour of deliverance must now be at hand. What shall I say to you, Dr Hume? What argument shall I try, to lay fast a foundation on which your faith in my sanity may be built? For, O! assuredly beneath the gracious eye of Heaven, there cannot be a fitter temple for Charity to dwell in. The truth is, Frederick Hume, I may at times in my life have felt the madness of whirling and intense passion; and I have a horrid fear that my days shall close in darkness, in pits which I dare not name, in dreams, the dark alienation of the mind. I am thus candid, the better to assure you that my soul at present is self-possessed and compact, of firm and wholesome service. Think, too, that I have leapt against my cage till my heart has been wellnigh breaking; that my spirit, from feverish irritability, has been a furnace seven times heated, in the next alteration of feelings, to be overwhelmed by a suffocating calmness. Remember that I have lived for months amidst those horrid cries which thicken the air of this place; and above all, that I know well I should not be here. Such things may make me mad at times; but say, sir, am not I tolerably well, every drawback considered?"

"Good God!" answered Hume, "what then could be their purpose or meaning in this confinement of yours?"

"My heart, Dr Hume, is ready to cast out corresponding flames with your indignant speech and question; but I shall be calm, and not commit myself, because I still think God hath brought round a gracious hour and a just man. What shall I say to you again, Dr Hume? Try me by any process of logic. Shall it be an *argumentum ad hominem*, as my kind old tutor styles it? Shall I reason on my present situation, and tell you that things are not well managed in this place? The treatment is too uniform, and general, and unmodified; whereas, by a proper scale, the patient should be led from one degree of liberty to another, according to his good behaviour, that so he might calculate, that so he might exercise and strengthen his reason, that so he might respect himself, and gradually improve. Now, sir, judge me aright. Nature, in dread apprehension, sets me far above vanity; and I will ask you have I not uttered deep wisdom? You have not detected aught like the disjointed fervour of lunacy in my speech? My

thoughts are not abrupt and whirling, but well attempered, and softly shaded, as the coming on of sleep."

"By my soul, Cardo," said Frederick, "I think you have been most grossly abused."

"Have I not? have I not?"

"Whose doing was this? and can you guess why it was?" asked Hume.

"I owe it to Romelli and Stewart," answered Antonio. "The wherefore I know not, unless it be that I have loved too ardently, and shall never cease to love, Signora Romelli. Go away, sir, and be like the rest of the world; leave me here to perish, for you, too, love the maiden, and may be offended at my passion."

"It is my business, in the first instance," answered Hume, "to follow common humanity and justice. I shall instantly overhaul this damnable oppression, and call the above men to tax. You must be quiet in the meantime."

"O, let it not be long, then!—let it not be long!—let it not be long!—If you knew how my good angel, young Charlotte Cardo, has made me hope for your coming! If you knew how I have counted the weeks, the days, the hours, the minutes, for you! How my heart has beat loudly at every sound for you, from morning, till night darkened above my rustling straw, and all for your coming! And in the tedious night-watches too! when my soul longed in vain to rest for a little while beyond the double gates of horn and ivory, in the weary land of Morpheus! Merciful sleep!—Merciful sleep! How many worn and ghost-like spirits yearn and cry to be within the dreamy girdle of thy enchanted land! Let them in, O God! The body's fever and the mind's fever, calentures of the brain and careerings of the pulse, revenge, and apprehension, and trembling, fears of death that visit me in the night when I lie here, terror to be alone lest indeed I lose my reason—and oh! hope deferred—and then outwardly, around me day and night, beleaguering the issues of my soul, and making me mad by the mere dint of habit, wild laughter unfathomed by reason, sharp cries, 'as fast as mill-wheels strike,' shrieking groans as from the hurt mandrake, muddy blasphemies, enough to turn the sweet red blood of the hearer into black infatuation and despair; add all these precious ingredients to the boiling heart of pride within, and what have you got? O, something worse than a witch's cauldron, boiling 'thick and slab' with the most damned physical parcels, and casting up the smeared scums of hell! And such, sir, has been my lot here, and therefore I pray that God may put swift gracious thoughts for me into your heart! O, let it not be long, for the knowledge of hope will make me only the more irritable, and it will be very dangerous for me if that hope be deferred. I will amuse myself counting off bundles of straw till you visit me again, if you do not die, as I am afraid you may, ere you can free me."

"Now then, I must take my leave of you, Antonio, as it is needless for me to say any thing farther at this time."

"For the love of the sweet Virgin Mother, Frederick Hume," said the Italian boy, throwing himself down among his straw with a violence which made his chains rattle, "speak comfort to my sister, who has pitched her tent and set down her soul's rest within the shadow of one unhappy boy's heart. I shall sleep none to-night. Farewell, sir, and think upon me!" He nestled with his head in the straw, and Frederick Hume left the unhappy place.

Chapter IV.

The keeper of the asylum had either been convinced of Cardo's lunacy, or had been bribed to make his reports to that effect; and Hume, when he entered the poor boy's cell, had no doubt whatever that the thing was as represented; but now he was fully convinced of the contrary, and proceeded without delay loudly to challenge the wicked or foolish affair. Had the first movers of it thought that he was to be in the country so soon, they would probably have taken care not to let him visit Antonio privately; and they were not a little startled when Hume entered his strong remonstrance, and declared that the boy had been most unjustifiably confined. As for Romelli, his ends were already in a great measure served, and he cared not much farther about the thing. Stewart, who was jealous of Hume's professional character and his present interference, made a show as if he

would gainsay Frederick's opinion to the very utmost. The other consulting physicians, nettled, no doubt, that their grave wisdom should be impugned by a stripling, were in a disposition sooner to fortify themselves in injustice, than to see and acknowledge the truth, were it made as plain to them as day. When they heard, however, that Hume was determined to make a representation of the case to the magistrates of the place, and to visit the asylum again ere long, with one or two of the principal Edinburgh physicians, they were a little alarmed; and Stewart, particularly, from his consciousness of the truth of what Frederick had stated, determined that Cardo should have an opportunity of making his escape, which would save himself the shame of being publicly obliged to yield to Hume's interference.

About a week after the above interview betwixt Antonio and our young doctor, Miss Pearce, Signor Romelli, and his daughter, (for the Signor had excused himself pretty well to Frederick,) and two or three more, were sitting one evening in Mrs Mather's parlour. The candles had just been lighted. Immediately the door opened, and admitted a young man bareheaded, and in worn attire. As he came slowly forward, he waved his hand mournfully, and attempted to speak, but seemed, from emotion, unable for the task. He was now seen to be Antonio Cardo, though he had grown so tall of late, and was so very pale, that he was not easily recognised. There was a tear in his eye, a slight dilation of his nostril, and a quivering all round his mouth, like one whose honour has been doubted, and who has just come from trial and danger, and indignant victory. Were an idiot to gain reason and high intellect, and to be seen walking stately with wise men, who would not weep at the sublime sight? Nor is it without awful interest that we behold a man composed and serene, after coming out of a dark dream of insanity, the fine light of reason exhaling from the unsettled chaos of his eye, and a tear there, the last witness of the unaccountable struggle. Some of the young ladies who now saw Antonio Cardo lately recovered, as they had heard, from such a fit, had been talking of him a little before, and styling him, "poor unhappy creature;" but no sooner did he appear before them, redeemed, as they thought him to be, graceful and beautifully pale as he was, than he gained the yearning respect of all, and was a prouder object to every heart than a bridegroom from his chamber. He advanced slowly without speaking, and sat down on a sofa like a wayfaring man wearied out with his journey. Charlotte entered the room. "There he is at last!" cried she, when she saw him, and throwing herself upon his neck, she swooned away, overcome by a thrill of joy. Kindly for a while did God hold her spirit entranced, that she might not be agonized at her brother's sudden and strange departure. For Antonio at this moment observing Signor Romelli, whom his weak and dazzled eyes had not till now seen, laid his sister, like an indifferent thing, upon the sofa, started forward, and pointing with his finger to Romelli, whispered deeply, "Have I found you, mine enemy?—Take care of that man, good people, or my soul shall tear him to pieces."

Like an unreclaimed savage, the boy grinded his teeth as he hung for a moment in his threatening attitude; but he was seen to be working under some strong restraint, till all at once he rushed out of the house, and was lost in the dark night. Days, weeks, and months passed, and still he came not, nor had his friends heard any thing of him. During the summer, every young beggar lad that came to Greenwells Cottage, was keenly scrutinized by poor Charlotte Cardo; and every day she went to the top of a green hill in the neighbourhood, to look for travellers along the road, or coming over the open moor. But all her anxiety was in vain; Antonio came not, and she began to droop. In the house, she walked softly with downcast eyes; she was silent and kind, and very shy, though every one loved her. Amidst gay company, she scarcely seemed to know where she was, sitting motionless on her chair, or obligingly playing to the dance without ever seeming to be wearied. To every one that kindly requested her to take part in the amusement, she answered by a shake of the head and a faint smile.

Besides sorrow for her brother's unaccountable absence, another passion, which no one suspected, was beginning to prey upon the heart of this

Italian maiden; and no sooner did she hear Frederick Hume, about the beginning of autumn, propose to go in a few weeks to Paris, there to remain during the winter, than she declined so fast in her health, that in a few days she could scarcely walk about the house. Observing with infinite regret her increasing feebleness, Frederick humanely resolved to defer his journey till he should see the issue of her illness; and, in the meantime, he procured for her the best medical attendance, determined to do every thing which human skill could do for the beautiful alien. By the advice of his medical friends, in accordance with his own view of the case, he would have sent her to her native Italy; but this she over-ruled, declaring she would be buried in Mrs Mather's own aisle.

"Can none of you tell me," said she, one day to Frederick, who was alone with her in the room, as she sat upon the sofa, "what has become of my poor harper?"

"To be sure, Charlotte," he answered; "I know very well where he is. He is off to Italy for a while, and will take care of himself, for your sake, you may be assured."

"You are a kind gentleman, sir," returned the maiden; "but it will not do. Yet what boots such a life as mine? Let me die. You will be happy with the beautiful Signora Romelli when I am gone, and then she will be assured that I cannot envy her."

As she said this, she covered her face with one hand, whilst she extended the other. It was pale as a lily bleached with rains; and well could Frederick see that the narrow blue rings of Death, her bridegroom, were on the attenuated fingers. He took the hand and gently kissed it, bidding her take courage, and saying, that she must take care of her life for her brother's sake. At this the maiden, not without a little irritable violence, hastily withdrew her hand, and used it to assist in hiding the tears which began to burst through between the fingers of the other. Trembling succeeded, and a violent heaving of heart, such as threatened to rend her beautiful body to pieces. At this delicate moment Mrs Mather entered the room, and hasted to her assistance.

One afternoon about a week after this, an eminent doctor from the neighbouring town, who generally attended the maiden, took Frederick Hume aside, and in answer to his inquiries regarding her appearance that day, said, "There is but one possible way, Hume, of saving that girl's life."

"For God's sake, name it, sir," returned Frederick.

"You will be surprised, perhaps shocked, Dr Hume," continued the other physician; "but it is my duty to tell it to you. Well, then, that Italian girl is dying of love for you."

"Whom do you mean, sir? Not Charlotte Cardo?" said Frederick, afraid of the conviction which had flashed upon him.

"I cannot be wrong, Frederick," replied the other; "Mrs Mather hinted the thing to me some time ago. I have seen it from the manner of the girl, and her emotion in your presence, compared with her manner when I visited her without your being with me. To-day she spoke of you under a slight degree of delirium, and when she recovered, I made her confess the whole to me."

"You have at least done well to tell me," said Hume, anxiously. "But what must be done?"

"Why, sir, as the mere physician in this case, my opinion generally, and without any reference to other circumstances, is, that you must formally make the girl your bride this very night, if you would give her a chance for life. To remove her preying suspense, and dread of losing you, may calm her spirit, and lead to ultimate recovery."

"You are an honest, but severe counsellor," said Frederick, shaking his medical friend by the hand with desperate energy; "but, for God's sake, sir, go not away till you tell me again what must be done. Were myself merely the sacrifice, I should not hesitate one moment,—nor perhaps think it a sacrifice. But, good God! I stand pledged to another lady—to Miss Romelli. And now, how can I act? Can there not be at least a little delay—say for a week?"

"I think not, sir. No, assuredly. But——"

"Sir?" demanded Frederick, eagerly, interrupting him; "speak to me, sir, and propose something. I have entire confidence in your wisdom."

"I was merely about to remark," continued the uncompromising phy-

sician, "that it is indeed a puzzling case."

"The worst of it is," said Hume, "that Miss Romelli is at least fifty miles hence, with her father, at bathing-quarters; and I ought, by all means, to see her and be ruled by her in this matter. Such is certainly my duty."

"Much may be said on both sides," briefly remarked the physician, who, most abstractly conscientious in his professional character, would not advise against the means of saving his patient's life.

"I will bear the blame then," said Hume, after a short but intense pause. "I cannot see that orphan-child perish, without my attempting to save her. Miss Romelli, I trust, will either be proud or magnanimous, and so ——the sooner, sir, the ceremony is performed the better."

The next point was to break the proposal to Mrs Mather; but besides her wish to see Miss Romelli become the wife of Frederick, she was scandalized at the idea of his marrying a girl, whom, despite of her affection for Charlotte, she hesitated not at this time to style a wandering gipsy.

"Prithee, madam," said Frederick, bitterly, "do not so speak of my wife that is to be; but go prepare for this strange wedding."

"Never, never," replied the old lady; "it is all vile art in the hussy to inveigle you into a snare; I can see that."

"Nevertheless, the thing shall be done," returned Hume, firmly. "And I must tell you, madam, without any reference to my interest in her, that you are doing gross injustice to the poor girl, and mocking a bruised heart."

"It may be so, sir," said the lady, haughtily; "and, moreover, you may do as you list; but you shall not have my countenance at least."

Accordingly, the old lady left the cottage without delay, and took refuge at the house of a friend, about six miles off, determined there to stay till bridegroom and bride should leave her own dwelling. Meanwhile, Frederick was not disconcerted; but with almost unnatural decision, summoned Miss Pearce, and one or two maids from the neighbouring village, to prepare his bride, and attend her at the strange nuptials. He was too manly and magnanimous to fulfil the letter, without regarding the fine spirit of his sacrifice, and, accordingly, he took every precaution not to hurt or challenge Charlotte's delicacy of feeling; and, particularly, he strictly enjoined every one of the above attendants not to mention that Mrs Mather had left the house, because the thing was utterly against her wish, but that she was kept by indisposition from being present at the ceremony, which, on the contrary, it was to be stated, was all to her mind. Miss Pearce, when she learned the flight of her patroness, began to remonstrate against taking any part in the transaction; but Hume drew her aside, and spoke to her emphatically, as follows:—"Why, Miss Pearce, what means this? You know you have been a very obliging madam for a score of years or so, d——d obliging indeed, never wanting for a moment with your excellent suppliance, a most discreet time-server. You know, too, very well, what reason I have to dislike you. I shall soon control Mrs Mather. By my soul, then, you shall now do as I bid you, or be cashiered for ever. Moreover, a word to the wise: you are getting very sharp in the elbows now, you know, and ought to be very thankful for one chance more. So you shall be bride's-maid this evening, and if you enact the thing discreetly, and catch every little prophetic omen or rite by the forelock, why then you know your turn may be next. Think of the late luck of your next neighbour, that great fat overwhelming sexagenarian, like the National Debt, and do not despair. I am peremptory, Miss Pearce, if you please."

The poor creature had not spirit to resist the determined manner of Hume, which she easily recognised through his moody and (but that he knew her to be Miss Pearce) insolent address. She prepared to obey him, yet making, like a stanch Jesuit, her mental reservations, and storing up his obnoxious language to be avenged, should an opportunity ever occur.

And now the small company of bridal guests were assembled in the lighted hall. Frederick Hume stood by his bride Charlotte Cardo, and took her by the trembling hand. The words of mutual obligation were said by a neighbouring gentleman, a justice of the peace, because, owing to hasty preparation, the ceremony could not be performed according to the

forms prescribed by the church, and, therefore, could not be engaged in by a clergyman. During the brief repeating of the marriage obligations, there was death and fire mingled in the bride's eye; her heart was heard by all present beating,

"Even as a madman beats upon a drum;"

And no sooner was the marriage fully declared, than she sprung forward, threw her arms around the neck of Frederick, kissed him with wild energy, and exclaimed, "O my own husband!" There was a faint and fluttering sound, like the echo of her passionate exclamation, as she sunk back upon the sofa, before which she had stood; the lord of life came reeling down from the bright round throne of the eye; her eyelid flickered for a moment; her lips moved, but nothing was heard;—yet it was easily interpreted to be a wordless blessing for her beloved one before her, by the smile which floated and lay upon her placid upturned face, like sunshine upon marble. Thus died Charlotte Cardo, and Frederick Hume was a husband and a widower in the same moment of time.

Chapter V.

With manly and decent composure Frederick ordered the preparations for the funeral of his shortlived spouse; and Mrs Mather, having returned home truly affected at the fate of Charlotte, repentant for her own last harshness to the dying maid, and touched with a sense of Frederick's noble behaviour, gave ample permission to the youth to lay the body of his Italian wife in their family aisle, which was done accordingly, three days after her death. Frederick laid her head in the grave, and continued in deep mourning for her.

According to a decent formula, Dr Hume would willingly enough have abstained for some time from treating with Signora Romelli about their former mutual vow; but, according to the spirit of his pledge, and his true affection for that lady which had been virtually unaltered, even when he most openly compromised it, he wrote to Julia a few days after the funeral, stating the whole circumstances, asking her pardon if he had wronged her, declaring his inalienable affection for her, yet modestly alleging that he had first broken his vow, and that he was at her mercy whether or not she would still be bound to him by hers. Such was Frederick's letter to Julia, which, had it been in time, she would have kissed with tears, a moment angry, yet soon honouring her lover the more, for the difficult and humane part which he had acted; but the devil of petty malignity and mean rivalry had been beforehand with him, in tempting, from without, his lady's heart; and ere his letter reached its destination, Julia Romelli was lost to him for ever. Dr Stewart, who, as already stated, was a rival of Hume's, had been mean enough to engage Miss Pearce in his interest, to do every thing she could by remote hint and open statement, to advance his suit with Signora Romelli; and we can easily suppose, that this intermediate party, from her dislike to Frederick, and her jealousy of Julia's favour with Mrs Mather, was not idle in her new office. On the very evening of Charlotte Cardo's marriage and death, she sought an interview with Stewart, reminded him of Miss Romelli's proud heart, advised him, without losing a moment, to wait upon that lady and urge his own respectful claims in contrast with Hume's ill usage; and to make all these particulars effective, *the* Pearce tendered a letter, already written, for Stewart to carry with him to Julia, in which, under the character of a friend, jealous of Miss Romelli's honour, she stated the fact of Hume's having married Charlotte Cardo, without mentioning the qualifying circumstances, or stating that the rival bride was already dead. Stewart was mean enough to follow this crooked policy to the utmost. The she-devil, Pearce, had calculated too justly on poor Julia's quick proud heart. He pressed his suit; was accepted by the Italian maid in her fit of indignation against Frederick; and they were married privately in great haste.

The first symptom of this unhappy change of affairs which occurred to Hume, was the return of the letter which he had sent to Julia, and which came back to him unopened. About a week afterwards he heard the stunning news of his own love's marriage

with another, to feel that he was cut off for ever from the hopes of his young life:—for he had loved passionately, and with his whole being.

Days, weeks, passed over him, and his existence was one continuous dream of thoughts, by turns fierce and gentle; now wild as the impaled breast of a suicide, now soft as breathings of pity from the little warm heart of a young maid. One while he cursed the pride and cruelty of Julia, (for he knew not the part which Miss Pearce had acted), and he made a vow in his soul, for his own peace of mind, never again to see her in this mortal life. Then he was disposed to curse the memory of Charlotte Cardo; but his heart was too magnanimous to let him long give way to this feeling. On the contrary, to keep down such thoughts, and to be strictly and severely just, he got Mrs Mather's consent to let a table-stone be placed in her aisle, with this inscription:—"Charlotte Cardo, wife to Dr Frederick Hume."

One day the youth went alone to the churchyard, to see the above tablet for the first time after its erection. As he bent over it, filled with a multitude of hurrying thoughts, a burst of solemn music rolled upon his ear, and on looking up, there was Antonio Cardo within the door of the aisle, playing upon an organ. He was bareheaded, and tears glittered in his eyes, which were upturned with a wild pathos, as, in accompaniment with the rolling organ, he chanted the following song, or dirge:—

I.

THE stars that shine o'er day's decline, may tell the hour of love,
The balmy whisper in the leaves, the golden moon above;
But vain the hour of softest power: the noon is dark to thee,
My sister and my faithful one!—And oh! her death to me!

II.

In sickness, ay, I cried for her—her beauty and her kiss:
For her my soul was loath to leave so fair a world as this:
And glad was I when day's soft gold again upon me fell,
And the sweetest voice in all the earth said, "Brother, art thou well?"

III.

She led me where the voice of streams the leafy forest fills;
She led me where the white sheep go o'er the shining turfy hills;
And when the gloom upon me fell, O, she, the fairest beam,
Led forth, with silver leading-strings, my soul from darksome dream.

IV.

Now, sailing by, the butterfly may through the lattice peer,
To tell the prime of summer-time, the glory of the year;
But ne'er for her:—to death her eyes have given up their trust,
And I cannot reach her in the grave, to clear them from the dust.

V.

But in the skies her pearly eyes the Mother-maid hath kiss'd,
And she hath dipp'd her sainted foot in the sunshine of the bless'd.
Eternal peace her ashes keep, who loved me through the past!
And may good Christ my spirit take to be with hers at last!

With a softened heart Frederick listened to the strain; but after it had ceased, and Antonio had kissed his sister's name upon the stone, he could not refrain, in an alternation of sterner feeling, from saying, "By Heaven! most unhappy wanderer, the thing is all your own doing: Your folly hath ruined us all."

The Italian answered not, save by throwing himself down on the ground, and kissing Frederick's feet.

"Rise up, sir," said Hume angrily; "I like not your savage philosophy: I like nothing beyond common sense and feeling. As for yourself, I know you not, sir: I do not know what character you are of, or any thing about your family."

"By the Holy Mother! you shall soon know me then," said the boy, springing proudly up. "Promise to meet me here on Saturday night at twelve o'clock, and you shall see me

then no longer the weak boy that you have spurned, but one that can be strong and do justice. Do you promise to meet me?"

"How am I interested in your scheme of justice?" demanded Frederick.

"You do not fear me, sir?" asked the Italian in return. "Surely the man that so honoured Charlotte Cardo as you have done, need not fear me?"

"Why, sir," said Frederick, "to tell you a circumstance which you have no right to know, in these late days I do not hold my life of more value than a box of grashoppers."

"You can have no scruple then to meet me," said Cardo. "And you may have some wish to hear me explain a few circumstances relative to our family, my own character, and the cause of my late absence. You shall also learn something about Signor Romelli. Have I your sure promise to meet me then at this place?"

"I care not though I do," answered Hume, "since I am weary of every thing common under the sun, and especially since it is a very pretty hour for a man to speculate a little in."

"You are too careless by half for my purpose," said the Italian.

"Faith, not so," returned Frederick. "Nay, my good friend, I will on my knees on this stone swear to meet you. Well, did you say on Saturday?"

"This is mere moody trifling all, Dr Hume; but no matter, I will ere then give you a memento to mind Saturday night: hour—twelve o'clock."

"You go home with me in the interim, I presume?" said Frederick. "You have played the truant from school too long."

"Farewell, sir, and remember your promise," answered Antonio. "I do not go with you at present." He accordingly hasted away from Frederick, without answering his farther inquiries.

On the forenoon of the following Saturday, Hume received a note from Cardo, reminding him of his engagement at twelve o'clock that night; which, to do Frederick justice, he had not forgotten, and which he had resolved to fulfil, chiefly from the excellent motive of seeing the poor Italian lad again, and offering to put him in some other respectable situation in life, if he did not choose farther to pursue his classical studies. A considerable while before the appointed hour our Doctor took the way to the churchyard, which was about a quarter of a mile from Mrs Mather's house. The belated moon was rising in the east, in an inflamed sphere, as of spilt wine and blood; and the light of her red-barred face tinged the dark tops of the yews, which stood bristling like angry feathers around the churchyard, at the gate of which Hume was now arrived. The owl came sailing by his head on muffled wing, and flew about musing over the graves. The next minute Frederick was startled at hearing the reports of two pistols, one a little after the other; and making his way towards the quarter whence the sounds had come, he was led to his own aisle. On looking through its grated door,—Heavens of Mercy! what saw he within? There was Signor Romelli on his knees before the tombstone, and Antonio Cardo holding him fast by the neck. To the surprise of Hume, there seemed to be some new inscription on the stone. To this, Cardo, whilst he held Romelli with one hand, was pointing with the other; and at the same time a dark lantern had been so placed upon the tablet, that its light fell directly upon the letters of the inscription.

"Read aloud, sir, for the behoof of all, or you die this moment," cried Cardo sternly, and flourishing a sort of dagger-knife above the bare head of his prostrate countryman.

Romelli stared upon the writing, but sat silent.

"You cannot see them plainly, perhaps," said the vindictive Antonio. "There is dust on the stone and in the letters, but we shall cleanse them for you."

So saying, he drew a white napkin from his pocket, dipped it in the blood that was flowing profusely from Romelli's throat, and wiped with it the stone.

"Read!" was again the stern mandate.

Romelli looked ghastly, kept his eyes fixed upon the stone, but said nothing. And there was a dogged determination in his look, which told that he would die like a fox, without murmur or word.

"I will read for you, then," said Cardo:—"In memory of Hugo Mar-

li, who perished in the South Seas." —" Now, tell me, red-handed hell-fiend, how perished the youth?"

A very slight groan, and a harder breathing, was all the answer from the prostrate Italian.

" Well, then, I am Antonio Marli, —the last of my race,—the brother of thy victim,—his avenger,—thy—— prove the title there—and find Hell." The last vengeful words gurgled in his throat; but his hand was nothing paralyzed, for, lifting high the dagger, he struck it, crashing and glutting itself, down through the skull and brains of the prostrate wretch, to the very hilt. The handle of the dagger, which was shaped like a cross, gave a grotesque tufted appearance to the head, and consorted well with the horrid expression of the features, which were first gathered up into one welked knot of ugly writhen delirium, and then slowly fell back into their proper places, and were gradually settled into the rigidity of death. The body inclined forward against the stone, upon the edge of which stuck the chin, unnaturally raised; and the face half lighted by the lamp, and adorned by the handle-cross towering above it, looked over the tablet towards the door, —a ghastly picture.

Antonio Marli, (let him now wear the name, thus horribly authenticated,) with a red smile, as if his countenance shone from the mouth of a furnace, turned to Hume, who, loudly deprecating the above violence, had made desperate efforts at the same time to break into the aisle, and thus grimly spoke to him:—" So, thou art there, thou glorious faithful one? Thou shalt live in the Kingdom-to-come with the Marlis. Come in, bird, into the house," continued he, curving his fore-finger, and beckoning to Frederick with it; " advance, and join the committee." A change came over his face in a moment; he unlocked the door; threw it open; dragged out the body of Romelli with awful violence; then turning to Hume, tried to speak, but could not, from violent emotion. He continued for a minute, merely pointing to the body, but at length he said, " So, there it is out: I would not have its blood mingle with my sister's ashes."

" Most murderous wretch," cried Frederick, grappling with him; " how didst thou dare call me to witness this?"

" Sir, I thought your good opinion of some value, and I called you to see me approve myself a man of justice."

" A wild beast thou! say a fiend rather; but thou shalt answer for it."

" Ha!" cried Marli, with desperate energy, casting himself free from Hume's hold—" Hear me, sir, now my brother: Go, weep for the little wren that dies in a tussle with the blue cuckoo, but give not your sympathy to that carrion, for he was a wretch, whose heart-strings might, unscathed, have tied up the forked bundles of lightning, so callous were they, so wicked, so callous. For your wife's sake, my sister, do not. Moreover, you must leave this country instantly; and for your kindness to my sister, I shall go with you wherever you go, and be your slave till death, because in that I shall be honouring her."

" A discreet travelling companion, forsooth!" returned Hume.

" Harkye, sir: like fire and water I can be a good servant; but my mastery, if your negative to my proposal put it upon me, may be equally dangerous."

" Granted,—in the matters of Italian assassination," said Frederick. " But, suppose, sir, that this very moment I dispute your mastery? Suppose I tell you that even now my eye is upon you, and that I do not mean to let you leave the churchyard without a desperate effort on my part to secure your person?"

" I shall not stay at present," said Cardo, " to shew you how easily I can defy you, armed as I am. Let us come to the point. You love Signora Romelli, and she loves you. Well: —But you shall never marry her, for her vile father's sake. She shall never sit a bride on the throne of your heart, which my sister Charlotte could not gain: Nay, she shall never wear for you the comely garment of marriage, which my sister Charlotte gained. She shall never be happy as a wife, where my sister Charlotte could not be happy as a wife. I will flee this instant, and you will be suspected of Romelli's murder. I have put things in such a train, that suspicion must naturally fall upon you. No one, save yourself, and another whom I can trust, has seen me in this visit to your neighbourhood. The deed has been done with your own pistol and dagger,

with which, besides the key to open the aisle door, my knowledge of Mrs Mather's premises enabled me secretly to provide myself a few nights ago. If you think it could serve you aught in the court of justice to produce my card of to-day, inviting you hither, look at it again, and see that it is not signed. Moreover, on a more careful glance, you will find it a fair imitation of your own hand-writing, so that it would instantly be declared an *ex post facto* forgery—a poorly-conceived contrivance. That dead dog was honoured likewise with a note of invitation, but I took care to put such dangerous hints in it, that he would not fail to burn it so soon as read. Moreover, on your way hither, you met two villagers, who, by a shrewd contrivance of mine, which it is needless at present to explain, were drawn to the road, notwithstanding the late hour, and who could not fail to recognise you, though they might not speak. Now, sir, do you see how you are beleaguered? You can hardly escape a condemning verdict: And even were it 'Not Proven,' still the lurking suspicion against you, which such a niggardly acquittal implies, would for ever prevent the fine-souled Julia Romelli from becoming your wife. Now for your alternative of choice:—Shall I leave you—and will you stay—to be confounded in this country? Or will you not rather flee with me instantly, where both of us shall be safe; and where, because you so honoured and tried to save the twin-sister of my being, my beloved one, I shall tame my safety, and my pride, and my powers, to be with you day and night as your companion and friend? Remember, either alternative will equally well serve my ends."

"I have listened to you well, you must allow," said Hume; "and I have come to the conclusion, that your ingenuity and finesse are admirable; but what a pity it is that they should all go for nothing! To shew you, sir, what an overweening fool you are, I will constrain myself to tell you, that Julia Romelli is already married to Dr Stewart, in consequence of my choosing a bride elsewhere. Now, sir, seeing what my connexion with your family has already gained for me, can you still urge it upon me, as a very important acquisition, to secure your devoted and worshipful attendance? Faugh! your hand smells rankly, and I will not taste that bread which you have touched."

At this announcement of Miss Romelli's marriage, Marli gave a sort of involuntary scream. With trembling earnestness he then drew forth his bloody handkerchief, tied one end round his neck, and proffered the other to Dr Hume, with the following words: "Is it so, sir? Is Julia lost to you? I knew not of this: and now I do not rejoice. But take the napkin, sir, and lead me away to justice: Take it, sir, if you wish any triumph over our family. By the souls of all my race, I shall follow you quietly as a lamb, for you have suffered too much already from the Marlis. Not one hair of your noble head shall for this murder come into danger. Not one suspicion shall attach to your cloudless name. Had the law seized you, by my soul's being I would not have let you die, though I wished you never to get Julia Romelli for your wife. As it now is, you shall not for a moment be impeached.—Lead me away."

Hume was puzzled what step now to take. He could have no wish to see Marli perish on the scaffold, even though he was a murderer; besides, that he would himself indirectly share the ignominy, from having been so allied to the family. But then, on the other hand, though life might now be of little value to him, he would not have his honour called in question, nor his name linked with the suspicions of his having had any thing to do with such a vile deed of murder, which might assuredly happen to him were the real murderer to escape. He was, besides, though of a very ardent temperament, a man of a wise and well-constituted heart, and could not but think, that Marli should be directly responsible to the laws of a wise country for his outrageous act. In something like a compromise betwixt these feelings, he said, "I shall endeavour, sir, to keep the blame from myself, and fix it upon the proper culprit:—Should you make your escape, I shall defend myself as well as possible."

"So the die is cast against me," said Marli, who, notwithstanding the sincere spirit of his surrender, had perhaps clung to the hope, that Hume might yet be disposed to save him, by leaving the country with him for ever. "But I shall abide it—Take me now in tow, for I am impatient to grapple with my fate."

" Not at all," said Frederick, refusing the handkerchief, caring not for the outrageous effect of which the wild spirit of Marli seemed studious, in proposing the use of this bloody leading-string. He went close, however, by the side of the Italian, determined now to lay hold on him should he offer to escape. This, however, Antonio did not attempt; but, going quietly with Hume to the village, he himself roused the constables, stated to them his crime, and put himself under their care, to convey him to the jail of the neighbouring town, which was done without delay.

Chapter VI.

Marli was found guilty of Romelli's murder; and condemned to be executed in the churchyard where the murder was committed,—a place of execution certainly new and remarkable. Frederick Hume, according to a solemn promise which he had made to Marli, when one day he visited him in jail before his trial, again waited on the prisoner in his cell a few days before the appointed time of execution. The Italian boy was sitting on his low pallet-bed, apparently in deep abstraction, and he sat for a minute after Frederick entered. His face was calm, and clearly pale, as if it had come out of the refiner's furnace; but his dark hair was raised a little above one of his temples, as if disordered by the wind; and there was an awful shadow and a trouble in the inner rooms of his eye. So soon as Hume named him, he arose, and advancing, kissed his visitor on the cheek, exclaiming earnestly, "My brother! My brother!"

"Well, then, my poor Antonio Marli," said Hume, much moved, "I trust you repent of your crime?"

" Why? and wherefore?" answered the prisoner, with a gesture of impatience. " But you shall hear me: When you were last in the jail with me, I was not in the vein for explanations, but now you shall hear and judge of Romelli's deserts. I would make you a prince, sir, if I could, but I have no other way of giving you honour, than by unfolding myself a little to you, which I would do were the confession to shew my heart one molten hell.—My father, who, as you have already heard, was a clergyman in the north of Italy, was one stormy night returning home, through a small village, about a mile from our house, when he heard a poor sailor begging at a door for a lodging during the night, which was refused him. My good old father, remembering that he himself had a son a sailor, who might come to equal want, brought home with him the rejected seaman, gave him food and dry raiment, and made him sit with us by the parlour fire. The man was of a talkative disposition, and being, moreover, cheered by the wine which was plentifully given him, began voluntarily to tell of his having been lately shipwrecked. 'And how could it be otherwise?' continued the mariner; 'how could that ship thrive? You will hear why she could not; for I know the whole story. Well, before sailing from Genoa, on our last voyage, our captain, who was a widower, had fallen in love with a young lady. Now, it so happened, that his mate, a nice young chap, liked the same damsel; and she, in return, preferred him to the sulky captain, who, in consequence, was mightily huffed, and took every opportunity, after we had sailed from port, of venting his spleen against his rival. One day, being becalmed in the South Seas, near a beautiful green island abounding in wild game, the captain with a small party went on shore, to have some sport in shooting kangaroos. To the surprise of every one the young mate was allowed to go with us, and glad he was, for he was a lad of fine mettle, and delighted in all sorts of amusement. But no sooner had we landed, than the captain turned to him, and said peremptorily, 'Now, sir, you must watch the boat till we return.' Poor fellow, he knew his duty, though he felt the mean revenge, and folding his arms, he turned quickly round with his face from us, which was burning with anger, and began to hum a tune. After we had pursued our sport for some hours in the woods, we returned to the boat, and were surprised to find that the mate was not beside it. We saw him, however, about a hundred yards off, (for he had probably been allured from his charge by seeing some game not far off,) hasting towards us. The captain, trembling

with malignant eagerness, ordered us all into the boat in a moment, and made us pull away as fast as possible from the poor young fellow, who, loudly demanding not to be left in such a wild place, dashed into the sea, and swam after us. Be sure all of us used our oars with as little effect as possible, to let him make his leeway. This he soon did, and took hold of the edge of the boat; when the cruel captain drew his hanger, and cut through his fingers, leaving him again to fall back into the sea.

"'You disobeyed my orders, sir, in not staying beside the boat,' cried the heartless savage, whom every soul of us would gladly have tossed overboard, though the instinct of discipline kept us quiet. As for the poor mate, he cast a bitter and reproachful glance at the boat, folded his arms, and diving down into the sea, was never more seen. How could the ship, that bore us with the monster, be blessed after such doings? She was beat to pieces on the coast of Sicily, and the captain and I alone escaped. He used me very scurvily thereafter, and I am not ashamed to tell his misdeeds. But it was a pity for the good ship the Arrow.'

"'O, God! hold fast my head!' exclaimed my father, on hearing the name of the vessel—'If—if—but tell me the captain's name.'

"'Romelli.'

"'And the mate's?'

"'Hugo Marli;—a blythe sailor!'

"'My Hugo!—my own boy!' cried my father; and the old man's head sunk down upon his breast. Never shall I forget the wild strange manner in which our sailor-guest at this caught hold of the liquor that was standing on the table, drunk it all out of the bottle, and then fled from the house, leaving me alone, a little boy, to raise and comfort my father's heart. In a few days the old man died of a broken heart, and I was left alone with my twin sister Charlotte. Day and night I thought of Hugo, the gay and gallant sailor boy that all the maids of Italy loved, the pride and stay of my father's heart, who brought presents for Charlotte from far lands, and taught me to fish for minnows in the brook, and to pipe upon the jointed stems of the green wheat:—And all this was at an end for ever; and my father's heart was broken. Therefore, the desire of revenge grew up, and widened with my soul from day to day. I found a medium through which I traced all Romelli's movements, and when I learned distinctly that he was a prisoner in this country, I determined to pay him a visit. My father had left a small sum of money, but now it was nearly expended, having supported Charlotte and myself scarcely a year in the house of our maternal uncle, and we were likely soon to be entirely dependent upon him. On expressing my determination to go to England with my sister, I saw that he was very willing to get quit of us: and the better to ensure our removal, he bought me a harp, and paid our passage to this country."

"Allow me to ask," interrupted Hume—"Did Charlotte know this wild purpose of yours?"

"No; she was staying with our aunt for a while when the above scene with the sailor took place, and my father was dead ere she knew of his illness. The thoughts of revenge which had already occurred to me made me conceal the true cause of my father's death; or, perhaps, to speak more strictly, although it was well enough known, that his having heard of his son Hugo's death struck the old man to the grave, yet I took care not to reveal through what channel the news had come, or the cruel mode of my brother's death. Had Charlotte known what was within me, she would have tried incessantly to break my purpose; but she could not possibly know it, and as my will was her law in indifferent matters, she readily followed me to this country. No sooner had we landed, than I made her vow never to reveal our true name or distinct place of abode till I gave her leave: And, in the meantime, we assumed the name of Cardo. After wandering about in England till we learned to speak the language fluently, which we attained the more easily that our father had taught it to us grammatically, I led the way to Scotland, gradually drawing near my victim, whose place of stay I had taken care to ascertain in Italy through the same means by which I had hitherto watched his movements. To make my soundings, I got into Romelli's house under a feigned sickness. When you saw me first, I had in truth no complaint save that the nearness of my

victim and purpose had made my heart so deeply palpitate, that a degree of irritable fever had come over me. The fair Julia was too kind and tender: I fell madly in love with her;—I almost forgot my stern duty of revenge. You cannot guess the choking struggles between my two master passions. Yielding so far to the former, I compromised my pride in another point, and consented to be a dependant of Mrs Mather's. By Heaven! I was not born with a soul to wait at palace doors —I would have rejoiced, under other circumstances, to live with my sister, free as the pretty little finches that hunt the bearded seeds of autumn; but love and revenge, mingled or separately, imposed it upon me to accede to your charity and Mrs Mather's, that I might be near the two Romellis. In her playful mood, perhaps, Julia one evening prophesied that I should become a murderer. You cannot conceive the impression which this made upon me. I had begun to flag in my first great purpose, but now again I thought myself decreed to be an avenger; and to avoid stabbing Romelli that very night in your house, I had to keep myself literally away from him. Now, judge me, my friend. Was it not by him that I was shut up in a madhouse? Yet, for your sake, and Mrs Mather's, and Charlotte's, and Julia's, and perhaps mine own, (for I have been too weak,) again I refrained from slaying him in your house—Nay, I left the place and neighbourhood altogether, and went to London. I engaged to sing and play in an opera-house, and made enough of money. My heart again grew up dangerous and revengeful. I returned to Scotland to pay Mrs Mather for having kept us, to send Charlotte to a seaport town, whence a ship was to sail for the Continent on a given day, then to call Romelli to account, and thereafter to join my sister a few hours before the vessel sailed. On my arrival again in your neighbourhood, to make preliminary inquiries, I called at the house of a young woman, who was Mrs Mather's servant when first I came to the cottage; but who about a year afterwards went home to take care of her mother, an old blind woman. So, then, Charlotte was dead! My sister Charlotte!—My young Charlotte Marli!—and all in my most damnable absence! I heard it all, and your own noble generosity: But nothing of Julia's marriage with Stewart, which my informant, in her remote dwelling, had doubtless not yet heard. All this might change my line of politics. In the first place, I imposed secresy as to my arrival on my young hostess, who readily promised to observe it, in virtue of having loved me for my music. I had now to concert not only how best to strike Romelli, but, at the same time, how to prevent for ever your marriage with Julia. You know my double scheme in one. The brother of my hostess had, in former years, been an organist, and one day I took his instrument, which the affectionate lass had carefully kept for his sake, and went to the remote churchyard to play a dirge over Charlotte's grave. You were there, and I found it an excellent opportunity of forwarding my scheme, by making you promise to meet me afterwards in the aisle; which you did, when Signor Romelli happened to be there. Ha! ha! how came he there, the foolish man? Before naming to you the precise night of our threefold meeting, I had been prudent enough to find out that the excellent Signor had just come home from some jaunt, and in all probability would not again, for at least a few days, leave his house. To make sure, however, I instantly forwarded to him my letter of invitation. How expressed? how signed? I remember well (for nothing of that dreadful night will easily pass from my mind) the sailor's name whose story broke my father's heart. So, under his name, I scrawled a letter to Romelli, stating, that if the Signor would know the immediate danger in which he stood in consequence of certain things which once happened in a boat in the South Seas, when he was captain of the Arrow; and if he would not have these points now brought publicly to light, he must meet the writer alone, at the door of the given aisle, on Saturday night, precisely at eleven o'clock. I was much afraid that he would guess the true writer of the letter, and so would not come. However, about ten o'clock on the appointed night, I crouched me down, with a dark-lantern in my pocket, beneath Charlotte's tombstone, upon which, I may here mention, I had got a mason from the village, for a large bribe, to put a slight inscription relative to my brother,

which he secretly executed between Friday evening and the dawn of Saturday. Almost contrary to my expectations, Romelli came; but I think, somewhat after the hour appointed, with a dark-lantern in his hand; and, finding the door of the aisle open, he advanced into the interior, and began, I suppose, to read the inscription, which, to heighten the effect of my revenge, as above stated, I had caused to be written the preceding night. In a moment, I started up, and ordered him to fall down on his knees, and confess his crimes; but, instead of obeying me, no sooner did he see who I was than he drew a pistol, and shot at me, missing me, however. My turn was next, and I missed not him. He fell: I locked the aisle door that you might see through the grating, but not interfere. I had him now beneath my will and power. You know the rest! Hugo Marli is avenged: and I am willing to die."

Such were the prisoner Marli's explanations, partly won by the cross-examinations of Hume, but in general given continuously, and of his own accord.

"And now, Frederick Hume," continued the prisoner, after a long pause of mutual silence, "you alone, of all the human race, are dear to me; will you promise to lay my head in the grave, despite of the ill which Charlotte and I have done you?"

"Bethink you of some other reasonable request, and I shall do it for you to the utmost," answered Frederick; "you know the above is impossible."

"No, no," cried Marli, impatiently; "you shall lay me beside her in your own aisle."

"Antonio Marli," returned Frederick, solemnly, "must I remind you of your sad sentence?"

"O ho! you mean the dissection? The precious carnival for Dr Pry and his pupils?" said the Italian, laughing grimly. "But if I can accomplish the half—If I can get quit of the claim of the law in that respect, would you so bury me, my brother?"

"Talk not of this any more," said Hume, not comprehending what the prisoner meant; "but cry for the purifying mercy of Heaven ere you die."

"You are from the point, sir," replied Antonio; "but hear me:—I will leave one request in a letter to you after my death, if you will promise, and swear—nay, merely promise (for I know your honour in all things) to fulfil the same."

"Let me hear it, and judge," said Hume.

"I will not," said the Italian; "but yet my request shall be simple, and your accomplishment of it very easy. Moreover, it shall be offensive neither to your country's laws, nor to your own wise mind. Give me this one promise, and I die in peace."

"Be it so then," said Frederick; "I will do your request if I find it as you negatively characterise it."

"Then leave me—leave me for ever!" cried Marli. "But if my heart and body, and all my soul, could be fashioned into one blessing, they would descend upon thy head and thy heart, and all thy outgoings, thou young man among a million.—Oh! my last brother on earth!" So saying, Marli sprung upon Frederick's neck, and sobbed aloud like a little child; and so overcome was Frederick by the sense of his own unhappiness, but chiefly by pity for the fate of the poor Italian boy, in whose heart generosity was strongly mingled with worse passions, that he gave way to the infectious sorrow; and for many minutes the two young men mingled their tears as if they had been the children of one mother. At length Marli tore himself away, and flung himself violently down with his face upon his low bed.

Chapter VII.

The very next day word was brought to Frederick Hume, that the Italian had killed himself in prison by striking his skull against the walls of his cell, and at the same time the following letter was put into Hume's hands:—

"I claim your promise—I forbore distinctly stating to you my purpose last night, because I knew you would have teased me with warnings and exhortations, which, despite of my respect for your wisdom, could no more have stayed me in my antique

appropriation of myself, than you could make a rain-proof garment from the torn wings of beautiful butterflies. Did you think my soul could afford to give such a spectacle to gaping boors? Well, we must be buried in the first instance (for the law and the surgeon have lost our limbs) among nettles, in unconsecrated ground, at a respectful distance from Christian bones, in the churchyard of this town. But now for my request, and your vow to fulfil it. I demand that you raise my body by night, and take it to your aisle, and bury it beside Charlotte Marli's beautiful body. This request, I think, implies nothing contrary to the laws of your country, or which can startle a wise heart free from paltry superstitions about the last rites of suicides. Moreover, you can do the thing with great secresy. Then shall I rest in peace beside her whom my soul loved; and we shall rise together at the last day: and you shall be blessed for ever, for her sake and for my sake. Farewell, my brother.

"ANTONIO MARLI."

Hume prepared without delay to obey this letter, and providing himself with six men from the village of Holydean, on whose secresy he could well depend, he caused three of them by night to dig up the body of Marli from the grave-yard where it had been buried, whilst the other three, in the meanwhile, prepared another grave for it in Mrs Mather's aisle, as near as possible to his sister Charlotte's. The complexion of the night suited well this strange work, darkening earth and heaven with piled lofts of blackness. Frederick himself superintended the work of exhumation, which was happily accomplished without interruption. Leaving two of his men to fill up carefully the empty grave, with the third he then accompanied the cart in which, wrapped in a sheet, the body of Marli was transferred to Holydean churchyard. There it was interred anew beside his sister's remains, and the grave being filled up level with the surface, the remains of the earth were carefully disposed of, so that, without a very nice inspection, it could not be known, from the appearance of the ground, that this new burial had taken place in the aisle. Thus was Antonio Marli's singular request faithfully accomplished.

Next morning Hume visited the aisle, to see that all was right. The history of the Marlis, and their late living existence, and his own share in their strange destinies, all seemed to him a dream; yet their palpable tombs were before him, and prostrate in heart from recurring recollections of their fate and his own so deeply intertwisted, he remained one last bitter hour beside the graves of these wild and passionate children of the South.

Julia Romelli heard, too late, how she had been imposed upon, in reference to Hume's supposed inconstancy of affection; but, for their mutual peace of mind, she determined never to see him more, and never to exchange explanations with him. As for Frederick, he too had resolved steadfastly to observe the same forbearance. But though Julia could be so self-denied, she was not the less inwardly racked, as she reflected on her own unhappy rashness. Her father's murder was a dreadful aggravation to her distress, which was still farther heightened by the harsh treatment of her husband, Stewart, who was conscious, probably, that his wife had never loved him. The loss of her first-born boy, who was, unhappily, drowned in a well, brought the terrible consummation. Poor Julia went mad, and night after night (for her brutal husband cared little for her) she might be seen, when the image of the full moon was shining down in the bottom of the well, sitting on its bank, and inviting passengers to come and see her little white boy swimming in the water. From week to week she grew more violent in her insanity, and after many years of woful alienation, she ended her days in that very cell where Antonio Marli had once lain.

A few days after the second burial of Antonio Marli, Frederick Hume went to London. There he found means of being present at a ball to see the great Nelson, who was that year in this country. It was most glorious to see the swan-like necks and the deep bosoms of England's proudest beauties bending towards him, round about, when he entered—that man with his thin weather-worn aspect. And never did England's beauties look so proudly, as when, thus hanging like jewels of his triumph around their manly and chivalrous sailor, who

had given his best blood to the green sea for his country. He, too, felt his fame, for the pale lines of his face, as if charged with electricity, were up and trembling, as in the day of his enthusiastic battle.

At sight of this unparalleled man, Frederick was struck to the heart. He bethought him how much more noble it was, since his life was now of little value to him, to lose it for his country, than waste it away in selfish unhappiness. Accordingly, our Doctor gave up his more peaceful profession, and with the consent, and by the assistance of his patroness, Mrs Mather, he entered the navy. In his very first engagement he found the death which he did all but court, and his body went down into the deep sea for a grave.

T. A.

THE HUEL-ROSE.

You have seen fairy land.—DECKER.

ABOUT eighty, or, it may be, a hundred years ago, lived that very celebrated personage, Ralph Hammerer, the youngest, the shortest, the ugliest, and the wisest, of four brothers, all tinners in a certain Cornish bal, or mine, which, in the language of the place and time, was called the *Huel-Rose*. His fame, however, might be said to be of a very domestic nature, and flourished in a narrow circle, being, as far as I know, confined to the aforesaid mine, and a neighbourhood of about ten or twelve miles, which neighbourhood included a small town, four villages, and divers cottages, with the usual quantum of gossips, male and female, dogs, pigs, poultry, and children. The three elder brothers, John, Richard, and Philip, were men of uncommon strength and stature, whose whole wit lay in their muscles, good-humoured withal, and in nothing else remarkable, except it was for their attachment to Ralph, to whom they were as bounden vassals, notwithstanding their disparity of age, he being a lad of fifteen, while the youngest of them was at least two and twenty. But it was not only with his brothers that Ralph was all-powerful; he had contrived to establish the same exclusive dominion over every one of his fellow miners, and from the age of twelve he might be considered as the autocrat of the mine,—a fact that was the more surprising, as it must be confessed that his bad qualities were in the proportion of two to one to his good; he was thievish as a magpie, greedy as a wolf, mischievous as a monkey, and uncertain as a weathercock; while in the opposite scale could only be thrown in an uncommon invention and an inexhaustible fund of humour, that, when he thought proper to exert them, were sure to amuse the dullest, and subdue those who had both cause and disposition to be angry. By the help of these two staple qualities, he was, indeed, the best of all possible companions, and in virtue of his boon companionship, his faults were forgiven; and though, with the exception of his brothers, no one could be exactly said to love him, still his authority was with all unquestionable. In nothing was this influence more shewn, than in the transference of his own work from his own shoulders, though nature had seldom given shoulders better calculated for labour; for, if he had not grown much upwards, after the usual fashion of men, he had, to make amends, shot out prodigiously in a lateral direction, so as to form a square-built, strong-set figure, that seemed to belong to twenty rather than to a lad of fifteen. But the fact was, he did not choose to work, except by fits and starts, which fits were of rare occurrence, and when they did occur, of short duration, never lasting so long as to endanger his health by any excess of labour.

A phrenologist, had any existed at the time, would probably have read his character, such as I have described it, in the lumps and bumps of his head; a physiognomist certainly would have discovered much of it in his face, which, though neither very ugly nor very handsome, was in other respects not a little remarkable. It was exceedingly long, without being thin; the nose resembled a parrot's beak,

and the eyes were small and of a bluish grey; but the most singular feature was the upper lip, which was large and flexible, always in strong action when he spoke, and giving a decided character of animal voluptuousness to the whole face. The forehead seemed as if it consisted of two stories, or as if nature in a freak had piled one skull upon another, without much consideration of the fitness of the two parts to each other; and this prodigious building was thatched with a quantity of shining black hair that hung down stiff and straight without the slightest symptom of a curl.

General was the lamentation when one day this worthy character was found missing from the mine, and various were the conjectures set afloat as to the cause and nature of his absence. The eldest brother surmised that he had been decoyed away by the eloquence of a recruiting sergeant, who had lately been beating up for heroes in the neighbouring village; the next opined that he had been spirited off by a band of gipsies,—no bad conjecture, considering the absentee's general propensities; but the youngest of the brothers rejected both these opinions, and stoutly argued for his having been cajoled into the clutches of the giant, Tregagle, in revenge of his many mockeries; for Ralph, though so young, was a mighty sceptic in the affairs of ghosts and goblins, and, if the vicar of St Just might be credited, in more weighty matters also.

For the two first years the partizans of these various opinions severally maintained, that the subject of them had become a captain of dragoons, a king of gipsies, and a favourite of the giant; for such was their idea of his superior genius that, however they might differ in other respects, they were all agreed in one point, namely, that he must succeed, let his purpose be what it would. In the third year their belief in his infallibility waxed colder and colder. In the fourth they concluded him dead, and each in a manner corresponding with his previous faith, the first brother imagining that he had been shot as a soldier, the second, that he had been hung as a gipsy, and the third, that he had met his fate from the hands of Tregagle, for which last opinion the adopter of it had this very convincing reason,—he had heard the voice of Ralph *hailing his own name* from the sea one clear moonlight night. Drowned, therefore, he must be, unless they would deny the belief established in Cornwall for time immemorial, though the manner of his drowning was yet a point for question. Upon this head they could still dispute, and consequently they did dispute for six whole months, when the subject being tolerably well worn out, they dropt it altogether, and from that time forward the name of Ralph was scarcely mentioned. But, just as others had ceased to talk of him, Ralph appeared to talk of himself, not having been shot, hung, or drowned, and furthermore, giving the lie to all his prophets by his return in a character totally opposite to that of a dragoon, an Egyptian, or the favourite of any one, man or giant.

It was a rough evening, about six years from the time of Ralph's absence, when the three brothers, in company with two other workmen, descended to their labour in the Huel Rose. As the hours of toil had been doubled upon them from a late increase of the ore, they, as usual in such cases, commenced their operations by *sleeping out a candle*, that is by lighting a candle and sleeping till it was burnt out, after which they worked briskly for two or three hours, and then *took a touch-pipe*, or, in the language of men of the upper earth, rested half an hour and smoked, while their employers believed, or were supposed to believe, that they were killing themselves with exertion. On the present occasion their leisure was agreeably interspersed with eating, drinking, and a violent exercise of the lungs under the somewhat inappropriate name of singing; but, loud as their clamour might be, there was above their heads a yet more horrible uproar. The Huel Rose, no very uncommon case with mines in Cornwall, extended its length full eighty fathoms under the sea, which in times of storm would shake the arches of the lode, till the whole seemed ready to fall together in one mighty ruin; and even now the dashing of the waves, driven along by a wild summer gale, and the rolling of sands and rocks under the same influence, kept up a hurly-burly, that, to unpractised ears, must have been truly astounding. It was, however, no drawback on their merriment, or, if any thing, they ate

and drank with increased vigour, roaring out, with more energy then harmony, choice catches and fragments of catches, of which the following, from its frequent repetition, seems to have been the choicest,—

> Cannikin, clink,
> Drink boys, drink ;
> Under the sun
> There's no such fun
> As to sit by the cask and see the tap run,
> With a brown loaf and a rasher well done!
> Hale-an-lo,
> Jolly rumble o'.

In the midst of this delectable glee, the taste of which, resting, as it does, upon brown bread and bacon, cannot be disputed, whatever may be said of the poetry, the glimmer of a lantern, in the adit, became visible to the wondering eyes of Philip. Immediately, breaking off his song, he caught up a pick-axe, and put himself in the attitude of a man desperately bent on labour.

"What is the matter with the fool now?" exclaimed the eldest of the brothers.

Philip made no answer, but turned his axe, after the fashion of a sign-post, in the direction of the light, which was growing more and more distinct upon the walls of the adit, though as yet the bearer was invisible.

"It must be the captain, or the purser," whispered Richard.

"It may be the devil, may it not?" replied John, with infinite scorn; "what should bring the purser or the captain here at this hour?—Fill up my horn—It's only some flat of a Londoner come to gape at our shovels and pick-axes; the purser and captain know what's what a deal better."

It should be observed, by the way, that by these names the tinners designate the book-keeper and the overseer of the mine, who have it in charge to see that the workmen do their duty, but who, as on the present occasion, often find it more agreeable to attend to their own particular amusements.

"Then, the devil it is, or else brother Ralph!" cried Richard.

As Richard spoke, a man appeared on the top round of the last ladder, where he rested, with his back to the steps, holding out a large ship-lantern, and looking at the astonished group with a singular expression of face, in which fun and malice were mixed up in tolerably equal proportions. He wore the trowsers and jacket of a sailor, a low-crowned, broad brimmed hat, and had a blue handkerchief loosely tied, or rather twisted, about his neck, that, like his face, was tanned by the mingled action of sun and wind to the complexion of a brick-bat.

"Now, are not you a set of lazy lubbers?" exclaimed the strange visitant upon the ladder. "But keep a sharp look-out, my fine fellows, or the captain will be upon you, and then there will be the devil to pay, and no pitch hot."

"Ralph! Ralph!" cried the brothers with one voice, when the sailor dashed down his lantern, and, giving a hearty cheer, bounded off the ladder and was amongst them with a single spring.

"And how is it with you, lads?" said Ralph, as he returned their greetings. "But first a taste of your tankard;—brave liquor, by gosh! and yet it's nothing like the stinging stuff on the other side of the water."

"Then you have not been shot, after all?" cried the first brother.

"Nor hung?" cried the second.

"Nor drowned?" cried the third.

"All three, lads, all three. I was first drowned in the Dutchman's herring-pond, and be d—d to it; then hung up by the feet till the water poured out of my mouth faster than you ever pumped it out of your dirty mine here; and lastly, I was shot in the arm in beating off the revenue sharks—b—t them! So there's being drowned, hung, and shot for you, and yet I am alive and hearty, and can dip my beak as deep into a pint-pot as the best of you."

"And where have you been all this time? We thought the recruiting sergeant had crimped you."

"Or that the gipsies had picked you up."

"Or that Tregagle had clutched you, as I long prophesied he would, to pay you for your abuse of him. You know you were always a sad dog, Ralph."

"Soldiers and gipsies?" exclaimed Ralph; "thieves and pedlars both of them! As to old Tregagle——"

"Hush, hush!" said Richard hastily, and as if afraid of his own voice; "or if you must speak a little blasphemy, speak it in a whisper; he may hear you else."

"With all my heart and soul," replied the sailor, with a shout that might have been heard in the teeth of a North-wester, and which certainly must have reached the giant's ears, supposing him to have any.

"Don't talk so wickedly," cried the orthodox Philip.

"Or at least not so loudly," added Richard.

"I won't have it!" exclaimed Philip; "by Saint Nicholas, and Saint John to boot, I won't have it, Ralph. Laugh, if you like it, as you used to do, at the old vicar, and it does not so much signify,—but to make game of Tregagle!—why, it is downright piety and prostitution. I have seen him myself, as plain as I see the nose on your face."

"And that's a thumper, like one of his own stories," exclaimed the eldest brother, his love of a joke, and the recollection of Ralph's juvenile character, getting for a moment the better of his terror.

"I tell thee I have seen him myself," asseverated Philip, with an ominous frown at the jester.

"Tell that to the marines, Phil," said the seaman; "the sailors won't believe you."

"Sailor or marine, you must believe it," replied Philip; "you shall believe it,—or it will be the worse for us all. Have you forgotten that we are sitting by the giant's shaft?"

Philip pointed, as he spoke, to a shaft on the right of them, which was almost closed up by the falling in of the walls, the immense timbers and lode-arches being jammed together by the violence of the lateral pressure. In this state it had remained for more than fifty years; for, at the time when the accident happened, the vein of ore was almost exhausted, in addition to which a prodigious flux of water, called, in the technical language of the miners, *bottom-water*, had rendered the working of it very little profitable, and, therefore, it had been abandoned altogether. From this period, according to the miners, a certain giant, by name Tregagle, had taken up his abode in the deserted shaft; indeed they went farther; they roundly attributed the falling in of the walls to his agency, and that too from an avaricious desire of keeping to himself a vein of gold, which must have been discovered by the tinners, had he not maliciously interfered with their operations, and fairly blocked them out, by tumbling down the rocks and jamming up the mouth of the shaft. In justice, however, to the accused giant, it should be recorded, that he had left a small opening, enough for any man, under the size of an alderman, to creep through, had he been so disposed. But even this gallantry on the giant's part, in thus leaving an opening for every enemy who might choose to do battle with him for the mastery of the shaft, failed to gain him favour with any except a certain Doctor Kirton, the free-thinking apothecary of St Just's, who generously stood forward in his behalf, and endeavoured to stem the torrent. Being held in much admiration by the miners, the Doctor might have succeeded, had it not been for the general bad character of his client—a character that had been established for centuries, in virtue of which nine-tenths of the mischief that happened in the parish were invariably supposed to originate in his malice. If a ship was wrecked, it was Tregagle who had raised the storm; if a house was burnt, it was Tregagle who had been the incendiary; if a cow died, it was still by the giant's agency; in short, he was the author of all unowned mischief, and there was never any want of witnesses to swear the fact home to him by the undeniable evidence of their own eyes and ears. The Doctor in vain opposed an opinion founded on such irrefragable proofs of the giant's previous enormities; and, notwithstanding his talk of attractions and affinities, he did not make a single convert, though, as his language was singularly learned and obscure, it might in all reason be expected to persuade his auditors, the unintelligible being particularly celebrated for its powers of conviction. On this occasion it totally failed, and when he attempted to put forth a new solution of the matter, by the influence of water gushing through the crevices in the rainy season, and thereby rotting the lode that had been left in pillars to support the mine, his doctrine was universally scouted as the dream of an infidel, who had neither common religion nor common honesty.

Such being the case, it may be easily supposed with what horror the three brothers, born and bred in the orthodox faith of the Huel-Rose, listened

to the abominable heresies of the sailor, who was not only proof against all arguments, but whose infidelity actually increased the more it was opposed.

"I wonder," said the eldest, at length, after having in vain put his argument in all manner of shapes,—"I wonder who made you so much wiser than your neighbours."

"How the devil should I know?" replied the sailor; "but as to your giant, when I see him I'll believe in him, and not till then."

"Why then," retorted the second, "if you believe in no more than you see, mayhap you don't believe you ever had a father, for the old man died by a good month before you were born."

"Lillibullero!" exclaimed Ralph.

"It's my belief," said the third, with drunken gravity,—"it's my belief, brother Ralph, that you'll go to hell some day."

"Maybe ay, maybe no," replied Ralph indifferently; "howsomever, many a brave fellow has been wrecked in them hot latitudes before me, and many a sneaker will come after me, though the parson is at his helm, and old Snufflebags, the clerk, sounds his way with the psalm-book."

"I don't care for old Snufflebags or his master," said Philip.

"Nor I either," interrupted Ralph; "he's but a rum pilot, I suspect, after all; and the other keeps but a queerish sort of look-out, though he is always bawling, 'shoal water—breakers a-head,' enough to bother the best seaman that ever stood at the wheel."

"I don't care for Snufflebags or his master!" reiterated Philip at the utmost pitch of his voice.

"I hear you," said the sailor.

"But as to Tregagle, that's another matter," continued Philip.

"Very much so," replied Ralph; "all the same as between a king's ship and a privateer: the one cruises under royal colours, and the other stands on his own bottom, which, in the giant's case, I take, it is a pretty broad one."

"I tell you what, Ralph, you may laugh and snigger as long as you please, but I may believe my own eyes and ears, I suppose, and I'll take my corporal oath on it, he lives in yonder shaft."

"And what, by the knocking Nicholas, should he be doing there? When I was a younker, you used to palm upon me, that the Old-One had set him to work in emptying Dosmary pool with a limpet shell, with a hole in the bottom of it, and, if so, I should not think he was like to trouble you for one while; he must have a tight job of it on his hands."

"That's true too."

"Why then hurrah, my lads, for old Tregagle, and here's wishing him a better master, and no easterly winds!"

To understand this allusion it should be known, that, when the wind is easterly, the devil amuses himself with chasing Tregagle three times round Dosmary pool. After the third chevy, the wily giant makes off with all speed to Roche Rock, and thrusts his huge head into the chapel window, much as the ostrich is said to bury his neck in the first object soft enough to receive it; but with this essential difference in the result, that the latter is still caught by his huntsman; while with the giant, the safety of his head guarantees the safety of his whole body, and Beelzebub has nothing left for it but to whistle off his pack and return bootless from the chase. This allusion, however, was not taken kindly by Philip, who exclaimed, with high indignation, "If you had your due, you would be hunted round Dosmary pool yourself!"

"Ay, ay, Phil, and rare sport I should shew the Old-One, instead of sneaking off and hiding my jolterhead in a church window, as your giant does, unless the story belies him wickedly."

"The wickedness is all your own!" roared Philip, whose orthodoxy was growing every moment more intense from the opposition it met with.

"Yes indeed, Ralph,' said John, in a manner that was meant to be particularly insinuating, "you are a terrible blasphemer; and, if you won't believe Phil, take it on my word, for I have heard him and the *knockers* at work scores of times."

"I hear them now!" exclaimed Philip, starting up, "I hear them now!" And certainly a low muffled sound was audible, that with no great stretch of fancy, might be imagined to proceed from several hammers at work in a distant part of the mine. A momentary flush passed over the sailor's swarthy brow, not unobserved by his brothers, the eldest of whom did not fail to triumph in this convincing ar-

gument for their belief, while Richard, who had by this time become maudlin drunk, compared him to the Prodigal Son, and shed tears of joy over his miraculous conversion, protesting that it gladdened the very cockles of his heart, even beyond the discovery of a new lode. Philip, not quite so tender or not quite so intoxicated, went over the old chapter of damnation, and insisted, while he regretted, that there was not the slightest hope for Ralph, whose ultimate fate was fixed beyond any possibility of change; a sentence that was received by the sailor with marvellous insensibility. To shew his utter indifference to both his monitors, the monitor lachrymose, no less than the monitor damnatory, he discharged a pistol through the opening of the ominous shaft, thereby effectually reducing them to silence from the very excess of horror growing out of such an atrocity. They listened perfectly aghast to the multiplied echoes of the pistol, as the sound was reverberated from the various cavities, and which, coming from all directions, might have deceived any one into the belief, that the shot had not remained unanswered. Several pieces of rotten ore flew from the walls and arches, as if splintered off by so many balls; one large fragment fell at Ralph's feet, who immediately fancied himself assailed, and, his natural powers of perception being not a little clouded by the quantity of spirits imbibed in the last half hour, he without another word began to force his way into the giant's shaft for the purpose of chastising his hidden enemy, even though it should be Tregagle himself in person. Such an act of temerity was perfectly astounding—and it did astound the brothers; indeed it was impossible for any people to be more astounded, and, before they could recover from the utter stupefaction occasioned by this new enormity, he had disappeared in the darkness, not having even taken the precaution of a light, and in a few minutes the sound of his steps had ceased to be heard. The hearts of the brothers sunk within them; for, while they were quite certain of Ralph's fate, they had some misgivings as to the probable consequence to themselves, it being extremely doubtful how Tregagle might choose to take this irruption into a ground, that he seemed to have especially appropriated to himself, from the violent way in which he had dispossessed the old proprietors. If he were so pleased, there was no apparent reason why he should not overwhelm this shaft, as he had formerly overwhelmed the other, by main strength; or he might, with less trouble to himself, call in the help of the sea that rolled so stormily above them, and destroy the whole mine at once. In fact, there seemed to be some ground for this latter supposition; the din of waters above their head was truly appalling, and the uproar increased every minute with the increasing violence of the tempest. There were other symptoms of its fury not quite so noisy, but infinitely more terrible: the timbers groaned under the rolling weight of rocks and waters, and the arches were visibly shaken, giving sufficient proof that the storm above, from whatever cause it arose, was one of unusual violence. If, indeed, the giant had any hand in raising it, as the brothers were disposed to believe, he had good reason to plume himself upon his vigour.

It might naturally be supposed that fear, stronger than all other feelings, would have made the tinners seek for safety by flying from the mine; and, had their stay depended solely upon their fraternal affection, it is most probable that they would have done so. But fear works strangely with men; and if it sometimes drive them to fly from the face of danger, at others it acts with the real or supposed fascination of the rattlesnake, fixing them, as if by a spell, to the very object of their horror. So it was with our brothers; they waited with a sort of stupid dread for the blow that was to crush them, and wondering that it was yet to come, when they were joined by the other miners, who had been working in a distant shaft, and who now sought them with that instinctive feeling which makes even the sea-birds flock together before a tempest, as if there were safety in society. This addition to their numbers loosened all tongues at once; the return of Ralph, his metamorphosis into a seaman, his adventuring into the shaft, were marvels rapidly communicated, and, heightened as they were by the circumstances of time and place, amidst roaring waters and rocking columns, were received with breathless admiration. It would be hard to say which was the predominant feeling with them

—wonder at Ralph's courage, curiosity of the result, even while they deemed it certain, or fear for their own safety; but, as they swallowed cup after cup of coarse and ardent spirits, the two first passions gradually gained the ascendant, and the joy in Ralph suspended all other considerations.

While they were yet debating what was to be done, or whether any thing could be done in his behalf, a sharp sound was heard from the ominous shaft, like the shriek of some one struck by sudden and mortal agony, but a cry so protracted as almost to surpass the limits of human utterance. The first feeling of all who heard it was unmingled terror; the second was of a more generous nature, and one of which they would certainly have been incapable had they been less thoroughly intoxicated. With one voice they resolved to rescue the sailor from his peril, or at least share it with him; and John, as the eldest, if not the boldest, agreed to be the first to assay the adventure. Hastily seizing a torch, he clambered up into the fatal passage, and hurrying onward, his light soon ceased to be visible, though for some time those below could hear the falling of stones and rubbish as he forced his way; but in a few minutes even this had ceased, and all again was as dark and silent in the giant's shaft as if it had been the tomb of those who entered it.

Minute after minute thus rolled on, and still he did not return, till, as they guessed from the wasting of the candle, an hour must have elapsed, when a second wail burst upon their ears similar to the first, but, if any thing, still more acute and lengthened. It might have been expected to sober the two remaining brothers; but, so far from it, while it palsied every faculty in the other miners, with them it only seemed to aggravate the effect of their drunkenness. Richard became more tender and pathetic, while Philip lavished his anathemas upon all unbelievers, past, present, and to come, with uncontrollable wrath, a want of Christian charity that exceedingly scandalized the melting mood of his brother.

"Poor Ralph!" cried the weeping Richard—"Poor lost soul! if it were not for your loving brother—hiccup—what would become of you? The giant would have you living, and—hiccup—the devil would have you dead, and 'tis hard saying which is the worst. But hand me over my pick-axe, and—that's right, lads—and now, by the blessing of Saint Keveene, and his help to boot,—for he can't grudge lending a hand against his old enemy,—I'll bring back Ralph safe and sound, or at least his poor body, that he may have Christian burial."

"You are not going to carry off our last candle!" exclaimed with one voice all the miners, on whom the prospect of being left in utter darkness worked most disagreeably.

But to all expostulation on this point the magnanimous Richard turned a deaf ear, and having gained the entrance of the shaft, he disappeared as his brother had done, while those below sent after him mingled threats and entreaties for the recovery of the light. This contumacy so highly irritated Philip, who was equally exalted with himself above all vulgar considerations, that he resolved to follow the offender, and inflict upon him such summary justice as would anticipate and render useless the interference of the invisible world.

After some time, and at the expense of sundry falls and bruises, he at last found the entrance to the shaft; still all was dark, till, on coming to where the passage took a sudden turn, he caught a glimpse of what he supposed must be Richard's light, faintly reflected on the wall. "Now, then," he thought, "I shall have you;"—but at this very instant the same ominous wail swept through the shaft a third time, the light vanished, and all was again dark and silent. For a moment the heart of Philip quailed—he paused—then turned his back for flight—but the devil of brandy at last proved too strong for the devil of fear, and he resumed his onward course, though with all the caution of a general who knows and fears his enemy.

As he advanced, to his great surprise a light again glimmered towards him, not upon the wall of the shaft, but upon the floor, through a small cavity, the upper part of the passage being closed by the same convulsion that had shut up the mouth of the shaft. Through this opening he contrived to squeeze with no little difficulty, when he found himself in what he supposed to have been originally a *plat* or *plot*, that is, a place distinct

from the shaft, intended for the convenience of lodging ore till it can be carried off; for in such mines it sometimes happens that the metal is dug faster than it can be taken away. At the farther end was a small pool of water, as warm as new milk to the touch, a circumstance which is generally supposed to precede an enlargement of the lode, and which often occurs when the water in another part of the same mine is perfectly cold. On the ground was burning Richard's candle—but where was Richard himself?—there was no farther outlet visible. Had he been drowned, either by accident or the malice of Tregagle? and were the wailings heard in the mine the wailings of himself, and of his brothers, as they were severally dragged below the water? Philip gazed with a dull vacant stare upon the pool, as if he expected to read an answer in it, till his brain was giddy, and he felt an almost irresistible desire to plump into it; a species of fascination that sounder men than himself have experienced, when gazing too long and earnestly upon a clear sea, and more particularly when the sun was on it, seeming to shoot his rays to the very sand.

While he yet continued this listless stare, his attention was suddenly roused by the appearance of something that seemed to be moving in the pond, though whether of itself, or from the action of the water, was uncertain, nor, from the depth and darkness, could its outlines be distinguished. He instantly caught up the candle to examine it more closely; but the light, instead of shewing a living object, flashed upon a golden cup, large and bright, that hung upon a point of rock, a few feet below the surface. It may be doubted whether the sight of his brothers would, for the moment, have given him so much pleasure. With a shout of joy, he flung himself on his knees, and, stooping down to the water, he pounced upon the goblet in an instant. Unfortunately, in his extreme eagerness to possess the prey, he tumbled into the water, and, once below the surface, he was held there by the weight of the cup, which continued to drag him downwards, in spite of all his exertions. Tired by the struggle, and gasping for breath, he would now have willingly relaxed his hold; but the metal seemed to be glued to his hands and his fingers, that were convulsively clutched about it, with a force that defied every effort to undo their grasp. He continued to sink deeper and deeper, the pool seeming fathomless, and his powers of breathing still holding out in a most miraculous manner, while all sorts of fantastic shapes gathered around him, amongst which the giant Tregagle was the most conspicuous, shouting, chattering, splashing his huge arms and feet about, and singing in a tone of mock admonition,—

> Hold the cup fast, 'tis heavy gold;
> Brighter was never bought or sold;
> Hold the cup fast, for many a slip
> Happens between the cup and lip;
> What, though it cost you dear at last,
> Hold the cup fast, hold the cup fast!

And herewith the giant laughed furiously, all the strange monsters about him joining, like true courtiers, in their master's mirth, and seeming to enjoy the joke beyond measure. One little imp, the most fantastic of the crew, was particularly boisterous, skipping about with restless activity, now perching himself like a lump of lead upon Philip's breast, and forcing open his eyes, and then again flinging his arms about the poor fellow's throat, and squeezing him till he was almost suffocated, or whooping or hollowing in his ears with the noise of a thousand bells.

Amidst all this uproar, and while he was still sinking, and apparently as far from the bottom of the pool as ever, he heard the voice of Ralph crying out, "Let go the iron, fool; let go the iron, or it will sink you."

"It is gold!—pure gold," replied the drowning man—"bright massive gold! and I can't undo my hand."

Hereupon Ralph, and the giant, and the little imp, all began laughing anew as if for a wager, and the former struck him a heavy blow on the hand, at which his fingers immediately relaxed their grasp, and the cup sank to the bottom of the water, hissing like hot iron, and throwing up a thousand brilliant sparks like so many little stars, which again split, each into as many parts, till the pool became a flood of fire. The condition of the sufferer was, however, little mended by this change of appearance, for the giant and his fantastic crew now fell upon him might and main, and, taking him for their football, never left off kicking at him, till by one unlucky

blow he was kicked out of the water into the mine again. At this feat the mirth of the goblin rout redoubled, and the game too was being resumed on dry land with even more vigour than it had been carried on before in the water, when most unexpectedly Dr Kirton appeared in his formidable cocked-hat, and flourishing his gold-headed cane, which had long been predominant over the children of St Just, when indulging in unlawful sports, and which now as easily put an end to the vagaries of poor Philip's tormentors. The doctor, equally famous for surgery and scepticism, has been already mentioned as a sort of doubtful friend to Tregagle, exculpating him, indeed, from the charges brought against him by popular tradition, but at the same time almost denying his existence. At the sight of this ambiguous ally, either from fear or friendship the elfin party slunk away, leaving behind them the golden cup, which, as it seemed, the diablotin had fetched from the bottom of the pool expressly for the purpose, and the victim of their malicious sport fell into a swoon, the last thing he had a glimpse of being the near corner of the doctor's trilateral hat.

The swoon lasted long. At length the tide of life, which had ebbed to its lowest mark, began again to flow, when the very same object, that had been the farewell land-mark to his departing senses, was now the first to greet them on their return. As he gradually came to himself, first one corner of the hat became visible, then a second, then a third, then the whole hat in all its trilateral dignity, till, as his powers of perception cleared up, his eyes took in the complete doctor, including the gold-headed cane, which had been so potent over the goblins. But this was all that remained of the former scene, for, instead of being in the giant's shaft, he was lying on his own bed in his own hovel. Still he was wholly at a loss to reconcile the witchery of the past with the present reality, and he gazed on the hat and its wearer with looks that seemed to ask for an explanation of his doubts.

"Humph!" said the doctor, as if in answer to the wild gaze of his patient—"Not quite recovered your senses yet?—all in good time—not well to hurry nature."

The patient was still more bewildered by these muttered ejaculations, of which he readily caught the import, though without being at all forwarded in his knowledge of the real state of things. With some difficulty he found words to address his visitor.

"This is very kind and neighbourly, Master Doctor, and I am heartily glad to see you—but I don't exactly know—that is, I can't guess—"

"I dare say you can't; you'll soon come to, though—yes, yes: the pulse beats pretty freely now."

"How came I here, doctor? I thought, to be sure, I was in the *bal*."

"And so you might have been still, if you had not thrust your dunder-head into a shaft where you had no business, and tumbled into the water for your pains. Lucky I happened to visit the mine, as I did, to see old Borlase; the chicken-hearted rogues would never have gone near you else—but the moment they told me of your pranks I guessed there was mischief brewing, and egad I came just in time; you had swallowed more water in one quarter of an hour than in your whole life before. The dose had wellnigh proved too much for you. If you must drink the pure element, which, however, I don't advise,—take it in smaller quantities; you may not always find me at hand to set you on your legs again."

"Take my word for it, doctor, I'll never trust a finger of my body in the giant's shaft again. But it was partly your fault, you know."

"Deuce take me then, if I know any such thing. But explain; explain; I shall be happy to learn of your wisdom."

"Nay, doctor, not so wise either.'

"Well, never mind that—explain; I am curious to know what I had to do with your drowning yourself."

"Why you always laughed when folks talked of Tregagle——"

"To be sure I did; but what of that? You did not surely plump your stupid head into the water to look for the giant?—though I could almost suspect you of as wise a trick."

"Why, no, sir, I can't say that I did; only as you laughed at the stories about him, and being so wise a gentleman, I partly thought you might be right after all; and so, when brother Ralph and the others did not come back, I took heart——"

"You should have taken brains at

the same time, and then you would not have tumbled into the water like an ass, to be pulled out again like a rat, half-drowned."

"That was all along of the gold cup; there it lay within a few feet of me, as if I had only to put out my hand to be a made man."

"Gold cup! what gold cup? I saw nothing but an old iron kettle, that you clutched as firmly as if your life had depended upon it. There it is, and large enough to boil potatoes for the whole parish."

"I know nothing about kettles, old or new; but there, as I said, was the gold cup quite close to me, to be had, as it were, for asking for. I did have it too—but, mercy on me! it dragged me down as though it had been a whole ton of lead, and I kept sinking, sinking, sinking, while Tregagle and a score or two of his imps laughed, and shouted, and kicked me from one to the other, as though I had been a foot-ball, till you came and put them all to the rout with your gold-headed cane."

"The devil I did!"

"You know you did, Master Doctor."

"It's the first time I ever heard of it notwithstanding."

"And if it had not been for you, it's my belief that I should never have got out of their clutches—the imps of the Old-One!"

"So I routed them all with my gold-headed cane, did I?—Poor fellow! poor fellow!—the water has clean washed away his brains; he'll never be his own man again."

This unlucky prognostic, which seemed as if the doctor meant to deny his part in the late scenes, utterly confounded his patient; he was at a loss to comprehend how so learned a man could be so wilful, or what motive he could have in forswearing an act of kindness, which redounded so much to his credit,—for even the vicar, armed with all the powers of the church, could not have shewn himself more ready to encounter, or more potent to discomfit, the giant and his auxiliaries.

"Why, surely, surely, Master Doctor," said the perplexed patient, "you won't go to deny what you did only half an hour ago?"

"And what was it I did half an hour ago?"

There was a peculiar glance in the doctor's eye, as he put this question, that added still more to poor Philip's embarrassment; it reminded him in a most unaccountable manner of the mischievous diablotin, who had cut so principal a figure amongst his tormentors, and he began to suspect the doctor of a more intimate connexion with the fiends than he was willing the world should believe, if indeed he was not actually the little imp himself in the disguise of a human form. It was, therefore, with heavy misgivings, and a most deprecating tone, that he related the story of his adventures, just as I have repeated it from his narration, or rather from the traditionary tale of his narration, as it even now exists amongst the miners.

The doctor listened to the story with divers shrugs and contortions, that might have been the effect of impatience, but which, in Philip's mind, were identified with the malicious grimaces of the little imp when kicking him to and fro in the water. Scarcely would he wait for the conclusion, but exclaimed angrily, "Pooh, pooh, man; you fancied all this stuff while you were drowning, as men in such cases will often seem to go through, in a single minute, more than they can afterwards tell in an hour; or you have dreamt it since, and now you have once got it into your silly noddle, nothing but the whip and the dark cellar will be able to drive it out again."

"Then I have not seen brother Ralph?" said Philip, inquiringly; "and I did not follow him into the giant's shaft?"

"Both one and the other," replied the doctor, "or you had not been in this pretty pickle."

"And what has become of him?—and of John?—and of Richard?"

"Gone to feed the fish at the bottom of the pool, if there happen to be any in it,—at least I can suppose no other. It seems, as I hear from the men of the Huel-Rose, you all went, one by one, into the giant's shaft,—by the by, you were as drunk as so many owls,—and, as there is no outlet, they must either have been drowned, or have returned by the way they entered, and this they did not do.—Bless me, nine o'clock!—Here, Martha, Martha—Where the plague is the woman?—Always out of the way when you are wanted, and in the way when

nobody asks for you. Look well to your husband, woman, if you don't want to be a widow in a hurry. The pill at ten—again at twelve—and the draught in the morning;—and mind, when I say morning, I don't mean any of your sluts' mornings—none of your days that begin when other people are thinking of their dinner;—I mean five o'clock—do you hear?—five o'clock at the latest."

"Yes, sir," replied the admiring Martha, with a curtsey in proportion to her awe of the doctor.

"Good—but that's not all; fasten the windows—bolt the doors,—you understand?"

But Martha did by no means understand, and, what she did not dare to say, her looks said for her. The poor woman looked the very picture of wondering ignorance.

"Confound the fool!" exclaimed the impatient doctor. "His head's not quite right yet—Do you understand now?"

"Mercy on me!" cried Martha, lifting up her hands with mingled horror and astonishment, "you don't say so?"

"Yes, I do; so look to the doors and windows—there's no knowing what may happen."

The last directions were uttered in a low tone, with certain mysterious winks and nods to give them the greater emphasis, and the dispenser of death and physic hurried off. The poor woman would have followed, as well from her profound respect towards him, as for the clearing up of certain doubts touching her probable widowhood; but the doctor, who, though a skilful and humane man, was a perfect oddity, and had a peculiar aversion either to receiving or shewing civility, repulsed her with, "No, no; stay where you are, woman—want none of your gossip—had enough of your husband's."

"But, sir! sir!—Doctor Kirton!" exclaimed Martha, raising her voice as the doctor retreated, "I beg your pardon, but shall we see you to-morrow?"

"What for?—he'll not die, I dare say; and, if he should, I'm not the undertaker."

When the doctor said this, he felt certain that his patient would not stand in need of a coffin for any thing that had happened, or was like to happen to him from his recent immersion in the pool of the giant's shaft; and herein he was perfectly right;—but he thought that, with the morning, Philip would forget his night-wonders, or at least accept a rational solution of them, and herein he was wrong. The miner, though fully himself again, yet persisted in his tale, which was soon circulated throughout Saint Just and the neighbourhood, and universally received without the smallest doubt of all having happened precisely as he had stated it. Some even joined in his suspicion of the doctor, and, as they were constantly on the look-out for corroborative evidence, enough was easily found to identify him with the imp, though it was difficult to say why such a malicious being, with his violent propensity to buffeting and drowning people, should on the other hand practise the healing art for the benefit of humanity. It could only be accounted for on the supposition, that the cutting off of limbs, and the administering of nauseous doses, occasioned him so sovereign a delight, that he was willing to buy it at the price of a few cures, without the occasional display of which he would have found no employment for his malice. It was observed, too, by the most sagacious, that the cures were very few in number, while the modes of torture were exceedingly diversified, as might be learnt from the testimony of those who had ever had occasion to become acquainted with a certain oblong mahogany case, containing a multitude of sharp, shining instruments, for which the sufferers could find no name.

The story altogether attracted so much attention, that, when the pool had been in vain dragged for the bodies, the owner of the mine, as much to satisfy his own curiosity as to meet the general wish of the neighbourhood, determined to have the water drawn off entirely. This was a matter of little difficulty, the pond being scarcely eight feet deep; but, when it was accomplished, nothing else was learnt from their labour, than that the cavity was an old underlying shaft filled by the waters which, in the course of wet seasons, are copiously supplied in all deeply sunk mines. The only singularity was its extending into a second chamber, on a level with the giant's shaft, and divided from the latter by a wall, which, as it went nearly half a

foot below the water, had rendered its very existence unsuspected. Nothing was more probable than that Ralph and his brothers, in their drunkenness, stumbling into the pool, had, without seeking it, found their way to the second chamber; but this conjecture, if true, did not render the question less perplexing;—what had afterwards become of them? Even the doctor, with all his wish to find a rational solution for the marvellous, was completely at fault here; not that he was the less obstinate in maintaining, as usual, that every thing had happened simply and naturally, though he allowed that the manner of it was, for the present, unintelligible. His declarations to this effect, however, were in general received ill, and by none more so than Philip and his partizans, who now contrived to unite two opinions that to most people would have seemed somewhat incompatible with each other. On the one hand they condemned the incredulous doctor for a goblin, while on the other they damned him as a mere mortal for his disbelief in goblins, hinting at the same time, pretty plainly, that it would be as well to try his real nature by the help of a tar-barrel.

It was on the second day after the disappearance of the brothers that this fruitless search for their bodies took place; and it was late on the evening of the same day, upon his return home from the mine, that Philip was destined to receive a farther proof of the interference of supernatural powers with the affairs of men. On seating himself by his own hearth, weary enough with the toils of the last eight hours, his attention was caught by the appearance of a small leathern bag, carelessly thrown aside into a corner, and which certainly did not enter into the very brief catalogue of his household goods. But what was his surprise, when, on lifting the bag and opening it, he found it full of gold coins of an ancient date, the most recent being of Cromwell's time, and many of a much earlier period; the whole, to guess by the weight, might amount in value to a hundred pounds, or perhaps even more; for the bag, though small, was heavy. The first feeling that occurred to him was, unquestionably, pure delight at finding such a prize, with a determination of appropriating it to his own use; the next, and following hard upon it, was of a more doubtful nature,—might not the money be a fiendish gift, of course with no good purpose, and one which could not be kept with safety to himself either here or hereafter? To part with it was to lose that which he very much coveted to keep; and yet to retain it was to undergo a peril, for which he had a marvellous disinclination.

After a long struggle, prudence, or, to speak it more truly, fear got the mastery over avarice—he resolved to fling the gold into the sea, the best depository, he thought, for unhallowed treasure; and, besides, there was a chance of the tide casting it up again, a chance he devoutly prayed for, as in that case he determined to consider it a gift from Heaven, and take it to himself accordingly. This idea had something in it extremely consoling, if, indeed, it was not the only thing that at all reconciled him to the desperate measure of flinging away more wealth in a minute than he could gain in a life of labour, though that life should be extended to the age of Methusaleh.

The night was pitch-dark, when, with a heavy heart, he set out upon this purpose, equally reluctant to peril his soul or to part with the gold. Something, indeed, seemed to whisper him, that if he did not soon fling it from him, he would not be able to get rid of it at all; for the longer he kept it, the more powerful was its attraction. The precious metal seemed as if it actually stuck to his hands; and the more he weighed and balanced it, the greater, to his thinking, grew the weight, just as the cup had done in a former instance, to the no little danger of his soul from the fiend, and of his body from the water.

"It must be magic gold," he thought to himself, "and the sooner I pitch it to the goblin, from whom it came, the better for me now and after."

"Are you mad, fool? are you mad?" exclaimed a voice close beside him, and at the same time his arm was arrested in the very act of hurling the treasure as far as he could hurl it.

Philip turned round hastily, when who should meet him face to face and eye to eye, but the ill-omened doctor, wrapt up in a large red cloak, with a lantern in his left hand, and grinning more diabolically than ever. The luckless miner immediately dropt the bag, and sprung back in dismay from the grasp of his suspicious visitant.

"What the devil scares the fool?" cried the doctor.

"The devil himself, I think," muttered Philip.

"What are you afraid of?" continued he of the red cloak, while his mouth seemed to elongate itself from ear to ear. "Don't you know me, booby?"

As he said this he turned the light of the lantern full upon his own face. Philip remained silent.

"I come from your brothers," said the ominous red-cloak.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated Philip —and then added in a lower tone, "it was not kindly done of them, though, to send you after their own born brother, poor dead and d—d souls as they are."

"If you have sense enough to follow me, your fortune is made," continued the tempter, again leering most abominably, and with a look that still more completely identified him in Philip's mind with the odious little imp of the giant's shaft. They must be one and the same person, he felt convinced, in spite of some striking differences in figure. He was, however, prudent enough to keep this salutary conviction to himself, and not well knowing what to say, returned no answer, which was about the wisest thing he could do. But the red-cloak was not to be put off so easily; he was, moreover, rapidly losing his temper, much as other fishermen are apt to do when the gudgeons won't rise readily to the bait.

"Do you hear, fool?" he exclaimed, while his eyes glowed like living embers—"Your brothers have found a treasure."

The miner was at once startled out of his silence.

"Ay, poor wretches, found a treasure, and lost their souls, no doubt."

"That's as it may be; my business is with bodies, not with souls," replied the red-cloak.

"I shan't trust to that," thought Philip.

"But come, we have not a moment to lose; I have tarried too long already."

"You'll tarry a little longer, friend, before you catch me travelling your road," said Philip, though in so low a tone there was no fear of its being overheard.

"Hark!—the signal!" cried the red-cloak, stamping impatiently; and, as Philip afterwards declared,—but this was when he had repeated the story a hundred times,—a blue flame burst from the ground where his foot struck.

At the same instant a broad flash, like lightning, swept over the sea, and before it had well passed away, was succeeded by a peal of thunder. The doctor, if doctor he really were, again called upon the miner to follow him.

"I can stay no longer. Follow me, and your fortune is made."

"Now, Heaven and all the Saints deliver me from any such fortune!" ejaculated the terrified miner.

At this declaration, he of the red cloak burst into an appalling roar of laughter, that to Philip's ears had nothing earthly in it; it was louder and harsher than the thunder had been a minute before.

"So you won't go with me?" exclaimed the goblin. "Well, then, you must e'en live and die a poor rascally tinner, as your father did before you; and, good faith, it's all such a cowardly jolter-head is fit for. However, there's another sack of gold for you, and mind you use it wisely."

So saying, the tempter flung down a second bag, that rattled heavily as it fell upon the shingle, being evidently, from the sound, much larger than the first. He then slowly disappeared in the darkness, but, long after his figure had ceased to be visible, his light was seen travelling steadily along the waves.

"By the blessed Rood!" exclaimed Philip, after having watched it for several minutes—"By the blessed Rood, he walks as easily upon the water, as I should upon the dry ground! I said it was the Old One—I was sure of it—but thanks be to the Virgin, he's gone, and his treasure shan't be long in going after him, for it's easy to guess what would come of keeping it. I have had a taste of that already in the matter of the gold cup—so here goes. There's one for you, Old Beelzebub, and there's the other—and now we are quits, and I only pray to Heaven I may never set eyes on you or your gold again."

Having flung both bags into the sea, as far as he had power to throw them, Philip considered that he had obtained a complete victory over the

fiend, and one well worthy to rank by the side of the immortal legend of Saint Dunstan. Full of the glory of his achievement, he returned to the village to impart his wise and valiant doings to his neighbours, and received from them as much honour and admiration, as if he had brought home the discovery of a new mine. For six long months he had the pleasure of finding himself and his story the subjects of universal interest, insomuch, that he was fully entitled to consider himself the most famous personage in Saint Just. He was talked of, pointed at, and had even the supreme felicity of being commemorated in a ballad, written by a cobler-poet, who had long been the glory of the town for his skill in mending shoes and making verses, though an unlucky wag once observed, that if he were to make his shoes and mend his verses, it would be the better for him in both trades. However this might be, the song was chanted from morning to night by young and old, to the infinite glory of Philip; besides which, at a club held at the sign of the Three Jolly Maltsters, his adventures formed an unfailing topic of conversation amongst the learned of the parish; nor was it ever observed, that his auditors grew weary of discussing their merits, or that any one doubted their reality, excepting the master of the free school, who seemed to have inherited all the abominable opinions of old Kirton. This unhappy little hunchback never could be brought to listen to any reason but his own, and would stand his ground against the mighty host of his opponents, unmoved by all arguments save one, which was a branch of what logicians term the *argumentum ad hominem*, and applied to his substantial interests. He had rummaged out from some forgotten nook an old story of a former owner of the Huel-Rose, who, in the troublesome times of the Civil Wars, had secreted a quantity of gold in the mine for its greater security, and, having fallen in battle, the secret of his hiding-place had died with him. On this narrow basis he had constructed a beautiful building much to his own satisfaction, though it might convince no one else. "The treasure," he would say, "I doubt not Ralph lighted upon in emerging from the water in the inner cave, whither he was most probably carried by his drunken efforts to escape from the pool. Of course, he could not but know, that if his discovery were made public, he would be called upon to refund the gold to the owner of the mine, in whom the property of such windfalls was most unquestionably vested; and, therefore, with the help of his brothers, he quietly conveyed it away on the occasion of Saint John's Eve, which took place on the following day, a time when no one was likely to interrupt them. The smuggling bark, of which he was Captain, and which brought him over, was close at hand, and then it is most probable they all went over to Holland, where they could enjoy the property unmolested."

"And pray," said Mr Snufflebags, with a sneer of superior wisdom, "how do you account for the disappearance of the supposed doctor?"

Snufflebags, it should be observed, was naturally, from his office as parish-clerk, the champion of the orthodox believers in Saint Just and the parts adjacent.

"How do you account for the disappearance of the doctor?" he repeated, smiting the table, as a man who thinks he has just demolished his adversary.

"Very simply," replied the pedagogue.

"Simple enough, I'll be sworn," retorted the clerk, glancing round triumphantly at his admirers, who seeing from his looks that he must have said something exceedingly facetious, responded to the joke, whatever it might be, with peals of laughter.

"Take me with you," said the hunchback, a little disconcerted at the rough play of this artillery; "I used not the word after your interpretation, but just as signifying a nodus, or knot, which was facilis—that is to say, easy of explication."

"Oho! you are at your hic, hæc, hoc, your Latin, are you?" cried the man of the church, winking most knowingly at his lieges, who replied, as before, with furious cachinnations, a sort of argument which does more to silence a man, when left alone in a dispute, than the clearest syllogism. But the pedagogue went on with an obstinate ignorance of his own defeat; as Napoleon reproached the English general at Waterloo, he did not know when he was beaten.

"The doctor," he said, "most probably stumbled by some accident on the brothers as they were carrying off the treasure; they were thus compelled to buy his silence with a share of the booty, and, as he could not enjoy it here without exciting suspicion, he prudently went over with them to Holland, or wherever their place of refuge might be. It is the less surprising that he should have met them in their operations, as his business led him out at all hours and in all places. I guess, moreover——"

"I guess this, and I fancy that," exclaimed Snufflebags, interrupting the schoolmaster with great heat, and in a tone that was meant by its mere weight to smother all opposition—"Good man, keep to your '*Propria quæ marrowbones*,' and leave these higher matters to us gentlemen of the church. I and the vicar are the best judges of what folk are to believe, even though they do sport Latin."

"You are right, Master Snufflebags," said Philip. "Lord love your stupid head with your guesses, and fancies, and hard words; dost think brother Ralph is such a heathen Turk as not to have taken me with him, if he had found the treasure you make such a splutter about?"

"Why, you forget, Master Philip, you did not choose to go when the Doctor came for you; and I dare say he was not over and above pressing, as, the fewer to share the spoil, the better it would be for himself and his partners in the business."

"A marvellous likely tale!" retorted the miner. "Did not I with my own eyes see the imp walk upon the water, as though he'd had a good deal flooring under his feet? And do you think a doctor,—that is, a mere doctor of flesh and blood, like any of us,—could cross the sea at that rate?"

"No doubt, if he were sitting in a boat; I see nothing to have prevented his crossing the Atlantic."

"And who told you he was sitting in a boat? I saw no boat."

"Because the night was pitch dark, and you were in too great a fright to know what you saw,—so there you have the whole mystery unriddled."

At this period of the discussion—and it regularly reached this point with the last pipe—Snufflebags would gravely rise from his presidential armchair, and, looking around him with an air of authority, exclaim,—"At this rate we may go on doubting till we have doubted away the parish register."

"I wish to Heaven we could!" mentally ejaculated the schoolmaster. —Nota bene,—The worthy pedagogue had the misfortune of being married, which awful calamity was indelibly recorded in the above volume, a huge folio, bound in rough calf, with brass hinges, and secured from the eye of the profane curious by clasps of the same metal. In his facetious moments he was wont to call it the register of the parish sins.

"Yes," continued the clerk, the austere dignity of his visage increasing as he proceeded; "not only so, but, what is worse, we may go on to deny there ever was such a thing as a ghost or a witch; this is a piece of blasphemy that I trust no gentleman here would entertain for a moment, as in that case I should feel it my duty to report him as a black sheep to his reverence, the vicar, who would take his measures accordingly."

To this argument, though repeated every club-night, that is, once a-week, with very little variation, it was never found that the little hunchbacked schoolmaster could give any reply; it must therefore be considered decisive of the matter, and the tale of the Huel Rose becomes as much a matter of legitimate history, as the achievements of the Maid of Orleans, or the labyrinth of Fair Rosamond.

IRELAND AS IT IS; IN 1828.

Chapter V.

THE LAND AND THE LANDLORDS.

We feel mightily tempted to introduce our Irish Chapters this month, with some observations upon the change, so gratifying to Protestants, which has recently taken place in the aspect of Irish politics. The Catholic Association is no longer seen to stand alone and unopposed,—a many headed monster, ruling over the land with despotic and undisputed sway. The Protestants have at length awakened from their sleep of inactivity, and they stand forth in their strength, like a giant refreshed.—But we must resist the inclination which we feel to speak of politics, and beg our readers to go along with us, while we afford them some instruction, and we hope some entertainment too, upon a less ambitious, but not less important subject. We are ever fearful, while we hover about this subject, that we may be led away from it, and therefore, without more introduction, plunge at once, *in medias res.*

We have already adverted, generally, to the unimproved state of the land in Ireland;—cultivation is managed, except in a few isolated instances, in the cheapest and most slovenly manner; the land is not assisted nearly so much as it ought to be, by manure or labour, and is suffered to waste much of its natural strength in the production of weeds. There is nothing in which the Irish are more behind the English than in farming; yet their material—the ground, is in general better than ours, and their winters are considerably more mild. Agricultural matters are commonly managed in such a wretched make-shift way, as would appear at once savage and ridiculous to an English farmer. We mean, as to the general management of the whole farm, not only in the field, but in the farm yard. The crops, when grown up, appear very well, for they cover the cobbling work beneath; but in the preparation for the crop, and in the management of the ground after it is taken off, the greatest slovenliness prevails. It is not so much ignorance as want of means, and a perverse addictation to old habits, which are the cause of this. Great numbers of the peasantry come to England every year to reap the harvest, and many substantial farmers and graziers come yet oftener, to sell their cattle, and they see a better system; but the first class are exposed to all manner of ridicule, (a weapon, in the use of which the common people in Ireland are singularly expert,) if they give up their old customs, however barbarous; while the old women fail not to call up some wise saw of superstition, to exhibit the danger of improvement—and things go on in the old way. The second class do not like, or cannot afford, to go to the expense of important improvements, and they argue, with perhaps a good deal of truth, that their system is so much cheaper, that they save in the outlay as much as they would gain in produce, by a better and more expensive method. Here, we feel that something more than the mere profit at the end of the year should be considered, if a man wish to be comfortable and respectable. These ends can never be obtained by a mean slovenly system of miserable economy. But the misfortune of these people in Ireland is, that they have no taste for comfort and respectability; and they are but too often cursed with landlords who take no pains to encourage such a taste. In England a farmer has a direct interest in employing all the labour upon the farm which the land is capable of receiving with profit; for the more labourers he employs, the fewer he will have to support at the work-house; but in Ireland there is no such stimulus, and the ground is lamentably unwrought. It is common to take three crops from one manuring, and so good is the land, that sometimes it will yield five. The favourite plan, when it is permitted by the landlord, is to pare the surface, and burn it in small heaps, which are then spread over the land. This manure produces excellent potatoes, and good after-crops,—probably because the weeds being all destroyed by the burning, the ground is not obliged to nourish any thing but the seed

sown in it. They always either burn the surface, or provide manure for potatoes, which are generally both planted, and taken out of the ground with the spade, or "fack," as they term the instrument with which they dig, and which differs from the common spade, in being longer and narrower, with the handle at one side, instead of in the centre. Although planting potatoes in drills, which admits of their being covered, and afterwards as they shoot up, earthed with the plough, and finally turned out of the ground with the same instrument, is sometimes practised; yet planting in what they call "lazy beds" is much more common. The cut potatoes are laid upon long beds, between each of which a narrow trench is dug, and the earth taken out is thrown on either side upon the seed which has been spread out. In this way, it is obvious that the plough cannot be used, either in planting or taking them up, but the crops are in general very good. They have no notion, however, of storing them with the care and neatness which the English farmer bestows upon this much used and much abused root. The Irishman commonly tumbles them into a pit, as broad as it is long, piles them as high as he can, and beats the earth close over them, often without putting anything between the earth and the potatoes. In England a long trench is dug, about two feet deep, and four or five broad, into which the potatoes are thrown, and piled up to about four feet from the surface, with a gradual slope on each side like the roof of a house; sheaves of straw are then laid against the pile on both sides, the ends projecting above the top of the ridge; the earth is beaten down over the straw up to the ridge, but not on it, so that the straw forms a kind of chimney, by which air is admitted to the potatoes inside, yet gets so far warmed in its passage, as to avoid the risk of frost.*

The Irish fields are excessively unsheltered; perhaps the mildness of the climate makes shelter less necessary, but it is a sad deficiency in appearance. They are rarely divided by hedges, and even when they are, the hedges are stunted, loose, and ragged, without any standard trees studding them at intervals, as in England. All this we must again attribute, in a great measure, to the shameful neglect of landlords, who, beyond their own demesne, seem to take no more interest in the beauty of their estate, than if it were a mere convenience to obtain rent from, and not a portion of their country under their immediate guardianship, which they should feel themselves bound in honour to treat with some care and attention.

There are some noblemen and gentlemen in Ireland, who, much to their credit, set an example of farming in the best style; but their stewards are generally Scotchmen, who have not the same taste for neatness, which so happily prevails in England. Even in the best farm-yards, an Englishman would find reason to complain of untidiness. He would, perhaps, find the corn stacks upon stands, and the hay upon the ground—the corn thatched clumsily, and unevenly, and sometimes the hay not thatched at all—the thrashing-machine rusty, the farm-yard unswept, and a variety of other things, petty in detail, but important in the general effect, which the bad habits of the farm-servants suffer to remain unattended to. Upon the whole, it is a general truth with respect to Ireland, that the land is shamefully neglected—that it is neither fenced, nor drained, nor manured, nor tilled, as it ought to be, and that there is an immense fund for profitable employment of the people, in the improvement of the natural capabilities of the soil. Nevertheless, the Emigration Committee say the population is redundant, "and sure they are all *honourable* men." More honourable than wise, however, as appears from their conclusions respecting Ireland, "its evils, and their remedies," which conclusions have been shattered to pieces by the battery of Mr Sadler's erudition. This gen-

* We have been informed that in Essex, where potatoes are more extensively grown than in any other English county, they have a peculiar method of storing them. A pit is dug of considerable dimensions, and filled with water; into this the potatoes are tumbled, and piled up as high as can be accomplished above the surface, in a pyramidal form. Clay is then beaten on the heap, over straw, and then the whole is thatched, and so left.

tleman has shewn, by the most irrefragable evidence, that all the evils which the Emigration Committee attribute to over-populousness, existed in a much greater degree "when the inhabitants were wholly inadequate to possess, or cultivate, a quarter of the soil that they do at the present moment." The fact is, or, at all events, it was, in Ireland, that the land was chiefly in the hands of poor creatures, with a few acres, who were utterly destitute of the means to employ labourers, and when one pauper failed to pay his rent, and was expelled from his holding, another, in not a whit better circumstances, got possession of it, who was, from sheer poverty, quite unable to make any improvement, or give employment to any but his own family, and he paid his rent, if he paid it at all, not by making the land productive, but by living himself, on the smallest possible quantity of the produce that would sustain life, while the rent swallowed up all the rest. The ejected man then became one of the idle "redundant population;" and as idleness is the fruitful parent of crime, he, perhaps, after a little time, set fire to the new tenant's thatch, or houghed his cow, whereas if the new tenant had the capital which he ought to have had, he would have employed this man upon his half-tilled ground, and would have found ample profit in so doing.

This is the true history of a great part of the redundant population—they are redundant, it is true, and starving, in many instances, but the land lies before them, which requires only their labour to produce abundance for them; yet they who are willing to work, must look idly on, pining in want, because the owners of the land will not consult their own interest by improving it. The owners of land in Ireland, have to answer to God and their country, for an enormous deal of evil, of which, actively or passively, they have been the occasion. We wish we could arouse in them that sense of shame, which should make any landed gentleman blush to see his estate in the beggarly condition in which the greater part of Irish estates are to be found. We wish we could make them feel, that to have bare, scald, starved-looking acres, is as unbecoming as to wear a shabby thread-bare coat, and that to have their estates inhabited by hungry half-clothed wretches, is not less disgraceful than a crowd of ragged menials would be about their doors in the squares of London.

But landlords will say, "There is already a great outcry against those who are turning the pauper tenantry off their estates, and we feel it to be a cruel thing to order these people to be turned adrift upon the world." Undoubtedly so it is, and we would join in the exclamations against those who suddenly disorganize an established system, without at all providing for the consequences. The evil has grown up through the culpable carelessness of proprietors, and they cannot expect to get rid of it without considerable trouble. Not personal trouble, unless they choose it themselves, but trouble which they may delegate to others—to judicious practical agriculturists,* who know how to divide estates advantageously—to select the most deserving of the tenantry for larger holdings—to assist them with some capital, and a great deal of instruction—and to adopt every means which prudence and charity can devise to succour the ejected tenantry, while they are seeking for other employment. Common prudence, and the simplest views of their own interest, dictate to landlords the necessity of improving their estates by removing the pauper tenantry; while humanity commands that it should be done cautiously—shewing mercy to the poor people who are to be put out of house and home. The common method of "forgiving them the half-year's rent," which is due when they are turned adrift, is not the way to do this. It is merely saying, "I will not send you to jail for what you owe," because it is notorious that with these people the rent is always half-a-year in advance of the means of paying it.

It is absolutely necessary that those who would improve their estates, should lay out a considerable portion of capital upon them; and if they have not money to do so, they should sell some of their acres, and improve the rest, with the purchase-money.

* Mr Nimmo says, that men of this description are abundant in Ireland. See 3d Report on Emigration, p. 350.

There is in Ireland, a paltry pride of poor gentility, which Englishmen scorn and laugh at, that makes a man rather be called the lord of a thousand wretched starved acres, than of the more valuable property of five hundred acres well cultivated; and this is an absurdity which often stands in the way of improvement. Landlords must get capital, and lay it out, if they expect to improve. In fact, it they do not, they will not receive so much rent from the estate when set in large divisions, as they do from the small tenants, for these latter look for such an exceedingly small portion for themselves, that they pay more rent than the respectable tenants of larger portions could pay.* Except, however, upon the very narrowest principles of gain, this should not induce a landlord to prefer small tenants. The proprietor of a house in London would probably get more rent by letting it in separate rooms, than by letting it altogether; but he would have a disgraceful troublesome tenantry, who would soon wear out his house; and so far, what is true of a house, is also true of the divisions of an estate. It is really wonderful how well the rents are paid in some districts, by the very poorest of the people. Along the Longford and Roscommon line of country, for example, where the peasantry present a great contrast to the fierce inhabitants of Tipperary and Limerick, the rents are paid with a patience and regularity which, under the circumstances of their extreme privation, is surprising. In his evidence before the Emigration Committee Mr Strickland describes these people as possessing small holdings, the produce of which is no more than sufficient to feed their families with potatoes. The men come to England for work during the harvest time, and carefully hoarding all the money they can procure, they bring it home, and pay it almost all away for the high rent of their little potatoe ground. Were it not for the wages they receive in England, they could not possibly pay rent, for they could get no one to employ them at home; yet Mr Strickland says, "as to farm buildings, fences, drainages, and introducing a proper system of crops, all that is yet to be done in the part of Ireland that he is in." Is it any wonder, that under such circumstances the population should be found redundant? Or, can we marvel at the wildness and uncouthness of a peasantry, amongst whom the commonest arts of civilization are not even attempted?

Whoever has travelled in Ireland must have been struck with the vast fields of bog, or peat moss, which meet and offend the eye by their dreary sameness. These tracts alone, not including mountain wastes, constitute more than two millions of acres of waste land, which might, every acre of it, be made into arable or pasture land, by the application of capital, and the labour of the redundant population. At present it is of so little value, that large tracts of it are held as mere appendages to the neighbouring lands, and pay no rent. Indeed, so careless have the proprietors been about these bogs, and so loose and indefinite in their grants of them, that the uncertainty about the boundaries and limitations of different properties, is adduced as one of the reasons which prevents the reclaiming of them being undertaken; but this could soon be settled by Parliamentary Commissioners, were gentlemen to set about employing the people, instead of complaining of their abundance.

Nature seems to invite them to the task, having provided calcareous manure in the immediate vicinity of almost all the great bogs,† and experience has shown how very profitable the undertaking would be. Those who have read the Emigration Report, or the article on Ireland, in the Quarterly Review, No. 75, may recollect the pleasing account which Mr Nimmo gives of his success in reclaiming a part of Lord Palmerston's bog. We like very much the triumphant way in which he states the result of his experiment. We know of no achievement, the recollection of which has a right to make a man's breast glow with the strongest feelings of satisfaction, more than that of having turned a waste and howling wilderness into a fruitful garden—of having converted a sterile waste, fit for little else than

* See Evidence of Mr Strickland, 3d Report of Emigration Committee, p. 333.
† Emigration Report. Mr Nimmo's Evidence.

the retreat of robbers, into a good land, bearing grass for cattle, and herbs for the service of man. But suppose there were no such feeling of honest exultation attached to it—suppose it had nothing but the mere gain—nothing but the "shekels" to recommend it, it is enough to rouse the enthusiasm of a man whose soul never travelled beyond the balance of a profit and loss sheet.

The sum laid out by Mr Nimmo was £7 per acre, and for this outlay, the land, which was previously worth nothing at all, became worth 30s. an acre per annum!

We regret that the Jews are not prone to agriculture in these latter days, nor given, like their forefathers, to make riches by the propagation of flocks and herds; if they were, we doubt not they would soon take advantage of the sources of wealth which the uncultivated lands of Ireland present, and find abundance of work for what is called "the redundant population."

Once for all, as to this Population question,—We admit, that under present circumstances, there is an excessive surplus, but we deny that there is a population beyond the means of the country to support, if these means were taken advantage of as they might, and ought to be. In Munster, where there are 1,935,612 persons to 3,777,150 Irish acres, the redundancy is complained of. In Ulster, where there are 1,998,494 persons to 3,143,000 acres, it is not, except in times of severe depression of trade; and the land is better in Munster than in Ulster. This fact is in itself sufficient proof of our position. In the latter province, to be sure, manufactures and the Protestant religion are pretty generally diffused among the common people, while Munster is unfortunately but very partially blessed with either, and hence the difference between them and the superiority of Ulster. It is no party or political feeling, but simple truth, which dictates the observation, that in Ireland, wherever Protestantism is found, there is a corresponding attention to domestic improvement and outward decency, much beyond what is to be found with the same class of Roman Catholics.

We must now take leave of the land, that we may turn to another very important branch of our subject; unwilling, certainly, to leave so important a matter so lightly touched upon, yet happy if we have said that, which may be practically useful, to those who make the affairs of Ireland their study. We must add one word, however, lest we should be misunderstood in what we have said about clearing the land of the poorer description of tenantry. The writer of this paper is not one of those who think there can be no agricultural prosperity, unless farmers count their acres by the hundred. We like not the policy of those, "who join house to house, and lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth." We think that, with a careful landlord, or agent, who would look diligently after the tenantry, farms of 40 or 50 acres would best suit the means, and the people, of the south of Ireland. Farms of 30 acres should, we think, however, be the minimum, as, while they are destitute of manufactures, this is the least quantity which will maintain a peasant's family with decency, and pay rent. In the north of Ireland, there are many comfortable people who have only three acres, but in that case their ground may be considered as their garden for domestic supply, for they eat all the produce; the rent is paid by labour at the spinning wheel and the loom, within the house.

Chapter VI.

MANUFACTURES AND COMMERCE.

Notwithstanding the political and local disturbances with which Ireland is so frequently afflicted, we have no hesitation in saying, that a most groundless degree of alarm exists in Great Britain, about the danger to those who may venture to embark their capital in manufactures or commerce in Ireland.

Orators of all sorts continually mag-[illegible]fy this danger, for purposes of their [illegible]n; practical people know nothing [illegible]oout it. Let those who have not been in Ireland, look at the evidence given

by Mr Griffith, the mining engineer, before the Parliamentary Committee in 1825. During the violent disturbances of Ireland which immediately preceded this period, he lived in the very spot, where the savage sway of Captain Rock was most despotic, and most terrible in its effects. Every night, he says, he could see houses in the distance burning round about him, the work of the incendiary Rockites, yet he never dreamt of danger, *nor did he think it necessary to bolt his doors at night.* His protection was simply this—he employed the people. Mr Griffith is a sensible, practical man, who knows the people well; his opinion ought to be of more avail than that of a wilderness of orators, and he distinctly says, that there is no danger for those who employ the people, and pay them fairly. It is not, however, upon Mr Griffith's evidence merely, but upon our own observation also, that we found our opinion. It will, we suppose, be readily admitted, that Scotchmen are not usually the most forward to hazard their capital at an extraordinary risk, yet many, and shrewd Scotchmen, trade in Ireland. Of the distillers, and buyers up of corn for exportation, resident at almost all the outports, and of the proprietors of such manufactories as do exist in Ireland, the proportion of Scotchmen is very great, and neither have they ever hitherto found their property molested, nor do they entertain any dread that it is likely to be so. In fact, the general feeling, or rather absence of feeling, on this subject, is such, that if one questions any trader long resident in the country upon it, he answers with the same appearance of surprise, and slowness of apprehending what danger you are talking about, as might be reasonably expected in a manufacturer here. If a man were taking a small farm, from which another had been ejected, he might perhaps fairly entertain some apprehension of the perils of cold iron, though not the more, nor perhaps quite so much, that he happened not to be a native; but if he come, to turn merchant, he will be seen with gladness, because he will spend some money, and interfere with no other man's means of getting bread; and if he come to set up a manufactory, which will employ the people, not only will they not injure him, but the whole neighbourhood would fight to the last man, sooner than that a hair of his head should be touched. There is but little prejudice even against machinery in Ireland. They know, and feel, that at least some additional employment, and some additional circulation of money, must result from the establishment of any manufacture, and they hail any such establishment, or any purchaser of the commodities they have for sale, with joyful acclamation. We have thought it right to say thus much at the outset, concerning this prejudice, so important, and so pernicious, in its effects.

To those who feel deeply interested for the prosperity and greatness of the Empire, the consideration of Ireland's backwardness in manufactures and commerce, is a cheerless and dispiriting task. It is a mournful thing to behold a kingdom—blessed by Providence with every requisite for the production of wealth, and all that waits upon it to improve and adorn society, and forming an integral part of that empire which stands conspicuous throughout the whole world for its riches and industry,—still struggling on, disgraced by the poverty of its population, and unable to defray its proportion of the national expenses. Period after period, the anomalous condition of Ireland in this respect, has engaged the attention of the most able and patriotic statesmen, until legislators are weary of the subject, and yet continually obliged, from the pressing nature of the evil, to recur to it. Immediate remedy ceases to be deemed possible, and the most influential of the modern statesmen who have turned their attention to the affairs of Ireland, has given his opinion, "that the difficulties and evils which encompass that country, form a gordian knot, which cannot be cut, and which only the gradual lapse of time can unravel."*

More than a century and a half ago, Sir William Temple wrote an Essay upon the Trade of Ireland, in which he gives a very melancholy account of it. He seems to think that the great cause

* Mr Peel's Speech on Sir J. Newport's motion for inquiring into the state of Ireland, 1826.

of its backwardness at that time, was Absentee-ship, and amongst the minor causes, he places one, which forms a singular contrast to the present current of opinion, namely, the thinness of the population, which had been greatly "wasted in the late wars."

"These circumstances," he says, "so prejudicial to the increase of trade and riches in a country, *seem natural, or at least have ever been incident* to the government here ; and without them the native fertility of the soil and seas in so many rich commodities, improved by multitudes of people, and industry, with the advantage of so many excellent havens, and a situation so commodious for all sorts of foreign trade, must needs have rendered this kingdom one of the richest in Europe, and made a mighty increase both of strength and revenue to the crown of England ; whereas it has hitherto been rather esteemed, and found to be our weak side, and to have cost us more blood and treasure than it is worth."

How very lamentable it is, that these remarks should be so applicable to Ireland, even at this day, and that while the Emigration Committee of 1827 overturns one of Sir W. Temple's pre-disposing causes, and Doctor M'-Culloch annihilates the other, with a spell muttered from the mystic legends of modern political economy, the effect remains almost similar!

It is our opinion, that at this day, Absenteeism, and the peculiar character of the people of Ireland, are the causes which operate to retard the progress of manufactures and commerce ; the tendency of both being to prevent the accumulation of capital in the country. If, indeed, we could believe with Mr M'Culloch, that the difference between the cases of an Irish proprietor of L.10,000 a-year, living on his estate, or at Paris, was just this—that in the first case, he would eat and wear L.10,000 worth of Irish commodities at home ; and in the second he would eat or wear them in Paris*—if we could believe any thing so strange as this, we know not what we should venture to disbelieve afterwards ; but notwithstanding our belief in the potency of Irishmen's capabilities in the arts of eating and wearing, we are yet incredulous about this enormous wear and tear, and consumption, by a single individual ; and we rather suspect, that the L.10,000 worth of commodities are consumed by the proprietor's establishment—by his man servants and his maid servants, his cattle, and the strangers that are within his gates, and by sundry others to whom on the principle of reciprocity of favours he must also dispense a little—such as tailors, shoemakers, grocers, wine merchants, coachmakers, and a thousand more. Now, when this crowd of persons and trade is taken into consideration, we think we can see quite plainly how seriously it may affect the manufactures of Ireland, that a great number of proprietors should spend their ten, or their twenty thousand pounds worth of commodities out of the country, instead of in it ; and as trade is but another name for an exchange of commodities, we cannot avoid thinking, that if a landlord resided at home, when his corn, beef, and linen, were sent over to England, which they certainly would be, because we want them here, and when he got back tea, woollens, and hardware, in lieu of them, it would be an accession to the trade of that country, which now sends the corn, beef, and linen, and does not get any thing back in return.

But, besides this monstrous evil of Absenteeism, (for there is no use in pursuing Mr M'Culloch's nonsense any further,) *the character of the Irish people has always been unfavourable to their advancement in manufacturing and commercial greatness,* to which frugality, patience, perseverance, industry, and strict attention, are very requisite ; and for the possession of which good qualities, the Irish are by no means remarkable. While an English tradesman or shopkeeper would be up early at his business, dine in the middle of the day, and work hard afterwards, and hardly ever bestow a thought on any thing but his business ; an Irishman, without the tenth-part of the means, would endeavour to combine the life of the gentleman with that of the tradesman ; make his appearance in his shop after breakfast, attend to business till five or six in the evening, and be no more seen till the morning. If, notwithstand-

* Comm. Rep. 1825. p. 815. Mr M'Culloch's evidence.

ing, he should be so fortunate as to make a few thousands, which would cause an Englishman to extend his business and begin to work harder than ever, he will retire to his country house, and *waste in hospitable profusion the profits which should have gone to augment his capital.* This is no exaggerated statement; it is the common practice of the Irish, and most certainly, it is one great cause of capital not accumulating among the trading classes. It is a very rare thing in Ireland to find a man absorbed in business; he dashes through it in careless haste, that he may have time afterwards for amusement. Indeed, a looseness and carelessness, in every department of life, from the highest to the lowest of the people, is an important characteristic of the Irish nation, and is extremely unfavourable to their advancement in the greater number of the affairs of life, where order and discipline are the surest heralds of success. Their sanguine temperament, too, is frequently the cause of great rashness in their enterprises, and of consequent disappointment and miscarriage. The story of the Irishman who laid out all his money on a splendid purse, quite forgetting that he had nothing left to put in it, is not an inapt illustration of many important undertakings in Ireland. Of this nature were the two great canals from Dublin. The grand canal is a magnificent work for mean purposes. It is of great breadth, and has noble docks communicating with the sea, where almost the trade of Liverpool might be accommodated, but where there is absolutely nothing done; a single vessel may occasionally be seen in them, perhaps a pleasure boat

"Tossing upon the waters listlessly,"

but the din of busy life—the crush of waggons, and the hurrying to and fro of men, are never seen there. The docks are noble sheets of water bound in by deep quays of cut stone, with a warehouse here and there on the banks, dropping into decay. We need hardly add, that the concern is in a state of bankruptcy; the original stockholders got nothing at all, and those who lent money to carry on the works, got only two-thirds of the promised interest, without any chance of being able to get back the principal. The affairs of the other canal are in a similar situation, both having been undertaken without proper caution, and executed with needless extravagance. Individuals are apt to fall into this error as well as public companies. Superb warehouses are built where they are not required, and Irishmen become bankrupts in palaces, where Englishmen, in the same trade, would have made fortunes in sheds. It has been asserted by a very competent judge, that at Arigna, in the county of Leitrim, with the name of which the public have been lately familiar, iron can be manufactured of as good a quality, and at as cheap a rate, as any where in the empire.* Yet the works failed, in consequence, as the same gentleman observes, of their having been commenced originally on too extensive and expensive a scale. As they were undertaken with incautious eagerness, they were abandoned with wanton carelessness; the steam-engine was left exposed to the weather, to be eaten with rust, and fall to pieces; and a new steam-boiler which never was set, was left in an open yard to go to destruction, in a similar manner.† This is merely an example of the unbusiness-like fashion in which things are done in Ireland; a reform must take place in the habits of the people, before extensive works can flourish there, and we believe such a reform is now in progress. The want of steadiness in the workmen is also a great hindrance to extensive undertakings. They keep holidays, are very capricious, and apt to "turn out," as it is called, for more wages, or redress of some grievance, at the very time their assistance is most wanted; and a prudent employer is obliged to manage them like so many wayward children; but this is easily done, by shewing them a little extra kindness, for which they are generally extremely grateful. The circumstance of Ireland being placed by the side of a manufacturing country so much richer than herself, is also prejudicial to the interests of her manufactures. In every extensive manufactory, there is a portion of the goods, which, from accident, or change of fashion, cannot find a market amongst those who can afford to pay for the very best and

* Griffith's Mining Survey of Connaught, p. 61. Dub. 1828. † Ibid, p. 64.

newest; this portion is, therefore, sent to poorer customers, and actually sold for less than the cost of its production; the large profit on the superior article making up for the loss on this. In this way, a large portion of English goods come into the Irish market, which it would be difficult to sell in England; but the Irish purchaser cannot afford to be so fastidious, and is glad to get the cheap article, although inferior. It is obviously impossible for the Irish manufacturer to bring similar articles to market, on the same terms, as he has no superior sale to remunerate him for the loss. It is also true, that the fact of there being so few manufactories in Ireland, is the very reason, that these few find a greater difficulty of sales, than is found in England; because a purchaser naturally goes to the place where he will find the greatest variety, and the greatest quantity from which to select that which he considers most pleasing or most profitable. These remarks, however, apply chiefly to the higher branches of manufactures; and there is yet abundant field left in Ireland for capitalists who choose to take advantage of the cheap labour, and the exemption from poor-rates, and from all direct government taxes, which is enjoyed in that country.

The province of Ulster, and a part of Leinster bordering on Ulster, are, it is well known, not commonly included in general remarks upon Ireland; the condition of that portion of the island being as different from, and as superior to the rest, as the condition of England is superior to it. "It is remarkable," says Mr Leslie Foster, in his evidence before the Lords, "that in the eleven counties planted by King James the Insurrection Act never was in force."

The population there is divided, as in England, between agriculture, trade, and manufactures; and there are bankers, and rich merchants, and resident gentry, and improved estates. The hum of the spinning wheel, and the clack of the loom, are heard in the cottages, and the eye rests with delight upon bleachfields, where the bright green is half concealed by the long lines of white linen that glance in the sunbeams; the towns seem full of business, and the people awake to the blessings of industry and improvement.

In this part of the country, thanks to the policy of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, who governed Ireland with a hand directed at once by severity and wisdom, the linen manufacture was introduced, and has long continued to flourish. It was a manufacture of the happiest nature for the domestic comfort of the population, carried on within their own houses, and combined with agricultural pursuits. With its co-operation small farms were not found to be a nuisance, because the tenants were enabled to consume the produce of them themselves, while the profits of the manufacture enabled them to pay their rents. It appears, however, that the manufacture of the coarser description of linens has considerably declined of late years,* and the weaving of cotton has been introduced in its place. Mr Leslie Foster stated to the Committee of the Lords in 1825, that after the repeal in 1822, of what he says were erroneously called "protecting duties," the cotton manufacture spread through the north-eastern part of Ireland in a very surprising manner, and he inclined to think, would hold its ground there, in connexion with the finer branches of the linen manufacture; while the manufacture of the coarser linens appeared to be migrating to the west and south, and employing the people of Sligo and Mayo. In this introduction of cotton weaving, the vast importance of the increased facilities in the transmission of goods from one country to the other was very strikingly made manifest: The cotton twist was brought over from Manchester, and distributed amongst the weavers, in the counties of Down, Antrim, and Louth, who brought it back in the shape of cloth, which was immediately returned to Manchester to be bleached, dressed,

* The spinning of yarn by the hand sinks before the competition of the machine yarn manufactured at Aberdeen and in Yorkshire; but we have lately heard that companies are starting in Belfast to establish flax spinning by steam on an extensive scale, and they calculate upon being able to drive the German linens out of the British market by this improvement. The cotton weavers in the north are rather prosperous at present.

and finished for the market. Large mills, however, for spinning cotton, are becoming more numerous in the north of Ireland, and it is possible that the great cheapness of hand-weaving (for the remuneration to the poor weaver is extremely small) may enable the manufacturers there to compete with the power-looms in England and Scotland. None but those who have witnessed it can conceive how wonderfully the repeal of the protecting duties, which we have just alluded to, and the facility of communication by the aid of steam-packets, have changed the nature of the commercial intercourse between Ireland and England. But a few years ago England was to the mass of the trading people of Ireland, like some rich house, which none but the more privileged classes had any business to enter; but now the gates are widely open to the public, and every one who has any thing to buy or sell, or wants to gratify his curiosity, boldly marches in. A race of merchants who lived in Dublin, by importing once or twice in the year from England, and selling to retailers, and country shopkeepers, have been almost annihilated. There is no longer any use for them. If a man in Dublin want to purchase English goods, instead of going to bed at his own house, he goes to bed in the steam-packet, and awakes in the morning at Liverpool—then he may spend some hours in Manchester, dine in Liverpool again the same day, go to bed in the steam-packet as before, and the next morning he is behind his counter in Dublin, just (as an Irishman would say) as if nothing had happened him. He has made his journey and his purchases in far less time, than under the old system would have been occupied in higgling with the Dublin merchant about the price. If a grazier bring his cattle to the Smithfield of Dublin, and finds they do not sell as well as he expected, and as he believes they would sell in England, he drives them down forthwith to the quay, has them put on board a steamer, and the men of Lancashire grow fat on Irish beef and mutton. In Holyhead they do not take the trouble of baking, because Dublin bread is very good, and the steam-packet brings it to them almost warm from the Irish oven, which has been heated by English coals. The fish which are caught in Dublin bay draw their last gasp upon the English shore; the fisherman's boat coming in is met by the steamer going out, and the fish are purchased by the steward, or the sailors of the packet. The steamer is met in its turn, in eight or nine hours, by boatmen from Liverpool, who purchase the fish, sell a part of it in the town, and send the rest by a four-hours trip to Manchester, where it is eaten with butter made in Munster, from a table covered with the manufacture of Ulster, washed down with porter * manufactured in Dublin, which is probably succeeded by a dram of whisky, distilled in Cork or Belfast. The population of Ireland seem strongly inclined to follow the provisions, and they are by no means so welcome. But it is in vain to think of keeping them off, now that steam-packets have removed the tediousness and the peril of travelling over the sea which divides them from us. That class of the community who in both countries must live solely by the labour of their hands, will, ere very long, find a common level. We may regret it, but we cannot help it; and we doubt very much if it would be wise to oppose the approximation even if we could. We are united to Ireland for better and worse, and it is a weak and timid policy to attempt to keep her at bay, as if there were something dangerous in her contact, and as if we feared she might cling about our knees, though we know she cannot grapple with our strength. We *must* support Ireland; let us not then attempt to keep her in poverty, and at a distance, but rather take her into our family, where she may learn our habits, and forget her own wildness and irregularity. Let it rather be our task to cultivate her capabilities, than indolently to push the difficulty from our sight for a little time by sending handfuls of her population to the Colonies, or sending back from England the able bodied men who are wandering abroad in search of food. With "Ireland as it is," we send them back only to perish by want, or in the tumults induced by despair.

To those who may think that having ventured to speak of manufactures and

* This is a considerable article of export from Dublin to Liverpool.

commerce, we should provide a set of tables of imports and exports in business-like fashion, we beg leave to intimate, that our present purpose is to exhibit pictorial sketches, and general statements, and that we have not room for elaborate details. These details may be found in a thick blue book, full of arithmetical figures, yclept the Annual Financial Statement, which the Treasury publishes every year for the benefit of Parliament and the public. We think it right, however, to inform such of our friends as delight in the contemplation of masses of numerical figures, that they are not to confide in a publication, purporting to be an accurate account of the state of Ireland, illustrated by tables, and put forth by a Monsieur Cæsar Moreau, who, we know not how, happens to be an F.R.S. of London. This gentleman seems to have a passion for "tables," and for lithography—for his thirty shilling publication is entirely from the lithographic press, and fortunately written in so minute a character, that very few, even with the best double spectacles, can read it. In his calculations, he out-Humes even his friend Mr Hume himself, and the publication is more elaborately wrong, than any other we ever happened to meet with.

ODE TO TAN HILL,

WHILOM CALLED ERRONEOUSLY ST ANNE'S HILL, IN WILTSHIRE.*

1.

BLESS thy smooth crown, old round topp'd hill!
Let dreamers call thee what they will—
What signifies thy name?
Though Bowles, with bias all awry,
Run round thy verge, or even I
On thee would build my fame?

2.

What boots it whether Anne or Pan,
Mercurius, or infernal Tan,
Were worshipp'd on thine head?
Or what if bearded priests of Thoth
(Fit name for grinning God of Goth!)
Stalk'd there in mystic tread?

3.

Little indeed! Yet man would know
The cause of all things here below:
And so, he racks his brain;
Invents, discards, then frames anew
Fresh theories much more strange than true,
And of his dreams grows vain.

4.

Still, there thou art, in size and form,
The same as when the Roman storm
On our forefathers broke;
And there wilt be when years have fled,
Our theories lost, and we all dead,
And all our dreams a joke.

5.

What pass'd some few score years ago,
Perchance the wisest of us know;
But all is dark beyond.
A wild confused, mysterious tale,
Of Druid, Roman, Pict, and Gael,
And Saxon "Englalond."

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* See Maga, No. 142, (August) pp. 236, &c.

6.

Yet know, thou taciturn old hill,
That learned antiquarians will
Discover what they please;
And, having cast their eyes on thee,
They'll eat into thy mystery,
Like nibbling mice in cheese.

7.

They do aver that they can trace,
That Britain's ancient, painted race,
Contrived a thundering God,*
With monstrous paunch and flaming eyes,
Which they set up, 'mid hideous cries,
And worshipp'd on thy sod.

8.

And there invoked, with potent charm,
The bugbear not to do them harm,
And offer'd man or beast.
(An offering's thought a custom good,
By Idols, e'en though made of wood;
At least, so thinks the priest.)

9.

Deny it if thou can'st! Thy name
Too clearly doth the truth proclaim:
Else, wherefore art thou Tan? †
Thou hast no tan-pit dug in thee,
No *leathern hides*, nor oak-bark tree,
Nor fear'st the Excise-man.

10.

A fair too, (not a wife) hast thou,
Which horse and oxen, sheep and cow,
Doth yearly bring to thee;
And men who bend at Pluto's shrine,
Which is a remnant, I opine,
Of dark Idolatry.

11.

Then, maidens fair, in youth and glee,
Come, trippingly, to walk on thee,
With lovers hand in hand—

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* "A thundering god."—The term we now use for Tanaris, thunder, being the Belgic Donder (with the Saxon Shibboleth Th, instead of D,) and the Gallic Tonnerre, which our ancestors would, according to the spirit of their language, shorten into Tanar, or Tan, as our modern young ladies are wont to abbreviate modern French "bien" into bang, "Mademoiselle," into Mumzell, &c. Moreover, be it observed, that although the Ζευς βροντᾳιος, Jupiter tonitrualis, seu tonans, and Tanaris, are all one and the same, (as much as it is possible to identify ideal images, which never existed but in the superstitious and bewildered fancies of mankind, with each other,) nevertheless, our forefathers were not indebted to the Romans for the said God. It seems that, even in those dark ages, French fashions and customs were the rage, and that Tan, like Julius Cæsar, landed in Kent, may be fairly inferred from the name of the Isle of Thanet, Tenet, or Tanet. If any one doubt the correctness of this inference, let him read Mr Bowles's letter respecting words commencing with Tot—such as Tottenham Park, Tottenham Court, Totness, &c. These Tots, *cum multis aliis*, (excepting, perhaps, Joseph Hume's *tot*tles, which certes have nothing decidedly mercurial about them,) all indicate the existence in the vicinity of a mound or temple, dedicated to Teuth, or Thoth the British Mercury.

† "Oh, Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?"

That these are idols I contend,
And worshipp'd too.—Thou'lt not pretend
They come there to be tann'd?

12.

Oh, no! That kind of worship throve
Before mankind invented Jove,
Or flint axe hew'd out Tan; *
And, wert thou levell'd with the plain,
Triumphant would it still remain,
As when it first began.

13.

And then thy fair hath got a knack
Of rearing temples on thy back,
With rites that might appal
Tanaris' worshippers—for, lo!
Priests, from their mouths, strange incense blow,
And, loudly, "Bacche!" call. †

14.

These are thy summer rites. And when
Stern winter comes, horse, hounds, and men
Scour through the plains below;
And, when thy well-known head is seen,
Thy priests, in scarlet, black, and green,
Shout "Tan," or "Tal Io!" ‡

15.

Weigh well this damning evidence!
To saintship thou hast no pretence;
Thine is no hallow'd ground.
But, Tan, I fear, that thou art still,
As in thy youth, a wicked hill,
Though now on Christian ground.

P. W.

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* It would be scarcely worth while to repeat the well-known fact, that the ancient Britons used weapons and tools of flint, were it not for the purpose of observing, that the Wiltshire Downs produce that commodity in great abundance.

† Doubtless, the same as the ancient Βάκχαι. "*Bacchi Sacerdotes, quæ furore ab illo immisso agitabantur.*"—Scapula.

‡ Tallyho has long been substituted for Tan Io!—how long, it is perhaps impossible to ascertain; but that *l* should be adopted for *n*, will surprise no one who is disposed to examine the subject. The Attic dialect changes ν into λ, and the Doric, λ into ν. This fact were alone sufficient; but the euphony of "Tallyho!" when vociferated in the field from Stentorian lungs, is far greater than "Tan Io!" to say nothing of the sudden jerk given to the tongue in pronouncing the *n*, which, as modern Nimrods ride, might endanger a front tooth or two. Should any incredulous person, however, see fit to question the correctness of our derivation, let him be so good as to furnish us with a better. Some have endeavoured to prove the joyous cry is a corruption of Talio, signifying thereby that hunting is the exercise of a species of lex talionis, as though one would say, "Reynard! you have stolen my goose, and I will, in revenge, have your brush!" Revenge, indeed! Is there the most distant appearance of that vile spirit in the jolly, smiling, uproarious faces of a set of jolly fox-hunters? None but a Cockney could have dreamed such a dream. Let him creep out from beneath the "sulphurous canopy" of smoke, some fine morning, and waylay and shoot a fox when the hounds are in full cry, and truly he shall receive his reward for so kindly assisting the inveterate sportsmen in taking their REVENGE.

The character of a brave warrior and a bold hunter have ever been synonimous among rude and uncivilized nations; and, in our late encounters on the continent, we have had no small reason to be grateful that they are frequently still united in the same person. Tan was the God of War, and in the field, where sport was to be found, and alacrity of body and mind acquired, his votaries fitted themselves to defend and fight for their country. They acquainted themselves with every pass and rising ground, bog, wood, and valley. What need of more, than stating that the Duke is a fox-hunter?

THE WIFE'S TRIAL; OR, THE INTRUDING WIDOW.

A DRAMATIC POEM,

FOUNDED ON MR CRABBE'S TALE OF THE "CONFIDANT."

BY C. LAMB.

Characters.
MR SELBY, *a Wiltshire Gentleman.*
KATHERINE, *Wife to Selby.*
LUCY, *Sister to Selby.*
MRS FRAMPTON, *a Widow.*
SERVANTS.

SCENE, *at Mr Selby's house, or in the grounds adjacent.*

SCENE—*a Library.*

MR SELBY, KATHERINE.

Selby. Do not too far mistake me, gentlest wife:
I meant to chide your virtues, not yourself,
And those too with allowance. I have not
Been blest by thy fair side with five white years
Of smooth and even wedlock, now to touch
With any strain of harshness on a string
Hath yielded me such music. 'Twas the quality
Of a too grateful nature in my Katherine,
That to the lame performance of some vows,
And common courtesies of man to wife,
Attributing too much, hath sometimes seem'd
To esteem as favours, what in that blest union
Are but reciprocal and trivial dues,
As fairly yours as mine: 'twas this I thought
Gently to reprehend.
Kath. In friendship's barter
The riches we exchange should hold some level,
And corresponding worth. Jewels for toys
Demand some thanks thrown in. You took me, sir,
To that blest haven of my peace, your bosom,
An orphan founder'd in the world's black storm.
Poor, you have made me rich; from lonely maiden,
Your cherish'd and your full-accompanied wife.
Selby. But to divert the subject: Kate, too fond
I would not wrest your meanings; else that word
Accompanied, and full-accompanied too,
Might raise a doubt in some men, that their wives
Haply did think their company too long;
And over-company, we know by proof,
Is worse than no attendance.
Kath. I must guess,
You speak this of the Widow—
Selby. 'Twas a bolt
At random shot; but if it hit, believe me,
I am most sorry to have wounded you
Through a friend's side. I know not how we have swerved
From our first talk. I was to caution you

Against this fault of a too grateful nature:
Which, for some girlish obligations past,
In that relenting season of the heart,
When slightest favours pass for benefits
Of endless binding, would entail upon you
An iron slavery of obsequious duty
To the proud will of an imperious woman.
Kath. The favours are not slight to her I owe.
Selby, Slight or not slight, the tribute she exacts,
Cancels all dues— [*A voice within.*
even now I hear her call you
In such a tone, as lordliest mistresses
Expect a slave's attendance. Prithee, Kate,
Let her expect a brace of minutes or so.
Say, you are busy. Use her by degrees
To some less hard exactions.
Kath. I conjure you,
Detain me not. I will return—
Selby. Sweet wife
Use thy own pleasure— [*Exit Katherine.*
but it troubles me.
A visit of three days, as was pretended,
Spun to ten tedious weeks, and no hint given
When she will go! I would this buxom Widow
Were a thought handsomer! I'd fairly try
My Katherine's constancy; make desperate love
In seeming earnest; and raise up such broils,
That she, not I, should be the first to warn
The insidious guest depart.

Re-enter KATHERINE.

So soon return'd!
What was our Widow's will?
Kath. A trifle, sir.
Selby. Some toilet service—to adjust her head,
Or help to stick a pin in the right place—
Kath. Indeed 'twas none of these.
Selby. Or new vamp up
The tarnish'd cloak she came in. I have seen her
Demand such service from thee, as her maid,
Twice told to do it, would blush angry-red,
And pack her few clothes up. Poor fool! fond slave!
And yet my dearest Kate!—This day at least,
(It is our wedding day) we spend in freedom,
And will forget our Widow.—Philip, our coach—
Why weeps my wife? You know, I promised you
An airing o'er the pleasant Hampshire downs
To the blest cottage on the green hill side,
Where first I told my love. I wonder much,
If the crimson parlour hath exchanged its hue
For colours not so welcome. Faded though
It be,
It will not shew less lovely than the tinge
Of this faint red, contending with the pale,
Where once the full-flush'd health gave to this cheek
An apt resemblance to the fruit's warm side,
That bears my Katherine's name.—
Our carriage, Philip.

Enter a Servant.

Now, Robin, what make you here?

Serv. May it please you,
The coachman has driven out with Mistress Frampton.
Selby. He had no orders—
Serv. None, sir, that I know of,
But from the lady, who expects some letters
At the next Post Town.
Selby. Go, Robin. [*Exit Servant.*
How is this?
Kath. I came to tell you so, but fear'd your anger—
Selby. It was ill done though of this Mistress Frampton,
This forward Widow. But a ride's poor loss
Imports not much. In to your chamber, love,
Where you with music may beguile the hour,
While I am tossing over dusty tomes,
Till our most reasonable friend returns.
Kath. I am all obedience. [*Exit Katherine.*
Selby. Too obedient, Kate,
And to too many masters. I can hardly
On such a day as this refrain to speak
My sense of this injurious friend, this pest,
This household evil, this close-clinging fiend,
In rough terms to my wife. 'Death, my own servants
Controll'd above me! orders countermanded!
What next?
(*Servant enters, and announces the Sister*

Enter Lucy.

Sister! I know you are come to welcome
This day's return. 'Twas well done.
Lucy. You seem ruffled.
In years gone by this day was used to be
The smoothest of the year. Your honey turn'd
So soon to gall?
Selby. Gall'd am I, and with cause,
And rid to death, yet cannot get a riddance,
Nay, scarce a ride, by this proud Widow's leave.
Lucy. Something you wrote me of a Mistress Frampton.
Selby. She came at first a meek admitted guest,
Pretending a short stay; her whole deportment
Seem'd as of one obliged. A slender trunk,
The wardrobe of her scant and ancient clothing,
Bespoke no more. But in few days her dress,
Her looks, were proudly changed. And now she flaunts it
In jewels stolen or borrow'd from my wife;
Who owes her some strange service, of what nature
I must be kept in ignorance. Katherine's meek
And gentle spirit cowers beneath her eye,
As spell-bound by some witch.
Lucy. Some mystery hangs on it.
How bears she in her carriage towards yourself?
Selby. As one who fears, and yet not greatly cares
For my displeasure. Sometimes I have thought,
A secret glance would tell me she could love,
If I but gave encouragement. Before me
She keeps some moderation; but is never
Closeted with my wife, but in the end
I find my Katherine in briny tears.
From the small chamber, where she first was lodged
The gradual fiend by specious wriggling arts
Has now ensconced herself in the best part
Of this large mansion; calls the left win her own;

Commands my servants, equipage.—I hear
Her hated tread. What makes she back so soon?

Enter Mrs Frampton.

Mrs Fr. O, I am jolter'd, bruised, and shook to death,
With your vile Wiltshire roads. The villain Philip
Chose, on my conscience, the perversest tracks,
And stoniest hard lanes in all the county,
Till I was fain get out, and so walk back,
My errand unperform'd at Andover.

Lucy. And I shall love the knave for't ever after. (*Aside.*

Mrs Fr. A friend with you!

Selby. My eldest sister Lucy,
Come to congratulate this returning morn.—
Sister, my wife's friend, Mistress Frampton.

Mrs F. Pray,
Be seated. For your brother's sake, you are welcome.
I had thought this day to have spent in homely fashion
With the good couple, to whose hospitality
I stand so far indebted. But your coming
Makes it a feast.

Lucy. She does the honours naturally——
Selby. As if she were the mistress of the house—— } *Aside.*

Mrs F. I love to be at home with loving friends.
To stand on ceremony with obligations,
Is to restrain the obliger. That old coach, though,
Of yours jumbles one strangely.

Selby. I shall order
An equipage soon, more easy to you, madam——

Lucy. To drive her, and her pride to Lucifer,
I hope he means. (*Aside.*

Mrs F. I must go trim myself; this humbled garb
Would shame a wedding feast. I have your leave
For a short absence?—and your Katherine——

Selby. You'll find her in her closet——

Mrs F. Fare you well, then. (*Exit.*

Selby. How like you her assurance?

Lucy. Even so well,
That if this Widow were my guest, not yours,
She should have coach enough, and scope to ride.
My merry groom should in a trice convey her
To Sarum Plain, and set her down at Stonehenge,
To pick her path through those antiques at leisure;
She should take sample of our Wiltshire flints.
O, be not lightly jealous! nor surmise,
That to a wanton bold-faced thing like this
Your modest shrinking Katherine could impart
Secrets of any worth, especially
Secrets that touch'd your peace. If there be aught,
My life upon't, 'tis but some girlish story
Of a First Love; which even the boldest wife
Might modestly deny to a husband's ear,
Much more your timid and too sensitive Katherine.

Selby. I think it is no more; and will dismiss
My further fears, if ever I have had such.

Lucy. Shall we go walk? I'd see your gardens, brother;
And how the new trees thrive, I recommended.
Your Katherine is engaged now——

Selby. I'll attend you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Servants' Hall.*

Housekeeper, PHILIP, *and others, laughing.*

Housek. Our Lady's guest, since her short ride, seems ruffled,
And somewhat in disorder. Philip, Philip,
I do suspect some roguery. Your mad tricks
Will some day cost you a good place, I warrant.
Phil. Good Mistress Jane, our serious housekeeper,
And sage Duenna to the maids and scullions,
We must have leave to laugh; our brains are younger,
And undisturb'd with care of keys and pantries.
We are wild things.
Butler. Good Philip, tell us all.
All. Ay, as you live, tell, tell——
Phil. Mad fellows, you shall have it.
The Widow's bell rang lustily and loud——
Butler. I think that no one can mistake her ringing.
Waiting-maid. Our Lady's ring is soft sweet music to it,
More of entreaty hath it than command.
Phil. I lose my story, if you interrupt thus.
The bell, I say, rang fiercely; and a voice
More shrill than bell, call'd out for "Coachman Philip."
I straight obey'd, as 'tis my name and office.
"Drive me," quoth she, "to the next market town,
Where I have hope of letters." I made haste,
Put to the horses, saw her fairly coach'd,
And drove her——
Waiting-maid. —— By the strait high road to Andover,
I guess——
Phil. Pray, warrant things within your knowledge,
Good Mistress Abigail; look to your dressings,
And leave the skill in horses to the coachman.
Butler. He'll have his humour; best not interrupt him.
Phil. 'Tis market-day, thought I; and the poor beasts,
Meeting such droves of cattle and of people,
May take a fright; so down the lane I trundled,
Where Goodman Dobson's crazy mare was founder'd,
And where the flints were biggest, and ruts widest.
By ups and downs, and such bone-cracking motions,
We flounder'd on a furlong, till my madam,
In policy, to save the few joints left her,
Betook her to her feet, and there we parted.
All. Ha! ha! ha!
Butler. Hang her, 'tis pity such as she should ride.
Waiting-maid. I think she is a witch; I have tired myself out
With sticking pins in her pillow; still she 'scapes them.
Butler. And I with helping her to mum for claret,
But never yet could cheat her dainty palate.
Housek. Well, well, she is the guest of our good Mistress,
And so should be respected. Though, I think,
Our Master cares not for her company,
He would ill brook we should express so much,
By rude discourtesies, and short attendance,
Being but servants. (*A bell rings furiously.*) 'Tis her bell
speaks now;
Good, good, bestir yourselves: who knows who's wanted?
Butler. But 'twas a merry trick of Philip coachman.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Mrs Selby's Chamber.*

Mrs Frampton, Katherine, *working.*

Mrs F. I am thinking, child, how contrary our fates
Have traced our lots through life. Another needle,
This works untowardly. An heiress born
To splendid prospects, at our common school
I was as one above you all, not of you;
Had my distinct prerogatives; my freedoms,
Denied to you. Pray, listen——

Kath. I must hear,
What you are pleased to speak!—How my heart sinks here!—(*Aside.*

Mrs F. My chamber to myself, my separate maid,
My coach, and so forth.—Not that needle, simple one,
With the great staring eye fit for a Cyclops!
Mine own are not so blinded with their griefs,
But I could make a shift to thread a smaller.
A cable or a camel might go through this,
And never strain for the passage.

Kath. I will fit you.—
Intolerable tyranny! (*Aside.*

Mrs F. Quick, quick;
You were not once so slack.—As I was saying,
Not a young thing among ye, but observed me
Above the mistress. Who but I was sought to
In all your dangers, all your little difficulties,
Your girlish scrapes? I was the scape-goat still,
To fetch you off; kept all your secrets, some,
Perhaps, since then——

Kath. No more of that, for mercy,
If you'd not have me, sinking at your feet,
Cleave the cold earth for comfort. (*Kneels.*

Mrs F. This to me?
This posture to your friend had better suited
The orphan Katherine in her humble school-days,
To the *then* rich heiress, than the wife of Selby,
Of wealthy Mr Selby,
To the poor widow Frampton, sunk as she is.
Come, come,
'Twas something, or 'twas nothing, that I said;
I did not mean to fright you, sweetest bed-fellow!
You once were so, but Selby now engrosses you.
I'll make him give you up a night or so;
In faith I will: that we may lie, and talk
Old tricks of school-days over.

Kath. Hear me, madam——

Mrs F. Not by that name. Your friend——

Kath. My truest friend,
And saviour of my honour!

Mrs F. This sounds better;
You still shall find me such.

Kath. That you have graced
Our poor house with your presence hitherto,
Has been my greatest comfort, the sole solace
Of my forlorn and hardly guess'd estate.
You have been pleased
To accept some trivial hospitalities,
In part of payment of a long arrear
I owe to you, no less than for my life.

Mrs F. You speak my services too large.

Kath. Nay, less;
For what an abject thing were life to me
Without your silence on my dreadful secret!
And I would wish the league we have renew'd
Might be perpetual—
Mrs F. Have a care, fine madam! (*Aside.*
Kath. That one house still might hold us. But my husband
Has shown himself of late——
Mrs F. How, Mistress Selby?
Kath. Not, not impatient. You misconstrue him.
He honours, and he loves, nay, he must love
The friend of his wife's youth. But there are moods,
In which——
Mrs F. I understand you;—in which husbands,
And wives that love, may wish to be alone,
To nurse the tender fits of new-born dalliance,
After a five years' wedlock.
Kath. Was that well,
Or charitably put? do these pale cheeks
Proclaim a wanton blood? this wasting form
Seem a fit theatre for Levity
To play his love-tricks on; and act such follies,
As even in Affection's first bland Moon
Have less of grace than pardon in best wedlocks?
I was about to say, that there are times,
When the most frank and sociable man
May surfeit on most loved society,
Preferring loneness rather——
Mrs F. To my company——
Kath. Ay, yours, or mine, or any one's. Nay, take
Not this unto yourself. Even in the newness
Of our first married loves 'twas sometimes so.
For solitude, I have heard my Selby say,
Is to the mind as rest to the corporal functions;
And he would call it oft, the *day's soft sleep.*
Mrs F. What is your drift? and whereto tends this speech,
Rhetorically labour'd?
Kath. That you would
Abstain but from our house a month, a week;
I make request but for a single day.
Mrs F. A month, a week, a day! A single hour
Is every week, and month, and the long year,
And all the years to come! My footing here,
Slipt once, recovers never. From the state
Of gilded roofs, attendance, luxuries,
Parks, gardens, sauntering walks, or wholesome rides,
To the bare cottage on the withering moor,
Where I myself am servant to myself,
Or only waited on by blackest thoughts,
I sink, if this be so. No; here I sit.
Kath. Then I am lost for ever!
(*Sinks at her feet—curtain drops.*

SCENE—*An Apartment, contiguous to the last.*

SELBY, *as if listening.*

Selby. The sounds have died away. What am I changed to?
What do I here, list'ning like to an abject,
Or heartless wittol, that must hear no good,
If he hear aught? "This shall to the ear of your husband."

It was the Widow's word. I guess'd some mystery,
And the solution with a vengeance comes.
What can my wife have left untold to me,
That must be told by proxy? I begin
To call in doubt the course of her life past
Under my very eyes. She hath not been good,
Not virtuous, not discreet; she hath not outrun
My wishes still with prompt and meek observance.
Perhaps she is not fair, sweet-voiced; her eyes
Not like the dove's; all this as well may be,
As that she should entreasure up a secret
In the peculiar closet of her breast,
And grudge it to my ear. It is my right
To claim the halves in any truth she owns,
As much as in the babe I have by her;
Upon whose face henceforth I fear to look,
Lest I should fancy in its innocent brow
Some strange shame written.

Enter Lucy.

Sister, an anxious word with you.
From out that chamber, where my wife but now
Held talk with her encroaching friend, I heard
(Not of set purpose hark'ning, but by chance)
A voice of chiding, answer'd by a tone
Of replication, such as the meek dove
Makes, when the kite has clutch'd her. The high Widow
Was loud and stormy. I distinctly heard
One threat pronounced—"Your husband shall know all."
I am no listener, sister; and I hold
A secret, got by such unmanly shift,
The pitiful'st of thefts; but what mine ear,
I not intending it, receives perforce,
I count my lawful prize. Some subtle meaning
Lurks in this fiend's behaviour; which, by force,
Or fraud, I must make mine.

Lucy. The gentlest means
Are still the wisest. What, if you should press
Your wife to a disclosure?

Selby. I have tried
All gentler means; thrown out low hints, which, though
Merely suggestions still, have never fail'd
To blanch her cheek with fears. Roughlier to insist,
Would be to kill, where I but meant to heal.

Lucy. Your own description gave that Widow out
As one not much precise, nor over coy,
And nice to listen to a suit of love.
What if you feign'd a courtship, putting on,
(To work the secret from her easy faith,)
For honest ends, a most dishonest seeming?

Selby. I see your drift, and partly meet your counsel.
But must it not in me appear prodigious,
To say the least, unnatural, and suspicious;
To move hot love, where I have shewn cool scorn,
And undissembled looks of blank aversion?

Lucy. Vain woman is the dupe of her own charms;
And easily credits the resistless power,
That in besieging Beauty lies, to cast down
The slight-built fortress of a casual hate.

Selby. I am resolved——

Lucy. Success attend your wooing!

Selby. And I'll about it roundly, my wise sister. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*The Library.*

Mr Selby, *Mrs* Frampton.

Selby. A fortunate encounter, Mistress Frampton.
My purpose was, if you can spare so much
From your sweet leisure, a few words in private.
Mrs F. What mean his alter'd tones? These looks to me,
Whose glances yet he has repell'd with coldness?
Is the wind changed? I'll veer about with it,
And meet him in all fashions. (*Aside.*
All my leisure,
Feebly bestow'd upon my kind friends here,
Would not express a tythe of the obligements
I every hour incur.
Selby. No more of that.—
I know not why, my wife hath lost of late
Much of her cheerful spirits.
Mrs F. It was my topic
To-day; and every day, and all day long,
I still am chiding with her. "Child," I said,
And said it pretty roundly—it may be
I was too peremptory—we elder school-fellows,
Presuming on the advantage of a year
Or two, which, in that tender time, seem'd much,
In after years, much like to elder sisters,
Are prone to keep the authoritative style,
When time has made the difference most ridiculous.
Selby. The observation's shrewd.
Mrs F. "Child," I was saying,
"If some wives had obtained a lot like yours,"
And then perhaps I sigh'd, "they would not sit
In corners moping, like to sullen moppets,
That want their will, but dry their eyes, and look
Their cheerful husbands in the face," perhaps
I said, their Selbys, "with proportion'd looks
Of honest joy."
Selby. You do suspect no jealousy?
Mrs F. What is his import? Whereto tends his speech?—(*Aside.*
Of whom, or what, should she be jealous, sir?
Selby. I do not know; but women have their fancies;
And underneath a cold indifference,
Or show of some distaste, husbands have mask'd
A growing fondness for a female friend,
Which the wife's eye was sharp enough to see,
Before the friend had wit to find it out.
You do not quit us soon?
Mrs F. 'Tis as I find
Your Katherine profits by my lessons, sir.—
Means this man honest? Is there no deceit? (*Aside.*
Selby. She cannot chuse.—Well, well, I have been thinking,
And if the matter were to do again——
Mrs F. What matter, sir?
Selby. This idle bond of wedlock;
These sour-sweet briars, fetters of harsh silk;
I might have made, I do not say a better,
But a more fit choice in a wife.
Mrs F. The parch'd ground,
In hottest Julys, drinks not in the showers
More greedily, than I his words! (*Aside.*
Selby. My humour

Is to be frank and jovial; and that man
Affects me best, who most reflects me in
My most free temper.

Mrs F. Were you free to chuse,
As jestingly I'll put the supposition,
Without a thought reflecting on your Katherine,
What sort of woman would you make your choice?

Selby. I like your humour, and will meet your jest.
She should be one about my Katherine's age;
But not so old, by some ten years, in gravity.
One that would meet my mirth, sometimes outrun it;
No puling, pining moppet, as you said,
Nor moping maid, that I must still be teaching
The freedoms of a wife all her life after:
But one, that, having worn the chain before,
(And worn it lightly, as report gave out,)
Enfranchised from it by her poor fool's death,
Took it not so to heart, that I need dread
To die myself, for fear a second time
To wet a widow's eye.

Mrs F. Some widows, sir,
Hearing you talk so wildly, would be apt
To put strange misconstruction on your words,
As aiming at a Turkish liberty,
Where the free husband hath his several mates;
His Penseroso, his Allegro wife,
To suit his sober, or his frolic fit.

Selby. How judge you of that latitude?

Mrs F. As one,
In European customs bred, must judge. Had I
Been born a native of the liberal East,
I might have thought as they do. Yet I knew
A married man that took a second wife,
And (the man's circumstances duly weigh'd,
With all their bearings) the considerate world
Nor much approved, nor much condemn'd the deed.

Selby. You move my wonder strangely. Pray, proceed.

Mrs F. An eye of wanton liking he had placed
Upon a Widow, who liked him again,
But stood on terms of honourable love,
And scrupled wronging his most virtuous wife.
When to their ears a lucky rumour ran,
That this demure and saintly-seeming wife
Had a first husband living; with the which
Being question'd, she but faintly could deny.
" A priest indeed there was; some words had past,
But scarce amounting to a marriage rite.
Her friend was absent; she supposed him dead;
And, seven years parted, both were free to chuse."

Selby. What did the indignant husband? Did he not
With violent handlings stigmatize the cheek
Of the deceiving wife, who had entail'd
Shame on their innocent babe?

Mrs F. He neither tore
His wife's locks nor his own; but wisely weighing
His own offence with hers in equal poise,
And woman's weakness 'gainst the strength of man,
Came to a calm and witty compromise.
He coolly took his gay-faced widow home,
Made her his second wife; and still the first
Lost few or none of her prerogatives.
The servants call'd her mistress still; she kept

The keys, and had the total ordering
Of the house affairs; and, some slight toys excepted,
Was all a moderate wife would wish to be.
Selby. A tale full of dramatic incident!—
And, if a man should put it in a play,
How should he name the parties?
Mrs F. The man's name
Through time I have forgot—the widow's too;—
But his first wife's first name, her maiden one,
Was—not unlike to *that* your Katherine bore,
Before she took the honour'd style of Selby.
Selby. A dangerous meaning in your riddle lurks;
One knot is yet unsolved; that told, this strange
And most mysterious drama ends. The name
Of that first husband——

Enter LUCY.

Mrs F. Sir, your pardon.
The allegory fits your private ear.
Some half hour hence, in the garden's secret walk,
We shall have leisure. [*Exit.*
Selby. Sister, whence come you?
Lucy. From your poor Katherine's chamber, where she droops
In sad presageful thoughts, and sighs, and weeps,
And seems to pray by turns. At times she looks
As she would pour her secret in my bosom—
Then starts, as I have seen her, at the mention
Of some immodest act. At her request,
I left her on her knees.
Selby. The fittest posture;
For great has been her fault to Heaven and me.
She married me, with a first husband living,
Or not known not to be so, which, in the judgment
Of any but indifferent honesty,
Must be esteem'd the same. The shallow Widow,
Caught by my art, under a riddling veil
Too thin to hide her meaning, hath confess'd all.
Your coming in broke off the conference,
When she was ripe to tell the fatal *name,*
That seals my wedded doom.
Lucy. Was she so forward
To pour her hateful meanings in your ear
At the first hint?
Selby. Her newly-flatter'd hopes
Array'd themselves at first in forms of doubt;
And with a female caution she stood off
Awhile, to read the meaning of my suit,
Which with such honest seeming I enforced,
That her cold scruples soon gave way; and now
She rests prepared, as mistress, or as wife,
To seize the place of her betrayed friend—
My much offending, but more suffering, Katherine.
Lucy. Into what labyrinth of fearful shapes
My simple project has conducted you!—
Were but my wit as skilful to invent
A clue to lead you forth!—I call to mind
A letter, which your wife received from the Cape,
Soon after you were married, with some circumstances
Of mystery, too.
Selby. I well remember it.
That letter did confirm the truth (she said)
Of a friend's death, which she had long fear'd true,

But knew not for a fact. A youth of promise
She gave him out—a hot adventurous spirit—
That had set sail in quest of golden dreams,
And cities in the heart of Central Afric;
But named no names, nor did I care to press
My question further, in the passionate grief
She shew'd at the receipt. Might this be he?
Lucy. Tears were not all. When that first shower was past,
With clasped hands she raised her eyes to Heav'n,
As if in thankfulness for some escape,
Or strange deliverance, in the news implied,
Which sweeten'd that sad news.
Selby. Something of that
I noted also——
Lucy. In her closet once,
Seeking some other trifle, I espied
A ring, in mournful characters decyphering
The death of "Robert Halford, aged two
And twenty." Brother, I am not given
To the confident use of wagers, which I hold
Unseemly in a woman's argument;
But I am strangely tempted now to risk
A thousand pounds out of my patrimony,
(And let my future husband look to it,
If it be lost,) that this immodest Widow
Shall name the name that tallies with that ring.
Selby. That wager lost, I should be rich indeed—
Rich in my rescued Kate—rich in my honour,
Which now was bankrupt. Sister, I accept
Your merry wager, with an aching heart
For very fear of winning. 'Tis the hour
That I should meet my Widow in the walk,
The south side of the garden. On some pretence
Lure forth my Wife that way, that she may witness
Our seeming courtship. Keep us still in sight,
Yourselves unseen; and by some sign I'll give,
(A finger held up, or a kerchief waved,)
You'll know your wager won—then break upon us,
As if by chance.
Lucy. I apprehend your meaning——
Selby. And may you prove a true Cassandra here,
Though my poor acres smart for't, wagering sister.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE—*Mrs Selby's Chamber.*

Mrs Frampton—Katherine.

Mrs F. Did I express myself in terms so strong?
Kath. As nothing could have more affrighted me.
Mrs F. Think it a hurt friend's jest, in retribution
Of a suspected cooling hospitality.
And, for my staying here, or going hence,
(Now I remember something of our argument,)
Selby and I can settle that between us.
You look amazed. What if your husband, child,
Himself has courted me to stay?
Kath. You move
My wonder and my pleasure equally.
Mrs F. Yes, courted me to stay, wav'd all objections,
Made it a favour to yourselves; not me,
His troublesome guest, as you surmised. Child, child,

When I recall his flattering welcome, I
Begin to think the burden of my presence
Was——

Kath. What, for Heaven——

Mrs F. A little, little spice
Of jealousy—that's all—an honest pretext,
No wife need blush for. Say that you should see,
(As oftentimes we widows take such freedoms,
Yet still on this side virtue,) in a jest
Your husband pat me on the cheek, or steal
A kiss, while you were by,—not else, for virtue's sake.

Kath. I could endure all this, thinking my husband
Meant it in sport——

Mrs F. But if in downright earnest
(Putting myself out of the question here)
Your Selby, as I partly do suspect,
Own'd a divided heart——

Kath. My own would break——

Mrs F. Why, what a blind and witless fool it is,
That will not see its gains, its infinite gains——

Kath. Gain in a loss!
Or mirth in utter desolation!

Mrs F. He doting on a face—suppose it mine,
Or any other's tolerably fair—
What need you care about a senseless secret?

Kath. Perplex'd and fearful woman! I in part
Fathom your dangerous meaning. You have broke
The worse than iron band, fretting the soul,
By which you held me captive. Whether my husband
Is what you give him out, or your fool'd fancy
But dreams he is so, either way I am free.

Mrs F. It talks it bravely, blazons out its shame;
A very heroine while on its knees;
Rowe's Penitent, an absolute Calista!

Kath. Not to thy wretched self these tears are falling;
But to my husband, and offended heaven,
Some drops are due—and then I sleep in peace,
Reliev'd from frightful dreams, my dreams though sad.

[*Exit.*

Mrs F. I have gone too far. Who knows but in this mood
She may forestall my story, win on Selby
By a frank confession?—and the time draws on
For our appointed meeting. The game's desperate,
For which I play. A moment's difference
May make it hers or mine. I fly to meet him.

[*Exit.*

SCENE—*A Garden.*

Mr SELBY—*Mrs* FRAMPTON.

Selby. I am not so ill a guesser, Mistress Frampton,
Not to conjecture, that some passages
In your unfinish'd story, rightly interpreted,
Glanced at my bosom's peace;
You knew my wife?

Mrs F. Even from her earliest school days.—What of that?
Or how is she concern'd in my fine riddles,
Framed for the hour's amusement?

Selby. By my *hopes*
Of my new interest conceived in you,
And by the honest passion of my heart,

Which not obliquely I to you did hint;
Come from the clouds of misty allegory,
And in plain language let me hear the worst.
Stand I disgraced, or no?
Mrs F. Then, by *my* hopes
Of my new interest conceiv'd in you;
And by the kindling passion in *my* breast,
Which through my riddles you had almost read,
Adjured so strongly, I will tell you all.
In her school years, then bordering on fifteen,
Or haply not much past, she loved a youth——
Selby. My most ingenuous Widow——
Mrs F. Met him oft
By stealth, where I still of the party was——
Selby. Prime confidant to all the school, I warrant,
And general go-between.—— (*Aside.*
Mrs F. One morn he came
In breathless haste. "The ship was under sail,
Or in few hours would be, that must convey
Him and his destinies to barbarous shores,
Where, should he perish by inglorious hands,
It would be consolation in his death
To have call'd his Katherine *his.*"
Selby. Thus far the story
Tallies with what I hoped. (*Aside.*
Mrs F. Wavering between
The doubt of doing wrong, and losing him;
And my dissuasions not o'er hotly urged,
Whom he had flatter'd with the bride-maid's part;—
Selby. I owe my subtle Widow, then, for this. (*Aside.*
Mrs F. Briefly, we went to church. The ceremony
Scarcely was huddled over, and the ring
Yet cold upon her finger, when they parted—
He to his ship; and we to school got back,
Scarce miss'd, before the dinner-bell could ring.
Selby. And from that hour——
Mrs F. Nor sight, nor news of him,
For aught that I could hear, she e'er obtain'd.
Selby. Like to a man that hovers in suspense
Over a letter just receiv'd, on which
The black seal hath impress'd its ominous token,
Whether to open it or no, so I
Suspended stand, whether to press my fate
Further, or check ill curiosity,
That tempts me to more loss.—The name, the name
Of this fine youth?
Mrs F. What boots it, if 'twere told?
Selby. Now, by our loves;
And by my hopes of happier wedlocks, some day
To be accomplish'd, give to me his name!
Mrs F. 'Tis no such serious matter. It was—HUNTINGDON.
Selby. How have three little syllables pluck'd from me
A world of countless hopes!—(*Aside.*) Evasive Widow!
Mrs F. How, sir! I like not this. (*Aside.*
Selby. No, no, I meant
Nothing but good to thee. That other woman,
How shall I call her but evasive, false,
And treacherous?—by the trust I place in thee,
Tell me, and tell me truly, was the name
As you pronounced it?
Mrs F. Huntingdon—the name,
Which his paternal grandfather assumed,

Together with the estates, of a remote
Kinsman: but our high-spirited youth——

Selby. Yes——

Mrs F. Disdaining,
For sordid pelf to truck the family honours,
At risk of the lost estates, resumed the old style,
And answer'd only to the name of——

Selby. What——

Mrs F. Of Halford——

Selby. A Huntington to Halford changed so soon!
Why, then I see, a witch hath her good spells,
As well as bad, and can by a backward charm
Unruffle the foul storm she has just been raising. (*Aside.*
(*He makes the signal.*
My frank, fair spoken Widow! let this kiss,
Which yet aspires no higher, speak my thanks,
Till I can think on greater.

Enter Lucy *and* Katherine.

Mrs F. Interrupted!

Selby. My sister here! and see, where with her comes
My serpent gliding in an angel's form,
To taint the new-born Eden of our joys.
Why should we fear them? We'll not stir a foot,
Nor coy it for their pleasures. (*He courts the Widow.*

Lucy (*to Katherine.*) This your free,
And sweet ingenuous confession, binds me
For ever to you; and it shall go hard,
But it shall fetch you back your husband's heart,
That now seems blindly straying; or at worst,
In me you have still a sister.—Some wives, brother,
Would think it strange, to catch their husbands thus
Alone with a trim widow; but your Katherine
Is arm'd, I think, with patience.

Kath. I am fortified
With knowledge of self-faults to endure worse wrongs,
If they be wrongs, than he can lay upon me;
Even to look on, and see him sue in earnest,
As now I think he does it but in seeming,
To that ill woman.

Selby. Good words, gentle Kate,
And not a thought irreverent of our Widow.
Why, 'twere unmannerly at any time,
But most uncourteous on our wedding day,
When we should shew most hospitable.—Some wine.
(*Wine is brought.*
I am for sports. And now I do remember,
The old Egyptians at their banquets placed
A charnel sight of dead men's skulls before them,
With images of cold mortality,
To temper their fierce joys when they grew rampant.
I like the custom well: and ere we crown
With freer mirth the day, I shall propose,
In calmest recollection of our spirits,
We drink the solemn 'Memory of the Dead'—

Mrs F. Or the supposed dead. (*Aside to him.*

Selby. Pledge me, good wife—
(*She fills.*
Nay, higher yet, till the brimm'd cup swell o'er.

Kath. I catch the awful import of your words;
And, though I could accuse you of unkindness,

Yet as your lawful and obedient wife,
While that name lasts (as I perceive it fading,
Nor I much longer may have leave to use it)
I calmly take the office you impose;
And on my knees, imploring their forgiveness,
Whom I in heav'n or earth may have offended,
Exempt from starting tears, and woman's weakness,
I pledge you, sir—The Memory of the Dead!

(*She drinks kneeling.*

Selby. 'Tis gently and discreetly said, and like
My former loving Kate.

Mrs F. Does he relent? (*Aside.*

Selby. That ceremony past, we give the day
To unabated sport. And, in requital
Of certain stories, and quaint allegories,
Which my rare Widow hath been telling to me,
To raise my morning mirth, if she will lend
Her patient hearing, I will here recite
A Parable; and, the more to suit her taste,
The scene is laid in the East.

Mrs F. I long to hear it.—
Some tale, to fit his wife. (*Aside.*

Kath. Now, comes my Trial.

Lucy. The hour of your deliverance is at hand,
If I presage right. Bear up, gentlest sister.

Selby. "The Sultan Haroun"—Stay—O now I have it—
"The Caliph Haroun in his orchards had
A fruit-tree, bearing such delicious fruits,
That he reserved them for his proper gust;
And through the Palace it was Death proclaim'd
To any one that should purloin the same."

Mrs F. A heavy penance for so light a fault——

Selby. Pray you, be silent; else you put me out.
"A crafty page, that for advantage watch'd,
Detected in the act a brother page,
Of his own years, that was his bosom friend;
And thenceforth he became that other's lord,
And like a tyrant he demean'd himself,——
Laid forced exactions on his fellow's purse;
And when that poor means fail'd, held o'er his head
Threats of impending death in hideous forms;
Till the small culprit on his nightly couch
Dream'd of strange pains, and felt his body writhe
In tortuous pangs around the impaling stake."

Mrs F. I like not this beginning——

Selby. Pray you, attend.
"The Secret, like a night-hag, rid his sleeps,
And took the youthful pleasures from his days,
And chased the youthful smoothness from his brow,
That from a rose-cheek'd boy he waned and waned
To a pale skeleton of what he was;
And would have died, but for one lucky chance."

Kath. Oh!

Mrs F. Your wife—she faints—some cordial—smell to this.

Selby. Stand off. My sister best will do that office.

Mrs. F. Are all his tempting speeches come to this? (*Aside.*

Selby. What ail'd my wife?

Kath. A warning faintness, sir,
Seized on my spirits, when you came to where
You said "a lucky chance." I am better now.
Please you go on.

Selby. The sequel shall be brief.

Kath. But, brief or long, I feel my fate hangs on it. (*Aside.*)
Selby. "One morn the Caliph, in a covert hid,
Close by an arbour where the two boys talk'd,
(As oft, we read, that Eastern sovereigns
Would play the eaves-dropper, to learn the truth,
Imperfectly received from mouths of slaves,)
O'erheard their dialogue; and heard enough
To judge aright the cause, and know his cue.
The following day a Cadi was dispatch'd
To summon both before the judgment-seat;
The lickerish culprit, almost dead with fear,
And the informing friend, who readily,
Fired with fair promises of large reward,
And Caliph's love, the hateful truth disclosed."
Mrs F. What did the Caliph to the offending boy,
That had so grossly err'd?
Selby. His sceptred hand
He forth in token of forgiveness stretch'd,
And clapp'd his cheeks, and courted him with gifts,
And he became once more his favourite page.
Mrs F. But for that other——
Selby. He dismiss'd him straight,
From dreams of grandeur, and of Caliph's love,
To the bare cottage on the withering moor,
Where friends, turn'd fiends, and hollow confidants,
And widows, hide, who in a husband's ear
Pour baneful truths, but tell not all the truth;
And told him not that Robin Halford died
Some moons before *his* marriage-bells were rung.
Too near dishonour hast thou trod, dear wife,
And on a dangerous cast our fates were set;
But Heaven, that will'd our wedlock to be blest,
Hath interposed to save it gracious too.
Your penance is—to dress your cheek in smiles,
And to be once again my merry Kate.—
Sister, your hand;
Your wager won, makes me a happy man;
Though poorer, Heav'n knows, by a thousand pounds.
The sky clears up after a dubious day.—
Widow, your hand. I read a penitence
In this dejected brow; and in this shame
Your fault is buried. You shall in with us,
And, if it please you, taste our nuptial fare:
For, till this moment, I can joyful say,
Was never truly Selby's Wedding Day.

THE VAUDOIS WIFE.*

" Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
  Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—Oh! think,
  And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That Thou hast been to me all tenderness,
  And friend to more than human Friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of Happiness,
  And by the Hopes of an immortal trust,
  God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust."
Gertrude of Wyoming.

THY voice is in mine ear, Belov'd!
  Thy look is in my heart,
Thy bosom is my resting-place,
  And yet I must depart.
Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—
  Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear Friend!
  Yet vain—though mighty—vain!

Thou seest mine eye grow dim, Belov'd!
  Thou seest my life-blood flow,—
Bow to the Chastener silently,
  And calmly let me go!
A little while between our hearts
  The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
  Still, still Eternity!

Alas! thy tears are on my cheek,
  My Spirit they detain,
I know that from thine agony
  Is wrung that burning rain.
Best—kindest—weep not! make the pang,
  The bitter conflict less—
Oh! sad it is, and yet a joy
  To feel thy love's excess!

But calm thee! let the thought of death
  A solemn calm restore!
The Voice that must be silent soon,
  Would speak to thee once more;
That thou mayst bear its blessing on
  Through years of after-life,
A token of consoling love,
  Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
  The tender and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
  That e'er fond woman's knew;
I bless thee, faithful Friend and Guide,
  For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul,
  In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for kind looks and words,
  Shower'd on my path like dew;
For all the love in those deep eyes,
  A gladness ever new!

* The wife of a Vaudois leader, in one of the attacks made on the Protestant hamlets, received a mortal wound, and died in her husband's arms, exhorting him to courage and endurance.

For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer,
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here!

I bless thee for the last rich boon
Won from affection tried,
The right to gaze on Death with thee,
To perish by thy side!
And yet more for the glorious Hope
Even to *these* moments given—
Did not *thy* Spirit ever lift
The trust of *mine* to Heaven?

Now be *thou* strong!—Oh! know we not
Our path *must* lead to this?
A shadow and a trembling still
Were mingled with our bliss!
We plighted our young hearts, when storms
Were dark upon the sky,
In full, deep knowledge of their task—
To suffer and to die!

Be strong! I leave the living voice
Of this, my martyr blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
With the torrent's foaming flood,—
A Spirit midst the leaves to dwell,
A token on the air,
To rouse the valiant from repose,
The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my Love!
Aye, joyously endure!
Our mountains must be altars yet,
Inviolate and pure.
There must our God be worshipp'd still
With the worship of the Free—
Farewell!—there's but *one* pang in Death,
One only—leaving thee!

F. H.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

" And dreams, in their developement, have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by."

BYRON.

O SPIRIT-LAND! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices, and sounds at strife—
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
When the wary shadows float by and part;
Visions of aspects now lov'd, now strange,
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a City of the Past,
With its gorgeous halls into fragments cast,
Amidst whose ruins there glide and play,
Familiar forms of the world's to-day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth,
Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth—
All the blighted flowers of our days gone by,
And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes! thou art like those dim sea-caves,
A realm of treasures, a realm of graves!
And the shapes, through thy mysteries that come and go,
Are of Beauty and Terror, of Power and Woe.

But for *me*, O thou picture-land of sleep!
Thou art all one world of affections deep—
And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye,
That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—even as Eden fair!
All the beloved of my soul are there!
The forms, my spirit most pines to see,
The eyes, whose love hath been life to me.

They are there—and each blessed voice I hear,
Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear;
But under-tones are in each, that say—
" It is but a dream, it will melt away!"

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset's glow,
I listen to music of long ago;
But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the lay—
" It is but a dream, it will melt away!"

I sit by the hearth of my early days,
All the home-faces are met by the blaze—
And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet say—
" It is but a dream, it will melt away!"

And away, like a flower's passing breath, 'tis gone,
And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone!
Oh! a haunted heart is a weight to bear—
Bright faces, kind voices!—where are ye, where?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams!
The past as it fled by my own blue streams—
Make not my spirit within me burn,
For the scenes and the hours that may ne'er return.

Call out from the *future* thy visions bright,
From the world o'er the grave take thy solemn light,
And oh! with the Lov'd, when no more I see,
Show me my home, as it yet may be.

As it yet may be in some purer sphere,
No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear;
So my soul may bear on through the long, long day,
Till I go where the beautiful melts not away.

F. H.

AN EXECUTION IN PARIS.

In the month of March 1825, Louis Auguste Papavoine lost his head. He was guillotined at the Place de Grêve for the murder of two children in the Bois de Vincennes. The man was mad, beyond all doubt, and in Great Britain would have been sentenced to perpetual confinement as a lunatic; but the French criminal court refused to admit the plea of insanity, and he was given over to the executioner; the Cour de Cassation having rejected his appeal from the decision of that which tried him.

To my shame be it spoken, I wished to see an execution by the guillotine. There was a sort of sanguinary spell attached to this instrument, which irresistibly impelled me to witness one of its horrid triumphs. When I thought of it, the overwhelming tragedy of the Revolution was brought before my eyes — that Revolution which plunged Europe in seas of blood, and stamped an indelible impression upon the whole fabric of modern society. There was something appalling in the very name of this terrific engine. M. Guillotine, its inventor, was also one of its victims—he perished by his own contrivance. Let no man hereafter invent an instrument of punishment. Perillus contrived the brazen bull, and was among the first to perish by it. Earl Morton, who brought the "Maiden" to Scotland, underwent a like fate; and Deacon Brodie was hanged upon his own drop.

The day on which Papavoine suffered was beautifully fair; and, profiting by this circumstance, the idle population of the French capital flocked in myriads to witness his exit. It was calculated that there were not fewer than eighty thousand spectators. The Place de Grêve was literally paved with human beings. A person might have walked upon their heads without difficulty; and so closely were they wedged together, that had any object larger than an apple been thrown among them, it could not have found its way to the ground. Men, women, and children, were clumped into one dense aggregate of living matter; and as the huge multitude moved itself to and fro, it was as the incipient stirring of an earthquake, or as the lazy floundering of the sea, when its waves, exhausted by a recent storm, tumble their huge sides about, like the indolent leviathan which floats upon their surface. There was no spot of the *Place* unoccupied save immediately around the scaffold, where a portion was squared off, and kept clear by a strong body of mounted gendarmerie, who kept back with their horses the living wall, which was every moment threatening to break asunder by the pressure behind, and intrude its animated materials into the proscribed area. Nor was the Place de Grêve the only spot so crowded. The quays along the Seine were equally peopled, and even the opposite banks of that broad stream were filled with multitudes. Notre Dame shone with spectators, who had mounted its beetling towers to catch a dim prospect of the sacrifice; and every window and height, which afforded the most distant view, were similarly occupied.

In Paris, as in London, it is customary to let out those windows where a good view can be obtained; and on any occasion of particular interest—as the present happened to be—considerable sums are asked, and given. Sometimes half a Napoleon is demanded for a single place; and the sum varies from that to half a franc, according to the eligibility of the situation. Many of the windows are so near to the guillotine, that a very favourable prospect of the painful spectacle can be obtained; and these, of course, are crowded with persons who can afford to pay well for the gratification of their curiosity—if there be, indeed, any gratification in witnessing the instantaneous and sanguinary death of a fellow creature. Yet the view, even from the best windows, is not equal to that from within the open area. But into this space, it is no easy matter to get a footing; the few who are admitted being military men, and such of their friends as they choose to bring along with them. Indeed, at this time, there were few or no officers of any rank within the opening. It was mostly occupied by the gendarmes, who were there upon duty; and by a few dozens of common soldiers, whom curiosity

or idleness had brought together. This, however, was the spot to which my wishes led me; and under the guidance of a young French officer of hussars, I was led into the area, and placed in front of the guillotine, not ten feet from its dreadful presence. But dreadful as it is from association, and from its destructive rapidity, this machine is by no means so appalling to look at as the gallows. The same feeling of horror does not attach to it; nor is the mind filled with the same blank dismay, or the same overpowering disgust, which are universally felt on beholding the gibbet, with its looped rope, its horrid beam, and its deceitful platform, which, slipping from beneath the feet of its victim, leaves him dangling and gasping in the winds of heaven. Somehow the same strong idea of disgrace is not connected with the axe as with the gibbet; but this may be from the thought that the noble and the good have shed their blood in torrents beneath its edge, thus giving it a sort of factitious interest, and deadening even with the most criminal the ignominy of its punishment. Nor is it coupled with such inveterate disgust, and such decided outrage to the feelings of humanity. Prolonged physical suffering is at all times revolting; and to see a human being struggling with a violent death—writhing in agony, and perishing like a dog—is the most detestable sight in existence. The guillotine distracts the fancy with no such sickening imagery. Whatever agony is sustained, is the more noble and enduring agony of the spirit, previous to the fatal hour. There is no struggle here with the grim tyrant—no painful encounter between life and death—no tortures like those which wrung Laocoon and his miserable offspring. From perfect life, the individual is transported to as perfect annihilation. He does not enter eternity by slow, unwilling steps: the spirit does not quit its fleshly mansion painfully and tardily, but leaves it with a sudden bound, and plunges at once into a new existence, there to be saved or lost, as its fate chances to be decreed in the Book of Life.

At the period of my admission, it was two o'clock—one hour exactly from the time of execution; and I had, therefore, abundant leisure to contemplate the engine of death, and to witness the behaviour of the vast multitude around it. Things were as quiet as could well be expected in so great an assemblage. There was plenty of talking, but much less disturbance than would have occurred in England upon any similar occasion. In truth, the only quarter which manifested tumult, was in the immediate neighbourhood of the area, which threatened every moment to be broken in, not so much by the fault of those directly in front of it, as by the immense pressure of those in the back-ground. Every now and then its square proportions were destroyed by a portion of the crowd which bulged inwards in a solid mass; and almost at the same moment, this violation of the straight line was repaired by the gendarmes, who kept riding along the square, and pressing back the intruding body into its proper place. The recklessness and fierce temper of the French soldiery were manifest, and formed a strong contrast to the good-humoured forbearance of our own troops. No ceremony was used towards intruders. Whoever came, or was forced into the square by his rearward companions, was thrust back with wanton violence. Where the pressure of the horses was resisted, the gendarmes made use of the flat sides of their sabres, and belaboured the crowd without mercy. The whole scene presented a strange picture of the fearful and the ludicrous. While it was distressing to witness the terrified crowd recoiling before the soldiers, it was amusing to witness the dexterity with which the latter treated the refractory—sometimes pushing them back with their steeds, sometimes beating them with their swords, and sometimes dexterously pitching off their hats into the assemblage. When any unfortunate fellow lost his *chapeau* in this manner, or received a salutary blow from the weapon of a gendarme, a loud shout of laughter was set up among the spectators. In fact, the whole, except those within reach of punishment, were in excellent humour, and seemed to have come together more to enjoy a farce than witness the horrors of a public execution.

Things continued in this state till the hour of three, which, pealing from the clock of the Hotel de Ville, announced the approach of the criminal. Scarcely had the fatal sounds swung

upon the air, than the whole host was hushed into silence. They knew that the destined time was at hand, and that Papavoine was on his way to the scaffold;—and every man held his breath with deep interest, and felt, in spite of himself, a solemn awe fall over his spirit. But this dreadful silence did not continue long—for far off, in the direction of the bridge over which the criminal must pass, there was seen a heaving among the assemblage, which moved as if borne on the bosom of a vast wave; and murmurs like the half-suppressed voice of a remote volcano, were heard to proceed from this moving multitude. It was now evident that the procession approached; and every eye was turned towards that direction, and every ear wrought to its keenest pitch to catch the strange sounds which denoted its coming. Each moment the noise became louder, and the motion of the crowd more general. At last the trampling of horses was heard, and a troop of gendarmes, forcing a path through the recoiling people, were seen to approach. Behind them came a cart drawn by two horses; and in this cart sat Papavoine and an old Catholic priest. To the rear of this a second body of gendarmes brought up the procession.

The criminal was a small, thin man, of about five feet six. He was dressed in a shabby blue surtout, and brown trowsers, and wore a fur cap upon his head. His arms were pinioned behind him, not by the elbows as with us, but by the wrists. He had no neckcloth on, nor shirt; and the collar of his surtout was drawn some way over his shoulders, so as to leave the neck quite bare and ready for the axe. Though pale and death-like, and seemingly impressed with the marks of sorrow and bad health, he exhibited no signs of terror or dismay. His demeanour was quiet and composed; and to the exhortations of his spiritual adviser he appeared to pay deep attention.

Now, here a scene took place which baffles description. No sooner had the wretch entered the area appropriated for his fate, than a shout of deafening execration arose from the hitherto silent multitude. No preparatory murmurs of hatred and revenge preceded this ebullition of feeling. It sprung up simultaneously, and as if those from whom it proceeded were animated with one soul, and felt one pervading vengeance thrilling through their hearts. "Wretch!" "Villain!" "Miscreant!" "Assassin!" arose in a wild swell from the crowd; and above the deeper voices of the men were heard the shrill imprecations of females, denouncing, with even more bitter wrath, the murderer. Had it been for almost any other crime, the women would have felt towards him more kindly than his own sex; but that for which he was to suffer was one of all others the most heinous to a maternal heart—and the natural fountains of woman's tears were no longer free to flow in their wonted channel.

But Papavoine did not seem to hear the imprecations which were poured like vials of wrath upon his head—nor did he even appear sensible of the presence of those who so bitterly reviled him in his last moments. The cart stopped at the foot of the scaffold, and descending firmly, he conversed for one moment with the old priest, previous to mounting the fatal steps. I was at this time only a few yards from him, and marked him most distinctly. His look was perfectly calm and composed, and, had he died in a better cause, it would have been impossible not to admire his steady heroism. He said a single word in the ear of the priest, who kissed him on the cheek, and left him, apparently much affected. Papavoine now ascended the guillotine rapidly and firmly, and committed himself to the hands of the executioner and his assistant satellite. At this part of the scene the loud execrations of the people had melted into breathless awe. Not a whisper was heard, nor even a movement among the vast and silent assemblage. The whole spectacle was dreadful—the very stillness of the crowd had something appalling in it; and the systematic dispatch with which the executioners proceeded among such universal silence, was sickening to the last degree. While gazing upon the victim, my respiration was almost totally suspended—my heart beat violently, and a feeling of intense anxiety and suffocation pervaded my frame.

The process was incredibly short. In a few seconds Papavoine was bound to a board which stood upright, and reached to the middle of his breast.

The board moved on a pivot, and as soon as the malefactor was buckled to it, it was depressed, and shoved with its burden towards the groove of the guillotine, at the top of which hung the axe, ready to descend, on the pulling out of a small peg which kept it in its situation. A movable piece of wood being now drawn down upon the root of the neck, to prevent all attempt at motion, and every thing being ready, the executioner pulled a cord, and with the impetuosity of lightning, down came the axe upon its victim. Papavoine was annihilated in a moment. I saw his head slip from the body and tumble into a basket ready to receive it, while the blood spouted forth in little cataracts from the severed trunk, and dyed the scaffold with a purple tide. From the time when he appeared upon the guillotine till the head was severed, only twenty-five seconds elapsed—such is the appalling, yet humane rapidity of a French execution.

I looked attentively to observe if there was any motion in the trunk—any convulsive start at the instant of decapitation, but there was none. It lay from the first perfectly motionless, nor exhibited the slightest shudder—the least quivering—or the faintest indication that, the moment before, it was part of a sentient being, instinct with all the energies of life. This I did not expect. I conceived that a strong muscular spasm would have convulsed it at the fatal instant; and such, I am told, was the case with Brochetti, an Italian, executed some time before, and whose trunk sprung violently from its situation, and shook with universal tremor.

The momentary silence which pervaded the crowd previous to the axe's descent was now broken, and an instantaneous movement ensued among its before tranquil numbers. The windows were deserted by their occupants; the doors poured their population into the streets; and the house-tops and black Gothic towers of Notre Dame were rid of the crowds which sat perched like eagles upon their lofty summits. But long ere this assembly melted away, the guillotine had disappeared from the Place de Grêve. Two minutes were allowed to elapse, that the head and body of the criminal might part with their blood. They were then thrown into a long basket, and sent in the cart—which brought them alive—to the Ecole de Medecine for dissection. And the scaffold, after being cleansed of the gore, by having several buckets of water dashed over it, was taken to pieces, and deposited in the Hotel de Ville, till its sanguinary services were again required. The execution, together with the process of cleansing and dismantling the guillotine, did not occupy above seven minutes.

Next morning, the same curiosity which led me to witness this revolting sight, took me to the Ecole de Medecine, to witness the remains of Papavoine. There were a number of scientific men present—among others, the celebrated Doctor Gall, who was employed in investigating the developements of the head, and pointing them out to several of his pupils. There was no portion whatever of the neck remaining attached to the trunk. It, as well as the head, had been severed from the body. The axe had struck at its very root, and even grazed the collar bone where it is fixed to the sternum. This is not in general the case, the neck being in most instances pretty accurately cut through the middle—one half of it adhering to the head, the other to the trunk.

I am not sure that I have done right in making such a scene as the above the subject of an article. There is something in the minute details of an execution, at which the mind shudders; and it is probable the reader may think that my impressions of the spectacle just related, should have been confined to my own bosom instead of being made public.

A MODERN PYTHAGOREAN.

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2d,.. 78s. 0d.	2d, ...38s. 0d.	2d,......26s. 6d.	2d,......36s. 0d.
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Tuesday, *Nov.* 12.

Beef (16 oz. per lb.)	0s. 4d. to 0s. 6d.	Quartern Loaf . .	0s. 11d. to	0s. 0d.
Mutton	0s. 3d. to 0s. 6d.	Potatoes (16 lb.) .	0s. 4d. to	0s. 0d.
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Lamb, per quarter	2s. 6d. to 0s. 0d.	Ditto, per lb. . .	0s. 9d. to	0s.10d.
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HADDINGTON.—*Nov.* 7.

Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Pease.	Beans.
1st, ...86s. 0d.	1st, ...44s. 0d.	1st, ...30s. 0d.	1st, ...34s. 0d.	1st, ...41s. 0d.
2d, ...73s. 0d.	2d, ...40s. 0d.	2d, ...27s. 0d.	2d, ...33s. 0d.	2d, ...36s. 0d.
3d, ...56s. 0d.	3d, ...33s. 0d.	3d, ...24s. 0d.	3d, ... 0s. 0d.	3d, ...34s. 0d.

Average of Wheat, per imperial quarter, £3, 13*s*. 5*d*. 3-12ths.

Average Prices of Corn in England and Wales, from the Returns received in the Week ended Oct. 31.

Wheat, 72s. 6d.—Barley, 40s. 4d.—Oats, 26s. 7d.—Rye, 38s. 3d.—Beans, 40s. 9d.—Pease, 43s. 1d.

Winchester weekly Average.

Wheat, 69s. 10d.—Barley, 36s. 6d.—Oats, 25s. 4d.—Rye, 31s. 4d.—Beans, 37s. 10d.—Pease, 41s. 0d.

London, Corn Exchange, Nov. 10.

	s. s.		s. s.
Wheat, red, old	70 to 84	White pease .	40 to 44
Red, new . .	58 to 63	Ditto, boilers .	41 to 50
Fine ditto . .	65 to 68	Small Beans, new	— to —
Superfine ditto	70 to 72	Ditto, old . .	46 to 51
White, new . .	58 to 70	Tick ditto, new	34 to 37
Fine ditto . .	75 to 78	Ditto, old .	— to —
Superfine ditto	80 to 85	Feed oats .	22 to 26
Rye	34 to 40	Fine ditto . .	— to —
Barley, new .	33 to 37	Poland ditto .	24 to 30
Fine	40 to 42	Fine ditto .	27 to 28
Superfine ditto	43 to 46	Potato ditto	24 to 30
Malt	60 to 65	Fine ditto . .	— to —
Fine	68 to 74	Scotch . . .	29 to 35
Hog Pease .	38 to 40	Flour, per sack	70 to 75
Maple . . .	41 to 43	Ditto, seconds	50 to 66
Maple, fine	— to —	Bran . .	7 to 8

Seeds, &c.

	s. s. d.		s. s. d.
Tares, per bsh.	— to — 0	Rye Grass	26 to 35 0
Must. White, .	5 to 6 6	Ribgrass . .	38 to 41 0
— Brown, new	8 to 12 0	Clover, red cwt.	40 to 58 0
Turnips, bsh.	7 to 10 0	— White . . .	52 to 74 0
—Red & green	9 to 11 0	Foreign red	— to — 0
— White	8 to — 10	——— White	— to — 0
Caraway, cwt.	36 to 41 0	Coriander . .	18 to 21 0
Canary, per qr.	58 to 60 0	Trefoil	19 to 32 0
Cinque Foin	— to — 0	Lintseed feed	— to — 0

Rape Seed, per last, L.21, L.24, Foreign, L.21, L,23.

Liverpool, Nov. 4.

	s. d. s. d.		s. d. s. d.
Wheat, per 70 lb.		Irish . . .	28 0 to 37 0
Eng.	10 9 to 11 9	Flour, English,	
Scotch .	10 0 to 10 6	p.240lb.fine	63 0 to 68 0
Irish . .	9 0 to 11 3	Irish .	60 0 to 63 0
Foreign	— 0 to — 0	Amer. p. 196 lb.	
Do. in bond	8 6 to 9 6	Sweet, bond	— 0 to — 0
Barley, per 60 lbs.		Sour, do. .	35 0 to 36 0
Eng. . . .	5 6 to 6 0	Bran, p.24lb.	1 1 to 1 1
Scotch .	— to —		
Irish . .	5 6 to 5 9	*Butter, Beef, &c.*	
Foreign	5 6 to 6 0		
Oats, per 45 lb.		Butter, p.cwt.	s. d. s. d.
Eng. . . .	3 10 to 4 3	Belfast	84 0 to 85 0
Irish . . .	3 9 to 4 0	Newry . .	— 0 to — 0
Scotch . .	3 10 to 4 3	Waterford	79 0 to 80 0
For. in bond	0 0 to 0 0	Cork, pic.2d	75 0 to 76 0
Rye, per qr.	38 0 to 40 0	3d, dry	74 0 to — 0
Malt, per qr.	70 0 to 76 0	Beef, p. tierce.	
Beans, per q.		— Mess	105 0 to 110 0
English .	44 0 to 50 0	— p. barrel	— 0 to — 0
Irish . .	42 0 to 44 0	Pork, p. bl.	
Rapeseed	— to —	— Mess .	70 0 to 80 0
Pease, grey	34 0 to 38 0	— half do.	40 0 to 50 0
—White .	46 0 to 50 0	Bacon, p. cwt.	
Indian corn, p. 480 lb.		Short mids.	49 0 to 50 0
Red, . .	38 0 to — 40	Sides . .	46 0 to 48 0
White, .	— 0 to — 0	Hams, dry	— 0 to — 0
Oatmeal, per 240 lb.		Green . .	— 0 to — 0
English	30 0 to 38 0	Lard, rd.p.c.	50 0 to 54 0
Scotch . .	— to — 0		

Weekly Price of Stocks, from 1st to 22d October 1828.

	1st	8th.	15th.	22d.
Bank stock,	—	—	208 9	—
3 per cent. reduced,	—	—	85¼ ½	85⅛
3 per cent. consols,	86½ ⅜	87 ⅛	85⅞ 86⅜	85⅞ 86
3½ per cent. consols,	—	—	93¼ ¾	93 ⅝ ⅞
New 4 per cent. cons.	101¾ ⅞	101⅞ 2	101½ ¾	101 ⅛ ⅝
India bonds,	85 86p.	90 91p.	84 86½	85p.
—— stock,	240	239	—	236
Long Annuities,	—	—	19 3-16	19 1-16 ⅛
Exchequer bills,	72 75p.	759 76p.	75 76p.	74 75p.
Exchequer bills, sm.	—	—	75 76p.	74 75
Consols for acc.	86½ ⅞	87⅛ 8¼	86⅞ ⅜	85⅛ 6
French 5 per cents.	106f. 20c.	105f. 12c.	106f. 50c.	101f. 90c.

Course of Exchange.—Nov. 7.—Amsterdam, 12 : 2, Ditto, at sight, 12 : 0. Rotterdam, 12 : 2. Antwerp, 12 : 2. Hamburgh, 13 : 12½. Altona, 13 : 12¾. Paris 3 days' sight, 25 : 40. Ditto, 25 : 60. Bourdeaux, 25 : 65. Frankfort on the Maine, 151 : 0, Petersburg, per rouble, 10 : 0. Berlin, 0 : 0. Vienna, 10 : 0. Trieste, 10 : 0. Madrid, 35¾. Cadiz, 37. Bilboa, 36¼. Barcelona, 35¾. Seville, 36½. Gibraltar, 46. Leghorn, 48⅝. Genoa, 25 : 40. Venice, 47½. Malta, 0. Naples, 39¾. Palermo, p. oz. 120. Lisbon, 46. Oporto, 47. Rio Janeiro, 31½. Bahia, 35 : 0. Buenos Ayres, 0. Dublin, 21 days' sight, 1¼. Cork, 1½.

Prices of Gold and Silver, per oz.—Foreign gold, in bars, £3 : 17 : 10½d. per oz. New Doubloons, £3 : 15 : 0d. New Dollars, 4s. 9⅞d. Silver in bars, stand. 4s. 11⅞d.

LONDON PRICES CURRENT, *Nov.* 7.

Article	From		To	
ASHES, Canada Pot, 1st, cwt.	32s	0	to 0	0
Pearls	32	0	0	0
United States Pot	33	0	0	0
Pearls	33	0	0	0
Russia Pearls	27	0	0	0
BRISTLES, St Petersb. cwt.	L.12	2 6	12	10
COFFEE, in Bond				
Jamaica ordinary cwt.	31s	0	36	0
good ordinary	37	0	51	0
fine ordinary	37	0	51	0
low middling	52	0	53	0
middling	54	0	67	0
good do. and fine	68	0	85	0
Mocha	66	0	120	0
CORK, Spanish, ton	L.50	0	80	0
Oporto	25	0	30	0
Faro	48	0	60	0
French	100	0	12	0
COTTON, per lb.				
Grenada	—s	6¾	—	8
Berbice and Demerara	—	6½	—	9
New Orleans	—	6	—	8
Bowed Georgia	—	5	—	6½
Bahia	—	7¼	—	7½
Pernambuco	—	7	—	8
Madras	—	4	—	5½
Bengal	—	3¾	—	4¼
Smyrna	—	7½	—	8½
FLAX, Riga PTR, ton, new	L.35	0	36	0
DC,	32	0	0	0
Petersburg, 12 head	33	0	34	10
Liebau, 4 brand	31	0	32	0
HEMP, Riga, Rhine, ton	L.41	0	42	0
Petersburg, clean	41	0	0	0
Outshot	—	0	—	0
Half clean and pass	32	0	33	0
HOPS, New East Kent Pockets	L.5	5	7	0
New Kent Pockets	4	10	6	15
Sussex	4	4	4	8
East Kent Bags	2	16	3	5
1826 Pockets	2	2	2	16
IRON, CCND, bd. ton	L.18	0	19	0
PSI	16	0	17	0
Swedish	14	0	15	0
INDIGO, E.I. fine blue, bd. lb.	9s	6	10s	0
Fine Violet and Purple	9	0	9	5
ordinary,	6	0	7	5
good and mid. do.	7	6	8	11
LEATHER, per lb.				
Butts, 50 to 56	0	0	0	0
Ditto, 60 to 65	0	0	0	0
Hides, crop, 45 to 50	1	5	1	7
Do. 35 to 40	1	2½	1	4
British for dress	1	1	1	6
Calf skins	1	5	2	4
Horse hides	1	3	1	5
LIME JUICE,	0	0	0	0
OIL, per tun, 252 gallons.				
Whale, Greenl. without casks	L. 0	0	26	0
Cod, in casks	28	0	0	0
Seal, Pale	29	0	0	0
—— Brown	27	0	0	0
Palm, African, per cwt.	—	0	0	0
Spermaceti	76	0	—	—
Whale, South Sea	29	0	33	0
Linseed, per cwt.	0	0	1	4
Galipoli, per tun of 252 galls.	—	0	47	0
PITCH, British, per cwt.	6	0	0	0
Stockholm	9	0	0	0
American	5	0	0	0
Archangel	7	0	0	0
PIMENTO, Jamaica, per lb.	0s	8	0	9

Article	From		To	
SPIRITS.				
Brandy, Cognac, imp. gal.	3s	0	to 3	6
Geneva	2	6	0	0
Rum, Jamaica, 14 a 20 O.P.	3	2	3	6
Leeward Islands, P. & U.P.	2	4	2	5
SUGAR, per cwt.				
Jamaica, Brown	£2	14	2	18
Middling	2	19	3	2
Good	3	2	3	7
Fine	3	7	3	10
Demerara and St Kitts	2	12	3	9
Grenada	2	12	2	5
Barbadoes	2	15	2	14
Havannah, brown	1	10	1	15
White	2	0	2	6
Fine ditto	2	7	2	10
East India, brown	1	1	1	7
White	1	14	2	0
REFINED SUGARS.				
Lumps	3	17	4	8
Fine	4	4	5	2
Loaves	4	2	4	10
Fine	4	12	0	0
Powder	4	4	4	12
Double, ordinary	5	0	0	0
Fine	5	10	6	0
Molasses	25s	6	0	0
TALLOW, Peterbg. YC. cwt.	39s	0	39	3
White	39	0	40	0
Soap	37	6	38	0
Archangel	38	0	38	6
Siberia	38	0	38	6
Home melted	0	0	0	0
TAR, Virginia	13	0	0	0
Archangel	14	6	0	0
Stockholm	15	6	0	0
TOBACCO, Kentucky, per lb.	0	2¼	0	4
Virginia, ordinary	0	2¼	0	2¼
Part blacks	0	2¾	0	3½
Middling black	0	3½	0	3¾
Maryland scrubs	0	2¾	0	5
Brown and leafy	0	3	0	4
Coloury and yellow	0	4	0	8
WINE, per pipe.				
Port, per 138 gallons	£22	0	50	0
Lisbon, per pipe	20	0	28	0
Madeira, per 110 gallons	50	0	60	0
West India, ditto	27	0	45	0
East India, ditto	35	0	70	0
Sherry, per butt	25	0	70	0
Mountain, per 126 gallons	20	0	30	0
Teneriffe, per 120 gallons	24	0	25	0
Spanish, red, per 126 gallons	12	0	16	0
Claret, per hhd. for Dy.	36	0	50	0
French, White, ditto	34	0	36	0
WOODS, per ton.				
Fustic, Jamaica	£ 7	0	8	0
Cuba	10	10	12	0
South American	5	10	7	0
Brazil Wood	35	0	40	0
Boxwood	14	0	18	0
Lignumvitæ	4	10	11	0
Nicaragua	7	0	14	0
LOGWOOD, Jamaica	6	15	6	10
Honduras	6	5	6	15
Campeachy	8	5	8	0
St Domingo	6	5	5	15
MAHOGANY, per foot.				
Jamaica	0s	8d	to 0	12d
Honduras		8d		14d
Cuba		12d		16d
St Domingo		17d		30d

Meteorological Tables, *extracted from the Register kept at Edinburgh, in the Observatory, Calton-hill.*

N.B.—The Observations are made twice every day, at eight o'clock, morning, and eight o'clock, evening. The second observation in the afternoon, in the first column, is taken by the Register Thermometer.

September.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Sept. 1	M.46 A. 56	29.968 .920	M.60 A. 60	W.	Fair, sunsh. rather cold.
2	M.46 A. 56	.902 .902	M.62 A. 60	N.	Fair, sunsh. shry. warm.
3	M.49 A. 56	.924 .924	M.61 A. 60	Cble.	Foren. rain, aftern. fair.
4	M.47 A. 56	.949 .861	M.60 A. 59	Cble.	Fair, but dull, warm.
5	M.46 A. 56	.805 .784	M.58 A. 58	E.	Ditto.
6	M.45 A. 55	.880 .780	M.59 A. 59	E.	Fair, sunsh. warm.
7	M.46 A. 56	.860 .750	M.59 A. 59	E.	Morn. rain, aftern. cold.
8	M.55 A. 61	.689 .686	M.61 A. 61	NE.	Fair, sunsh. warm.
9	M.62 A. 59	.468 .469	M.63 A. 63	Cble.	Fair, rn. evn. thun. & light.
10	M.51 A. 59	.389 28.999	M.63 A. 62	SE.	Dull, but fair.
11	M.51 A. 56	28.998 .996	M.61 A. 59	E.	Heavy rain mrn. & night.
12	M.50 A. 58	.998 29.196	M.59 A. 56	E.	Day shwry. night cold.
13	M.42 A. 49	.505 .614	M.52 A. 51	E.	Fair, with sunshine.
14	M.35 A. 44	.875 30.999	M.50 A. 50	NE.	Morn. frost, day sunsh.
15	M.35 A. 49	.256 .269	M.53 A. 53	W.	Dull, but fair.
Sept. 16	M.59 A. 50	30.399 .241	M.55 A. 54	W.	Sunsh. fore-noon warm.
17	M.42 A. 54	.175 29.999	M.56 A. 58	W.	Ditto.
18	M.44 A. 56	.850 .891	M.60 A. 59	SW.	Fair, sunsh. warm.
19	M.42 A. 51	.926 .966	M.57 A. 57	NW.	Ditto.
20	M.45 A. 51	.999 .990	M.57 A. 56	NE.	Ditto.
21	M.50 A. 56	.916 .805	M.60 A. 59	E.	Fair, but very foggy.
22	M.48 A. 54	.775 .792	M.57 A. 57	E.	Fair, but dull.
23	M.48 A. 56	.818 .618	M.57 A. 57	Cble.	Dull foren. rain aftern.
24	M.51 A. 57	29.550 .481	M.58 A. 59	SW.	Dull foren. sunsh. aftern.
25	M.55 A. 68	.325 .556	M.65 A. 65	SW.	Fair, but rather dull.
26	M.52 A. 61	.492 .512	M.65 A. 62	W.	Fair, sunsh. warm foren.
27	M.45 A. 55	.591 .591	M.60 A. 59	W.	Ditto.
28	M.46 A. 56	.242 .101	M.57 A. 58	W.	Rain aftern. and night.
29	M.46 A. 53	28.812 .879	M.56 A. 55	SW.	Showery day and night.
30	M.45 A. 52	29.18[illegible] 28.999	M.55 A. 54	SW.	Ditto.

Average of rain, 2.383.

October.

	Ther.	Barom.	Attach. Ther.	Wind.	
Oct. 1	M.48 A. 48	28.996 .999	M.52 A. 53	NW.	Morn. cold, day showery.
2	M.58 A. 46	29.580 .576	M.51 A. 51	W.	Fair, sunsh. mld.
3	M.55 A. 47	.549 .20[illegible]	M.52 A. 53	S.	Fair, dull, night rain.
4	M.46 A. 57	.206 .218	M.54 A. 54	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
5	M.39 A. 50	.155 28.901	M.54 A. 54	SW.	Sunsh. cold, night rain.
6	M.40 A. 51	.818 .818	M.55 A. 53	Cble.	Fair, foren. rain aftern.
7	M.45 A. 50	.840 .840	M.51 A. 51	SW.	Day showery. cold.
8	M.41 A. 50	29.110 .116	M.51 A. 51	NW.	Morn. fair, day showery.
9	M.42 A. 52	.212 .421	M.51 A .54	SW.	Fair, dull, rain night.
10	M.46 A. 55	.655 .470	M.56 A. 56	Cble.	Heavy rain, showers.
11	M.44 A. 52	.986 .980	M.56 A. 58	SW.	Foren. sunsh. aftern. dull.
12	M.45 A. 63	.953 .999	M.60 A. 60	SW.	Morn. dull, day sunsh.
13	M.49 A. 56	30.159 .149	M.60 A. 59	W.	Day fair, dull, night rain.
14	M.44 A. 52	.250 .210	M.57 A. 56	W.	Fair, sunsh. warm foren.
15	M.42 A. 50	.112 29.999	M.55 A. 56	W.	Fair, with sunshine.
16	M.41 A. 50	.996 .948	M.51 A. 52	W.	Morn. frost, day sunshine.
Oct. 17	M.41 A. 52	29.918 .996	M.54 A. 48	W.	Frost morn. day cold.
18	M.50 A. 59	30.161 29.960	M.46 A. 48	W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
19	M.42 A. 53	.875 .892	M.43 A. 52	W.	Morn. showr. day sunsh.
20	M.43 A. 52	.931 .914	M.52 A. 52	W.	Foren. sunsh. dull aftern.
21	M.42 A. 49	.950 .961	M.52 A. 52	Cble.	Fair, with sunshine.
22	M.43 A. 55	.296 .562	M.52 A. 56	SW.	Heavy rain afternoon.
23	M.36 A. 46	.585 .612	M.55 A. 50	SW.	Frost morn. day sunshine.
24	M.33 A. 43	.752 .799	M.48 A. 48	SW.	Fair, sunsh. rain night.
25	M.39 A. 49	.875 .940	M.49 A. 50	SW.	Fair, but dull.
26	M.41 A. 49	.999 30.104	M.50 A. 50	SW.	Clear, sunsh. mild.
27	M.38 A. 49	.165 .299	M.50 A. 49	SW.	Frost morn. day sunshine.
28	M.32 A. 40	.410 .401	M.47 A. 46	Cble.	Frost, and very foggy.
29	M.27 A. 37	.401 .253	M.42 A. 44	SW.	Morn. frost, day foggy.
30	M.34 A. 43	.230 29.992	M.44 A. 43	SW.	Sunsh. frost, morn. & evn.
31	M.30 A. 42	.999 .915	M.42 A. 43	SW.	Frosty morn. day foggy.

Average of rain, 1.902.

APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

July.

3 Dr. Surg. Barlow, from 71 F. Surg. vice Walker, h. p. 12 June 1828
4 W. Skipwith, Cor. by purchase, vice Fawkes, 10 Dr. 19 do.
9 Hosp. As. Brooke, As. Surg. vice Wilson, cancelled 12 do.
10 Cor. Fawkes, from 4 Dr. Cor. vice Wedderburn, prom. 19 do.
Cor. and Adj. Preston, to have rank of Lieut. do.
3 F. Capt. Barlow, Maj. by purch. vice Innes, ret. 12 do.
——— Stewart, from 29 F. Capt. do.
5 Ens. Grey, Lieut. by purch. vice Hill, prom. do.
J. Jones, Ens. by purch. do.
8 E. Orme, Ens. by purch. vice Murphy, ret. 19 do.
29 Lieut. Congreve, Capt. by purch. vice Stewart, 3 F. 12 do.
Ens. Humphrey, Lieut. do.
C. Adams, Ens. do.
32 Capt. Impert, from h. p. Capt. vice White, ret.
Ens. Griffin, Lt. vice Slacke, dec.
Gent. C. A. Baine, from R. Mil. Col. Ens.
Ens. and Adj. Oke, to have rank of Lt. 26 do.
J. Dillon, Ens. by purch. vice Slacke, prom. do.
41 Hos. As. Maitland, As. Surg. vice Tennent, dead 12 do.
43 Capt. Forlong, Maj. by purch. vice Considine, prom. 1 July
Lieut. Egerton, Capt. do.
Ens. Bell, Lieut. do.
R. J. Congreve, Ens. do.
58 Hos. As. Toulmin, As. Surg. vice Huey, 11 Dr. 12 June
71 As. Surg. Winterscale, Surg. vice Barlow, 3 Dr. do.
Hosp. As. Ferguson, As. Surg. do.
76 Lt. Pickard, from Ceylon R. Lt. vice Preston, Quar. Mast. do.
—— Preston, Quar. Mast. vice Russwurm, ret. h. p. do.
81 Ens. Creagh, Lt. vice Thomson, dead do.
G. A. Creagh, Ens. do.
84 T. Bridge, Ens. by purch. vice Hodgson, prom. 26 do.
89 Lieut. Lewis, Capt. by purch. vice Arrow, cancelled 12 Feb.
R. Staff C. 2d Lt. Gold, 1 Lieut. vice Foote, dead 26 June
Gent. Cadet, T. Moody, from R. Mil. Coll. 2d Lieut. 2 do.
2 W. I. R. Capt. Pilling, from h. p. R. African Corps, Capt. vice Halcott, cancelled 19 do.
Ceylon R. Lt. Plunkett, from h. p. 50 F. Lt. vice Pickard, 76 F. 12 do.

Hospital Staff.

Hosp. Assist. Gulliver, Assist. Surg. to the Forces, vice Forde, 72 F. 12 June 1828

Unattached.

To be Lieut. Col. of Infantry by purchase.
Major Considine, from 43 F. 1 July 1828

To be Captain of Infantry by purchase.
Lieut. Hill, from 5 F. 12 June 1828

To be Lieutenant of Infantry by purchase.
Cor. Heathcote, from 6 Dr. Gds.

To be Ensigns by purchase.
C. F. Kerr 1 July 1828
W. H. Gilman do.

The undermentioned Officer, having Brevet Rank superior to his Regimental Commission, has accepted Promotion upon Half-pay, according to the General Order of the 25th April 1826.

To be Lieutenant Colonel of Infantry.
Bt. Lt. Col Walker, from 51 F. 1 July 1828

The undermentioned Lieutenants, actually serving upon Full-pay in Regiments of the Line, whose Commissions are dated in or previous to the year 1811, have accepted Promotion upon Half-pay, according to the General Order of the 27th Dec. 1826.

To be Captains of Infantry.
Lieut. Sweeny, from 59 F. 1 July 1828
——— Mahon, from 51 F. do.

Exchanges.

Major Ford, 36 F. rec. diff. with Major Rowley, h. p.
Capt. Browne, 11 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Westropp, h. p.
——— Anderson, 35 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Kerr, h. p.
——— Burrell, 88 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Spencer, h. p.
Lieut. Lecky, 62 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Brett, h. p.
——— Digby, 65 F. with Lieut. Tracie, h. p. 60 F.
Cor. Bayntun, 4 Dr. Gds. rec. diff. with Ens. Mayou, h. p.
Qua. Mast. M'Pherson, 75 F. with Qua. Master Berry, h. p. 41 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieutenant-Colonel.
Cameron, h. p. 79 F.

Major.
Innes, 3 F.

Captain.
White, 32 F.

Lieutenant.
Robson, h. p. 52 F.

Ensigns.
Murphy, 8 F.
Badcock, h. p. 57 F.
King, h. p. 3 W. I. R.

Cancelled.
Capt. Arrow, 89 F.
——— Halcott, 2 W. I. R.

Deaths.

General.
Hon. C. Hope, Rankellour July 1828

Lieutenant-Generals.
Lewis, late R. Inv. Art.
Stevenson, London 22 June 1828

Colonel.
Davidson, late of 15 F. Brompton 22 July 1828

Lieutenant-Colonels.
Hon. R. Clements, Gren. Gds. London July 1828
Graham, late Scotch Brig. Dep. Gov. of St Maw's 7 July

Majors.
Smith, 80 F.
Gordon, h. p. 98 F. 16 April 1828
Arch. Taylor, h. p. Unatt. Dublin 29 March
Chas Grant, do. Tonbridge Wells 18 April
Hugh Stewart, do. 27 Aug. 1826

Captains.
Browne, 75 F. Mullingar 21 June 1828
Pounden, 82 F.
Macbean, 91 F. Jamaica 9 June
Stephenson, 2 W. I. R.
Hay, h. p. 43 F. Paris 2 July
Thompson, R. Art. Leith Fort 5 July
Winder, late R. Art.

Lieutenants.
Slacke, 32 F. Killaloe 31 May 1828
Foote, R. Staff Corps
Watkis, R. Art. Cape of Good Hope 29 April
Travers, late 2 Vet. Bn. 26 Nov. 1827
W. Von Holy, h. p. Brunswick Cav. 2 June 1828
Sache, h. p. 15 F. 14 May
Ley, h. p. 5 F. 20 May
Grahame, h. p. 70 F. Bannachra, Dumbartonshire 10 May

2d Lieutenants and Ensigns.
Sinclair, R. Art. Florence 25 June 1828
Sutliff, late 6 Vet. Bn. Fort View, Mount Nugent, Co. Cavan 27 June
De Lisle, h. p. 65 F. 22 Jan.
Allen, h. p. 75 F. 21 Feb.

Paymaster.

Reynett, Rec. District, Dublin 23 July 1828

Quarter Masters.

Gilbertson, R. Art. Charlton 19 June 1828
Mathew, h. p. 98 F. Thomastown 25 April
Jenkins, late of 15 Dr. Brighton 28 May

Medical Department.

Surg. Gen. Irwin R. Art. 21 April 1828
Insp. Straghan, h. p. Barbadoes 15 May
Sur. *Sir* P. M'Gregor, *Bt.* Mil. Asylum 27 July
Assist. Surg. Tennent, 41 F.

August.

1 Life Gds. Lt. Parker, Capt. by purch. vice Sidney, ret. 30 June 1828
Cor. and Sub-Lt. Du Pre, Lt. do.
T. Bulkeley, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.
1 Cor. and Sub-Lt. Ricardo, Lt. by purch. vice Mostyn, ret. 8 July
Sir J. A. Cathcart, *Bt.* Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.
R. Horse G. Cor. J. *Lord* Elphinstone, Lt. purch. vice *Marq. of* Douro, prom. 4 June
V. Corbet, Cor. do.
Corp. Maj. J. Frost. Quar. Mast. 31 May
2 Dr. Gds. R. J. O. Vandeleur, Cor. 24 July
4 Cor. Hodge, Lt. by purch. vice Marsham, ret. 3 do.
J. M. Quantock, Cor. do.
6 R. T. Gerard, Cor. by purch. vice Lyon, ret. 3 do.
J. Jones, Cor. by purch. vice Heathcote, prom. 8 do.
4 Dr. G. C. Dalbiac, Cor. vice Brownlow, res. 31 do.
6 R. Arkwright, Cor. by purch. vice Buckeridge, ret. 24 do.
Gren. Gds. Bt. Lt. Col. Disbrowe, Lt. Col. vice Clements, dead 3 do.
Capt. Boldero, Adj. vice Stanley, res. Adj. only do.
1 F. Paym. Mitchell, from h. p. 2 Huss. K.G.L. Paym. vice Blake, 42 F. do.
Bt. Lt. Col. G. A. Wetherall, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Bt. Col. Mackellan, ret. 7 Aug.
Capt. MacLaine, Maj. do.
Lt. Bell, Capt. do.
Ens. Wilmot, Lt. do.
W. Landreth, Ens. do.
3 Lt. Brisco, from 41 F. Capt. vice Cotton, 41 F. 18 Jan.
Ens. Isaac, Lt. vice Cain, 41 F. 9 Dec. 1827
H. Blair, Ens. do.
Ens. Cameron, from 16 F. Ens. vice Macdonald, cashiered 31 July 1828
6 —— Knight, Lt. by purch. vice Johnson, cancelled 17 Apr.
—— Stuart, Lt. vice Ratcliff, dead 31 July
Gent. Cadet *Hon.* T. D. G. Dillon, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
9 Lt. Mahon, Capt. by purch. vice *Sir* R. J. Fletcher, ret. 10 do.
Ens. Tyler, Lt. do.
S. H. Metcalfe, Ens. 24 do.
10 Capt. Boldero, from h. p. Capt. paying diff. vice Beauclerk, 23 F. do.
13 Ens. M'Kenzie, Lt. by purch. vice Rawlins, cancelled 5 Aug.
P. R. Jennings, Ens. do.
14 Ens. Otter, Lt. vice Stack, 45 F. 12 Nov. 1827
A. Barry, Ens. 31 July 1828
H. M. F. Stirke, Ens. vice Graham, Adj. do.
16 Gent. Cadet J. Bruce, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Cameron, 3 F. do.
17 Ens. Hilton, Lt. by purch. vice Shortt, ret. do.
G. B. Gosset, Ens. do.
Ens. Corfield, from h. p. Ens. vice Northey, 95 F. 7 Aug.
20 —— Stephens, Lt. vice M'Dermott, 44 F. 31 July
E. Brock, Ens. do.
23 Capt. Beauclerk, from 10 F. Capt. vice Denham, ret. h. p. rec. diff. 24 do.
24 R. C. Hunter, Ens. by purch. vice Hunter ret. 10 do.
Serg. Maj. James George, from Gren. Gds. Adj. and Ens. vice Riley, res. Adj. only 17 July 1828
26 J. Shum, Ens. vice Chearnley, 88 F. 19 Aug.
28 Lt. Irving, Capt. by purch. vice Drury, ret. 24 July
Ens. Andrews, Lt. 24 July
J. A. Whittaker, Ens. do.
31 Lt. Nason, from h. p. 8 W. I. R. Lt. vice Primrose, 36 F. 3 do.
Gent. Cadet E. Lugard, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice White, dead 31 do.
34 Ens. Murray, from 40 F. Ens. vice Abney, superseded 7 Aug.
36 Lt. Primrose, from 31 F. Lt. vice Wynne, ret. h. p. 8 W. I. R. 3 July
38 Ens. Waddell, Lt. vice Campbell, Adj. 31 July
J. Macdonald, Ens. do.
40 Ens. Connor, Lt. by purch. vice Moir, ret. 10 do.
W. Murray, Ens. do.
41 Cor. Barrell, from h. p. 22 Dr. Ens. vice Murray, 34 F. 7 Aug.
41 Lt. Carmichael, from h. p. 60 F. Lt. vice Gibbons, cancelled 17 July
2d Lt. Hill, from 94 F. Lt. vice Inglis, dead 24 do.
R. Harnett, Ens. vice Graham, cancelled 10 do.
Ens. Donaldson, from h. p. Ens. vice Sparrow, superseded 17 do.
Maj. O'Reilly, Lt. Col. vice Place, dead 17 Jan.
Capt. Cotton, from 3 F. Maj. do.
Lt. Cain, from 3 F. Capt. vice Stehelin, dead 9 Dec. 1827
2d Lt. King, from R. Staff Corps, Lt. by purch. vice Briscoe, 3 F. 31 July 1828
42 Ens. and Adj. Duff, to have rank of Lt. 10 do.
Paym. Blake, from 1 F. Paym. vice Wardell, h. p. 3 do.
44 Hosp. As. Browne, As. Surg. vice Verling, res. 24 do.
45 Lt. Stack, from 14 F. Capt. vice Van Cortlandt, dead 12 Nov. 1827
Ens. Tulloch, Lt. 30 do.
C. B. Roche, Ens. 18 Jan. 1828
Gent. Cadet B. Gray, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Barnewall, dead 30 July
D. W. Tench, Ens. vice Lascelles, prom. 31 do.
46 Ens. Smith, Lt. vice Ashhurst, dead 16 Jan.
E. Bayly, Ens. vice Pollock, cancelled 9 Oct. 1827
H. C. Smithwaite, Ens. 16 Jan. 1828
48 Lt. Wilson, Capt. vice Croker, dead 6 Nov. 1827
—— Campbell, Capt. vice Brotheridge, dead 15 May 1828
Ens. Hull, Lt. vice Wilson 6 Nov. 1827
—— Donelan, Lt. vice Campbell 15 May 1828
W. A. Dely, Ens. 31 July
49 Capt. Lamont, Maj. by purch. vice Beauchamp, prom. 5 Aug.
Lt. Coote, Capt. do.
—— Hawkins, from R. African Corps, Lt. vice Vincent, h. p. R. African Corps 10 July
Ens. Whitmore, Lt. by purch. vice Coote 5 Aug.
A. Marshall, Ens. do.
53 Ens. Carnegy, Lt. by purch. vice Lang, ret. 24 July
T. Smart, Ens. do.

51 Maj. *Hon.* R. Murray, from h. p. Maj. vice Walker, prom. 10 July 1828
Ens. Bayley, Lt. vice Moore, dead 29 do.
—— Wright, Lt. vice Gray, prom. 30 do.
—— Dodd, Lt. 31 do.
Gent. Cadet J. A. Calder, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Bayley 29 do.
—— —— J. R. Wheeler, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Wright 30 do.
E. M. Cole, Ens. by purch. vice Dixon, ret. 31 do.
58 Assist. Surg. Wilson, from 4 F. Assist. Surg. 10 July
59 W. A. Heathcote, Ens. by purch. vice Ormsby, ret. 31 do.
60 Capt. A. *Marq. of* Douro, from h. p. Capt. pay diff. vice Morphy, 70 F. 24 do.
61 Capt. Armstrong, from Ceyl. Regt. Capt. vice Dayrell, canc. 7 Aug.
65 Lt. J. Young, Capt. by purch. vice MacLaine, ret. 31 July
Ens. Tucker, Lt. do.
70 Capt. Morphy, from 60 F. Capt. vice Creighton, 81 F. 24 do.
75 Lt. M'Callum, Capt. vice Browne, dead 3 do.
Gent. Cadet E. Cameron, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 31 do.
78 Lt. Holyoake, Capt. by purch. vice Cameron, ret. 17 do.
Ens. M'Intyre, Lt. do.
G. F. Tytler, Ens. do.
80 Capt. Grove, Maj. vice Smith, dead 21 do.
Lt. Anderson, Capt. do.
Gent. Cadet G. W. Robinson, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 31 do.
81 Capt. Creighton, from 70 F. Capt. vice Montgomery, h. p. rec. diff. 24 do.
82 Capt. Donnellan, from h. p. Capt. vice Pounden, dead 17 do.
84 Lt. Franklyn, Capt. by purch. vice Jackson, ret. 10 do.
Ens. Veitch, Lt. do.
S. J. Goslin, Ens. do.
88 Ens. Cumming, Lt. by purch. vice Ashmore, prom. 19 Aug.
—— Chearnley, from 26 F. Ens. do.
89 Ens. H. Wilson, Lt. vice Arrow, dead 29 Nov. 1827
—— Layard, Lt. vice Prendergast, 45 F. 10 July 1828
H. M'Caskill, Ens. vice Wilson 29 Nov. 1827
A. Hay, Ens. vice Layard 10 July 1828
93 Lt. Grier, Capt. by purch. vice Speirs, ret. 31 do.
Ens. Campbell, Lt. do.
94 A. W. King, Ens. vice Hill, 41 F. 24 do.
95 Ens. Northey, from 17 F. Ens. vice Higgins, h. p. 7 Aug.
97 Lt. Sheean, from h. p. 87 F. Lt. vice Gordon, 22 F. 3 July
—— Drury, from h. p. 88 F. Paym. vice Orr, dead 24 do.
Rifle Brig. Capt. Cox, Maj. by purch. vice Hewett, prom. 19 Aug.
Lt. Buller, Capt. do.
2d Lt. Tollemach, 1st Lt. do.
A. Monro, 2d Lt. do.
2 W. I. R. Capt. Ridd, from h. p. Capt. vice Stephenson, dead, 10 July
Ceyl. Regt. Capt. Walsh, from R. Afr. Corps, Capt. vice Armstrong, 61 F. 7 Aug.
2d Lt. Atchison, 1st Lt. vice M'Question, dead do.
—— Braybrooke, 1st Lt. vice Jefferson, Adj. 8 do.
L. Maclean, 2d Lt. vice Atchison, 7 do.
R. Afr. Corps. Lt. Pasley, from 14 F. Capt. by purch. vice Blenkarne, ret. 2 June

Ordnance Department.

Royal Artillery.

2d Lt. Grant, 1st Lt. vice Watkis, dead 30 Apr. 1828
2d Capt. Cruttenden, Capt. vice Barlow, h. p. 30 June
Capt. Browne, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt. 30 June 1828
2d Capt. Spellen, Capt. vice Thompson, dead 6 July
Capt. Manners, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Caffin, 1st Lt. vice Bisshopp, dead 30 June

Medical Department.

2d Assist. Surg. Richardson, 1st Assist. Surg. vice Barlow, res. 22 July
C. Dempsey, 2d Assist. Surg. do.

Staff.

Brevet Lt. Col. H. G. Smith, h. p. Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. at the Cape of Good Hope, vice Bell, res. 24 July 1828
Maj. Hilier, h. p. Dep. Qua. Mast. Gen. in Jamaica, (with rank of Lt. Col. in the Army,) vice Smith, Cape of Good Hope do.
Brevet Maj. Craig, h. p. 100 F. Dep. Adj. Gen. in Wind. and Leewd. Islands, (with rank of Lt. Col. in the Army,) vice Gurwood, res. do.
Capt. Finucane, from h. p. Sub-Insp. of Mil. in Ion. Islands, vice Michell, canc. 3 do.

Medical Department.

Brevet Insp. Gunning, Insp. 1 Jan. 1828
—— —— Baxter, Insp. of Hosp. in Wind. and Lewd. Islands only 3 July
Dep. Insp. Skey, from h. p. Insp. of Hosp. do.
M. Sweeny, *M.D.* Phys. to the Forces, Dep. Insp. of Hosp. vice Barry, h. p. 31 do.
R. Torrie, to be Hosp. Assist. to the Forces, vice Gulliver, prom. 12 June
T. Hunter, do. vice Ferguson, 71 F. do.
R. R. Caton, do. vice Toulmin, 58 F. do.
R. Bell, *M.D.* do. vice Maitland, 41 F. do.
J. Tully, *M.D.* do. vice Shapleigh, dead 19 do.
P. D. Murray, do. vice Brooke, 9 Dr. 4 Aug.

Garrisons.

Capt. Campbell, h. p. 8 W. I. R. Fort Maj. at St John's, Newfoundland, vice Green, dead 10 July 1828
Assist. Surg. Lawrance, Surg. at R. Mil. Asylum, vice *Sir* P. M'Gregor, dead do.
W. G. Watson, Assist. Surg. 7 Aug.

Unattached.

To be Lieut.-Cols. of Infantry by purchase.

Maj. Beauchamp, from 49 F. 5 Aug. 1828
—— Hewett, from Rifle Brig. 19 do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lieut. Leith, from 13 F. 5 Aug. 1828
—— Ashmore, from 88 F. 19 do.

The undermentioned Lieutenants, actually serving upon Full-pay in Regiments of the Line, whose Commissions are dated in or previous to the year 1811, have accepted promotion upon Half-pay, according to the General Order of the 27th Dec. 1826.

To be Captains of Infantry.

Lieut. Clarke, from 15 F. 25 June 1827
—— Westly, from 84 F. 5 Aug. 1828

Exchanges.

Bt. Lt. Col. Camac, 1 Life Gds. with Capt. Sidney, h. p.
Capt. Davies, 32 F. rec. diff. with Capt. *Hon.* G. W. Edwardes.
—— Fenton, 37 F. do. with Capt. Dallas, h. p.
—— Warren, 54 F. with Capt. Stewart, 66 F.
—— Brown, 65 F. with Capt. Wentworth, 73 F.
—— Versturme, 86 F. rec. diff. with Capt. O'Dell, h. p.
—— Kirwan, 91 F. rec. diff. with Capt. *Hon.* S. Hawke.
—— Law, 38 F. rec. diff. with Capt. J. Campbell, h. p.
—— Webster, 41 F. rec. diff. with Capt. A. Clarke, h. p.
Lieut. *Hon.* E. S. Jerningham, 6 Dr. G. rec. diff. with Lt. Heathcote, h. p.
—— Norman, 2 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Wynne, h. p. 8 W. I. R.
—— A. *Visc.* Fincastle, 9 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Digby, h. p. 60 F.
—— Lloyd, 3 F. with Lt. Hunt, h. p. 7 Line Bn. K. G. L.
—— Wood, 34 F. with Lt. Warren, h. p. 30 F.
—— Dickson, 60 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Gun, h. p. 42 F.

Lieut. Kane, 62 F. with Lieut. J. *Lord* Wallscourt, h. p. 52 F.
——— Cross, 96 F. with Lieut. Warren, h. p. 24 F.
——— Grier, 2 W. I. R. with Lieut. Jones, h. p. 59 F.
——— White, 48 F. with Lieut. Macan, 89 F.
Ensign Thompson, 59 F. with 2d Lieut. Dunbar, 87 F.
——— Woolhouse, 68 F. with Ensign Gillman, h. p.
——— Dumaresq, 73 F. with Ens. D'Arcy, h. p.
Cor. and Sub-Lt. Cosby, 1 Life Gds. with Cornet Bayntun, 1 Dr. Gds.
Surg. Stephenson, 48 F. with Surg. Henderson, 89 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieutenant-General.
Hon. W. Fitzroy.
Lieutenant-Colonels.
Mackellan, 1 F.
Stirling, R. Mar.
Captains.
Sidney, 1 Life Gds.
Drury, 28 F.
Cameron, 78 F.
Jackson, 84 F.
Steele, h. p. 31 F.
MacLaine, 65 F.
Spiers, 95 F.
Rancland, h. p. 56 F.
Lieutenants.
Marsham, 4 Dr. Gds.
Sir R. J. Fletcher, 9 F.
Moir, 40 F.
Mostyn, 2 Life Gds.
Cornets and Ensigns.
Lyon, 6 Dr. Gds.
Buckeridge, 6 Dr.
Hunter, 24 F.
Brownlow, 4 Dr.
Dison, 54 F.
Ormsby, 59 F.
Assistant Surgeon.
Verling, 41 F.

Appointments Cancelled.

Lieut. Gibbons, 41 F.
Ens. Graham, 41 F.
Lieut. Pasley, 14 F. as Capt. Unatt.
——— Johnson, 6 F.
Ens. Pollock, 46 F.
Lieut. Rawlins, 13 F.
The *Retirement* of Capt. Dixon, from the late 4 R. Vet. Bn.

Superseded.

Ens. Sparrow 14 F.
—— Abney, 34 F.

Removed from the Service.

Ens. Johnson, 6 F.

Cashiered.

Ens. Macdonald, 5 F.

Deaths.

Major-Generals.
Sir Henry Torrens, *K.C.B.* Adjut.-General to the Forces, Col. of 2 F. Welwyn, Herts 23 Aug. 1828
R. Douglas, late of 55 F. Great Baddow, Essex 20 do.
Colonel.
Hon. E. Acheson, late Coldst. Gds.
Lieutenant-Colonels.
M'Gregor, 59 F. Portsmouth 7 Aug. 1828
Strode, h. p. 47 F.
Denham, h. p. Unatt. Sierra Leone 9 June
Major.
Meacham, h. p. 88 F. Galway 8 July 1828
Captains.
Lloyd, 3 Dr. Ireland 9 Aug. 1828
Timson, 51 F. Tatchbury 10 do.
Johnson, h. p. R. Wagg. Train, Croydon 10 July
J. Von Schulgen, h. p. For. Corps of Waggoners, Hanover 5 June
Gavey, late 1 Vet. Bn.
Secluno, h. p. 4 Ceyl. R. Madras 14 Aug.
Schrader, h. p. For. Vet. Bn. Verden, Hanover 58 June
Lieutenants.
Teasdale, 13 Dr. London 10 Aug. 1828
P. C. Codd, 2 W. I. R. Honduras 11 May
C. de Lasperg, 4 Line Ger. Leg. Neustadt, Hanover 5 June
Fernyhough, h. p. Rifle Br.
Bisshopp, R. Art. Gibraltar 29 June 1828
Ensign.
Green, h. p. No. Sco. Fenc. Fort Maj. at St John's, Newfoundland 1 Apr. 1828
Paymaster.
Grant, 46 F. Chatham 7 Aug. 1828
Medical Department.
Staff. Surg. Drumgoole, h. p. Rec. Dist. 21 July 1828
Surg. Hume, 59 F. Portsmouth 12 Aug.
Staff Assist. Surg. Wood, New South Wales Nov. 1827
Assist. Surg. Burkitt, 94 F. Gibraltar 30 July 1828
Hosp. Assist. J. Grant, Scotland July 22

October.

Local Rank M. Gen. *Sir* P. Maitland, *K.C.B.* Lt. Gen. N. Am. only 21 Aug. 1828
3 Dr. Gds. Lt. Shewell, Capt. by purch. vice Greene, ret. 28 do.
Cor. Montgomery, Lt. do.
C. C. Mansergh, Cor. do.
3 Dr. Lt. Jebb, Capt. vice Lloyd, dead 14 do.
Cor. Levett, Lt. do.
J. D. Baring, Cor. do.
7 G. G. G. Morgan, Cor. by purch. vice Brian, ret. 21 do.
10 Staff Surg. Rogers, Surg. vice West, h. p. 25 May.
13 Cor. Elton, Lt. vice Teasdale, dead 14 Aug.
Ens. Campbell, from 92 F. Cor. do.
2 F. Gen. *Sir* W. Keppel, *G.C.B.* from 67 F. Col. vice *Sir* H. Torrens, dead 25 do.
3 Ens. Dean, from 71 F. Lt. by purch. vice Evernd̄ern, ret. 14 do.
4 Ens. Tytler, from 78 F. Ens. vice Ward, 91 F. 8 Sept.
7 Lt. Whitmore, from 49 F. Lt. vice Fergusson, ret. 28 Aug.
22 Capt. Myres, from 63 F. Capt. vice Wood, h. p. Rifle Brig. 9 Sept
25 Lt. O'Connor. Capt. by purchase vice Lynch, ret. 14 Aug. 1828
Ens. Slacke, Lt. do.
E. Ethelson, Ens. do.
34 Capt. Orange, from h. p. Rifle Brig. Capt. vice M'Kenzie, ret. to his former h. p. 9 Sept.
39 Ens. and Adj. Innes, to have rank of Lt. 14 Aug.
41 Ens. Hamilton, from R. Newf. Vet. Co. Ens. vice Gray, h. p. 7 Gn. Bn. 14 Aug.
45 Ens. Talbot, Lt. by purch. vice Jones, prom. 9 Sept.
J. Alderson, Ens. do.
Ens. Pearson, from 90 F. Ens. vice Smith, h. p. 10 do.
Lt. Jones, from R. Staff Corps, Lt. vice Hood, h.p. R.Staff Corps 21 Aug.
49 2d Lt. Faber, from 60 F. Lt. by purch. vice Whitmore, 7 F. 28 do.
51 Lt. Ainsworth, Capt. vice Timson, dead 14 do.
Ens. Cholmondeley, Lt. do.
P. Rice, Ens. do.
54 Ens. Vane, from h. p. 61 F. Ens. vice Cole, 87 F. do.

54 H. Brown, Ens. by purch. vice Dodd, prom. 14 Aug. 1828
60 Ens. *Hon.* T. D. G. Dillon, from 6 F. 2d Lt. by purch. 28 do.
63 Capt. Irwin, from h. p. Capt. vice Myers, 22 F. 9 Sept.
67 M. Gen. Macdonald, Col. vice *Sir* W. Keppel, 2 F. 25 Aug.
71 F. S. Hutchinson, Ens. by purch. vice Dean, 3 F. 14 do.
78 — Fisher, Ens. vice Tytler, 4 F. 8 Sept.
84 Lt. Plunkett, from Ceyl. Regt. Lt. vice Westly, prom. 21 Aug.
85 H. Rowles, Ens. by purch. vice *Hon.* C. S. Clements, prom. 9 Sept.
87 Ens. Cole, from 54 F. 2d Lt. vice Urquhart, h. p. 61 F. 14 Aug.
90 Ens. Caldwell, from h. p. Ens. vice Pearson, 45 F. 10 Sept.
91 Lt. Ducat, Capt. vice Macbean, dead 4 Aug.
Ens. Ward, from 4 F. Lt. vice Williamson, ret. 8 Sept.
—— Brunker, Lt. vice Ducat 9 do.
—— Thornhill, Lt. by purch. vice Paton, ret. 10 do.
W. M'Inroy, Ens. by purch. vice Thornhill do.
B. Campbell, Ens. vice Brunker 11 do.
92 A. N. Campbell, Ens. vice Campbell, 13 Dr. 14 Aug.
93 R. E. Campbell, Ens. by purch. vice Campbell, prom. 21 do.
Rifle Brig. E. H. Lloyd, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Fitz Gerald, prom. 9 Sept.
2 W. I. R. Capt. Suasso, from h. p. 99 F. Capt. vice Freeman, canc. 14 Aug.
Ens. Spence, Lt. vice P. C. Codd, dead 28 do.
W. H. Nicolls, Ens. do.
Ceyl. Regt. 2 Lt. Layard, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Leeke, ret. 28 do.
——— Thomas, 1st Lt. by purch. vice Westmacott, prom. 9 Sept.
J. Ottey, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Braybrooke, prom. 21 Aug.
C.T.Van Straubenzee, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Layard 28 do.
C. N. Tinley, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Thomas 9 Sept.
R. Newf. Vet. Comp. Ens. O'Brien, from h. p. 7 Gn. Bn. Ens. vice Hamilton, 41 F. 14 do.

Garrisons.

Maj. Gen. Ross, Lt. Gov. of Guernsey, vice *Sir* J. Colbourne, *K. C. B.* 14 Aug.

Staff.

Lt. Gen. *Sir* Herbert Taylor, Adj. Gen. to the Forces, vice Maj. Gen. *Sir* H. Torrens, dead. 25 Aug.

Hospital Staff.

W. J. Fagg, to be Hosp. As. to the Forces, vice Browne, 44 F. 14 Aug.

The undermentioned Cadets of the Honourable the East India Company's Service to have Temporary Rank as Ensigns during the period of their being placed under the Command of Lieutenant-Colonel Pasley, of the Royal Engineers, at Chatham, for Field Instruction in the Art of Sapping and Mining.

Gent. Cadet H. M. Durand 1 Aug.
——— H. Duncan do.
——— J. Lungton do.
——— W. Abercrombie do.
——— G. H. Dickinson do.
——— R. Money do.
——— G. Deck do.
——— J. A. Mouat do.

Unattached.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Jones, from 45 F. 9 Sept. 1828
— Westmacott, from Ceylon Regt. do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. *Hon.* C. S. Clements, from 85 F. 9 Sept.
2d Lt. Fitz Gerald, from Rifle Brig. do.

To be Ensigns by purchase.

G. Anderson 5 Sept.
V. Caldwell do.

Exchanges.

Capt. Mayne, 95 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hill, h. p.
—— Douglas, 98 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Clinton, h. p.
Lieut. Cotter, 8 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Molesworth, h. p.
Lieut. Jones, 53 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Clarke, h. p. 22 F.
—— *Hon.* H. B. Grey, 65 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. O'Connell, h. p. 71 F.
Ens. Costello, 96 F. rec. diff. with Ens. Anderson, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Captains.

Greene, 3 Dr. Gds.
Lynch, 25 F.
Dumaresq, R. Staff Corps
Christian, h. p. Unatt.

Lieutenants.

Fergusson, 7 F.
Williamson, 91 F.
Paton, 91 F.
Leeke, Ceylon Regt.
Archbold, h. p. 45 F.
Whitfield, h. p. 21 F.

Cornet and Ensign.

Brian, 7 Dr.
Everndern, 5 F.

Appointment Cancelled.

Capt Freeman, 2 W. I. R.

Deaths.

General.

Arabin, late of 2 Life Gds.

Lieutenant-Colonels.

Forsteen, 12 F. London 11 Sept. 1828
Sir A. Cathcart, *Bt.* h. p. 73 F. 13 Apr.
Preedy, h. p. 90 F. 30 May

Major.

Parker, h. p. Nugent's Levy 5 July

Captains.

H. F. Cane, 22 F. Chelsea 15 Sept.
Enright, late 10 R. Vet. Bn. 7 do.
MacDonald, Barrack Master, Edinburgh Castle 6 do.
Willis, R. Art. Drivers 30 Aug.
Fead, h. p. 25 F. 14 Jan.
Cox, h. p. R. York Rang. 2 July 1824

Lieutenants.

Berwick, 13 Dr. Cuddalore, Madras 20 Mar. 1828
Cohen, 28 F.
Hathorn, 29 F.
O'Beirne, 82 F. Versailles 29 Aug.
Bateman, 87 F. London 27 do.
Shea, h. p. 12 Dr. 20 Sept.
Trimble, h. p. 11 F.
Coleman, h. p. 60 F. Maidstone 13 do.
Bailie, h. p. 61 F. 18 Aug.
Dowling, late 2 Vet. Bn. 13 do.
J. C. Grutteman, h. p. Brunsw. Inf. Brunswick 9 do.

Ensigns and 2d Lieutenants.

Leech, 48 F. Paulsamoodrum, Madras 2 Mar. 1828
Woodford, Ceylon Regt. Aripo, Ceylon 17 Apr.
Lambton, late 4 Vet. Bn. Jaques Cartier, Quebec 23 June 1827
Skinner, late 8 Vet. Bn. Weimar 13 Aug. 1828
Jenkins, h. p. Fish's Corps

Paymaster.

Dawson, 2 Dr. Dublin 25 Sept. 1828

Adjutant.

Sewell, Caernarvon Mil. 15 July 1828

Quarter-Masters.

Tenant, h. p. R. Wag. Train 20 Aug. 1828
Jackson, h. p. 3 Dr. 26 Oct. 1827
Johnstone, h. p. 18 Dr.

Commissariat Department.

Assist. Com. Gen. Manvell, Waterford 18 July 1828
Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Lovelidge, h. p. London 10 June

Medical Department.

Surg. Ivory, 3 F. on Passage from N. So. Wales to Bengal 5 Feb. 1828
Surg. Brady, Leitrim Mil. Sept.
Marsh, h. p. 58 F. 6 Aug.
Assist. Surg. Keoghe, h. p. 1 R. Vet. Bn.

November.

Lieutenant-General.

Rudyerd, late R. Inv. Eng. Hammersmith 18 Oct. 1828

Lieutenant-Colonels.

De Menard, h. p. R. For. Art. Falaise, France 16 Sept. 1828

Newton, h. p. 154 F. do.

Major.

Laing, h. p. R. Afr. Corps, Africa Sept. 1826

Captains.

M'Donald, h. p. 76 F. Vallay, North Uist 6 Aug. 1828

Pexton, h. p. 101 F. 16 Oct.

Rist, h. p. Indep. Oct.

Lieutenants.

Johnson, 57 F. Tralee, Ireland 11 Sept. 1828

Alexander, 94 F. Gibraltar

Osborne, do. do. 26 do.

Boys, h. p. 1 F. 5 Oct.

Gordon, do. 24 Sept.

M'Diarmid, h. p. York Lt. Inf. 5 Sept.

Cornets, 2d Lieutenants, and Ensigns.

Adlam, h. p. 19 Dr. Doncaster 20 Aug. 1828

Rycroft, h. p. 21 Dr. Lancashire 6 Apr. 1828

Trollope, 82 F. Port Louis, Mauritius 6 May

Munro (Adj.) 90 F. Zante 3 Aug.

Bull, R. Eng. Gibraltar 17 Sept.

Gibb, late R. Sappers and Miners, Dunse, N. Brit. 4 Sept.

Stephenson, late R. Sappers and Miners, Niagara, Upper Canada 11 June

Adjutant.

Roberts, late R. Art. Drivers, Marton, near Gainsborough 30 Sept. 1828

Medical Department.

Surg. Burton, 12 Lancers, London 24 Oct. 1828

Surg. Heaviside, late H. Gren. Gds.

Staff Assist.-Surg. James Thomson, Trinidad 7 Aug.

Commissariat Department.

Dep. Com. Gen. Spiller, Everton 17 Aug. 1828

Dep. Assist. Com. Gen. Hambly Bodmin 26 Sept.

——————— Smith, Gibraltar 2 Oct.

——————— Clements, on passage from N. So. Wales.

Alphabetical List of English Bankrupts, from 22d July, to 23d October, 1828.

Abraham, R. New Bond-street, picture-dealer.
Adams, J. T. P. Brighton, wine-merchant.
Adamson, S. and G. Earnshaw, Thurston, York, corn-dealer.
Allen, G. junior, Ridgefield, Manchester, calenderer.
Allen, J. Coal Hatch-farm, High Wycombe, builder.
Allen, W. S. Kingston-upon-Hull, bookseller.
Allday, T. Birmingham, butcher.
Alexander, I. and A. Stodart, Upper Clapton, brickmakers and builders.
Armand, P. le Comte de Fontaine Moreaw, Southampton-street, Fitzroy-square, and Church-court, Old Jewry, silk merchant.
Aston, W. Toll-end and Cosley Iron Works, Salford, iron-master.
Barlow, J. Gainsborough, grocer
Barrow, T. Manchester, and G. Geddes, Stockport, commission agents.
Beerge, J. and R. B. Ashburton, serge manufacturers.
Brooke, W. Gainsborough, innkeeper.
Brandon, J. I. Rickmansworth, merchant.
Blake, J. G. Chelsea, shipowner.
Bonner, C. Spalding, scrivener.
Brearley, J. Milmow, Rochdale, shopkeeper.
Boone, A. and J. Piccadilly, hatters.
Braithwaite, T. Kegworth, Leicester, wine-merchant.
Brown, H. Old London-street, malt-factor.
Beaman, E. Winnington, Cheshire, cheese-factor.
Bowen, W. S. St Alban's, surgeon.
Buttey, R. Norwich, merchant.
Briggs, J. Tintern-abbey, iron-master.
Bowen, O. Crawford-street, Mary-le-bone, draper.
Benson, M. Liverpool, merchant.
Baker, W. J. St John's, Clerkenwell, orange-merchant.
Blyth, J. Bury St Edmunds, draper.
Bradley, W. Legburn, Lincoln, draper.
Barnby, G. Spalding, grocer.
Bailey, J. Bath, shoemaker.
Cook, J. J. Southwark-bridge-road, coachmaker.
Crossland, J. Honley, Almondbury, York, scribling-miller.
Clark, T. Calthwaite, Cumberland, cattle-dealer.
Cleworth, R. Westleigh, Lancashire, cotton-spinner.
Cunningham, C. Bryanstone-street, money-scrivener.
Cox, C. St Martin's-lane, tailor.
Collins, T. Avebury-street, Hoxton, victualler.
Clarke, S. Balborough, Derby, grocer
Cayme, R. Yeovil, stocking-manufacturer.
Clively, E. Horsham, woollen-draper.
Crofton, P. Cromer-street, upholsterer.
Conolly, C. Piccadilly, jeweller.
Checkley, T. Warwick, hosier.
Cambridge, L. Bristol, and Prince Edward's Island, merchant.
Cambridge, L. and A. Bristol and Prince Edward's Island, merchants.
Crowther, R. and F. T. High-street, Southwark, woollen-drapers.
Clarke, R. Ware, linen-draper.
Cullaway, C. Prospect-row, Walworth, carpenter
Dunlap, T. Pontefract, grocer.
Day, T. Upton-upon-Severn, grocer.
Dickinson, G. Liverpool, dealer.
Davis, T. Goswell-street, cheesemonger.
Edwards, P. B. Tanyralt, Caernarvon, merchant.
Edmunds, A. Worcester, timber-merchant.
Emet, J. Downend, Mangotsfield, Gloucester, stone-quarryman.
Edgar, R. Hart-street, Crutched-friars, wine-merchant
Evans, D. Mincing-lane, broker.
Earl, J. T. Lewisham, plumber.
Evetts, T. Birmingham, refiner of metals.
Fleming, M. Fulham, spinster, schoolmistress.
Fenton, F. St James's-street, hotel-keeper.
Fensham, J. Wardour-street, picture-dealer.
Fortune, T. Highington, Durham, cattle-salesman.
Fox, W. B. Crawford-street, oil and colourman.
Foster, F. Oxford-street, tailor.
Fallows, S. Stainland, York, cotton manufacturer
Fair, C. Liverpool, wine-merchant.
Fowler, D. Euston-square and Camberwell, builder.
Ford, G. Wells-street, jeweller.
Fox, R. Coningsby, Lincoln, grocer.
Gaisford, W. Bristol, victualler.
Gosling, J. Bocking, spirit-merchant.
Gilbert, H. Bishopsgate-street Without, grocer.
Gibbon, J. junior, Poplar, mast and block-maker
Geary, J. Brentwood, master-mariner.
Harris, J. Gracechurch-street, auctioneer.
Hopkinson, J. Loughborough, liquor-merchant.
Horrocks, G. and R. Martin, Ardwick, Manchester, dyers.
Humbert, D. J. Foley-street, coal-merchant.
Herring, J. M. Aberystwith, victualler.
Harris, J. Bletchington, Oxford, tailor.
Harris, G. North-buildings, Finsbury, bill-broker.
Hone, W. Ludgate-hill, bookseller.
Harley, J. junior, Northampton, plumber.

Henzell, E. W. College-wharf, Lambeth, coal-merchant.
Hastings, T. Huddersfield, woollen-cloth-merchant.
Hammar, C. Mark-lane, merchant.
Hunton, J. Bishopsgate-street and Ironmonger-lane, linen-draper.
Hardin, R. Cannock, maltster and butcher.
Hales, E. Birmingham, corn-dealer.
Horwood, J. and W. Oliver, Maddox-street, house-decorators.
Hall, J. Crown Public-house, Rupert-street, Goodman's-fields, licensed-victualler.
Hughes, G. Upper-street, Islington, and of Spring-street, Shadwell, wine-merchant.
Ind, E. B. Cambridge, linen-draper.
Inns, S. Towcester, ironmonger.
Jones, E. Reading, canvass-manufacturer.
Jones, B. Tipton, Stafford, cordwainer.
Jenns, G. James-street, Oxford-street, coach-ironmonger.
Jacques, J. B. Bristol, biscuit-baker.
Jay, W. Cheltenham, architect.
Jackson, J. Montague-street, Portman-square, tailor.
Jones, E. R. Welshpool, druggist.
Jones, C. T. Lower Brook-street, horse-dealer.
Jenkins, S. Exmouth-street, ironmonger and hardwareman.
Kemp, J. A. Prittlewell, Essex, miller.
Kendall, J. Stratford, Essex, cow-keeper.
Leach, H. S. Wimbledon, baker.
Lilley, R. Mile-end-road, victualler.
Leek, C. S. Gray's-inn-lane, wine-merchant.
Lockwood, W. East Barnet, bookseller, stationer, and schoolmaster.
Lister, H. North Audley-street, tailor.
Little, E. C. Old Kent-road, Camberwell, brewer.
Lane, J. N. St Mary-at-hill, wine-merchant.
Lee, I. Bankside, Southwark, timber-merchant.
Luff, T. Long-lane, Bermondsey, victualler.
Lind, G. Brighton, merchant.
Marshall, C. H. Cheltenham, merchant.
Maunder, W. and J. Morchard, Bishop Devon, serge-manufacturers.
Metcalf, R. Haddiscore, Norfolk, miller.
Moore, T. Tipton, Stafford, grocer.
Moore, J. Macclesfield, silk-manufacturer.
Morris, L. Bristol, tobacconist.
Manwaring, W. Birmingham, surgeon.
Miller, R. senior, and R. junior, Bermondsey, glue-manufacturers.
Musgrave, W. P. Bread-street, auctioneer.
Mason, G. Fiskerton, joiner.
Meyrick, W. junior, Bristol, carpenter.
Moscrop, S. Stockport, draper.
Martin, J. Preston, corn-merchant.
Marsden, W. Clitheroe. Lancaster, common-carrier and butter-merchant.
Morgan, W. S. Brown's Coffee-house, Mitre-court, Fleet-street, commission-merchant.
Neilson, A. Ashford, Kent.
Nelson, W. Broad-street, Golden-square, oilman.
Newman, W. Luton, straw-hat manufacturer.
Oliver, R. Willow-walk, Bermondsey, glue-manufacturer, and Oxendon-street, Haymarket, engraver.
Orchard, J. Wilmington-square, London, money-scrivener.
Palmer, J. Wells, innholder.
Parkinson, J. Louth, grocer.
Potter, T. H. and W. Gardner, Manchester, engravers and calico-printers.
Perryman, W. Windsor, stationer.
Peploe, G. Marsh-place, Lambeth, coachmaker.
Passmore, C. Teignmouth, linen-draper.
Pain, J. Luton, straw-hat manufacturer.
Queen, C. Liverpool, wine-merchant.
Quick. J. and F. I. Chown, Stonehouse, Devon.
Robertson, C., D. D. Milligan, and R. M. Dalzell, Fenchurch-street, merchants.
Rickman, H. N. Worcester-street, Southwark, brush-maker.
Roderick, D. St Martin's-court, victualler.
Ramsey, W. J. Harp-lane, victualler.
Relfe, L. Cornhill, bookseller.
Routledge, J. London, goldsmith.
Robinson, J. Stanhope, Durham, shopkeeper.
Row, W, junior, Knott's-green, Essex, skin-broker.
Rorke, E. Liverpool, merchant.
Rippon, R. Leeds, joiner and builder.
Roper, P. H. Manchester-street, dealer.
Rhodes, E. and W. H. Sheffield, cutlers.
Salmon, J. Stoke's-bottom, Somerset, victualler.
Smith, S. Northleach, Gloucester, victualler.
Smith, B. Birmingham, steel-toy-maker.
Street, S. Liverpool, tailor.
Smale, W. Bedminster, victualler.
Stroud, E. Chatham, grocer.
Syer, T. Sprowston. cattle-salesman.
Salmon, W. West Malling, auctioneer.
Scott, D. Catherine Sluck, Northowram, York, dealer and chapman.
South, S. Horncastle, brickmaker.
Sanderson, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
Southee, W. Canterbury, grocer.
Sweetenham, T. Burslem, earthenware-manufacturer.
Spice, W. Chertsey, grocer.
Snelus, T. Oxford, carrier.
Smallbones, G. Bath-place, New-road, St Pancras, glasscutter.
Shaw, J. Newsome, Almondbury, York, merchant.
Scholefield, J. Middleton, Lancashire, dealer in coals.
Thompson, J. New York, America, merchant.
Tuck, G. Great Yarmouth, shipwright.
Tiffney, J. Huddersfield, woollen-cord manufacturer.
Tassimond, J. Leek, Stafford, silk-manufacturer.
Tindall, T. Hastings, linen-draper.
Tress, C. Bishop's Stortford, grocer.
Town, J. Croydon, innkeeper.
Tomlinson, J. Salisbury-street, Strand, milliner.
Tanner, P. Manchester, publican and iron-founder.
Thurtell, J. Great Yarmouth, commission-agent.
Waldener, J. O. Air-street, victualler.
Webb, J. Little Warner-street, cheesemonger.
White, J. Sheffield, table-knife-manufacturer.
White, T. Manchester, hotel-keeper.
Wetherall, W. Mansfield, horse-dealer.
Wadsworth, C. Salford, spirit-dealer.
Winder, J. Leicester, draper.
Watkins, H. D. Limehouse-hole, mast-maker.
Wilshere, M. Woolwich, currier.
Williams, W. G. Throgmorton-street, auctioneer.
Wilkinson, H. R. of the ship York, late of the ship Larkins, master-mariner.
Worley, I. Fish-street-hill, hotel keeper.
Wilson, C. C. Furnival's-inn, scrivener.
Winfield, W. Stoke-ferry, Norfolk, corn-merchant.
Wilmot, T. Sloane-square, broker.
White, W. H. Leominster, brazier.
Woolhouse, W. H. Darnall, Attercliffe-cum-Darnal, Sheffield, cutler and victualler.
Youngman, G. J. Bury St Edmund's, grocer.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF SCOTTISH BANKRUPTS, from 1st July to 31st October, 1828.

Allen, John and Co., piano-forte-makers, Glasgow.
Baird, John, senior, mason and builder in Glasgow.
Christie, Margaret, merchant, Longride, Aberdeenshire.
Galbraith, John Murray, music-seller in Edinburgh.
Gillespie, Colin, and Co. manufacturers and merchants, Woodside and Glasgow.
Gordon, George, baker, Canongate, Edinburgh.
Greig, Andrew, innkeeper, Trinity Chain-pier, Newhaven, county of Mid-Lothian.
Guthrie, David, merchant in Kilmarnock.
Hall, William, merchant, 12, Windsor-street, Edinburgh.

Mackay, John, and Co. silk-mercers, Edinburgh.
Mackie, George, builder, 19, St Patrick Square, Edinburgh.
Haldan, John, solicitor and banker, Edinburgh.
Hay, James, merchant, Aberdeen.
Houston, John, iron-monger, Glasgow.
Latta, Robert, and Carstairs, David, oil-contractors in the county of Edinburgh.
Lyall and Cargill, wine-merchants and stock-brokers, Edinburgh.
M'Bain, William, distiller in Aberdeen.
M'Dougald, John, provision-merchant in Glasgow.
M'Lachlan, James, grocer and merchant, No. 1, Princes-street, Edinburgh.
M'Leod, Norman and John, merchants and ship-owners in Stornoway.
M'Kenzie, Alexander, hat-manufacturer, Canongate.
Martin, Robert, merchant and dyer in Kilmarnock.
Orbiston Foundry Company, Orbiston, Lanarkshire.
Paterson, James Henry, merchant and haberdasher in Glasgow.
Renfrew, Alexander, junior, manufacturer at Thorn, near Paisley.
Stuart, James, Esq. of Duncarn, writer to the signet, and banker, lately residing in Moray Place, Edinburgh.
Tait, Crawfurd, writer to the signet, parish of St Cuthbert's, county of Mid-Lothian, coal-dealer and lime-burner.
Watson and Lennox, merchants, Glasgow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Feb. 2. At the Residency, Nagpore, the lady of Dr Wylie, physician to the embassy at the court of his Highness the Rajah of Nagpore, of a son.

March 18. At Calcutta, the lady of Duncan M'Naught Liddell, Esq. of a daughter.

April 6. At the Residency, Nagpore, the lady of Capt. A. Gordon, of a daughter.

21. At Salem, the lady of M. D. Cockburn, Esq. of a daughter.

24. At Bolaurum, the lady of Captain C. St John Grant, commanding 3d regiment Nizam's infantry, of a son.

26. At Buenos Ayres, the lady of Woodbine Parish, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General, of a daughter.

28. At Portsmouth, the lady of the Hon. Capt. Elliot, R. N. of a daughter.

July 16. At Port Henderson, Jamaica, the lady of John Piercy Henderson, Esq. of Foswellbank, Perthshire, of a daughter.

26. Mrs Campbell, of Bowfield, of a son.

Aug. 3. At Melville Street, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Thackeray, of a daughter.

— At No. 1, Hermitage Place, Mrs Matheson, of a daughter.

5. At Claremont Cottage, Leith Links, Mrs Harrower, of a son.

7. At Inverness, Mrs Fraser, of Balnain, of a daughter.

8. At No. 5, St Andrew Square, Mrs M'Kean, of a son.

— At Greenhill, near Edinburgh, the lady of George Forbes, Esq. of a son.

— At No. 6, Howe Street, Mrs Thomas C. Smith, of a son.

— At Boghall, Ayrshire, the lady of Major Baird, of a son.

10. At Edinburgh, the lady of Sir C. Macdonald Lockhart, Bart. of a daughter.

— At St John's, New Brunswick, Mrs Dr George Burns, of a daughter.

13. At Fetteresso Castle, Mrs Thomas Abercromby Duff, of a son.

15. At London, the lady of Commodore Patrick Campbell, C.B. R.N. of a son and heir.

19. At Dunavourd House, Atholl, the lady of Dr Forbes, surgeon, R.N. of a son.

21. At Stobo Castle, the lady of Sir James Montgomery, Bart. M.P. of a son.

23. At Feniscowles, Lancashire, the lady of James Hozier, Esq. younger of Newlands, of a daughter.

24. At No. 21, Maitland Street, the lady of Dr Mackenzie, of a son.

25. At No. 1, Charlotte Square, Mrs Watson, of a son.

26. At 63, Northumberland Street, Mrs Robt. Christison, of a son.

— At London, the lady of Wm. T. Thornton, Esq. of a daughter.

29. At No. 32, Royal Circus, Mrs Cathcart, of a son.

30. At Dysart, Lady Loughborough, of a daughter, still-born.

31. At Righouse, Mrs Fullarton of Fullarton, of a son.

Sept. 4. At Lathallan, the lady of James Lumsdaine, Esq. of a son.

5. At Copse Hill, Surrey, the seat of Lord Durham, Lady Durham, of a son.

8. At No. 27, Abercromby Place, the Lady of Charles G. Stuart Menteith, Esq. jun. of a son

9. At Moray Place, Edinburgh, the lady of Captain Wemyss of Wemysshall, of a son and heir.

— At Great Wellington Street, Leith, Mrs George Bell, of a daughter.

10. In Moray Place, the lady of Major Mackenzie Fraser, of a daughter.

11. At Campsall Park, Yorkshire, the lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart. of a daughter.

— At Kincarrathy House, near Perth, the lady of Lieutenant-Colonel M'Pherson, Bengal army, of a daughter.

12. Mrs Peddie, 10, Nelson Street, of a son.

— Mrs Richard Mackenzie, of a son.

14. At 48, Northumberland Street, Mrs Dalziel, of a daughter.

— At 19, Northumberland Street, Mrs Charles H. Terrot, of a daughter.

15. At Picardy Place, Mrs J. H. Davidson, of a daughter.

16. At Leith, the lady of the Rev. James Grant, of a daughter.

— At No. 25, York Place, Mrs J. F. Macfarlan, of a daughter.

— At Pau, France, the lady of Major James Adair, late of the 24th regiment of foot, of a daughter.

17. At the Barracks of Belfast, the lady of Major Clerke, 77th regiment, of a son.

— At Kelso, Mrs Hunter, Bowman Street, of a daughter.

19. At No. 3, Gayfield Square, Mrs Gibson, of a son.

20. At No. 51, Great King Street, Mrs Stirling Edmonstone of Cambuswallace, of a son.

22. At Shieldhill, Mrs Chancellor, of a son.

23. At Orchardhead, by Falkirk, Mrs Walker, of a daughter.

— At No. 26, Abercromby Place, the lady of Lorraine M. Kerr, Esq. of a daughter.

24. At Rotterdam, the lady of James Macpherson, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Manchester, Mrs Barbour, of a daughter.

— At Cambo House, the lady of Sir David Erskine of Cambo, Bart. of a son.

26. At Doonholm, Mrs Alexander Hunter, of a son.

29. At No. 4, Hamilton Place, Mrs Andrew Bremner, of a son.

— At 23, Pilrig Street, Mrs Balfour, of a son.

30. At Rosefield Cottage, Portobello, Mrs Gracie, of a daughter.

Oct. 3. At Samuelston, East Lothian, Mrs Deans, of a son.

— In George Street, Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, of a son.

4. At 6, Moray Place, Mrs John Learmonth, of a son.

— At No. 16, Buccleuch place, the lady of Captain H. Ross, Bengal Army, of a daughter.

— At Broomhall, the Countess of Elgin and Kincardine, of a daughter, still-born.

5. At Crawfordsdyke, Greenock, Mrs John Crawford, of a son.
6. At No. 123, Princes Street, Mrs William Cullen, of a daughter.
8. At Xerez de la Frontera, in Spain, Mrs Cranstoun, of a son.
— At Mellerstain, the lady of George Baillie, Esq. jun. of Jerriswoode, of a son.
— At Perth, Mrs Ballandene, of a daughter.
11. At Lisbon, Mrs Robert Monro, of a daughter.
— At Ruchlaw House, the lady of John Buchan Sydserff, Esq. of Ruchlaw, of a daughter.
12. At No. 13, Moray Place, Mrs Hunt, of Pittencrieff, of a son.
13. At No. 15, Hailes Street, Mrs Aitken, of a daughter.
— At Kindeace House, Ross-shire, the lady of Charles Robertson, Esq. jun. of Kindeace, of a daughter.
14. At Stornoway, the lady of Lieutenant James Robertson, R.N. of a daughter.
— At No. 11, Pitt Street, Mrs Dalrymple, of a daughter.
— At Possil, Mrs Colin Campbell, of a son.
16. At Great Russell Street, London, the lady of William Kayes, Esq. of a daughter.
17. Mrs Hotchkis, of a son.
19. At No. 57, George Square, Edinburgh, Mrs John B. Gracie, of a son.
— At New Posso, Lady Nasmyth, of a son.
— At Edinburgh, Mrs R. H. Barber, of twin daughters.
— No. 80, George Street, Mrs William Thomson, of a son.
23. At No. 10, Atholl Crescent, the lady of Thomas Kinnear, Esq. of a son.
24. At Southdean Manse, Mrs Richmond, of a daughter.
26. At Theiltrock, the lady of Alexander Cruickshank, Esq. of Theiltrock, of a daughter.
— At Ainslie Place, the lady of Dr M'Whirter, of a son.
27. At Buccleuch Place, Mrs Andrew Muir, of a daughter.
28. At No. 9, Castle Street, Mrs Dr Pitcairn, of a son.
— At No. 14, Gayfield Square, Mrs Young, of a son.
29. At Arthurstone, Perthshire, the lady of J. M. Macnabb, Esq. of the Hon. Company's civil service, Bengal, of a daughter.
30. At Northcliffe, Mrs M'Konochie, of a son.
— At Duncan Street, Drummond Place, Mrs William Maxwell Little, of a daughter.
31. At the Manse of North Berwick, Mrs Balfour Graham, of a daughter.
Lately, At Chester, the lady of the Hon. C. Napier, of a son.
— At No. 9, Howe Street, Mrs Paul, of a daughter.
— In Portman Street, London, the lady of Jas. Henry Crawford, Esq. of a son.
— At Cheltenham, the lady of H. B. Maxwell, Esq. of a son.
— At No. 7, Howard Place, Mrs Dr Cookson, of a daughter.
— In Grosvenor Street, West, London, Mrs Henry Dundas Scott, of a daughter.
— At Connaught Street, London, the lady of Henry Lindsay Bethune, Esq. of Kilconquhar, of a daughter.
— At Springfield, Jamaica, the lady of Alexander Murchison, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 1. At Trichinopoly, Mr Assist.-Surgeon Grigg, of the 28th regiment native infantry, to Miss Jane, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Dalrymple, his Majesty's 30th regiment.
6. At Bombay, Thomas George Gardiner, Esq. of the civil list, to Mary Frances, youngest daughter of Sir John P. Grant of Rothiemurchus.
20. At Bombay, Lieut. G. G. Laing, of his Highness the Nizam's service, to Elizabeth Charlotte Diana, daughter of the late Colonel William East, of the Bombay establishment.
— At Poonah, Robert Keith Arbuthnot, Esq. of the civil service, eldest son of Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart. to Anne, second daughter of Col. Fitzgerald, of his Majesty's 20th regiment.
April 7. At Calcutta, Captain James Tennant, Assist. Adjt.-Gen. of Artillery, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Chas. Paterson, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's civil service.
July 29. At St Anne's Church, Belfast, Geo. Ferguson Ledlie, Esq. of Antrim, to Frances, eldest daughter of James Waller Hewett, Esq. late of the 1st, or Royal Regiment.
Aug. 4. At Old Greenlaw, the Rev. Michael Anderson, Academy, Dunfermline, to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Mr William Hogg, Old Greenlaw, Berwickshire.
— At Calder House, William Ramsay Ramsay of Barnton, Esq. to the Hon. Mary Sandilands, only daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Torphichen.
6. At Smith's Place, Claud Muirhead, Esq. Heriot Row, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late George Watson, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.
7. At Bathgate, Mr James Taylor, Academy, Bathgate, to Agnes, second daughter of Henry Reid, Esq.
— At Minto Place, James Hutton, Esq. of Giffordvale, to Isabella, daughter of the late George Murray, Esq. Newington.
8. At Mineral Street, Mr Robt. Harvie, merchant, to Mary Kerr, only daughter of the late Robert Sanderson, Esq. solicitor, London.
10. At North Queensferry, George Phillips, Esq. of Aberdeen, to Eliza, only daughter of Captain Johnston, North Queensferry.
11. At Dumfries, Mr George Henderson, of the British Linen Company, to Grace, second daughter of Mr Hugh Woodmass.
12. At Cauldhame, James Morrison, Esq. maltster, Alloa, to Christian, second daughter of the late Alex. Monteith, Esq. of Cauldhame.
— At Summerfield, the Rev. John Morrison, to Mrs Grant, widow of Captain Charles Grant of Pittencree.
— At the parish church of Hurley, the Rev. William Douglas Veitch, second son of Henry Veitch, Esq. of Eliock, to Eleanor Julia Ann, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Raitt, Deputy Adjutant-General to the Forces in the Mediterranean.
— At Comely Bank, the Rev. John Wilson, missionary to Bombay, to Margaret, daughter of the late Rev. K. Bayne, Greenock.
13. At Dunbar, Simon Sawers, Esq. late of his Majesty's civil service in Ceylon, to Mary, relict of Dr James Kellie, of the Hon. East India Company's service, on the Madras establishment.
— At No. 11, York Place, Richard James Andrew, Esq. of Belize, Honduras, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Andrew Millar, Esq. writer to the signet.
14. At the Cathedral, Londonderry, John George Smyly, Esq. to Eliza J. youngest daughter of the late Sir A. Ferguson, Bart.
15. Mr William Tod, merchant, Edinburgh, to Isabella Kerr, daughter of Mr John Pyper, Brae House, Johnshaven.
16. At No. 49, Northumberland Street, Edinburgh, the Rev. James Crawford, vicar of St Mary's, Drogheda, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Anthony Brabazon, Esq.
18. At London, the Earl of Chichester, to Lady Mary Brudenell, fourth daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.
— At Edinburgh, the Rev. John Wynne, A.M. Oxon, Tewyn, Herts, to Janet, second daughter of William Boyd, Esq. writer to the signet.
19. At Glasgow, Mr James Frew, merchant, to Jane, second daughter of Mr Archibald Fullerton.
— At Newark, Robert, third son of Richard Burton, Esq. of Sackett's Hill House, Kent, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Rastall, M. A. of the Friary, Newark, Notts.
20. At Hyndford Bridge, John Lamb, Esq. writer, Lanark, to Mrs Jane Bridges Clangh or Russel, relict of Thomas Russel, Esq. S. S. C. Edinburgh.
25. At No. 33, Albany Street, Mr Finlay Dun, to Juliet, youngest daughter of the late John White, Esq. formerly of Eskmills.
26. At Craigends, John Lennox Kincaid, Esq. younger of Kincaid, to Frances Maxwell, third daughter of the late John Cunninghame, Esq. of Craigends.
28. Charles Parker, Esq. of Parknook, Cumberland, to Jessy, daughter of the late John Learmonth, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.
— At Kailzie, John Elliot, minister of Peebles,

to Janet, daughter of the late Joseph Scott, Esq. formerly of Glasgow.

30. At St George's, Hanover Square, London, John Cullen, Esq. of the Bengal Horse Artillery, to Isabella, third daughter of the late James Watson, Esq. W.S.

Sept. 1. At Parson's Pool, John Merricks. Esq. of the Roslin Gunpowder Mills, to Isabella, daughter of Anthony Wilkison, Esq.

— At Greenside House, Mr John Thomson, No. 4, Leopold Place, to Jane, eldest daughter of James Thomson, Esq. Greenside House.

2. At Clarkstone, Abel Lewis Gower, Esq. of London, to Elizabeth, daughter of William Logan of Clarkstone, Esq.

3. At Ryde, Isle of Wight, the Rev. James Smith, minister of Alva, to Charlotte Laura, second daughter of the late Captain Richard Bullen, of the 2d or royal North British Dragoons.

4. At Elister, Islay, Alex. Colin Maclean, Esq. late of Batavia, island of Java, to Margaret, third daughter of Neil M'Neill, Esq. of Ardnacross.

8. At Maybole, the Rev. James Inglis, Maybole, to Janet, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Hutchison in Tunnock.

10. At Mount-Annan, John Alex. Pringle, Esq. of the Bengal civil service, to Christina Anne, second daughter of Lieut.-general Dirom of Mount-Annan.

12. At Edinburgh, Mr James Hewat, accountant, Gardner's Crescent, to Clementina, youngest daughter of John Scott, Esq. of Melby.

15. At Auchans, Mr D. M. Adamson, solicitor, Edinburgh, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr Archibald Dunlop, late of Whitmuir.

— At Ardeer house, Milliken Hunter, Esq. London, to Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr Thomas Walker, surgeon in Irvine.

— At Cornhill, near Perth, William Peddie, Esq. writer, Perth, to Barbara Mary, youngest daughter of the late Laurence Robertson, Esq. provost of Perth.

16. At Castramount, near Gatehouse, Thomas Ewart, Esq. W.S. Edinburgh, to Alicia, daughter of the late Thos. Yorstoun, Esq. chamberlain to the late Duke of Queensberry.

— At Edinburgh, William Jackson, Esq. surgeon, Bengal establishment, to Margaret Anne, daughter of Mr Chas. Buchan, No. 4, Meadow Place.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Henry Belfrage, D.D. of Falkirk, to Miss Margaret, second daughter of the late Richard Gardner, Esq. comptroller-general of the customs for Scotland.

17. At Kirk Onchan, Mr John Glover, of Kendal, nephew of the Rev. Joseph Burrows, of Newcastle-under-Lyne, to Mrs Ballantyne, daughter of the late Charles Parker, Esq. of London, and widow of the late John Ballantyne, Esq. of Trinity Grove, near Edinburgh.

— At Rotterdam, James Macdonald, Esq. of Antwerp, to Mary, third daughter of Alex. Ferrier, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's consul for Rotterdam, the Hague, &c.

22. At the manse of Gladsmuir, Henry William Lewis, Esq. Borthwickhall, to Jean, second daughter of Mr John Johnstone, surgeon, London.

23. At the house of Lord Burghersh, the British Minister at Florence, Count Gustave Blucher de Wahlstatt, grandson of the late Field-Marshal Prince Blucher, to Madeline, second daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice Dallas.

— At No. 31, Shore, Leith, Mr John Morris, North Shields, to Jane, second daughter of Mr John Robinson.

— At Walmer, county of Kent, John Douglas, R.N. to Robina, daughter of the late Rev. John MacDonell, of Forres, Morayshire.

— At No 31, Melville Street, Andrew Murray, junior, Esq. advocate, eldest son of John Murray, Esq. of Uplaw, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Charles Stewart, Esq. Commander of the Hon. East India Company's ship, Airly Castle.

— At Cupar Fife, Alexander Boyd, Esq. writer to the signet, to Lucy Frances, only daughter of the late Major John Duddingston, of the 8th Regiment of Foot.

— At Sweet Bank, Fifeshire, Mr Samuel Catterns, merchant, Glasgow, to Amelia, daughter of Neil Ballingall, Esq. Sweet Bank.

25. At Taney Church, near Dublin, Thomas Haig, Esq. of Bonnington, near Edinburgh, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of Robert Haig, Esq. Roebuck.

28. At Gallanach, in the island of Coll, John Campbell, Esq. of Cornaig, to Sibbella, youngest daughter of Charles M'Lean, Esq. of Aldow.

29. At Edinburgh, Joseph B. Anderson, Esq. M. D. Liverpool, to Frances Banks, eldest daughter of Mr John Brash, secretary to the North British Life and Fire Insurance Company.

30. At Aird Lamont, James Gillespie Davidson, Esq. W.S. to Amelia, eldest daughter of Major-General Lamont, of Lamont.

Oct. 1. At Errol Cottage, Perthshire, Alex. Smart, Esq. late of Demerara, to Isabella, youngest daughter of Captain Lawson, R.N.

2. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Mather, merchant, Glasgow, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Mr George Mather.

3. At Cleland House, Lanarkshire, James Campbell, Esq. younger of Craigie, advocate, to Grace Elizabeth, third daughter of Lieutenant-General Hay, Lieutenant-Governor of Edinburgh Castle.

— At Slateford, Mr Robert Glen, farmer, Newmills, to Jane Ure, only daughter of Andrew Wallace, Esq. Dunfermline.

6. At Peterhead, Thomas Ferguson, Esq. Edinburgh, to Barbara, second daughter of the late James Hutcheson, Esq. merchant, Peterhead.

8. At Bangor, North Wales, Col. Henry White, M.P. for the county of Dublin, to Eleanor, eldest daughter of W. S. Dempster, Esq. of Skibo, in the county of Sutherland.

— At Brighton, the Rev. George Ranking, of Ipswich, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Maitland, Esq. of Lyndhurst, Hants, and sister of Sir Peregrine Maitland.

9. At Edinburgh, Charles Richards, Esq. of London, to Miss Jane Eccles.

10. At No. 2, Minto Street, Newington, the Rev. David Crawford, Minister of the Relief Congregation, Earlston, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr John Home, land-surveyor, Edinburgh.

14. At New Blainslie, John Toppar Gouthwaite, Esq. to Anne, eldest daughter of Andrew Bell, Esq. of New Blainslie.

— At George Square, Donat Henehy, Esq. of Dublin, to Agnes, second daughter of the late Robert Cameron, Esq.

— At Perth, the Rev. William Lothian, St Andrews, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Mr James Paterson, merchant in Edinburgh.

20. At Russell Mill, the Rev. John Moon, minister of Newtyle, to Penelope, eldest daughter of George Moon, Esq.

21. At Perth, James Rollo, Esq. 59th regiment, to Agnes, only daughter of the late Archibald Dow, Esq. of the H. E. I. Co.'s service.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Carlile, of Newry, to Charlotte, daughter of the late James Neilson, Esq. of Mill Bank.

22. At Ayr, the Rev. Matthew Allison, Kilbrachan, to Agnes, second daughter of Andrew Gemmell, Esq. of Langlands.

— At Attonburn, John Elliot Shortreed, Jedburgh, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thos. Thomson, Esq. Attonburn.

23. At 27, Castle Street, the Rev. Alex. Gentle, minister of Alves, to Isabella, only daughter of the late Lauchlan Bogle, Esq. of Jamaica.

— At Peebles, Adam Gordon Geddes, Esq. late Royal Veteran Battalion, to Marion, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Faulds, Esq. civil engineer.

24. At Drummochy, Fife, Captain D. Morrison, of Leith, to Magdalene, second daughter of the late Captain John Smith, of Drummochy.

25. At Drygrange, Captain Wybergh, R.N. of Isell Hall, Cumberland, to Jane, second daughter of the late Archibald Tod, Esq. of Drygrange.

28. At 4, St James's Square, Thomas Gregory, of Kingshill, Esq. Kilmarnock, to Grace Montford, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. Porteous.

29. At Edinburgh, Mr John Dow, bookseller, Montrose, to Mrs Magdalene Steven, relict of the late Mr John Smith, bookseller there.

30. At Aird Lamont, James Gillespie Davidson, Esq. W.S. to Amelia, eldest daughter of Major-General Lamont of Lamont.

31. At Edinburgh, James Bell, Esq. of Patkabarry, to Betsey, daughter of Mr Laidlaw, of Clarence Street.

Lately, At Dublin, Major Standish O'Grady, eldest son of Lord Chief-Baron O'Grady, to Gertrude Jane, eldest daughter of the Hon. Berkeley Paget, and niece to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

— At Bombay, Thomas George Gardiner, Esq. of the civil service, to Mary Frances, youngest daughter of Sir John P. Grant, of Rothiemurchus, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of Bombay.

DEATHS.

Oct. 2, 1827. At Dinapore, East Indies, Lieut. Thomas Smith, Adjutant of the 67th regiment Royal Native Infantry.

Jan. 1828. Lost at sea, on his passage from St John's, Newfoundland, to Halifax, Mr Andrew Smith, second son of the late Rev. Mr Smith, of the Abbey Parish of Paisley.

Feb. 12. At New Norfolk, Van Diemen's Land, Mr Myles Patterson.

20. At Hydrabad, Lieut. Patrick Wilkie, 19th Madras Native Infantry, third son of William Wilkie, Esq. Haddington.

March 10. At Nelson, Miramichi, Eneas MacDonnell, Esq. late Captain 6th Royal Veteran Battalion.

22. At Coorg, in Mysore, Captain William Macqueen, 50th regiment, Madras N. I.

April 9. At Boloram, near Hyderabad, George Lamb, Esq. formerly a partner of the late firm of Wm. Palmer and Co. of Hydrabad, bankers.

24. At Calcutta, Lieut. John Wilson, royal navy master of the Arcturus, Leith.

May 10. At Palaveram, James Henderson, 46th regiment Native Infantry.

11. At Neacolly, near Calcutta, Dr George S. Seton, of the H. E. I. Co.'s service, third son of Mr James Seton, Seton House, East-Lothian.

18. At Sattara, in the 24th year of his age, Dr Alexander Bertram, assistant-surgeon on the Bombay establishment, H. E. I. C. S.

19. At D'Apoorie, James Williamson, assistant-surgeon in the H. E. I. Co.'s service, Bombay, eldest son of the late Dr Williamson, physician in Banff.

24. At sea, on his voyage to Bombay, William Sidney Hodgson, second son of Captain Hodgson, Royal Navy.

June. At Sierra Leone, early in the month, the lamented and enterprising Lieut.-Colonel Dixon Denham, who but a short time since left this country, in high health and spirits, to assume the office of Commissioner of Inquiry into the state of the settlement, and shortly afterwards succeeded to the government on the death of the last sufferer, Sir Neil Campbell. Colonel Denham, whose interesting history of his discoveries and researches in Africa has been so favourably received by the public, had passed through all the perils of the undertaking which he has recorded, and through all the varying climates from bad to worse of the vast tract of country through which he journeyed, and returned to England uninjured in health. Thinking himself seasoned by the probation he had undergone, he accepted the appointment we have just mentioned, and having attained the highest office in the colony, has, in the prime of life, sunk into his grave, the last of four Governors who have perished in succession in little more than as many years.

9. At Montego Bay, Jamaica, in the 26th year of his age, Captain Alfred Macbean, 91st Regiment, youngest son of the late Colonel Macbean.

19. At Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Thomas Lawson, Esq. Resident Magistrate and Judge of Albany and Somerset, son of Thomas Lawson, Esq. of Pitlethie, Fifeshire.

22. At Ithaca, one of the Ionian Islands, aged 6 years, John Grosvenor A. Parsons, eldest child and only son of Major Parsons.

July 16. At Paris, M. Houdon, the eminent sculptor, aged 87.

17. At Muirhall Cottage, near Perth, Captain John M'Intyre, late of the York Chasseurs, formerly of the 71st Light Infantry.

19. At Pau, in the Pyrenees, Mrs Rachel Dunlop, relict of Robert Glasgow, Esq. of Mountgreenan.

22. At Malta, Ann Blanckley, wife of Edward Dalzel, Esq. of his Majesty's Civil Service there.

23. At Edinburgh, Samuel Neil, Esq. M.D. surgeon in the Royal Navy, and late of the Hecla discovery ship.

24. At Oliston, Grace, third daughter of the Very Rev. Dr Jack, Principal of the University and King's College, Aberdeen.

— At Great Haughton House, in the county of Northampton, Miss Jane Blair, second daughter of Colonel Blair of Blair.

25. At his Manse, the Rev. Robert Steven of Dalrymple.

28. At Morningside, Mrs Barbara Mitchell, wife of Mr Thos. J. Brown, and niece of William Mitchell, Esq. Parsons Green.

Aug. 1. At Kinlochleven, Mrs Cameron of Glenevis, relict of Ewen Cameron, Esq. of Glenevis, and daughter of the late Patrick Grant, Esq. of Glenmoriston.

— At Cupar, the Rev. John Robson, minister of the United Associate Congregation there.

— At St Helena, where he had gone from Bengal for the recovery of his health, the Hon. James Ruthven Elphinstone.

2. At Marlefield, Andrew, son of Mr Wood, of the firm of Wood, Small, and Co. Edinburgh.

3. At Mary Place, Miss Catherine Edgar, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Edgar, Esq. formerly of Jamaica.

— At sea, on his passage home from India, Ensign Richard Elliston Jones, of the H. E. I. C. S., aged 22, eldest son of the late Richard Jones, Esq. of the customs, Edinburgh.

5. At Bellevue Crescent, Edinburgh, Agnes Isabella, eldest daughter of Major James Dennistoun Brown, in the fourth year of her age.

— At Lathron, Kinross-shire, Wm. Paterson, aged 12 years, second son of Andrew Paterson, Esq. Albany Street.

— At Rockville Cottage, near Linlithgow, Alexander Macleod, Esq. R.N.

6. At the Isle of Man, Robert Ross, Esq. of Cargenholm, Dumfries, brother of the late Major-General Ross and Captain John Ross, Royal Navy.

7. At Newington, John Gardner, Esq. second son of the late Hardie Gardner, Esq.

— At Kelso, Mr Charles Wilson, writer.

— Colonel M'Gregor, C.B. of the 59th Regiment of Foot.

— At Trinidad, Staff Assistant-Surgeon James Thomson.

8. At Edgefield, near Forres, Major Alex. Macleod, of the Bengal army, son of Norman Macleod, Esq. of Knock, Isle of Skye.

9. At No. 16, Dublin Street, Robert Burnet, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At George's Place, Leith Walk, Mr Alexander Pearson Gowan, student of medicine, son of the late Mr William Gowan, merchant, Leith.

10. In Bury Street, St James's, London, Richard Burrows Teasdale, Esq. Lieutenant in his Majesty's 13th Regiment of Light Dragoons, aged 28.

12. At Gorgie Cottage, Miss Janet Wood, second daughter of the late Alexander Wood, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh.

13. At North Berwick, the Rev. James Moir, and, at Niddry Street, on the 19th, Mrs Mary Moir, wife of Mr Thomas Hewit, leather-merchant, being the only son and daughter of Mr John Moir, shoemaker, Edinburgh.

— At No. 10, George Square, Mrs Barbara Colquhoun, wife of Lieut.-Col. Ludovic Colquhoun.

— At Weimar, Captain David Skinner, formerly of the 92d Regiment, and late of the Edinburgh Regiment of Militia.

14. At Rothsay, aged 27, Mary, wife of Captain Deans, of his Majesty's sloop, Clio.

— Mr James Leslie, of Butterston, near Dunkeld, aged 56.

— At his house, 1, Inverleith Row, Andrew Milroy, Esq. jeweller.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Henry Alexander, druggist.

16. At sea, in the Mediterranean, Commander P. Salmond, second Captain in his Majesty's ship Asia, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir P. Malcolm, K.C.B.

17. At Dunblane, Mr John Gardner, surgeon, eldest son of the late Mr James Gardner, supervisor of Excise.

— At Summerlee, near Airdrie, Mr James Duff Peterkin, formerly of the Royal Bank Branch, Glasgow.

17. At the manse of Longside, in Aberdeenshire, the Rev. William Greig, minister of that parish.

— At her son's house, 119, George Street, Edinburgh, Mrs Sarah Richardson, widow of Mr Robert Richardson, secretary to the British Linen Company.

18. At Kenmore, Mr Robert Armstrong, schoolmaster of that parish, in the 73d year of his age, and 50th of his teaching.

19. At Edinburgh, Mr Henry Scott, merchant, Luckenbooths.

— At Orchard of Renfrew, David Hutchison, Esq. town-clerk of Renfrew, in the 75th year of his age.

— At No. 5, Claremont Street, John Wilson, Esq. of Halrule.

— At Dunblane, in the 51st year of his age, and the 24th of his ministry, the Rev. John Wallace, minister of one of the United Secession Congregations there.

— At Otterstonelee, the Rev. John S. Gray, minister of the Scots church at Falstone.

— At Paisley, Miss Helen Potts, of Kelso.

20. At his house, London, the Hon. F. Stanhope, only brother of the Earl of Harrington.

— At Peebles, John Tennant, Esq. late Quarter-master of the Royal Waggon Train, aged 69 years.

— At Great Baddow, Essex, Major-General Robert Douglas, late of the 55th Regiment, and formerly Adjutant-General of his Majesty's forces in the West Indies.

21. Near Welwyn, Herts, Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B. Adjutant-General of the Forces, and Colonel of the 2d (Queen's Royals) regiment of Foot. Whilst taking an airing on horseback, on Saturday morning, near Welwyn, Herts, accompanied by Lady Torrens and her two daughters, and some gentlemen, he was seized with apoplexy, and two hours after the attack, expired. He did not fall from his horse. As soon as it was discovered that he was in a fit, he was taken off his horse's back, carried into a house, and every effort made to effect his recovery, but without success. He never spoke after he was seized with the fit.

— At Collon, in the county of Louth, Lord Oriel. His Lordship was in the 88th year of his age, and commenced his political career as a Member of Parliament in the first year of his late Majesty's reign. He was a speaker of the Irish House of Commons at the time of the Union, and his uncompromising firmness and patriotic sentiments have furnished the theme of many a panegyric.

— At Dundee, Joseph Johnstone, Esq. merchant there.

— At No. 3, Nicolson Square, Henry, only son of Mr David Rymer, merchant.

— At Paris, John Scott, Esq. solicitor in London, late of the Halbeith colliery, in the county of Fife.

22. At Innerkip, Captain William Dunlop, late of the 11th Regiment of Foot.

— Here, Euphemia, youngest daughter of Mr Alexander Douglas, W.S.

— At his country house at Montrouge, France, after a long and severe illness, that illustrious physician and phrenologist, Dr Gall.

23. At Cherrybank, near Edinburgh, aged 11, Isabella, youngest daughter of Colonel Pringle of Symington.

24. At Leamington, Warwickshire, Sir Philip Carteret Silvester, Bart. and C.B. a Post Captain in the Royal Navy.

— At Oxford, Dr Nicoll, Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Hebrew. Dr Nicoll was a native of Aberdeenshire, where his memory will long be cherished with unfeigned attachment, as his loss is now deplored with sincere but unavailing regret, by all who knew him. His acquirements, as an Oriental scholar and as a modern linguist, were beyond all competition.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Hunter, relict of the Rev. John Young, Kincardine.

25. At Naples, William Thomson Honyman, Esq.

— At Golval, near Thurso, Lieut. Hugh Gordon, of the 1st foot, aged 56 years.

27. At Thurso, Captain John Henderson, agent for the Commercial Banking Company of Scotland.

28. At Edinburgh, the Rev. Thomas Scott, for many years Episcopal clergyman in the province of Maryland, America, and lately residing in Haddington.

28. At Maybole, Miss Agnes Macclymont, daughter of the late Mr James Macclymont of Straiton.

29. At No. 4, Grove Street, John, third son of Mr John Johnston, writer.

— At her house in Queen Street, Miss Janet Williamson of Cardrona, eldest daughter of the deceased James Williamson, Esq. of Cardrona.

30. At Perth, Mrs Margaret Macphail, in the 106th year of her age.

— At No. 29, Lauriston, Grace Henrietta, infant daughter of John Borthwick, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Dr Campbell, one of the ministers of the Tolbooth Church. Dr Campbell had been in ill health, and unable to preach, for some years past; but his last illness was sudden, and he was in church all day on Sunday. He was distinguished by profound theological attainments, which caused his sermons to be valuable expositions of Divine truth, perspicuous, comprehensive, and affectionate.

31. At the house of his father, the Rev. Dr Mitchell of Glasgow, Mr John Mitchell, writer.

— At his residence, in Bath Street, Portobello, Colonel Robert Spottiswood, of the Hon. East India Company's service, Bengal Establishment.

— Roger Murphy, of Liverpool, at the advanced age, according to his own account before his death, of 110.

Sept. 1. At Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Freer, relict of Mr Frederick Doig, merchant, Edinburgh.

3. At Stobo Castle, Lady Montgomery of Stanhope.

— At Auldbar, Euphemia, youngest daughter of the late Patrick Chalmers, Esq. of Auldbar.

— At Ulva House, Mrs Colonel Macquarrie.

4. At Craftendeor, near Killin, Captain James Stuart, aged 77, only surviving brother of the late Dr Stuart of Luss.

— At his seat, Drayton House, West Drayton, General William John Arabin, late of his Majesty's 2d Regiment of Life Guards, aged 77 years.

5. At Star Bank, Mrs Catherine Maxwell, daughter of the late John Maxwell, Esq. of Leckiebank, Fifeshire, in the 91st year of her age.

— At the Manse of Speymouth, the Rev. Jas. Gillan, D.D. minister of that parish, in the 78th year of his age, and 51st of his ministry.

— At Raeburn Place, Mrs Charlotte Bartlet, wife of Captain David Williamson.

6. At Stenton, parish of St Monance, Mr John Cowper, farmer there, in his 91st year.

8. At Dean Bank, Mrs Margaret Garioch, relict of Captain James Mathew, Royal Marines.

— John, aged 18 months, and, on the 10th, Sydney, aged three years and six months, the two youngest sons of Mr Robert Kinnear, bookseller, Frederick Street.

— At Paisley, Mr William Tytler, accountant, aged 62. He served his king and country during the American war, and also in the late war with France.

— At the Manse of Torryburn, the Rev. Thomas Millar, minister of that parish, in the 17th year of his ministry.

9. At Lanark, in his 77th year, Mr John Annan, bookseller.

— At Ayr, Mr Thomas Gibson, collector of taxes.

10. At Scarborough, Sarah Witham, widow of the late Major-General Mackay Hugh Baillie, of Rosehall.

— At Montauban, from the effects of a third attack of a brain fever, General Count Andreossi, deputy of Aude, and member of the Academy of Sciences. France has in him lost another remnant of the old army.

— At Kelso, Mrs Margaret Scott, relict of Dr A. Wilson, physician there.

— At Shank, Mrs Catherine Thomson, wife of Mr Gray, farmer.

— At No. 1, Bellevue Crescent, Mrs Elizabeth Maxwell, relict of the late Mr Andrew Dun, rector of the Grammar School, Aberdeen.

— At Bridgend of Perth, Mrs Rachel Blair, wife of James Blair, Esq. Perth Bank.

— At No. 51, Clark Street, Jane, eldest daughter of Mr John Waters, aged 17 years.

10. At Glasgow, while on a visit, Miss Grace Cowan, of Edinburgh.

— At Tenby, Pembrokeshire. Mr Sergeant Heywood, one of the Welsh Judges. Mr Heywood's illness was not paralysis, as was at first supposed, but he appears for some time past to have been in a very weak state, and was just about retiring from his official duties in consequence of his advanced age.

12. At London, in her 65th year, Miss Graham of Gartmore, daughter of the late Robert Cunninghame Graham of Gartmore, Esq., and Anne, daughter of the late Patrick Taylor, Esq. of Lyssons, Jamaica.

— At Carron Lodge, aged 18 years, Anne, third daughter of the late Mr Hugh Stein, innkeeper there.

— At his residence, near Lynn, in Norfolk, in the 90th year of his age, Sir Andrew Snape Hamond, Bart. Captain in the Royal Navy.

— Captain John Campbell of Inverneil, Argyllshire.

13. At his house, No. 12, Brown Square, William Anderson, Esq. of West Colinton, writer in Edinburgh.

14. At Seafield House, after a short illness, Hector Macdonald Buchanan, Esq. of Drumakill.

— At Poltonbank, Lasswade, Leonora Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Corsar, Esq. Northumberland Street, Edinburgh.

15. At his residence, Great Denmark Street, Dublin, the Right Hon. John Creighton, Earl of Erne, Viscount Crichton, and Baron Erne, in his 90th year.

16. At No. 3, Nicolson Square, Edinburgh, Mrs Helen Calder, wife of Mr David Rymer, merchant.

— At Bainsford, John Smith, Esq. of Pinfold Bridge, late of the service of the Hon. the East India Company.

— At Beech Hill, Mrs Barbara Grant, widow of the Rev. Wm. Ramsay, minister of Cortachy.

— At her house, No. 38, India Street, Mrs Irving, widow of George Irving, Esq. of Newton.

— At the Manse of Daviot, the Rev. Robert Shepherd, minister of that parish, in the 41st year of his ministry.

19. At Edinburgh, Mrs Elizabeth Hogg, wife of Mr Wm. Robertson, upholsterer, High Street.

— At Otterstonlee, in his 74th year, the Rev. John S. Gray, minister of the Scottish Church at Falstone.

— At New Saughton, Alexander Gibson Maitland, younger of Cliftonhall, Esq.

20. At Kirkhill, Linlithgowshire, Mrs Mary Pitloh, widow of Gideon Pitloh, Esq.

— At Alloa, John Thomas Erskine, Earl of Mar, Lord Erskine, Viscount Garioch. He succeeded his father in 1825; married Janet, daughter of Patrick Miller, Esq. of Dalswinton, who died in 1825, leaving issue John Francis Miller, the present Earl, and two daughters.

21. At Edinburgh, Mrs Strachan, widow of the late John Strachan, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

— At Chatham, Elizabeth Harvie, wife of Thomas Robertson, Esq. Surgeon, Royal Navy.

22. At No. 72, Northumberland Street, Miss Rachel M., daughter of Lieutenant and Adjutant S. S. Burns, late of the 80th regiment.

— At Gayfield Square, Miss Euphemia Hislop, daughter of the deceased John Hislop, Esq. Dalkeith.

23. At East Wemyss, Mary Agnes, daughter of Alexander Forbes, Esq.

— At Coldstream Mains, William Waite, Esq. late of Castlelaw.

24. At Patrick Square, Mr William Mackenzie, supervisor of Excise.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Hunter, relict of the late Rev. John Young, Kincardine.

— At Ellishill House, Peterhead, James Anderson, Esq. aged 83.

— At Madeira, the Hon. Capt. Canning, eldest son of the late Right Hon. George Canning, and Captain of H. M. sloop of war, the Alligator. This melancholy information was received in a letter, of which the following is an extract:—"Madeira, Sept. 26 —I am sorry to acquaint you with the death of the Hon. Captain Canning, who was unfortunately drowned on the 24th inst. in a large tank, in the garden of Mr Gordon, with whom he was to have dined that day. It is generally supposed, as he had over-heated himself in the course of the day, that his death was occasioned by a fit of apoplexy, or cramp in the stomach. Medical aid was at hand, and every exertion and means were tried for several hours to restore him to life, but unluckily, without effect."

25. At Bankton House, near Prestonpans, W. Amelia Wilson, wife of Mr Thomas Paterson.

26. At his house, Melville Street, William Alexander Martin, Esq. writer to the signet.

27. At Moffat, Alex. Burns, Esq. late of Canada.

— At Drylaw Hill, East Lothian, Mrs Jean Dudgeon, wife of Mr Robert Brown.

— At Portland Place, Mr Robert Harvie, merchant.

Oct. 1. At Sydenham, Mr James Brodie, late tenant of Clarielaw, in his 84th year.

— At Stockholm, Alexander Seton, Esq. youngest son of the late Sir Alex. Seton, of Preston.

— At Hunterstown, Patrick Hunter, Esq. second son of the late Robert Caldwell Hunter, Esq. of Hunterstown.

— At Edinburgh, Miss M. E. Campbell, of Ardchatten.

— At King's College, Aberdeen, Margaret, second daughter of the very Rev. Dr Jack.

2. At Hospitalfield, county of Forfar, Mrs Hunter, senior of Blackness, aged 82.

— At Crawford Manse, the Rev. John Ross, minister of that parish.

3. At Portsmouth, the Hon. Sir George Grey, Bart. K.C.B. and Commissioner of his Majesty's Dock-yard at Portsmouth.

— At No. 14, Castle Street, Miss Elizabeth Mure, daughter of Baron Mure of Caldwell.

— At Milburn Tower, Lady Liston, wife of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Liston, K.B. formerly his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople.

4. At Rankeillor Street, Mrs Isobel Christie, relict of Mr John Christie, writer.

5. At Limpsfield, Elizabeth Catherine, the Lady of Sir James Steuart, Bart. of Allanbank, Berwickshire, and only surviving daugther of the late Elborough Woodcock, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.

6. At the Manse of Old Kilpatrick, the Rev. William M'Cartney.

— At Levengrove, John Dixon, Esq. of Levengrove.

7. At No. 27, Howe Street, Mr William Jameson, writer, Edinburgh.

— At Hawick, Mr William Scott, surgeon.

— Margaret, only daughter of James Dun of Shawpark, Esq.

— At Great King Street, John, infant son of Thomas Stirling Edmondstoune, Esq.

— George Rennie, of Phantassie, in the county of East-Lothian, Esq. the celebrated agriculturist, and only surviving brother of the late John Rennie, Esq.

— At Balbedie House, Sir Michael Malcolm of Balbedie and Grange, Bart.

— Mary, daughter of the late John Wilkie, Esq. of Foulden.

9. Mrs Johanna Emelia Maclean, spouse of the Rev. Dr Moodie, minister of Clackmannan.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Jane M'Pherson, eldest daughter of Mr Wm. M'Pherson, of the Customs.

10. In Grosvenor Place, London, Alexander Marjoribanks, Esq. only son of Stewart Marjoribanks, Esq. M.P.

11. At the Manse of Crailing, the Rev. David Brown, in the 72d year of his age, and 40th of his ministry.

12. Sir Ewan Cameron of Fassifern, Bart. at the advanced age of about ninety years. Sir Ewan will be succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest surviving son, Sir Duncan Cameron. Sir Ewan has died full of years and honours—of honours springing from the retrospect of a long life spent in promoting the good of his country, and the happiness of his friends and dependents. In him were united the best qualities of the Highland chief, honour and hospitality, regulated and controlled by a spirit of pure, unostentatious benevolence and sound judgment. Sir Ewan Cameron obtained his baronetcy in consequence of the gallant conduct of his son, Colonel Cameron, "the valiant Fassifern," who fell at the head of his brave 92d, on the field of Waterloo.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Brown, late rector of the Royal Grammar School, Dunkeld, and latterly of the Classical Academy, Thistle Street, Edinburgh.

12. Mrs Helen Low, wife of John Ireland, Esq. of Nether Urquhart, Fifeshire.

13. At Aberuchill, Perthshire, Lieut. Patrick Drummond, Royal Navy.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Ann Milne, eldest daughter of the late Mr James Milne, tanner in Edinburgh.

14. At Auchtermuchty, James Bonnar, Esq. surgeon there.

15. At Aberdeen, in the 85th year of his age, Mr John Angus, bookseller.

— At her house, Montague Street, Miss Janet Curtis, daughter of the late Mr Charles Curtis, surgeon in Edinburgh.

17. At the Manse of Fenwick, the Rev. William Boyd, minister of that parish, in the 81st year of his age and 47th of his ministry.

— At Vale Place, Hammersmith, aged 82 Lieut.-General Henry Rudyerd, late of the Royal Engineers.

18. At Edinburgh, Dr John Mackie, of Bell Brae Cottage, near Cupar.

19. At Kirkliston, Mr John Robertson, surgeon.

— At Parduvine, parish of Carrington, Mr Thomas Herriot, farmer there.

— At his father's house, Castlehill, Mr. A. Ruthven, printer, Edinburgh.

20. At Callender House, Canongate, J. Hunter, Esq.

— At Rosefield Cottage, Portobello, the Rev. Archibald Gracie.

— At London, the Rev. Joseph Davidson of Halltree.

22. At Gourdie, Charles Kinloch, Esq. of Gourdie.

— At No. 4, Dean Terrace, Georgina Henrietta Mackay, infant daughter of Matthew Weir, Esq. writer to the signet.

23. At Rotterdam, Janet H. Enslie, second daughter of the late James Enslie, Esq.

— Mr Charles Hope, aged 24, eldest son of Mr John Hope, Castlemains, near Sanquhar.

24. At Malvern Wells, Catherine, only sister of the Right Hon. John Calcraft, M.P.

25. At Haddington Place, Mr Andrew Boog, late cutler and surgeons' instrument-maker.

— In his 20th year, David, son of Mr. J. Marshall, farmer, Carse-bank, Forfarshire.

— Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr Samuel Mackenzie, artist, Edinburgh.

— At her house, Fyffe Place, Leith Walk, Mrs M'Lean.

28. At Lasswade Cottage, Wm. A. Mackenzie, jun. aged 10 years, son of Wm. Mackenzie, Esq. late of Calcutta.

31. At Hastings, Robert Sutherland, Esq. late of the island of St. Vincent, in the West Indies, and of Mellmount, in Ross-shire, North Britain.

Lately—At Berwick, Mr Miller Ritchie, printer, aged 77. During the early part of his life, when a master printer in London, he displayed superior talents in his profession, and has left behind him many specimens of the most beautiful typography. A sketch of his life and a portrait of himself are to be found in the "History of Printers and Printing," by Hansard.

Lately, At Newport House, county of Mayo, Hugh Donel, Bart.

— At Claremorris, county of Mayo, the Right Hon. Dennis Browne, who was for upwards of thirty-five years M.P. for that county.

— At Bellevue Cottage, near Montrose, John Guise, Esq.

— Mr William Home, midshipman on board the Martin sloop of war, which foundered at sea near the island of Madagascar, on her outward-bound passage to India, when the whole crew were lost.

— Drowned, while bathing in the sea at Greenock, Captain William Baird.

— Drowned in Kendal Canal, while bathing, Mr David Honey, currier, son of Mr George Honey, Arbroath.

— Cast away, in his Majesty's ship Acorn, on her passage from Bermuda to Halifax, Walter, eldest son of William Scott, younger of Raeburn, in his 17th year.

— Her Grace Susan, Duchess of Manchester. Her Grace was daughter of the late and sister to the present Duke of Gordon, and sister of the Duchess of Bedford and Richmond, the Marchioness Cornwallis, and Lady Madelina Palmer. She has left two sons and five daughters.

— At Interlacken, Switzerland, Alex. James Mure, Esq.

— In Seymour Place, Bryanstone Square, London, Jane Abernethie, widow of Alex. Abernethie, M.D. of Banff.

— At his son's house, in Bloomsbury Square, London, Luke Hansard, Esq. aged 79. Mr H. for many years held the lucrative situation of printer to the House of Commons.

— Suddenly, at Brackla, by Nairn, Dugald, eldest son of the late John M'Tavish, Esq. writer, Canongate, Edinburgh.

— At Lessudden, in the 92d year of her age, Mrs Jean Scott, wife of Walter Scott, Esq. of Raeburn.

— Lieut.-Colonel Sir A. Cathcart of Earlston, Bart. half-pay, 73d Foot.

At Port Raffles, in New South Wales, in November last, Dr. Cornelius Wood, of the medical staff, son of the late Rev. John Wood, and grandson of the late Rev. Cornelius Lundie, of Kelso.

Death of Major Laing.—It is with regret that we announce the murder of this intrepid and persevering traveller. He had reached Timbuctoo, where he had resided for a considerable time; but upon taking his departure for Sego, he was, three days after he quitted Timbuctoo, murdered between the 21st September and the 1st October, 1826. This lamentable intelligence was communicated to the Colonial Office by the British Consul at Tripoli, his father-in-law.

Death of Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, Bart.

It is with sincere regret that we announce the death of this truly amiable and excellent person. That melancholy event took place at Colinton House on the 24th October, having, as we understand, been immediately occasioned by an ossification of the heart; but the death of his eldest son, a youth of great promise, is thought to have preyed on the spirits of the affectionate parent, and to have accelerated his end. Sir William Forbes was a man of the most sterling rectitude of principle, of the greatest moral worth, and of the most benignant and generous dispositions. He was a liberal supporter of all public institutions which had for their object to promote either the comfort or the instruction of the people; and his hand was open as the day to melting charity. But there was no ostentation in his benevolence, for he seemed to act on the principle, so simply yet emphatically laid down in Scripture, of not letting the right hand know what his left was doing. Constitutionally of a modest, retiring, unobstrusive disposition, he shrunk from every species of notoriety, and even from taking that share in public business which was properly due to a man of his rank, character, and fortune; nay, he has been known to absent himself from public meetings assembled to promote objects to which he had largely contributed, lest he should be called to the chair, or otherwise signalised by the notice of his fellow-citizens. To him, therefore, might with propriety be applied those exquisite lines in which Pope has immortalized his amiable and benevolent friend :

> Let modest Forbes, with ingenuous shame,
> Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

In a word, as he lived respected and esteemed, so his death has been sincerely regretted ; and as the sphere of his usefulness was great, his loss will be the more sincerely felt by those who in him have lost a friend or a benefactor.

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PART II.

SUBSTANCE OF SIR ROBERT INGLIS'S TWO SPEECHES ON THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.*

These are two admirable — two masterly speeches—and we shall lend our aid to the promulgation of the sentiments and opinions which they so eloquently—yet so gravely express —believing, as we do, that the measures they combat, if carried into effect, would eventually undermine and overthrow the British constitution.

The time, it is supposed by many, is approaching—is close at hand—when something will be done to satisfy the Catholics. Reports are abroad, precisely of the proper pitch of absurdity, for the greedy swallowing of the great grey-goggle-eyed public, who may be seen standing with her mouth wide open like a crocodile, with her hands in her breeches-pockets, at the crosses of cities on market-days, gluttonously devouring whatever rumour flings into her maw—nor in the least aware that she is all the time eating wind. People of smallish abilities begin to look wiser and wiser every day—their nods seem more significant—in the shaking of their heads there is more of Burleigh—and in short sentences--that sound like apophthegms—they are apt to impose themselves on their own credulous selves as so many Solomons. The Duke—they have reason to know—sees the necessity of the thing now—Mr Peel has at last given in—and a bill—they have seen some of its heads—is forthwith to be brought into Parliament—for the immediate relief of our seven million Catholic brethren, now all groaning—(under what, pray?)—and they might add, apparently getting incomparable fun—rollocking and roaring—all over Ireland.

So delighted are these gentry with the prospect of Catholic Emancipation—two words, by the by, of the meaning of which they have not the most distant suspicion—that they occasionally get rather impertinent on your hands—wax witty against the wisdom of their ancestors—and, unaware of the ludicrousness of the exhibition, show you how the awkward squad take up their ground, in the March of Intellect. They accuse you to your face of being behind the Age, and go off in a mumble about Toryism. Now, we put it to the candour of the world—are we behind the Age? Quite the contrary. We are the forerunners of the Age. The Age is behind us—toils after us in vain;—often loses sight of us, as we disappear in a flame of fire behind the horizon—and, in the race which we are running for the great stakes, is fairly distanced! Without meaning to be rude to one single soul, we hope that we shall be pardoned for intimating our belief, that your Pro-Popery-men are, for the most part, very considerable blockheads. Nay, do not start, gentlemen,

* Substance of Two Speeches delivered in the House of Commons, on May 10, 1825, and May 9, 1828. By Sir Robert Harry Inglis, Bart. London: J. Hatchard and Son. 1828.

nor frown, for it is a melancholy truth. The nonsense you speak is so far beyond your own present conception of the case, that it might indeed prove dangerous to have your eyes opened all at once—all on a sudden—to the full extent of your ignorance and stupidity, —the shock might prove fatal. But, unfortunately, you do not confine yourselves to mere nonsense,—which is necessarily harmless;—you allow designing people to mix up with your innocent nonsense, the poison of their own wickedness; and will you credit us when we tell you, that you are doing all the little that lies in your power to pollute and ruin the Christian religion?

And here it behoves us to be serious.—Ninety-nine in a hundred of your Pro-Popery-men are not Christians. They dare not say that they are not. Cowardice—that is, worldly prudence—makes them cloak their infidelity under liberalism. But try them by the tone and temper of their sentiments and opinions, on all occasions where the subject is the Protestant Church, and you see that the dunces are Deists.

As to their love of knowledge, it is false and affected—a lie. Were it true and sincere, how could they endure that Church which places Bible-readers under her ban, and execrates the poor man who would fain study the Word of God? The Roman Catholic superstition hangs, at its clearest, like a day of dense fogs—at its darkest, like a night of black clouds—over the reason and the conscience. He who denies or doubts that, must regard the Reformation as a mockery and a dream. Such doubt, or such denial, is incompatible with any attachment to Protestantism; and if you are a Papist—pardon us—but on this question you must not open your lips. We are Protestants; and you must become one of Us before you can enjoy the blessings bought by Protestant blood.

It may be said, that it is not polite thus to abuse Papists. We are not aiming at being polite. It is not a question of courtesy,—if it were, we should be the most courteous of the courteous. But it is a question of religion and of politics, involving the temporal and eternal interests of the human race. At least we think so; and thinking so, we must not hear one word said about Catholic Emancipation. Popery, we say, is a fatal superstition; and a Protestant State must not trust its vital interests—its existence—to Papists. Call this bigotry, if you please—if you please to be a fool. We love light, rather than darkness—knowledge rather than ignorance—freedom rather than slavery—therefore, no Catholic Emancipation. We desire to see all our Christian brethren—the very lowest—sitting in Heaven's sunshine—in other words, reading the Bible—therefore, no Catholic Emancipation. We desire to see all the people—down to the clay-hut or hovel—priest-taught, but not priest-ridden, with their consciences in their own keeping, within the sanctuary of the inner spirits, into which no fellow-creature is privileged at all times to intrude—and, therefore, no Catholic Emancipation. We desire that Christianity shall be the stability of the State—and, therefore, that Christianity may not change its divine character, from celestial sinking into terrene—no Catholic Emancipation. This is our bigotry—with which we are embued, both in blood and in brain—in all our thoughts and in all our feeling,—and they, whose bigotry owns no kindred with ours, either in its origin, its means, or its ends, will think us horrible monsters, and Maga a peerless paragon of iniquity, doomed some day to be smothered under the falling Heavens.

Meanwhile, an occasional bigot—like ourselves—arises to keep us in countenance—such as Scott, and Southey, and Phillpotts, and—Sir Robert Harry Inglis, whose two admirable speeches we are now about to abridge—or analyze. They deserve the widest circulation throughout these realms—and in our pages they shall have it—they shall cheer the hearts of hundreds of thousands of the leal and loyal—and none else, it is to be hoped, dare to look Maga in the face—or venture to meet her eye to eye, either when the orbs are kindling with fancy, or clouded with thought—in grave mood or gay, alike the terror of traitors and slaves.

A large part of the debate which had taken place before Sir Robert addressed the House on this great question, had, on one side, proceeded on the assumption that there had been a considerable change in the principles and character of the Church of Rome; a

change so considerable as to justify the removal of all those securities against that Church, or at least of almost all those securities, with which the wisdom of a former age had surrounded the Protestant constitution of this country. Sir Robert contends, on the contrary, that the Church of Rome is not merely unchanged, but unchangeable—that the evidence on which a change is, in the judgment of some, sufficiently proved, is, in itself, and on other points, so little trustworthy, as, at any rate, not to justify a great experiment on the constitution—that this experiment, the object so long and so clamorously sought under the name of "Catholic Emancipation," is of little benefit to the great mass of those, in whose name and behalf it is urged—that those, the very few, to whom it would be beneficial, it would still leave dissatisfied and discontented—that the claim so urged is not a right founded either in abstract natural justice, or in specific convention—and, lastly, that under these circumstances, it is wiser and safer, in the choice of many ways full of difficulties, to keep to that path, which, though not without its difficulties, is still the path by which the country has advanced to her present greatness, and the people to the largest aggregate of individual happiness ever yet combined.

Such is a clear and concise statement, almost in his own words, of the positions which this very able speaker undertook to establish; and he has established them in the face of a fire that soon slackened, and seems now exhausted, all but the smoke.

It does one's heart good, in the midst of so much trimming and tergiversation and apostacy, to listen to the simple, strong, sincere reasonings of an independent, honest, and enlightened man, on a question that has not only confused the heads, but cowed the hearts, of so many Protestant statesmen, who, nevertheless, pretend that they understand and value the blessings of the Reformation. Let us then follow him through his argument, and accompany him to his conclusion,—let the Catholics remain as they are, unless we wish to change the form and kill the spirit of the constitution.

The honourable member for the county of Armagh, that is, Mr Brownlow, desired, it seems, that he might be met, not by old facts and old prejudices, but by new and contemporary evidence, and fair reasoning. Sir Robert denies the right (in an argument on a question involving the probabilities of human conduct in future) to expunge from our consideration all that is past, to deprive ourselves of all the benefits which history might give us, and to limit ourselves to the observations of our own ephemeral existence; yet he feels so confidently the strength of his position, even on the ground which his adversaries have chosen, that he is willing to meet them there, and with their own weapons. He, therefore, pledges himself, in his endeavour to prove the unchanged character of the Church of Rome, to use nothing but new and contemporary evidence, and all without prejudice. The evidence which he offers is as accessible as that on the table of the House, and more authoritative, because, in great part, it is the evidence of the Papal See itself.

This is the manly mode of meeting an adversary. True, that Lord Plunket (then Attorney-General for Ireland) particularly requested that no member would give the House any thing, however small, of "that old almanack history;" and many other persons, who had just sense enough to be inspirited by such smartness, but were altogether incapable of a similar effort so successful, sadly diluted its strength by the infusion of their own milk and water; and forthwith kept all prating away about that "old almanack history," or, as Mr Brownlow chose to express himself, "old facts and old prejudices," at the same time calling lustily for "new and contemporary evidence and fair reasoning." Now the truth is, that "reasoning" is not always to be had for the calling,—either fair or foul; and, what is equally to be lamented, when those gentlemen who have been so loudly demanding "fair reasoning" get it, they are sorely puzzled to know what to do with it—keep looking at it on all sides—and wonder what can possibly be the meaning of the article. This, at least, is certain, that not one of them all ever dreams of grappling with the said "fair reasoning,"—but they are all struck dumb by a single specimen—one paragraph furnished according to order,—turn on their heel, and walk off with whig faces,

which "to be admired, need but to be seen,"—till by and by, in some coterie of their own, they again wax eloquent on the cause of liberty all over the world.

Now, that Lord Plunket, or Mr Brownlow, or any other man of great, small, or no abilities, should tell us to shut our eyes to all past time, and to forget all history, may be in beautiful consistency and keeping with the character of a demi-semi-quaver of a Whig-Tory; but good men and true are neither afraid nor ashamed to look the past in the face—the present, or the future;—they cannot for their lives see how without memory you can have judgment; and knowing the difference between old facts and old women, they love old facts—they hug old facts to their bosoms—they would not give one steady, somewhat grey and grizzled, but still healthy, and robust, and bouncing old fact, who has stood the wear and tear of a couple of centuries, without the slightest symptoms of decay—for a score of poor, puny, spindle-shanked, asthmatic, and consumptive young facts, which a good political skittle-player would bowl down like nine-pins,—but which, unlike them, when once bowled down, can never be set on end again, and must forthwith be flung among the wooden lumber that now encumbers the earth.

As to old prejudices, they are a highly respectable class, and hold their heads high, (as they are well entitled to do, remembering the services they have done the state,) when they happen to meet, in society, with new-fangled notions—a most presumptuous and upsetting class — of low birth too—" begotten, yet scarce lawfully begotten"—and, what is very remarkable, in the case of such great, big, hulking fellows, with a bold bloom on their faces, they all die young—there scarcely being an instance, within the bills, of one of them having reached the maturity of manhood.

After this expression of our regard for old facts and old prejudices,—we cheerfully turn again to Sir Robert Inglis, who, at the express challenge of his opponents, meets them in a complete suit of defensive and offensive armour of "new and contemporary evidence, and fair reasoning." Thus armed cap-a-pie, he is a formidable champion—while it is piteous to see his challengers standing in the lists absolutely stark-naked—without a covering as ample as a short-tailed linen shirt, either of "old facts and old prejudices," or of "new and contemporary evidence and fair reasoning." After a few buffets, of course, they all run off—scamper away—and in future times, if asked to recount their achievements, they would desire us to say nothing of that "old almanack history."

Sir Robert well says, that to measure the progress of public opinion, and the state of the human mind in any country, we should refer, not so much to her laws, not so much to her institutions, as to her literature—to that which represents man in every condition of his social and private life, which models his character, and is itself modelled by it. Now, by that test, let us try the Church of Rome. Let us inquire, not what her literature *is*, but what it *is not*. Her tyranny over literature, her proscription at this day of all the great masters of the human mind, can be paralleled only by the tyranny and the proscription which she exercised five centuries ago, over minds and bodies alike.

In the Index Librorum Prohibitorum, printed at Rome in 1819, is a list of books prohibited at this time, under the penalties of the Inquisition. If any one reads the works of heretics prohibited by the Church, he is subjected *ipso facto*, to the penalty of excommunication; and with respect to other works prohibited, the purchaser is not entitled to receive absolution without first surrendering them to the priest. Whatever may be, upon others, the effect of this system, promulgated by a Church which claims to be infallible, and which, in the judgment of its true members, is always held to be infallible, who can help agreeing with Sir Robert Inglis, that to the unhardened conscience of a Roman Catholic, the sweeping prohibitions of this Index must be a snare, but that the feeble and the good will be caught and perish in it? And who can help also agreeing with him that the official republication of the Index at this day at Rome, and its reprint at Paris, proves that the governing powers in that Church intend to act upon it as far as they can,—that in the present state of the world, this act itself is a test of the spirit of the Church

of Rome, and not merely of her unchangeable spirit but of her ceaseless vigilance, and of her scrutinizing jealousy, exercised alike upon all subjects sacred and profane, in respect to which any freedom of inquiry has been or can be indulged?

For what works appear in the list? Bacon, *De Augmentis Scientiarum*—Locke on the Human Understanding; Cudworth's Intellectual System; Milton's Paradise Lost; Guiccardini, Thuanus, Robertson, and Sismondi. The Church of Rome has proscribed, too, Copernicus, both in his own work, and in Kepler's Epitome, also—to make all things even—says Sir Robert—Descartes, and more than one of his commentators. Nay, the sentence against Galileo, was renewed and republished in 1819! The work of Algarotti on the Newtonian System, and Fontenelle's Plurality of Worlds, suffer the same condemnation—so that every vindication of science, every effort of free inquiry, every attempt to disengage the mind from the trammels of authority, is alike and conveniently consigned to the Inquisition. As to Ecclesiastical History, the Church of Rome is of course singularly jealous, and here her prohibitions are austere and extreme.

"There is one inference from these prohibitions which I think is peculiarly worthy of the recollection of the House. The Church of Rome, which, with an eye so microscopic, and a hand so firm, and a voice so peremptory, has discovered, seized, and prohibited so much, has thereby virtually sanctioned what she has not condemned, in respect at any rate to the works of her own Communion published under her own immediate domination. The writings, therefore, even of individuals, when so published in Roman Catholic countries, and above all in the Papal States, become the standard of the Papal doctrine: they are no longer private effusions, for which the authors only, and not the Papal See, ought to be held responsible; they are, and will remain, authentic expositions of the claims and principles of the Church of Rome, until that Church, which has hitherto thought nothing either too minute for her jealousy, or too vast for her grasp, shall formally denounce them. It would be unjust to apply this principle to the publications of a free State and a free Church like our own; and to take the doctrines of our own Establishment from any other standard than its own authorised formularies: but, surely, it is not inconsistent with fair argument, more particularly in respect to the imperial claims of the Church of Rome, to maintain, that, whilst having the like jurisdiction over those who extend and those who narrow her powers, she has condemned every work in defence of the liberties of the Gallican Church, she must, by parity of reason and necessary consequence, be held to sanction and uphold all the works in support of her own ultramontane principles: I indeed would hold that in all other matters the Church of Rome is as much bound by the Council of Lateran as by the Council of Trent; that a claim to depose kings, promulgated by one Pope and one Council, and not renounced and reprobated by a subsequent Pope and a subsequent Council, is, in the history of an infallible Church, a claim which may sleep but is not dead, and which the blast of war might any day rouse again."

Nothing is more common than to hear ignorant people panegyrizing the wisdom and enlightened views, moral and religious—nay, even political—of Roman Catholic writers—and then asking triumphantly—what danger can you dread from sentiments and opinions like these? What is the difference, they would fain ask, or rather they do ask, between Roman Catholic and Protestant? For to this point they all drive—or rather many of them are driven—just like unto silly sheep.

Now, Sir Robert Inglis shews how uniformly the Church of Rome prohibits, wherever she has power, the exercise of any freedom of religious thought and inquiry in literature; and this sometimes even in the case of writers whom generally she claims, though often without much reason, as her own. Thus the Homilies of St Chrysostom, the Epistles of St Ignatius, and all the works of Erasmus in which he treats of religion, are equally proscribed with the works of Protestants. The Alciphron of our Berkeley, and the Philoluetherus Lipsiensis of Bentley, are given up to the Inquisition with the works which they refute. The Liturgy of the Church of England is, of course, excluded—Latimer and Ridley, Jewell and Parker, the "Pseudo-Archbishop of Canterbury," as he is called. These are followed by almost every great name in the Church of England—Beveridge, Bull, Pearson, Boyle, Sherlock, and

Tillotson. These, however, as Protestants writing upon religion, might expect this treatment; but Protestants who write on other and very different subjects, can claim no exception, Salmasius, and Vossius, and Scaliger—nay even Grotius de Jure Belli et Pacis, and Puffendorff. Jews are also proscribed—Maimonides and Menasseh ben Israel. Nor, in the judgment of the Pope, can the Koran be left in the Christian world without a risk of its making converts.

But how—as we asked before—how has the Church of Rome treated some of the great writers belonging to herself—or said—for political purposes—to have been her loving and beloved children? Why, Fenelon, when alive, was condemned and persecuted—when dead, one of his most devotional works was placed in the Index of "Abominations." Mr North (not Christopher) had, it seems, referred in the House to the solemn and saintly morality of a Nicole, the severe and intellectual Pascal, the devout and affectionate religion of Fenelon, and asked whether the Church which these men represented could be fairly an object of the aversion with which we regard it? Now we admire Mr North—his fine talents and fine scholarship—he being worth a gross of Shiels—but how came it that he was not better read in the history of these illustrious men? How could he believe that such men could be favourites with the Church of Rome? Or how could he throw out an argument of that shadowy and unsubstantial kind—even if they had been such favourites—to prove—what he well knows never can be proved, any more than that black is white—that the Church of Rome is a noble and a rational Church? A man of Mr North's abilities must, we say, know that the character of that Church could not be vindicated by the virtues, piety, genius, or knowledge of a few of its members. But how stands the case with Nicole, Pascal, and Fenelon? Why—the Church of Rome will have none of them. She "proscribed them living, and condemned them dead." Of the fate of Fenelon we have already spoken—Pascal too shares the same fate—and so does Quesnal—yet it is by these men that the Church of Rome is most advantageously known in this country—it is by these names that, it is alleged by her Protestant friends, she is represented; and it is in the meekness and piety of these men—so renounced by that communion—not only in their own times, but in the present day—that weare told to see the spirit and temper of the very Church which disowned and abandoned them!

But Sir Robert passes from these old facts, "which look amaist as weil's the new," and presents Mr North—Mr Brownlow—and all between and after—with some "contemporary evidence and fair reasoning."

"Even after all which I have already adduced, (to prove that the reigning spirit of the Church of Rome is as hostile as ever to the freedom and intelligence of mankind,) the House will still be scarcely prepared to believe, that the Bible itself is at this day consigned by the profane touch of that Church to the same condemnation, in which some of the best human works (I am willing to admit some very bad works also) are already by her sentence intermingled and engulfed. The House will observe, that one of the rules promulgated by the Council of Trent, begins with the preamble: 'Since it is manifest by experience, that if the Holy Bible in the vulgar tongue be everywhere indiscriminately permitted, more evil than good will thence arise, in consequence of the rashness of men,'—the House will also observe, that the same rule (proceeding in consequence to provide, that for the reading of the Bible a license be granted by certain authorities) closes thus: 'He who, without such license, shall presume to read or to possess the Bible, cannot, unless he shall first give it up to the ordinary, receive absolution of his sins.' If I had been compelled to look for this rule in a contemporary work of the Council of Trent, I should not here have referred to it: I will have no more of history than the Honourable Gentlemen who are so averse to it, and so much in favour of the claims of the present Roman Catholics, are pleased to allow me; but this is not history: it is the journal of to-day; it is re-printed, re-enacted, re-enforced by the Papal See in 1819.

"But I maybe told, in reference to this distrust of Scripture, as in reference to many other charges against the Church of Rome, that it is fair to argue, that because, in compliment to her own infallibility, she reprints in the present century the anathemas thundered by the Papal See in the sixteenth century, she really believes in their validity, or in her right

to enforce them:—'You must not expect,' I am to be told, 'that a church, which has once claimed to be infallible, can ever admit, *totidem verbis*, that she has erred: you must make allowances; you must be candid; you must take the opinions, the spirit of the Church of Rome, not from her mere diplomatic recognition to-day of the decrees of the Council of Trent, (a recognition which is formal and technical only, and inoperative,) but from her own recent conduct in these matters: you will find how much she has softened all these rigours, how entirely she has relaxed these restrictions, how different the Church of Rome now is from the Church of Rome three or four centuries ago.'—Be it so; I will look, then, not to the mere republication of the Regula, which, so republished, I thought I might have quoted as an act of the present day, but to some subsequent modification of it:—let it then be observed, that the Regula in question conveyed to certain authorities the faculty of granting a license to read *any* versions of the Scriptures. How stands the matter now? To the eye of Clement VIII. this meaning conveyed to subordinate functionaries too dangerous a trust: the trust was therefore practically withdrawn by his mode of interpreting the rule. This, however, is of less consequence since the original faculty was by Benedict IV. restored in 1757, with this saving clause, that the versions, the reading of which was to be licensed, should have been approved by the Holy See; and, accordingly, the Italian translation of the New Testament, made by Martini, Archbishop of Florence, was not only approved at the time by Pope Pius VI. but actually came forth with a recommendatory letter from him; a letter which has very frequently since been reprinted by Protestants. But how soon was this gleam overcast; how little has the day risen; how much darker rather has it not become! for not only at this time are all the versions of the Scriptures, published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, in any and every spoken language, prohibited, (this indeed is consistent with the clause to which I have referred, for those versions at least never had the required sanction,) but in one of the latest additions to that Index, a single sheet printed in 1820, and containing the works prohibited since the publication of the volume in 1819, are two editions of that very translation of the New Testament, by Martini, both printed in Italy, both having the identical letter of Pius VI. prefixed; and neither of them stated to have a single heretical note or addition. The prohibitory clause is as follows:—the Pope having recited the condemnation of the Italian editions of the New Testament in question, of an English impression of the same translation, and of seven other works, one on Medical Jurisprudence, one on Physiology, proceeds:—'Therefore let no one, of any rank or condition whatsoever, read or *possess* the said work; but give them up at once to the Ordinary, or to the Inquisition, under pain of mortal sin.'

"From the tyranny over the human mind, thus exercised by the Church of Rome, wherever it has power, I draw this conclusion, that to give it new power anywhere would be most unsafe: and if it were on the ground that the Church of Rome has changed its character, would be most contrary to the evidence of facts. It has still the same grasping, dominant, exclusive, and intolerant character: it is weaker indeed than it was; but it carries with it everywhere the same mind. You have indeed shorn and bound the strong man; but the secret of his strength is still upon him; and if, from whatever motive, you admit him into the sanctuary of your temple, beware, lest the place and the opportunity should call that strength into action; and with all the original energies of his might restored for the occasion, he should pull down the temple of the constitution upon you, and bury you, and your idols, and himself, in one common ruin."

Pray, what sort of an old gentleman was the last Pope—he whom Bonaparte carried off a prisoner into France? As worthy a Pope as ever issued a Bull. Had he any "old prejudices?" A few. When Bonaparte was meditating that outrage on his liberty, he still felt it right to submit, for the sanction of his own dear Papa, certain articles relating, not to the Universal Church, but to the internal administration of France itself, as it related to religion. One of these questions was, that all religions should be free—"Que tous les cultes soient libres, et publiquement exercés."—The Pope, says Sir Robert Inglis, answered as if he had been Julius the Second, or Sextus the Fifth. He turns round to his Cardinals, and tells to them in words which no Protestant should ever forget:—"We have rejected this article as contrary to the Canons, to the Councils, to the Catholic religion, to the tranquillity of life, and to the welfare of the state."

"In another rescript to the Bishops, in the same work, he refers to the toleration of all sects actually granted in France under Bonaparte; and says that such alliance can no more consist with the Catholic Church, than a concord between Christ and Belial. Let it always be recollected that this was in reference to an application from a sovereign on his throne, in the plenitude of his power, to a poor decrepit old man, whom he was about to carry off as a prisoner into the centre of France; that Bonaparte felt the spiritual power of the Pope, when he asked the exercise of it to confirm his own regulations for the internal government of France; and that the Pope shewed the unchanging character of his church in refusing, even under such extremities, to yield one jot of its intolerant assumptions."

Mr Brownlow has, we know, a wide swallow, and can gulp—bolt much—yet his stomach must have sickened—his gorge risen—at such a sudden and heaped-up trencher of unexpected, though demanded, "contemporary evidence and fair reasoning."

But, says Sir Robert, it may be urged that this was all in the effete and worn-out soil of Europe. Take then, quoth he, the seedling to another world, and see what a different fruit it will produce. But see—first of all—what fruit it did produce, when the ground was newly turned up in Spain.

"By the constitution of the Cortes, it was enacted in respect to spiritual liberty as follows:—'The religion of the Spanish nation is, and shall be perpetually, the Roman Catholic, the only true religion. The nation protects it by wise and just laws, and prohibits the exercise of any other.' The oath of the members of the Cortes was this—'I swear to defend and preserve the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion, without admitting any other into the kingdom.' Is the Church of Rome here changed? Go across the Atlantic; what is the fundamental article in the constitution of the newest of the Roman Catholic states of the New World? I will not trust my recollection, but I will read a passage from the constitution of Mexico; it is nearly the same as that of the Cortes: 'The religion of the state shall be the holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church. The State protects it by just and salutary laws; and prohibits the exercise of any other.' This is the act not of imperial, but of republican Mexico; it is the newest specimen of that kind of religious freedom which the members of the Church of Rome will admit, even when taking the greatest care of their own civil rights.

"I might quote much about the Protestants in France, and the spirit of the Roman Catholic religion even there; still more about the Vaudois, against whom the King of Sardinia, on his restoration, re-enacted many of the oppressive decrees which had been repealed during their subjection to France. I might quote not less as to the spirit of the Belgian Church: but I trust, that I have already said enough to prove that the *semper eadem* of the Romish Church is no vain boast; that that Church is at this day as grasping, as despotic, as exclusive, as in those ages, which, by an unnecessary courtesy to the present, so far as Rome is concerned, we call the Dark Ages."

Sir Robert then goes on to shew—which he does as clear as the day—that the evidence on which the alleged change in the Church of Rome is supposed to rest, upon the proof of which change, we are told to relax all our securities against its former character, is itself so little trust-worthy on many other points, that no vital alteration in the constitution can safely or consistently be made on the testimony of such witnesses. He acutely exposes—though indeed that was an easy task—some of the unprincipled contradictions and inconsistencies of Dr James Doyle, Titular Bishop and Arch-Hypocrite of Kildare and Loughlin—and of Dan O'Connell—but we pass over this part of the speech, as we intend, ere long, to give Dr Doyle a flagellation which will keep his back warm during the succeeding winter. But we cannot choose but quote one admirable passage, alluding to some of O'Connell's threatenings—calm, or outrageous, or sullen—as suits the season—against the Church Establishment of Ireland—

"Is not this warning enough to us? Are these the men to whom it would be safe to intrust the care of our Protestant interests? Are these the men whom we would place in this House to legislate for the Church of England? It is said that these passages all refer to the Church of Ireland; that Dr Doyle, in his evidence, has expressly limited his observations to the Church of Ireland. Sir, there is no Church of Ireland: the Church of Ireland ceased to exist at the Union; it is now for ever one with the

Church of England: they form one undivided Establishment: any attack on the one is an attack on the other: and that part which is in Ireland cannot be pulled down or undermined, without shaking the English part to its foundation. Let not the Establishment in England fondly believe that the Church in Ireland cannot be destroyed, or even weakened, without a mortal injury to their own nearer interests: let not the people of England believe that a successful attack can be made upon the property of the Church, whether in England or in Ireland, without endangering the security of all other property. The injury to the Establishment in England, the danger to all other property, may be more or less remote; but whether near or distant, it is alike inevitable from the day when power is once in any quarter familiarized with spoliation. Let neither the Establishment nor the people of England believe that the Church of Rome has changed, or can change, her policy or her principles; that she is, or ever can be, favourable, or even indifferent, to our institutions; and that she may now at length be safely entrusted with the legislative care of our religion. Unless the evidence, even of our own contemporary experience, be fallacious (I have pledged myself not to appeal to history), the See of Rome is *at this day* hostile, not merely to the dignity and supremacy of the Protestant Church in this empire, but to the toleration of any other Church anywhere else: and the testimony before the Committee upon which a change to the contrary is assumed, and upon which this great innovation in our constitution is demanded, is utterly insufficient to justify us in incurring even the slightest of those hazards, with which, in my judgment, that innovation would be followed."

Sir Robert then proceeds to prove, that the object which is to be purchased with so much hazard—that object, which has been so long and so clamorously sought, under the name of Catholic Emancipation—is of no value—comparatively to the *mass* of those in whose name it is claimed—The Seven Millions! This he proves, both from the nature of their condition itself—and from the open avowal of many of the "Friends of the People." While he contends, with much ability, that Catholic Emancipation will still leave discontented and dissatisfied *the Few*, to whom it will nevertheless have been of real benefit.

"It will have opened to them some roads to honour as yet untrod; but you still leave enough to violate your own principle; you only remove the difficulty one or two steps further. You allow Mr O'Connell to have a silk gown; you allow Mr Charles Butler to sit upon the bench; but you will still exclude both of them from that which constitutes to a young and ardent mind the great hope and stimulus of the profession; you still for ever exclude him, and every one of his class in religion, from the chance of ever being lord chancellor; and when my honourable and learned friend the member for Plympton (Mr North) talked of the damp and chill in which generous ambition was left, by the exclusion of the rising talents of the law from its higher elevations, I felt that, even by the bill of which he was, at the moment, the eloquent advocate, that exclusion is rendered only just so much the more marked, as it is perpetuated by the very friends of the Roman Catholics in a bill which they call the Relief Bill; so little would this measure in the course of nature satisfy those for whom it is more immediately intended. They would still be marked and branded; their religion would still be a religion not to be trusted; and if this measure be carried, I have no doubt, but that, three years hence, we shall have the same associations; perhaps not the same orators, a Lawless instead of an O'Connell, at the head of the Irish Roman Catholics, and the same tales of grievances about Catholic millions being still excluded from being lord chancellor, and still being compelled to pay tythe to Protestant rectors, and rent to Protestant landlords."

Sir Robert then shortly shews, that the whole of our constitution is a system of securities and exclusions. But we need not touch on this point—for, in a paper in this Magazine, two months ago—it was illustrated with distinguished ability by one whose political writings in our work have been *felt*, and that deeply, in the very heart of Britain—and the same ground has since been gone over in the Quarterly Review, with his usual talent, by Mr Southey.

So much for the substance of Sir Robert Inglis's First Speech—now for that of his Second.

In his second speech, the excellent Baronet discusses with great ability and perfect knowledge of his subjects, the specific conventions of the Treaty of Limerick—the pledge assumed to

have been given at the time of the Union with Ireland—the Coronation Oath—and the conduct of the Roman Catholics of former times, before their existing measure of political power was conceded to them, compared with their later language—from which Sir Robert argues, that it may be seen whether concession be conciliation, and whether peace and harmony have or have not been promoted, by granting political power to the Roman Catholics of Ireland.

Let us follow him through his discussion of these topics.

In the debate, in which Sir Robert Inglis so greatly distinguished himself, Sir Francis Burdett, after a slight and passing allusion to the natural rights and general demands of the Roman Catholics, proceeded to argue in favour of the claims, on nearer and surer authorities; namely, on the specific conventions of the Treaty of Limerick, and the pledge assumed to have been given at the time of the Union with Ireland. And he added an argument *ad verecundiam*, on the different treatment which Roman Catholics receive from all the other Protestant states of Europe.

Sir Francis boldly said, "that the whole people of Ireland were entitled to the fullest participation in all the rights and privileges, civil and political, of the British constitution, by the treaty of Limerick." On this treaty of Limerick, too, had the orators harangued in the Catholic Association, and in their petitions to the House. The argument founded on it, Sir Robert has utterly demolished—broken it into so many fragments, that no ingenuity will ever again be able to repiece it into a "tangible shape." A foolish argument it indeed was—but the more foolish an argument is, not unfrequently the more difficult is it to put an end to it; and foolish as it was, it required an answer on this account, that it involved the dearest of all national interests, the Public Faith.

Sir Robert, therefore, undertakes to prove, as Mr Peel had done on a former occasion, that no advantage ever withheld from the Roman Catholics, can be claimed under the terms of the treaty of Limerick.

In the first place, he remarks, that this treaty, of late occupying so prominent a place in front of the Roman Catholics, was never brought forward at all till the year 1793, in any petition reciting the *present object*—never used as an argument of right in respect to *the matters now at issue*, till more than 100 years after the date of it.

The intentions of the contracting parties to this treaty, can be discovered only by such considerations as the following—the nature of the Proclamation addressed by the Lords Justices, as a rule to themselves, to the army, to the enemy, and to the people, in respect to the pacification of Ireland, when the last campaign was opening;—the nature of the terms granted to other cities in the progress of that campaign;—the nature of the terms at first refused to Limerick, and the grammatical meaning of those actually granted;—to which must be added, the understanding at the time of the Parliament of England, and of the Parliament of Ireland,—and finally, the understanding of King James himself.

Limerick, every body knows, was the last city that, towards the close of the campaign of 1691, remained to the cause of James II. What, then, were the general terms intended to be granted by the government of Ireland, to those who, in the progress of the war, might voluntarily submit? The forfeited estates were to be restored; there was to be no prosecution for exercising their religion; and securities were, if possible, to be found against all such prosecution, and for the "rest and quiet" of the Catholics of Ireland. Such are the terms to be found in the declaration of the Lords Justices, July 17, 1691, recited by Story two years afterwards, himself a party in the war, as those "upon which the articles of Galway and Limerick, and all the Irish capitulations were afterwards founded."

"This, then, was the general boon held out to the Roman Catholics as the inducement to them to submit to William and Mary: that is to say, their Majesties would not invoke the penal laws against them; would, as far as they had the means, give them *rest and quiet* in the exercise of their religion; and (as neither a dispensing nor a legislating power existed in the crown singly) would *endeavour to procure from the supreme authority of Parliament* such further security *in these particulars* as might preserve the Roman Catholics from any disturbance

on account of their religion. Slight as, according to this construction, the advantage appears to us, its value must be measured by a comparison not with our own situation to-day, but with that of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, at that time, generally, before this declaration, and with that of those Roman Catholics in particular who did not submit to it, and who were accordingly left to make, as they could, their own terms afterwards."

On the 23d September 1691, the garrison of Limerick, after an unsuccessful sally, asked for a cessation of hostilities, and on the 27th September sent out their proposals. 1. An Act of indemnity for all offences whatsoever, without reference to their date or quality. 2. Restoration of all Irish Catholics to the estates possessed before the Revolution. 3. A free liberty of worship, and one priest to each parish. 4. Irish Catholics to be capable of bearing employment, military and civil, and to exercise professions, trades, and callings, of what nature soever. 5. Irish army to be kept on foot by their Majesties. 6. The Irish Catholics to be allowed to live in towns corporate and cities, to be members of corporations, to exercise all sorts and manners of trades, and to be equal with their fellow Protestant subjects in all privileges, advantages, and immunities accruing in or by the said corporations. 7. An act of Parliament to be passed for ratifying and confirming the said conditions.

Now the 6th of the above articles, if it were found singly, includes every thing which the present Roman Catholics profess to require. But De Ginckel, so far from granting such terms, replied, that " these things they insisted on were contradictory to the laws of England, and dishonourable to himself," and ordered a new battery to be immediately erected to the left of Mackay's fort, for guns and mortars! Can there be, asks Sir Robert, a belief in the mind of any man, that De Ginckel, having indignantly rejected terms which directly and specifically secured to the Roman Catholics of Ireland all the privileges which their descendants now require, could have intended, on the very same day, to grant them, by implication, the very same advantages?

Of the articles of the treaty of Limerick, the principal stress is laid by the advocates of the Roman Catholics, on the first, second, and ninth, as containing their specific rights; and these three, therefore, Sir Robert sifts and winnows, to get the grain of argument free from the chaff.

" I will proceed to examine them in detail; but the whole treaty should be examined to see how utterly impossible it is that any one part of it, or the whole together, can bear the weight now attached to it. Is it to be believed, for instance, that any one article of the treaty can have been intended to convey to the Roman Catholics an equality of civil rights with the Protestants, when another article gives to the noblemen and gentlemen comprised therein, 'liberty to ride with a sword and case of pistolls if they think fitt, and keep a gunn in their houses for the defence of the same, or for fowling?' Can any other inference, on the contrary, be drawn from this very article, than that it was the intention of the victor, (an intention admitted by the vanquished) to disarm all who were not specifically excepted? Can it be contended, that all which is now asked, was guaranteed by any general terms in the treaty, if it were necessary to frame a special provision, as was done in the seventh article, without which no Roman Catholic gentleman, not even the Earl of Lucan himself, could legally have kept a fowling-piece in his house?"

The first article provides as follows:—" The Roman Catholics of this kingdom shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion, as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the Second; and their Majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit, will endeavour to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from any disturbance upon the account of their said religion." Sir Francis Burdett's attempt to twist this article into a shape favourable to the present claims of the Catholics, appears to have been too puerile to deserve any notice from any body; he was indeed unintelligible—and knew that he was so—therefore let all who can read a simple sentence in the English language construe this First Article for themselves—which is as plain, even to a rebel, as a pikestaff.

The chief point to attend to, however, in this First Article, is the limitation, even as to religion, by the words, " as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles the Second."

Here Sir Robert is excellent—

"It was well observed, on a former occasion, by the honourable and learned member for Dublin, (Mr George Moore) that the construction would have been very different, if the period referred to had been the reign of James II. instead of Charles II. The reign of James was the more obvious point of reference, if the article had intended to grant to the Roman Catholics of Ireland many privileges, even in the exercise of their religion: in that day they were legally equal, and practically more than equals to the Protestants. But the victor deliberately fixed on the reign of Charles II. as the period, the privileges of which he was willing to concede to the Irish. Now, what was the state of the Roman Catholics in Ireland at that period? I will not enter into details: they are well given in the work of Dr Browne, to which the honourable Baronet, the member for the Queen's county, (Sir Henry Parnell,) referred us, in the course of his temperate and candid speech, on a former debate. I will quote no more than four points:—1. Every person in office had, by early statutes, been long previously required to take the oath of supremacy:—by the 17th and 18th of Charles II. that oath was further required to be taken even by schoolmasters. 2. At that period the Roman Catholics might not, it is true, have been formally and legally excluded from Parliament; but it is quite clear that, by resolutions of the two Houses (1661), requiring their own members to receive the communion according to the rites of the established Church, the Peers from the hands of the Lord Primate, the Commons from the same, or from any whom he might appoint, the intention of each House was to exclude Roman Catholics. 3. The English Parliament petitioned the King, that no Papists should be admitted Justices of the Peace: that all licenses to Papists for inhabiting within corporations should be recalled. The King complied, as we read in Leland. It will be recollected, that the Act of Settlement and Explanation, prohibited them from inhabiting within corporations, unless by special license from the Lord Lieutenant and Council. 4. Roman Catholic Priests were liable to banishment: and the Duke of Ormond, when Lord Lieutenant, exercised the power of the law, and banished all the bishops except three. Sir, I state these facts historically, to shew, if one word of comment be necessary, that even the condition to which—in matters of religion—the treaty restored the Roman Catholics, was not Utopian. I describe the previously existing state of the Roman Catholics, not to defend it. My argument does not require, my inclination would not lead me, to uphold it. It is enough for me to describe, simply, the facts as they stand in history.

"But it may be asked, what, then, did the Roman Catholics gain by this first article? They gained for themselves, and for all the people of Ireland, so far as De Ginckel could grant it, so far as their Majesties could confirm the grant, (the limitations I will presently state,) the right of the private exercise of their religion—a right, as I have already shewn, denied to Waterford, and in the case of Galway scarcely granted; and when it is recollected, that the benefits of the terms so granted to Galway were confined to its inhabitants and garrison; when it is recollected, that Cromwell, in his Irish wars, had directed his generals never to admit any fortress to stipulate for any parties, except those within its walls; and when it is seen, that the defenders of Limerick stipulated for the whole kingdom, as well as for themselves,—the distinction is sufficiently marked between this, and any other treaty made in Ireland."

The First Article in the Treaty of Limerick, then, related to religion; the Second only to property. The terms of the first article, whatever they were, extended to all the Roman Catholics of the kingdom; the terms of the second Article were limited to the parties therein described:—"1. The inhabitants of Limerick, and of any other garrison in the possession of the Irish. 2. The officers and soldiers then in arms. 3. The officers detained in their Majesties' quarters, that are treated with, and who are not prisoners of war, or have taken protection, and shall return and *submit to their Majesties' obedience.* These several parties, and all their heirs, shall hold their estates of freehold and inheritance, and all their rights, titles, and interests, privileges and immunities which they and every or any of them held, enjoyed, or were rightfully and lawfully entitled to in the reign of King Charles the Second, or at any time since, by the laws and statutes that were in force in the said reign of King Charles the Second."

Here, it appears, Sir Francis Burdett made a dead halt—closed the book from which he had read to the House the above passage—and exclaimed—with all the apparent since-

rity and earnestness of a patriot, "Can there be any doubt as to this treaty? Is it not clear that it restored and secured the unrestrained exercise both of political and private immunities to the Roman Catholics, as they enjoyed them in the reign of Charles II.? Could any Tory draw any other conclusion? For my part, I do not see how it is possible for words more expressly or directly to stipulate for the enjoyment of all rights, public as well as private, by the parties to the treaty and their heirs."

Sir Robert says that he was almost induced to interrupt the honourable Baronet at the moment; so *far at any rate as to request him to read on;* for if the whole construction of the article be not completely changed by the next two lines, he—Sir Robert—will own himself utterly incompetent to draw any conclusion of law, or of common sense from any thing whatever. Why, the words which follow define the rights restored to be *Rights of Estates;* they provide that the parties described "shall be put in possession, by order of Government, of SUCH OF THEM as are in the King's hands, or the hands of his tenants, without being put to any suit or trouble therein; and ALL SUCH ESTATES shall be freed and discharged from all arrears of crown-rents—quit-rents—and other public charges incurred and become due since Michaelmas 1688." "I ask," continues Sir Robert, "can there be a doubt that the rights here referred to were manorial rights, seignorial rights, and other purchases connected with PROPERTY, and not with PERSONS, and which, as such, might be seized or again restored by the Crown? Upon the construction of this article I would appeal fearlessly to the judgment of any jury in England, if my whole property depended on the issue."

The remainder of the article provides, that the parties therein described shall and may exercise their professions, trades, and callings, as freely as in the reign of Charles II. provided that they, and all parties seeking the benefit of this article, shall take the oath of allegiance. And the third article extends the benefits of the first and second to parties absent beyond the seas, if within eight months they shall return to the kingdom.

But it was on the ninth article that Sir Francis chiefly relied, and on the alleged breach of which the orators of the Association have most clamorously insisted. It provides, "that the oath administered to such Roman Catholics AS SUBMIT TO THEIR MAJESTIES' GOVERNMENT shall be the oath abovesaid, and no other." Now, it is obvious that the meaning of the whole is, that those whose estates are restored or confirmed to them—those who, laying down their arms, live peaceably in future—those who exercise their professions, trades, and callings quietly—shall not be required to take any other oath than the oath of allegiance to the government. For who in his senses could suppose that such an article gave to the Roman Catholics of the whole kingdom a right *by implication* to eligibility to all civil functions and privileges of corporations, of the bench, and of Parliament, an eligibility which had been asked *distinctly* by the same parties, and had been refused decisively, the very same day, by the same victorious general?

Sir Robert then shews that this article, thus understood, conveyed so much more to the Roman Catholics of Ireland than the Protestants of the empire thought them entitled to receive, that it gave great displeasure. There is an address of the House to King William (4th of March 1692) complaining of it; but in that address there is not one word said about the grievance of power being granted to the Roman Catholics; there is not an allusion to any thing but property restored; so that, within a few months after the date of the treaty, the House of Commons of England present an address to the Crown, recording their deliberate condemnation of that treaty, but say nothing of that aggravation of the evil which would have been felt, if, by any article of it, any Roman Catholic could have claimed political power in Ireland. A few years afterwards, in 1697, the whole Parliament of Ireland concurred in the same conclusion; and by the act passed for the continuation of the Articles of Limerick, distinctly proved, that, in their judgment, political power was not, and could not be, conveyed to any one, or by all of its articles, to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. The other great party, too, King James II. speaks with satisfaction of the favourable terms which his garrison had ob-

tained; but in the specification of them he does not seem, even for one moment, to have assumed that those terms included any concession of political privileges. He appears to think, that the recognition of the freedom of the religious worship of Roman Catholics was itself a sufficient advantage, secured as it was, not for the garrison only, but for the whole kingdom.

We have not room to follow Sir Robert through all this part of his speech, but our abridgement is sufficient to shew, that his overthrow of Sir Francis Burdett's sophistry, if indeed it deserve the name even of sophistry, on the treaty of Limerick, was complete and triumphant. He was well entitled indeed to finish this part of his subject in a high tone.

"I think, Sir, I have proved sufficiently that the Treaty of Limerick was never intended to bear the weight which has been hung upon it: with that weight it has broke down; and it now overwhelms the Honourable Baronet, and the cause which he designed to shelter under it. There the ruin may remain: the materials are not worth picking up again; nor should I linger upon the spot for another minute, if it were not to remind the House of the pomp and circumstance with which the fabric had been erected, the importance attached to it, and the character of solidity and value given to it in the speeches of those who so lately supported it."

Having thus settled the Treaty of Limerick, Sir Robert proceeds to drive Sir Francis, and all others, from their next position, taken up in defence of the claims of the Roman Catholics; namely, the Pledge given to them at the Treaty of Union.

No one ever asserted that such a pledge could be found in any article of the act of Union, or in any speech either of the King or the Lord Lieutenant. The fact is, that there was not only no official pledge given publicly by the Government at the Union, in respect to this matter; but there was scarcely any demi-official declaration by which the public mind in Ireland could be led in any direction at that time. Sir Francis quoted something or other from a pamphlet, which he regarded as the manifesto of the Government on the occasion of the Union; but Sir Robert states, that it was merely the production of the late Mr Cooke, then private secretary to the chief secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. But what says the celebrated speech of Mr Pitt on the Union? It was regarded as the authoritative exposition of the principles of the administration in respect to that measure; and the Speaker of the Irish House complained that the influence and power of Government had been employed in circulating it, and that 10,000 copies had been printed by the King's printer,—but nowhere is there to be found in that speech so printed and so circulated, any pledge, or even much encouragement, to the Roman Catholics. What were the words of the Speaker of the Irish House?

"His words are these: 'I will only observe upon it, that Mr Pitt's language is of such a nature, that one would imagine he had the two religions on either side of him, and one was not to hear what he said to the other. He tells the Catholic in his speech, that it is not easy to say what should be the Church Establishment in this kingdom; and his fifth resolution states that the present Church Establishment is to be preserved. He tells them, that the time for discussing their situation must depend on two points, 'when their conduct shall make it safe, and when the temper of the times shall be favourable;' and Mr Dundas adds, 'if ever such a time shall come.' This was Mr Foster's construction of Mr Pitt's speech. *He*, at least, did not conceive that Mr Pitt was circulating any distinct and positive pledge to the Roman Catholics: *he, answering Mr Pitt at the time*, did not collect from that speech any assurance on the part of Mr Pitt to that body, that, if they would support him in his object, he would support them in theirs. Let the House judge from Mr Pitt's own words:

"'By many I know it will be contended, that the religion professed by a majority of the people should at least be entitled to an equality of privileges. I have heard such an argument urged in this House; but those who apply it without qualification to the case of Ireland, forget, surely, the principles on which English interest and English connexion has been established in that country, and on which its present Legislature is formed. No man can say that, in the present state of things, and while Ireland remains a separate kingdom, full concession could be made to the Catholics without endangering the State, and shaking the constitution of Ireland to its centre.

"'On the other hand, without anticipating the discussion, or the propriety of agitating the question, or saying how soon, or how late, it may be fit to discuss it, two propositions are indisputable: First, when the conduct of the Catholics shall be such as to make it safe for the Government to admit them to the participation of the privileges granted to those of the Established Religion, and when the temper of the times shall be favourable to such a measure; when these events take place, it is obvious that such a question may be agitated in an united Imperial Parliament with much greater safety than it could be in a separate Legislature. In the second place, I think it certain that even for whatever period it may be thought necessary after the Union to withhold from the Catholics the enjoyment of those advantages, many of the objections which at present arise out of their situation would be removed, if the Protestant Legislature were no longer separate and local, but general and impartial.'"

But there were,—quoth the Knight of Kerry,—private pledges given by the Irish Government to the Roman Catholics, in order to secure their support to the Union. He was himself a member of that Government at that time, and was not merely cognisant of the fact, but a party to it. Well—be it so. What then? This proves nothing, except the obligation which such pledges imposed upon those who gave them,—they left surely no obligation upon the King or upon Parliament? This part of Sir Robert's speech is so excellent—so unanswerable—that we shall quote it without omission of a single word—it lays the bother of a pledge asleep—no more to be awakened even by the shrieking of a Shiel, or the bellowing of an O'Connell.

"Sir, in the first place, there was no official body to whom pledges of a public nature could be given; there was no recognised organ of the Roman Catholics, with whom the Government could communicate: all the intercourse was from individuals to individuals. The nearest approach to an assembly supposed to act for the Roman Catholics, was the meeting of the Prelates of that Communion then sitting in Dublin; and, though they deliberated on the question of a state-provision for the Roman Catholic clergy, it does not appear that the larger subject ever came before them. In the next place, the Roman Catholics could do little in the matter, if, in return for any pledges made to them, they had been disposed to exert themselves in support of the Union. They had not then sitting a rival Parliament, or Association, the resolutions of which might have been accepted by their brethren throughout the Island.

"In the last place, Sir, Mr Plowden, one of their own Church, and no mean authority on the subject, says distinctly, that though they 'generally gave all the weight they could command to Mr Pitt's proposition for the Union,' * * * 'though the predominant interest of the Catholics was certainly in favour of the Union, no public act of the body ever passed upon it: many Catholics in Dublin entered into very spirited and judicious resolutions against that fatal measure, and several of the most independent and best informed Catholics individually opposed it. Of all the King's subjects, the Irish Catholics had eminently the most reason to oppose the Union, by which they lost their own consequence. If, therefore, any pledge had been given, it does not *fully* appear, that the condition on which only, by the argument, it is assumed to be binding, was, on their part, fulfilled.

"But, Sir, no pledge was or could be given, except by individuals; and no pledge was given, even individually, by many whose names are quoted on these occasions. The late Lord Auckland, referring, in his speech on the Roman Catholic Question in 1805, to the Union, in the arrangement of which measure he states himself to have been much engaged, distinctly declares that he never heard of any such pledge; nay, more, that if the concessions were in the contemplation of the Government, they were industriously concealed from him and others of their associates. Above all, in 1805 Mr Pitt as distinctly denied that any pledge was given by him.

"The utmost which can be made out is briefly this, that Mr Pitt was not directly and in words, and to the Roman Catholics, but by conviction, and to his own conscience, pledged to bring forward his measure for their relief. That measure he found that he could not bring forward with the authority of Government; and therefore he resigned his office, and thus redeemed his 'pledge.' Let no man accuse Mr Pitt of breach of faith to the Roman Catholics: every expectation which they were entitled to form, as raised by him, he realized at a cost to himself greater almost than any mind except his own could measure. What greater object could there have been to a mind like Mr Pitt's, than to have closed this war which

he had commenced? What greater object could any man at any time have resigned, than power was to a mind like that of Mr Pitt? Yet his favourite projects of foreign policy, and his own unrivalled station, he resigned, when he found himself unable to carry into execution his wishes in favour of the Irish Roman Catholics.

"And, on another branch of this subject, let it always be recollected, that in taking office again, without stipulating for any measure in favour of the Roman Catholics, he violated no pledge to them. The paper in which Lord Cornwallis used the word *pledge*, as applied to the members of Government retiring in 1801, was an 'unsigned, undated paper, hastily given by me,' says Lord Cornwallis to Dr Troy, 'to be circulated amongst his friends, with the view of preventing any immediate disturbances, or other bad effects, that might be apprehended from the accounts that had just arrived from England; and if I used the word *pledged*, I could only mean that, in my opinion, the ministers, by resigning their offices, gave a pledge of their being friends to the measure of Catholic Emancipation; for I can assure you that I never received authority, directly or indirectly, from any member of administration who resigned his office at that time, to give a pledge that he would not embark again in the service of Government, except on the terms of the Catholic privileges being obtained.'

"Admitting however, that, there *was* a pledge, all that can be said, is, though the illustration is familiar, that the government of 1801 finding themselves unable to carry on their engagements, threw every thing up, and took the benefit of the insolvent act: but when they returned to the world, they were at liberty,—assuming again that there had been a pledge,—to consider that pledge redeemed, and a new account opened.

"After all, Sir, I am surprised at the doctrine, and still more at the quarter from which it comes, as if the opinions, or even the pledges of a minister, were to be binding not only upon himself and his colleagues, but upon his Sovereign and upon Parliament. Sir, admitting to the utmost, for the sake of argument, the positiveness and solemnity of every pledge assumed to have been given by Mr Pitt to the Irish Roman Catholics, the pledges were for his best exertions, and could not have been for the success of them.

"While, then, the Roman Catholics of the present day cannot, on the grounds of natural right, or on those of specific convention, claim the concession of the political privileges still withheld from them; while they cannot, on the faith of any honourable understanding at the time of the Union, urge the Legislature of the United Kingdom to surrender any further advantages to them, there may be, on the other hand, a preliminary and a fatal objection, in point of principle, on the part of one of the three branches of the Legislature, to the adoption of any such measure. To that objection I am old-fashioned enough to attach some weight."

Sir Robert then speaks shortly but nobly—yes, nobly—of the Coronation Oath. Thank God, the Oath was not considered by George the Third, of blessed and happy memory, a bugbear—nor is it so considered by our present most gracious Monarch—nor by the Christian people over whom he bears sway. We expressed our opinions freely and boldly on this solemn subject, in our review of the irresistible argument of the Dean of Chester—and the following short passage is a worthy supplement to the views of that great reasoner,—that powerful champion of the true religious and political faith.

"I trust that this House will never forget the right of the Sovereign to exercise his judgment equally with either House on every measure before Parliament. And there are other and mixed cases, perhaps the Roman Catholic Question is one, in which the Sovereign, for the time being, might feel that, if the Legislature shall not have prescribed an authoritative exposition of his intended oath, he is bound, seeking the aid of history and of the general context of the constitution, to give his own conscientious interpretation to the oath, and to act upon it accordingly. This was clearly the case with our late illustrious monarch. If the Sovereign, for the time being, shall judge himself to be bound by the oath to a particular line of conduct, it is a question altogether between him and his Maker: but even if the King's *conscience* be not necessarily bound, his *judgment*, which is constitutionally free, may equally lead him to the same result; and though the doctrine is unpopular in this House, I will repeat, that the King of England is not, as some half republicans call him, merely the first magistrate, but an original, integral, essential part of the Legislature, and as much entitled to a deliberative voice in any measure, as either House of Parliament; though by the in-

dulgence of the House of Hanover, the right has never, I think, been exercised since their accession. I refer to the question only lest I should appear to overlook the subject altogether. I mean not to enter in detail upon it; it is sufficient for my purpose to state, that though future Parliaments might suggest to future Sovereigns a different interpretation of the oath, there might *now* be legal and constitutional objections to the measure, fatal, and justly and constitutionally fatal, to its success, even if it should be recommended by the unanimous voice of the two Houses."

The question of Catholic Emancipation then comes next to be argued, not as one of right, but of expediency—and if of expediency, then, as Sir Robert most truly says, though the extent may vary, the principle is the same, whether its objects be ten men or ten millions. "I have," says he, "hitherto put wholly out of the question the number of the applicants: if a claim be founded in right, I should be ashamed to withhold it from one poor and silent man; if it be not founded in right, I should be ashamed of a Government which would be bullied by six clamorous and sturdy millions into a weak and inconsistent concession. The whole question then, is, whether the concession be weak and inconsistent, or wise and prudent?" Nothing can be better than the following bold passage—

"I say, then, that the question of Roman Catholic emancipation is like the merest and meanest question of domestic policy for which a bill is introduced into this House, to be canvassed and decided on the grounds of more or less public convenience following the rejection or the concession of it. 'Right,' as Mr Pitt stated, 'is independent of circumstances, and paramount to them; whilst expediency is the creature of circumstances, and, in a great measure, dependent upon them;' and I am very willing to admit, that in *this* point of view, it is a very different question whether the number of the petitioners be ten or ten millions: but I will not stop here; but say at once, that the argument cuts two ways; and, if it be more important to conciliate millions than hundreds, assuming that the measure asked would conciliate them, it is, on the other hand, more important and a more imperative duty to resist all concession, and to disregard all threats, when there is a moral certainty that we are only arming discontent with power, that we are leaguing physical strength with political importance, and putting new weapons of assault in the hands of those who have already shewn us that they want not the spirit and the will to use them."

That excellent and able man, Mr Dogherty, the Solicitor-general for Ireland, told the House that there were three different lines of conduct open to them to pursue; and he urged them to strike into that which he called the new and untrod line of concession and conciliation. In what path, asks Sir Robert Inglis, have the Imperial Parliament, or the separate Legislatures, been treading for the last forty years, if not in the path of concession? And has it led to conciliation? If it has not, why should we advance farther upon it? And why should we entertain greater hopes of succeeding now than we entertained forty years ago? Have we, after all our efforts, yet come in sight of conciliation? And if we have not, when do we expect to reach it?

Sir Robert then compares the language of Roman Catholic Priests and Bishops of former times—from those of Berkeley even down to 1782—and of the laity too—with that held by them *now*, and thus places before us a singular contrast indeed between the Roman Catholic as he was before the House had given to him a draught of political power, and as he was in the first hour of enjoying it—and the Roman Catholic as he is, now that he has obtained what then appeared his object, and asks, dissatisfied, for more. What has been gained, he asks, in the loyalty and good order, and affectionate submission of our Roman Catholic subjects, by all those concessions? The answer is one that ought to confound—for it is confounding—and there is something stern, and sullen, and threatening, in the very echoes. This part of the subject he treats most ably—nay eloquently—and thus concludes—

"Let us not suppose, that by granting the present claims on the scale urged by the advocates of the petitioners in this House, we shall satisfy them: Sir, that scale will not satisfy the Roman Catholics of Ireland; at least it will not satisfy their leaders: and if our object be the pacification of Ireland, in that object we shall be as much disappointed when we have granted the present demands, as if

we did nothing. If conciliation be 'nine-tenths of the divine value of the measure,' according to a speech which I heard from an honourable and learned gentleman three years ago, you will never attain more than the odd tenth of such value, whatever that may be. By the system now proposed, you will do nothing but arm discontent with power. Grant not, then, the present claims, unless you are prepared to grant more; grant not the political power now demanded, unless you are ready to grant in the following year that which will remain. Consider what is the expediency of granting power to those, who tell us at once—if their language did not tell us, their conduct is loud-tongued—that they will not be satisfied with that power. If then you are still to leave the Roman Catholics dissatisfied and discontented, for what purpose have you made the Protestants also dissatisfied and discontented? Mr O'Connell states, that he, as an individual, would never be satisfied with emancipation alone: and Dr Doyle told us, four years ago, 'that the excess of the Establishment in Ireland must be corrected:'—'this mammon of iniquity in the hands of Churchmen.' And he says, significantly, that 'emancipation will not remedy the evils of the tythe system.' Mr O'Connell, indeed, in a speech revised by himself, speaks of the legislature of England as 'a foreign parliament.' These harangues have done more harm to the cause of the Roman Catholics than any opposition elsewhere: they are not the speeches of individuals only, but they have been stamped with delegated authority by the resolutions of different aggregate bodies of their countrymen. Thus, at the General Meeting of Catholics in the County of Clare, it is said that Mr Shiel (the House will recollect enough of his Speeches last year, to spare me the trouble of quoting them,) 'Mr Shiel deserves the confidence of the Irish people.' At the meeting at Drogheda, the Roman Catholic Archbishop and Primate, Curtis, in the chair, it was 'resolved, that Daniel O'Connell, Esq. and Richard Shiel, Esq. are entitled to our grateful thanks, which are hereby given to them.' Nor is this sanction given to Mr O'Connell by Irish Roman Catholics only: I grieve to say, that the British Roman Catholics, who up to a late period have conducted themselves with temper and discretion, departed, July 26, 1826, from their former prudent course, and at a meeting, Charles Butler, Esq. in the chair, passed a resolution of 'thanks to D. O'Connell, Esq. for his zealous and efficient services to the Catholic cause.' In this way, Sir, the Roman Catholics of the empire have unhappily adopted the violent sentiments of those whom they thus hold forth as entitled to their public gratitude; and have to blame themselves and their advocates only for the hostility of public opinion against their cause. I cannot but see symptoms of the deep, growing, and enlightened hostility of the people of this country to this question; of its literary men, largely; of its gentry in a considerable proportion; and generally of the middle orders, in whom pre-eminently in England reside the strength and the principle of our institutions. One of the weapons with which we are assailed is the use of 'great names,' not one of whom, perhaps, would have agreed with the other, in the point of concession to which they would go, or in the securities which they would require. Another weapon, is 'the advance of the cause in society:' and we are taunted with the holes and corners to which bigots and bats are driven: but so long as a large majority of the House of Lords, and a nearly equal division of the House of Commons, shall resist the concession of these claims, so long am I entitled to state that the *higher* orders are against them; so long as I see the opinions of the great bodies of the Church, and of the country gentlemen of England, opposed to these innovations,—so long am I entitled to say, that the most *influential* classes are against them."

There remains now, only the argument *ad verecundiam*, where Sir Francis alluded to the policy of foreign states, in employing their subjects of every religious sect without distinction in the public service. This most ignorant argument has already been exposed in this Magazine, by a writer of a truly British spirit, who sees through all such flimsy sophistries, and tears the web to pieces with a strong hand. In no part of his speech is Sir Robert Inglis more triumphant than here; and he does indeed speak so as to bring a blush on the cheek of those very modest persons, who use *this argument ad verecundiam*. This argument, by which, looking at the liberality of all other Protestant states, as the case is described, we are to be shamed into a concession of the demands of our Roman Catholic countrymen, as if it were equally unjust in all ages, and unfashionable in the present, to keep up any political distinction on the ground of religion, is founded on as-

sumption, not merely that the fact is so, namely, that all other Protestant states do admit Roman Catholics to equal civil privileges; but above all, that the situation of the British empire is essentially the same with that of the several states brought forward as examples; and, therefore, that it is as wise and safe for her to pull down all those barriers, which all men admit were once necessary for her, as it is for the other states in question not to erect them. Mr Galley Knight, a man of abilities, and a gentleman—assumes in his pamphlet, that "England is the most illiberal of all civilized countries;" and a noble lord, in his letters to the late Sir George Lee, says, that the only exceptions in Europe to universal toleration, are Spain, Turkey, and England; and that therefore it is with Ferdinand VII. and the Grand Seignor, that Great Britain must be content to run the race, and divide the prize of bigotry—that, in short, no other states profess to found on the religious distinctions of their subjects, any claim on the one hand, or any impediment on the other, to the attainment of civil honours.

All this is very smart—very sarcastic—very witty, indeed—so much so, that it would not be safe for dull people like us to attempt meeting such a Swift at his own weapons. Sir Robert Inglis, too, seems to be less a man of fancy than of understanding; and replies to this vivacious and witty noble lord in a strain of sober reasoning, that must be very annoying to the illustrious joker—if he be yet alive—which we, who live rather out of the witty world, know not—but we hope he is alive and kicking. Sir Robert simply says, "I deny the fact—though even if I admitted it, I could easily shew that it is of no use in the argument, unless the circumstances of the several countries shall be precisely the same with those of the United Kingdom."

"It is true, that at the congress of 1815 the old laws in the several states composing the Germanic body were altered, as stated in Papers before this House, and as repeated by Mr Galley Knight: but to this day the religion of Sweden is Lutheran: and the laws in Sweden against persons of a 'foreign religion' appear, by the papers on the table of this House, to be very severe. In respect to one provision, there seemed in 1809 to be some relaxation; but it is immediately followed by this rule, 'such only as profess the true Evangelical Creed' (I read from the Supplementary Papers of 1817) 'can be appointed Ministers of State, Counsellors of State, Counsellors of Justice, Secretaries of State, MEN IN ALL CIVIL OFFICES, and Judges within the kingdom.' And in the following year, there appeared another regulation from the Diet established by the King and States General, 'Persons professing any other doctrine than the Reformed one cannot be adopted as Members of the Diet; but the right of election cannot be refused to those who are Christians.'

"Now sir, as to Denmark. From a paper drawn up by the celebrated Schlegel, and transmitted by Mr Foster, then the King's minister at Copenhagen, that gentleman draws this conclusion, which I will read from his dispatch: 'From this paper it appears, that the laws of Denmark prohibit the Roman Catholics generally exercising their religion within the kingdom, and that, whatever liberty of worship particular communions of men may enjoy, exists in virtue of special favours conferred upon them; in Holstein, by the ancient sovereigns of that country, which were afterwards confirmed by the Kings of Denmark; or in Denmark itself by the Danish crown, out of regard to the French and Austrian Missions.'

"Denmark, it is true, is an almost absolute monarchy; and, perhaps, the sovereign who to-day prohibits the Roman Catholic worship, may to-morrow call a Roman Catholic to his councils, having always the uncontrolled power of dismissing him the next day: but in a small and free state adjoining Denmark, the state of Hamburg, there appears, when the returns which I quote were made to this Government, to have been in 1816, the same system of exclusion, which our new authorities tell us, is confined to Turkey and to Spain.

"'The right of public exercise of religion, as also the rights of the dominant Church, remain solely reserved to those who profess the Evangelical Lutheran religion; also especially in *civilibus*, and namely for the faculty of places of honour in this place, burghers, collegiis, officiis, services of the town, and whatever else may be in this way.'

"'The subjects of the crown of Portugal,' says Mr Chamberlain in his dispatch, 'must be Catholics, at least outwardly: they are not permitted to be otherwise.

"'Foreigners of different persuasions are not molested on that account; but with the exception of British subjects, who, by the treaty of 1810, are permitted to have chapels and churches, under certain restrictions, they have no right, nor would they be permitted, publicly to celebrate divine service.'

"Now to revert to freer states: let us look to Switzerland. In the Roman Ca-

tholic Cantons of Switzerland, with the exception of Soleure, and a late addition to Fribourg, the Roman Catholic religion is the exclusive religion of the state. Even in the democratic Cantons, the cradle of Swiss liberty, 'the Catholic faith is the exclusive religion of these Cantons, none other is tolerated.'

"I will not state to the House the condition of Protestants, as such, in Italy. I have already proved, I trust satisfactorily to the House, that the assertions lately hazarded in respect to the conduct of 'all the civilized powers,' ought to be abundantly qualified. Admitting, however, for the sake of argument, that there are no exceptions to the correctness of this general proposition, and conceding what I never will concede, that the authority of other States ought to be brought forward to influence us in a matter of domestic policy; I contend that the distinction between the cases is sufficiently great, to render that measure very dangerous in Great Britain, which may be safe if not salutary in Prussia.

"Though I will confine myself chiefly to Prussia, on which most stress has been laid, I will ask, in passing, whether the King of the Netherlands did not banish the Bishop of Ghent, the Prince de Broglio, for some part of his ecclesiastical conduct; and whether the King of France did not prohibit another Bishop from circulating one of his *mandemens;* and whether, if the King of England were, however wisely, advised to attempt any such remedial process upon Dr Doyle, or Dr Mac Hale, as a mere prohibition of a *mandement*, there would not be such a clamour, about rights of Englishmen, and rights of conscience, as is now raised about emancipation?

"I ask, then, is there no difference between the power enjoyed in Ireland by the Roman Catholics, of bearding the Legislature, if not the law, by their association meetings; and the power enjoyed by the Roman Catholic in Prussia, where no public meeting whatever would be allowed?—Is there no difference between a country where every product of the press is free, where all the proceedings of all the incendiaries of Ireland are circulated with impunity; and a country where, if technically there be no licenser, it is sufficiently known and felt, that no work obnoxious to the Government can be published with safety?—Is there no difference between a population of six millions, concentrated in one island, with an O'Connell and a Shiel at their head, brandishing their physical force against us, while they urge us to add to it political power; and a population of two-thirds of the number, scattered over an immense area, without any political leader, or bond of union, and without any whisper of an expression of hostile design?—Is there no difference between a country where nineteen twentieths of the property is in the hands of one class, perhaps not the fifth in number; and a country, where the population and the property are nearly equally divided, and where, therefore, it is not necessary to keep political power in one scale, in order to maintain the balance of the other? Is there no difference between a country, where offices of trust and power in corporations are elective; and a country where all magistrates are nominated by the crown; and where, as Ellys said long ago, 'the government need not fear having more persons than they desire, in public posts, of a religion different from the established one:' being themselves *quoad hoc* absolute, 'they want no standing laws to keep them out?'—Is there no difference between a country, the government of which is itself largely vested in an elective body [which body, if the power were granted to the Roman Catholics to-morrow, would in ten years, receive from the popular elections in Ireland, an immense and most influential accession of Roman Catholic members; the Protestants, whether friends or foes, being weeded out one by one]; and a country, where there is no elective body, and no power, therefore, except in the King and the law?—Is there no difference between a country, where the King cannot deprive the meanest subject of his liberty, and cannot check the speeches of an O'Connell, or the letters of a J. K. L., except by tedious and perhaps uncertain processes; and a country where, if a demagogue were to rise up, whether layman or ecclesiastic, he would be sent at once to Spandau or to Magdeburg? Is there no difference between a country, the bishops and the people of which, so far as they are Roman Catholics, resist all interference on the part of the crown with their ecclesiastical appointments, and say that a veto would be death to their faith; and a country, all orders and degrees in which, the Roman Catholic and Protestant hierarchies, are equally and willingly subject to the control of the sovereign?

We have now given the substance of the Substance of two Speeches, by Sir Robert Harry Inglis. It will *tell*. It will be abused—but not answered. Most amusing to us is it to see, almost every week, the whole year through, denunciations, at once silly and surly, of our stupidity, in many of the Whig newspapers and other periodicals. If we are stupid, Lord pity the great bulk and body of mankind! We suspect that we are more vulnerable on other sides than that of sheer stupidity—and

we often wonder that our adversaries have not the sense and sagacity to discover our weak points, and smite us on the midriff. But they seem all as blind as bats, and keep fluttering in vain gyrations round our head, occasionally coming into contact with our " right shoulders forward," and then down into the dust they drop, with blinking and bleary eyes, at once piteous and disgustful, and are loathsomely kicked away in amongst the toads. Why do they not settle our business once for all—by taking one of our long, stupid, Leading Articles—say on the Catholic Question—or FreeTrade, or the State of the Country, or the Politics of Europe, and so shew it up, through all its false statements and illogical arguments, seriatim, and in detail, that the whole civilized world shall burst out into one universal guffaw, in the face of Maga, who, burning with blushes, like a very meteor, into which an evil spirit or fiend has been transformed, forthwith careers away into the solitude of uninhabited space, and hides her unhappy head in everlasting oblivion? Instead of acting in this manly and murderous manner, the poor creatures keep yelping at her, like so many curs at that other monthly luminary, the moon. " Oft in the stilly night," travellers see the collies sitting on knowes, and whining dolefully against Luna, walking like a queen along the sky. The brighter she shines among the extinguished or faded stars, the more angrily yelp the curs—while an occasional mongrel gets suddenly alarmed at Diana, and scampers off to his kennel, as if the moon were chasing him—for fear is a presumptuous passion, and in the heart of what is called a dumb animal, is felt absolutely to connect him in all his hairiness, with the brightest of the heavenly bodies.

To conclude—why will the true Tory newspapers persist in calling upon Mr Peel for a public declaration of his opinions on the question of Catholic Emancipation? It is not handsome—and it is absurd. Mr Peel never in all his life said or did one single thing to justify the slightest suspicion of apostacy from that great cause of which he ever has been—is—and will be—the changeless champion. If his character is not sufficient security to us of his Protestantism, then no Minister in England can hope for the confidence of the people. Therefore silence, at this season, becomes the Man. Whenever it was necessary, for the sake of the Constitution, to speak, he has spoken—and when that necessity returns, which it will soon do, he will be heard to speak again—and his voice in many ears will be as thunder. But he will not confine himself to speaking—he will act. So will Wellington. The two together will move forwards at the head of the whole army—and in that " March of Intellect," traitors and rebels will be overthrown. The British—for there will be no need to follow up the victory—will then fall quietly back, and take up for the winter a position, at once offensive and defensive, on Constitution Hill.

FLIES.

To the enlightened and discriminating mind, it must necessarily occasion considerable surprise, that a propensity to indulge in the fascinating pastime of killing flies should ever have been imputed as a grave offence to the Emperor Domitian; for, putting the amusement to be derived from such a pursuit entirely out of the question, there are few of the minor virtues which are more calculated to engage the sympathy, and command the approbation of mankind, than that hostility to dipterous nuisances which characterised the last of the Cæsars; and we may perhaps regard the feelings which led the august fly-catcher to employ his leisure moments in the persecution of those obnoxious insects, as atoning, in some measure, for the commission of a thousand crimes—for licentiousness, tyranny, and fratricide. With what a thrilling sensation of delight must the ruler of the world have sunk exhausted upon his couch, after having, on one occasion, as we are informed by his historian, exerted himself in his favourite occupation with so much energy and success, as to remain untroubled by the company of a single fly! What a delicious consciousness, that no winged pest would interfere to disturb the repose in which he doubtless took that opportunity of indulging, must at the moment have pervaded his imperial bosom! This desirable consummation we confess that we have never yet been able to attain, though most devoutly have we wished, and most ardently have we striven for it;—though, when solicitous of a midsummer-day's dream, we have never consigned ourselves to the embraces of the most seductive of Merlin chairs, without having taken the precautionary measure of crushing and annihilating, as we fondly imagined, every insect that existed *intra quatuor parietes*, yet have we notwithstanding been invariably disturbed from the placid slumbers which are the fruit of virtuous actions and a good conscience by the malicious pranks of some little winged monster, which, having contrived to escape the general slaughter of his comrades, had doubtless been allured by the bland expression of our not uninviting countenance to make that its gymnasium; nor has there consequently ever been a modern Bibius, who, if he were asked on any afternoon between April and October, what happy creature was at that time being blest with our society, could conscientiously reply, "Ne musca quidem."

Cruelty to animals is a subject which has deservedly attracted parliamentary investigation. It is not beneath the dignity of a Christian legislator to prevent the unnecessary sufferings of the meanest of created things; and a law which is dictated by humanity can surely be no disgrace to the statute-book. Who that has witnessed the barbarous and unmanly sports of the cock-pit and the stake—the fiendlike ingenuity displayed by the lord of the creation in teaching his dependents to torture, mangle, and destroy each other for his own amusement—the cruelties of the greedy and savage task-master towards the dumb labourer whose strength has decayed in his service—or the sufferings of the helpless brute that drags with pain and difficulty its maimed carcass to Smithfield—what reasonable being that has witnessed all or any of this, will venture to affirm that interference is officious and uncalled for? Yet it is certain that Mr Martin acted properly and wisely in excluding flies from the operation of his act—well knowing, as he must have done, that the feeling of the majority was decidedly averse from affording parliamentary countenance and immunity to those descendants of the victims of Domitian's just indignation; although it is understood that such a provision would have been cordially supported by the Whigs, they being advocates for universal toleration. The simple question for consideration would be, whether the conduct and principles of the insect species have undergone such a material change as to entitle them to new and extraordinary enactments in their favour? Have they entirely divested themselves of their licentious and predatory habits, and learnt now for the first time to distinguish between right and wrong? Do they understand what it is to commit sacrilege? To intrude into the sanctum

sanctorum of the meat-safe? To rifle and defile the half-roseate, half lily-white charms of a virgin ham? To touch with unhallowed proboscis the immaculate lip of beauty, the unprotected scalp of old age, the savoury glories of the kitchen? To invade with the most reckless indifference, and the most wanton malice, the siesta of the alderman or the philosopher? To this we answer in the eloquent and emphatic language of the late Mr Canning—*No!* Unamiable and unconciliating monsters! The wildest and most ferocious inhabitants of the desert may be reclaimed from their savage nature, and taught to become the peaceful denizens of a menagerie—but ye are altogether untractable and untameable. Gratitude and sense of shame, the better parts of instinct, have never yet interposed their sacred influence to prevent the commission of one treacherous or unbecoming action of yours. The holy rites of hospitality are by you abused and set at nought; and the very roof which shelters you is desecrated with the marks of your irreverential contempt for all things human and divine. Would that—(and the wish is expressed more in sorrow than in anger)—would that your entire species were condensed into one enormous blue-bottle, that we might crush you all at a single swoop!

Many, calling themselves philanthropists and Christians, have omitted to squabash a fly when they had an opportunity of so doing; nay, some of these people have even been known to go the length of writing verses on the occasion, in which they applaud themselves for their own humane disposition, and congratulate the object of their mistaken mercy on its narrow escape from impending fate. There is nothing more wanting than to propose the establishment of a Royal Humane Society for the resuscitation of flies apparently drowned or suffocated. Can it possibly be imagined by the Saint or the Liberal, (we believe the accusation may be confined to these two classes, and the more aged of the softer sex,) who has succeeded after infinite pains in rescuing a greedy and intrusive insect from a gin-and-watery grave in his own vile potations, that he has thereby consulted the happiness of his fellow creatures, or promoted the cause of decency, cleanliness, good order, and domestic comfort? Let him watch the career of the mischievous little demon which he has thus been the means of restoring to the world, when he might have arrested its progress for ever. Observe the stout and respectable gentleman, loved, honoured, and esteemed in all the various relations of father, husband, friend, citizen, and Christian, who is on cushioned sofa composing himself for his wonted nap, after a dinner in substance and quantity of the most satisfactory description, and not untempered by a modicum of old port. His amiable partner, with that refined delicacy and sense of decorum peculiar to the female sex, has already withdrawn with her infant progeny, leaving her good man, as she fondly imagines, to enjoy the sweets of uninterrupted repose. At one moment we behold him slumbering softly as an infant—"so tranquil, helpless, stirless, and unmoved;" in the next, we remark with surprise sundry violent twitches and contortions of the limbs, as though the sleeper were under the operation of galvanism, or suffering from the pangs of a guilty conscience. Of what hidden crime does the memory thus agitate him—breaking in upon that rest which should steep the senses in forgetfulness of the world and its cares? On a sudden he starts from his couch with an appearance of frenzy!—his nostrils dilated, his eyes gleaming with immoderate excitation—an incipient curse quivering on his lips, and every vein swelling—every muscle tense with fearful and passionate energy of purpose. Is he possessed with a devil, or does he meditate suicide, that his manner is so wild and hurried? With impetuous velocity he rushes to the window, and beneath his vehement but futile strokes, aimed at a scarcely visible, and certainly impalpable object, the fragile glass flies into fragments, the source of future colds and curtain lectures without number. The immediate author of so much mischief, it is true, is the diminutive vampire which is now making its escape with cold-blooded indifference through a very considerable fracture in one of the panes; but surely the person who saved from destruction, and may thus be considered to have given existence to the cause of all this loss of temper

and of property, cannot conscientiously affirm that *his* withers are unwrung! Mercy and forbearance are very great virtues when exercised with proper discretion; but man owes a paramount duty to society, with which none of the weaknesses, however amiable, of his nature should be allowed to interfere. It is no mercy to pardon and let loose upon the community one who, having already been convicted of manifold delinquencies, only waits a convenient season for adding to the catalogue of his crimes; and what is larceny, or felony, or even treason, compared with the perpetration of the outrages above attempted to be described?—We pause for a reply.

Summer is a most delectable—a most glorious season. We, who are fond of basking as a lizard, and whose inward spirit dances and exults like a very mote in the sun-beam, always hail its approach with rapture; but our anticipations of bright and serene days—of blue, cloudless, and transparent skies—of shadows the deeper from intensity of surrounding light—of yellow corn-fields, listless rambles, and lassitude rejoicing in green and sunny banks—are alloyed by this one consideration, that

> Waked by the summer ray, the reptile young
> Come winged abroad. From every chink
> And secret corner, where they slept away
> The wintry storms; by myriads forth at once,
> Swarming they pour.

Go where you will, it is not possible to escape these "winged reptiles." They abound exceedingly in all sunny spots; nor in the shady lane do they not haunt every bush, and lie perdu under every leaf, thence sallying forth on the luckless wight who presumes to molest their "solitary reign;" they hang with deliberate importunity over the path of the sauntering pedestrian, and fly with the flying horseman, like the black cares (that is to say, blue devils) described by the Roman lyrist. Within doors they infest, harpy-like, the dinner-table—

> Diripiuntque dapes, contactuque omnia foedant
> Immundo—

and hover in impending clouds over the sugar basin at tea; in the pantry it is buz; in the dairy it is buz; in the kitchen it is buz; one loud, long-continued, and monotonous buz! Having little other occupation than that of propagating their species, the natural consequence, as we may learn from Mr Malthus, is that their numbers increase in a frightfully progressive ratio from year to year; and it has at length become absolutely necessary that some decisive measures should be adopted to counteract the growing evil.

Upon the whole, he would not perhaps be considered to speak rashly or unadvisedly, who should affirm, that no earthly creature, of the same insignificant character and pretensions, is the agent of nearly so much mischief as the fly—a modern Whig only excepted. What a blessed order of things would immediately ensue, if both the one and the other were to be entirely swept away from the face of the earth! This most wished-for event, we fear, it will never be our lot to witness; but it may be permitted to a sincere patriot, in his benevolent and enthusiastic zeal for the well-being of his country, to indulge in aspirations that are tinged with a shade of extravagance. With respect, however, to the first mentioned vermin, the idea of their total annihilation may not be altogether chimerical. We know that the extirpation of wolves from England was accomplished by the commutation of an annual tribute for a certain number of their heads; and it is well worth the consideration of the legislature, whether, by adopting a somewhat similar principle, they may not rid the British dominions of an equally great and crying nuisance. The noble Duke, now at the head of his Majesty's Government, has it in his power to add another ray to his illustrious name, to secure the approbation and gratitude of all classes of the community, and to render his Ministry for ever memorable, by the accomplishment of so desirable an object. In the mean time, let the Society of Arts offer their next large gold medal to the person who shall invent the most ingenious and destructive fly-trap. A certain quantity of quassia might be distributed gratis at Apothecary's Hall, as vaccinatory matter is at the Cow-pox Hospital, with very considerable effect; and an act of parliament should be passed without delay, declaring the wilful destruction of a spider to be felony. (Mr Peel's act

has happily taken away the benefit of clergy.) Spiders are an ill-used and much calumniated race; they are the most diffident and unobtrusive creatures in the world; and, if not decidedly handsome, have at least something exceedingly interesting in their appearance. We are not quite sure that they should not be regarded with as much veneration, on account of their meritorious labours, as ever the Ibis was held in by the Egyptians, because it was in the habit of destroying serpents and other obnoxious reptiles. Yet females have been known to fall into hysterics at the very sight of a spider; and the housemaid sweeps away its beautiful web without compunction! The above random hints may or may not be adopted by those for whom they are intended; but should we have been the means of inducing a single disciple of the saintly school to renounce the vulgar prejudices—the feeling sentimentality of his sect, and to become accessary to the death of a fly without an ejaculation, and without a shudder—then shall we consider that we have lived not altogether in vain; and, in future, we shall be animated in our humble endeavours to cherish and uphold the public good by the reflection, that we have already contributed to promote it in no inconsiderable degree.

Κυων.

Southampton Buildings.

AN OLD MAID'S STORY.

About twenty years ago, while wandering in foreign lands with the vain hope of escaping from the cares which clung round my heart, I found myself in a part of the South of France, at that time little frequented by strangers. After a weary day's journey through an uninteresting country and execrable roads, without the interruption of one incident that could divert my thoughts or soothe my sorrows, I began to feel in great want of refreshment and repose; and the postilion having got off his horse to walk up a hill, I inquired of him how soon I might expect to reach the next stage, and what hope I might have of good accommodations for the night. His consoling reply was, that "twenty minutes would bring me to the end of my day's journey, and though the village inn was but small, it was renowned for its Parisian cook, excellent beds, and moderate charges." Good! thought I; and the bare idea of such a place, after the miserable lodgings of the last two nights, assisted to raise my drooping spirits, already improved by my attention having been drawn to external objects. Leaning forward therefore in my cabriolet, I first perceived those changes in the surrounding scenery which mark the approach to a village, and regretted that the increasing darkness prevented me from distinguishing the novelties of the place, and the varieties in the countenances and dress of the inhabitants. However, I determined, if I found the country pleasant, and the inn as comfortable as it was represented, to stop for a few days, and enjoy (as I had often done before) the liberty of the unfortunate, who have no friends to expect their arrival, no loved object to embrace at the end of their journey.

The road, in consequence of an impassable torrent, and several undisturbed rocks of great height, proved to be longer than I had reason to expect, and the postilion apologized for his mistake by informing me, that owing to the melting of the snow on the neighbouring mountains, the usual passage, which would have brought us straight to the village, was interrupted, and he was obliged to turn off another way. At length, after jolting about in the dusk for what appeared to me a considerable time, and having run the risk of several overturns, I had the satisfaction of finding myself really in a street, where even that tiresome sound, the barking of dogs, by testifying the vicinity of human habitations, was welcome to the ears of a tired traveller.

In a few minutes we stopped at the door of an inn, where I expected to settle myself at least for that night; but, to my great disappointment, the fat, smiling landlady, who hastened down the steps, assured me she was "in despair at not being able to receive me, but that it was unfortunate-

ly quite impossible, her house being so full that she must give up her own bed to a traveller who had arrived half an hour before." I expressed my very sincere regret at this unexpected intelligence, and inquired if there was not another inn, or some private house, where I could pass the night. The landlady replied, " that there was no other public house of entertainment within four leagues; but"—— and there she made a full stop, just as I was anxiously listening for the conclusion of her sentence. A tall, thin man, in clerical black clothes, who had followed her out of the house, and stood on the last step hearkening to what passed between us, now approached, and, after bowing civilly to me, said, in a low tone to the landlady, " The ladies at the Castle are very hospitable, but——" " Very true, Mr Curate," replied she in a similar half whisper, " and there are the best accommodations and every comfort a tired traveller could wish for; but——"

All these *buts* depressed my spirits, and I leaned back in the carriage without interfering, while these good people were consulting how I should be disposed of for the night. At length the postilion, who had waited very patiently without taking off the horses, joined in the conversation; and, on listening to what might be his advice, I heard him say in reply to one of the landlady's *buts*, " Don't you see yourself that she is quite alone?" and in a moment after, the mild, pale face of the ecclesiastic was close to my carriage, peeping into it with a very inquisitive eye, and various lights happening to be turned towards it, he was at no loss to ascertain the contents. He made many apologies for taking the liberty of interfering, " but seeing that the lady had no one with her to consult, he ventured to recommend that she should proceed directly to the Castle of Varesne, which was only a quarter of a league distant, and demand a night's lodging from the worthy mistresses of the mansion. They will probably," added he, " receive you without hesitation; but should the lateness of the hour, or any other cause, occasion scruples about admitting you, do me the honour to mention me, the Curate of Varesne, as the person who recommended you to seek their mansion."

I returned thanks for the old gentleman's kindness, and flattered myself that we were about to proceed, when a serious obstacle was discovered. It was now quite dark, and the lamps of my carriage were unprovided with candles; for, as I proposed making short journeys on account of my weak state of health, I had never thought of preparing for nocturnal travelling, and in fact had not been out after sun-set once since my departure from Lyons. The necessity for lights, however, was real, and perceiving that some farther delay was unavoidable, I accepted the landlady's invitation to rest myself in her chamber, which she had not yet surrendered to the strangers; but the confusion resulting from the unaccustomed influx of travellers, was so great, that we could hardly get up stairs, and my hostess was called off in a moment after by a new arrival. I waited patiently some minutes for a glass of spring water, which she had promised to send me, but in vain; and after endeavouring to quench my thirst with some of the undrinkable liquid given me to wash my hands, I hastened to take refuge, from the noise and bustle of the house, in my cabriolet, which stood at a little distance from the door, and with much satisfaction found that the postilion had contrived means of lighting the lamps more speedily than I could have expected.

The mistress of the inn, having disposed of the newly arrived travellers, and totally forgotten my glass of water, soon hastened after me with a great many apologies for her abrupt disappearance, and begged I would at least take a biscuit, and a little fruit with me in the carriage; but I declined her offer, being too anxious to reach a place of rest for the night to run the risk of farther delay; and the postilion, who seemed almost as impatient as myself, springing upon his horse with great alacrity, we were on the point of setting out, when the shrill voice of the hostess obliged him to stop, and the curate of the village, again advancing, begged pardon for detaining me a moment longer, and, with confusion in his manner, enquired, whether I was " really quite alone, or had any gentleman of my party who might be expected to follow me?" The question seemed strange, but was put with so much politeness; that I immediately replied, " I travel without any companion, male or female, and have not even a servant to attend me—In truth, I am alone in

the wide world." The last words were inadvertently uttered in a tone which appeared to touch the heart of the old curate, for he gave a deep sigh and said, "I pray you, madam, to forgive me." His retiring bow was the signal for my departure, and the last compliments of the landlady were lost amid the rattling of the wheels.

It was now past nine o'clock, and a gloomy evening, so that when we left the lights of the village behind us, all around, beyond the contracted glimmer of the lamps, appeared quite dark; and, as we slowly advanced, I began to feel faint, and regret having refused the landlady's offer of some refreshment in the carriage; the postilion, however, who had profited by the delay, to swallow several glasses of wine, did not seem at all dispirited by the prolongation of his journey, but, as soon as he observed the increasing obscurity, leaped to the ground, and proceeded on foot to lead forward the horses, desiring me to "be tranquil, for he was a native of the place, and knew the road so well, that he could go it blindfold." I assured him I had no fears, and a few minutes after, he enquired "if I had ever heard of the ladies of Varesne?" I replied that I had not, and took the opportunity of asking "who they were?" upon which he informed me that they were "two old unmarried sisters, the last remains of an ancient family, once the lords of the village and a large territory round, but now so much reduced, that these ladies possessed little except the castle and a few fields about it." "They are very good ladies?" said I, wishing to hear something more of the persons I was going to intrude on. "None better in the whole country," replied the postilion, "but,"—I was provoked at hearing that odious monosyllable again, and in spite of my curiosity, determined to ask no more questions; so leaning back in the carriage, I began to hum a tune. The postilion cracked his whip, the horses somewhat quickened their pace, and in a few minutes we turned off the high road and began to ascend a hill.

"This is the turn to the castle, madam;" said the man, who still continued to go on foot; "we shall soon be at the great gate—Heaven send that it may be opened to us! But the ladies of Varesne are very odd—they are not at all like other people."—I could perceive that the man wanted to be questioned, but not being inclined to seek any farther information from him, I merely said that "the curate of the parish had given me reason to expect a favourable reception"—to which he replied, "I hope he is right"—but it was in a tone of doubt that did not please me.

We advanced so slowly that it was a full half-hour from the time the carriage left the inn-door until it stopped before the gate of Varesne Castle. The postilion rang the bell with no gentle hand, and a window in the high wall close by it was immediately opened, from whence a surly voice demanded the meaning of such unnecessary noise at that late hour;" but the tone softened considerably on my conductor saying, "Don't you know me, Antoine?" and (their compliments of recognition being over) he informed the porter that "the lady in the cabriolet was a stranger, who could have no room at the inn, and was come to ask a night's lodging from the hospitality of his mistresses." "Only a lady!" said the old man; "but, no doubt, she has some husband, or brother, or male friend with her?" added he, in an inquiring tone. "There is not a living creature in her company," replied the postilion, "and the curate there below is a friend of hers, and has sent her here." Whether, in this assertion, the man spoke what he believed to be true, or only intended to give me a favourable appearance in the eyes of the porter, I know not; but it had an evident influence over the movements of the old man, for he instantly closed the window without another word, and immediately afterwards I heard the sound of a bell, much louder, although more distant, than that of the gate.

"Hark!" said the postilion, "he is giving notice of your arrival to the folks within; but we may have a long time to wait still, and, perhaps, be sent away after all."—I felt somewhat alarmed at this suggestion, but was relieved from my suspense in less than five minutes, by the gate being unbarred to admit my equipage into a large court-yard, and in a moment I found myself at the door of an ancient mansion, where two female servants appeared with lights; and while the elder assisted me to get out of the

carriage and ascend the high steps, the younger saying, " No doubt, the lady will pass the night in the castle," began to take out my luggage; in which I left her to do as she pleased, being, in fact, too much tired to interfere.

On entering a spacious hall, I was immediately met by an old gentlewoman of prepossessing appearance, who received me with an air of great cordiality, and offered me, in her own name and her sister's, every thing that the Castle of Varesne could supply; assuring me, in answer to my apologies, that it was a real pleasure to receive such a visitor as myself, and expressing her kind feelings even more by her looks than her words. While she was speaking she led me into the room she had come from, seated me in a large arm chair, placed a *chauffrette* under my feet, and threw another block of wood on the fire; she then sat down, and, drawing her chair near me, began to make a number of enquiries respecting my journey, which I was scarcely able to answer; but we were quickly interrupted by one of the women, who had followed to ask where my things were to be deposited; and, while the old lady was occupied in giving numerous and particular directions on that subject, I had full leisure for examining her. In person she was rather below the middle size, and very fat; but the quickness of her movements prevented her from appearing heavy: I should have judged her age to be little more than fifty; but she had in reality finished her sixtieth year, as I afterwards discovered; and it was only her excellent health, and the activity of her mind—both visible in the lively expression of her countenance—that made her look so well; for her antiquated style of dress was not calculated to make better features than hers appear to advantage: her little black eyes had more wrinkles of laughter than of age about them; and there was both cheerfulness and benevolence in her smile. Her friendly manner of speaking to her domestics, though not new to me, (for I had before passed some time on the Continent,) gave me pleasure, and impressed me with the idea of her being well born, even more than the marks of ancient splendou which were visible in her abode.

As soon as she had given orders about my apartment, she returned to her seat, and, kindly taking me by the hand, again expressed her satisfaction at the circumstance which had procured her the pleasure of my company; " a matter of much more rare occurrence," added she, " than you would suppose, for few travellers go through our retired village; but probably the bridge of S— has been injured by the sudden melting of the snow, and many of the persons who went to the fair of B— have, in consequence, been obliged to pass the mountain road, which brings them this way in returning home: their misfortune, however, proves our advantage; and I hope you too, madam, may benefit, by enjoying a more tranquil night here than you would have had at the village inn."

My acknowledgments were checked by the entrance of a female servant with wine and water, which I gladly accepted, for my tongue was quite parched by the fever of fatigue and long fasting. " It is only wine of the country," said my kind hostess, " but from our own vineyard, and made with great care; and as for the water, it flows from the rocky hill hard by, which abounds with excellent springs —in a few minutes we shall have supper; and I think you will find our bread as good as our water: indeed, we have every thing to make life easy in this part of the world, though distant from the luxuries of cities, and deprived of the feudal splendour of our ancestors." The first part of this sentence was uttered in a brisk, cheerful tone; but she gave a deep sigh after the concluding words: she then begged of me to excuse her for " a little moment," and went out by a small door, which I had not before observed.

I had now leisure to survey the room, which was furnished in a very old-fashioned style, once gay and magnificent; but the faded colours, tarnished gilding, and blackened paintings, gave it an air of gloom and melancholy, which turned the mind back to former days, and the recollection of what a number of years must have elapsed since the first inhabitants enjoyed its splendour. The walls were covered with blue damask, and decorated with many portraits of grim-visaged warriors and simpering dames, so darkened by time, that even the

faces of some were scarcely to be distinguished. Over the ponderous chimney-piece was one picture less obscure than the others, composed of several figures of various sizes, evidently a family group, and the most modern of the collection, for the gold on the frame was not yet worn off. The windows were adorned by curtains of blue damask, with sundry faded tassels: between them stood a marble table, supported by various fantastical forms of gilded wood, and over it a large looking-glass, which, dim as it was in various parts, still served to reflect the blaze of the opposite fire, to show the passing objects, and to repeat the light of a lamp which was placed beneath it. The floor was entirely covered with a piece of tapestry, which, in some few spots, showed vestiges of its former brilliant colours; but the wear and tear of years had equalized the greater part into a dingy green. A metal branch for holding numerous lights, hung from the lofty ceiling, which had once been painted, and gilt in a gaudy manner; but the remains of these ornaments now only helped to darken the gloomy chamber. The extent of the room was diminished to the eye, by the quantity and heaviness of the furniture, which consisted of numerous antique cabinets and bureaux, and a multitude of high-backed stuffed chairs, covered with blue damask, whose dingy once-gilt legs appeared as if they had taken root in their places against the wall: at the upper end of the room, on another marble table similar to that under the mirror, stood an old-fashioned chamber clock, and near it a bird-organ of apparently equal antiquity. The only articles of furniture that seemed to be in common use, were drawn together on one side of the fireplace, and consisted of a small sofa, with a few arm chairs, rather less ancientin their form, and more adapted for comfort, than the immovables already mentioned, put round a large table, on which were scattered the implements of various kinds of needlework; and in the midst of them lay open a thin volume turned down, on whose back I read the title of *Atala:* on a bureau near were placed some twenty volumes of different sizes, amongst which I could distinguish other works of Chateaubriand, an author who, at that time, formed the favourite study of more than half the old women in France.

I had scarcely finished my hasty review of the apartment, when the hospitable lady returned, and proposed to me to visit my chamber before supper; but I felt so faint with long fasting, that I did not like to run the risk of mounting some long flight of stairs, and therefore declined her offer; upon which she opened the small door, and led me into another room where supper was laid for two persons.

"My sister begs you will excuse her to-night," said the elderly Lady of Varesne; "her nerves are so weak that she is often incapable of conversing; but to-morrow she hopes to have the pleasure of seeing you, as you cannot think of rising early after the fatiguing journey of to-day, even though you should be forced to leave us before evening." During our excellent though frugal repast, my kind hostess asked a great many questions respecting the object of my journey, and place of destination; and on finding the one so vague, and the other so undetermined, she pressed me strongly to pass some months in the Castle of Varesne, where she said I might have my choice of three or four apartments, "the house being far too spacious for the reduced maiden descendants of a once powerful and numerous family." I expressed my thanks for an offer which might have suited me had the climate been more favourable, and regretted very sincerely the necessity of going farther south before the winter; but I consented with pleasure to stop for a few days. In the course of our conversation I discovered, by some words of my hostess, that I was in a species of convent, where no male creature was ever admitted; and concluded that this was the cause of the *buts* and hesitation, and especial enquiries of the old curate; but why it was made a subject of so much mystery I could not understand: however, it excited my curiosity, and I flattered myself I should easily obtain an explanation of this circumstance, from a person so frank and open-hearted as my new acquaintance appeared to be. No opportunity, however, occurred that night, for as soon as I had supped, she said, "I see you are sleepy, and will now conduct you to your own bed-room."— She then rung a hand bell which lay

on the table, and the elder of the two female servants instantly appeared, carrying a small lamp. On a sign from her mistress, she led the way through the adjoining room, across the large hall, and from thence by a long passage into a spacious chamber without any furniture, and at length opened a door into a bed-room, where we found the other servant busily occupied with a warming pan. The room was hung with rich old tapestry, but had nothing of that doubtful and damp appearance which sometimes chills one on entering such an apartment; and although the bed was sufficiently large to have contained half a dozen of the grave personages whose portraits I had just beheld, and the well covered walls extensive enough to have concealed many doors leading by secret staircases to subterraneous dungeons; yet there was such an air of comfort diffused over the chamber, the fire blazed so cheerfully in the wide chimney, the linen was so white, and the bed so thoroughly warmed, that when my friendly hostess left me to repose, I went to sleep as free from all romantic terrors as if I had never heard of a haunted castle, and enjoyed better rest than I had done for many preceding nights in more modern rooms.

I shall pass over all the amiable attentions of the elder Lady of Varesne next morning, to arrive at my introduction to her sister (the true heroine of my story), which took place in the forenoon, when I was conducted to an apartment next to that where we had supped, and there I found the younger Lady reposing on a couch in a darkened room. She immediately rose to receive me with an air of friendly hospitality, the only thing in which I could perceive any resemblance between the sisters; and as she advanced a few steps to meet me, the light from the half-closed window-shutter fell upon her, and gave me a distinct view of her form and countenance. Cecile was a little above the middle size, and so very slender, that she appeared still taller, notwithstanding a slight stoop; her large blue eyes, usually melancholy and languid, were lighted up with a benevolent expression while she welcomed me to "the solitary mansion of Varesne;" her long, thin face was as pale as ashes, and her hair completely white; her high nose was well formed, and also her mouth, though the excessive thinness of her cheeks made both appear too large; but when she spoke, her teeth, which were still good and remarkably well set, seemed to enliven her pallid lips. Her movements were slow and dignified; at the first look she appeared older than her sister, though (as I afterwards learned) she was ten years younger—so great was the havoc which ill health and mental sufferings had made in her once brilliant beauty; for such her elder sister assured me it had been, though of this I could perceive no remains. After paying me many kind compliments, she resumed her recumbent posture, with a slight apology for the invincible habits of long illness, and made me sit down in an arm-chair which stood beside her couch. The elder sister then left us together, and Cecile began to converse with great animation, gliding from one subject to another, and showing herself to be a woman of strong feelings and excellent memory, extremely fond of literature, and well versed in that of her own country during the last century, and even those preceding: poetry and romances seemed to have formed the chief part of her studies, and she was also well acquainted with those of Italy, to whose language she appeared partial. Her room was small, and looked to the south; it had no fire-place, but felt very warm, which I afterwards discovered to be in consequence of a vessel full of hot cinders, which stood under a table with a green cloth over it, which, reaching down to the ground, concealed what was beneath; the furniture was less antique than that of the other rooms, the carpet newer, and altogether the chamber very comfortable, with nothing extraordinary about it except a black curtain, which seemed to cover either a large looking-glass or a picture. After we had conversed for some time, the elder sister returned with a small cup of broth in her hand, which she offered to Cecile, saying, "It is eleven o'clock, and you must not break through any of your old habits;" and on the other saying, "Surely, my dear Rose, you must have mistaken the hour; it cannot be so late," she exclaimed, "Ah! I see how it is; this lady has been indulging you on your favourite subjects,

and you do not know that you have been chattering above an hour." In fact, the time had passed unobserved by us, and we were surprised to find that we had been more than a quarter of an hour together. "It is very seldom," said the elder sister, "that my poor Cecile has the good fortune to see any one in this retired place, who can afford her the pleasure of conversing in her own way. I often wish, for her sake, that I had been fond of reading when I was young, though for myself I do not regret that I was not taught to love books, as I have plenty of occupation, and am never in low spirits."

I heard a sigh from Cecile, so well suppressed, however, that I should not have perceived it, had I not been close to her; but she immediately replied, that she should not enjoy such conversations half so much if accustomed to them every day. "You are very good, sister, to say this," answered Rose; "but I cannot help sometimes thinking, in the long winter evenings, how much happier you would be if I could talk to you in your own style, though you do well not to encourage such thoughts; for the true way to be happy is to adapt ourselves to whatever is; and so I leave you together again, to chat over your books and verses, while I go about my own business;" and taking up a bunch of keys she had left on the table, she hurried away.—"My sister has more practical philosophy," said Cecile, "than is to be found in a thousand volumes; but I own I do sometimes wish that she could, as she says herself, talk to me in my own style."

I was surprised to find the younger Lady of Varesne, so wan and sickly as she appeared, extremely cheerful, and could I have only heard without seeing her, I should have supposed her to be both young and handsome: but with all this elasticity of mind she was so complete an invalid, that she was obliged to lie on her couch the greater part of the day, and took so little food, that after I had dined in her company, I did not wonder at her being so emaciated. I soon learned that she had been in this state almost twenty years, after a violent fit of illness, which had confined her for six months, and brought her several times to death's door.

At one o'clock we were summoned to dinner in the same room where I had supped the night before, and though the elder Lady of Varesne apologized for a homely meal, I found every thing remarkably good: in fact, the fish and fowl were excellent, the bread much better than any I had eaten for a long time, and nothing could be more delicate than all the little adjuncts, such as sweetmeats, pickles, creams, &c., displaying the attention of a good housewife, to which character the elder sister laid just claim. The linen, too, which was all home-made, was particularly fine and white, and Rose took pains to assure me that though Cecile could not bustle about like her, yet she contrived to take her part in the household labours, and while she reclined on her couch, attended to, and assisted in all the needle work of the table linen, &c. which was under her special care; "for," said the elder lady, "my eyes are not good, and my sister can do many things which I have no longer sight to attempt." Cecile smiled, and said she "could not boast much of her own utility:" and this led to a discussion by which I discovered that the younger Lady of Varesne, notwithstanding her appearance of ill health, and habitual languor, did not pass her life in idleness, but on the contrary, had many occupations to exercise and soothe her mind. By the help of Tissot's popular work, and some old receipt books, she was able frequently to give her sister good counsel for the poor pensioners who were supplied with a daily portion of food from the charitable hands of Rose; and she also gave regular instructions in reading and arithmetic, to two little girls, daughters of the elder female servant, who in return took care of her birds, and were useful in many domestic offices.

After dinner, the sky being clear and the sun warm for the season, the elder sister proposed to Cecile to conduct me to the terrace, while she took her customary repose, and on her assenting, showed me the way through an adjoining closet, and opened a glass door which led out upon a gravel walk about ten feet wide; beyond this were narrow plots of flowers, divided by a path, about three feet in breadth, from a parapet, close to the precipice, which appeared very ancient, and to have been part of a fortification. From the lesser walk, by approaching close to the wall, one beheld a fine pros-

pect of the valley and adjoining country; but from that next the house, only the wooded mountains and the sky were visible. The terrace was about thirty yards in length; at one end of it was a small aviary filled with pretty but not rare birds, and at tho other, a wooden bench with a little projecting roof over it, and a high wall which joined and formed an angle with the more ancient low one at the edge of the precipice. Against the wall, along the side of the house, was placed a row of pots full of geraniums and other more delicate plants, for which the sheltered situation formed an artificial climate, and as the sun shone upon them, they gave out, even at that advanced season, a delightful smell. After we had passed some time in looking over the wall, during which the elder Lady of Varesne told me the names of the mountains, and some distant castles which had all changed their owners during the last revolution; we returned into the walk next the house, where we were soon joined by Cecile, who accepted the support of my arm, and her sister having left us to ourselves, we walked slowly along the delightful terrace, which my companion assured me was the only place where she had breathed the fresh air for the last eighteen years. "My good sister contrived it," said she, "when I could not think of any thing, and I enjoy it the more as a lasting proof of her active affection." These words strengthened my conviction of Cecile having been a nun; I began also to have great suspicions that her profession had not been voluntary, and this circumstance augmented the curiosity I felt to know the events of her early life.

After we had taken a few turns, Cecile, telling me that she could never walk for many minutes without sitting or lying down, took her place on the bench under the shed, while I advanced to the angle of the wall, and leaning over it for a moment, beheld the varied and agreeable prospect which the high part of it shut out from the terrace: I then sat down by the younger Lady of Varesne, and while we enjoyed the sunny rays which at that hour and season warmed without oppressing, and illumined without dazzling, I could not refrain from expressing my surprise that a part of the wall should not have been lowered to admit the delightful view on which I had been gazing, of "the neighbouring village with the river winding round it, and the torrent rushing from the wooded mountain beyond." Cecile replied with a melancholy smile, "I have long since turned my back upon the world, and one of the most tender proofs of my good Rosine's sisterly affection, was the building this wall, which enables me to enjoy both air and exercise, secure from the sight of that perfidious sex whom I never wish to behold again."

Rose, who joined us as her sister uttered these last words, said, "Would you believe, that Cecile has not set eyes on a man these eighteen years?" I replied, without much demonstration of surprise, that "so I had supposed; for all my observations tended to strengthen my opinion of the younger lady having been obliged to leave her convent, and in consequence contrived a species of cloister in her own house. Rose looked at me for a moment in a manner that made me fear I had uttered something indiscreet, and then continued, "To please Cecile, no male creature is ever admitted within our doors; but I do not subject myself to these rules, for I often walk down to the village with our good Curate, and the other ecclesiastics who come to say mass in the little chapel, where Cecile sits behind a curtain, and fulfils the duties of her religion without ever beholding the face of the priest who administers to them. These are the only men who enter the walls of our castle, except the old porter who always accompanies them; and they come no farther than the chapel, which has an entrance from the court, and a little sacristy adjoining." She was interrupted by one of the servants coming to call her, and Cecile, immediately saying she thought it too cold to sit longer, took my arm, and after another turn on this delightful terrace, and visiting some of the flower-pots, which seemed to be under her peculiar care, we went into the house, where I left her to repose in her apartment, while I retired to my antique chamber, from whence I enjoyed a delightful prospect of the neighbouring country.

In about an hour, the elder Lady of Varesne came to show me some of her sister's ingenious works, which confirmed me more and more in the idea

of Cecile being a nun: she then conducted me to a little room on the top of the house, from whence we beheld the setting sun, illuminating a magnificent view of the valley, and the distant mountains. I expressed my fears lest her sister should have tired herself with walking on the terrace, in compliment to me; but she said,—"Cecile takes the air constantly in her own territory, though she has never been here since her frightful illness, so many years ago; indeed, she would be half dead before she could get up all these stairs, (had she no other reason to shun this chamber) and, besides, if she were even with us at this moment, she would not look from hence into the valley, lest she might behold some of the objects of her rooted aversion. By the by, you shewed no astonishment on discovering Cecile's strange abhorrence of the male sex. Is it possible that you can have heard any thing of her melancholy story?" I answered, by telling her the opinion I had formed of her sister having been a nun, and was surprised at her assuring me that such a thought had never entered the mind of Cecile. My curiosity was now greatly augmented, and, encouraged by the frankness of the elder Lady of Varesne, I ventured to ask some questions on the subject of her sister's seclusion, to which she replied, "If you will consent to remain a little time in our castle, you will probably hear the story of Cecile from herself, which is far more interesting than when related by any other person; and you need not fear that she should be too much agitated by the recital, for her mental wounds have been long healed, though the injury sustained by her mortal frame can never be cured." Having thus ascertained that all my conjectures in regard to Cecile were so far from the truth, and having also discovered that there would be no difficulty in arranging for the payment of my board and lodging, I determined to remain a few weeks under the roof of my kind hostesses, if the invitation of the younger sister should be given with as much warmth as that of the elder.

On descending from the top of the house, we were met by two little girls who told my companion that the Lady Cecile had sent them to request her company, and that of the stranger, in the blue drawing-room. "This is a compliment to you," said Rose, "for at this season of the year my sister and I, after the evening's walk, are not accustomed to meet till supper-time, and except in rainy weather she seldom inhabits the room where she is now waiting for us." We then hastened to obey the summons of the invalid, whom we found reclining on the sofa with a book in her hand, which she seemed to be marking with a pencil, and so engrossed by it was her attention that she did not observe our entrance till we were close by her side. She did not rise up to receive me, only stretched out her hand to take mine, making me sit down on the chair beside her couch, and shewed me a volume of Corneille's tragedies, in which she had marked a passage she could not quote accurately in our conversation on the subject that morning: but perceiving that Rose had taken a seat and opened her work-bag, she turned to other topics, in which her good sister was more capable of taking a part.

In the course of the evening both the Ladies of Varesne asked me a variety of questions about my travels, and the customs and manners of my own country and others; seeming to take more pleasure in accounts of foreign lands, from never having been out of their own. The hours passed away rapidly; Cecile's predilection for me made a quick progress, and the two sisters gained so much on my good will, that before we parted for the night, I had promised to remain some weeks in their castle; having first stipulated for the liberty of passing most part of the day alone, as necessary to my weak health and solitary habits. I shall not trouble my readers with a description of the romantic country I found to explore, or an account of the delightful walks I took both in company and alone: suffice it to say, that the finest autumnal weather favoured my visit, and that my health and spirits improved during my abode at the castle of Varesne.

Every day I flattered myself that my curiosity respecting the seclusion in which these sisters lived would be gratified; but one week and another week passed without returning to the subject, and I was almost satisfied to remain in ignorance. Cecile talked of literature, and Rose of household af-

fairs; and both joined in descanting on the happiness of religious philosophy, and the pleasure of benevolent actions; interspersing their discourse with many interesting local anecdotes, which shewed the characters of the two sisters in a very agreeable point of view.

I had been an inmate of the castle of Varesne about three weeks, when one day, after a long walk among the hills, on entering the dining-room, I found the soup on the table, and Rose waiting dinner for me. Cecile was not there, and only two covers were laid. I was surprised, as I had not heard any thing of her being indisposed. "Is your sister ill?" said I. "No," replied Rose, "she is, thank God! neither sick nor sad, but she will not leave her own apartment to-day." My curiosity, which had slept for some time, was again excited, but I suppressed the *Why?* which was at my tongue's end, and Rose, after taking some spoonfuls of soup, continued. "The truth is, that Cecile is a very romantic creature, and nothing will ever induce her to break the two vows she made together: that is, never to bestow hospitality on a male creature, and never to behold the light of the sun on this day of the year. Eighteen years has she strictly adhered to them, and for the first eight this anniversary of the day which fixed the destiny of Cecile, was, in truth, a day of the blackest melancholy, and, for a week after, she used to be wretchedly ill: but time has at length produced its natural effect; the painful impressions have worn off by degrees, and the sharpness of her sorrows being blunted, she talks of them as a romance of other times, and is capable of entering into details of her early days, with pleasure rather than pain. The gloomy appearance you will observe in all around her, which was at first a faint picture of her feelings, is now become a mere matter of habit; but I think Cecile's story must be rendered doubly interesting by it, and, therefore, I have wished you to hear it on this day, and from her own lips."

We had scarcely dined, when the elder of the female servants came to tell us that the Lady Cecile expected us to drink coffee in her apartment. We immediately obeyed the summons, and, notwithstanding what I had just heard from her elder sister, I could not help being startled on first entering the room, from which the light of day was completely excluded. All the furniture was covered with black, and Cecile, in deep mourning, reclining on her couch, was scarcely to be distinguished, except by her pale face, which was almost the only white object visible. She instantly rose up, and came to meet me, saying, as she took my hand, in a lively tone of voice, which at that moment sounded strange to my ears, "How kind you are to me, who doubtless appears to you a little mad. In truth, sorrow had once almost incurably turned my brain; but time administers the remedy for every evil; and I am now as calm and contented as if I had never known the weight of misery which crushed me down for years." She then made me sit on the couch by her, and talked in her usual manner, inquiring whither I had directed my morning's walk, and if a certain tree which she remembered in that spot still remained. On my answering in the negative, she replied, with a melancholy smile, "I thought the solitary remnant of an ancient forest might have outlived the storm, as the last relics of an ancient house have done;" and then turned the conversation, as she was often wont to do, to the events of the French Revolution, and the distresses it had occasioned in that vicinity. Meanwhile her sister poured out the coffee, and I began to distinguish the objects which surrounded me. The most remarkable was a picture, from over which the mysterious curtain had been removed; and lights being now placed on each side of it, I perceived the portrait of a very handsome man, whom I had no doubt would occupy a chief part of the narrative I was about to hear.

As soon as we had drank our coffee, Rose, on a sign from her sister, rung a hand-bell which lay on the table, and the oldest of the female servants (whom I perceived to be the only person of the household admitted on this occasion) removed the cups, and then closed the double doors, which secured the tranquillity of the apartment. As soon as this was done, the younger Lady of Varesne, turning to her sister, said, "Have you communicated any part of my story to our new friend?" to which Rose replied that she had not, because she thought it would be so much more interesting from her own

lips. Cecile expressed her satisfaction at this, and, addressing herself to me, commenced her narrative as follows:—

"It is needless to trouble you with the history of our decayed family, once of great consequence in this province. Suffice it to say, that my father was the only surviving representative of a noble and ancient house, who, after having passed several years in the dissipation of the metropolis, was persuaded by my mother to change his habits of life, retire to the possessions of his ancestors, and reside alternately in this castle, then in a very different state from the present, and a handsome house which he possessed in the city of T———. For fifteen years their tranquillity suffered little interruption, except from the death of children too young to be long remembered, and their vain anxiety for a son, which my poor mother lived to thank God for having denied to her.

"My sister was almost fourteen; and I had only finished my third year, when we were afflicted by the irreparable misfortune of my father's death, after a few days' illness: I have but a faint recollection of this event, and still less do I remember of other circumstances immediately following; but, from my sister, I have heard that at that period commenced the ill health of our good mother, who lived the life of an invalid for more than twenty years after. Being far distant from her own relations, none of whom she had beheld since her change of abode, and having formed few intimacies during my father's life time, she withdrew from all society on the departure of his intimate friend, Mr De Cassales, who removed with his family to the metropolis when I was about six years old. From this time our castle became quite solitary, my mother's health being such as to confine her to her chamber for months together, during which Rose acted entirely as mistress of the house; but as we received no visitors except the physician and the curate, her business was restricted to the domestic arrangements and economy, in which she found an occupation that pleased instead of fatiguing her; so that after I became old enough to share her labours, she still continued her accustomed cares, while her less useful sister ransacked the old library for books of history and devotion to read to her suffering parent. The Curate's sister, an old lady who loved to hear herself talk, had by degrees obtained the privilege of being our frequent visitor, and, at the age of thirteen or fourteen, I was often left to entertain her while my mother reposed, and my sister was employed in some of the duties of a good housewife. Mademoiselle Suzette, though peevish and illiterate, soon contrived to render these *tête à tête* interviews extremely interesting to me. She had been crossed in love at an early age; and, though now far advanced in years, still delighted in talking over the misfortunes of her youth, and telling how her beautiful Frederic had been forced by his cruel father into the ecclesiastical profession, and how he died in three years after. My tears never failed to flow at this catastrophe; and, in consequence, I was made the confidante of all the recollected incidents connected with it, to which I hearkened with the greatest attention. These anecdotes being entrusted to me as secrets, I never imparted them to any one; but I reflected on them the more; and, after the death of the brother, and consequent removal of the sister, when I was about fifteen, I often meditated in solitude on her story. Though not very much attached to her, I regretted her departure, and only found consolation for the loss of her society by the perusal of a heap of romances and poetical works which I had lately discovered in an upper shelf in the library. My mother was not in a state to attend to my occupations; and my sister was so indulgent to her child (as she used to call me,) that she took a great deal of trouble on herself which should have fallen to my share; in consequence I had far too much leisure to bestow on my unprofitable studies, and became more and more romantic every day. But Rose had no fears for me; she did not suspect her sister of being less prudent than herself; and, having proved her own discretion by the refusal of an offer of marriage from a person whom she liked, but whose circumstances rendered him an unsuitable match, without any durable regret, she supposed that, on a similar occasion, I should be equally well judging. Alas! her opinion of me was always better than I deserved.

"Our days were passed in retire-

ment and tranquillity; my mother's maladies had subsided into that state of general weakness and slight ailments which occasion no immediate apprehension; she and my sister indulged me in every thing, and I loved them both dearly; the pleasures of friendship I enjoyed in all their perfection, and, but for the confidences of Mademoiselle Suzette, which I had treasured up in my memory, and the pernicious volumes which I perused with such avidity, perhaps I should never have thought of any other species of happiness; as it was, my imagination would often picture to itself the form of a youthful lover, embellished with all the external beauty, and endowed with all the moral worth, which were lavished on the heroes of my favourite studies; and I longed for some propitious accident which might bring before my eyes this charming creature; none of the neighbouring youths, whom I had met at church or in our walks, deserving to be invested with the qualities depicted in my mind. My mother and sister would smile at hearing me describe the sort of person who could alone obtain my approbation, and both assured me I should not meet with such a man, while I declared that no other should ever induce me to resign the name of Varesne.

"One cold and autumnal evening, my sister and I were seated by our mother's couch, near a cheerful fire; Rose at her needle work, and I reading aloud, according to our custom; expecting no interruption, and desiring no intruders; when a sudden ringing of the bell at the outward gate surprised and somewhat alarmed us. My sister immediately rose from her seat to go and inquire the cause of this unusual sound, but my mother desired that we would neither of us leave her, and in a few minutes we were put out of suspense by the porter hurrying into the room (with some of the other servants behind him), to announce the extraordinary arrival of a handsome young gentleman all alone, and appearing much fatigued, who had alighted from a horse covered with sweat and foam, entered the court without asking any questions the moment the gate was unclosed, and after helping to shut and lock it, had made it his earnest entreaty to have a private interview with the lady of the castle, to whom he had something very particular to communicate. My sister and I, terrified by we knew not what, implored my mother not to grant his request; but she declared she had no apprehensions, and begged of us to compose ourselves, while Antoine assured us, that the person who demanded admission did not look like a robber; we, therefore, consented to retire to an adjoining room, where by raising the curtain of a glass door, we could distinguish who entered by that opposite.

"We were much surprised to see the supposed assassin walk directly up to the old lady, and after a few words, which we could not hear, stoop down for her to kiss his cheeks; she then took his hand, and making him sit down by her on the chair I had just left, hearkened attentively while he talked to her with great earnestness. During this time I had a full opportunity of observing him, for the light of the lamp fell exactly on his face, and shewed me the handsomest set of features I had ever seen, illuminated by the most animated expression, which, while my mother was answering him, softened into a look of tender veneration, his bright eyes filling with tears more than once as he listened to her words. I will not attempt to describe to you the emotions excited in my bosom, by an object so charming and so new. "How beautiful is that face!" I whispered to my sister; and never shall I forget the chill which crept over my heart, when she replied carelessly, "Not very beautiful, but pleasing and expressive." I thought she was to feel exactly as I did, and was both surprised and angry at perceiving that she saw nothing extraordinary in an object, who appeared to me a perfect hero of romance. I, therefore, gave no further utterance to my thoughts, but continued to gaze in silent admiration on the stranger. Such, my dear madam, was the first impression made on my unsuspecting mind, by one of the perfidious sex.

"After about a quarter of an hour had elapsed, my mother rang the bell, and my sister and I entered the room. The youth rose at our approach, bowed to Rose with somewhat of the familiarity of an old acquaintance, but to me with the air of an utter stranger; and before a word had been spoken by any of us, Antoine appearing, my mother desired him to shut both the doors, as

she had a secret of consequence to entrust to him; and while he was obeying this order, she said to us in a low voice, 'This youth is Henry De Cassales, of whose family you have often heard me speak, and of whom I should think Rose might have some recollection.' My sister was beginning to address some words of recognition to the stranger, when Antoine approached, and my mother told him that it was necessary for Mr De Cassales to pass for a nephew of hers, just arrived from Switzerland, on a short leave of absence, and about to return thither as soon as it expired. 'This,' said she, 'is the answer to be given to any one who happens to make inquiries, and I depend on you, Antoine, as a person whom I have found faithful and trustworthy from the first day you entered my service, to prevent as much as possible all talk on the subject; indeed, were it practicable to keep this gentleman's arrival a secret from the neighbourhood, it would be a satisfaction to me.' (You may suppose how all this romantic mystery was calculated to seize on my imagination.) Antoine, who had not recognised Henry, and therefore had not involuntarily betrayed him to the other servants, assured my mother that nothing could be easier than to pass him off for her nephew; and in fact the next day all who had heard of his arrival at the castle, believed him to be Alphonse d'Ermas, who had not been there for several years.

"Antoine having received all the necessary directions about the concealment of our visitor, my mother's next care was to send Rose to have a suitable apartment prepared for him, and during her absence I remained silently gazing at the object which had created in my mind an interest so new and so strong, that I did not understand my own feelings. Henry was really a very handsome youth, as you may perceive by that portrait, which was a striking likeness,—(Rose, my dear, hold the candle a little higher, that Madame may be able to distinguish the features)—and my imagination surrounded him with that *halo* of excellence which the blind deity so liberally bestows on the idols of his votaries. He did not take any notice of me, being entirely occupied in answering the numerous questions addressed to him by my mother; but paying attention to what they said, I soon discovered the causes of the danger in which he found himself, and the great necessity of temporary concealment. It appeared, by his account, that he had been so unfortunate as to inflict a severe wound on a young man, who had insulted him so grossly, that he could not avoid a duel; and, as there were circumstances attending this affair which rendered it peculiarly dangerous for him to be discovered, in case of a fatal termination, and having already made two perilous and fruitless attempts to cross the frontiers, he at length, on finding himself near the Castle of Varesne, had determined to implore the protection of his parent's old friend, and therefore came boldly to throw himself at my mother's feet, and seek an asylum under her roof, until the hour of danger should pass away.

"In a few days it was known, through all the neighbourhood, that a new inmate had been added to our family circle, and no one doubted that this was my mother's nephew. The change which had taken place in Henry's person, during the years of his absence, was such as to guard him completely against the suspicions of casual observers, and he ran no risk of being accosted by any acquaintance of Alphonse, who had never been at the Castle of Varesne but once for three days, and that at a time when no other visitor was admitted. Thus, Henry De Cassales was at once established in our house, under such a combination of circumstances as to produce a degree of intimacy with its inhabitants, that could scarcely have occurred in a different situation; and, in a very short time, I became as familiar with him as if he had been my brother. He appeared to be as fond of books as myself, and we used to pass hours together in the library, while my mother reposed, and my sister was occupied with the household affairs; but Henry was then uncorrupted by a wicked world, and I have no doubt that the innocent affection he shewed for me was at that time sincere: we had no suspicious observers to censure our actions, and happy in the present, we thought not of the future, until my mother's confessor suggested to her the imprudence of suffering two persons of our ages to be constantly together, unless she was prepared to approve of the growing attachment

likely to be the consequence. After this hint, our meetings were continually interrupted, without our guessing that it was done on purpose, and the obstacles thus thrown in the way of our intercourse, only rendered more valuable the moments we could pass together.

"The mysterious introduction of our young visitor, and all the circumstances belonging to his abode in the Castle of Varesne, especially the dangerous suspense attendant on his concealment, rendered him an object of peculiar interest to my mother and sister, (how much more then to me!) while several slight alarms, which occurred from time to time on his account, augmented the interest which he excited in our little circle, and drew us closer together every day.

"Henry De Cassales had been with us about two months, when news were received of the unexpected favourable termination of the doubtful affair; the wounded man was slowly recovering; the acrimony of his friends was softened, and there was no longer any pretext for his offender's farther delay at Varesne. Never shall I forget the day on which the arrival of a special messenger announced to Henry that he was a free man; already a report of it had reached us, without making any strong impression; but when my mother, one morning, entered the breakfast room, at an unusual hour, with a joyful countenance, and gave Henry a letter which had been inclosed to her, telling us that it was the confirmation of the good news which had lately been spread abroad, the story could no longer be doubted. Rose looked as much delighted as my mother, and congratulated Henry on being no longer a prisoner; I endeavoured to do the same, but could not venture to continue the sentence I had begun, lest I should burst into tears; as for him, he turned quite pale, seemed to find as much difficulty in breaking the seal of his letter, as if it had been made of some hard substance, and then kept it in his hand without opening it. My mother gazed on him for a moment with astonishment, and happening to turn her eyes towards my face, appeared to be suddenly struck by a new light, and following the first impulse without waiting to reflect, she exclaimed, 'What can all this mean? I expected nothing but rejoicings, and I behold rather signs of sorrow.' Henry's eyes met hers, and his pale face became as red as fire; he then looked at me, and perceiving the agitation of my countenance, seemed to be inspired with a new resolution, and addressing himself to my mother, declared, that 'instead of being happy at the favourable tidings which she had announced to him, he was in despair at being released from his delightful imprisonment, and that, encouraged by the constant kindness experienced from her, he would venture to entrust her with the chief cause of his regret, which it was in her power to remove.'

"He then proceeded to declare his unbounded attachment to me, in terms as new to my ears as to hers, assuring her he should leave her house with comparative tranquillity, if he carried with him her consent to love me, and permission to return at some future period, and woo me for his bride. In short, he said so much and expressed his sentiments with such energy, that between his reiterated prayers, and my silent but eloquent tears, my good mother was persuaded to say, that, if he could obtain the approbation of his father, he might return to Varesne as soon as his twenty-first year was completed, a distance of about fifteen months. This explanation caused a change in all our feelings, and though it was settled that Henry should set out for Paris next morning, the remainder of that day was devoted to happiness. My mother took leave of Henry when she was going to bed, and authorized him to correspond with me, as soon as he should obtain the consent of his father to our union, of which he appeared so sure, and which she saw no reason to doubt. "But remember," added she, "until you have his approbation of Cecile for his future daughter-in-law, I cannot connive at her receiving and answering your letters;" and to this he agreed, declaring that his father would never prove an obstacle to his happiness.

"Next morning, my sister and I were up at a very early hour, to see Henry before his departure. I will give you no description of our parting scene; his tender protestations; my melancholy forebodings. With difficulty he tore himself away; while I threw myself into the arms of my kind Rose, in an agony of grief, which re-

quired all her affectionate indulgence to support and soothe. After some hours, my sister's remonstrances, and the love I bore my mother, whose delicate nerves I feared to injure by my agitation, induced me to overcome my feelings; and by the time her bell rang, I was able to appear before my good parent with tolerable composure. Her conversation turned entirely on the subject of our departed guest; and I cannot tell you how much consolation I received, in hearkening to the praises of Henry from her mouth. In a few days we became accustomed to his absence, and began to calculate in what number of days we might hope for his letter from Paris. News of him arrived sooner than we could have expected; for he had the attention to write to my mother from the only place where he stopped to sleep on his road. His letter expressed the same ardent affection that he had displayed on the morning of his departure, and the hope that his next would contain the delightful intelligence of his father's fullest approbation. Many days passed before any farther tidings reached us; I was beginning to fear that Henry had met with some accident, while my mother and sister believed that some letter had gone astray; but at length, another came with the disheartening news, that during his absence, his father had entered into a treaty of marriage for him, with the daughter of an old friend; but he still hoped that it would not be difficult to dissolve this, whenever a favourable opportunity should offer for explaining his prior engagement with one, of whose parents his father always spoke with the warmest regard. Inclosed in this letter were a few lines from the elder Mr De Cassales, expressing his gratitude to my mother for the important service rendered to the young man; but it did not contain the slightest allusion to the project of matrimony, or make any mention of either me or my sister; which last omission appeared strange, and induced my mother to suspect, that Henry was in great awe of his father, and that the latter had forgotten the existence of her daughters. I thought of nothing but the obstacles which were rising to impede our union, and felt as if they would increase rather than diminish; but, in a very few days, my doubts were all dispelled, by another letter from Henry to my mother, informing her that his father, on hearing his frank avowal, had immediately stopped all farther proceedings in the matrimonial treaty, and given a full consent to the union of his son with Cecile, on condition that the nuptials should not take place for four years; and Henry added his hope, that my mother would not object to my corresponding with him during that time. She consented, and our epistolary intercourse immediately commenced. Henry's letters were at first long, affectionate, and interesting: expressing the kindest feelings towards my mother and sister, and never ending without some words of polite attachment from his father. My mother and sister were satisfied with my prospects of felicity, and flattered themselves, that Henry and I were peculiarly adapted for each other. To me, it was a constant and delightful occupation to read and answer his letters; and, in truth, this season of illusion was the happiest time of my life. Still, I was uneasy at the continual delays which prevented his return, and would sometimes peevishly think, that, in a similar case, no obstacle could detain me; this feeling, however, occurred rarely. Henry's excuses for putting off the promised visit, from week to week, and from month to month, were at least plausible, and the disturbances which then began to appear, in various parts of France, rendered it very natural that his father should wish to keep the youth under his own eye.

" At length the flame of revolution burst forth—the whole country was in a ferment, and from time to time the most appalling narrations penetrated even to our retired abode. The letters of Henry became less frequent and shorter; he had been ' obliged to enter into the National Guards, and had a variety of new occupations; could find little leisure at present, but hoped soon to be able to write at length, and send his letter by a safe hand—was not able to fix the time of his promised visit, but looked to better days,' &c. &c. In the course of a few weeks more, his letters entirely ceased—reports from Paris grew more terrific, and I was haunted with terrors, which my kind mother and sister in vain endeavoured to dispel.

" Many months had elapsed since

the receipt of Henry's last letters, and no tidings of him had reached us, though we had all written repeatedly, not only addressing to him at his father's hotel, but also at the houses of several of his friends. Rumours of what was passing in the metropolis, astonished and shocked our quiet neighbourhood, which began to be disturbed by the frequent passage of troops, a matter hitherto of rare occurrence, and then indeed were the horrible stories multiplied; but I heard them not, for our very retired way of life enabled my friends to keep much from my knowledge, until one morning an officer, passing through the village with his regiment, demanded permission to pay his respects to Madame De Varesne, who, after some explanation, proved to be the very Alphonse d'Ermas, whose name Henry had once borrowed. My mother had not seen her nephew since he was an infant, but appeared very glad of his arrival, and flattered by his attention in calling on her. She pressed him to stop a few days with us, but (as he truly said) these were not times for visits of pleasure, and he had only left his party, which had halted to take some refreshment, because he would not pass by the mansion of his respectable kinswoman, without inquiring after her health. While he was taking a hurried repast, my mother asked him several questions about persons she had known in Paris, to the answers of which I paid little attention, but listened with anxious expectation for the name I wished to hear, and yet did not dare to utter. At length my mother asked her nephew if he knew any family of the name of De Cassales? At first, he replied in the negative, and my heart sunk at the disappointment; but in a moment after, he said, 'Ah! I recollect now, that was the name of a young man who was within an inch of suffering by the *lanterne* as an *Aristocrat,* about three months ago, but was saved by the lucky circumstance of having married the daughter of a furious *sansculotte,* a short time before.'—'That is not the person I mean,' said my mother; 'but perhaps it may be some relation of his. Did you know any one else of that name?'—'No,' replied Alphonse, 'I heard his family spoken of, at a dinner-party one day, just at the time of his narrow escape, but did not pay much attention to what was said, as the details did not particularly interest me. However, I think some person in company mentioned that the father of Henry De Cassales——' 'Henry!' exclaimed my sister—'Are you sure that was his Christian name?'—'Quite sure,' answered Alphonse; 'because a young man who sat next me, said, he had heard of three or four Henrys brought to the *lanterne,* and executed instantaneously, adding, that he hoped they would not some day begin a general massacre of all Henrys, as he had himself the misfortune of bearing the name of a monarch, whose memory the French nation had once idolized.'—'But,' added my mother, with an anxious look at my pale face; 'you were going to say something of this man's father.'—'I know nothing at all of him,' said Alphonse, 'except, what I was about to add, of some person having mentioned that he had removed from his provincial residence to establish himself in Paris, a short time before the commencement of disturbances, in consequence of some accession of fortune.' My mother asked several questions, tending to elucidate this story, but could obtain no farther information; and Alphonse, with many protestations of regard, left our house, unconscious of the poison he had sprinkled over it. My mother and sister used every exertion to persuade me that it could not be our Henry to whom the above-mentioned story alluded, and indeed I believed it still less than they did; yet, the bare idea of such a thing being possible, flashing across my mind for an instant, had given so great a shock to my spirits, that I could not recover myself for the whole day, and when I went to my bed at night, the pillow was bathed with my tears before I could fall asleep.

"From this time I had now and then short fits of melancholy, which I concealed from my mother and sister, and only indulged when taking a solitary walk in the neighbouring wood, which was my greatest consolation; but even this was soon to be denied me; for the increasing disturbances of the country, and the continual passage of regular or irregular troops, rendered it no longer safe for us to enjoy that liberty of wandering in our own domains, to which we had hitherto been accustomed. The post from Paris was stopt; reports became more

and more terrific; and the plundering and destroying of some neighbouring castles made us begin to tremble for our security: even our own peasantry were growing lawless; and the good old Curate entreated that we would confine ourselves within the walls of the Castle, until the restoration of tranquillity. We should have removed to the city of T—, but that my mother's state of health rendered even one day's journey an enterprise too hazardous for her, and her daughters could not hear of a separation from her, though she suggested it, more than once, as a temporary means of security. We therefore contented ourselves with living in the most obscure manner, seeing or being seen, hearing or being heard of, as little as possible; and thus we passed a whole twelvemonth amidst continual alarms, becoming more tranquil by degrees as dangers multiplied, and at length sleeping calmly amidst disturbances which, in the commencement, used to deprive us of repose, appetite, and all power of continuing our accustomed occupations. But I had, in the mean time, received consolation that enabled me to support any privation, and my mother and sister participated in my satisfaction. A letter from Henry De Cassales had been left by a traveller at the Curate's house, the contents of which appeared to account for his long silence, by alluding to several letters which had never reached us: he seemed to have written in a great hurry, and under considerable restraint; expressed much regret for the disturbed state of public affairs, but mentioned no particular circumstances; feared it would be long before he should be able to see us; could not enter into details of any sort; wished us all happiness, and strongly recommended that nothing should induce us to change our solitary mode of life, in which we might hope to find safety, if safety was to be found; and, above all things, advised us not to give shelter to any Parisian fugitives, of whom there were numbers wandering through all parts of France, some really in distress, but many only seeking whom they might betray. Though not sparing of tender expressions towards his dear Cecile, yet his letter appeared less affectionate than usual, and altogether different in style from what I had been accustomed to; colder, and more prudent. I could not help remarking all this to my mother, who did not encourage me in my doubts, but, on the contrary, endeavoured to persuade me that the differences I observed might proceed from various other causes unconnected with any change in Henry's sentiments; though I have since heard, from my sister, that, the first time they were alone together, she said, 'Cecile is betrayed—that letter is all a deception, and I only hope the present state of things may prevent her from being undeceived in any abrupt manner. We must watch over her tranquillity more cautiously than ever.'

"I, in the mean time, rejoiced at once again receiving a letter from him whom I had allowed myself full liberty to love, read over and over the lines traced by his dear hand, and though I could not avoid wishing a greater resemblance to the first letters he had written to me, yet I easily convinced myself that it was as my mother had suggested: Henry had written in haste, amidst scenes of terror, and feared to note down even the words of private affection in a paper which might fall into the hands of vulgar-minded strangers. As he had promised to avail himself of the first safe opportunity of writing again, and had referred all details to the time of our meeting, though without saying when that meeting was likely to take place, I was in continual expectation of either his letters or himself, and the great bell never rung at the gate, without my running to see whether it was to give tidings of Henry. We followed his advice, and lived more retired than ever, which was probably of great advantage to us, though his motive (as he afterwards confessed to my sister) was to prevent our hearing of his actions.

"By degrees I became calm respecting my own affairs, convinced that necessity alone detained Henry from us, and better pleased that he should be at a distance while the tumultuous spirit of party was beginning to shew itself with violence, even in our hitherto comparatively quiet vicinity. Clubs were now established in all the neighbouring villages, the Aristocrats denounced, and even those who had immediately resigned their titles and privileges, amongst whom we were, did not escape suspicion. My sister and I concealed, as much a

possible from our mother, the agitating reports which were continually reaching us, through servants and tradespeople belonging to the house, and in our attention to her comfort, we learned to command our own feelings; the worthy Curate always supporting us with his advice and approbation. In our care for this one beloved parent, we lost all the timidity of our youth and sex, and repeatedly it happened that we were able by our tears and entreaties, to send from the gates parties of lawless stragglers who came with the intention of plundering; but my mother had made herself beloved in the days of her prosperity, and there was usually, in these bands of robbers, some good-for-nothing neighbour who had tasted of her bounty, and either from some sentiment of gratitude or of superstition, felt shocked at the idea of disturbing her on her death-bed. Sometimes we had to buy off our visitors by the sacrifice of valuable articles, and the difficulty of concealing from our mother the way in which certain pieces of plate had disappeared, often occasioned us moments of great embarrassment; but all these troubles helped to prevent my thoughts from dwelling too much on the subject of Henry, and gave me habits of courage and presence of mind, which afterwards proved advantageous. Those who have not lived in the midst of insurrections, can form no idea of the cool fortitude which at length arises out of a long continued state of frequent alarm.

"After a week of comparative tranquillity, I was one night sitting by the bedside of my mother, who had that day had one of her spasmodic attacks, on which occasions we never left her a moment alone: a composing draught had just thrown her into a quiet slumber; I had sent the maid to her bed in an adjoining closet, and my sister had gone to lie down in her own room, in hopes of getting rid of a headach, which she wished her mother should not perceive: so that I remained quite alone beside the sleeping invalid. After having indulged my wayward thoughts for a short time, and shed some silent tears in reflecting on the days that were gone, I was disturbed by the fear of our being left in total darkness, a situation which agitated my mother's nerves even when in a better state of health: the lamp burnt very dim, and the fire gave scarcely any light, yet I feared to move, lest I should disturb the sleep which had been procured with difficulty. In the perfect silence of all around, I had been able to count twelve by the old clock which stood in a distant chamber, and was thus reminded how many hours must pass before day-break. I rose, therefore, from my seat, as softly as I could, and was approaching the chimney, where a few sparks of fire still glimmered, when suddenly it appeared to me that the bell at the great gate was rung, and on listening I heard the sound again more distinctly, though it seemed to be rendered faint by the high wind that was blowing, and which, for an instant, I thought might have been the only cause of the noise. My heart beat violently on hearing the house-door opened and shut with caution; and in a few moments after, a sound reached me of voices whispering in the antechamber, and steps gently approaching the entrance of my mother's bedroom: on this I felt extremely alarmed, and my first impulse was to place myself between the door and a screen which protected my mother's bed from the current of air, so that no person could pass to her without first meeting with me; but I had no time to reflect, for the door was immediately opened softly, and I saw Antoine, who made a sign to me to follow him into the antechamber, which I did, (leaving the door ajar) and, to my great astonishment, found there two men apparently of the lowest class, but wrapped up in such a manner that I could not distinguish their shapes or faces. I cast a reproachful look at Antoine, though I did not venture to reprove him in words, and advancing to the door of the hall, near which they stood, and endeavouring to speak in an unembarrassed tone, I said, 'What do you want of us, good people, at this unseasonable hour?' 'Our lives!' answered the tallest of the men in a half whisper, which seemed to have something familiar to my ear, and the other continued in a low voice, 'We are pursued by assassins, and have only avoided them by entering this castle.'—

"'What is to be done, Antoine?' said I, in great confusion of mind; and as he hesitated to reply, the man who had first spoken, throwing off his dis-

guise, said aloud, 'There is no time for considering—Cecile! will you save my life?' I cannot describe what were my feelings on beholding, and at such a time, in such a situation, Henry De Cassales—I did not faint; I did not throw myself into his arms —I thought of nothing at that moment but of saving his life; and, indeed, I had scarcely recognised him when we heard a sound of distant voices, and the trampling of the feet of horses ascending the hill. 'O Heavens!' exclaimed I, 'What can we do now?' 'Hide us,' said Henry, 'but for an hour in one of the secret chambers' — 'Quick — quick, — for God's sake!' cried his companion, in a tone scarcely audible. 'Wait for me one instant,' said I; for my presence of mind was now restored, and going softly into the chamber of my mother, whom I found still in a calm sleep, I passed on to the closet, where I woke the servant, and telling her to watch by the invalid's bedside till my return, and in case of her awakening, to say that I should not repose long, I took the key of the turret-room, which lay on the chimney, and hurried back to those who impatiently expected me: then, desiring Antoine to go to the gate, and use every pretext for preventing or delaying the entrance of Henry's pursuers, I ran up the stairs which led to the place destined for the concealment of my betrothed and his unknown companion. My anxiety seemed to give me wings, though I felt my legs tremble under me to such a degree that I was obliged to support myself by the banisters; while Henry followed, as quickly as he could drag after him the terrified being who leaned on his arm, and whose excessive fright appeared rather disgraceful, even in one so young as his voice and stature shewed him. We had arrived at the secret door, and from the open window next it, could hear Antoine parleying with a number of persons who demanded admittance, when the companion of Henry fell down in a swoon. 'What is to become of us now?' cried he. 'Sit down on the stairs, and support the youth in your arms while I go for some water,' said I. 'No, no,' said Henry, 'don't go without locking us up, and take the light with you, for I know my way.' I did as he desired, after helping him to raise the lifeless body, and telling him where he might possibly find water in a vessel, which was kept for watering the plants on the top terrace. It was with great pain that I abandoned the unfortunate young man in a fainting fit, unassisted; but Henry's existence was at stake, and every other object shrunk into nothing when compared with that.

"I hastened down stairs as soon as I had fastened the secret door, and on entering the hall, found my sister already risen, and all the servants—except the porter and the girl, whom I had left in attendance on my mother —assembled round her, in great consternation. I soon discovered that Rose was quite ignorant of all that had taken place within the last quarter of an hour, and therefore thought it was better to leave her to speak boldly what she supposed to be truth, being well convinced that nothing would induce her to mention the secret chamber and well-hidden door. The officers of justice, for such in fact they proved to be, entered the hall just as I retired, through the antechamber, to my mother's bedroom, and I distinctly heard them demand the bodies of Henry De Cassales, and his wife, or concubine, Fanchon Dubois, accused of high treason against the Republic.

"You may imagine—no, you cannot imagine—nobody could imagine—what I felt on discovering who was the companion of Henry. For a moment my senses seemed to be giving way, but suddenly a sentiment of heroism took possession of my soul; I felt myself above the world, and wished but to sacrifice my own life, to preserve that of Henry, and the woman he had preferred to me. I resolved, that if they were to be taken, it should not be till I was killed, and determined to place myself as a barrier before the ingress to the secret apartment. In this state of feverish exaltation, I was more inclined to put myself forward than to keep back, and therefore, instead of going into my mother's chamber, I returned into the hall, just as my sister was saying,—with an air of sincerity which persuaded even those blood-hunters—'It is impossible that they should have entered this house unknown to any one; and, besides, the same road leads to two other habitations, not far distant, where persons, such as you describe,

would be more inclined to seek protection, than in the abode of an unfortunate reduced invalid, like my mother, whom Henry De Cassales would hardly have ventured to disturb, knowing her situation, and how improbable it was that she could assist him.' Her words appeared to make some impression, and I, perceiving the intruders to hesitate, came forward to entreat that the officers of justice would, if possible, refrain from disturbing my mother, who was then sleeping by the aid of opium. They looked at each other doubtingly, and conversed together in a low tone for a few minutes. I then heard one of them say, 'But while we are prating here, the fugitives may escape entirely,' and this suggestion seemed to accelerate their departure. However, some of them appeared still to hesitate, asking, where this door led to, and where that door led to, and putting various questions to the different domestics, who answered with the most perfect simplicity, as no one in the house had any suspicion of what had passed, except Antoine and myself. At length the unwelcome visitors took their departure, accompanied by one of our men for a guide to the next chateau, which, being some miles nearer to the frontiers, appeared to be a place still more likely for the fugitives to have halted at.

"As soon as Antoine had closed the gate behind them, he returned to the hall, where the terrified domestics were still assembled, and calling me aside, said, 'We must get Mr Henry off as quickly as possible, for I heard one of the men say, that if they did not find the persons they were in pursuit of in their search to-night, it would be expedient that they should return here;' to which another replied,—'That in that case they would examine every corner, from the cellars to the garrets.'

"Rose had gone to take my place by my mother's bedside, believing that I would follow her advice of retiring to repose; and I, resolving not to lose a moment, after sending the other servants to bed, desired Antoine to take measures for the immediate departure of the fugitives, while I went to take them: I then provided myself with wine, drops, &c. for the fatigued and terrified woman; and having called back Antoine, to desire that he would secretly prepare some refreshment for the travellers, hastened up stairs, in a tumult of contending emotions, which my heroic sentiments alone enabled me to command. When I arrived at the secret entrance my hand trembled, so that I could not immediately move the spring which concealed the key-hole; and then made so much noise, and was so long endeavouring to unlock the door, that when I reached the top of the staircase, I found Henry with his sword drawn, ready to oppose his pursuers; while his unfortunate companion lay still senseless on the floor. His head, as well as his eyes, sunk on beholding me; and without interchanging any words, we both applied our attention to aid the unconscious sufferer. By the help of the medicines I had brought, she was soon restored to her senses, but did not seem to recollect where she was, or what had happened. Henry raised her up and seated her on a bench, while I bathed her temples and nostrils with vinegar. I know not how I felt—I had no time to think—I was obliged to act. As soon as I perceived her to be sufficiently restored to move, I proposed that they should descend from this uncomfortable room; and on Henry's expressing a fear of leaving their place of refuge, I mentioned the departure of their persecutors, but refrained from saying more, as I saw the poor woman was in no state to support farther terror; and desiring them to follow, I led the way down the narrow stairs, leaving Henry to carry his exhausted companion. I then proposed to them to partake of the prepared refreshment, but the female was in no condition to profit by it: fatigue and fright had produced a high fever, and the best service I could render her, was to have her put into bed immediately. I then returned to Henry, who waited in an adjoining chamber; and without giving way to my feelings, told him in few words, the necessity for his immediate departure, offering, that Antoine should be his guide to a town in the contrary direction from that taken by the police officers, and at the same time bring back a physician for his sick companion. He hesitated for a moment, endeavoured to say something which I could not understand, and Antoine coming to remind him of the danger likely to result from any fur-

ther delay, he said in a suffocated tone, 'I am ready;' and then holding out a hand I did not take, after a long-drawn breath, with a still more difficult utterance, he added, 'I trust to the generosity of Cecile—and commend to her care—the unfortunate'—I interrupted him to say, that I would protect her as if she were my own sister; and then bidding him adieu, I left the room abruptly.

"I could not have supported myself a minute longer—my heart seemed as if it would burst,—my mind was a whirlpool, in which every rational idea was swallowed up,—I was acting as it were by instinct, for I was incapable of reflecting; and the only strong impression on my soul was a resolution to behave nobly. But I had still another hard task, and this was to follow the steps of Antoine and his companion to the gate, that I might lock it after them. I remained at such a distance as not to be observed by Henry, and only appeared, when the porter, on unclosing the wicket, looked round for me: Henry made a movement to turn back, but I signed to him with my hand to proceed; Antoine, pulling him forward, closed the door, and as I fastened it within, I heard the trampling of the horse, and the wheels of the carriage which had been prepared for his conveyance. After leaning against the gate for a moment, I pursued my way back to the house, but could not refrain from stopping in the middle of the court-yard to inhale the cold air, which seemed to refresh my burning brain; and looking up at the sky, I clasped my hands wildly, and called upon the myriads of twinkling stars to pity me: I then ran up the steps, and sitting down in the hall, burst into an agony of tears, the first I had shed since the fatal certainty which had changed all my prospects in life. The clock struck two, and I recollected that it was only since midnight that I was become another creature. My tears had relieved me, and I closed the hall door softly, and walked with a firm step to the chamber of the sick stranger, where I resolved to remain till the return of the porter, as it was that nearest to the gate. Rose was in my mother's apartment, supposing I had retired to rest, and the servants had all been dismissed by Antoine immediately on the departure of the police, so that there was no person to admit him and the physician but myself.

"The unfortunate wife of Henry De Cassales was now in a heavy sleep, and as I sat beside her bed, reflecting on the past, I seemed to be in a painful dream, from which I longed that some one would awaken me. I had not yet distinctly seen the face of her who had stolen from me the object of my affection, and I felt a strange curiosity to behold her features; but no light fell on her as she lay, and though I several times leaned over her, I could only distinguish the painful heaving of her bosom, and the short difficult breathing, which shewed how much she was oppressed by the fever. The first convulsive fit of weeping being over, my tears flowed silently, and I sat with my face covered by my handkerchief, until I heard the gate-bell rung cautiously,—and on looking at my watch, found it was past four o'clock, about which time I knew that Antoine and the physician might be arrived. I, therefore, crept softly out of the room, and hurrying to the gate, was relieved from any scruple about opening it, by hearing the voices of Antoine and the Doctor as I approached. The latter had hastened with the idea of finding my mother worse than he had left her a few days before (for Antoine had prudently refrained from mentioning the stranger) and was much surprised when he learned that his assistance was required for a person he had never seen: the noise we made on entering the chamber did not rouse the sleeping patient, and the physician, on feeling her pulse, declared her to be in a very alarming state, and that she must be instantly bled. It was then, on approaching the candle for him to bandage her arm, that I first beheld the face of Henry's wife. The movements of the human heart are surely strange, and its depths unfathomable! Why did it cause me a pleasurable emotion to discover, that the woman for whom I had been abandoned was an ordinary person in looks, language, and manners? Indeed, her origin was plainly marked in all these; and, strange to tell! this certainly gave me courage to attend her with less painful agitation than I had felt before I knew what sort of a being she was.

"Fearing that it might prove fatal to Henry, if any suspicions concerning

his arrival should transpire, I would not call up any of the female servants; and, therefore, resolving to conceal the circumstance as long as possible, I determined to attend the sick woman myself alone, and actually held the candle while the doctor opened the vein, and a basin to receive the blood,—services which I had never rendered to any one before, although both my mother and sister had frequently required them. As soon as the blood began to flow, the patient opened her eyes, and shewed much confusion of mind on seeing herself amongst strangers. She asked repeatedly for her husband,—insisted on going to him,—and was scarcely to be pacified by the assurance, that he had been obliged to remove from the pursuit of the police to a neighbouring castle, where her appearance might betray him. As I knew that the physician was a humane, honourable man, I confided to him, that the sick woman and her husband were fugitives in danger of being arrested; but said nothing of who they were, or whither the man had directed his steps. The doctor kept the secret; and, with the help of Antoine, I contrived to have a report spread abroad, that one of the maid-servants was dangerously ill, so that it was not suspected we had harboured any person from without; and the next day I had the satisfaction of hearing, that the officers of justice, disappointed in their search after Henry, had received intelligence of a fugitive of much greater importance, in pursuit of whom they had directed their course across the mountains.

"Nothing could exceed the astonishment of my mother and sister when they heard all that had passed, and whom I had taken under my protection. They perfectly approved of my conduct, and cordially united with me in doing every thing that could serve the unfortunate Madame De Cassales, who had nothing to render her interesting, except her great attachment to her husband, and her being the innocent destroyer of all my hopes. She recovered more rapidly than could have been expected; and, as she went by her maiden name, no one of the domestics but the trusty Antoine had any suspicion of her connexion with Henry, nor did she ever learn that it was the betrayed bride of her husband who had succoured her distress. In about a month a letter arrived from him, addressed to Madame Dubois, announcing to her, that he had found a safe asylum beyond the frontiers, and recommending her to put herself under the protection of her father, who had become a man of great influence in the department where he lived. This she would not consent to; but, as soon as her strength was perfectly re-established, she hastened to join her husband at the town in which he had taken shelter; and, in a short time after her departure, arrived a letter for me, which, however, I did not receive for many weeks.

"The agitation of my spirits, and the efforts I had made to suppress my emotions, had produced a low fever, which occasioned great uneasiness to my mother and sister, and for some time kept the physician in suspense as to its nature and consequences. I recovered, however; and, as my mind was far more composed than it had been for several months, I read without much pain these few lines:

"'Most generous of women!

"'How shall I express the admiration,—the gratitude,—which pervade my heart, on hearing of the benefits you have bestowed where they could have been least expected! and the noble manner in which you have concealed from the object of your kindness that knowledge of the past which might have embittered all her future years!—But Cecile was ever incomparable!—and, oh! if I could but enter into details, perhaps she would find some excuse for my apparent perfidy!—But I will now only presume to add the unbounded thanks of those whose lives have been saved by you, and the most sincere wishes for your happiness, from one who dares not sign his unfortunate name.'

"I was surprised at finding myself so little agitated by the perusal of Henry's letter, especially as the first sight of his well-known handwriting had occasioned me a slight shudder. Whether it was the satisfaction of having done my duty, or that my heart was numbed by recent sufferings, I know not; but I became tranquil in a much shorter space of time than my friend had expected. It was the calm of despair!—I no longer hoped or feared—for me all was finished; but I felt the

more devoted to my mother and sister, and from that time became of somewhat more utility in the household.

"We heard nothing more of the fugitives; and, taking it for granted that they were in safety, we ceased to talk of them. My memory would sometimes, against my will, revert to the days that were gone, and present to my imagination the bright vision of former hopes; and then the clouds of disappointment would lower over me for a brief space of time;—but I never uttered a complaint; and immediately sought out some occupation which might engage my attention, and enable me to banish painful recollections. And certainly I can claim some merit for the successful exertions I made to avoid repining.

"We continued our usual habits of life, seeing and hearing as little as possible of the storm which raged around us; never injuring any one, and sometimes being of use to unfortunate individuals, whom we were called upon to succour or conceal. It was a melancholy time for all who had friends either in Paris or the royalist armies; indeed anywhere in France, or connected with that distracted country. Our cousin Alphonse was with the troops in Germany; my mother's other nephews were in the National Guards. But I will not dwell on a description of the days when nearest relations were opposed to each other, and when one could not wish success to either party, without wishing ill to some of one's parentage. In the midst of all this, however, my health was restored, and our good mother did not seem to suffer so much from her various maladies as she had done for many years before; so that we might have been considered as more fortunate than some of our neighbours; when one day our domestic quiet was again interrupted by a letter from Henry De Cassales to my mother, giving her an account of various changes in his circumstances,—amongst others, 'the death of his wife, and his appointment to a lucrative civil employment, in consequence of certain friends of his father having come into power.' He concluded with an humble request for permission 'to avail himself of a short leave of absence from his post, to come and explain past circumstances,—he would not promise to talk of the future till that was done.' And thus was my tranquillity of mind once more disturbed, and my hard-earned indifference again shaken: for, though I declared loudly that no explanation would satisfy me, yet my thoughts involuntarily contradicted my words, and I felt a ray of hope brightening in my heart.

"Henry did come, and was better received by my mother and sister than I thought he deserved to be: yet in a few days I had listened to his justification, and forgiven all the past! The story he told was plausible enough—Heaven only knows whether it was true. His father's life was in the most imminent danger: in short, he would have been put to death, had not the immediate marriage of his son with the daughter of a powerful sansculotte obtained for him a protector of sufficient power to stop the execution. After telling me the story, he added, 'Would Cecile have hesitated to sacrifice her own happiness, had the life of her mother been at stake?' My heart replied as he intended it should, and in so doing, restored to the man I so dearly loved all his former empire over me.

"We spent one fortnight of happy days, during which all that was painful in the past was forgotten, and what was pleasing alone occupied our thoughts. Our plans of life were uncertain, because the state of our country was still unsettled; but we looked on the bright side of every thing, and there seemed to be no obstacle to an union between Henry and myself. His circumstances were affluent; the death of his father, which took place before that of his wife, had put him in possession of a moderate landed property in one of the least disturbed parts of France, as well as a large sum of money secured in some foreign funds, and his present employment was only a step to one still more lucrative, which he expected on his return to Paris. My mother was convinced that he possessed a sufficiency to support me in affluence either at home or abroad, and seemed not to have a doubt of the sincerity of his attachment, which had only yielded to the imminent danger of a father, whom he loved and respected, as that father had deserved. It was determined, as soon as Henry could again absent himself from his post, which he said would be in four months, that we should be

married. He pressed to have the ceremony performed previous to his departure, promising to leave me with my mother till his return; but fortunately she was averse to these precipitate measures, and Henry took his leave. Most tender and most sorrowful was his farewell.—'Do not weep, my beloved Cecile!' he said, gently wiping away my tears with the handkerchief already moistened with his own, 'Every drop that falls from your eyes feels like melted lead upon my heart.—If I am alive this day four months, we shall meet, to be parted again by death alone.' Such were his parting words.—I never saw him more."

Cecile paused for a moment, and I fixed my eyes on the picture. "That portrait," said she, "was finished a few days before Henry De Cassales left the Castle of Varesne for ever. An Italian painter, who was making the best of his way, from the tumults of France, to the quiet village he had left in pursuit of wealth and fame, had been mistaken by the furious peasantry of a neighbouring hamlet for a person obnoxious to them, and, having been rescued with some difficulty by my mother's steward, was brought hither for safety, and remained ten days under our roof. This circumstance took place the day after Henry's arrival; and the painter, immediately on seeing him, expressed a wish to take his likeness, in which he succeeded beyond all expectation; and thus left in this mansion a never-fading memorial of the most perfidious —— in short, of a MAN—and that is saying every thing. But to continue my narrative: After Henry's departure, you may suppose that he was the constant subject of our conversation. We had found his appearance altered; sometimes I thought for the better, sometimes for the worse; his complexion was paler and darker; he looked more thoughtful, and smiled less frequently than in former days; but he appeared to me to have more dignity in his countenance. My mother and Rose thought he had acquired an air of dissimulation; and we all agreed (for I could not help assenting to this observation,) that he had learned to place a much higher value on riches and honours than when he had taken refuge in our mansion at the time of his duel; but this seemed a natural consequence of the situation he had been thrown into; and all these discourses ever terminated in the subject of my approaching marriage, which afforded such a satisfactory prospect to us all. My mother was now becoming less liable to any severe attacks of her former maladies; she was, however, growing gradually weaker, and passed much of her time in bed; but was remarkably cheerful, and talked continually of Henry. She often said that her dearest wish would shortly be gratified, and that she felt her strength improve in thinking of it. 'Rose,' she would say, 'has arrived at a reasonable age, and I have had many proofs of her good sense; but you, my Cecile, are too young and too romantic for me to die in peace while you are unmarried. Thank God I shall soon have my utmost wish contented, in seeing you the wife of the son of your father's old friend, and then I may join my lamented husband without a pang.' Thus she would talk, half cheerfully, half melancholy; but she really did seem at last to be overcoming her extreme debility; and we flattered ourselves she would be able to execute her favourite project, of going as far as the chapel to be present at the nuptial ceremony.

"This was a moment of temporary peace, especially in our part of the country; and though atrocities were sometimes committed in the neighbourhood, and that the bonds of society continued in a relaxed state, yet the former did not approach so near us as before, and the latter was not so sensibly felt. Letters from Henry frequently arrived, sometimes by the regular post, sometimes by travellers passing the road; in short, while he wished to write, he found means to send his letters; and nothing could be more affectionate or amiable than their style during the first two months of his absence; at the commencement of the third month they became shorter, and the intervals between them were longer; but the business of his office, which had increased in consequence of the illness of one of his colleagues, and also the necessity in which he described himself of making some short excursions for that reason, seemed to account for his omissions; and I felt no resentment for what I could not avoid lamenting. My great

consolation was, that, in less than two months, I should no longer have to wait the arrival of the courier for tidings of one so dear to me. At length the fourth month began; and we counted first the weeks and then the days which would pass before Henry's arrival. The hands of Rose, and even those of my invalid mother, were employed in hastily finishing certain bridal ornaments, which they had laboured at in secret, and which I pretended not to perceive, when they hurried them away at my approach; but I felt happy when I thought how soon they would be mine.

"But no letter announced the approach of the bridegroom: the longest time which used to elapse without hearing from him, was long past, and yet no tidings of him reached us. I began to have melancholy forebodings, (though of nothing like the truth,) and my mother took pains to persuade me of what she and Rose had convinced themselves; namely, that letters had been lost, and that we should probably hear no more of Henry till we saw him arrive. I endeavoured to believe this, and to appear cheerful before my friends; but when alone, I gave way to the most gloomy thoughts; and when the four months had come to an end, and that one week passed, and another week passed, I grew more and more unhappy. Henry was either dead, or so ill, as to be unable to write; or, perhaps, in these tumultuous times he had become an object of suspicion, and was confined in some dungeon. My mother and Rose began to share my inquietude, and though they would chide me for looking forward to evil, it was evident that their own spirits also suffered: my mother's strength appeared to diminish, and the smile on my sister's face became more rare and less bright than heretofore. The fifth month was already near its conclusion, and melancholy pervaded our house. My mother had commissioned the Curate of the parish to take measures for ascertaining what was become of Henry De Cassales, and anxiously awaited the answer he expected: my sister also knew of this step being taken, and was most impatient for the result; but they all agreed that the whole transaction should be concealed from me till the affair was perfectly elucidated.

"The sixth month of Henry's absence, and second of his complete silence, had just commenced, when one morning I saw, from my window, the old Curate hastening across the court at an unusual hour; and though I knew nothing of the commission with which he had been entrusted, yet I immediately suspected that his visit had some connexion with the subject always uppermost in my thoughts. I therefore hastened down stairs to meet him, but he had already been admitted to my mother's chamber, at the door of which I met my sister coming to seek me. 'What news does he bring?' said I, hurrying towards her. 'Who do you mean?' said Rose, with an embarrassed air. 'The Curate,' replied I. 'I have not yet spoken to him,' said she; 'he is alone with my mother, and I think we had better not interrupt them.' My sister's confusion augmented every moment: I observed it, and said, 'Rose, I implore you to tell me the truth: are there are any tidings of Henry?' 'None that I know of, I assure you,' replied my sister, who really knew nothing, on account of her having hastened away to prevent my appearance. 'I will know if the Curate has brought any,' I exclaimed; and in spite of the remonstrances of Rose, and her endeavours to detain me, I rushed past her, and entered the chamber, where I beheld what immediately convinced me that my suspicions were but too true.

"My mother was weeping bitterly, and the good Curate sitting by her bed-side, with a countenance expressive of great sorrow; an open letter in his hand, and another still unsealed on the table beside him. 'Henry is dead!' I exclaimed; and my sight and hearing beginning to fail, I should have fallen to the ground, had not Rose, who followed close behind, caught me in her arms, and placed me in a great chair which stood near. I did not faint—my anxiety for intelligence kept me from losing my senses entirely, and opening my eyes, I was just able to say, 'Is he dead?' 'No—no,' replied the Curate, approaching me, 'he is not dead,'—but I looked up at his face as he said these words, and saw no consolation in it. 'Is he then in prison? For Heaven's sake, tell me the truth—this suspense kills me!' and in fact I felt as if I could have borne any certainty better than

this dreadful state of doubt. The curate then turning to my mother, who still continued weeping bitterly, said, 'I believe it is better to tell her at once what she must sooner or later be informed of.' 'Do what you think right,' said she; 'I am incapable of either considering or acting.' 'Oh! for mercy's sake, let me hear all!' cried I, catching hold of the Curate's hand; 'I will be calm—I will be reasonable,'—but little did I expect what was to come.

"'This letter,' he said, 'is the answer of one addressed to a friend of mine in Paris, at the request of your mother, who directed me to make inquiries after Mr De Cassales.' He paused for a moment, and my heart, my breathing, stopped entirely during that moment. At length, with a heavy sigh, and in a lower tone of voice, he added, 'The man, my dear young lady, is unworthy of you.'—'What man?' exclaimed I, and I remember the wild feel of my head as I spoke. 'Henry De Cassales,' resumed he, in a more determined tone, 'can never be your husband; nor was he ever deserving of your hand.'—''Tis false—false—false!—' shrieked I, my senses beginning to give way. My sister's apologies to the ecclesiastic recalled them in some degree, and I remained silent, (but it was with an effort beyond what any person can imagine who has never been in the state I was in then,) and on a sign from my mother, the Curate read aloud the letter he had received.—

"'Rose, my dear, give those two previous epistles into the hand of Madame—or rather do you read them to her.' Rose approached the picture of Henry De Cassales, and touching a spring in the frame, a small part of it opened, from whence she took a little parcel containing two letters, which she read aloud. The first was as follows:—

"'Dear Friend,

"'On the receipt of yours, without loss of time I proceeded to make the inquiries you recommended, and found no difficulty in learning news of Mr Henry De Cassales, who enjoys a very high and lucrative office, and lives in a handsome hotel, with an appearance of such affluence and luxury as might have put his life in danger a few years ago. He is at this moment on the point of marriage with the only daughter of a late minister, who is said to have died worth a prodigious sum of money placed in foreign banks. The wedding is to take place immediately, and if this gentleman is a friend of yours, I wish you joy of his good fortune. I hear the young lady is very pretty, but more remarkable for her riches then any thing else. I hope this intelligence may prove satisfactory, and am ready to obey any of your further commands,' &c. &c. In a P. S. was added, 'One of the persons to whom I addressed myself for tidings of Mr De Cassales, has just called on me to say that he was married this morning, and to request that I would send you the enclosed letter, which is for a lady in your neighbourhood, to whom you will oblige me by forwarding it.'

"The enclosure was a letter from Henry De Cassales to Madame De Varesne, which Rose also read aloud, and which I was astonished to see her sister hearken to with indifference, even after such a lapse of years. The contents ran thus:—

"'Most respected Lady,

"'I have attempted to address you twenty times within the last month, and was only deterred from writing, by not knowing in what words to convey to you tidings which must give you pain; but there is no more time to lose, and I now therefore assume courage to inform you, that, urged by a strong combination of circumstances, I have yielded to my destiny, and am just returned from the municipality with a wife more suitable to my present state than your amiable daughter, for whom, notwithstanding, I feel the truest regard, ("The wretch!" exclaimed Cecile, with a smile of contempt,) and the greatest regret, for the uneasiness I am necessitated to occasion her. Tell her that I am unworthy of her; that I never was otherwise; that I have been governed by thirst of wealth. Alas! this is too true; for were Cecile as rich as my wife . . . . But no more on that subject—and notwithstanding your abhorrence of my conduct, you must allow me to offer, both to yourself and your daughters, my humble respects and very good wishes. I have the honour to salute you in the most distinguished manner.'

" What do you think of the cool, deliberate baseness of his conduct and his letter ?" resumed Cecile, and without waiting for my answer, continued her story as follows :—

" I did not hear any thing of this precious composition for many months after ; for as soon as the Curate read the words, ' He was married this morning,' I fainted, and on my recovery from that state it was discovered that I had completely lost my senses. A violent brain fever was the consequence of my agitation, and thrice was I on the brink of the grave : in spite of all the skill of my medical attendants, united with the soothing care of my mother and sister, I did not begin to recover my recollection till half a year was over, and then it was by such slow degrees, that they were more terrified than consoled by my discourse. In short, a full twelvemonth had elapsed before I was myself again ; but I did at length recover my memory as clear as ever it had been, and with a mind so changed, that, in place of an unbounded affection for Henry De Cassales, my heart was occupied by an utter abhorrence of all his sex, so fervent, that I made a vow never to look upon a man again ; and, however strange it may appear, I have contrived to keep that vow unbroken amidst all the changes, difficulties, and dangers in which we have found ourselves. My good looks, as well as my health of body, had vanished, but my peace of mind was restored, and except for a few days in the year, I was cheerful and contented ; but it was long before I could pass the anniversary of my sudden shock without a return of my mental disease, and the indulgence of my sister, who gratified my whim of this temporary mourning, was the chief cause of its diminution. By degrees the attack became less violent, and of shorter duration ; after eight years it ceased entirely, and never shall I forget the joy of my poor Rose the first time that I passed this day in my perfect senses. One of the things which afforded me most pleasure during my malady, was the sight of flowers, and that was the origin of the flower-garden on the terrace. My goldfinch, too, which I used to play with when I did not recognise any human creature, suggested to my kind sister the project of our little aviary. I was led out upon the terrace when my mind and body were still weak, and have reason to believe that this amusement contributed much to my recovery. The only thing which ever recalled an idea of the love I had once borne to that unworthy man, was the agitation produced in me by the first sight of his portrait, which the servant, to whom Rose gave orders for its removal, had forgotten. I insisted on having it placed here, because I thought it would be a cowardly act to send it away ; but to avoid the pain of beholding those features which I now see with indifference, I had it covered. Poor creature ! his course was soon run, and he has been long forgotten by the distant relations to whom the remnant of his great riches devolved.

" The last slight attack of my mental malady occurred on the death of my dear mother, for though her decay was so gradual that she expired like an extinguishing lamp, yet the shock of finding her dead was more than I could support. Since that period I have been tolerably tranquil, though, in regard to bodily health, always a martyr to past sufferings ; and Rose and I are so accustomed to our monotonous course of life, that it constitutes our happiness. Weeks after weeks, and months after months, pass as you see, and I often think that we should never have enjoyed half so much felicity in the turmoil of the world as our solitary habits bestow on us."

Such was the *Old Maid's Story.*—Nothing worth relating passed during the remaining time of my abode at the Castle of Varesne, to which I bade adieu at the end of October, and pursued my lonely journey southward.

THREE YEARS AT OXFORD.

Dear North,

You have tried various ways of making yourself popular, and strange though it may appear, you have succeeded in them all. In Oxford, in particular, you are a text-book upon all occasions. In your original articles, you have been gay and witty, in such an uncontrollable degree, that the whole human race seemed to aim at nothing so much as to exert the privilege of laughter; and several Dons of Colleges have endeavoured (not, we understand, without some glimmerings of success), by assuming a portentous grin, and cackling over your papers, to persuade the under-graduates that they had the same feelings with the rest of the world. High-street generally wears the most brilliant and animated appearance about the third day after you have left the press. Sleepy-eyed individuals, who pore with the same leaden goggles over the gaieties of Terence and Aristophanes, as over Macculloch and Jeremy Bentham, brighten up in a miraculous manner when they have perused a scene in old Maga; and some of them, though they afterwards have the misfortune to take first classes, appear, while under her inspiration, to be sensible and even lively young men. Golding's and Jabber's, about the beginning of a month, teem with merry-faced and light-hearted commoners; senior tables seem more talkative and entertaining, and common-rooms are absolutely uproarious beneath the potent spell of your midriff-shaking pen. When you are tired of raising laughter, in pity to senior fellows, tutors, and heads of houses, to whom the exertion of gaffawing might prove dangerous, or at all events, fatiguing,—you alter the strain of your meditations, and turn sentimental for a time. This, though it puts all the rest of the world in tears, is perfect repose to them. Unblanched is the ruddy cheek of the Fellow—unmoistened the large distended eye of the Master; and just where the catastrophe grows most touchingly pathetic, the unwieldy animal flaps his huge head upon his dexter shoulder, and assures the neighbourhood, by the magnificence of his snore, that not only his lungs are sound, but that his appetite, previous to his dinner, was tolerably good. It is astonishing, by the bye, with what certainty one can guess the amount of a man's prefennent, from the nature and sound of his snore. Nothing can be more different than the loud, open, long-drawn alarum of a Warden, from the weak, short, sneaking sort of a snivel which issues from the blue, emaciated proboscis of a Junior Fellow. With what a proud, trumpet-like sound does the one echo round the oaken walls, shaking the long-stalked glasses on the table, and finally dying away like a peal of far off thunder, which the traveller hears reverberated from rock to rock in the tremendous solitudes of Ben Nevis, while between the pauses the mountain seems to listen in breathless awe, as if the next vast and overwhelming roar were to shake it to its solid and everlasting foundations. How often in senior common-rooms may be marked the gradual dropping asleep of the learned and venerable members! First, after a few rounds of the bottle, the tongues, which are tired of eulogizing or vituperating the various dishes which had smoked upon the board, gradually begin to be still, —soon conversation comes absolutely to a stand,—the candles grow alarmingly long in the wick,—comparative darkness involves the sage assembly,—and first one, then another, drops off into a placid and harmonious repose. Then what dreams float before the eyes of their imagination! Blue silk pelisses jostling shovel hats, church spires dancing in most admired disorder, fat incumbents falling down in a fit, neat clerical-looking gigs standing at vicarage doors, and these all incongruously commingled with white veils, lawn sleeves, roast beef, pulpit cushions, bright eyes, and small black sarsnet shoes. Suddenly the chapel bell dissolves the fleeting fabric of the vision; and, behold! the white veil is a poet's imagination, the church spire is still at a miserable distance, the vicarage is a Utopian nonentity, and the fat incumbent, in a state of the ruddiest health, is the only reality of the dream! It is useless to tell how you are received by the Under-graduates,—suffice it to say, there would be a great addition to the number of first classes if Blackwood were one of the books in the school. Passages in

the classics, though dark and intricate as those of Christ-church cloisters, would be clear as noon-day. Examiners would be the most jocund and fascinating of men, and Dodd, robbed of his terrors, and pluckless as a tailor's goose, would have little to do but to distribute testamurs to any one that applied. But this, in the present state of ignorance and intellect—for the terms are nearly synonymous—is hardly to be expected; and men must still linger out their three years, before they can strut about in the dignity of wide sleeves, "like Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground."

But hold! Did we, indeed, say linger? They fly, they gallop—it is only after these three years are past, that Time gets galled and spavined, and all the kicking and spurring you can give him, only makes him limp, and hobble, and creep the slower. How delightful they seem even at the time! and to us, who are old and far away from "the palaces and towers," their recollection is connected with the best and happiest time of our life. Often and often, at the close of a long and busy day, do we sit and dream in our elbow chair; and there, in our lonely parlour, our solitude is peopled with the jocund faces that gathered round us long ago—the light laugh sounds in our ears, and tones of the voices we used to love to listen to, thrill upon our hearts with a distinctness which, at the interval of so many years, is startling and almost awful. Looks we can recall, and scenes, in which those who were the actors shall never be assembled again. Some have gone down into the grave, and, except at moments of rare occurrence, when the memory rests upon them by chance, are as completely forgotten as if they had never existed, nor laughed with us, nor drank with us, nor rode with us, nor looked forward to happy years, and meetings, and intimacy in our old age. And some are gone off to India, and one Long Tom,—poh! we are growing sentimental—the dearest and most intimate of our friends—the last time we heard of him, stood a great chance of being transported on a charge of having three wives! This we could not have expected, and it pained us very much. Bigamy may, perhaps, be excused in such people as coachmen of long stages, commercial bagmen, and circuit-going barristers, more especially, if the prior wife be a deserving and amiable woman; but trigamy is too awful a tempting of Providence, and doubtless, like many other iniquities, is its own severest punishment.

College! how different from school! Never believe a great, broad-faced, beetle-browed Spoon, when he tells you, with a sigh that would upset a schooner, that the happiest days of a man's life are those he spends at school. Does he forget the small bed-room occupied by eighteen boys, the pump you had to run to on Sunday mornings, when decency and the usher commanded you to wash? Is he oblivious of the blue chalk and water they flooded your bowels with at breakfast, and called it milk? Has he lost the remembrance of the Yorkshire pudding, vulgarly called choke-dog, of which you were obliged to eat a pound before you were allowed a slice of beef, and of which, if you swallowed half that quantity, you thought cooks and oxen mere works of supererogation, and totally useless on the face of the earth? Has the fool lost all recollection of the prayers in yon cold, wet, clay-floored cellar, proudly denominated the Chapel? has he forgot the cuffs from the senior boys, the pinches from the second master? and, *in fine*, has he forgot the press at the end of the school-room, where a cart-load of birch was deposited at the beginning of every half year, and not a twig left to tickle a mouse with, long before the end of it? He talks of freedom from care—what a negative kind of happiness! Let him cut off his hand, he will never hurt his nails. Let him enclose an order for all his money even unto us, and no more will he be troubled with cares about the Stocks—no more will he be teased with calculations on the price of grain. All that raving about school-boys, is perfect nonsense—it is the most miserable period of a human being's life. Poor, shivering, trembling, kicked, buffetted, thumped, and starved little mortals! We never see a large school but we feel inclined to shoot them all, masters, ushers, and door-keepers included, merely to put them out of pain.

But at College, how different!—*There*, a man begins to feel that it is a matter of total indifference to him whether he sit on a hard wooden bench, or a soft stuffed chair; *there*,

the short coat is discarded, and he stalks about with the air of a three-tailed Bashaw, as his own two, generally, at first, are prolonged a little below the knee; *there*, his penny tart, which he bought on Saturdays at the door of the school, is exchanged for a dessert from Golding's; his beer, which he occasionally imbibed at the little pot-house, two miles beyond the school bounds, is exchanged for his wine from Butler's. Books from Talboy's, the most enterprising of Bibliopoles, supply the place of the tattered Dictionary he brought to the University, which, after being stolen when new, and passing, by the same process, through twenty hands, is at last, when fluttering in its last leaves, re-stolen by the original proprietor, who fancies he has made a very profitable "nibble." The trot he used to enjoy by stealth on the butcher's broken-kneed pony, is succeeded now by a gallop on a steed of Quartermain's; and he is delighted to find that horse and owner strive which shall be the softest-mouthed and gentlest charger. The dandy mare, we suppose, has many long years ago made fat the great-grandfathers of the present race of dogs; and old Scroggins, we imagine, has been trod to pieces in boots and shoes, the very memory of which departed long, long before they were paid for. Of old Scroggins—as Dr Johnson says—and of his virtues, let us indulge ourself in the recollection. Though not formed in the finest mould, or endowed with the extremity of swiftness, his pace was sure and steady—equal to Hannibal in endurance of fatigue; and, like that celebrated commander, his aspect was rendered peculiarly fierce and striking by a blemish in his eye; not ignorant of the way to Woodstock was the wall-eyed veteran; not unacquainted with the covers at Ditchley; not unaccustomed to the walls at Hethrop: but Dandy and Scroggins have padded the hoof from this terrestrial and unstable world—peace to their manes!

Who doesn't recollect the minutest particular of his first visit to Oxford, when he went up to be matriculated? The first view we had of the University shall live in our heart for ever. It was a bright moonlight night in winter. In coming in by the Lower London Road, we saw the river gliding noiselessly round the city, with numberless lights glancing upon its breast from the barges up towards the bridge. The huge tower of Christ Church seemed "steeped in the calm moonshine," and rose in silent beauty above that voiceless and sleeping city, like a knight of old guarding the couch of his slumbering lady. The spires and towers rising on every side in calm and beautiful array, and hallowed to every young heart by their association with all that is sacred in learning and piety, seemed more like the creation of a dream, than any sober reality; and it was with unmingled feelings of awe and veneration, that we drank our first glass of brandy and water in the Angel; and deep were our cogitations, and aspiring and virtuous our resolves, as we pulled on our night-cap for the first time in Oxford, and dreamt that we were Vice-Chancellor, and wore a wig. We remember with what awe we made our bow to the Vice for the time being—what wisdom we saw in his robes—what condescension in bidding us sit down; and truly, if we forget his kindness to us afterwards, and in more material matters than pointing us to a chair, we shall deserve to see nobody for two years but our old aunt Hannah, who is positively pleased with nothing—not even with herself. But, as a celebrated divine took an opportunity of mentioning to her lately, when ladies get on the exterior side of sixty, they are gradually more difficult to please, as after that time they begin to grow fast hideous.

The few months between matriculation and residence pass off like a dream. School we entirely forget; the memory of Horace becomes dim and indistinct; and visions of the University, and all that we saw in our brief and wonder-struck visit, dance before our imagination till we sigh for our first term, that we may enter into the promised land, of which we had such a captivating prospect. At last the wished-for moment comes. We are whirled along the road ten miles an hour, filled with ideas of the dignity of a member of the University, and resolved to support it, by as great a shew of grandeur and manliness as we can assume. At every town, as we draw nearer Oxford, we pick up some "men" dressed generally all in the same way; hands stuck consequentially into the pockets of their upper

Benjamins, and probably a cigar in their mouth, and a servant standing behind them with a portmanteau and carpet bag. Up climbs the stately alumnus; round him he looks with the majesty of Glumdalca, sits down without saying a syllable, and puffs his cigar and holds his tongue with astonishing perseverance. The two fat men in brown great-coats, and the woman with the cotton umbrella, get down at the next market-town, and, a few miles beyond, their place is occupied by three more under-graduates —so that now there is no one on the coach but members of the University, and that red-whiskered Irish packman, who, after sundry attempts to involve his opposite neighbour in conversation, gives it up in hopeless despair, and begins to suspect that this is an universal emigration of Mr Kinniburgh's deaf and dumb institution. At dinner it is quite the same,—no one with courage to break through the ridiculous etiquette, which prevents men from speaking unless they be introduced; as if the ordinary civilities to each other of fellow-travellers involved the necessity of an acquaintance, on their arriving at their destination. Even on our first journey, we made a point of being tied down by no such rules, but spoke to our neighbours on the coach as we should have done to any other people if they had been in the same situation. It is wonderful how much information an accurate observer may pick up upon these occasions. We discovered, for instance, by this means, when we had been resident upwards of three years without finding it out, that there was a very respectable college of the name of Worcester somewhere out in the country, and that some of the members of it had been known to ride the whole distance into Oxford without changing horses, or even stopping to bait. We likewise heard of two men of one of the Halls who were not in the slightest danger of being plucked. But the accounts one hears on a coach generally require to be authenticated; more particularly, as the gentleman from whom we received this information, was much more famed, as we afterwards understood, for his imagination than his veracity.

We shall suppose ourselves fairly arrived at last. In due form we have taken possession of our rooms, and discovered in the first five minutes that our scout is a thief and pickpocket. But elate with the rustling of our new gown, we carefully place our glossy, tasselled cap upon the table, and lie luxuriously upon our sofa, wrapt in high visions of future glory. Vain the attempt to describe the civility of tradesmen, useless to mention their thanks for the honour of our commands, and impossible to relate the approving complacency with which we feel ourselves, " aye, every inch, a man !" No longer in fear of our ears becoming rubicund from the horny thumbs of the Welsh assistant, no longer called Jack, or Tom, or Dick, but dignified with " Mr" by all the tutors, and having numberless notes lying on our table, directed to us Esq. from *men* whom, two months ago, we remember crying very heartily, and looking very sheepish, immediately after being flogged. But surely few pleasures are equal to that of meeting at College those with whom we have been intimate at school. The recollection of our mutual inconveniences gives a zest to our present more agreeable situation, till we attain a Coriolanus-like detestation of the name of " boy," and hunt, and drive tandems, and take lessons from Tom Cribb,—and twenty other things equally foolish, and equally useless, " to give the world assurance of a man." But very soon the novelty of our freedom wears off; we feel, if we have a grain of sense in our composition, that these are not our proper pursuits ; and before we have quite forgotten the little learning we brought with us, we have come to a resolution to enlarge it.

We never saw the delights of what is called hard reading. We get up in a dark morning of winter, and the whole atmosphere feels as if the bedposts had been sawed off the North Pole. After, with shaking nerves, and teeth chattering like a pair of castanets, we have managed to poke our shivering limbs into our icy trowsers, which, by the way, from the absence of a candle, we generally slip into with the wrong side foremost; we find, on looking into our sitting-room, every thing exactly as we left it the night before, " the rusty grate unconscious of a fire," and the very smoke frozen, in its paralized attempt to shudder its way up the chimney. With fear and trembling, we grope

for our phosphorus box, and the first glimmer our candle bestows, " serves only to discover sights of woe,"—the water frozen an inch thick in our wash-hand ewer, and the soap, of the hardness and consistence of a whinstone. At last, however, we manage to dress, and recall to the chimney, by the help of a few sticks, something which, from the clouds of smoke, might almost be mistaken for a fire, except that it gives no particle of heat. It is now three hours till morning chapel, and our books are all properly disposed for a serious and uninterrupted study. While our toes are perfectly dead, and buried in the frozen tomb of our unbrushed shoes; while our hair, in spite of brush and comb, falls lankly adown our clay-cold brow ; while our poor, miserable, blue-looking fingers can scarcely turn over the pages, we meet with some beautiful passage in the poets : but at that moment, all the brightness of all the classics we would exchange for a roaring fire, and all the eloquence of Cicero is cold and valueless, compared to an additional blanket. Time, however, lags on. The grey light serves to shew our window beautifully ornamented with variegations of frost-work, and our window-sole comfortably imbedded two or three inches in snow. Then we hear the crackling of the frosty ground, as the porter trudges across to ring the chapel bell. Then our scout comes in to light our fire, and we see him looking fresh and ruddy, with a shovel full of coals in his hand, while he gapes in open-mouthed surprise, and beholds a poor, shivering, half animated individual sitting before him, with a nose red at the end as a kitchen poker, and a whole countenance mottled and speckled like a tartan plaid. We manage to get to chapel at half past seven, and afterwards walk round the gardens till nine. At ten, after a cup of coffee and a round of toast, we are at our books again, and find, on beginning where we left off, that it is impossible to discover *where* that was, as after the sentence where we shut our volumes last night, we have a total oblivion of ever having seen the book before. Till three o'clock, we continue bending over our books, unless when our attention is luckily interrupted by a cough, which compels us to sit for a few minutes erect. We then, till dinner time, indulge in a constitutional walk, and Headington Hill and Joe Pullen behold our care-worn countenance—gapes High-street after our enfeebled pace, and wonders at the sallow coating with which Aristotle has bedaubed our cheek, and the blueness under the eyes which we received from our contests with Thucydides.

At six, we are again at our desk, and at twelve—with an interval of some coffee—we tumble into our couch, with a strange jumble of history, and home, and ethics ; and with temples throbbing with pain, and nerves shaken by confinement, we dream that Pindar is riding a race on the long-tailed pony our youngest sister rides upon the lawn, while Æschylus is murdering our father in the deep green glen, on the banks of the river, where we parted with our dear Mary on that oft-remembered evening before we came off to College. This course we persist in for three years, and when the time draws near which is to reward us for all our toil, when we are to be sent home crowned with the highest honours of the University, our care and our cough increase in exact proportion, and a week before the Examination, our cheek is so hollow and our eyes so dim, that every one sees we are unable for the trial. We take off all our books, except what may enable us to take a common pass, and what with the little we are able to recollect, and what with moving the compassion of the examiners, we are lucky enough to escape a pluck ; and on going home, we find our Mary engaged to a robustious, red-faced bachelor, who blundered into an under-the-line ; and so, we lose all hope of distinguishing ourselves by our learning, and instead of swallowing the boluses of the doctor, we bibulate gin and water with the gamekeeper, and die of hard drinking,—a sacrifice to Greek, Latin, gin, mathematics, and disappointment.

This case, in all its branches, we must confess, never came within the scope of our own observation. For our own part, we took all the honours the University could bestow, and never by mortal eye were we seen to look upon a book. To the world we appeared the idlest lounger upon High-street ; the most constant frequenter of cricket upon Bullington ; the whip was seldom out of our hands, and our whole time seemed devoted to gaiety

and enjoyment. Our corporeal appearance rather improved than degenerated—our waist in the course of a term increased two or three inches in circumference, our cheek grew red as the sunny side of a Clydesdale apple, our eye continued clear as the rent-roll of the Duke of Buccleuch, and to see us as we mounted our gallant roan, you would have said that Kitchener was our Lexicon, and Ude our Magnus Apollo. And yet, gracious! we are amazed when we reflect on the extent of our acquirements; ancient Rome, and every particular of her antiquities and history, are as minutely known to us, as the three sixpences which are at this moment lurking at the bottom of our breeches' pocket; Greece we see the rise, decline, and fall of, as distinctly as we see the candle which is now burning before us; Egypt has poured forth her learning; hieroglyphics upon pyramids are as easy to us as epitaphs on tomb-stones; and yet all this without apparent labour, without an hour of observable application, but solely by the power of our own abilities, and without care or attention whatsoever. But with others, the case is, no doubt, very different. We have known many who were as idle as ourself, as careless and abhorrent of books; but mark the consequence! they were disgraced, either by being plucked at Oxford, or what, perhaps, was equal degradation, walked off and became wranglers at Cambridge.

There is no period of a man's life, in which so many changes take place on his outward and inward man, as the three years which are spent at College. During his first year he is involved in all manner of idleness and riot. Behold him, as the bell tolls its last chime for chapel, crawl across the quadrangle with his eyes hardly open, his dress by no means a pattern of neatness, his gown thrown loosely on, and his cap stuck all awry on the extreme summit of his aching head. After chapel, his toilet occupies his attention; scrupulously is his hair brushed and curled; carefully is his neck-cloth tied, and " gay as for a holiday he bounes him" to the breakfast. Here ample proof is afforded that the human stomach is a great deal more elastic than Cahoutchuc. These four individuals have already devoured four pounds and three quarters of beef-steak. Egg after egg disappears with wonderful celerity, toast is whipt off by cart loads, and yet the insatiate gormandizers exclaim for more. Pause, we adjure you, by the memory of the supper of last night, which even now has hardly had time to turn the corner of your gullet!—by the expectation of the luncheon which will be served up to you in two hours! —but, no! nothing will stop their all-devouring jaws; milk diluted very powerfully with rum, tea thickened very densely with chopped up eggs—all disappear—" all, all at one fell swoop." At luncheon, the recollection of the breakfast seems to be nearly as distinct as the shape of last summer's clouds; and at dinner, " all trivial fond records, all memory" of luncheon and breakfast, seem plucked entirely from their bosoms; for they set to as vigorously upon this, the third occasion, as if they had never seen any thing like a dinner before, and never anticipated seeing any thing resembling it again. All this is, of course, succeeded by copious libations of wine; and a row on the street, and a bloody nose from a butcher or the flying pieman, form the appropriate conclusion to a day so tastefully and philosophically enjoyed. The ordinary routine of eating and drinking at home, is of course occasionally diversified by " larks" into the country; and then, Bicester stares with amazement, Headington holds up its hands, Woodstock and Abingdon open their eyes, and even Banbury and Reading are astonished at the Freshman's roarings, hollowings, witty sayings, and jocularity. The second year sees him a changed man, with not quite so much horror of a book, but perhaps a somewhat increased abhorrence of a dun. Seldom does he equitate at all, and if he does, the extent of his canter is to lunch quietly with a friend at Abingdon; gradually, he falls out of acquaintance with the Proctor, and doesn't favour him with a morning call perhaps above once a term. Not so often is he condemned by his tutor to exercise his Latinity on papers in the Spectator; and, in short, though sometimes breaking loose, he is now a very respectable character, and increased in favour with every body, but his wine merchant and his scout. The third year sees him still farther altered from what he was. To almost every one that period

brings important changes, and on us its effect was marvellous. We think that very few of our acquaintances, during some of the vacations, while reading for their degree, escaped the same fate with ourself. Need we say after this that we fell in love,—desperately in love?

We had gone into Devonshire, for the purpose of being more retired, that we might study more attentively, and with less chance of interruption, than in a town. We chose, accordingly, for our residence, one of the most beautiful and retired cottages we ever saw. It was situated very near the sea; and Oh! what thoughts used to steal over us, of romance and true love, as we gazed upon that quiet ocean, from the vine-covered window of our quiet, sweet, secluded home! Day after day, we wandered among the woods in the neighbourhood, and rejoiced, at each successive visit, to find out new beauties. This continued for some time; till at last, on returning one day, we saw an unusual bustle in the room we occupied. On entering, we found our landlady hurrying out in great confusion, and, along with her, a beautiful, blushing girl, so perfectly ladylike in her appearance, that we wondered by what means our venerable hostess could have become acquainted with so interesting a visitor. She soon explained the mystery; this lady, who seemed more bewitching every moment that we gazed on her, was the daughter of a 'squire in whose family our worthy landlady had been nurse. She had come, without knowing that any lodger was in the house, and was to stay a week. Oh! that week! the happiest of our life. We soon became intimate; our books lay fast locked up at the bottom of our trunk: we walked together, saw the sun set together in the calm ocean, and then walked happily and contentedly home in the twilight; and long before the week was at an end, we had vowed eternal vows, and sworn everlasting constancy. We had not, to be sure, discovered any great powers of mind in our enslaver; but how interesting is even ignorance, when it comes from such a beautiful and smiling mouth! We had already formed happy plans of moulding her unformed opinions, and directing and sharing all her studies. The little slips which were observable in her grammar, we attributed to want of care; and the accent, which was very powerful, was rendered musical to our ear, at the same time as dear to our heart, by the whiteness of the little arm that lay so quietly and lovingly within our own. And then, her taste in poetry was not the most delicate or refined; but she was so enthusiastically fond of it, that we imagined a little training would lead her to prefer many of Mr Moore's ballads, to the pathos of Giles Scroggins; and that in time, the "Shining River" might occupy a superior place, in her estimation, to a song from which she repeated, with tears in her eyes,

> "But like the star what lighted
> Pale hillion to its fated doom,
> Our nuptial song is blighted,
> And its rose quench'd in its bloom."

And then, she seemed so fond of flowers, and knew so much about their treatment, that we fancied how lovely she must look while engaged in that fascinating study; and often, in our dreaming moods, did we mutter about

> "Fair Proserpine
> Within the vale of Enna gathering flowers,
> Herself the fairest flower."—

But why should we repeat what every one can imagine so well for himself? At last, the hour of parting came; and, week after week, her stay at the cottage had been prolonged, till our departure took place before hers. And on that day she looked, as all men's sweethearts do at leaving them, more touchingly beautiful than ever we had seen her before; and after we had torn ourself away, we looked back, and there we saw her standing in the same spot we had left her, a statue of misery and despair,—"like Niobe all tears."

Astonishment occupied the minds of all our friends on our return to College. The change which took place on our feelings and conduct was indeed amazing; our mornings were devoted to gazing on a lock of our—she was rather unfortunate in a name—our Grizel's hair, and to lonely hours of musing in the meadow on all the adventures of our sojourn in Devonshire. No longer we stood listlessly in the quadrangle, joining the knots of idlers, of whom we used to be one of the chief; no longer had even Cas-

tles' Havannahs any charms for our lips; and our whole heart was wrapt up in the expectation of a letter. This we were not to receive for three long weeks; and by that time she was to have returned home, consulted her father on the subject of our attachment, and return us a definitive reply. We wrote in the meantime—such a letter! We are assured it must have been written on a sheet of asbestos, or it must infallibly have taken fire. It began, "Lovely and most beautiful Grizel!" and ended, "Your adorer." At last the letter that was to conclude all our hopes was put into our hands. We had some men that morning to breakfast; we received it just as they were beginning the third pie. How heartily we prayed they would be off and leave us alone! But no—on they kept swallowing pigeon after pigeon, and seemed to consider themselves as completely fixtures as the grate or the chimney-piece. We wished devoutly to see a bone sticking in the throat of our most intimate friend, and, by way of getting quit of them, had thoughts of setting fire to the room. At last, however, they departed. Immediately as the skirt of the last one's coat disappeared, we carefully locked and bolted our door, and, with hands trembling with joy, we took out the letter. Not very clean was its appearance, and not over correct or well-spelt was its address; and, above all, a yellow, dingy wafer filled up the place of the green wax we had expected, and tbe true lover's motto, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," was supplied by the impression of a thimble. We opened it. Horror and amazement! never was such penmanship beheld. The lines were complete exemplifications of the line of beauty, so far as their waving, and twisting, and twining was concerned; and the orthography it was past all human comprehension to understand.

"My deerest deere, dear sur,"—this was the letter,—"i kim hom more nor a wic agon. butt i cuddunt right yu afore ass i av bin with muther an asnt seed father til 2 day. he sais as my fortin is 3 hundurd pouns, he sais as he racomminds me tu take mi hold lover Mister Tomas the gaurdnar, he sais as yu caunt mary no boddi, accause you must be a batseller three ears. if thiss be troo i am candied enuff to tell you ass i caunt wate so long my deerast deer. o yu ave brock mi art! wy did yu sai al ass yu sad iff yu cud unt mary nor none of the scolards at hocksfoot Kolidge. father sais as ther iss sum misstake praps yu did unt no ass mother is not marid 2 father butt is marrid to the catchmun and father is marad to a veri gud ladi ass gove me a gud edocasion. mi deerest deere it brakes my art all from yu for tu part. i rot them lines this marnin. mister tomas sais as i gov im mi prumass befor i cum to ave the apiness of see yu. butt i dant thinc i giv mor promass to him nor 2 manni uthers. mi deerest deer and troo luv cuppid! i feer our nutshell song is blitid and its ros kwencht in its blum. them was plesent ours when the carnashuns and tullups was all in blo, wasunt them mi deer luv. mister tomas sais ass he can mari me in a munth and father sais i hot tu take im. iff so be as yu caun't du it beefor i thinc i shal take im ass father sais there is sum mistake. mi deerest deere mi art is brock butt I thinc i shall take im iff so bee as I dant ear frum yu. gud nite my troo luv i shall kip your lockat for a kipsic an yu ma kiss my luck off air for the sack of your broekan arted

"Grizel."

It is astonishing how the perusal of this cured us of our affection. At the first line we recollected that she had a tendency to squint, and long before we came to the conclusion, we remembered that her ancles were rather thick, and her feet by no means of diminutive size. Thus ended our love adventures at the University. Our heroine we have never heard of since, and we have resisted the most tempting offers from the loveliest of her sex; and in spite of sighing heiresses and compassionate old maids, we are still a bachelor; and a bachelor, in defiance of all their machinations, we are firmly determined to remain.

An Oxonian.

ON THE NOTHINGNESS OF GOOD WORKS.

" Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice."
Merchant of Venice.

MAIDEN, the sleepy richness of whose eyes, and the dowdy droopiness of whose bonnet, indicate serious contemplativeness, and evangelical propensities, startle not at the lightness of the Shakspearian text, which we have chosen for a theme, which, doubtless, thou doest consider as one of very serious import. Mar not the arches of thy brows with frowning, nor let dissatisfaction cloud for a moment the pensive calmness of thy heavenward countenance; neither let indignation curl that oscular lip of thine, which, in spite of piety, doth still look proud, for we mean not to sully the mirth-moving pages of Maga with profaneness. In sooth, we are in private addicted to devotion ourself; and, had we to begin our youth again, we might aspire to win and wear the gown, and become an expounder of doctrine—but let that pass.

In a word, most excellent reader, for we would not intrude too far upon thy clemency, nor weary thy very patience; we let thee to wit, that we treat not of the *opus operatum* of the ancient Doctors, neither of works of the flesh, and still less of the spirit, but of works—how shall we describe them *en masse?*—of works, in short, of supererogation. What, sir!—we hear the indignant reader exclaim, the colour mantling to his heated brow, are you a Papist ? And do you come here to preach up the damnable doctrines of the lady in scarlet attire, the legs of whose broad-bottomed stool are in number as the hides upon the shield of Ajax, even the number seven ?—Chafe not, old orthodoxy, we are stanch as thou art; 'twas but this morning we read to our assembled household a morning lecture upon the excellence of the Protestant religion, as contrasted with Popery; and but this evening, that we quaffed our claret with " one cheer more" for Protestant ascendency in Church and State.

And now, provoked, yet charmed and friendly reader, having exhausted thy patience in guarding thee against what we do *not* intend, we shall proceed to gratify thy eager appetency to fathom what our meaning *is*. By the word, " works," then, in the following part of this brief philosophical discourse, we would be understood to signify, those premeditated effusions of brain, or brass, developed in printing type, upon paper of various dimensions, from four to forty-eight, and regularly ycleped books. Insomuch, that so far from discussing a knotty point of polemical divinity, with that profoundness, pith, and accuracy, which unpremeditated effusions on theological subjects never fail to exhibit, we shall content ourselves, *pro hac vice,* with dilating upon that nothingness of good works, which may be rendered by the alias of the worthlessness of good books.

Our serious readers are aware, that the wisest of all men has said, that " of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh ;" and indeed we may venture to say, that the three wisest of men, namely, Solomon, aforesaid, Shakspeare, and our honoured chief, Christopher North, all coincide in this opinion.

In order to enable a man to be great and wise—to fit him to guide a state, or to lead armies, we see no earthly use in the study of more books than three, and these, we need scarcely add, are—The Bible, Shakspeare, Maga. The first will furnish him with religion, ethics, and ancient history, the other two with a knowledge of man, and all that is done amongst mankind. Nothing can escape him—all that is great, and all that is absurd in his species—all that is terrible, or ludicrous, or excellent, or atrocious, or pathetic, or fantastical, may be found in these books. Of course, we suppose our student to know thoroughly the contents of his small, yet comprehensive library, and it is in the possibility of this that his advantage lies ; for truly of the mass of " good works" which it is preposterously considered by the schoolmen and the book makers, that we should read, we can possibly know but little. Happily that little is in many cases quite enough, but it were better that we attempted less, and thoroughly learned more. We are, in these times, too much of literary gluttons, and we do not taste

the dainties that are bred in a book, while we eat paper as it were, and drink up printer's ink. Men read and scribble, and scribble and read, and leave no time for solemn meditation and vigorous thinking. Can they not remember,—

> "Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
> That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
> Small have continual plodders ever won,
> Save base authority from others' books.
> These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
> That gave a name to every fixed star,
> Have no more profit of their shining nights
> Than those that walk, and wot not what they are;
> Too much to know, is to know nought but fame,
> And every godfather can give a name."

But he who contents himself with the library we have recommended, has time for thought as well as study, and may observe for himself those moral and physical phenomena of nature, to which his books will be at once a guide and a light. Exhort such a one to explore books upon ethics, as necessary for regulating the conduct of human life, and he would answer, that in the Bible he finds enough for man to know, and more than mere man could have conceived, upon the subject. Tell him that he should study the works which treat of the history of mankind, and mark the wondrous and intricate workings of human passion, he will point to the volumes of the immortal bard, who has left no circumstance of life untouched. Urge the necessity of reading, in order to be *au courant du jour,* on all the various subjects which occupy the attention of this present time, and with a glance of rapture towards his monthly treasures, he will calmly respond—Maga, Maga, Maga.

In comparing the relative merits of those who are commonly enumerated as benefactors to mankind, the Cotton Lords claim the superiority for Arkwright, the jenny-spinner; some would yield the palm to Jenner, who transferred to men and Christians the disease of a cow; others extol James Watt, of steamy and *fumum ex fulgore* memory; while hosts of good men and true, repeat the name of one still living—and long may he live—even the name of Christopher North. For ourself, with all respect to these gentlemen, and particularly the last, we are inclined to think that the renowned Caliph Omar, the director of that famous literary holocaust, which for six successive moons fed the fires of the baths of Alexandria with the contents of the library of the Ptolemies, deserves the highest place. There was a magnificent determination about this Omar. His Lieutenant-General, one Mr Arou Ebn Al Aas, seems to have been, like the asses of our own time, a Conciliator, and would have willingly spared the parchments, and fingered John the Grammarian's cash; but he was forced to apply for authority to the higher powers, and found he had a decisive master. The Caliph knew no half measures, though he seems to have had a happy notion of division, as practised by logicians in general, and Peter Ramus in particular, when they wish to divide and conquer an argument. "These writings," said he, as he played with his scimitar, and smiled, as Caliphs and dialecticians smile, in the consciousness of their strength—"these writings either contain the sentiments of the Koran, or they do not; if the former, they are useless, if the latter, pernicious; let them all be burnt." How conclusive, and how simply grand, was this reasoning, and the decisive action which followed the logical conviction! What a quantity of rubbish has not this energy preserved us from!

We speak feelingly, for in our youth we were ourself atrociously addicted to reading. Nothing came amiss to us. In poesy, we culled the flowers from Homer to Callimachus; from Lucretius to Secundus; from Chaucer to Mr Pye the Laureate. Passing from the glorious fraternity of poets, to the men who teach philosophy by examples, we ranged from the muses of Herodotus to the authentic records of the Seven Champions of Christendom, and the unimpeachable annals of Giant-slaying Jack. In mingled history, geography, and travels, from Diodorus and Strabo, to the veracious account of Daniel O'Rourke's Voyage on Eagle-back to the Moon. When, indeed, we came to years of discretion and our estate, we locked up our five thousand ancestral volumes in a dry garret, and wrote a short treatise on the weakness of the nerves, and the general degeneracy of modern times, to palliate, in some degree, our faint-heartedness in failing to follow the good example of the Caliph aforesaid, or the

Curate in the house of the worthy Knight of La Mancha. For with all our reading, what the wiser are we? Dux Wellingtonus in pugnâ Waterlooensi, Parliamentoque Britannico et alibi, hath shewn, now sheweth, and we firmly trust will continue to shew, a clearer case of practical upper works, than can be found in all the ranks of the omnilegent philosophers, march of intellect, and all.

What we have hitherto said, however, we beg may be considered rather in the light of an episode to our introduction; and our readers will regret to learn, that in consequence of the length to which these incidental remarks have run, we shall find it necessary exceedingly to condense what we have to say upon the main subject of our essay; the purport of which is, not to shew that books in general are good for nothing, but that there is a great deal of nothing in what are commonly considered good books. We say "good books," for as to the bad ones, we have not that severity in our nature, to deal with them as they deserve; and we willingly leave them to the deep damnation of the critics, from the minute mouse-bite of Mr Colburn's small type, to the all-destroying cranch of Mr Murray's Review.

With respect, then, to a great portion of the books which the kind world gives us credit for reading, merely because we talk about them with much profoundness and critical discernment, we profess our opinion to be, that they contain "an infinite deal of nothing." We shall not go so far as to say, that their merits, like the reasons in Gratiano's conversation, or in Mr Brougham's seven-hours' speech on the law, "are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day or you find them, and when you find them, they are not worth the search;" but of a truth, their excellence is only to be found "sparsim," as Sir Charles Wetherall would say; and were these works to undergo such a process of evaporation, as would leave behind all the heavy and useless matter, we apprehend that formidable quartos would frequently afford, upon distillation, no more than nice little duodecimos of pure spirit. These combinations of real talent with mere talk, are, however, to be found in different forms. Sometimes, nay very frequently, the combination is like a chemical union, where both are to be found in every particle, and (so to speak) the copper of the one, and the zinc of the other, combine in one uniform sheet of *brass*; in other cases, the combination is as it were only mechanical, and like gold and lead fused together, we can in a moment select the particles of either from the mass. This latter description is by much the more convenient for the Reviews, and for the public; we easily get the whole marrow of the book in a few extracts; and we have nothing to do but to buy it, and discourse learnedly of its contents, or write another review of it, upon the strength of the extracts in that which we have read. In such cases, however, it is prudent to tell John, or Sam, or whatever other decent middle-aged person attends upon you, to cut the leaves of the book open, as, if you write very brilliantly upon it, which doubtless you will, if you write at all, some friend may ask the book of you, and might presume to found impertinent conclusions upon the undoubted virginity of the leaves, should his paper-knife be the first to penetrate them. But we are afraid that we are falling into too much seriousness upon this subject; indeed, though we be sometimes inclined to ask with Flaccus, "ridentem dicere verum quid vetat?" yet, generally, when we enunciate our discoveries of important truths, we feel disposed to do so with that soberness of manner, which becomes us no less than the sportiveness of our lighter moments. Now, what we have been saying, is as true as that Joseph Hume is not a Sir Isaac Newton, or that too much dispatch is not the fault of the Court of Chancery. In these days, one would no more think of reading through a "respectable" quarto than of not buying it. Our libraries must have it, but we ourselves are satisfied with the cream which has been skimmed off it and dished up in the Reviews. The only work which we ourself, or any one of our thousand and one friends, has read through for the last five years, is *The* Magazine; and such is the force of inveterate habit, that we sometimes detect our fingers, notwithstanding the positive injunction we have given them to the contrary, in the act of turning over five pages at once. This, however, only

happens when we are so unwise as to attempt to read after dinner, at which time, our consciousness of our own acts is not always of the clearest; for we fully coincide in opinion with our friend Mr Patrick Shane, who, in speaking of Maga, remarked, that "Blackwood never speaks, but he says something." It would be a very pleasant thing, if literary productions could be submitted to something like chemical analysis,—if we could separate the merit of a book, as we can the magnesia of Epsom Salts, by a simple practical application of the doctrine of affinities. Were such a process possible, we would wager the whole of our investments in the Consols, that from a given quantity of solution of Maga, the precipitating agent would throw down ten times the quantity of pure matter, that the same quantity of solution of any other new book would afford; or, what comes to the same thing, that one number of the Magazine would yield as much of the precipitate aforesaid, as two quarto volumes of any thing else lately published, containing ten times the quantity of words.

As there is a reason for every thing, one is naturally led to ask why it is, that books are, in general, such as we have described them; and there are different causes which offer themselves to our attention. First, it may be, that as literature is frequently paid for, like linen, by the yard, the quantity becomes more an object to the manufacturer than the quality; yet this reason savours of merchandise, and lacketh charity, wherefore we pursue it no farther. Again, it may be, that authors suppose that the human mind, like the animal stomach, is not fitted for highly concentrated food, and that a quantity of non-nutritive matter must be supplied, along with the pure talent, in order to fit the mind for its digestion, even as some philosophers say, the stomach of the horse must be distended with hay, before it can act with healthy activity upon his feed of oats. There is more of philosophy and of benevolence in this reason, which two things so generally adorn the character of voluminous writers, that, doubtless, the effect of which we speak may, with more propriety, be assigned to a cause wherein they predominate, than to that first mentioned.

But, thirdly, perhaps writers make their works long, because, like the excellent Pascal, they have not time to make them shorter.* It is not every one, that, like the author of Lacon, can afford to spend his days in condensing volumes of thoughts into pages, and pages into paragraphs. This is a serious matter, and worthy of grave consideration. For ourself, we are apt, like his honour the present Master of the Rolls, to come to a prompt decision, (would that we could always decide as soundly!) and therefore we, without hesitation, recommend a partnership concern, between authors and those of the critical fraternity, who are cunning in the art of making extracts. These gentlemen might as well operate before, as after publication, and carve out the choice morsels from a MS. with the same dexterity that they exercise after the publisher has clothed the mass of words with sheets and boards, and given its heavy nothings a local habitation and a name. But, then, what would we do for ponderous new books to adorn our libraries withal? What would become of the paper-makers, the printers, the printers' devils, the correctors, the stitchers, the binders, and Lord knows how many more? And, above all, what would become of the Reviewers? Alas! how dangerous is innovation upon an established system, even where improvement is most evident! We fear we may have even already done mischief, by the potency of the observations which we have been led to make; and in order that we may avoid doing any more, while we are in this dangerous humour, we here hold our hand.

One of the Clan North.

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* As it is impossible to express the thoughts of Pascal in language so admirable as his own, we present our readers with the passage in which he makes the curious remark to which we have referred.

"Mes révérends pères, mes lettres n'avaient pas accoutumé de se suivre de si près, ni d'etre si etendues. Le peu de temps que j'ai eu a été cause de l'un et de l'autre. Je n'ai fait celle-ci *plus longue,* que parce que je n'ai pas eu *le loisir* de la faire *plus courte.*"

"*Les Provinciales. Lettre Seizieme.*"

THE ROBBER'S TOWER. A TRUE ADVENTURE.

After a long period of debility, the consequence of a dangerous wound received in the great "Battle of the Nations," fought near Leipzig, I found myself so far recruited in the autumn of 1815, as to undertake a long-planned excursion to the residence of a widowed aunt, who lived, with two daughters, on the family estate of her deceased husband, near the sources of the Elbe, in Bohemia. I proceeded by slow journeys, and at noon, on the fifth day after my departure from Berlin, reached a small post town, a few miles from my destination. Here I heard, with inexpressible sorrow, that my aunt had very recently lost her eldest daughter, a lovely girl of eighteen, by fever. I had not seen my cousin since her childhood, but my reminiscences of a delightful visit to my hospitable aunt during the happy days of boyhood were acutely roused by this afflicting intelligence; and to save my bereaved relatives from the agonizing necessity of announcing their loss, I folded some crape round the sleeve of my uniform, and, with no enviable feelings, journeyed onward to the house of mourning. About a mile from the little post-town my carriage turned a sharp angle on the road, and suddenly one of the finest prospects in this romantic district burst upon me. Between the giant stems of a dozen venerable oaks I beheld a wide and fertile vale, through which the infant Elbe was gliding like a silver serpent. The middle ground was varied by green and swelling hills, crowned with copses of oak and beech, while in the distance towered the vast and awful forms of the venerable Giant mountains. On the slope of the highest intermediate hill stood the modern and elegant mansion of my aunt, surrounded by a well-wooded park, above which, on the summit of a dark and frowning rock, appeared the decayed but still imposing castle of my late uncle's ancestors, which retained its ancient and characteristic name of the "Robber's Tower." A large portion of this once extensive pile was now a shapeless mass of stones, over which the giant ivy mantled in green and prodigal luxuriance; but the keep, a round tower of vast dimensions, still defied the tooth of time, and threw up its lofty head with Titan grandeur.

During my slow progress up the hilly roads, I recognised many spots endeared to me by vivid recollections of former enjoyment, but now they suggested no pleasurable associations; my fancy was haunted by the image of the disconsolate mother, and I could find no relief from depressing anticipations but in the hope that my unexpected arrival would afford at least a temporary relief to the mourners. The afternoon was considerably advanced when I arrived at the house; and my poor aunt, to whom the crape on my arm revealed my knowledge of her recent loss, clasped me in a maternal embrace, and, leaning her head upon my shoulder, sobbed aloud. Her once full and finely formed person was wasted with sorrow and want of sleep, and her expressive features were furrowed with the lines of deep and heart-rending misery. She was the living image of woe and desolation. "Dearest nephew!" she said at length, in a low and broken voice, "why did you not arrive three weeks sooner? You would then have found me rich and happy in the possession of two daughters; but it has pleased Heaven for wise purposes to sear me to the quick, and to deprive me of a moiety of all I valued in this world: for what has a widowed mother on this earth but her children!" At this moment entered Julia, her surviving daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen; but grief had preyed upon her bloom, and her cheek was fair and spotless as her snowy neck, which rose in delicate proportion from the crape handkerchief which shaded her youthful bosom. She had heard of my arrival, and, while the ready tears started into her large and expressive blue eyes, she permitted me to salute her cheek, but her emotion forbade all audible welcome. Feeling how premature would be all attempts at consolation, I gradually led my aunt and cousin to discourse of the departed Cecilia, and had ere long the pleasure to see them more tranquil, and able to speak of her with comparative firmness and resignation. From their conversation I gathered that she was perfectly conscious of her approaching death, but was neverthe-

less apprehensive of premature interment, and earnestly besought her mother to have the vault under the large round tower converted into a sepulchre, and to place there her unscrewed coffin in an open sarcophagus. The tender mother eagerly promised to comply with the last wish of her darling child, and the pall which covered the coffin was daily moistened with the tears of the desolate survivors.

With a view to cheer the spirits of my aunt and cousin, whose health had visibly suffered from long confinement, I proposed a walk round the park. Avoiding the lower road which led to the sepulchre, I conducted my companions up a steep and well-remembered path, which brought us to a higher level of the castle ruins. Here an agreeable surprise awaited me. When I had played a boy about this ancient pile, all approach to the baron's hall and the apartments in the tower was impracticable, owing to the entire destruction of the lower staircases; but with a view to better security of person and property in case the not distant tide of war should roll through this secluded district, the baroness had ordered the construction of a staircase terminating in a long corridor, which connected the apartments in the great tower with a fine old baronial hall in tolerable preservation, and accessible only by a small door from the corridor, in consequence of the two grand entrances having been blocked up by large masses of ruin. In this noble apartment every trace of decay had now disappeared. A new flooring of polished oak, new furniture of massive and appropriate design, and new casements of stained glass which admitted a soft and chequered light through the tall and narrow windows, proved the tasteful application of abundant means. In each corner of the hall stood a vast iron stove of antiquated form, with the family arms curiously emblazoned; and on the walls hung some large oil paintings, bearing the stains and wrinkles of two or three centuries; but, having been recently cleaned and varnished, they were still, at some distance from the eye, wonderfully effective. The most striking of these were a wolf hunt, drawn with a display of bone and muscle not unworthy of Rubens; two battle-pieces from the days of chivalry; and the catastrophe of a mortal combat between two mailed knights. In the last, especially, the artist had produced an effect as powerful as it was appropriate and true. Observing how much I was struck by this old picture, my aunt told me that a clue to the subject had been found in an old family chronicle, written by the successive castle-chaplains. The prostrate knight was the valiant Bruno of Rothfels, who was killed in single combat about three hundred years since by Gotthard, then lord of the "Robber's Tower." The dying man was unhelmed, and his life-blood, issuing from a wide gash across his throat, had flowed in torrents over his breastplate. The convulsed features and glazed eye-balls of the wounded man told his approaching death, while his clenched right-hand was raised towards heaven, as if imprecating his adverse fortune, and his left was grasping the blood-stained grass. I gazed upon this singular picture until I fancied that I saw the sinewy limbs of the wounded knight quivering with convulsive effort, and almost thought I heard the death-rattle in his throat. When I described to my companions the strange impression which this scene of blood had produced upon my imagination, they acknowledged a similar feeling, and begged me to quit a place which they rarely entered, from an invincible reluctance to encounter this painfully effective picture. Returning to the corridor, I observed at its extremity a low arched iron door, secured with a bar of iron and large padlock. Inquiring to what part of the castle it conducted, my aunt informed me that it was the entrance of an old armoury, which occupied the upper floor of a low square tower containing the castle dungeons; and, being massive and fireproof, she had availed herself of its security to place there some plate and other valuables, until the Austrian deserters and other marauders, who occasionally committed outrages upon private property, had been taken or dispersed by the police. Above the iron door was suspended another old picture which immediately absorbed my attention. A young and lovely woman, in the garb of a nun, was kneeling in prayer before a shrined image of the Virgin. A beautiful infant boy lay dead and bleeding at her feet—wild despair and delirious agony spoke in

every feature of the kneeling mother, and contrasted strangely with the lifeless, stony look of the image above. "Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, "what means this horrid picture?"

"It is a portrait of the hapless Leah," replied my aunt, "the daughter of the dying knight in the baron's hall. Her young affections were secretly given to Gotthard, his opponent, who had in some forest-feud incurred her father's hatred. Forced by her despotic parent to take the veil, she broke her vows, and fled with her lover to this castle, where she became the mother of a lovely boy; but when Gotthard had long and vainly sought to obtain for her a dispensation from her vows, her wounded conscience preyed upon her reason, and, in a moment of delirium, she destroyed her infant and swallowed poison. The sad tale of her crimes and her remorse is legibly told in that coarse but powerful picture of some old German master. Soon after this tragic event, the hostile knights met in the forest, and the fatal combat ensued which you have seen depicted in the hall. This dismal tale is still a popular legend in our valleys; the peasants will tell you that the unfortunate Leah rests not in her grave, and that the shades of her slain father and unhappy husband wander nightly in this castle. It has long been rumoured, too, that the clattering of swords and armour, the chanting of nuns, and the sound of fearful groans and lamentations, have been occasionally heard here at midnight by the shepherds, when seeking stray sheep amidst the ruins."

During this detail we had retraced our steps, and at the other end of the corridor we entered the large round tower or keep, from which the whole castle derived its romantic appellation. The spacious circle had been divided into two roomy apartments, of which the outer one had been elegantly fitted up as a parlour of Gothic design. On the wall hung the portraits of my late uncle, and of the lovely girl whose mortal remains reposed in the vault beneath. The picture of my cousin had been painted a few months before her death, and represented a blondine, blooming with health, innocence, and beauty. Her fine auburn hair clustered in glossy ringlets round her angelic features, and a white rose adorned her bosom. The resemblance to her sister was striking, and would have been perfect, had not the darker eyes of Julia given to her lovely countenance a character of greater intelligence and vivacity. "That is my sainted cousin," I said, in a voice subdued by emotion into a whisper.

"Such she was, but two months back;" replied the agonized mother, "and now——"

Her sobs impeded farther utterance; and to change the current of her thoughts, I requested her to shew me the inner apartment. Here I found an elegant bedroom of Gothic design, and commanding from three windows in the half-circle described by the wall, successive and boundless views of hill and vale, of the distant highground in Silesia, and the lofty summits of the Giant mountains, some of which were capped with snow, and reflected in glowing and rosy tints a splendid sunset.

Fascinated with the picturesque situation of these apartments, and desirous to behold from their windows the glories of a summer morning in this mountain region, I begged permission to occupy this delightful bedroom during my stay. My aunt appeared to find a gratification in the idea, that I should sleep near the tomb of her Cecilia, and willingly consented; promising that she and Julia would join me to an early breakfast in the tower the next morning; and, on our return to the house, ordered my old play-fellow Caspar, the gamekeeper, to carry my luggage after supper to the castle. Fatigued with several days of travel in a still infirm state of health, I left my aunt and cousin before eleven, and walked with old Caspar to the ruins. The day had been intensely hot; some menacing clouds in the southern horizon indicated an approaching storm, and, as we ascended the staircase leading to the corridor, the deep, low muttering of distant thunder was audible from the mountains.

"And do you really mean to sleep every night in the 'Robber's Tower,' Major?" said the old man, as he placed my portmanteau, sabre, and pistols, on a chair in the Gothic parlour.

"Certainly, my good Caspar! and why not?" I replied.

"I would only say," answered he, "that you must have more courage than I have; and yet a Bohemian

gamekeeper is no coward. Many a dark night have I passed alone in the mountain woods, in spite of old Rübezahl and his imps, and the Wild Huntsman to boot; but in this tower I would not sleep alone, for all my lady's broad lands."

"What, Caspar!" I exclaimed, "an old woodsman, like you, afraid to sleep where my aunt and cousins slept every night last summer?"

"Ay, ay, Major!" muttered the old man, "the castle was quiet enough then; but since the death of my Lady Cecilia, strange sights and sounds have been heard here; and you may take my word for it, that the Lady Leah, who murdered her child, is not yet quiet in her grave."

The old man then lighted my tapers with his lantern, commended me cordially to the protection of Heaven, and departed, leaving me considerably less pleased with my quarters than when I had seen them by the rich and cheering light of sunset. The consciousness of utter solitude, at such an hour, and in such a place, began to infect me with the superstitious fears of old Caspar, and the solemn stillness of the lofty and dimly lighted Gothic room, interrupted only by an occasional and distant roll of thunder, made me feel something very like repentance, that I had exchanged the modern mansion of my aunt for this old robber's nest on a mountain crag. During the struggle which released Germany from the iron grasp of Napoleon, I had stared death in the face too often to fear any danger from human agency, and a liberal education in Prussia had raised me above any apprehension of supernatural sounds and appearances; but as I sat alone near midnight, in this old tower, and recollected my immediate vicinity to the sepulchre, and the baron's hall, the grim picture of the dying Bruno, and the still more appalling portrait of the pallid nun and her bleeding infant, I felt the necessity of banishing from my thoughts a crowd of images which would inevitably murder sleep; and, exchanging my tight uniform for a light dressing-gown, I bolted the door, snuffed my candles, and looked around for a book, with which to beguile an hour, and induce a more tranquil train of thought. In a small recess between the windows I discovered a few books, one of which I eagerly opened, and found a collection of hymns, treating upon death and eternity. I closed it, and opened another entitled, "An Essay on Death." A third was, "The Solace of Old Age and Infirmity." This was a most unpalatable collection for a reader in quest of worldly associations; but at length I discovered a small volume, curiously bound in black velvet, and containing more mundane matter. It was an historical detail of the Order of Knights Templars, printed in ancient black letter; and, according to the title-page, from a rare and curious manuscript of the thirteenth century. Having been always prone to the study of history, this little book would have been a prize under any circumstances; but as the solace of a sleepless night, in this lonely tower, it was above all price, and I sat down with eager impatience, to peruse it. Opening it accidentally at the chapter describing the ceremonies of the order, I recognised with surprise and delight the name of a valiant ancestor of my own, whose deeds shine brightly in the history of Germany's middle ages. I knew not, however, that he had in middle life become a knight of this order, until I here discovered a detailed account of an imposing funeral service, performed over his remains at Prague in the year 1190. To be reminded of this great man's death, and to read of his funeral at such an hour, and in a place fraught with sepulchral associations, were somewhat singular coincidences, and with strong and growing excitement, I read as follows.

"The temple walls were covered with black cloth, and on a trestle in the centre of the church was placed the coffin, containing the mortal remains of the departed knight. Nine skeletons stood near the coffin, each bearing a lamp, which threw a dim religious light over the lower part of the spacious edifice, leaving the higher portion in deep shadow. Upon the upper end of the coffin lid, lay a chaplet of white roses, below which were the insignia of the order, and the sword of the deceased Templar; and upon a table near the coffin was a skull surrounded by seven large candlesticks, moulded like sphinxes, but bearing no lights. The Grand Master, followed by seven Knights Preceptors, seven Knights Companions,

and seven Squires or Novices, all bearing tapers, and attired in black, with scarfs of crape, now entered the temple, one by one, and silently as shadows. They stood opposite to the skeletons and the coffin, and were addressed by the Grand Master, who, in few words, informed them that the purpose of their assemblage was to hold a judgment on the Knight, whose mortal remains were before them.

"'It is midnight;' he continued, 'and the grave is ready. Our brother knight has finished his earthly probation. Let us look back upon his life, and see how he has stood the test. If any of you can accuse the deceased of wrong, let him stand forth and declare it.'

"A deep unbroken silence prevailed throughout the assemblage, and, after a long pause, the senior Knight Preceptor advanced to the head of the coffin, begged permission to speak, and thus began:

"'Brother Grand Master!

"'Brother Preceptors, Companions, and Novices!

"'It belongs not unto man, but unto God, to judge the dead. He alone can reward and punish—he alone can look into our souls, and know our most secret doings. Therefore, brother Grand Master! wert thou to call upon us even thrice to accuse our departed brother, thou wouldst call in vain, for we are all brethren in Christ our Lord.'

"'It is my bounden duty,' resumed the Grand Master, 'again to ask you. Brother Templars! ye are free members of the order: speak, if ye have aught to speak, against the departed.' Again he paused, but the death-like stillness remained unbroken. Then did the Grand Master exclaim, with a loud voice; 'As there is no accuser, there can be no judgment. Does no man accuse the dead?'

"And all the Templars knelt down and answered, 'God is our judge.' The Grand Master now raised an iron hammer, struck with it three heavy blows upon an iron cross, placed at the head of the coffin, and called aloud, 'Open the gates of Death!'"

I had read thus far, when I heard three knocks, which sounded seemingly from the corridor. I started, closed the book involuntarily, and listened long and anxiously, but all was silent. "It was delusion," whispered common sense; "my heated imagination carried me amidst the Templars, and the blows of the Grand Master's hammer struck not my outward, but my fancy's ear." Determining to place this probable construction on the mysterious sounds, I again opened the little book, which had laid a strong hold of my curiosity, and pursued as follows:

"And now the Novices rolled up the tapestry, which covered the floor on the left side of the trestle, and behold! there was an open grave close to the coffin. Then did the three junior Novices deck the brink of the grave with garlands of red and white roses; and, while they were thus employed, the Grand Master said, 'Brother Preceptors! give answer to my questions. When will God judge the dead?'

"*First Preceptor.* On the day of judgment.

"*Grand Master.* Who will be man's accuser?

"*Second Preceptor.* His conscience.

"*Grand Master.* Who his defender?

"*Third Preceptor.* No one.

"*Grand Master.* Who will have mercy on him?

"*Fourth Preceptor.* No one.

"*Grand Master.* No one?

"*Fifth Preceptor.* God is our judge.

"*Grand Master.* Is not God almighty?

"*Sixth Preceptor.* Almighty and all-just.

"*Grand Master.* Hear, then, brother Templars! God is almighty and all-just; therefore, obey his laws.

"*Seventh Preceptor.* The grave is ready. Commit our brother to his mother-earth.

"And again the Grand Master struck the iron cross thrice with his hammer, and the brotherhood knelt around the grave, and kissed the earth in silence."——

At this moment I again heard three knocks more distinctly than before, succeeded, too, by a low sound of mingled muttering and lamentation. I distinguished both sounds with a clearness which no excitement of my imagination could supply, and I observed that the three knocks resembled the ringing sound of iron upon iron. I gazed in alarm at the door which opened on the long corridor, from whence the noise had seemed to proceed; and with growing horror, I now

heard a clearly audible and long continued sobbing, like the last struggling breath of a dying man. At this instant the thunder again reverberated in long echoes from the mountains—the book dropped from my trembling hand—I felt a sudden shivering of the extremities, and all the blood rushed to my heart, which beat with audible violence. I now fancied that I heard the sound of distant footsteps, and seizing the candle, I approached the door and listened, but no sound was distinguishable. "Nonsense!" I exclaimed, assuming an indifference I did not feel; "'tis nothing but the rising storm-gust, howling in the long passages and wide chimneys of the castle." I resumed my book and chair, determined to finish the curious recital, and retire to bed. The narrative proceeded thus:

"Then did the Novices remove the coffin-lid, and expose to view the body of the deceased Templar in a white shroud. The hands and feet were tied with cords—the temples were adorned with a chaplet of laurel and vine leaves—on the breast lay a golden cross, sparkling with jewels—and on the heart a bunch of fresh-culled violets.

"'Brother Novices!' said the Grand Master, 'give heed to my commands, and answer to my questions. What means the chaplet of laurel and vine leaves?'

"*First Novice.* It means that man was born to honour and enjoyment.

"*Grand Master.* Better things await him in a better world. The laurel and the vine decay and perish. Strip the dead of such frail distinctions.

"And the Novices took the chaplet from the temples of the deceased.

"*Grand Master.* What means the sparkling cross?

"*Second Novice.* It means that man striveth after wealth and splendour.

"*Grand Master.* How does man come into the world?

"*Third Novice.* Naked and poor.

"*Grand Master.* Then must he return to his mother-earth, naked and poor as he was born. Strip the dead of such vain adornment.

"And the Novices took the cross from the breast of the deceased.

"*Grand Master.* Why are his hands and feet bound with cords?

"*Fourth Novice.* To shew that in this life man is the slave of sin.

"*Grand Master.* Death has overcome the dominion of sin.

"Release the freedman from his earthly bondage.

"And the Novices did as they were commanded.

"*Grand Master.* What means the bunch of violets on his heart?

"*Fifth Novice.* It is the emblem of humility, and the offering of brotherly love to the departed, who deserved the tribute; because, during life, he was humble and pure in heart. Blessed are such, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.

"*Grand Master.* Know ye of a truth that our brother in the coffin is dead, and ripe for the long sleep of the grave?

"*Sixth Novice.* (*Taking the hand of the dead.*) The flesh cleaveth not unto the bones, nor the skin unto the flesh—He is dead.

"*Grand Master.* How looks his grave?

"*Seventh Novice.* (*Looking down into the grave.*) Deep—dark—narrow—cold.

"*Grand Master.* Knights Companions of the Order! do the last kind office to the departed, and give him a brother's blessing, for he was one of you.

"And the seven Knights Companions slowly approached the coffin, and placed their right hands upon the head, eyes, face, mouth, heart, hand, and feet of the departed brother, each accompanying this solemn rite with a fervent blessing; after which the Novices replaced the lid upon the coffin, and nailed it with seven nails. Then sang the Preceptors to a low accompaniment from the choir above, the awful words:—

"'*Ne recorderis, Domine! peccata illius, dum veneris judicare sæculum per ignem.*'

"After which, all the assembled Preceptors, Companions, and Novices, chanted the *De profundis,* while each in succession sprinkled holy water on the coffin, saying, 'My brother! thou art dead to this world, and livest now in the Lord.'

"Then did the invisible choristers in the gallery begin to chant the *Libera;* and their voices sounded, afar off, like the answerings of departed spirits. Every taper, save that

of the Grand Master, was now extinguished, and all the Knights, Preceptors, and Companions, prostrating themselves in the figure of a cross, prayed silently. Meanwhile the Novices gently and slowly lowered the coffin into the grave, and the Grand Master, again raising the iron hammer, struck the iron cross three times, and said, with deep and solemn unction—

"'I bless thee in the name of the tri-une God—in the name of the ancient and venerable order of Knights Templars—in the name of the Preceptors, Companions, and Novices here assembled'"——

Here I was again interrupted by the sound of three knocks near my door, ringing like the blows of iron upon iron, and so loudly audible, that I could no longer doubt the evidence of my senses, nor reason down my apprehensions that either earthly mischief, or, possibly, unearthly agency, was busy near me. The knocks were again succeeded by low sounds of lamentation and groans, followed, as before, by a quick and sobbing respiration, which I could compare with nothing but the death-rattle. I struggled hard with a growing suspicion that some supernatural intelligence was at work here, and yet my reason equally rejected the possible contingencies of robbers, or midnight frolics. Thieves would not thus announce their presence, and it was utterly improbable that my afflicted relatives, or their attached and sympathising domestics, would amuse themselves by trying midnight experiments upon my courage. I had clearly distinguished that these mysterious sounds proceeded not from the sepulchre beneath me, but from the hall or corridor. "Can it be," whispered my excited imagination, "the unquiet spirit of the murdered Bruno, or of his suicide daughter, the unhappy Leah? Or, can it be the shade of my ancestor, the long-departed Templar? Or, it suddenly occurred to me, is it not rather some benighted traveller, attracted by the light in my window, knocking at the gate for admittance? It is, it must be some helpless wayfarer," I exclaimed, clinging to this preferable solution of the sounds which had alarmed me. Transferring one of my candles to a lantern which I found in the book-closet, I seized my sabre, and was hastening to the door, when suddenly the sound of solemn music floated through the apartment. The tones were harp-like, and gradually rose with a sublime swell, which, at such an hour and place, seemed to me more than earthly. The soaring swell was succeeded by a gradual and dying cadence, which melted away in the distant night-breeze; I paused and listened in still astonishment—but all was silent. I endeavoured to persuade myself that it was another delusion of my fevered brain, and that the ill-cured sabre-wound on my head had contributed to the successive hallucinations of the night; but the melody had been so distinct and peculiar that I could repeat every note. At this moment I heard the clock of the neighbouring convent of St. Clara sound the midnight hour from the vale below; it was accompanied by a long-drawn wailing gust of wind through the corridor, and the deep-toned bell struck on my saddened ear like the knell of some one I had loved and lost. Soon the music rose again as if from the vault beneath, and I distinctly heard the sound of harmonious voices, singing with impressive and perfect modulation, the following words from the fine opening of Mozart's Requiem:—

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine!
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

A rich and powerful soprano then sang in thrilling tones the solo—

Te decet hymnus Deus in Sion,
Et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem.

After which, all the voices and the harp, in fine accord, and in a louder strain, resumed—

Exaudi orationem meam,
Ad te omnis caro veniet.

I heard every word as distinctly as if the singers had been at my elbow; and, convinced that they were no spirits, but human choristers chanting in the sepulchre beneath me, I opened the window, and saw a blaze of light streaming through the bronze latticed gate of the vault, over a small flower-garden, which embellished the approach to Cecilia's tomb. After a brief pause, the solemn strains proceeded, when, unable to repress my curiosity, I called aloud, "Who is there?" But no answer was returned, save from the echoing rocks, which responded—"Who is there?—there?"

with startling accuracy. Determined to unravel this mystery, I sallied forth with sword and lantern into the corridor, descended the stair-case, and cautiously approached the bronze gate, concealing the lantern under my ample dressing-gown. Screened by a luxuriant hedge of evergreens, I reached a point commanding a view of the interior, and beheld by the light of four tapers, held by as many figures muffled from head to foot in dark drapery, a spacious and lofty sepulchre, in the centre of which, on a marble basement, stood an open sarcophagus, containing a richly-decorated coffin, from which the black-silk pall had been partially rolled back. A female form, attired in white and flowing garments, was kneeling on the basement; her hands were folded as if in prayer, and her forehead was reclining on the margin of the sarcophagus. She was a lovely blondine, her hair, of silken texture, and in colour the brightest auburn, fell in graceful abundance over her shoulders; the visible portion of her face was of an ashy paleness, and on her bosom I observed a white rose. The music had ceased before I reached my concealed station, but the dead silence which had succeeded was now interrupted by loud tokens of the approaching storm. A gust of wind shook the mighty oaks on the adjacent slope—the kneeling figure turned her face towards the grating, and by the glare of a bright flash of lightning, I saw the whole unearthly visage. Gracious Heaven! it was the sainted Cecilia—the white rose in her bosom—in short, the perfect semblance of her portrait in the room above.

The lantern dropped from my trembling hand, and I gazed on this appalling group of figures in speechless horror, aggravated by the howling of the blast, the creaking of the branches, and the endless echoing of the thunder in the mountains. My blood ran cold with nameless apprehensions, but soon the tide of feeling took an opposite direction. Maddened with this inexplicable succession of alarming incidents, I determined to sever at once the Gordian knot, and, rushing forward with desperate resolution, I seized and shook the bronze gates with maniacal vehemence, shouting, in the voice of one possessed, "Oh, Cecilia! Cecilia!"

"Jesus Maria!" ejaculated the pallid figure in white, turning upon me a pair of large blue eyes, which appeared glassy and lifeless. In a moment every taper disappeared, and a horrid scream rang through the vault, succeeded by a crash which seemed to shake the massive tower above the sepulchre.

Overwhelmed with terror and surprise at the strange termination of this awful scene, I plunged through the darkness, explored with difficulty my way to the stair-case, and ascended it with headlong velocity. While feeling the way to my apartment along the wall of the corridor, my attention was roused by a noise at the other end, resembling the creak of a heavy door when moving on rusty hinges. Turning round, I saw a faint gleam of light shoot athwart the deep gloom of this long passage, and with inexpressible astonishment I beheld the iron door of the armoury gradually opened, and the lofty figure of a knight in complete armour, issue from it, with a naked sword in one hand, and a small lantern in the other, which he held up as if to explore the intense darkness of the corridor. Congratulating myself that my person was concealed in the deep shadow, I gazed in utter perplexity and terror upon this spectral figure, until I saw it turn round and retreat into the armoury, the door of which, opening outwards, immediately closed, as if impelled by a spring. Soon as I could regain the power of volition, I returned to my apartment in the tower, more perplexed than ever with the rapid succession of extraordinary and startling incidents which I had encountered in this mysterious old castle. "Surely," I began to think, "if the dead are permitted to revisit this earth, this is the very hour and place in which to expect them." My wonted freedom from all superstitious fancies still, however, struggled with this thickening evidence of supernatural agency, and, opening the window, I looked out to observe if any light was again visible from the sepulchre; but the moon was obscured by heavy clouds, and all was midnight darkness. During a short interval between the whistling blasts, I thought I could distinguish the sound of a light footstep; and, looking more intently, I saw, by a faint gleam of lightning, a figure in white drapery

turn hastily round an angle of the ruins, and disappear under the trees. I was vainly puzzling myself to account for this new incident, when the appalling knocks of iron upon iron, again sounded in the corridor. Rousing by a sudden effort my drooping courage, I hastened to the door, and opening it, listened with renewed horror to the agonising groans of some dying sufferer. While rooted to the spot with nameless apprehensions, a burst of loud and horrid laughter struck suddenly upon my startled ears. It proceeded, I thought, from the armoury out of which the mailed knight had issued, and the tones had a brazen, gong-like reverberation, to which no human organs could possibly have given utterance. This monstrous peal of merriment was succeeded by the clash of swords and armour, and I plainly heard heavy blows descending upon helmets, shields, and corslets. No language can describe the perplexity with which I listened to this appalling uproar, which now seemed to resound from the baron's hall; and, under the insane impulses of fear, I gradually yielded to a belief that the ghosts of Bruno and Gotthard nightly visited the castle to renew their deadly conflict. "Surely all the powers of hell are in league to-night against me!" I exclaimed, as I retreated into my apartment, barred the door in unutterable anxiety, and began to weigh whether it would not be advisable to return to the comfortable mansion of my aunt, and leave the "Robber's Tower" to its infernal tenantry. Suddenly, however, a suspicion flashed upon me, that this old castle, having been for some months unoccupied by the family, had become the haunt of gipsies or robbers, and that the mysterious sounds and appearances which had alarmed me, were the ingenious contrivances of these vagabonds to terrify the servants of the baroness, and thereby retain undisturbed possession of the ruins. Inexpressibly relieved by this more rational view of the extraordinary adventures of the night, and fearless of human agency, I determined to solve the enigma without delay, and seized my pistols with intent to explore immediately the hall and armoury, from one of which the clash of weapons still resounded. My nerves, however, were still unstrung by the terrors I had experienced, and fearing that my unsteady hand would not effectually level a pistol, I took, in preference, my keen-edged sabre, grasped it with feverish energy, and proceeded with a candle into the corridor, determined to enact myself the Castle Spectre, for which personification my tall figure and white drapery were well adapted.

The combat was continued with unabated energy, and the ringing sound of swords and armour now evidently proceeded from the armoury, towards which I was cautiously advancing, when another peal of grating and Satanic laughter made me pause in shivering astonishment. At this moment the storm-clouds, which had been for some time concentrating, burst in fury over the ruins; the rain fell in heavy torrents, and an intensely vivid flash of lightning was instantaneously succeeded by a monstrous burst of thunder, which shook the old castle to its foundations. When the long-enduring reverberations of the thunder had ceased, I approached the armoury and listened at the door, from which I now observed that the massive iron bar and padlock had been removed.

Hearing no noise within, I grasped my sabre more firmly, and, clenching my teeth in angry and bitter determination to unravel, at all risks, this tissue of mysteries, I placed my only remaining taper on the ground, to preserve it from sudden extinction, pulled the door, which opened outwards, and stepped into the armoury, when, behold! by the faint light of two small lanterns, I saw the towering figures of Bruno and Gotthard, in panoplies of steel, and beavers down, crossing their long swords to renew the combat.

Appalled to a degree far exceeding all former apprehensions, I stood in gasping and speechless terror before these colossal spectres, who paused as they beheld me, lowered the points of their tremendous weapons, and remained fixed and motionless as statues. I fancied as I gazed upon them in silent horror, that I could distinguish two human skulls within their barred helmets, and, ejaculating I know not what, I turned round and darted into the corridor, hurling after me the iron door with such force as to detach the picture of the poisoned nun from the wall above, and it fell behind me with a noise which increased

no little my consternation. Overturning the candle in my rapid progress, I rushed along the corridor in utter darkness, until I found my speed arrested by some one pulling vigorously at my dressing-gown. Desperation now supplied the place of courage, and with a backward thrust, I plunged my sabre-point deep into the body of my pursuer. This defensive blow did not, however, release me from his grasp; and to aggravate my perplexity, I now heard immediately behind me the agonizing sobs and groans which had so often alarmed me during this eventful night. During this climax of horrors, the creaking of the armoury door diverted my attention from the awful sounds at my elbow, and my heart died within me as I beheld the two mailed spectres hastening with long strides and uplifted swords and lanterns towards me.

By the approaching light I now discovered to my infinite relief, that my flight had been arrested by neither human nor superhuman interference, but simply by the iron door-latch of one of the hall stoves, which was supplied with fuel through an aperture in the corridor, as is still the custom in many modern houses throughout Germany. My long dressing-gown had floated behind me as I rushed down the corridor; the projecting latch had caught the lining, and my sabre had pierced no hostile pursuer but the tightly extended skirt of my unfortunate garment. Hastily extricating myself by severing the skirt with a sabre cut, I turned round and desperately faced my grim antagonists, who were now within a few yards of me, and held up their lanterns as if to assist their examination of my features.

Brandishing my sabre, I shouted, "Avaunt, ye hellish forms!" but, to my indescribable amazement, they suddenly paused, exchanged a few words, threw down their swords, and, raising their beavers, showed me the broad, bluff features of my aunt's gardeners, two old Austrian dragoons, whose tall athletic figures I had scanned with a soldier's eye during my evening walk to the ruins. A ludicrous explanation now ensued, and I heard that in consequence of the appearance of some marauders in the mountains, my aunt's steward had ordered the gardeners to sleep by turns in the old armoury as a protection to the valuable property deposited there. The old soldiers, whose long campaigning had not much abated their dread of the supernatural, were afraid to mount guard alone in the armoury, and had agreed to watch there together; but, unable to sleep during the storm, had challenged each other to a game at broadsword, by way of killing the time, and, to heighten the joke, had donned two suits of the old armour which hung round the walls of the armoury. The steward was not aware of my intention to occupy the apartments in the tower; and, had the men not previously seen me in the garden with the baroness, a serious, and too probably, fatal encounter would have been the consequence of the critical situation I have described. On farther inquiry, I found that whenever one of these lusty knights had placed an effective blow, they burst into a horse laugh, which, sounding from their capacious throats through the barred helmets, and reverberating through the lofty corridor, had produced the unnatural and gong-like peal which had so much astonished and alarmed me. They acknowledged, too, that they had been no little terrified when they saw a tall figure in white, with a naked sabre, enter the armoury; that, however, they had gathered courage from my sudden retreat, and, beginning to suspect that I was a robber, had pursued and recognised me. I had found, also, a clue to the mysterious sobs and lamentations in the corridor, while endeavouring to separate my dressing-gown from the latch, during which operation the creaking hinges of the stove door, not having been oiled for many years, emitted the wailing, groaning sounds which had made my blood run cold. While still examining the stove, another tremendous blast shook the corridor, and the storm-gust, rushing down the capacious chimney, burst open the heavy iron door, which fell back against the iron catch, and rebounding twice with the shock, explained very naturally the fancied hammer-blows of the Grand Master upon the iron cross: the expiring gust then moving the door more gently on its rusty hinges, made them wail and creak as before; after which the diminishing current, rushing through the imperfectly closed door, produced the intermitting, sobbing noise, which my tortured imagi-

nation had converted into a death-rattle.

Dismissing the mailed gardeners to their armoury, I retired immediately to bed; and, deferring until morning my proposed investigation of the mysterious incidents in the sepulchre, I slept in defiance of the storm, until roused by a summons from my aunt and cousin to join them in the outer room to breakfast.

When I met my amiable relatives at the breakfast table, I was concerned to observe the lovely Julia still more pallid than I had found her the previous evening, and expressed my fear that she was indisposed.

"I have passed a sleepless and miserable night," she replied, "in consequence of an appalling incident which occurred last night in your immediate vicinity. Soon after you left us, four nuns from the convent of St Clara, called upon me on their way to chant a midnight requiem over the dear remains of my blessed sister, and requested me to accompany them on a harp, which is usually left for this purpose in the sepulchre. As I have found a melancholy gratification in this solemn service, which the nuns perform twice every week, when their convent duties permit, I did not allow the still distant storm, nor the cool white gown which had replaced my hot mourning dress, to deter me from an act of duty to the dear departed one. I accompanied the nuns to the sepulchre, and, after they had sung the requiem, I was kneeling in silent prayer against the sarcophagus, when suddenly, the brazen gates of the vault were shaken with a giant's grasp—— I beheld the figure of a colossal woman in white garments on the outside—and a voice shrieked "Cecilia! Cecilia!" in tones so wild and unearthly, that the nuns in terror dropped their tapers, and we fled into the inner vault, pulling the heavy door after us with a shock, which reverberated like thunder, and greatly increased our alarm. There we remained some time in an agony of terror, and in total darkness, until the hoarse voice of the approaching storm warned us to depart, and we fled through the grove to the villa, trembling at the sound of our own footsteps."

It was now my turn to explain the various wonders of the night; and, with a view to cheer my drooping and agitated relatives, I endeavoured to relieve with humourous colouring the extraordinary adventures which had crowded upon me in such rapid succession. I enjoyed the heartfelt gratification to see my efforts crowned with success. The pale and care-worn features of my aunt and cousin relaxed into frequent smiles as I pursued my strange narrative, and the ludicrous climax of my adventure with the two gardeners created even a hearty laugh at my expense. When I had concluded, the lovely Julia repaired the awful damage inflicted on my dressing-gown, and my aunt made me a present of the formidable portrait of the hapless Leah; the removal of which, she said, would alone convince the villagers that the unhappy original no longer walked the castle at midnight.

During a few weeks of delightful intercourse with these intelligent and amiable women, I greatly recruited my injured constitution, and at length succeeded in my earnest endeavours to prevail upon my aunt and her daughter to quit for some months an abode fraught with melancholy associations, and to pass the autumn and winter under my mother's roof in Berlin.

There I had the delight to see their deeply seated woe gradually yield to the influence of frequent collision with a select and sympathising circle, and assume a more tranquil and cheerful character. There, too, my daily intercourse with the unassuming and lovely Julia rapidly matured my early prepossession into a fervent and enduring attachment; and the following summer I revisited the "Robber's Tower," no longer an emaciated and fanciful invalid, but in the full enjoyment of health and happiness, the husband of my adored Julia, and the joint consoler of her still mourning, but resigned and tranquil parent.

ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC. *

No art, cultivated by man, has suffered more in the revolutions of taste and opinion than the art of rhetoric. There was a time when, by an undue extension of this term, it designated the whole cycle of accomplishments which prepared a man for public affairs. From that height it has descended to a level with the arts of alchemy and astrology, as holding out promises which consist in a mixed degree of impostures and of trifles. If we look into the prevailing theory of rhetoric, under which it meets with so degrading an estimate, we shall find that it fluctuates between two different conceptions, according to one of which it is an art of ostentatious ornament, and according to the other an art of sophistry. A man is held to play the rhetorician, when he treats a subject with more than usual gaiety of ornament; and perhaps we may add as an essential element in the idea, with *conscious* ornament. This is one view of rhetoric; and, under this, what it accomplishes is not so much to persuade as to delight; not so much to win the assent, as to stimulate the attention, and captivate the taste. And even this purpose is attached to something separable and accidental in the *manner*.

But the other idea of rhetoric lays its foundation in something essential to the *matter*. This is that rhetoric of which Milton spoke, as able " to dash maturest counsels, and to make the worse appear the better reason." Now it is clear, that *argument* of some quality or other must be taken as the principle of this rhetoric; for those must be immature counsels indeed that could be dashed by mere embellishments of manner, or by artifices of diction and arrangement.

Here then we have in popular use two separate ideas of rhetoric, one of which is occupied with the general end of the fine arts; that is to say, intellectual pleasure. The other applies itself more specifically to a definite purpose of utility.

Such is the popular idea of rhetoric, which wants both unity and precision. If we seek these from the formal teachers of rhetoric, our embarrassment is not much relieved. All of them agree that rhetoric may be defined *the art of persuasion*. But if we inquire what *is* persuasion, we find them vague and indefinite, or even contradictory. To wave a thousand of others, Dr Whately, in the work before us, insists upon the *conviction* of the understanding as " an essential part of persuasion;" and, on the other hand, the author of the Philosophy of Rhetoric is equally satisfied that there is no persuasion without an appeal to the *passions*. Here are two views. We, for our parts, have a third, which excludes both: where conviction begins, the field of rhetoric ends—that is our opinion: and, as to the passions, we contend that they are not within the province of rhetoric, but of eloquence.

In this view of rhetoric and its functions we coincide with Aristotle; as indeed originally we took it up on a suggestion derived from him. But as all parties may possibly fancy a confirmation of their views in Aristotle, we shall say a word or two in support of our own interpretation of that author, which will surprise our Oxford friends. Our explanation involves a very remarkable detection, which will tax many thousands of books with error in a particular point supposed to be as well established as the hills. We question, indeed, whether a Congreve rocket, or a bomb, descending upon the schools of Oxford, would cause more consternation than the explosion of that novelty which we are going to discharge.

Many years ago, when studying the Aristotelian rhetoric at Oxford, it struck us that, by whatever name Aristotle might describe the main purpose of rhetoric, practically, at least, in his own treatment of it, he threw the whole stress upon finding such arguments for any given thesis as, without positively proving or disproving it, gave it a colourable support. We

* Elements of Rhetoric. By Richard Whately, D.D. Principal of St Alban's Hall, and late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Oxford, 1828.

could not persuade ourselves that it was by accident that the topics, or general heads of argument, were never in an absolute and unconditional sense true—but contained so much of plausible or colourable truth as is expressed in the original meaning of the word *probable.* A *ratio probabilis*, in the Latin use of the word *probabilis*, is that ground of assent—not which the understanding can solemnly approve and abide by—but the very opposite to this; one which it can submit to for a moment, and countenance as within the limits of the plausible.* That this was the real governing law of Aristotle's procedure, it was not possible to doubt: but was it consciously known to himself? If so, how was it to be reconciled with his own formal account of the office of rhetoric, so often repeated, that it consisted in finding enthymemes? What then was an enthymeme?

Oxford! thou wilt think us mad to ask. Certainly we knew, what all the world knows, that an enthymeme was understood to be a syllogism of which one proposition is suppressed—major, minor, or conclusion. But what possible relation had *that* to rhetoric? Nature sufficiently prompts all men to that sort of ellipsis; and what impertinence in a teacher to build his whole system upon a solemn precept to do this or that, when the rack would not have forced any man to do otherwise! Besides, Aristotle had represented it as the fault of former systems, that they applied themselves exclusively to the treatment of the passions—an object foreign to the purpose of the rhetorician, who, in some situations, is absolutely forbidden by law to use any such arts: whereas, says he, his true and universal weapon is the enthymeme, which is open to him everywhere. Now what opposition, or what relation of any kind, can be imagined between the system which he rejects and the one he adopts, if the enthymeme is to be understood as it usually has been? The rhetorician is not to address the passions, but——what? to mind that, in all his arguments, he suppresses one of his propositions! And these follies are put into the mouth of Aristotle.

In this perplexity a learned Scottish friend communicated to us an Essay of Facciolati's, read publicly about a century ago (Nov. 1724), and entitled *De Enthymemate*,† in which he maintains, that the received idea of the enthymeme is a total blunder, and triumphantly restores the lost idea. "Nego," says he, "nego enthymema esse syllogismum mutilum, ut vulgo dialectici docent. Nego, inquam, et pernego enthymema enunciatione unâ et conclusione constare, quamvis ita in scholis omnibus finiatur, et a nobis ipsis finitum sit aliquando——nolentibus extra locum lites suscipere." *I deny peremptorily that an enthymeme consists of one premiss and the conclusion: although that doctrine has been laid down universally in the schools, and upon one occasion even by myself, as unwilling to move the question unseasonably.*

Facciolati is not the least accurate of logicians, because he happens to be the most elegant. Yet, we apprehend, that at such innovations, Smiglecius will stir in his grave; Keckermannus will groan; "Dutch Burgersdyk" will snort; and English Crackenthorpius, (who has the honour to be an ancestor of Mr Wordsworth's,) though buried for two centuries, will revisit the glimpses of the moon. And really, if the question were for a name, Heaven forbid that we should disturb the peace of logicians: they might have leave to say, as of the Strid in Wharfdale,

"It has borne that name a thousand years,
And shall a thousand more."

But, whilst the name is abused, the idea perishes. Facciolati undoubtedly is right: nor is he the first who has observed the error. Julius Pacius, who understood Aristotle better than any man that ever lived, had long before remarked it. The arguments of

* It is ludicrous to see the perplexity of some translators and commentators of the Rhetoric, who, having read it under a false point of view, and understood it in the sense of Aristotle's own deliberate judgment on the truth, labour to defend it on that footing. On its real footing it needs no defence.

† It stands at p. 227 of *Jacobi Facciolati Orationis XII., Acroases, &c. Patavii*, 1729. This is the 2d Italian edition, and was printed at the University Press.

Facciolati we shall give below;* it will be sufficient here to state the result. An enthymeme differs from a syllogism, not in the accident of sup-

* Upon an innovation of such magnitude, and which will be so startling to scholars, it is but fair that Facciolati should have the benefit of all his own arguments: and we have therefore resolved to condense them. 1. He begins with that very passage (or one of them,) on which the received idea of the Enthymeme most relies; and from this he derives an argument for the new idea. The passage is to this effect, that the Enthymeme is composed ἐκ πολλακις ἐλαττονων ἠ ἐξ ὡν ὁ συλλογισμος—*i. e. frequently* consists of fewer parts than the syllogism. *Frequently!* What logic is there in *that?* Can it be imagined, that so rigorous a logician as Aristotle would notice, as a circumstance of frequent occurrence in an enthymeme, what, by the received doctrine, should be its mere essence and differential principle? To say that this happens frequently, is to say, by implication, that sometimes it does *not* happen—*i. e.* that it is an accident, and no part of the definition, since it may thus confessedly be absent, *salva ratione conceptus.* 2. Waving this argument, and supposing the suppression of one proposition to be even universal in the enthymeme, still it would be an impertinent circumstance, and (philosophically speaking) an accident. Could it be tolerated, that a great systematic distinction (for such it is in Aristotle,) should rest upon a mere abbreviation of convenience? "Quasi vero argumentandi ratio et natura varietur, cum brevius effertur;" whereas Aristotle himself tells us, that "ὀ προς τον ἐξω λογον ἠ ἀποδειξις, ἀλλα προς τον ἐν τῃ ψυχῃ" 3. From a particular passage in the 2d book of the Prior Analytics, (chap. 27,) generally interpreted in a way to favour the existing account of the enthymeme, after first of all shewing, that under a more accurate construction it is incompatible with that account, whilst it is in perfect harmony with the new one, Facciolati deduces an explanation of that accidental peculiarity in the enthymeme, which has attracted such undue attention as to eclipse its true characteristic: the peculiarity, we mean, of being entitled (though not, as the common idea is, required,) to suppress one proposition. So much we shall here anticipate, as to say, that this privilege arises out of the peculiar *matter* of the enthymeme, which fitted it for the purposes of the rhetorician; and these purposes being loose and popular, brought with them proportionable indulgences; whereas the syllogism, technically so called, employing a severer matter, belonged peculiarly to the dialectician, or philosophic disputant, whose purposes being rigorous and scientific, imposed much closer restrictions; and one of these was, that he should in no case suppress any proposition, however obvious, but should formally enunciate all: just as in the debating schools of later ages it has always been the rule, that before urging his objection, the opponent should repeat the respondent's syllogism. Hence, although the rhetorician naturally used his privilege, and enthymemes were in fact generally shorn of one proposition, (and *vice versa* with respect to syllogisms in the strict philosophic sense,) yet was all this a mere effect of usage and accident; and it was very possible for an enthymeme to have its full complement of parts, whilst a syllogism might be defective in the very way which is falsely supposed to be of the essence of an enthymeme. 4. He derives an argument from an inconsistency with which Aristotle has been thought chargeable under the old idea of the enthymeme, and with which Gassendi has in fact charged him.* 5. He meets and rebuts the force of a principal argument in favour of the enthymeme as commonly understood, viz. that, in a particular part of the Prior Analytics, the enthymeme is called συλλογισμος ατελης—an *imperfect* syllogism, which word the commentators generally expound by "*mutilus atque imminutus.*" Here he uses the assistance of the excellent J. Pace, whom he justly describes as "virum Græcarum litterarum peritissimum, philosophum in primis bonum, et Aristotelis interpretum quot sunt, quotque fuerunt, quotque futuri sunt, longe præstantissimum." This admirable commentator, so indispensable to all who would study the Organon and the Περι Ψυχης, had himself originally started that hypothesis which we are now reporting, as long afterwards adopted and improved by Facciolati. Considering the unrivalled qualifications of Pace, this of itself is a great argument on our side. The objection before us, from the word ατελης, Pace disposes of briefly and conclusively: *first*, he says, that the word is wanting in four MSS.; and he has no doubt himself "quin ex glossemate irrepserit in contextum:" *secondly*, the Latin translators and schoolmen, as Agricola and many others, take no notice of this word in their versions and commentaries: *thirdly*, the Greek commentators, such as Joannes

* However, as in reality the whole case was one of mere misapprehension on the part of Gassendi, and has, in fact, nothing at all to do with the nature of the enthymeme, well or ill understood, Facciolati takes nothing by this particular argument, which, however, we have retained, to make our analysis complete.

pressing one of its propositions; either may do this, or neither; the difference is essential, and in the nature of the *matter;* that of the syllogism being certain and apodeictic; that of the enthymeme probable, and drawn from the province of opinion.

This theory tallies exactly with our own previous construction of Aristotle's rhetoric, and explains the stress which he had laid at the outset upon enthymemes. Whatsoever is certain, or matter of fixed science, can be no subject for the rhetorician: where it is possible for the understanding to be convinced, no field is open for rhetorical persuasion. Absolute certainty, and fixed science, transcend and exclude opinion and probability. The province of rhetoric, whether meant for an influence upon the actions, or simply upon the belief, lies amongst that vast field of cases where there is a *pro* and a *con,* with the chance of right and wrong, true and false, distributed in varying proportions between them. There is also an immense range of truths, where there are no chances at all concerned, but the affirmative and the negative are both true; as, for example, the goodness of human nature and its wickedness; the happiness of human life and its misery; the charms of knowledge, and its hollowness; the fragility of human prosperity, in the eye of religious meditation, and its security, as estimated by worldly confidence and youthful hope. In all these cases the rhetorician exhibits his art by giving an impulse to one side, and by withdrawing the mind so steadily from all thoughts or images which support the other, as to leave it practically under the possession of this partial estimate.

Upon this theory, what relation to rhetoric shall we assign to style and the ornamental arts of composition? In some respect they seem liable to the same objection as that which Aristotle has urged against appeals to the passions; both are extra-essential, or ἔξω τȣ πραγματος; they are subjective arts, not objective; that is, they do not affect the thing which is to be surveyed, but the eye of him who is to survey. Yet, in a feast, the epicure holds himself not more obliged to the cook for the venison, than to the physician who braces his stomach to enjoy. And any arts, which conciliate regard to the speaker, indirectly promote the effect of his arguments. On this account, and because, (under the severest limitation of rhetoric) they are in many cases indispensable to the perfect interpretation of the thoughts; we may admit arts of style and ornamental composition as the ministerial part of rhetoric. But, with regard to the passions, as contended for by Dr Campbell,—it is a sufficient answer, that they are already preoccupied by what is called *Eloquence.*

Mr Coleridge, as we have often heard, is in the habit of drawing the line with much philosophical beauty between rhetoric and eloquence. On this topic we were never so fortunate as to hear him: but if we are here called upon for a distinction, we shall satisfy our immediate purpose by a very plain and brief one. By Eloquence, we understand the overflow of powerful feelings upon occasions fitted to excite them. But Rhetoric is the art of aggrandizing and bringing out into strong relief, by means of various and striking thoughts, some aspect of truth which of itself is supported by no spontaneous feelings, and therefore rests upon artificial aids.

Greece, as may well be imagined, was the birth-place of Rhetoric; to which of the Fine Arts was it not? and here, in one sense of the word Rhetoric, the art had its consummation: for the theory, or *ars docens,* was taught with a fulness and an accuracy by the Grecian masters, not afterwards approached. In particular, it was so taught by Aristotle, whose system, we are disposed to agree with Dr Whately, in pronouncing the best, as regards the primary purpose of a teacher; though otherwise, for elegance, and as a practical model in the art he was expounding, neither Aristotle, nor any less austere among the Greek rhetoricians, has any preten-

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Grammaticus and Alexander Aphrodisiensis, clearly had no knowledge of any such use of the word *enthymeme*, as that which has prevailed in later times; which is plain from this, that wherever they have occasion to speak of a syllogism wanting one of its members, they do not in any instance call it an enthymeme, but a συλλογισμον μονολημματον.

sions to measure himself with Quintilian. In reality, for a triumph over the difficulties of the subject, and as a lesson on the possibility of imparting grace to the treatment of scholastic topics, naturally as intractable as that of Grammar or Prosody, there is no such *chef-d'œuvre* to this hour in any literature, as the Institutions of Quintilian. Laying this one case out of the comparison, however, the Greek superiority was indisputable.

Yet how is it to be explained, that with these advantages on the side of the Greek rhetoric as an *ars docens*, rhetoric as a practical art (the *ars utens*) never made any advances amongst the Greeks to the brilliancy which it attained in Rome? Up to a certain period, and throughout the palmy state of the Greek republics, we may account for it thus: Rhetoric, in its finest and most absolute burnish, may be called an *eloquentia umbratica;* that is, it aims at an elaborate form of beauty, which shrinks from the strife of business, and could neither arise nor make itself felt in a tumultuous assembly. Certain features, it is well known, and peculiar styles of countenance, which are impressive in a drawing-room, become ineffective on a public stage. The fine tooling, and delicate tracery, of the cabinet artist is lost upon a building of colossal proportions. Extemporaneousness, again, a favourable circumstance to impassioned eloquence, is death to Rhetoric. Two characteristics indeed there were, of a Greek popular assembly, which must have operated fatally on the rhetorician—its fervour, in the first place, and, secondly, the coarseness of a real interest. All great rhetoricians, in selecting their subject, have shunned the determinate cases of real life: and even in the single instance of a deviation from the rule—that of the author (whoever he be) of the Declamations attributed to Quintilian, the cases are shaped with so romantic a generality, and so slightly circumstantiated, as to allow him all the benefit of pure abstractions.

We can readily understand, therefore, why the fervid oratory of the Athenian Assemblies, and the intense reality of its interest, should stifle the growth of Rhetoric: the smoke, tarnish, and demoniac glare of Vesuvius easily eclipse the pallid coruscations of the Aurora Borealis. And in fact, amongst the greater orators of Greece, there is not a solitary gleam of rhetoric: Isocrates may have a little, being (to say the truth) neither orator nor rhetorician in any eminent sense; Demosthenes has none. But when those great thunders had subsided, which reached "to Macedon, and Artaxerxes' throne," when the "fierce democracy" itself had perished, and Greece had fallen under the common circumstances of the Roman Empire, how came it that Greek rhetoric did not blossom concurrently with Roman? Vegetate it did: and a rank crop of weeds grew up under the name of Rhetoric, down to the times of the Emperor Julian and his friend Libanius (both of whom, by the way, were as worthless writers as have ever abused the Greek language.) But this part of Greek literature is a desert with no oasis. The fact is, if it were required to assign the two bodies of writers who have exhibited the human understanding in the most abject poverty, and whose works by no possibility emit a casual scintillation of wit, fancy, just thinking, or good writing, we should certainly fix upon Greek rhetoricians, and Italian critics. Amongst the whole mass there is not a page, that any judicious friend to literature would wish to reprieve from destruction. And in both cases we apprehend that the possibility of so much inanity is due in part to the quality of the two languages. The diffuseness and loose structure of Greek style unfit it for the closeness, condensation, and το αγχιϛροφον of rhetoric; the melodious beauty of the mere sounds, which both in the Italian and in the Greek are combined with much majesty, dwells upon the ear so delightfully, that in no other language is it so easy as in these two to write with little or no meaning, and to flow along through a whole wilderness of inanity, without particularly rousing the reader's disgust.

In the literature of Rome it is that we find the true El Dorado of rhetoric, as we might expect from the sinewy compactness of the language. Livy, and, above all preceding writers, Ovid, display the greatest powers of rhetoric in forms of composition, which were not particularly adapted to favour that talent. The contest of Ajax and Ulysses, for the arms of Achilles, in one of the latter Books of the Metamorphoses, is a *chef-*

d'œuvre of rhetoric, considering its metrical form; for metre, and especially the flowing heroic hexameter, is no advantage to the rhetorician.* The two Plinys, Lucan, (though again under the disadvantage of verse) Petronius Arbiter, and Quintilian, but above all, the Senecas, (for a Spanish cross appears to improve the quality of the rhetorician) have left a body of rhetorical composition such as no modern nation has rivalled. Even the most brilliant of these writers, however, were occasionally surpassed, in particular *bravuras* of rhetoric, by several of the Latin Fathers, particularly Tertullian, Arnobius, St Austin, and a writer whose name we cannot at this moment recall. In fact, a little African blood operated as genially in this respect as Spanish, whilst an Asiatic cross was inevitably fatal. Partly from this cause, and partly because they wrote in an unfavourable language, the Greek Fathers are, one and all, mere Birmingham rhetoricians. Even Gregory Nazianzen is so, with submission to Messieurs of the Port Royal, and other bigoted critics, who have pronounced him at the very top of the tree among the fine writers of antiquity. Undoubtedly, he has a turgid style of mouthy grandiloquence, (though often the merest bombast;) but for keen and polished rhetoric he is singularly unfitted, by inflated habits of thinking, by loitering diffuseness, and a dreadful trick of calling names. The spirit of personal invective is peculiarly adverse to the coolness of rhetoric. As to Chrysostom, and Basil, with less of pomp and swagger than Gregory, they have not at all more of rhetorical burnish and compression. Upon the whole, looking back through the dazzling files of the ancient rhetoricians, we are disposed to rank the Senecas and Tertullian as the leaders of the band: for St Austin, in his Confessions, and wherever he becomes peculiarly interesting, is apt to be impassioned and fervent in a degree which makes him break out of the proper pace of rhetoric. He is matched to trot, and is continually breaking into a gallop. Indeed, his Confessions have in parts, particularly in those which relate to the death of his young friend, and his own frenzy of grief, all that real passion which is only imagined in the Confessions of Rousseau, under a preconception derived from his known character and unhappy life. By the time of the Emperor Justinian, or in the century between that time and the era of Mahomet, (A.D. 620,) which century we regard as the common *crepusculum* between ancient and modern history, all rhetoric, of every degree and quality, seems to have finally expired.

In the literature of modern Europe, rhetoric has been cultivated with success. But this remark applies only with any force to a period which is now long past; and it is probable, upon various considerations, that such another period will never revolve. The rhetorician's art, in its glory and power, has silently faded away before the stern tendencies of the age; and if, by any peculiarity of taste, or strong determination of the intellect, a rhetorician, *en grand costume*, were again to appear amongst us, it is certain that he would have no better welcome than a stare of surprise as a posture-maker or balancer, not more elevated in the general estimate, but far less amusing, than the opera-dancer or equestrian gymnast. No—the age of Rhetoric, like that of Chivalry, is gone, and passed amongst forgotten things; and the rhetorician can have no more chance for returning, than the rhapsodist of early Greece, or the Troubadour of romance. So multiplied are the modes of intellectual enjoyment in modern times, that the choice is absolutely distracted; and in a boundless theatre of pleasures, to be had at little or no cost of intellectual activity, it would be marvellous indeed, if any considerable audience could be found for an exhibition which presupposes a state of tense exertion on the part both of auditor and performer. To hang upon one's own thoughts as an

* This, added to the style and quality of his poems, makes it the more remarkable that Virgil should have been deemed a rhetorician. Yet so it was. Walsh notices, in the Life of Virgil, which he furnished for his friend Dryden's Translation, that "his (Virgil's) rhetoric, was in such general esteem, that lectures were read upon it in the reign of Tiberius, and the subject of declamations taken out of him."

object of conscious interest, to play with them, to watch and pursue them through a maze of inversions, evolutions, and Harlequin changes, implies a condition of society either like that in the monastic ages, forced to introvert its energies from mere defect of books; (whence arose the scholastic metaphysics, admirable for its subtlety, but famishing the mind, whilst it sharpened its edge in one exclusive direction;) or, if it implies no absolute starvation of intellect, as in the case of the Roman rhetoric, which arose upon a considerable, (though not very various) literature, it proclaims at least a quiescent state of the public mind, unoccupied with daily novelties, and at leisure from the agitations of eternal change.

Growing out of the same condition of society, there is another cause at work which will for ever prevent the resurrection of rhetoric, viz.—the necessities of public business, its vast extent, complexity, fulness of details, and consequent vulgarity, as compared with that of the ancients. The very same cause, by the way, furnishes an answer to the question moved by Hume, in one of his Essays, with regard to the declension of eloquence in our deliberative assemblies. Eloquence, senatorial and forensic, at least, has languished under the same changes of society which have proved fatal to rhetoric. The political economy of the ancient republics, and their commerce, were simple and unelaborate—the system of their public services, both martial and civil, was arranged on the most naked and manageable principles; for we must not confound the perplexity in our modern explanations of these things, with a perplexity in the things themselves. The foundation of these differences was in the differences of domestic life. Personal wants being few, both from climate and from habit, and in the great majority of the citizens, limited almost to the pure necessities of nature; hence arose, for the mass of the population, the possibility of surrendering themselves, much more than with us, either to the one paramount business of the state—war, or to a state of Indian idleness. Rome, in particular, during the ages of her growing luxury, must be regarded as a nation supported by other nations, by largesses, in effect, that is to say, by the plunder of conquest. Living, therefore, upon foreign alms, or upon corn purchased by the product of tribute or of spoils, a nation could readily dispense with that expansive developement of her internal resources, upon which modern Europe has been forced by the more equal distribution of power amongst the civilized world.

The changes which have followed in the functions of our popular assemblies, correspond to the great revolution here described. Suppose yourself an ancient Athenian, at some customary display of Athenian oratory, what will be the topics? Peace or war, vengeance for public wrongs, or mercy to prostrate submission, national honour and national gratitude, glory and shame, and every aspect of open appeal to the primal sensibilities of man. On the other hand, enter an English Parliament, having the most of a popular character in its constitution and practice, that is anywhere to be found in the Europe of this day; and the subject of debate will probably be a road-bill, a bill for enabling a coal-gas company to assume certain privileges against a competitor in oil-gas; a bill for disfranchising a corrupt borough, or perhaps some technical point of form in the Exchequer bills' bill. So much is the face of public business vulgarized by details. The same spirit of differences extends to forensic eloquence. Grecian and Roman pleadings are occupied with questions of elementary justice, large and diffusive, apprehensible even to the uninstructed, and connecting themselves at every step with powerful and tempestuous feelings. In British trials, on the contrary, the field is foreclosed against any interest of so elevating a nature, because the rights and wrongs of the case are almost inevitably absorbed to an unlearned eye by the technicalities of the law, or by the intricacy of the facts.

But this is not always the case—doubtless not; subjects for eloquence, and, therefore, eloquence, will sometimes arise in our senate, and our courts of justice. And in one respect our British displays are more advantageously circumstanced than the ancient, being more conspicuously brought forward into effect by their contrast to the ordinary course of business.

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet." *

But still the objection of Hume remains unimpeached as to the fact, that eloquence is a rarer growth of modern than of ancient civil polity, even in those countries which have the advantage of free institutions. The letter of this objection is sustained, but substantially it is disarmed, so far as its purpose was to argue any declension on the part of Christian nations, by this explanation of ours, which traces the impoverished condition of civil eloquence to the complexity of public business.

But eloquence in one form or other is immortal, and will never perish so long as there are human hearts moving under the agitations of hope and fear, love and passionate hatred. And, in particular to us of the modern world, as an endless source of indemnification for what we have lost in the simplicity of our social systems, we have received a new dowry of eloquence, and *that* of the highest order, in the sanctities of our religion—a field unknown to antiquity—for the Pagan religions did not produce much poetry, and of oratory none at all.

On the other hand, that cause, which, operating upon eloquence, has but extinguished it under a single direction, to rhetoric has been unconditionally fatal. Eloquence is not banished from the public business of this country as useless, but as difficult, and as not spontaneously arising from topics such as generally furnish the staple of debate. But rhetoric, if attempted on a formal scale, would be summarily exploded as pure foppery, and trifling with time. Falstaff, on the field of battle, presenting his bottle of sack for a pistol, or Polonius with his quibbles, could not appear a more unseasonable *plaisanteur* than a rhetorician alighting from the clouds upon a public assembly in Great Britain, met for the dispatch of business.

Under these malign aspects of the modern structure of society, a structure to which the whole world will be moulded as it becomes civilized, there can be no room for any revival of rhetoric in public speaking; and from the same and other causes, acting upon the standard of public taste, quite as little room in written composition. In spite, however, of the tendencies to this consummation, which have been long maturing, it is a fact, that next after Rome, England is the country in which rhetoric prospered most—at a time when science was unborn as a popular interest, and the commercial activities of after times were yet sleeping in their rudiments. This was in the period from the latter end of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century; and, though the English rhetoric was less true to its own ideal than the Roman, and often modulated into a higher key of impassioned eloquence, yet, unquestionably, in some of its qualities, it remains a monument of the very finest rhetorical powers.

Omitting Sir Philip Sidney, and omitting his friend, Lord Brooke, (in whose prose there are some bursts of pathetic eloquence, as there is of rhetoric in his verse, though too often harsh and affectedly obscure,) the first very eminent rhetorician in the English literature is Donne. Dr Johnson inconsiderately classes him in company with Cowley, &c., under the title of *Metaphysical* Poets; but *Rhetorical* would have been a more accurate designation. In saying *that*, however, we must remind our readers, that we revert to the original use of the word *rhetoric*, as laying the principal stress upon the management of the thoughts, and only a secondary one upon the ornaments of style. Few writers have shewn a more extraordinary compass of powers than Donne; for he combined what no other man has ever done—the last sublimation of dialectical subtlety and address with the most impassioned majesty. Massy diamonds compose the very substance of his poem on the Metempsychosis, thoughts and descriptions which have the fervent and gloomy sublimity of Ezekiel or Æschylus, whilst a diamond dust of rhetorical brilliances is strewed over the whole of his occasional verses and his prose. No criticism was ever more unhappy than that of Dr Johnson's, which denounces all

* Shakspeare, Sonnet 52.

this artificial display as so much perversion of taste. There cannot be a falser thought than this; for, upon that principle, a whole class of compositions might be vicious, by conforming to its own ideal. The artifice and machinery of rhetoric furnishes in its degree as legitimate a basis for intellectual pleasure as any other; that the pleasure is of an inferior order, can no more attaint the idea or model of the composition, than it can impeach the excellence of an epigram that it is not a tragedy. Every species of composition is to be tried by its own laws; and if Dr Johnson had urged explicitly, (what was evidently moving in his thoughts,) that a metrical structure, by holding forth the promise of poetry, defrauds the mind of its just expectations,—he would have said what is notoriously false. Metre is open to any form of composition, provided it will aid the expression of the thoughts; and the only sound objection to it is, that it has *not* done so. Weak criticism, indeed, is that which condemns a copy of verses under the ideal of poetry, when the mere substitution of another name and classification suffices to evade the sentence, and to reinstate the composition in its rights as rhetoric. It may be very true that the age of Donne gave too much encouragement to his particular vein of composition; that, however, argues no depravity of taste, but a taste erring only in being too limited and exclusive.

The next writers of distinction, who came forward as rhetoricians, were Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and Milton in many of his prose works. They labour under opposite defects: Burton is too quaint, fantastic, and disjointed. Milton too slow, solemn, and continuous. In the one we see the flutter of a parachute; in the other the stately and voluminous gyrations of an ascending balloon. Agile movement, and a certain degree of fancifulness, are indispensable to rhetoric. But Burton is not so much fanciful as capricious: his motion is not the motion of freedom, but of lawlessness: he does not dance, but caper. Milton, on the other hand, *polonaises* with a grand Castilian air, in paces too sequacious and processional; even in his passages of merriment, and when stung into a quicker motion by personal disdain for an unworthy antagonist, his thoughts and his imagery still appear to move to the music of the organ.

In some measure it is a consequence of these peculiarities, and so far it is the more a duty to allow for them, that the rhetoric of Milton, though wanting in animation, is unusually superb in its colouring; its very monotony is derived from the sublime unity of the presiding impulse; and hence, it sometimes ascends into eloquence of the highest kind, and sometimes even into the raptures of lyric poetry. The main thing, indeed, wanting to Milton, was to have fallen upon happier subjects: for, with the exception of the 'Areopagitica,' there is not one of his prose works upon a theme of universal interest, or perhaps fitted to be the groundwork of a rhetorical display.

But, as it has happened to Milton sometimes to give us poetry for rhetoric, in one instance he has unfortunately given us rhetoric for poetry: this occurs in the Paradise Lost, where the debates of the fallen angels are carried on by a degrading process of gladiatorial rhetoric. Nay, even the councils of God, though not debated to and fro, are, however, expounded rhetorically. This is astonishing; for no one was better aware than Milton* of the distinction between the *discursive* and *intuitive* acts of the mind, as apprehended by the old metaphysicians, and the incompatibility of the former with any but a limitary intellect. This indeed was familiar to all the writers of his day: but, as old Gifford has shewn, by a most idle note upon a passage in Massinger, that it is a distinction which has now perished (except indeed in Germany),—we shall recall it to the reader's attention. An *intuition* is any knowledge whatsoever, sensuous or intellectual, which is apprehended *immediately:* a notion on the other hand, or product of the discursive faculty, is any knowledge whatsoever which is apprehended *mediately*. All reasoning is carried on discursively; that is, *discurrendo,*—by running about to the right and the left, laying the separate notices together, and thence mediately deriving some third apprehension. Now this process, however glorious a characteristic of the human mind as distinguish-

* See the fifth book of the Par. Lost, and passages in his prose writings.

ing it from the brute, is degrading to any supra-human intelligence, divine or angelic, by arguing limitation. God must not proceed by steps, and the fragmentary knowledge of accretion; in which case, at starting he has all the intermediate notices as so many bars between himself and the conclusion; and even at the penultimate or antepenultimate act, he is still short of the truth. God must *see*, he must *intuit*, so to speak; and all truth must reach him simultaneously, first and last, without succession of time, or partition of acts: just as light, before that theory had been refuted by the Satellites of Jupiter, was held not to be propagated in time, but to be here and there at one and the same indivisible instant. Paley, from mere rudeness of metaphysical skill, has talked of the *judgment* and the *judiciousness* of God: but this is profaneness, and a language unworthily applied even to an angelic being. To judge, that is to subsume one proposition under another,—to be judicious, that is, to collate the means with the end, are acts impossible in the divine nature, and not to be ascribed, even under the license of a figure, to any being which transcends the limitations of humanity. Many other instances there are in which Milton is taxed with having too grossly sensualized his supernatural agents; some of which, however, the necessities of the action may excuse; and at the worst they are readily submitted to as having an intelligible purpose—that of bringing so mysterious a thing as a spiritual nature or agency within the limits of the representable. But the intellectual degradation fixed on his spiritual beings by the rhetorical debates, is purely gratuitous, neither resulting from the course of the action, nor at all promoting it. Making allowances, however, for the original error in the conception, it must be granted that the execution is in the best style: the mere logic of the debate, indeed, is not better managed than it would have been by the House of Commons. But the colours of style are grave and suitable to afflicted angels. In the *Paradise Regained*, this is still more conspicuously true: the oratory there, on the part of Satan in the Wilderness, is no longer of a rhetorical cast, but in the grandest style of impassioned eloquence that can be imagined as the fit expression for the movements of an angelic despair: and in particular the speech, on being first challenged by our Saviour, beginning

"'Tis true, I *am* that spirit unfortunate,"

is not excelled in sublimity by any passage in the poem.

Milton, however, was not destined to gather the *spolia opima* of English rhetoric: two contemporaries of his own, and whose literary course pretty nearly coincided with his own in point of time, surmounted all competition, and in that amphitheatre became the Protagonistæ. These were Jeremy Taylor and Sir Thomas Brown; who, if not absolutely the foremost in the accomplishments of art, were, undoubtedly, the richest, the most dazzling, and, with reference to their matter, the most captivating of all rhetoricians. In them first, and, perhaps, (if we except occasional passages in the German John Paul Richter) in them only, are the two opposite forces of eloquent passion and rhetorical fancy brought into an exquisite equilibrium, approaching, receding—attracting, repelling—blending, separating—chasing and chased, as in a fugue, and again lost in a delightful interfusion, so as to create a middle species of composition, more various and stimulating to the understanding than pure eloquence, more gratifying to the affections than naked rhetoric. Under this one circumstance of coincidence, in other respects their minds were of the most opposite temperament: Sir Thomas Brown deep, tranquil, and majestic as Milton, silently premeditating, and "disclosing his golden couplets," as under some genial instinct of incubation: Jeremy Taylor, restless, fervid, aspiring, scattering abroad a prodigality of life, not unfolding but creating, with the energy, and the "myriad-mindedness," of Shakspeare. Where, but in Sir T. B , shall one hope to find music so Miltonic, an intonation of such solemn chords as are struck in the following opening bar of a passage in the Urn-burial—"Now, since these bones have rested quietly in the grave, under the drums and tramplings of three conquests,"&c.—What a melodious ascent as of a prelude to some impassioned requiem breathing from the pomps of earth, and from the sanctities of the grave! What a *fluctus decumanus* of rhetoric!

Time expounded, not by generations or centuries, but by the vast periods of conquests and dynasties; by cycles of Pharaohs and Ptolomies, Antiochi, and Arsacides! And these vast successions of time distinguished and figured by the uproars which revolve at their inaugurations—by the drums and tramplings rolling overhead upon the chambers of forgotten dead—the trepidations of time and mortality vexing, at secular intervals, the everlasting Sabbaths of the grave!—Shew us, oh pedant, such another strain from the oratory of Greece or Rome! For it is not an 'Ου μα τυς ἐν Μαραθωνι τεθνηκοτας, or any such bravura, that will make a fit antiphony to this sublime rapture. We will not, however, attempt a descant upon the merits of Sir T. Brown, after the admirable one by Mr Coleridge: and as to Jeremy Taylor, we would as readily undertake to put a belt about the ocean as to characterize him adequately within the space at our command. It will please the reader better that he should characterize himself, however imperfectly, by a few specimens selected from some of his rarest works; a method which will, at the same time, have the collateral advantage of illustrating an important truth in reference to this florid or Corinthian order of rhetoric, which we shall have occasion to notice a little further on:—

"It was observed by a Spanish confessor,—that in persons not very religious, the confessions which they made upon their death-beds, were the coldest, the most imperfect, and with less contrition than all which he had observed them to make in many years before. For, so the canes of Egypt, when they newly arise from their bed of mud, and slime of Nilus, start up into an equal and continual length, and uninterrupted but with few knots, and are strong and beauteous, with great distances and intervals; but, when they are grown to their full length, they lessen into the point of a pyramid, and multiply their knots and joints, interrupting the fineness and smoothness of its body. So are the steps and declensions of him that does not grow in grace. At first, when he springs up from his impurity by the waters of baptism and repentance, he grows straight and strong, and suffers but few interruptions of piety; and his constant courses of religion are but rarely intermitted, till they ascend up to a full age, or towards the ends of their life: then they are weak, and their devotions often intermitted, and their breaks are frequent, and they seek excuses, and labour for dispensations, and love God and religion less and less, till their old age, instead of a crown of their virtue and perseverance, ends in levity and unprofitable courses, light and useless as the tufted feathers upon the cane, every wind can play with it and abuse it, but no man can make it useful."

"If we consider the price that the Son of God paid for the redemption of a soul, we shall better estimate of it, than from the weak discourses of our imperfect and unlearned philosophy. Not the spoil of rich provinces—not the estimate of kingdoms—not the price of Cleopatra's draught,—not any thing that was corruptible or perishing; for that, which could not one minute retard the term of its own natural dissolution, could not be a price for the redemption of one perishing soul. When God *made* a soul, it was only *faciamus hominem ad imaginem nostram*; he spake the word, and it was done. But, when man had lost his soul, which the spirit of God had breathed into him, it was not so soon *recovered*. It is like the resurrection, which hath troubled the faith of many, who are more apt to believe that God made a man from nothing, than that he can return a man from dust and corruption. But for this resurrection of the soul, for the re-implacing of the Divine image, for the re-entitling it to the kingdoms of grace and glory, God did a greater work than the creation; He was fain to contract Divinity to a span; to send a person to die for us, who of himself could not die, and was constrained to use rare and mysterious arts to make him capable of dying: He prepared a person instrumental to his purpose, by sending his Son from his own bosom—a person both God and man, an enigma to all nations and to all sciences; one that ruled over all the angels, that walked on the pavements of heaven, whose feet were clothed with stars; whose understanding is larger than that infinite space which we imagine in the uncircumscribed distance beyond the first orb of heaven; a person to whom fe-

licity was as essential as life to God. This was the only person that was designed in the eternal decrees, to pay the price of a soul—less than this person could not do it. Nothing less than an infinite excellence could satisfy for a soul lost to infinite ages; who was to bear the load of an infinite anger from the provocation of an eternal God. And yet, if it be possible that Infinite can receive degrees, this is but one-half of the abyss, and I think the lesser."

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"It was a strange variety of natural efficacies, that manna should corrupt in twenty-four hours, if gathered upon Wednesday or Thursday, and that it should last till forty-eight hours, if gathered upon the even of the Sabbath; and that it should last many hundreds of years, when placed in the sanctuary by the ministry of the high-priest. But so it was in the Jews' religion; and manna pleased every palate, and it filled all appetites; and the same measure was a different proportion, it was much, and it was little; as if nature, that it might serve religion, had been taught some measures of infinity, which is every where and no where, filling all things, and circumscribed with nothing, measured by one omer, and doing the work of two; like the crowns of kings, fitting the brows of Nimrod and the most mighty warrior, and yet not too large for the temples of an infant prince."

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"His mercies are more than we can tell, and they are more than we can feel: for all the world, in the abyss of the Divine mercies, is like a man diving into the bottom of the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight is vast, and the sum of them is immeasurable: and the man is not pressed with the burden, nor confounded with numbers: and no observation is able to recount, no sense sufficient to perceive, no memory large enough to retain, no understanding great enough to apprehend this infinity."

These passages are not cited with so vain a purpose as that of furnishing a sea-line for measuring the "soundless deeps" of Jeremy Taylor, but to illustrate that one remarkable characteristic of his style—which we have already noticed—viz. the everlasting strife and fluctuation between his rhetoric and his eloquence, which maintain their alternations with a force and inevitable recurrence, like the systole and diastole—the contraction and expansion—of some living organ. For this characteristic he was indebted in mixed proportions to his own peculiar style of understanding, and the nature of his subject. Where the understanding is not active and teeming, but possessed by a few vast and powerful ideas, (which was the case of Milton,) there the funds of a varied rhetoric are wanting. On the other hand, where the understanding is all alive with the subtilty of distinctions, and nourished (as Jeremy Taylor's was) by casuistical divinity, the variety and opulence of the rhetoric is apt to be oppressive. But this tendency, in the case of Taylor, was happily checked and balanced by the commanding passion, intensity, and solemnity of his exalted theme, which gave a final unity to the tumultuous motions of his intellect. The only very obvious defects of J. Taylor were in the mechanical part of his art, in the mere *technique*; he writes like one who never revises, nor tries the effect upon his ear of his periods as musical wholes; and in the syntax and connexion of the parts seems to have been habitually careless of slight blemishes.

Jeremy Taylor* died in a few years after the Restoration. Sir Thomas

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* In retracing the history of English rhetoric, it may strike the reader that we have made some capital omissions. But in these he will find we have been governed by sufficient reasons. Shakspeare is no doubt a rhetorician, *majorum gentium;* but he is so much more, that scarcely an instance is to be found of his rhetoric which does not pass by fits into a higher element of eloquence or poetry. The first and the last acts, for instance, of *the Two Noble Kinsmen*, which, in point of composition, is perhaps the most superb work in the language, and beyond all doubt from the loom of Shakspeare, would have been the most gorgeous rhetoric, had they not happened to be something far better. The supplications of the widowed Queens to Theseus, the invocations of their tutelar divinities by Palamon and Arcite, the death of Arcite, &c. are finished in a more elaborate style of excellence than any other almost of Shakspeare's most felicitous scenes. In their first intention, they were perhaps merely rhetorical; but the furnace of composition has transmuted their substance. Indeed, specimens of mere rhe-

Brown, though at that time nearly 30 years removed from the first surreptitious edition of his *Religio Medici,* lingered a little longer. But, when both were gone, it may be truly affirmed that the great oracles of rhetoric were finally silenced. South and Barrow, indeed, were brilliant dialecticians in different styles; but, after Tillotson, with his meagre intellect, his low key of feeling, and the smug and scanty draperies of his style, had announced a new era,—English divinity ceased to be the racy vineyard that it had been in ages of ferment and struggle. Like the soil of Sicily, (vide Sir H. Davy's *Agricultural Chemistry,*) it was exhausted for ever by the tilth and rank fertility of its golden youth.

Since then, great passions and high thinking have either disappeared from literature altogether, or thrown themselves into poetic forms which, with the privilege of a masquerade, are allowed to assume the spirit of past ages, and to speak in a key unknown to the general literature. At all events, no pulpit oratory of a rhetorical cast, for upwards of a century, has been able to support itself, when stripped of the aids of voice and action. Robert Hall and Edward Irving, when printed, exhibit only the spasms of weakness. Nor do we remember one memorable burst of rhetoric in the pulpit eloquence of the last 150 years, with the exception of a fine oath ejaculated by a dissenting minister of Cambridge, who, when appealing for the confirmation of his words to the grandeur of man's nature, swore—By this and by the other, and at length, "By the Iliad, by the Odyssey"—as the climax, in a long bead-roll of *speciosa miracula,* which he had apostrophized as monuments of human power. As to Foster, he has been prevented from preaching by a complaint affecting the throat; but, judging from the quality of his celebrated Essays, he could never have figured as a truly splendid rhetorician; for the imagery and ornamental parts of his Essays have evidently not grown up in the loom, and concurrently with the texture of the thoughts, but have been separately added afterwards, as so much embroidery or fringe.

Politics, mean time, however inferior in any shape to religion, as an ally of real eloquence, might yet, either when barbed by an interest of intense personality, or on the very opposite footing of an interest comprehensively national, have irritated the growth of rhetoric such as the spirit of the times allowed. In one conspicuous instance it did so; but generally it had little effect, as a cursory glance over the two last centuries will shew.

In the reign of James I. the House of Commons first became the theatre of struggles truly national. The relations of the people and the crown were then brought to issue; and under shifting names, continued *sub judice* from that time to 1688; and from that time, in fact, a corresponding interest was directed to the proceedings of Parliament. But it was not until 1642 that any free communication was made of what passed in debate. During the whole of the Civil War, the speeches of the leading members upon all great questions were freely published in occasional pamphlets. Naturally they

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toric would be better sought in some of the other great dramatists, who are under a less fatal necessity of turning every thing they touch into the pure gold of poetry. Two other writers, with great original capacities for rhetoric, we have omitted in our list from separate considerations: we mean Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Bacon. The first will hardly have been missed by the general reader; for his finest passages are dispersed through the body of his bulky history, and are touched with a sadness too pathetic, and of too personal a growth, to fulfil the conditions of a gay rhetoric as an art rejoicing in its own energies. With regard to Lord Bacon the case is different. He had great advantages for rhetoric, being figurative and sensuous, (as great thinkers must always be), and having no feelings too profound, or of a nature to disturb the balance of a pleasurable activity; but yet, if we except a few letters, and parts of a few speeches, he never comes forward as a rhetorician. The reason is, that being always in quest of absolute truth, he contemplates all subjects—not through the rhetorical fancy, which is most excited by mere seeming resemblances, and such as can only sustain themselves under a single phasis, but through the philosophic fancy, or that which rests upon real analogies. Another unfavourable circumstance, arising in fact out of the plethoric fulness of Lord B.'s mind, is the short-hand style of his composition, in which the connexions are seldom fully developed. It was the lively *mot* of a great modern poet, speaking of Lord B.'s Essays, "that they are not plants, but seeds."

were very much compressed; but enough survives to show that, from the agitations of the times, and the religious gravity of the House, no rhetoric was sought, or would have been tolerated. In the reign of Charles II., judging from such records as we have of the most critical debates, (that preserved by Locke for instance, through the assistance of his patron Lord Shaftesbury,) the general tone and standard of Parliamentary eloquence had taken pretty nearly its present form and level. The religious gravity had then given way; and the pedantic tone, stiffness, and formality of punctual divisions, had been abandoned for the freedom of polite conversation. It was not, however, until the reign of Queen Anne that the qualities and style of Parliamentary eloquence were submitted to public judgment; this was on occasion of the trial of Dr Sacheverel, which was managed by members of the House of Commons. The Whigs, however, of that æra had no distinguished speakers. On the Tory side, St John (Lord Bolingbroke) was the most accomplished person in the house. His style may be easily collected from his writings, which have all the air of having been dictated without premeditation; and the effect of so much shewy and fluent declamation, combined with the graces of his manner and person, may be inferred from the deep impression which they seem to have left upon Lord Chesterfield, himself so accomplished a judge, and so familiar with the highest efforts of the age of Mr Pulteney and Lord Chatham. With two exceptions, indeed, to be noticed presently, Lord Bolingbroke came the nearest of all Parliamentary orators who have been particularly recorded, to the ideal of a fine rhetorician. It was no disadvantage to him that he was shallow, being so luminous and transparent; and the splendour of his periodic diction, with his fine delivery, compensated his defect in imagery. Sir Robert Walpole was another Lord Londonderry; like him, an excellent statesman, and a first-rate leader of the House of Commons, but in other respects a plain unpretending man; and, like Lord Londonderry, he had the reputation of a blockhead with all eminent blockheads, and of a man of talents with those who were themselves truly such. "When I was very young," says Burke, "a general fashion told me I was to admire some of the writings against that minister; a little more maturity taught me as much to despise them." Lord Mansfield, "the fluent Murray," was, or would have been, but for the condensation of law, another Bolingbroke. "How sweet an Ovid was in Murray lost!" says Pope; and, if the comparison were suggested with any studied propriety, it ascribes to Lord Mansfield the talents of a first-rate rhetorician. Lord Chatham had no rhetoric at all, any more than Charles Fox of the next generation: both were too fervent, too Demosthenic, and threw themselves too ardently upon the graces of nature. Mr Pitt came nearer to the idea of a rhetorician, in so far as he seemed to have more artifice; but this was only in the sonorous rotundity of his periods, which were cast in a monotonous mould; for in other respects he would have been keenly alive to the ridicule of rhetoric in a First Lord of the Treasury.

All these persons, whatever might be their other differences, agreed in this—that they were no jugglers, but really *were* that which they appeared to be, and never struggled for distinctions which did not naturally belong to them. But next upon the roll comes forward an absolute *charlatan*—a *charlatan* the most accomplished that can ever have figured upon so intellectual a stage. This was Sheridan—a mocking-bird through the entire scale, from the highest to the lowest note of the gamut; in fact, to borrow a coarse word, the mere impersonation of humbug. Even as a wit, he has been long known to be a wholesale plagiarist; and the exposures of his kind biographer, Mr Moore, exhibit him in that line as the most hidebound and sterile of performers, lying perdue through a whole evening for a casual opportunity, or by miserable stratagem creating an artificial one, for exploding some poor starveling jest; and, in fact, sacrificing to this petty ambition, in a degree never before heard of, the ease and dignity of his life. But it is in the character of a rhetorical orator that he, and his friends in his behalf, have put forward the hollowest pretensions. In the course of the Hastings trial, upon the concerns of paralytic *Begums*, and ancient *Rannies*, hags that, if ever actually existing, were no more to us and our

British sympathies, than we to Hecuba, did Mr Sheridan make his capital exhibition. The real value of his speech was never at any time misappreciated by the judicious; for his attempts at the grand, the pathetic, and the sentimental, had been continually in the same tone of falsetto and horrible fustian. Burke, however, who was the most double-minded person in the world, cloaked his contempt in hyperbolical flattery; and all the unhappy people, who have since written lives of Burke, adopt the whole for mere gospel truth. Exactly in the same vein of tumid inanity, is the speech which Mr Sheridan puts into the mouth of Rolla the Peruvian. This the reader may chance to have heard upon the stage; or, in default of that good luck, we present him with the following fragrant twaddle from one of the Begummiads, which has been enshrined in the praises (si quid sua carmina possunt) of many worthy critics; the subject is *Filial Piety*. "Filial piety," (Mr Sheridan said) "it was impossible by words to describe, but description by words was unnecessary. It was that duty which they all felt and understood, and which required not the powers of language to explain. It was in truth more properly to be called a *principle* than a duty. It required not the aid of memory; it needed not the exercise of the understanding; it awaited not the slow deliberations of reason; it flowed spontaneously from the fountain of our feelings; it was involuntary in our natures; it was a quality of our being, innate and coeval with life, which, though afterwards cherished as a passion, was independent of our mental powers; it was earlier than all intelligence in our souls; it displayed itself in the earliest impulses of the heart, and was an emotion of fondness that returned in smiles of gratitude the affectionate solicitudes, the tender anxieties, the endearing attentions experienced before memory began, but which were not less dear for not being remembered. It was the sacrament of nature in our hearts, by which the union of the parent and child was seated and rendered perfect in the community of love; and which, strengthening and ripening with life, acquired vigour from the understanding, and was most lively and active when most wanted."—Now we put it to any candid reader, whether the above Birmingham ware might not be vastly improved by one slight alteration, viz. omitting the two first words, and reading it as a conundrum. Considered as rhetoric, it is evidently fitted "to make a horse sick;" but, as a conundrum in the Lady's Magazine, we contend that it would have great success.

How it aggravates the disgust with which these paste-diamonds are now viewed, to remember that they were paraded in the presence of Edmund Burke—nay, (*credite posteri!*) in jealous rivalry of his genuine and priceless jewels. Irresistibly one is reminded of the dancing efforts of Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Skeggs, against the native grace of the Vicar of Wakefield's family:—"The ladies of the town strove hard to be equally easy, but without success. *They swam, sprawled, languished, and frisked;* but all would not do. The gazers, indeed, owned that it was fine; but neighbour Flamborough observed, that Miss Livy's feet seemed as pat to the music as its echo." Of Goldsmith it was said, in his epitaph,—*Nil tetigit quod non ornavit:* of the Drury-Lane rhetorician it might be said, with equal truth. *Nil tetigit quod non fuco adulteravit.* But avaunt, Birmingham! let us speak of a great man.

All hail to Edmund Burke, the supreme writer of his century, the man of the largest and finest understanding! Upon that word, *understanding*, we lay a stress: for oh! ye immortal donkeys, who have written "about him and about him," with what an obstinate stupidity have ye brayed away for one third of a century about that which ye are pleased to call his "fancy." Fancy in your throats, ye miserable twaddlers! as if Edmund Burke were the man to play with his fancy, for the purpose of separable ornament. He was a man of fancy in no other sense than as Lord Bacon was so, and Jeremy Taylor, and as all large and discursive thinkers are and must be: that is to say, the fancy which he had in common with all mankind, and very probably in no eminent degree, in him was urged into unusual activity under the necessities of his capacious understanding. His great and peculiar distinction was that he viewed all objects of the understanding under more relations than other men, and under more complex

relations. According to the multiplicity of these relations, a man is said to have a *large* understanding; according to their subtlety, a *fine* one; and in an angelic understanding, all things would appear to be related to all. Now, to apprehend and detect moral relations, or to pursue them steadily, is a process absolutely impossible without the intervention of physical analogies. To say, therefore, that a man is a great thinker, or a fine thinker, is but another expression for saying that he has a *schematizing* (or, to use a plainer but less accurate expression, a figurative) understanding. In that sense, and for that purpose, Burke is figurative: but understood, as he *has* been understood by the long-eared race of his critics, not as thinking in and by his figures, but as deliberately laying them on by way of enamel or after ornament,—not as *incarnating*, but simply as *dressing* his thoughts in imagery,—so understood, he is not the Burke of reality, but a poor fictitious Burke, modelled after the poverty of conception which belongs to his critics.

It is true, however, that in some rare cases, Burke *did* indulge himself in a pure rhetorician's use of fancy; consciously and profusely lavishing his ornaments for mere purposes of effect. Such a case occurs, for instance, in that admirable picture of the degradation of Europe, where he represents the different crowned heads as bidding against each other at Basle for the favour and and countenance of Regicide. Others of the same kind there are in his brilliant letter on the Duke of Bedford's attack upon him in the House of Lords: and one of these we shall here cite, disregarding its greater chance for being already familiar to the reader, upon two considerations; first, that it has all the appearance of being finished with the most studied regard to effect; and secondly, for an interesting anecdote connected with it, which we have never seen in print, but for which we have better authority than could be produced perhaps for most of those which are. The anecdote is, that Burke, conversing with Dr Lawrence and another gentleman on the *literary* value of his own writings, declared that the particular passage in the entire range of his works which had cost him the most labour, and upon which, as tried by a certain canon of his own, his labour seemed to himself to have been the most successful, was the following:

After an introductory paragraph which may be thus abridged—"The crown has considered *me* after long service. The crown has paid the Duke of Bedford by advance. He has had a long credit for any service which he may perform hereafter. He is secure, and long may he be secure, in his advance, whether he performs any services or not. His grants are engrafted on the public law of Europe, covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages. They are guarded by the sacred rule of prescription. The learned professors of the *Rights of Man*, however, regard prescription not as a title to bar all other claim—but as a bar against the possessor and proprietor. They hold an immemorial possession to be no more than an aggravated injustice." Then follows the passage in question:

"Such are *their* ideas; such *their* religion; and such *their* law. But as to *our* country and *our* race, as long as the well-compacted structure of our church and state, the sanctuary, the holy of holies of that ancient law, defended by reverence, defended by power, a fortress at once and a temple (*Templum in modum arcis**), shall stand inviolate on the brow of the British Sion;—as long as the British monarchy, not more limited than fenced by the orders of the state, shall, like the proud Keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of proportion, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers, as long as this awful structure shall oversee and guard the subjected land—so long the mounds and dykes of the low, fat, Bedford level† will have nothing to fear from all the pickaxes of all the levellers of France. As long as our sovereign lord the king, and his faithful subjects the lords and commons of this realm, the triple cord which no man can break; the solemn sworn constitutional frank-pledge of this nation; the firm guarantees of each other's being, and each other's rights; the joint and several

* Tacitus of the Temple of Jerusalem.

† *Bedford level*, a rich tract of land so called in Bedfordshire.

securities, each in its place and order for every kind and every quality of property and of dignity,—as long as these endure, so long the Duke of Bedford is safe; and we are all safe together;—the high from the blights of envy, and the spoliation of rapacity; the low from the iron hand of oppression, and the insolent spurn of contempt. Amen! and so be it: and so it will be,

> "Dum domus Æneæ Capitoli immobile saxum
> Accolet; imperiumque pater Romanus habebit."

This was the sounding passage which Burke alleged as the chef-d'œuvre of his rhetoric; and the argument, upon which he justified his choice, is specious—if not convincing. He laid it down as a maxim of composition, that every passage in a rhetorical performance, which was brought forward prominently, and relied upon as a *key* (to use the language of war) in sustaining the main position of the writer, ought to involve a thought, an image, and a sentiment: and such a synthesis he found in the passage which we have quoted.—This criticism, over and above the pleasure which it always gives to hear a great man's opinion of himself, is valuable, as shewing that Burke, because negligent of trivial inaccuracies, was not at all the less anxious about the larger proprieties and decorums; [for this passage, confessedly so laboured, has several instances of slovenliness in trifles;] and that, in the midst of his apparent hurry, he carried out a jealous vigilance upon what he wrote, and the eye of a person practised in artificial effects.

An ally of Burke's upon East Indian politics, ought to have a few words of notice, not so much for any power that he actually had as a rhetorician, but because he is sometimes reputed such. This was Sir Philip Francis, who, under his early disguise of Junius, had such a success as no writer of libels ever will have again. It is our private opinion, that this success rested upon a great delusion which has never been exposed. The general belief is—that Junius was read for his elegance; we believe no such thing. The pen of an angel would not, upon such a theme as personal politics, have upheld the interest attached to Junius, had there been no other cause in cooperation. Language, after all, is a limited instrument: and it must be remembered that Junius, by the extreme narrowness of his range, which went entirely upon matters of fact, and personal interests, still further limited the compass of that limited instrument. For it is only in the expression and management of general ideas, that any room arises for conspicuous elegance. The real truth is this: the interest in Junius travelled downwards; he was read in the lower ranks, because in London it speedily became known that he was read with peculiar interest in the highest. This was already a marvel; for newspaper patriots, under the signatures of Publicola, Brutus, and so forth, had become a jest and a by-word to the real, practical statesman; and any man at leisure to write for so disinterested a purpose as "his country's good," was presumed, of course, to write in a garret. But here for the first time a pretended patriot, a Junius Brutus, was anticipated with anxiety, and read with agitation. Is any man simple enough to believe that such a contagion could extend to cabinet ministers, and official persons overladen with public business, on so feeble an excitement as a little reputation in the art of constructing sentences with elegance; an elegance which, after all, excluded eloquence and every other *positive* quality of excellence? That this can have been believed, shews the readiness with which men swallow marvels. The real secret was this:—Junius was read with the profoundest interest by members of the cabinet, who would not have paid half-a-crown for all the wit and elegance of this world, simply because it was most evident that some traitor was amongst them; and that either directly by one of themselves, or through some abuse of his confidence by a servant, the secrets of office were betrayed. The circumstances of this breach of trust are now fully known; and it is readily understood why letters, which were the channel for those perfidies, should interest the ministry of that day in the deepest degree. The existence of such an interest, but not its cause, had immediately become known: it descended, as might be expected, amongst all classes: once excited, it seemed to be justified by the real merits of the letters; which merit again, illustrated by its effects, appear-

ed a thousand times greater than it was; and finally, this interest was heightened and sustained by the mystery which invested the author. How much that mystery availed in keeping alive the reputation of Junius, is clear from this fact, that, since the detection of Junius, the Letters have much declined in popularity; and ornamented editions of them are no longer the saleable article which they were some years ago.

In fact, upon any other principle, the continued triumph of Junius, and his establishment as a classical author, is a standing enigma. One talent, undoubtedly, he had in a rare perfection—the talent of sarcasm. He stung like a scorpion. But, besides that such a talent has a narrow application, an interest of personality cannot be other than fugitive, take what direction it may: and malignity cannot embalm itself in materials that are themselves perishable. Such were the materials of Junius. His vaunted elegance was, in a great measure, the gift of his subject: general terseness, short sentences, and a careful avoiding of all awkwardness of construction—these were his advantages. And from these he would have been dislodged by a higher subject, or one that would have forced him out into a wider compass of thought. Rhetorician he was none, though he has often been treated as such; for, without sentiment, without imagery, without generalization, how should it be possible for rhetoric to subsist? It is an absolute fact, that Junius has not one principle, aphorism, or remark of a general nature in his whole armoury—not in a solitary instance did his barren understanding ascend to an abstraction, or general idea, but lingered for ever in the dust and rubbish of individuality, amongst the tangible realities of things and persons. Hence, the peculiar absurdity of that hypothesis which discovered Junius in the person of Burke. The opposition was here too pointedly ludicrous between Burke, who exalted the merest personal themes into the dignity of philosophic speculations, and Junius, in whose hands the very loftiest dwindled into questions of person and party.

Last of the family of rhetoricians, and in a form of rhetoric as florid as the age could bear, came Mr Canning. "Sufficit," says a Roman author, "in una civitate esse unum rhetorem." But, if more were in his age unnecessary, in ours they would have been intolerable. Three or four Mr Cannings would have been found a nuisance: indeed, the very admiration which crowned his great displays, manifested of itself the unsuitableness of his style to the atmosphere of public affairs; for it was of that kind which is offered to a young lady rising from a brilliant performance on the pianoforte. Something, undoubtedly, there was of too juvenile an air, too gaudy a flutter of plumage, in Mr Canning's more solemn exhibitions; but much indulgence was reasonably extended to a man, who, in his class, was so complete. He was formed for winning a favourable attention by every species of popular fascination: to the eye he recommended himself almost as much as the Bolingbroke of a century before: his voice, and his management of it, were no less pleasing: and upon him, as upon St John, the air of a gentleman sate with a native grace. Scholarship and literature, as far as they belong to the accomplishments of a gentleman, he too brought forward in the most graceful manner: and, above all, there was an impression of honour, generosity, and candour, stamped upon his manner, agreeable rather to his original character, than to the wrench which it had received from an ambition resting too much on mere personal merits. What a pity that this "gay creature of the elements" had not taken his place contentedly, where nature had assigned it, as one of the ornamental performers of the time! His station was with the lilies of the field, which toil not, neither do they spin. He should have thrown himself upon the admiring sympathies of the world as the most dazzling of rhetorical artists, rather than have challenged their angry passions in a vulgar scuffle for power. In that case he would have been alive at this hour—he would have had a perpetuity of that admiration which to him was as the breath of his nostrils; and would not, by forcing the character of rhetorician into an incongruous alliance with that of trading politician, have run the risk of making both ridiculous.

In thus running over the modern history of rhetoric, we have confined ourselves to the literature of England:

the rhetoric of the continent would demand a separate notice, and chiefly on account of the French pulpit orators. For, laying them aside, we are not aware of any distinct body of rhetoric—properly so called—in modern literature. Four continental languages may be said to have a literature regularly mounted in all departments, viz. the French, Italian, Spanish, and German; but each of these have stood under separate disadvantages for the cultivation of an ornamented rhetoric. In France, whatever rhetoric they have, (for Montaigne, though lively, is too gossiping for a rhetorician,) arose in the age of Louis XIV.; since which time, the very same developement of science and public business, operated there and in England, to stifle the rhetorical impulses, and all those analogous tendencies in arts and in manners which support it. Generally it may be assumed that rhetoric will not survive the age of the ceremonious in manners, and the gorgeous in costume. An unconscious sympathy binds together the various forms of the elaborate and the fanciful, under every manifestation. Hence it is that the national convulsions by which modern France has been shaken, produced orators, Mirabeau, Isnard, the Abbé Maury, but no rhetoricians. Florian, Chateaubriand, and others, who have written the most florid prose that the modern taste can bear, are elegant sentimentalists, sometimes maudlin and semi-poetic, sometimes even eloquent, but never rhetorical. There is no eddying about their own thoughts; no motion of fancy self-sustained from its own activities; no flux and reflux of thought, half meditative, half capricious; but strains of feeling, genuine or not, supported at every step from the excitement of independent external objects.

With respect to the German literature, the case is very peculiar. A chapter upon German rhetoric would be in the same ludicrous predicament as Van Troil's chapter on the snakes of Iceland, which delivers its business in one summary sentence, announcing, that snakes in Iceland—there are none. Rhetoric, in fact, or any form of ornamented prose, could not possibly arise in a literature, in which prose itself had no proper existence till within these seventy years. Lessing was the first German who wrote prose with elegance; and even at this day, a decent prose style is the rarest of accomplishments in Germany. We doubt, indeed, whether any German has written prose with grace, unless he had lived abroad, (like Jacobi, who composed indifferently in French and German,) or had at least cultivated a very long acquaintance with English and French models. Frederick Schlegel has been led, by his comprehensive knowledge of other literatures, to observe this singular defect in that of his own country. Even he, however, must have fixed his standard very low, when he could praise, as elsewhere he does, the style of Kant. Certainly in any literature, where good models of prose existed, Kant would be deemed a monster of vicious diction, so far as regards the construction of his sentences. He does not, it is true, write in the hybrid dialect, which prevailed up to the time of our George the First, when every other word was Latin, with a German inflexion; but he has in perfection that obtuseness which renders a German taste insensible to all beauty in the balancing and structure of periods, and to the art by which a succession of periods modify each other. Every German regards a sentence in the light of a package, and a package not for the mail-coach, but for the waggon, into which his privilege is to crowd as much as he possibly can. Having framed a sentence, therefore, he next proceeds to *pack* it, which is effected partly by unwieldy tails and codicils, but chiefly by enormous parenthetic involutions. All qualifications, limitations, exceptions, illustrations, are stuffed and violently rammed into the bowels of the principal proposition. That all this equipage of accessaries is not so arranged as to assist its own orderly developement, no more occurs to a German as any fault, than that in a package of shawls or of carpets, the colours and patterns are not fully displayed. To him it is sufficient that they are *there*. And Mr Kant, when he has succeeded in packing up a sentence which covers three close-printed octavo pages, stops to draw his breath with the air of one who looks back upon some brilliant and meritorious performance. Under these disadvantages, it may be presumed that German rhetoric is a nonentity; but these disadvantages would not have arisen, had there been a German bar or a German senate, with any public existence. In the ab-

sence of all forensic and senatorial eloquence, no standard of good prose style—nay, which is more important, no example of ambition directed to such an object—has been at any time held up to the public mind in Germany; and the pulpit style has been always either rustically negligent, or bristling with pedantry.

These disadvantages with regard to public models of civil eloquence, have in part affected the Italians; the few good prose writers of Italy have been historians; and it is observable that no writers exist in the department of what are called *moral Essayists;* a class which, with us and the French, were the last depositaries of the rhetorical faculty, when depressed to its lowest key. Two other circumstances may be noticed as unfavourable to an Italian rhetoric; one, to which we have adverted before, in the language itself—which is too loitering for the agile motion, and the *το ἀγχιστροφον* of rhetoric; and the other in the constitution of the national mind, which is not reflective, nor remarkably fanciful—the two qualities most indispensable to rhetoric. As a proof of the little turn for reflection which there is in the Italian mind, we may remind the reader that they have no meditative or philosophic poetry, such as that of our Young, Cowper, &c.; a class of poetry which existed very early indeed in the English literature, (*e. g.* Sir T. Davies, Lord Brooke, Henry More, &c.); and which, in some shape, has arisen at some stage of almost every European literature.

Of the Spanish rhetoric, *à priori*, we should have augured well: but the rhetoric of their pulpit in past times, which is all that we know of it, is vicious and unnatural; whilst, on the other hand, for eloquence profound and heart-felt, measuring it by those many admirable proclamations issued in all quarters of Spain during 1808-9, the national capacity must be presumed to be of the very highest order.

We are thus thrown back upon the French pulpit orators as the only considerable body of modern rhetoricians out of our own language. No writers are more uniformly praised; none are more entirely neglected. This is one of those numerous hypocrisies so common in matters of taste, where the critic is always ready with his good word, as the readiest way of getting rid of the subject. To blame might be hazardous; for blame demands reasons; but praise enjoys a ready dispensation from all reasons and from all discrimination. Superstition, however, as it is, under which the French rhetoricians hold their reputation, we have no thought of attempting any disturbance to it in so slight and incidental a notice as this. Let critics by all means continue to invest them with every kind of imaginary splendour. Meantime let us suggest, as a judicious caution, that French rhetoric should be praised with a reference only to its own narrow standard: for it would be a most unfortunate trial of its pretensions, to bring so meagre a style of composition into a close comparison with the gorgeous opulence of the English rhetoric of the same century. Under such a comparison, two capital points of weakness would force themselves upon the least observant of critics—first, the defect of striking imagery; and, secondly, the slenderness of the thoughts. The rhetorical manner is supported in the French writers chiefly by an abundance of *ohs* and *ahs*—by interrogatories—apostrophes—and startling exclamations: all which are mere mechanical devices for raising the style: but in the substance of the composition, apart from its dress, there is nothing properly rhetorical. The leading thoughts in all pulpit eloquence being derived from religion, and, in fact, the common inheritance of human nature,—if they cannot be novel, for that very reason cannot be undignified: but, for the same reason, they are apt to become unaffecting and trite, unless varied and individualized by new infusions of thought and feeling. The smooth monotony of the leading religious topics, as managed by the French orators, under the treatment of Jeremy Taylor, receives at each turn of the sentence a new flexure—or what may be called a separate *articulation*:* old thoughts are surveyed from novel stations and under various angles: and a field absolutely exhausted throws up eternally fresh verdure under the fructifying lava of burning imagery. *Hu-*

* We may take the opportunity of noticing what it is that constitutes the peculiar and characterizing circumstance in Burke's manner of composition. It is this,—that

man life, for example, *is short—human happiness is frail:* how trite, how obvious a thesis! Yet, in the beginning of the *Holy Dying*, upon that simplest of themes how magnificent a descant! Variations the most original upon a ground the most universal, and a sense of novelty diffused over truths coeval with human life! Finally, it may be remarked of the imagery in the French rhetoric, that it is thinly sown, common-place, deficient in splendour, and, above all, merely ornamental; that is to say, it does no more than echo and repeat what is already said in the thought which it is brought to illustrate; whereas, in Jeremy Taylor, and in Burke, it will be found usually to extend and amplify the thought, or to fortify it by some indirect argument of its truth. Thus, for instance, in the passage above quoted, from J. Taylor, upon the insensibility of man to the continual mercies of God, at first view the mind is staggered by the apparent impossibility that so infinite a reality, and of so continual a recurrence, should escape our notice; but the illustrative image, drawn from the case of a man standing at the bottom of the ocean, and yet insensible to that world of waters above him, from the uniformity and equality of its pressure, flashes upon us with a sense of something equally marvellous, in a case which we know to be a physical fact. We are thus reconciled to the proposition, by the same image which illustrates it.

In a single mechanical quality of good writing, that is, in the structure of their sentences, the French rhetoricians, in common with French writers generally of that age, are superior to ours. This is what in common parlance is expressed (though inaccurately) by the word *style*, and is the subject of the third part of the work before us. Dr Whately, however, somewhat disappoints us by his mode of treating it. He alleges, indeed, with some plausibility, that his subject bound him to consider style no further than as it was related to the purpose of persuasion. But besides that it is impossible to treat it with effect in that mutilated section—even within the limits assumed, we are not able to trace any outline of the law or system by which Dr Whately has been governed in the choice of his topics: we find many very acute remarks delivered, but all in a desultory way, which leave the reader no means of judging how much of the ground has been surveyed, and how much omitted. We regret also that he has not addressed himself more specifically to the question of English style, a subject which has not yet received the comprehensive discussion which it merits. In the age of our great rhetoricians, it is remarkable that the English language had never been made an object of conscious attention. No man seems to have reflected that there was a wrong and a right in the choice of words—in the choice of phrases—in the mechanism of sentences—or even in the grammar. Men wrote eloquently, because they wrote feelingly: they wrote idiomatically, because they wrote naturally, and without affectation: but if a false or acephalous structure of sentence,—if a barbarous idiom—or an exotic word happened to present itself, no writer of the 17th century seems to have had any such scrupulous sense of the dignity belonging to his own language, as should make it a duty to reject it, or worth his while to re-model a line. The fact is, that verbal criticism had not as yet been very extensively applied even to the classical languages: the Scaligers, Casaubon, and Salmasius, were much more critics on things than critics philologically. However, even in that age, the French writers were more attentive to the cultivation of their mother tongue, than any other people.

under his treatment every truth, be it what it may, every thesis of a sentence, *grows* in the very act of unfolding it. Take any sentence you please from Dr Johnson, suppose, and it will be found to contain a thought—good or bad—fully preconceived. Whereas, in Burke, whatever may have been the preconception, it receives a new determination or inflexion at every clause of the sentence. Some collateral adjunct of the main proposition, some temperament or restraint, some oblique glance at its remote affinities, will invariably be found to attend the progress of his sentences—like the spray from a waterfall, or the scintillations from the iron under the blacksmith's hammer. Hence, whilst a writer of Dr Johnson's class seems only to look back upon his thoughts, Burke looks forward—and does in fact advance and change his own station concurrently with the advance of the sentences. This peculiarity is no doubt in some degree due to the habit of extempore speaking, but not to that only.

It is justly remarked by Schlegel, that the most worthless writers amongst the French, as to matter, generally take pains with their diction; or perhaps it is more true to say, that with equal pains, in their language it is more easy to write well than in one of greater compass. It is also true, that the French are indebted for their greater purity from foreign idioms, to their much more limited acquaintance with foreign literature. Still, with every deduction from the merit, the fact is as we have said; and it is apparent, not only by innumerable evidences in the *concrete*, but by the superiority of all their *abstract* auxiliaries in the art of writing. We English, even at this day, have no learned grammar of our language; nay, we have allowed the blundering attempt, in that department, of an imbecile Yankee, to supersede the learned (however imperfect) works of our Wallis, Lowth, &c.; we have also no sufficient dictionary; and we have no work at all, sufficient or insufficient, on the phrases and idiomatic niceties of our language, corresponding to the works of Vaugelas and others, for the French.

Hence an anomaly, not found perhaps in any literature but ours, that the most eminent English writers do not write their mother tongue without continual violations of propriety. With the single exception of Mr Wordsworth, who has paid an honourable attention to the purity and accuracy of his English, we believe that there is not one celebrated author of this day who has written two pages consecutively, without some flagrant impropriety in the grammar, (such as the eternal confusion of the preterite with the past participle, confusion of verbs transitive with intransitive, &c. &c.) or some violation more or less of the vernacular idiom. If this last sort of blemish does not occur so frequently in modern books, the reason is,—that since Dr Johnson's time, the freshness of the idiomatic style has been too frequently abandoned for the lifeless mechanism of a style purely bookish and artificial.

The practical judgments of Dr Whately are such as will seldom be disputed. Dr Johnson for his triads and his antithetic balances, he taxes more than once with a plethoric and tautologic tympany of sentence; and, in the following passage, with a very happy illustration:—"Sentences, which might have been expressed as simple ones, are expanded into complex ones by the addition of clauses which add little or nothing to the sense; and which have been compared to the false handles and key-holes with which furniture is decorated, that serve no other purpose than to *correspond to the real ones*. Much of Dr Johnson's writing is chargeable with this fault."

We recollect a little biographic sketch of Dr Johnson, published immediately after his death, in which, amongst other instances of desperate tautology, the author quotes the well-known lines from the imitation of Juvenal—

> "Let observation, with extensive view,
> Survey mankind from China to Peru;"

and contends, with some reason, that this is saying in effect,—"*Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively.*" Certainly Dr Johnson was the most faulty writer in this kind of inanity that ever has played tricks with language.* On the other hand, Burke was the least so; and we are petrified to find him described by Dr Whately as a writer "qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam," and as on that account offensive to good taste. The understanding of Burke was even morbidly impatient of tautology: progress and motion—everlasting motion—was a mere necessity of his intellect. We will venture to offer a king's ransom for one unequivocal case of tautology from the whole circle of Burke's writings. The *principium indiscernibilium,* upon which Leibnitz affirmed the impossibility of finding any two leaves of a

* The following illustration, however, from Dr J.'s critique on Prior's *Solomon*, is far from a happy one: "He had infused into it much knowledge and much thought; had often *polished* it to *elegance*, *dignified* it with *splendour*, and sometimes *heightened* it to *sublimity;* he perceived in it many excellencies, and did not perceive that it wanted that, without which all others are of small avail,—the power of *engaging attention*, and *alluring curiosity*." The parts marked in italics are those to which Dr W. would object as tautologic. Yet this objection can hardly be sustained: the ideas are all sufficiently discriminated: the fault is, that they are applied to no real corresponding differences in Prior.

tree that should be mere duplicates of each other, may be applied to Burke as safely as to nature; no two propositions, we are satisfied, can be found in *him*, which do not contain a larger variety than is requisite to their justification.

Speaking of the advantages for energy and effect in the license of arrangement open to the ancient languages, especially to the Latin, Dr Whately cites the following sentence from the opening of the 4th Book of Q. Curtius:—*Darius tanti modo exercitus rex, qui, triumphantis magis quam dimicantis more, curru sublimis inierat prælium,—per loca, quæ prope immensis agminibus compleverat, jam inania, et ingenti solitudine vasta fugiebat.* "The effect," says he, "of the concluding verb, placed where it is, is most striking."* The sentence is far enough from a good one: but, confining ourselves to the sort of merit for which it is here cited, as a merit peculiar to the Latin, we must say that the very same position of the verb, with a finer effect, is attainable, and, in fact, often attained in English sentences: see, for instance, the passage in the Duke of Gloucester's soliloquy—*Now is the winter of our discontent*—and ending, *In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.* See also another at the beginning of Hooker's Eccles. Polity on the thanklessness of the labour employed upon the *foundations* of truth, which, says he, like those of buildings, "are in the bosom of the earth concealed." The fact is, that the common cases of inversion, such as the suspension of the verb to the end, and the anticipation of the objective case at the beginning, are not sufficient illustrations of the Latin structure. All this can be done as well by the English. It is not mere power of inversion, but of self-intrication, and of self-dislocation, which mark the extremity of the artificial structure; that power by which a sequence of words, that naturally is directly consecutive, commences, intermits, and reappears at a remote part of the sentence, like what is called drake-stone on the surface of a river. In this power the Greek is almost as much below the Latin as all modern languages; and in this, added to its elliptic brevity of connexion and transition, and to its wealth in abstractions "the long-tailed words is *ositg* and *ation*," lie the peculiar capacities of the Latin for rhetoric.

Dr W. lays it down as a maxim in rhetoric, that "elaborate stateliness is always to be regarded as a worse fault than the slovenliness and languor which accompany a very loose style." But surely this is a rash position:—stateliness the most elaborate, in an *absolute* sense, is no fault at all; though it may happen to be so in relation to a given subject, or to any subject under given circumstances. "Belshazzar the king made a great feast for a thousand of his lords." Reading these words, who would not be justly offended in point of taste, had his feast been characterised by elegant simplicity? Again, at a coronation, what can be more displeasing to a philosophic taste than a pretended chastity of ornament, at war with the very purposes of a solemnity essentially magnificent? An imbecile friend of ours, in 1825, brought us a sovereign of a new coinage, "which" (said he) "I admire, because it is so elegantly simple." This, he flattered himself, was thinking like a man of taste. But mark how we sent him to the right about; "and *that*, weak-minded friend, is exactly the thing which a coin ought not to be: the duty of a golden coin is to be as florid as it can, rich with Corinthian ornaments, and as gorgeous as a peacock's tail." So of rhetoric, imagine that you read these words of introduction, "*And on a set day, Tullius Cicero returned thanks to Cæsar on behalf of Marcus Marcellus,*" what sort of a speech is reasonably to be expected? The whole purpose being a festal and ceremonial one, thanksgiving its sole burden first and last, what else than the most "elaborate stateliness?" If it were not stately, and to the very verge of the pompous, Mr Wolf would have had one argument more than he had, and a better than any he has produced, for suspecting the authenticity of that thrice famous oration.

In the course of his dissertation on style, Dr W., very needlessly, enters upon the thorny question of the *quiddity*, or characteristic difference, of poetry as distinguished from prose.† We could much have wished that he had forborne to meddle with a *quæs-*

* We wish, that in so critical a notice of an effect derived from the fortunate position of a single word, Dr W. had not shocked our ears by this hideous collision of a double "*is.*"

† *As distinguished from prose.* Here is one of the many instances in which a false

tio vexata of this nature, both because, in so incidental and cursory a discussion, it could not receive a proper investigation; and because Dr Whately is apparently not familiar with much of what has been written on that subject. On a matter so slightly discussed, we shall not trouble ourselves to enter farther, than to express our astonishment that a logician like Dr Whately should have allowed himself to deliver so nugatory an argument as this which follows:—" Any composition in *verse*, (and none that is not,) is always called, whether good or bad, a poem, by all who have no favourite hypothesis to maintain." And the inference manifestly is, that it is rightly so called. Now, if a man has taken up any fixed opinion on the subject, no matter whether wrong or right, and has reasons to give for his opinion, this man comes under the description of those who have a favourite hypothesis to maintain. It follows, therefore, that the only class of people whom Dr Whately will allow as unbiassed judges on this question—a question not of fact, but of opinion—are those who have, and who profess to have, no opinion at all upon the subject; or, having one, have no reasons for it. But, apart from this contradiction, how is it possible that Dr Whately should, in *any* case, plead a popular usage of speech, as of any weight in a philosophic argument? Still more, how is it possible in *this* case, where the accuracy of the popular usage is the very thing in debate, so that—if pleaded at all—it must be pleaded as its own justification? Alms-giving—and nothing but alms-giving—is universally called *charity*, and mistaken for the charity of the Scriptures, by all who have no favourite hypothesis to maintain—*i. e.* by all the inconsiderate. But Dr Whately will hardly draw any argument from this usage in defence of that popular notion.

In speaking thus freely of particular passages in Dr Whately's book, we are so far from meaning any disrespect to him, that, on the contrary, if we had not been impressed with the very highest respect for his talents, by the acuteness and originality which illuminate every part of his book, we could not have allowed ourselves to spend as much time upon the whole, as we have, in fact, spent upon single paragraphs. In reality, there is not a section of his work which has not furnished us with occasion for some profitable speculations; and we are, in consequence, most anxious to see his *Logic*, which treats a subject so much more important than *rhetoric*, and so obstinately misrepresented, that it would delight us much to anticipate a radical exposure of the errors on this subject, taken up from the days of Lord Bacon. It has not fallen in our way to quote much from Dr Whately *totidem verbis*; our apology for which will be found in the broken and discontinuous method of treatment by short sections and paragraphs, which a subject of this nature has necessarily imposed upon him. Had it coincided with our purpose to go more into detail, we could have delighted our readers with some brilliant examples of philosophical penetration, applied to questions interesting from their importance or difficulty, with the happiest effect. As it is, we shall content ourselves with saying, that, in any elementary work, it has not been our fortune to witness a rarer combination of analytical acuteness, with severity of judgment; and when we add that these qualities are recommended by a scholar-like elegance of manner, we suppose it hardly necessary to add, that Dr Whately's is incomparably the best book of its class, since the days of Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric.*

answer is prepared beforehand, by falsely shaping the question. The accessary circumstance, as " *distinguished from prose*," already prepares a false answer by the very terms of the problem. Poetry *cannot* be distinguished from prose without presupposing the whole question at issue. Those who deny that metre is the characteristic distinction of poetry, deny, by implication, that prose *can* be truly opposed to prose. Some have imagined, that the proper opposition was between poetry and science; but suppose that this is an imperfect opposition, and suppose even that there is no adequate opposition, or counterpole, this is no more than happens in many other cases. One of two poles is often without a name, even where the idea is fully assignable in analysis. But at all events the expression, as " distinguished from prose," is a subtle instance of a *petitio principii.*

[NOTE.—In what is said at the beginning of this paper of the true meaning of the enthymeme, as determined by Facciolati, we must be understood with an exclusive reference to rhetoric. In logic the old acceptation cannot be disturbed.]

THE JUNE JAUNT.

A CHAPTER OMITTED IN THE LIFE OF "MANSIE WAUCH."

After Tommy Bodkin had been working with me on the board for more than four years in the capacity of foreman, superintending the workshop department, together with the conduct and conversation of Joe Breeky, Walter Cuff, and Timothy Tape, my three bounden apprentices, I thought I might lippen him awee, to try his hand in the shaping line, especially with the clothes of such of our customers as I knew were not very nice, provided they got enough of cutting from the Manchester manufacture, and room to shake themselves in. The upshot, however, proved to a moral certainty, that such a length of tether is not chancey for youth, and that a master cannot be too much on the head of his own business.

It was in the pleasant month of June, sometime, maybe six or eight days, after the birth-day of our good old king George the Third—for I recollect the withering branches of lily-oak, and flowers were still sticking up behind the signs, and ower the lamp-posts,—that my respected acquaintance and customer, Peter Farrel, the baker, to whom I have made many a good suit of pepper-and-salt clothes, —which he preferred from their not dirtying so easily with the bakehouse —called in upon me, requesting me, in a very pressing manner, to take a pleasure ride up with him the length of Roslin, in his good-brother's bit phieton, to eat a wheen strawberries, and see how the forthcoming harvest was getting on.

That the offer was friendly, admitted not of doubt, but I did not like to accept for two-three reasons; among which was, in the first place, my awareness of the danger of riding in such vehicles,—having read sundry times in the newspapers, of folk haing been tumbled out of them, drunk or sober, head-foremost, and having got eyes knocked ben, skulls clowred, and collar-bones broken; and, in the second place, the expense of feeding the horse, together with our finding ourselves in meat and drink during the journey,—let alone tolls, strawberries and cream, bawbees to the waiter, and what not. But let me speak the knock-him-down truth, and shame the Deil,—above all, I was afraid of being seen by my employers, wheeling about, on a work-day, like a gentleman, dressed out in my best, and leaving my business to mind itself, as it best could.

Peter Farrel, however, being a man of determination, stuck to his text like a horse-leech; so, after a great to-do, and considerable argle-bargling, he got me, by dint of powerful persuasion, to give him my hand on the subject. Accordingly, at the hour appointed, I popped up the back-loan with my stick in my hand,—Peter having agreed to be waiting for me on the road-side, a bit beyond the head of the town. The cat should be let out of the pock by my declaring, that Nanse, the goodwife, had also a finger in the pie,—as, do what ye like, women will make their points good—she having overcome me in her wheedling way, by telling me, that it was curious I had no ambition to speel the ladder of gentility, and hold up my chin in imitation of my betters.

That we had a most beautiful drive I cannot deny; for though I would not allow Peter to touch the horse with the whip, in case it might run away, fling, or trot ower fast,—and so we made but slow progress—little more even than walking; yet, as I told him, it gave a man leisure to use his eyes, and make observation to the right and the left; and so we had a prime look of Lasswade,—and Newbottle Abbey,—and Melville Castle, —and Dryden woods,—and Hawthornden,—and the paper mills, and the bleachfield,—and so on. The day was bright and beautiful, and the feeling of summer came over our bosoms; the flowers blossomed and the birds sang; and, as the sun looked from the blue sky, the quiet of nature banished from our thoughts all the poor and paltry cares that embitter life, and all the pitiful considerations, which are but too apt to be the only concerns of the busy and bustling, from their awaking in the morning to their lying down on the pillow of evening

rest. Peter and myself felt this forcibly, he, as he confessed to me, having entirely forgot the four pan-soled loaves, that were, that morning, left by his laddie, Peter Crust, in the oven, and burned to sticks; and, for my own part, do what I liked, I could not bring myself to mind what piece of work I had that morning finished, till, far on the road, I recollected that it was a pair of mouse-brown spatterdashes for worthy old Mr Mooleypouch.

Oh, it is a pleasant thing, now and then, to get a peep of the country. To them who live among shops and markets, and stone-walls, and butcher-stalls, and fishwives,—and the smell of ready-made tripe, red herring, and Cheshire cheeses,—the sights, and sounds, and smells of the country bring to mind the sinless days of the world before the fall of man, when all was love, peace, and happiness. Peter Farrel and I were transported out of our seven senses, as we feasted our eyes on the beauty of the green fields. The bumbees were bizzing among the gowans and blue-bells; and a thousand wee birds among the green trees were churm-churming away, filling earth and air with music, as it were a universal hymn of gratitude to the Creator for his unbounded goodness to all his creatures. We saw the trig country lasses bleaching their snow-white linen on the grass by the water-side, and they too were lilting their favourite songs. All the world seemed happy, and I could scarcely believe —what I kent to be true for all that—that we were still walking in the realms of sin and misery. The milk-cows were nipping the clovery parks, and chewing their cuds at their leisure;—the wild partridges whidding about in pairs, or birring their wings with fright over the hedges;—and the blue-bonneted ploughmen on the road cracking their whips in wantonness, and whistling along amid the clean straw in their carts. And then the rows of snug cottages, with their kailyards and their gooseberry bushes, with the fruit hanging from the branches like ear-rings on the neck of a lady of fashion. How happy, thought we both,—both Peter Farrel and me,—how happy might they be, who, without worldly pride or ambition, passed their days in such situations, in the society of their wives and children. Ah! such were a blissful lot!

During our ride, Peter Farrel and I had an immense deal of rational conversation on a variety of matters, Peter having seen great part of the world in his youth, from having made two voyages to Greenland with his uncle, who was the mate of a whale-vessel. To relate all that Peter told me he had seen and witnessed in his far-away travels, among the white bears and the frozen seas, would take up a great deal of the reader's time, and of my paper; but as to its being very diverting, there is no doubt of that. However, when Peter came to the years of discretion, Peter had sense enough in his noddle to discover, that "a rowing stane gathers no fog;" and having got an inkling of the penny-pie manufacture when he was a wee smout, he yoked to the baking trade, tooth and nail; and, in the course of years, thumped butter-bakes with his elbows to some purpose; so that, at the time of our colleaguing together, Peter was well to do in the world—had bought his own bounds, and built new ones —could lay down the blunt for his article, and take the measure of the markets, by laying up wheat in his granaries against the day of trouble—to wit —rise of prices.

"Well, Peter," said I to him, "seeing that ye read the newspapers, and have a notion of things, what think ye, just at the present moment, of affairs in general?"

Peter cocked up his lugs at this appeal, and, looking as wise as if he had been Solomon's nephew, gave a knowing smirk, and said,—

"Is it foreign or domestic affairs that you are after, Maister Wauch? for the question is a six quarters wide one."

I was determined not to be beat by man of woman born; so I answered with almost as much cleverality as himself, "Oh, Mr Farrel, as to our foreign concerns, I trust I am ower loyal a subject of George the Third, to have any doubt at all about them, as the Bonaparte is yet to be born that will ever beat our regulars abroad—to say nothing of our volunteers at home; but what think you of the paper specie—the national debt—borough reform—the poor-rates—and the Catholic question?"

I do not think Peter jealoused I ever had so much in my noddle; but when he saw I had put him to his mettle, he did his best to give me satisfactory answers to my queries, saying, that till gold came in fashion, it would not be for my own interest, or that of my family, to refuse bank-notes, for which he would, any day of the year, give me as many quarter loaves as I could carry, to say nothing of coorse flour for the prentices' scones, and bran for the pigs—that the national debt would take care of itself long after both him and I were gathered to our fathers; and that individual debt was a much more hazardous, pressing, and personal concern, far more likely to come home to our more immediate bosoms and businesses—that the best species of borough reform was every one's commencing to make amendment in their own lives and conversations—that poor-rates were likely to be worse before they were better; and that, as to the Catholic question,—" But, Mansie," said he, " it would give me great pleasure to hear your candid and judicious opinion of Popery and the Papists."

I saw, with half an ee, that Peter was trying to put me to my mettle, and I devoutly wished, that I had had James Batter at my elbow, to have given him play for his money—James being the longest-headed man that ever drove a shuttle between warp and woof; but, most fortunately, just as I was going to say, that " every honest man, who wished well to the good of his country, could only have one opinion on that subject,"—we came to the bye-road, that leads away off on the right-hand side down to Hawthornden; and we observed, from the curious ringle, that one of the naig's foreshoon was loose; which consequently put an end to the discussion of this important national question, before Peter and I had time to get it comfortably settled to the world's satisfaction.

The upshot was, that we were needcessitated to dismount, and lead the animal by the head, forward to Kittlerig, where Mackturk Sparrible keeps his smith's shop; in order that, with his hammer, he might make fast the loose nails:—and that him and his foresman did in a couple of hurries; me and Peter looking over them, while they pelt-pelted away with the beast's foot between their knees, as if we had been a couple of grand gentlemen incog.; and so we were to him.

After getting ourselves again decently mounted, and giving Sparrible a consideration for his trouble, Peter took occasion, from the horse casting its shoe, to make a few apropos moral observations, in the manner of the Rev. Mr Wiggie, on the uncertainties which it is every man's lot to encounter in the weariful pilgrimage of human life. " There is many a slip 'tween the cup and the lip," said Peter.

" And indeed, Mr Farrel, ye never spoke a truer word," said I. " We are here to-day—yonder to-morrow; this moment we are shining like the mid-day sun, and on the next, pugh! we go out like the snuff of a candle."

" But, Maister Wauch," quo' Peter who was a hearer of the Parish Church, " you dissenting bodies aye take the black side of things; never considering that the doubtful shadows of affairs sometimes brighten up into the cloudless daylight. For instance, now, there was an old fellow-apprentice of my father's, who, like myself, was a baker, his name was Charlie Cheeper; and, both his father and mother dying, when he was yet hardly in trowsers, he would have been left without a hame in the world, had not an old widow woman, who had long lived next door to them, and whose only breadwinner was her spinning-wheel, taken the wee wretchie in to share her morsel. For several years, as might naturally have been expected, the callant was a perfect dead-weight on the concern, and perhaps, in her hours of greater distress, the widow regretted the heedlessness of her Christian charity; but Charlie had a winning way with him, and she could not find it in her heart to turn him to the door. By the time he was seven,—and a ragged coute he was as ever stepped without shoes,—he could fend for himself, by running messages —holding horses at shop-doors—winning bools and selling them—and so on; so that, when he had collected half-a-crown in a penny pig, the widow sent him to the school, where he got on like a hatter, and, in a little while, could both read and write. When he was ten, he was bound apprentice to Saunders Snaps, in the Back-row, whose grandson has yet, as you know, the sign of the

Wheat Sheaf; and for five years he behaved himself like his betters.

"Well, sir, when his time was out, Charlie had an ambition to see the world; and, by working for a month or two as a journeyman in the Grassmarket at Edinburgh, he raked as much together, as took him up to London in the steerage of a Leith smack. For several years nothing was heard of him, except an occasional present of a shawl, or so on, to the widow, who had been so kind to him in his helpless years; and at length a farewell present of some little money came to her, with his blessing for past favours, saying that he was off for good and all to America.

"In the course of time, Widow Amos became frail and sandblind. She was unable to work for herself, and the charity she had shewn to others no one seemed disposed to extend to her. Her only child, Jeanie Amos, was obliged to leave her service, and come home to the house of poverty, to guard her mother's grey hairs from accident, and to divide with her the little she could make at the trade of mangling; for, with the money that Charlie Cheeper had sent, before leaving the country, the old woman had bought a calendar, and let it out to the neighbours at so much an hour; honest poverty having many shifts.

"Matters had gone on in this way for two or three fitful years; and Jeanie, who, when she had come home from service, was a buxom and blooming lass, although yet but a wee advanced in her thirties, began to shew, like all earthly things, that she was wearing past her best. Some said that she had lost hopes of Charlie's return; and others, that, come hame when he liked, he would never look over his left shoulder after her.

"Well, sir, as fact as death, I mind mysell, when a laddie, of the rumpus the thing made in the town. One Saturday night, a whole washing of old Mrs Pernickity's, that had been sent to be calendared, vanished like lightning, no one knew where: the old lady was neither to hold nor bind; and nothing would serve her, but having both the old woman and her daughter committed to the Tolbooth. So to the Tolbooth they went, weeping and wailing; followed by a crowd, who cried loudly out at the sin and iniquity of the proceeding; because the honesty of the prisoners, although impeached, was unimpeachable; the mob were furious; and before the Sunday sun arose, old Mrs Pernickity awakened with a sore throat, every pane of her windows having been miraculously broken during the dead hours.

"The mother and the daughter were kept in custody until the Monday; when, as they were standing, making a declaration of their innocence before the justices, who should come in but Francie Deep, the Sheriff officer, with an Irish vagrant and his wife,—two tinklers, who were lodging in the Back-row, and in whose possession the bundle was found bodily, basket and all. Such a cheering as the folk set up; it did all honest folk's hearts good to hear it. Mrs Pernickity and her lass, to save their bacon, were obliged to be let out by a back door; and, as the Justices were about to discharge the two prisoners, who had been so unjustly and injuriously suspected, a stranger forced his way to the middle of the floor, and took the old woman in his arms!"

"Charlie Cheeper returned, for a gold guinea," said I.

"And no other it was," said Peter, resuming his comical story. "The world had flowed upon him to his heart's desire. Over in Virginia he had given up the baking business, and commenced planter; and, after years of industrious exertion, having made enough and to spare, he had returned to spend the rest of his days, in peace and plenty, in his native town."

"Not to interrupt you," added I, "Mr Farrel, I think I could wager something mair."

"You are a witch of a guesser I see, Mansie," said Peter; "and I see what you are at. Well, sir, you are right again. For, on the very day week that Patrick Makillaguddy and his spouse got their heads shaved, and were sent to beat hemp in the New Bridewell on the Caltonhill, Jeanie Amos became Mrs Cheeper; the calendar and the spinning-wheel were both burned by a crowd of wicked weans, before old Mrs Pernickity's door, raising such a smoke as almost smeaked her to a rizzar'd haddock; and the old widow, under the snug roof of her ever grateful son-in-law, spent the remainder of her Christian life in peace and prosperity."

"That story ends as it ought," said I, "Mr Farrel; neither Jew nor Gentile dare dispute that; and as to the telling of it, I do not think man of woman born, except maybe James Batter, who is a nonsuch, could have handled it more prettily. I like to hear virtue aye getting its ain reward."

As these 'dividual words were falling from my lips, we approached the end of our journey, the Roslin-Innhouse heaving in sight, at the door of which me and Peter louped out, an hostler, with a yellow-striped waistcoat, and white calico sleeves, meantime holding the naig's head, in case it should spend aff, and capsize the concern. After seeing the horse and gig put into the stable, Peter and I pulled up our shirt-necks, and after looking at our watches, as if time was precious, oxtered away, arm-in-arm, to see the Chapel, which surpasses all, and beats cockfighting.

It is an unaccountable thing to me, how the auld folk could afford to build such grand kirks and castles. If once gold was like slate-stones, there is a weariful change now-a-days, I must confess; for, so to speak, gold guineas seem to have taken flight from the land along with the witches and warlocks, and posterity are left as toom in the pockets as rookit gamblers.

But if the mammon of precious metals be now totally altogether out of the world, weel-a-wat we had a curiosity still, and that was a cleipy woman with a long stick, that rhaemed away, and better rhaemed away, about the Prentice's Pillar, who got a knock on the pow from his jealous blackguard of a master—and about the dogs and the deer,—and Sir Thomas thisthing and my Lord tother-thing, who lay buried beneath the broad flagstones in their rusty coats of armour —and such a heap of havers, that no throat was wide enough to swallow them for gospel, although geyan entertaining I allow. However, it was a real farce; that is certain.

Oh, but the building was a grand and overpowering sight, making man to dree the sense of his own insignificance, even in the midst of his own handiwork. First, we looked over our shoulders to the grand carved roofs, where the swallows swee-sweed, as they darted through the open windows, and the yattering sparrows fed their gorbals in the far boles; and syne we looked shuddering down into the dark vaults, where nobody in their senses could have ventured, though Peter Farrel, being a rash, courageous body, was keen on it, having heard less than I could tell him of such places being haunted by the spirits of those who have died or been murdered within them in the bloody days of the old times; or of their being so full of foul air, as to extinguish man's breath in his nostrils like the snuff of a candle. Though no man should throw his life into jeopardy, yet I commend all for taking timeous recreation—the King himself on the throne not being able to live without the comforts of life; and even the fifteen Lords of Session, with as much powder on their wigs as would keep a small family in loaves for a week, requiring air and exercise, after sentencing vagabonds to be first hanged, and then their clothes given to Jock Heich, and their bodies to Doctor Monroe.

Before going out to inspect the wonderfuls, we had taken the natural precaution to tell the goodman of the inn, that we would be back to take a chack of something from him, at such and such an hour; and, having had our bellyful of the Chapel,—and the Prentice's Pillar,—and the vaults,—and the cleipy auld wife with the lang stick, —we found that we had still half an hour to spare; so took a stroll into the Kirkyard, to see if we could find out if any of the martyrs had been buried there-away-abouts.

We saw a good few head-stones, you may make no doubt, both ancient and modern; but nothing out of the coorse of nature; so, the day being pleasant, Mr Farrel and me sat down on a through-stane, below an old hawthorn, and commenced chatting on the Pentland Hills—the river Esk—Pennicuick—Glencorse—and all the rest of the beautiful country within sight. A mooly auld skull was lying among the grass, and Peter, as he spoke, was aye stirring it about with his stick.

"I never touched a dead man's bones in my life," said I to Peter, "nor would I for a sixpence. Who might that have belonged to, now, I wonder? Maybe to a baker or a tailor, in his day and generation, like you and I, Peter: or maybe to ane of

the great Sinclairs with their coats-of-mail, that the auld wife was cracking so crousely about?"

"Deil may care," said Peter; "but are you really frighted to touch a skull, Mansie? You would make a bad doctor I'm doubting, then; to say nothing of a resurrection man."

"Doctor! I would not be a doctor for all the gold and silver on the walls of Solomon's temple——"

"Yet you would think the young doctors suck in their trade with their mother's milk, and could cut off one another's heads as fast as look at you.—Speaking of skulls," added Peter, "I mind when my father lived in the under flat of the three-story house at the top of Dalkeith street, that the Misses Skinflints occupied the middle story, and Doctor Chickenweed had the one above, with the garrets, in which was the laboratory.

"Weel, ye observe, in getting to the shop, it was not necessary to knock at the Doctor's door, but just proceed up the narrow wooden stair, facing the top of which was the shop-door, which, for light to the customers' feet, was generally allowed to stand open.

"For a long time, the Doctor had heard the most unearthly noises in his house,—as if a thunder-bolt was in the habit of coming in at one of the sky-lights, and walking down stairs; and the Misses Skinflints had more than once nearly got their door carried off the hinges; so they had not the life of dogs, for constant startings and surprises. At first they had no faith in ghosts; but, in the course of time, they came to be alike doubtful on that point: but you shall hear.

"The foundation of the mystery was this. The three mischievous laddies—the apprentices—after getting their daily work over, of making pills and potions for his Majesty's unfortunate subjects, took to the trick of mounting a human skull, like that, upon springs, so that it could open its mouth, and setting it on a stand at the end of the counter, could make it gape, and turn from side to side, by pulling a string.

"The door being left purposely agee,—whenever the rascals saw a fit subject—they set the skull a-moving and a-gaping; the consequence of which was, that many a poor customer descended without counting the number of steps, and after bouncing against Dr Chickenweed's panels, played flee down to try the strength of those of the Misses Skinflints. One of the two instantly darted down after the evanished patient; and, after assisting her or him,—whichever it might chance to be,—to gain their feet, begged of them not to mention what they had seen, as the house was haunted by the ghost of an old maiden aunt of their master's, who had died abroad, and that the thing would hurt his feelings, if ever it came to his ears."

"Dog on me," said I, "if ever I heard of such a trick, since ever I was born! What was the upshot?"

"The upshot was, that the thing might have continued long enough, and the laboratory been left as deserted as Tadmor in the Wilderness, had not a fat old woman fallen, one day, perfectly through the Doctor's door, and dislocated her ankle,—which unfortunately incapacitated her from making a similar attack on that of the Misses Skinflints. The consequence was, that the conspiracy was detected—the Doctor's aunt's ghost laid—and the fat old woman carried down on a shutter to her bed, where she lay till her ankle grew better in the course of nature."

It being near the hour at which we had ordered our dinner to be ready, we rose up from the tombstone; and, after taking a snuff out of Peter's box, we returned, arm in arm, to the tavern, to lay in a stock of provisions.

Peter Farrel was a warm-hearted, thorough-going fellow, and did not like half-measures, such as swallowing the sheep, and worrying on the tail; so, after having ate as many strawberries as we could well stow away, he began trying to fright me with stories of folk taking the elic passion,—the colic,—the mulligrubs,—and other deadly maladies, on account of neglecting to swallow a drop of something warm to qualify the coldness of the fruit; so, after we had discussed good part of a fore-quarter of lamb and chopped cabbage, the latter a prime dish, we took first one jug, and syne another, till Peter was growing tongue-tied, and as red in the face as a bubbly-jock; and, to speak the truth, my own een began to reel with the merligoes. In a jiffy, both of us found our hearts

waxing so brave, as to kick and spur at all niggardly hesitation; and we leuch and thumped on the goodman of the inn-house's mahogany table, as if it had been warranted never to break. In fact, we were as furious and obstrapulous as two unchristened Turks; and it was a mercy that we ever thought of rising to come away at all. At the long and the last, however, we found ourselves mounted and trotting home at no allowance, me telling Peter, as far as I mind, to give the beast a good creish, and not to be frighted.

The evening was fine, and warmer than we could have wished, our cheeks glowing like dragoons' jackets; and as we passed like lightning through among the trees, the sun was setting with a golden glory in the west, between the Pentland and the Corstorphine Hills, and flashing in upon us through the branches at every opening. About half way on our road back, we forgathered with Robbie Maut, drucken body, shug-shugging away home, keeping the trot with his tale, and his bit arm shake-shaking at his tae side, on his grey sheltie; so, after carhailing him, we bragged him to a race full gallop, for better than a mile to the toll. The damage we did, I dare not pretend to recollect. First, we knocked over two drunk Irishmen, that were singing "Erin-go-Bragh," arm-in-arm,—syne we rode over the top of an old woman with a wheelbarrow of cabbages,—and when we came to the toll, which was kept by a fat man with a red waistcoat, Robbie's pony, being like all Highlanders, a wilful creature, stopped all at once; and though he won the half mutchkin by getting through first, after driving over the tollman, it was at the expense of poor Robbie's being ejected from his stirrups like a battering ram, and disappearing head-foremost through the tollhouse window, which was open.

At the time, all was war and rebellion with the tollman, assault and battery, damages, broken panes, and what not; but, with skilful management, and a few words in the private ear of Mr Rory Sneckdrawer, the penny-writer, we got matters southered up when we were in our sober senses, though I shall not say how much it cost us both in preaching and pocket, to make the man keep a calm sough, as to bringing us in for the penalty, which would have been deadly. I think black burning shame of myself to make mention of such ploys and pliskies; but, after all, it is better to make a clean breast.

Hame at last we got, making fire flee out of the Dalkeith causeway stones like mad, and we arrived at our own door between nine and ten at night, still in a half-seas-overish state. I had, nevertheless, sense enough about me remaining, to make me aware that the best place for me would be my bed; so, after making Nanse bring the bottle and glass to the door on a server, to give Peter Farrel a dram by way of "doch-an-dorris," as the Gaelic folk say, we wished him a good-night, and left him to drive home the bit gig, with the broken shaft spliced with ropes, to his own bounds, little jealousing, as we heard next morning, that he would be thrown over the back of it, without being hurt, by taking too sharp a turn at the corner.

After a tremendous sound sleep, I was up betimes in the morning, though a wee drumly about the head, anxious to inquire at Tommy Bodkin, the head of the business department, me being absent, if any extraordinars had occurred on the yesterday; and found that the only particular customer making inquiries anent me, was our old friend, Cursecowl, savage for the measure of a killing-coat, which he wanted made as fast as directly. Though dreadfully angry at finding me from home, and unco swithering at first, he at length, after a volley of oaths enough to have opened a stone wall, allowed Tommy Bodkin to take his inches; but as he swore and went on speaking nonsense all the time, Tommy's hand shook, partly through fear, and partly through anxiety; and if he went wrong in making a nick in the paper here and there in a wrong place, it was no more than might have been looked for, from his fright and inexperience.

In the twinkle of an eye-lid, I saw that there was some mortal mistake in the measurement; as, unless Cursecowl had lost beef at no allowance, I knew, judging from the past, that it would not peep on his corpus by four inches. The matter was, however, now past all earthly remede, and there

was nothing to be done but trusting to good fortune, and allowing the killing-coat to take its chance in the world. How the thing happened, I have bothered and beat my brains to no purpose to make out, and it remains a wonderful mystery to me to this blessed day; but by long thought on the subject, both when awake and in my bed, and by multifarious cross-questionings at Tommy's self, concerning the paper measurings, I am devoutly inclined to think, that he mistook the nicking of the side-seams and the shoulder strap, for the girth of the belly-band.

For more than a week, there was nothing but open war and rebellion throughout the parish, Cursecowl making the whole town of Dalkeith stand on end. I saw that he was not likely soon to hold out a flag of truce, so I judged it best for both parties to sound a parley; and offer either to take back the coat, or refund part of the purchase-money. James Batter was sent as ambassador, and the latter was agreed on; Cursecowl accepting ten shillings by way of blood-money, and making a legacy of the coat to his nephew, young Killim. The laddie was a perfect world's-wonder every Sunday, until he at last rebelled, and fairly threw it aff; and I was always in bodily terror, that, had he gone to Edinburgh, he would have been taken up by the police, on suspicion of being a highway-robber.

ART THOU THE MAID?

Art thou the maid from whose blue eye
Mine drank such deep delight?
Was thine that voice of melody
Which charm'd the silent night?

I fain would think thou art not she
Who hung upon mine arm,
When love was yet a mystery,
A sweet, resistless charm.

It seemed to me as though the spell
On both alike were cast:
I prayed but in thy sight to dwell,
For thee, to breathe my last.

Mine inmost secret soul was thine
Thou wert enthroned therein,
Like sculptured saint in holy shrine,
All free from guile and sin.

And, Heaven forgive! I did adore
With more than pilgrim's zeal;
And then thy smile——But oh! no more!
No more may I reveal.

Enough—we're parted——Both must own
The accursed power of gold.
I wander through the world *alone;*
Thou hast been bought and sold.

P. W.

SACRED POETRY.*

We have more than once exposed the narrowness and weakness of that dogma so pertinaciously adhered to by persons of cold hearts and limited understandings, that Religion is not a fit theme for poetical genius, and that Sacred Poetry is beyond the powers of uninspired man. We do not know, that the grounds, on which that dogma stands, have ever been formally stated by any writer but Samuel Johnson; and therefore, with all respect, nay, veneration, for his memory, we shall now shortly examine his statement, which, though, as we think, altogether unsatisfactory and sophistical, is yet a splendid specimen of false reasoning, and therefore worthy of being exposed and overthrown. Dr Johnson was not often utterly wrong in his mature and considerate judgments respecting any subject of paramount importance to the virtue and happiness of mankind; he was a good and a wise being; but sometimes he did grievously err; and never more so, than in his vain endeavour to exclude from the province of poetry, certainly its noblest, and highest, and holiest domain. Shut the gates of Heaven against Poetry, and her flights along this earth will be feebler and lower—her wings clogged and heavy by the attraction of matter—and her voice—like that of the caged lark, so different from the hymning of that aerial bird when lost to sight in the bosom of the rosy cloud—will fail to call forth the deepest responses from the sanctuary of our spirit.

" Let no pious ear be offended," says Johnson, " if I advance, in opposition to many authorities, that poetical devotion cannot often please. The doctrines of religion may indeed be defended in a didactic poem; and he who has the happy power of arguing in verse will not lose it because his subject is sacred. A poet may describe the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of spring and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide and the revolutions of the sky, and praise his Maker in lines which no reader shall lay aside. The subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety; that of the description is not God, but the works of God. Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer.

" The essence of poetry is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights. The topics of devotion are few, and being few are universally known; but few as they are, they can be made no more; they can receive no grace from novelty of sentiment, and very little from novelty of expression. Poetry pleases by exhibiting an idea more grateful in the mind than things themselves afford. This effect proceeds from the display of those parts of nature which attract, and the concealment of those that repel, the imagination; but religion must be shewn as it is; suppression and addition equally corrupt it; and such as it is, it is known already. From poetry the reader justly expects, and from good poetry always obtains, the enlargement of his comprehension and the elevation of his fancy; but this is rarely to be hoped by Christians from metrical devotion. Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted; Infinity cannot be amplified; Perfection cannot be improved.

" The employments of pious meditation are *faith*, *thanksgiving*, *repentance*, and *supplication*. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, though the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being without passions, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy.

" Of sentiments purely religious, it

* The Christian Psalmist; by James Montgomery. The Christian Poet; by James Montgomery. The Christian Year; by the Rev. J. Keeble, Oxford.

will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. All that pious verse can do is to help the memory, and delight the ear, and for these purposes it may be very useful; but it supplies nothing to the mind. The ideas of Christian Theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere."

The reader will not fail to see that here Dr Johnson confesses that sacred subjects are not unfit—that they are fit—for didactic and descriptive poetry. Now, this is a very wide and comprehensive admission; and being a right, and natural, and just admission, it cannot but strike the thoughtful reader at once as destructive of the great dogma by which Sacred Poetry is condemned. The doctrines of Religion may be defended, he allows, in a didactic poem—and, pray, how can they be defended unless they are also expounded? And how can they be expounded without being steeped, as it were, in religious feeling? Let such a poem be as didactic as can possibly be imagined, still it must be pervaded by the very spirit of religion—and that spirit, breathing throughout the whole, must also be frequently expressed, vividly, and passionately, and profoundly, in particular passages; and if so, must it not be, in the strictest sense, a Sacred poem?

But, says Dr Johnson, "the subject of the disputation is not piety, but the motives to piety." What nonsense is that! Why introduce the word "disputation," as if it characterised justly and entirely all didactic poetry? And who ever heard of an essential distinction between piety, and motives to piety? Mr James Montgomery, in a very excellent Essay prefixed to that most interesting collection, "The Christian Poet," well observes, that "motives to piety must be of the *nature* of piety, otherwise they could never incite to it—the precepts and sanctions of the Gospel might as well be denied to be any part of the Gospel." And, for our own parts, we scarcely know what piety is, separated from its motives—or how, so separated, it could be expressed in words at all as an affection of the soul. But, without insisting on that, every heart must feel the vanity—the foolishness—of an argument, founded upon a distinction either almost verbal, or so little of a distinction, as absolutely to require metaphysical acumen to discern it, while it is not acknowledged by the common sense and common feeling of mankind.

With regard, again, to descriptive poetry, the argument, if argument it may be called, is still more lame and impotent. "A poet," it is said, "may describe the beauty and the grandeur of nature, the flowers of the spring, and the harvests of autumn, the vicissitudes of the tide, and the revolutions of the sky, and praise his Maker in lines which no reader shall lay aside." Most true he may; but then we are told, "the subject of the description is not God, but the works of God!" Alas! what trifling—what miserable trifling is this! In the works of God, God is felt to be, by us his creatures, whom he has endowed with souls. We cannot look on them, even in our least elevated moods, without some shadow of love or awe; in our most elevated moods, we gaze on them with religion. By the very constitution of our intelligence, the effects speak of the cause. We are led by nature up to nature's God. The Bible is not the only revelation—there is another—dimmer and less divine—yet still a revelation—for surely the works are as the words of God. No poet, in describing the glories and beauties of the external world, excludes from his soul the thought and feeling of the Most High. That thought, and that feeling, may be seen burning like a halo round his brow; and though he dare not to describe Him the Ineffable, he cannot prevent his poetry from being beautifully coloured by devotion, tinged by piety,—in its essence religious.

It appears, then, that the qualifications or restrictions with which Dr Johnson is willing to allow that there may be didactic, and descriptive sacred poetry, are wholly unmeaning, and made to depend on distinctions which have no existence.

Of narrative poetry of a sacred kind, Mr Montgomery well remarks, Johnson makes no mention, except it be implicated with the statement, that "the ideas of Christian Theology are too sa-

ered for fiction—a sentiment more just than the admirers of Milton and Klopstock are willing to admit, without almost plenary indulgence in favour of these great, but not infallible authorities." Here Mr Montgomery expresses himself very cautiously—perhaps rather too much so—for he leaves us in the dark about his own belief. But this we do not hesitate to say, that though there is great danger of wrong being done to the ideas of Christian theology by poetry—a wrong which must be most painful to the whole inner being of a Christian—yet that there seems no necessity of such a wrong, and that a great poet, guarded by awe, and fear, and love, may move his wings unblamed, and to the glory of God, even among the most awful sanctities of his faith. These sanctities may be too awful for "fiction,"—but fiction is not the word here, any more than disputation was the word there. Substitute for it the word poetry; and then, reflecting on the poetry of Isaiah and of David, conversant with the Holy of Holies, we feel that poetry need not profane those other sanctities, if it be like its subject, indeed divine. True, that those bards were inspired—with them

> —— the name
> Of prophet and of poet was the same;

but still, the power in the soul of a great poet, not in that highest of senses inspired, is, may we say it, of the same kind—inferior but in degree—for religion itself is always an inspiration—it is felt to be so—in the prose of holy men—Why not in their poetry?

If these views be just, and we have expressed them "boldly, yet humbly"—all that remains to be set aside of Dr Johnson's argument is, "that contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and man, cannot be poetical. Man admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer."

There is something very fine and true in the sentiment here; but the sentiment is only true in some cases—not in all. There are different degrees in the pious moods of the most pious spirit that ever sought communion with its God and its Saviour. Some of these are awe-struck and speechless. That line,

> "Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise!"

denies the power of poetry to be adequate to adoration, while the line itself is most glorious poetry. The temper even of our fallen spirits may be too divine for any words—either of prose or poetry. Then the creature kneels mute before his Maker. But are there not other states of mind—in which we feel ourselves drawn near to God—when there is no such awful speechlessness laid upon us—but when, on the contrary—our tongues are loosened—and the heart that burns within us will speak? Will speak, perhaps, in song—in the inspiration of our piety, breathing forth hymns and psalms—poetry indeed—if there be poetry on this earth? Why may we not say that the spirits of just men made perfect—almost perfect, by such visitations from heaven—will break forth—"rapt, inspired," into poetry which may be called—holy—sacred—divine?

We feel as if treading on forbidden ground—and therefore speak reverently; but still we do not fear to say, that between that highest state of contemplative piety which must be mute, down to that lowest state of the same feeling which evanishes and blends into mere human emotion as between creature and creature, there are infinite degrees of emotion which may be all embodied, without offence, in words—and if so embodied, with sincerity and humility, will be poetry, and poetry too of the most beautiful and affecting kind.

"Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state than poetry can confer." Most true, indeed. But, though poetry did not confer that higher state, poetry may nevertheless in some measure, and to some degree, breathe audibly some of the emotions which constitute its blessedness; poetry may even help the soul to ascend to those celestial heights; because poetry may prepare it and dispose it to expand itself and open itself out to the highest and holiest influences of religion; for poetry there may be inspired directly from the word of God, using

the language, and strong in the spirit of that word—unexistent but for the Old and the New Testament.

We agree with Mr Montgomery, that the sum of Dr Johnson's argument amounts to this—that contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul *cannot be poetical.* But here we at once ask ourselves, what does he mean by poetical? "The essence of poetry," he says, is invention—"such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights." Here again there is confusion—and sophistry. There is much high and noble poetry of which invention, such invention as is here spoken of, is not the essence. Devotional poetry is of that character. Who would require something unexpected and surprising in a strain of thanksgiving, repentance, or supplication? Such feelings as these, if rightly expressed, may exalt or prostrate the soul, without much—without any aid from the imagination—except in as far as the imagination will work under the power of every great emotion that does not absolutely confound mortal beings and humble them down even below the very dust. There may be "no grace from novelty of sentiment," and "very little from novelty of expression"—to use Dr Johnson's words—for it is neither grace nor novelty that the spirit of the poet is seeking—"the strain we hear is of a higher mood;" and "few as the topics of devotion may be," (but are they few?) and "universally known," they are all commensurate—nay, far more than commensurate with the whole power of the soul—never, never can they become unaffecting while it is our lot to die—even from the lips of ordinary men the words that flow on such topics flow effectually, if they are earnest, simple, and sincere; but from the lips of genius, inspired by religion, who shall dare to say that, on such topics, words have not flowed that are felt to be poetry almost worthy of the Celestial Ardours around the Throne, and by their majesty to "link us to the radiant angels," than whom we were made but a little lower, and with whom we may, when time shall be no more, be equalled in heaven?

We do not hesitate to say, that Dr Johnson's doctrine of the *effect* of poetry is wholly false. If it do indeed please by exhibiting an idea more grateful to the mind than things themselves afford, that is only because the things themselves are imperfect—more so than suits the aspirations of a spirit, always aspiring, because immortal, to a higher sphere—a higher order of being. But when God himself is, with all awe and reverence, made the subject of song—then it is the office—the sacred office of poetry—not to exalt the subject—but to exalt the soul that contemplates it. That poetry can do—else why does human nature glory in the "Paradise Lost?"

"Whatever is great, desirable, or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted—Infinity cannot be amplified—Perfection cannot be improved." Should not this go to prohibit all speech—all discourse—all sermons, concerning the divine attributes? Immersed as they are in matter, our souls wax dull—and the attributes of the Deity are but as mere names. Those attributes cannot, indeed, be exalted by poetry. "The perfection of God cannot be improved"—nor was it worthy of so wise a man so to speak—but while the Creator abideth in his own incomprehensible Being, the creature, too willing to crawl blind and hoodwinked along the earth, like a worm, may be raised by the voice of the charmer, "some sweet singer of Israel," from his slimy track, and suddenly be made to soar, on wings, up into the ether.

Would Dr Johnson have declared the uselessness of Natural Theology? On the same ground he must have done so—to preserve consistency in his doctrine. Do we, by exploring wisdom, and power, and goodness, in all animate and inanimate creation, exalt Omnipotence, amplify infinity, or improve perfection? We become ourselves exalted by such divine contemplations—by knowing the structure of a rose-leaf or of an insect's wing. We are reminded of what, alas! we too often forget,—and exclaim, "Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name!" And while science explores—may not poetry celebrate the glories and the mercies of our God?

The argument against which we contend gets weaker and weaker as it

proceeds—the gross misconception of the nature of poetry on which it is founded becomes more and more glaring—the paradoxes dealt out as confidently as if they were self-evident truths, more and more repulsive alike to our feelings and our understandings. "The employments of pious meditation are faith, thanksgiving, repentance, and supplication. Faith, invariably uniform, cannot be invested by fancy with decorations. Thanksgiving, though the most joyful of all holy effusions, yet addressed to a Being superior to us, is confined to a few modes, and is to be felt rather than expressed. Repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, is not at leisure for cadences and epithets. Supplication to men may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy." What a vain attempt authoritatively to impose upon the *sensus communis* of mankind! Faith is not invariably uniform. To preserve it unwavering—unquaking—to save it from lingering or from sudden death—is the most difficult service to which the frail spirit—frail even in its greatest strength—is called every day—every hour—of this troubled, perplexing, agitating, and often most unintelligible life! "Liberty of will," says the divine Jeremy Taylor, "is like the motion of a magnetic needle towards the north, full of trembling and uncertainty till it be fixed in the beloved point: it wavers as long as it is free, and is at rest when it can choose no more. It is humility and truth to allow to man this liberty; and, therefore, for this we may lay our faces in the dust, and confess that our dignity and excellence suppose misery and are imperfection, but the instrument and capacity of all duty and all virtue." Happy he whose faith is finally "fixed in the beloved point!" But even of that faith, what hinders the poet whom it has blessed to sing? While, of its tremblings, and veerings, and variations, why may the poet, whose faith has experienced, and still may experience them all, not breathe many a melancholy and mournful lay, assuaged, ere the close, by the descent, the advent of perpetual peace?

Thanksgiving, it is here admitted, is the "most joyful of all holy effusions;" and the admission is sufficient to prove that it cannot be "confined to a few modes." "Out of the fulness of the heart the tongue speaketh;" and, though at times the heart will be too full for speech, yet most often, even the coldest lips prove eloquent in gratitude—yea, the very dumb do speak—nor, in excess of joy, know the miracle that has been wrought upon them by the power of their own mysterious and high enthusiasm.

That "repentance, trembling in the presence of the Judge, should not be at leisure for cadences and epithets," is in one respect true; but nobody supposes that during such moments—or hours—poetry is composed; and surely when they have passed away, which they must do, and the mind is left free to meditate upon them, and to recall them as shadows of the past, there is nothing to prevent them from being steadily and calmly contemplated, and depictured in somewhat softened and altogether endurable light, so as to become proper subjects even of poetry—that is, proper subjects of such expression as human nature is prompted to clothe with all its emotions, as soon as they have subsided, after a swell or a storm, into a calm, either placid altogether, or still bearing traces of the agitation that has ceased, and left the whole being self-possessed, and both capable and desirous of indulging itself in an after-emotion, at once melancholy and sublime. Then, repentance will not only be "at leisure for cadences and epithets," but cadences and epithets will of themselves move harmonious numbers, and give birth, if genius as well as piety be there, to religious poetry. Cadences and epithets are indeed often sought for with care, and pains, and ingenuity; but then they often come for unsought; and never more certainly and more easily than when the mind recovers itself from some oppressive mood, and, along with a certain sublime sadness, is restored to the full possession of powers that had for a short severe season been overwhelmed, but afterwards look back, in very inspiration, on the feelings that during their height were nearly unendurable, and, as such, unfit for taking any outward and palpable form. The criminal trembling at the bar of an earthly tribunal, and with remorse and repentance receiving his doom, might, in like manner, be wholly unable to set his emotions to the measures of

speech; but when recovered from the shock by pardon, or reprieve, or submission, is there any reason why he should not calmly recall the miseries and the prostration of spirit attendant on that hour, and give them touching and pathetic expression?

"Supplication to man may diffuse itself through many topics of persuasion; but supplication to God can only cry for mercy." And in that cry, we say that there may be poetry; for the God of Mercy suffers his creatures to approach his throne in supplication, with words which they have learned when supplicating one another; and the feeling of being forgiven, which we are graciously permitted to believe may follow supplication, and spring from it, may vent itself in many various and most affecting forms of speech. Men will supplicate God in many other words besides those of doubt and of despair; hope will mingle with prayer; and hope, as it glows, and burns, and expands, will speak in poetry,—else poetry there is none proceeding from any of our most sacred passions.

That what we have now said is true, is proved by the Book of Psalms. "He who denies,"—says Mr Montgomery—whom we delight to quote as a man of genius, virtue, and piety—"that there can be a strain of poetry, suited to the expression of each of these, in the most perfect manner, without either extravagance or impiety, must be prepared to deny, that there is poetry in those very passages in the Psalms, in which, according to the judgment of all ages since they were written, there may be found the greatest sublimity, power, and pathos."

Dr Johnson says, "Of sentiments purely religious it will be found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself." Here Dr Johnson had in his mind the most false notions of poetry, which he had evidently imagined to be an art which despised simplicity—whereas simplicity is its very soul. Simple expression, he truly says, is in religion most sublime—and why should not poetry be simple in its expression? Is it not always so—when the mood of mind it expresses is simple, concise, and strong, and collected into one great, and possessing, one almost overwhelming emotion? But he uses—as we see—the terms "lustre," and "decoration"—as if poetry necessarily, by its very nature, was always ambitious and ornate; whereas we all know, that it is often in all its glory, direct and simple as the language of very childhood, and for that reason sublime.

With such false notions of poetry, it is not to be wondered at that Dr Johnson, enlightened man as he was, should have concluded his argument with this absurdity—"The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence—too sacred for fiction—and too majestic for ornament:—to recommend them by tropes and figures is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere." No. Simple as they are—on them have been bestowed, and by them awakened, the highest strains of eloquence—and here we hail the shade of Jeremy Taylor alone—the highest that ever elevated the soul from earth to heaven—sacred as they are, they have not been desecrated by the fictions—so to call them—of John Milton—majestic as are the heavens, their majesty has not been lowered by the ornaments that the rich genius of the old English divines has so profusely hung around them, like dew-drops glistening on the fruitage of the Tree of Life—tropes and figures are nowhere more numerous and refulgent than in the Scriptures themselves from Isaiah to St John—and magnificent as are the "sidereal heavens," when the eye looks aloft,—they are not to our eyes less so, nor less lovely, when reflected in the bosom of a still lake or the slumbering ocean.

We shall not pursue the argument any further—nor perhaps is there any need that we should do so—so let us conclude with a fine passage from that Preliminary Essay to the "Christian Poets," already more than once quoted—and which we recommend to the perusal of all who value our opinions on poetry, or the principles of human nature on which it is built, or rather from which it "rises like an exhalation." "That man has neither ear, nor heart, nor imagination, to know true poetry, or to enjoy its sweetest and sublimest influences, who can doubt the poetical supremacy (if the phrase may be allowed,) of such passages as the Song of the Angels in the

Third, and the Morning Hymn of our First Parents, in the Fifth Book of the Paradise Lost; the first part of the Ninth Book of the Night Thoughts; and the articulation of Millenial Blessedness, in the Sixth Book of the Task; —yet these are on sacred subjects, and these are religious poetry. The same may be fearlessly affirmed concerning many other portions of the same poems; which, notwithstanding their religious bias, are ranked, by unbelievers themselves, among the noblest efforts of intellect and imagination combined, which modern times can produce, and which have been rarely equalled in the most illustrious ages of antiquity."

This statement of facts destroys at once all Dr Johnson's splendid sophistry—splendid at first sight—but on closer inspection a mere haze, mist, or smoke, illuminated by an artificial lustre. How far more truly, and how far more sublimely, does Milton, "that mighty orb of song," speak of his own divine gift—the gift of Poetry! "These abilities are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, and are of power to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbation of the mind, and set the affections to a right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's Almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of Martyrs and Saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ, to deplore the general relapse of kingdoms and states from virtue and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, and in virtue amiable or grave; whatsoever hath passion, or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexions of men's thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe —Teaching over the whole book of morality and virtue, through all instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that, whereas the paths of honesty and good life that appear now rugged and difficult, appear to all men easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed."

We cannot here deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting Mr Montgomery's commentary on this noble—this glorious passage.

"The art, of which this is a true description, must be the highest of all arts, and require the greatest powers to excel in it. That art is Poetry, and the special subjects on which it is here exhibited as being most happily employed are almost all sacred. The writer of this splendid panegyric of the art, in which he himself equalled the most gifted of its adepts, was Milton, who, in his subsequent works, exemplified all the varieties of poetical illustration here enumerated, and justified his lofty estimate of the capabilities of verse, hallowed to divine themes, by the success with which he celebrated such, in *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*. Yet we are continually told, that religious subjects are incapable of poetic treatment. Nothing can be more contrary to common sense; nothing is more unanswerably contradicted by matter of fact. There are only *four* long poems in the English language, that are often reprinted, and consequently better known and more read than any other similar compositions of equal bulk. *Three* of these are decidedly religious in their whole or their prevailing character,—*Paradise Lost*, the *Night Thoughts*, and *The Task*: and of the fourth, *The Seasons*, it may be said, that one of its greatest charms is the pure and elevated spirit of devotion which occasionally breathes out amidst the reveries of fancy and the descriptions of nature, as though the poet had sudden and transporting glimpses of the Creator himself through the perspective of his works; while the crowning Hymn of the whole is one of the most magnificent specimens of verse in any language, and only inferior to the inspired original in the Book of Psalms, of which it is for the most part a paraphrase. As much may be said of Pope's Messiah, which leaves all his original productions immeasurably behind it, in elevation of thought, affluence of imagery, beauty of diction, and fervency of spirit. Indeed, this poem is only depreciated in the eyes of ordinary and prejudiced readers by that which constitutes its glory and supreme worth—that every sentiment and figure in it is taken directly from the prophecies of Isaiah; compared with which it is indeed but as the moon reflecting light borrowed from the sun; yet, considered in itself, it cannot be

denied, that had Pope been the entire author of the poem just as it stands, (or with no other prototype than Virgil's Pollio before him) and drawn the whole from the treasures of his own imagination, he would have been the first poet in rank, to whom this country has given birth; for in the works of no other will be found so many and such transcendant excellencies as are comprised in this small piece. It follows, that poetry of the highest order may be composed on sacred themes; and the fact, that three out of the only four long poems in English literature, which can be called popular, are at the same time religious—this fact ought for ever to silence the cuckoo note, which is echoed from one fool's mouth to another's (for many of the wise in this respect are fools,) that religion and poetry are incompatible; no man, in his right mind, who knows what both words mean, will ever admit the absurdity for a moment. It is true, that there is a great deal of religious verse, which, as poetry, is worthless; but it is equally true, that there is a great deal of genuine poetry associated with pure and undefiled religion. With men of the world, however, to whom religion is an abomination, all poetry associated with it *loses caste*, and becomes degraded beyond redemption by that which most exalts it in the esteem of those who really know what they judge."

But though we have thus seen that Religion is, of all subjects, the very best fitted for poetry, and that to deny it shews a forgetfulness of all the laws and principles of poetry, we had almost said a forgetfulness too of the spirit of religion,—still, in sacred poetry our native language is not so rich as might have been expected from the profound character of the people. Mr Montgomery has instituted an inquiry into the causes of this deficiency, and we are inclined to agree with his views, and to lament with him, that they imply a heavy charge against the spirit that has reigned within the bosom of many of our greatest poets. "The sum of the whole," says he, "is simply this—and let who will be offended, the fact cannot be disproved,—that our good poets have seldom been good Christians, and our good Christians have seldom been good poets. Those of the latter class who have attempted to write verse, have not succeeded, from want of skill in the art, even when they were otherwise really endowed with intellectual qualifications, such—such, for example, was Jeremy Taylor. Among the former class may be mentioned Waller and Prior." But it is in the following passage that Mr Montgomery speaks most boldly out.

"If a knowledge of religion, as the chief concern of beings created for glory, honour, and immortality, were only as common as taste for *genuine poetry*, (which, after all, is sufficiently rare) it would be found that there is already much more *genuine devotional poetry* in our language than is generally imagined, and it requires no extraordinary sagacity to say, that there would soon be much more. Our great authors, unhappily, have too often wanted the inspiration of piety, and religious poetry has been held in contempt by many learned, and wise, and elegant minds, because religion itself was either perfectly indifferent, troublesomely intrusive, or absolutely hateful to them. An undevout poet, pretending to write devotional verse, is like Anna Seward turning into rhyme the prose translations of Horace, furnished to her by a scholar; and fondly thinking she had power to give English life to an original thus twice dead to herself. Religious poetry, however, in one very peculiar way, is a test of poetic talent. A middling poet, without piety, sinks below his own mediocrity whenever he attempts it; whereas a writer of comparatively inferior skill, when rapt and elevated by the love of God in his heart, becomes exalted and inspired in proportion. Many of the finest strains of poesy truly divine, contained in this volume, were the productions of persons, who, on every other theme, were but humble versifiers. So neglectful of religion have many of our chief Poets been, that it cannot be discovered from their writings whether they were of any religion at all;—except that it may be fairly presumed they were professing *Christians*, because they made no profession whatever; for had they been *Jews*, *Turks*, or *Pagans*, they would have shewn some tokens of reverence for their faith, if not openly gloried in it, and made its records and legends the themes of their most animated compositions. *What* God is intended in the last line of the "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard?"

"The bosom of his father and his God!"

Search every fragment of the writings of the celebrated author, and it will be difficult to answer this question, simple as it is, from them: from the Elegy itself it would be impossible, except that the God of the "*youth* to fortune and to fame unknown" is meant; and that this may have been the true God, must be inferred

from his worshipper having been buried "in a country Church-yard." There is indeed a couplet like the following, in the body of the poem:

> "And many a *holy text* around she strews
> To teach the rustic moralist to die:—

but, throughout the whole, there is not a single allusion to "an hereafter," except what may be inferred, by courtesy, from the concluding line already mentioned. After the couplet above quoted, the Poet leaves his 'rustic moralist to die,' and very pathetically refers to the natural unwillingness of the humblest individual to be forgotten, and the 'longing, lingering look,' which even the miserable cast behind, on leaving 'the warm precincts of the cheerful day;' but hope, nor fear, doubt, nor faith, concerning a *future* state, seems ever to have touched the poet's apprehension, exquisitely affected as he must have been with all that interests 'mortal man,' in the composition of these unrivalled stanzas; unrivalled truly they are, though there is not an idea in them, beyond the Church-yard, in which they are said to have been written. No doubt this deficiency may be vindicated by phlegmatic sceptics and puling sentimentalists, who will cordially agree to reprobate what, in their esteem, would have been contrary to good manners; but is it consistent, in a 'Christian Poet,' to be thus 'ashamed of the gospel of Christ,' by which 'life and immortality were brought to light,' on occasions, when it ought to be his glory to acknowledge it, at the peril of his reputation? These remarks are not made to throw obliquy on the name of an author, who has justly acquired a greater reputation than almost any other, by literary remains, so few and small as his are; they have been introduced here to shew with what meditated precaution piety is shunned by Christian Poets, who, like Gray, seem to be absolutely possessed by the mythology, not only of the Greeks and Romans, but even of the Goths and Vandals."

Of all the great living poets, Wordsworth is the one whose poetry is to us the most inexplicable—with all our reverence for his transcendent genius, we do not fear to say the most open to the most serious charges—on the score of its religion. All Wordsworth's poetry, from the first line of his Lyrical Ballads to the last of the Excursion—is manifestly, and indeed avowedly, one system of thought and feeling, embracing all his experiences of human life, and all his meditations on the moral government of this world. The human heart—the human mind, a human soul — to use his own fine words—is "the haunt and the main region of his song." There are few, perhaps none of our affections—using that term in its largest sense—which have not been either, slightly touched upon, or fully treated, by Wordsworth. In his poetry, therefore, we behold an image of what, to his eye, appears to be human life. Is there, or is there not, some great and lamentable defect in that image, marring both the truth and beauty of the representation? We think there is—and that it lies in his Religion.

In none of Wordsworth's poetry, previous to his Excursion, is there any allusion made, except of the most trivial and transient kind, to Revealed Religion. He certainly cannot be called a Christian poet. The hopes that lie beyond the grave—and the many holy and awful feelings in which on earth these hopes are enshrined and fed, are rarely if ever part of the character of any of the persons—male or female—old or young—that are brought before us in his beautiful Pastorals. Yet all the most interesting and affecting ongoings of this life are exquisitely delineated—and many, and many are of course the occasions on which, had the thoughts and feelings of revealed religion been in Wordsworth's heart during the hours of inspiration—and he often has written like a man inspired—they must have found expression in his strains—and the personages, humble or high, that figure in his representations, would have been, in their joys or their sorrows, their temptations and their trials, Christians. But most assuredly this is not the case—the religion of this great Poet—in all his poetry, published previous to the Excursion—is but the "Religion of the Woods."

In the Excursion, his religion is brought forward — prominently and conspicuously—in many elaborate dialogues between Priest, Pedlar, Poet, and Solitary. And a very high religion it often is—emanating from a mind like Wordsworth's, framed "in the prodigality of Heaven." But is it Christianity? No—it is not. There are glimpses given of some of the Christian doctrines; just as if the various philosophical disquisitions, in which the Poem abounds, would be imperfect, without some allusion to the

Christian creed. The Interlocutors —eloquent as they all are—say but little on that theme—nor do they shew —if we except the priest—any interest in it—any solicitude—they may all, for anything that appears to the contrary, be——deists.

Now, perhaps, it may be said that Wordsworth was deterred from entering on such a theme by the awe of his spirit. But there is no appearance of this having been the case in any one single passage in the whole poem. Nor could it have been the case with such a man—a man privileged, by the power God has bestowed upon him, to speak unto all the nations of the earth, on all themes, however high and holy, which the children of men can feel and understand. Christianity, during almost all their disquisitions, lay in the way of all the speakers, as they kept journeying among the hills,

> " On man, on nature, and on human life,
> Musing in Solitude !"

But they, one and all, either did not perceive it, or, perceiving it, looked upon it with a cold and indifferent regard, and passed by into the poetry breathing from the dewy woods, or lowering from the cloudy skies. Their talk is of " Palmyra central, in the desert," rather than of Jerusalem. On the mythology of the Heathen much beautiful poetry is bestowed, but none on the theology of the Christian.

Yet there is no subject too high for Wordsworth's muse. In the preface to the Excursion, he says daringly—we fear too daringly,—

> " Urania, I shall need
> Thy guidance, or a greater muse, if such
> Descend to earth, or dwell in highest heaven !
> For I must tread on shadowy ground, must sink
> Deep—and aloft ascending, breathe in worlds
> To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil.
> All strength—all terror—single or in bands,
> That ever was put forth in personal form,
> Jehovah, with his thunder, and the choir
> Of shouting angels—and the empyreal thrones ;
> I pass them unalarmed !"

The poet, who believes himself entitled to speak thus of the power and province given to him to put forth and to possess—has he spoken in consonance with such a strain—by avoiding in the very work to which he so triumphantly appeals, the Christian revelation ? Nothing could have reconciled us to a burst of such—audacity—we use the word considerately—but the exhibition of a spirit divinely embued with the Christian faith, and shining, even like a saint in white raiment, a glorious apparition among the hills. For what else, we ask, but the Christian Faith, can be beyond those "personal forms," " beyond Jehovah," and " the choirs of shouting angels," and the " empyreal thrones ?"

This omission is felt the more deeply—the more sadly—and with a feeling even of moral condemnation of the spirit of the bard, from such introduction as there is of Christianity. For one of the books of the Excursion begins with a very long, and a very high and noble eulogy of the church establishment in England. How happened it that he who pronounced this eloquent panegyric—that they who so devoutly inclined their ear to catch it—should have been all contented with

> " That basis laid, these principles of faith announced,"

and yet throughout the whole course of their discussions, before and after, have forgotten apparently, that there was either Christianity or a Christian Church in the world ?

We have not hesitated to say, that the thoughtful and sincere student of this great poet's works, must regard such omission—such inconsistency or contradiction as this—with the pain of moral condemnation. For there is no relief afforded to our defrauded hearts from any quarter to which we can look. A pledge has been given, that all the powers and privileges of a Christian poet shall be put forth and exercised for our behoof—for our delight and instruction — all other poetry is to sink away before the heavenly splendour ; for this, Urania, or a greater muse, is invoked ; and after all this solemn, and more than solemn preparation made for our initiation into the mysteries, we are put off with a well-merited encomium on the Church of England, from Bishop to Curate, inclusive ; and though we have much fine poetry, and some good philosophy, it would puzzle the most ingenious to detect much, or any, Religion.

Should the opinion now shortly, but boldly avowed, be challenged, we

shall enter into a farther exposition and illustration of it; and, meanwhile, conclude by reminding the readers of Wordsworth—and they are becoming more and more numerous every year—that in an Episode, or say rather, one of the many Tales of domestic suffering, in the Excursion, that of Margaret, upwards, we believe, of four hundred lines—a tolerably long poem in itself—though the whole and entire state of a poor deserted wife and mother's heart, for year after year, of " hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick,"—is described, or rather depicted, with an almost cruel anatomy—not one quivering fibre being left unexposed—and all the ceaseless yet fluctuating, and finally all the constant and unchangeable agitations laid bare and naked that carried her at last lingeringly to the grave—there is not—except one poor and weak line, that seems to have been afterwards purposely dropped in—one single syllable about Religion. Was Margaret a Christian?—Let the answer be yes,—as good a Christian as ever kneeled in the small mountain chapel, in whose churchyard her body now waits for the resurrection. If she was,—then the picture painted of her and her agonies, is a libel not only on her character, but on the character of all other poor Christian women in this Christian land. Placed as she was, for so many years, in the clutches of so many passions—her soul surely must have turned sometimes—aye, often, and often, and often, else had it sooner left the clay, towards her Lord and Saviour. But of such " comfort let no man speak," seems to have been the principle of Mr Wordsworth; and the consequence is that this, the most elaborate picture he ever painted of any conflict within any one human heart, is, with all its pathos, shocking to every religious—nay, even to every moral mind,—that being wanting, without which the entire representation is vitiated, and necessarily false to nature—to virtue—to resignation—to life—and to death. These may seem strong words—but we are ready to defend them in the face of all who may venture to impugn their truth.

This utter absence of Revealed Religion, where it ought to have been all-in-all—for in such trials in real life it is all-in-all, or we regard the existence of sin or sorrow with repugnance—shocks, we have said, far deeper feelings within us than those of taste—and throws over the whole poem to which the tale of Margaret belongs, an unhappy suspicion of hollowness and insincerity in that poetical religion, which is throughout a sorry substitute indeed for the light that is from Heaven. Above all, it flings, as indeed we have intimated, an air of absurdity over the orthodox Church-of-Englandism—for once to quote a not inexpressive barbarism of Bentham—which every now and then breaks out, either in passing compliment—amounting to but a bow—or in eloquent laudation, during which the poet appears to be prostrate on his knees. He speaks nobly of cathedrals and minsters, and so forth, reverently adorning all the land; but in none—no, not one of the houses of the humble, the hovels of the poor into which he takes us, is the religion preached in those cathedrals and minsters, and chanted in prayer to the pealing organ—represented as the power that in peace supports the roof-tree, lightens the hearth, and is the guardian, the tutelary spirit of the lowly dwelling. Can this be right? Impossible. And when we find religion thus excluded from Poetry, otherwise as good as ever was produced by human genius, what are we to think of the Poet, and of the world of thought and feeling, fancy and imagination, in which he breathes, nor fears to declare to all men, that he believes himself to be the very High Priest—at least one of the order of the High Priests of nature?

It is true, that in his Ecclesiastical Sonnets, Mr Wordsworth has said many fine and noble things pertaining to religion—for when did he ever write on any great subject—and the History of the English Church is assuredly so—without saying many fine and noble things—and proving himself to be a " prevailing poet." But that Series of Sonnets is rather philosophical than religious; rarely are the essential doctrines of Christianity breathed fully forth, although sometimes beautifully touched upon; we feel, in perusing them, as if merely reading history by a purer and more sacred light than usually falls on her pages; it is indeed a history of Sanctities, written by one who can feel all Sanctities—but still

there is not much in it which might not, without insincerity and hypocrisy, have been uttered, in solemn moods, by a poet who was not a Christian. We are not finding fault—positively —with the Ecclesiastical Sonnets—many of which, in grace, delicacy, purity, and tenderness, never were surpassed—and some of which are so dignified and so majestic, that they may be said to be sublime. They are what Wordsworth intended them to be—and we are satisfied; but they are not, although all appertaining to divine things, thoroughly embued with the spirit of the Christian faith—and therefore do not seem to us to have any claim to exception from the charge of a want of a truly religious feeling in the poetry of this illustrious man.

Neither, we think, can the devoted admirers and lovers of the Lyrical Ballads help wondering, either at the total absence of all feelings and thoughts in any way connected with Religious Establishments *in them*, or at the prevalence of such feelings in the Ecclesiastical Sonnets. On turning from the one to the other, we do not see one Wordsworth in two different and opposite lights—but we, for our own parts, cannot help seeing two Wordsworths. Now, however defective of old, and in itself insufficient to satisfy all the demands of the soul, was the religion of the woods of Wordsworth Primus, even now we cannot but prefer it to the religion of the cathedral of Wordsworth Secundus. The altar before which the one did most devoutly bow or kneel, was of the grassy turf—and never had the great goddess Nature a sincerer, a nobler worshipper. The altar which the other——but we feel that we have no right to pursue the parallel, although we have a right to suggest it—for the poetry of Wordsworth is a possession belonging to all men—and they are not worthy to study it, who are not also privileged to speak of it before the world with that freedom of thought which all its strains inspire, and which can never be exerted by us towards him or his inspirations, without due and becoming reverence.

Now, Mr Montgomery has lamented over the absence of the Christian religion, from the poetry of Gray, and Collins, and Goldsmith—and we have sympathized with his expression of regret. But—if we except the Elegy —Christianity did not lie so directly—nor constantly—in the way of those poets, as in Mr Wordsworth's. They chose, in general—Gray and Collins certainly did—subjects in which religion ought not to have been introduced; but Mr Wordsworth has all his life long chosen subjects from which it ought not to have been omitted—and therefore Mr Montgomery might, we think, rather have read a useful lesson to the living, than a useless lamentation over the dead.

We find we are still at some distance from the most interesting volume of which it was our purpose to give some specimens—"The Christian Year"—yet we must request the indulgence—the attention of our readers, while we pursue the subject a little farther, in company with the excellent Montgomery—himself one of the best of men, and one of our most delightful living poets—for the epithet "delightful" does indeed rightfully belong to the author of the Pelican Island.

"Songs and hymns, in honour of their Gods, are found among all people who have either religion or verse. There is scarcely any pagan poetry, ancient or modern, in which allusions to the national mythology are not so frequent as to constitute the most copious materials, as well as the most brilliant embellishments. The poets of Persia and Arabia, in like manner, have adorned their gorgeous strains with the fables and morals of the Koran. The relics of Jewish song which we possess, with few exceptions, are consecrated immediately to the glory of God, by whom, indeed, they were inspired. The first Christians were wont to edify themselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; and though we have no specimens of these left, except the occasional doxologies ascribed to the redeemed in the Book of Revelation, it cannot be doubted that they used not only the psalms of the Old Testament, literally, or accommodated to the circumstances of a new and rising Church, but that they had original lays of their own, in which they celebrated the praises of Christ, as the Saviour of the world. In the middle ages, the Roman Catholic and Greek churches statedly adopted singing as an essential part of public worship; but this, like the reading of the Scriptures, was too frequently in an unknown tongue, by an affectation of wisdom, to excite the veneration of ignorance, when the learned, in their craftiness, taught that 'Ignorance is the mother of devotion;' and Ignorance was very willing to believe it.

At the era of the Reformation, psalms and hymns, in the vernacular tongue, were revived in Germany, England, and elsewhere, among the other means of grace, of which Christendom had been for centuries defrauded."

Mr Montgomery, however, says truly, that, without disparagement to the living or the dead, and to borrow an idea of an Italian poet—Angelo da Costanzo, in reference to the lyre of Virgil—it may be said that the harp of David yet hangs upon the willow, disdaining the touch of any hand less skilful than his own. For though our elder poets, down even to the Revolution, often chose to exercise their vein on religious topics,—since that time there has been but one who bears a great name among them, who has condescended to compose HYMNS, in the commonly accepted sense of the word. Cowper stands alone—for Addison, beautiful as are some of his pious compositions in verse, is scarcely an exception—Cowper stands alone among "the Mighty-Masters" of the Lyre, as having contributed a considerable number of approved and popular hymns, for the purposes of public and private devotion.

"Hymns, looking at the multitude and mass of them, appear to have been written by all kinds of persons, except poets; and why the latter have not delighted in this department of their own art, is obvious. Just in proportion as the religion of Christ is understood and taught in primitive purity, those who either believe not in its spirituality, or have not proved its converting influence, are careful to avoid meddling with it; so that, if its sacred mysteries have been less frequently and ostentatiously honoured by the homage of our poets within the last hundred and fifty years than formerly, they have been less disgraced and violated by absurd and impious associations. The offence of the cross has not ceased; nay, it exists, perhaps, most inveterately, though less apparently, in those countries where the religion of the state has been refined from the gross superstitions of the dark ages; for there the humbling doctrines of the Gospel are, as of old, a stumbling-block to the self-righteous, and foolishness to the wise in their own esteem. Many of our eminent poets have belonged to one or the other of these classes; it cannot be surprising, then, that they either knew not, or contemned, 'the truth as it is in Jesus.'"

The dogma of Dr Johnson we have demolished—and we agree with Mr Montgomery, that had our greatest poets possessed the religious knowledge of our humblest writers of hymns, they might have been the authors of similar compositions, not less superior to the ordinary run of these, than their own best poems are above the incorrigible mediocrity of their contemporaries. But, in this default, we are not without abundant proof, that hymns may be as splendid in poetry, as they are fervent in devotion; as in the Christian Psalmist collected by Mr Montgomery, are to be found many popular pieces, the untaught workmanship of men who had no name in literature, but whose piety inspired them to write in verse, and sometimes with a felicity which the most practised masters in song might envy, but unless "the spirit gave them utterance," could not compass with their utmost art.

Mr Montgomery gives, in his Essay, a short example of three favourite poets of the last century, who, had they consecrated their talents to the service of the sanctuary, would have been, of all others, the most likely to have originated hymns, uniting the charms of poetry with the beauties of holiness. Take first the following lines of Gray.

"See the wretch, that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

It cannot be questioned, says Mr Montgomery, that this is genuine poetry, and that the beautiful, but not obvious image in the last couplet, elevates it far above all common-place. Yet there is nothing in the style, nor the cast of sentiment, which might not be employed with corresponding effect on a sacred theme, and in the texture of a hymn. The form of the stanza ,and the line that tells of personal experience, in the fact which the writer mentions, remind one, he adds, of the vivid feeling and fluent versification of Charles Wesley, in some of his happiest moods; while the concluding idea is precisely the same with that of Dr Watts, in a hymn which would not have discredited Gray himself:—

"The opening Heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers, 'I am his!'"

Turn next to Collins, who, Mr Jeffrey has lately told the world, "is poor in matter and in thought," but who, in the judgment of Mr Campbell, is one of the most perfect of our poets; and what hymns might he not have breathed forth from his exquisite genius! The following stanzas are justly characterised by Mr Montgomery, as "almost unrivalled in the combination of poetry with painting, pathos with fancy, grandeur with simplicity, and romance with reality:"

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy-hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

In the lucid interval of the madness to which a wounded spirit had reduced him, Collins was found by a visitor with the Bible in his hand. "You see," said he, "I have only one book left, but it is the best!" "Had he," says the amiable poet from whom we have been quoting, "had he had that one book earlier, and learned to derive from it those comforts which it was sent from Heaven to convey to the afflicted, could not *he* have sang 'the death of the righteous,' in numbers as sweet, as tender, and sublime as those on 'the death of the brave?' Christian views and sublime language might have been quite as harmoniously blended with human regrets and blessed remembrances."

Turn now to Goldsmith, a writer of a very different character from either Gray or Collins. Here are two stanzas of an English lyric:—

"The wretch, condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends his heart,
Bids expectation rise.
Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."

Is *this* poetry? asks Mr Montgomery;—every reader feels it is. Yet, "if the same ideas were to be given in prose, they could not well be more humbly arrayed. Nothing can be more simple, nothing more exquisite; and hymns, in the same pure and natural manner, might be adapted to every subject in alliance with religion. But by whom? Not by one who had only the delicate ear, the choice expression, the melodious measures, and the fine conceptions of Goldsmith; but by him who, to all these, should add the piety of Watts, the ardour of Wesley, and the tenderness of Doddridge. Had Goldsmith possessed these latter qualifications, (and they were all within his reach,) would *he* not have left hymns as captivating in their degree, as any of those few, but inestimable productions, which have rendered him the most delightful of our poets, to the greatest number of readers."

From Gray, and Collins, and Goldsmith, turn to a greater than them all together—Cowper. Here is a lyric of his—three stanzas of a hymn:—

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those that follow Thee.

"There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

"There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness to her song,
Nor sighs for human praise."

This, too, is felt to be poetry—nothing can be more affectingly beautiful:—

"Yet will a profane world never be 'smit with the love of *Sacred Song*.' The language of devotion, whether in prose or rhyme, cannot be relished, because it is not understood, by any but those who have experienced the power of the Gospel, as bringing salvation to them that believe; for the same reason that the Bible itself is neither acceptable nor intelligible to those who are not taught by the Spirit of God. To such, though 'I speak with the tongues of men and of angels' about divine things, 'I am as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.' To those, on the other hand, who have 'tasted the good word of God, and felt the powers of the world to come,' it will

be easy to comprehend, that poetry and piety may be as surely united on earth, as they are in heaven before the throne, in the songs of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

"A hymn ought to be as regular in its structure as any other poem; it should have a distinct subject, and that subject should be simple, not complicated, so that whatever skill or labour might be required in the author to develope his plan, there should be little or none required on the part of the reader to understand it. Consequently, a hymn must have a beginning, middle, and end. There should be a manifest gradation in the thoughts, and their mutual dependence should be so perceptible, that they could not be transposed without injuring the unity of the piece; every line carrying forward the connexion, and every verse adding a well-proportioned limb to a symmetrical body. The reader should know when the strain is complete, and be satisfied, as at the close of an air in music; while defects and superfluities should be felt by him as annoyances, in whatever part they might occur. The practice of many good men, in framing hymns, has been quite the contrary. They have begun apparently with the only idea in their mind at the time; another, with little relationship to the former, has been forced upon them by a refractory rhyme; a third became necessary to eke out a verse, a fourth to begin one; and so on, till, having compiled a sufficient number of stanzas of so many lines, and lines of so many syllables, the operation has been suspended; whereas it might, with equal consistency, have been continued to any imaginable length, and the tenth or ten thousandth link might have been struck out, or changed places with any other, without the slightest infraction of the chain; the whole being a series of independent verses, collocated as they came, and the burden a cento of phrases, figures, and ideas, the common property of every writer who had none of his own, and therefore found in the works of each, unimproved, if not unimpaired, from generation to generation.—Such rhapsodies may be sung from time to time, and keep alive devotion already kindled; but they leave no trace in the memory, make no impression on the heart, and fall through the mind as sounds glide through the ear,—pleasant, it may be, in their passage, but never returning to haunt the imagination in retirement, or, in the multitude of the thoughts, to refresh the soul. Of how contrary a character, how transcendently superior in value as well as in influence, are those hymns, which, once heard, are remembered without effort remembered involuntarily, yet remembered with renewed and increasing delight at every revival! It may be safely affirmed, that the permanent favourites in every collection are those, which, in the requisites before-mentioned, or for some other peculiar excellence, are distinguished above the rest. This is so remarkably the case with the compositions of Watts, Wesley, and Newton, the most prolific writers of this class, that no farther illustration is needful than a recurrence to their pages, when it will be found, that the most neglected are generally inferior in literary merit to the most hackneyed ones, which are in every body's mouth, and every body's heart.

"It may be added, that authors, who devote their talents to the glory of God, and the salvation of men, ought surely to take as much pains to polish and perfect their offerings of this kind, as secular and profane poets bestow upon their works. Of these, the subjects are too often of the baser sort, and the workmanship as frequently excels the materials; while, on the other hand, the inestimable materials of hymns,—the truths of the everlasting Gospel, the very thoughts of God, the very sayings of Christ, the very inspirations of the Holy Ghost, are dishonoured by the meanness of the workmanship employed upon them; wood, hay, straw, and stubble, being built upon foundations which ought only to support gold, silver, and precious stones; work that will bear the fire, and be purified by it. The faults in ordinary hymns are vulgar phrase, low words, hard words, technical terms, inverted construction, broken syntax, barbarous abbreviations, that make our beautiful English horrid even to the eye, bad rhymes or no rhymes where rhymes are expected, but above all, numbers without cadence. A line is no more metre because it contains a certain concatenation of syllables, than so many crotchets and quavers, picked at random, would constitute a bar of music. The syllables in every division ought to 'ripple like a rivulet,' one producing another as its natural effect, while the rhythm of each line, falling into the general stream at its proper place, should cause the verse to flow in progressive melody, deepening and expanding like a river to the close; or, to change the figure, each stanza should be a poetical tune, played down to the last note. Such subservience of every part to the harmony of the whole is required in all other legitimate poetry, and why it should not be observed in that which is worthiest of all possible pre-eminence, it would be difficult to say;

why it is so rarely found in hymns, may be accounted for from the circumstance already stated, that few accomplished poets have enriched their mother tongue with strains of this description."

After this able exposition of the principles, so to speak, on which hymns should be composed, Mr Montgomery proceeds to characterise, which he does with much discernment, some of the best of our hymn-writers. He speaks with fervour of the exemplary plainness of speech, manly vigour of thought, and consecration of heart, in the Morning, Evening, and Midnight of Bishop Kenn—saying, "had he endowed three hospitals, he might have been less a benefactor to posterity." Passing by Mrs Rowe and the mystical rhymers of her age, he comes to the greatest name among hymn-writers—Dr Isaac Watts. This assertion may startle many readers, but the enthusiastic Montgomery does not fear to give him that praise; and why should he, " since it has pleased God to confer upon him, though one of the least of the poets of his country, more glory than upon the greatest either of that or any other, by making his ' Divine Songs' a more abundant and universal blessing than the verses of any uninspired man that ever lived ?"

" In his 'Psalms and Hymns,' (for they must be classed together,) he has embraced a compass and variety of subjects, which include and illustrate every truth of revelation, throw light upon every secret movement of the human heart, whether of sin, nature, or grace, and describe every kind of trial, temptation, conflict, doubt, fear, and grief; as well as the faith, hope, charity, the love, joy, peace, labour, and patience of the Christian, in all stages of his course on earth; together with the terrors of the Lord, the glories of the Redeemer, and the comforts of the Holy Spirit, to urge, allure, and strengthen him by the way. There is in the pages of this evangelist, a word in season for every one who needs it, in whatever circumstances he may require counsel, consolation, reproof, or instruction. We say this, without reserve, of the materials of his hymns: had their execution always been correspondent with the preciousness of these, we should have had a '*Christian Psalmist*' in England, next (and that only in date, not in dignity) to the 'Sweet Singer of Israel.' Nor is this so bold a word as it may seem. Dr Watts' hymns are full of 'the glorious Gospel of the blessed God;' his themes, therefore, are much more illustrious than those of the son of Jesse,—who only knew 'the power and glory' of Jehovah as he had 'seen them in the sanctuary,' which was but the shadow of the New Testament church,—as the face of Moses, holding communion with God, was brighter than the veil which he cast over it when conversing with his countrymen.

" Dr Watts may almost be called the inventor of hymns in our language; for he so far departed from all precedent, that few of his compositions resemble those of his forerunners,—while he so far established a precedent to all his successors, that none have departed from it, otherwise than according to the peculiar turn of mind in the writer, and the style of expressing Christian truths employed by the denomination to which he belonged. Dr Watts himself, though a conscientious dissenter, is so entirely catholic in his hymns, that it cannot be discovered from any of these, (so far as we recollect,) that he belonged to any particular sect; hence, happily for his fame, or rather, it ought to be said, happily for the Church of Christ, portions of his psalms and hymns have been adopted in most places of worship where congregational singing prevails. Every Sabbath, in every region of the earth where his native tongue is spoken, thousands and tens of thousands of voices are sending the sacrifices of prayer and praise to God, in the strains which he prepared for them a century ago; yea, every day, 'he being dead yet speaketh,' by the lips of posterity, in these sacred lays, some of which may not cease to be sung by the ransomed on their journey to Zion, so long as the language of Britain endures—a language now spreading through all lands whither commerce, civilization, or the Gospel, are carried by merchants, colonists, and missionaries."

That a poet of Mr Montgomery's power and skill should be blind to the numerous faults and defects of Dr Watts' hymns, is not to be supposed, and accordingly he speaks freely of them all, and as truly, but not more so, than he has in the above eloquent passage spoken of their merits.

Next to Dr Watts, as a hymn-writer, stands, in Mr Montgomery's judgment, the reverend Charles Wesley. Many of his hymns we committed to memory in very early life, having found them in the cottage of a poor family which we visited so often when a schoolboy, that we were as one of the

humble household; we can repeat them all still, though since we ceased to be a boy, and that is a long, weary while, we never heard one of them breathed from human lips, except perhaps in some dream of the olden time—some tender reverie, peopled by the phantoms of the past—from our own—as they murmured almost unconsciously the melancholy music of other years. Of these strains Mr Montgomery thus speaks—

" Next to Dr Watts as a hymn-writer, undoubtedly stands the Rev. Charles Wesley. He was probably the author of a greater number of compositions of this kind, with less variety of matter or manner, than any other man of genius that can be named. Excepting his 'Short Hymns on Passages of Scripture,' which of course make the whole tour of Bible literature, and are of very unequal merit, —Christian experience, from the deeps of affliction, through all the gradations of doubt, fear, desire, faith, hope, expectation, to the transports of perfect love, in the very beams of the beatific vision,—Christian experience furnishes him with everlasting and inexhaustible themes; and it must be confessed, that he has celebrated them with an affluence of diction, and a splendour of colouring, rarely surpassed. At the same time, he has invested them with a power of truth, and endeared them both to the imagination and the affections, with a pathos which makes feeling conviction, and leaves the understanding little to do but to acquiesce in the decisions of the heart. As the Poet of Methodism, he has sung the doctrines of the Gospel, as they are expounded among that people, dwelling especially on the personal appropriation of the words of eternal life to the sinner, or the saint, as the test of his actual state before God, and admitting nothing less than the full assurance of faith as the privilege of believers;—

'Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees,
Relies on that alone,
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says—' It shall be done.'

'Faith lends her realizing light,
The clouds disperse, the shadows fly,
The Invisible appears in sight,
And God is seen by mortal eye.'

" These are glimpses of our author's manner,—broad, indeed, and awful, but signally illustrative, like lightning out of darkness, revealing for a moment the whole hemisphere. Among C. Wesley's highest achievements may be recorded, 'Come, O Thou traveller unknown,' &c. page 55, in which, with consummate art, he has carried on the action of a lyrical drama; every turn in the conflict with the mysterious Being against whom he wrestles all night, being marked with precision by the varying language of the speaker, accompanied by intense, increasing interest, till the rapturous moment of discovery, when he prevails, and exclaims, 'I know Thee, Saviour, who Thou art,' &c.—The hymn, page 375, ' Come on, my partners in distress,' &c. anticipates the strains, and is written almost in the spirit, of the Church triumphant.—'Thou wretched man of sorrow,' &c. and its companion-piece, ' Great Author of my being,' &c. page 289–90, are composed with equal strength and fervency of feeling,—feeling congenial, yet perfectly contrasted, with that in the former instance; for here, instead of the society of saints and angels, he indulges lonely silent anguish, desiring 'to live and die alone' with God, as if creature-communion had ceased with him for ever.—'Thou God of glorious majesty!' &c. page 169, is a sublime contemplation in another vein;—solemn, collected, unimpassioned thought, but thought occupied with that which is of everlasting import to a dying man, standing on the lapse of a moment between 'two eternities.'—The hymn on the Day of Judgment, 'Stand the omnipotent decree,' begins with a note, abrupt and awakening like the sound of the last trumpet. This is altogether one of the most daring and victorious flights of our author. Such pieces prove, that if Charles Wesley's hymns are less varied than might have been desired for general purposes, it was from choice, and predilection for certain views of the Gospel in its effects upon human minds, and not from want of diversity of gifts. It is probable that the severer taste of his brother, the Rev. John Wesley, greatly tempered the extravagance of Charles, pruned his luxuriances, and restrained his impetuosity, in those hymns of his, which form a large proportion of the Methodists' collection; the few which are understood to be John's in that book, being of a more intellectual character than what are known to be Charles's, while the latter are wonderfully improved by abridgement and compression, in comparison with the originals, as they were first given to the public.

On the Four Hymns of Addison, (or, as Mr Montgomery says, *attributed* to him—but why *attributed*? is there any doubt of their being his?) too little praise is bestowed—for they are beautiful throughout, and in many places sublime. For the time being,

the inspiration of the subject made him a poet, who, in common hours, was no poet at all—though in his own peculiar prose, he excelled all mankind. True, as Mr Montgomery says, it is to be regretted that the God of Grace as well as the God of Providence, is not more distinctly recognised in them. But he should not have been contented with merely calling them "pleasing;" and for our sake—though it is perhaps rather too much to expect—we hope he will reconsider that lukewarm epithet, and apply another to compositions that, in many moods of many men, do assuredly thrill the heart and elevate the spirit.

In the opinion of our amiable poet and critic—and in ours—all that can be imagined deficient in Addison's Hymns, will be found to constitute the glory of Doddridge's. "They shine in the beauty of holiness;" these offsprings of his mind are arrayed "in fine linen;" and "like the saints, they are lovely and acceptable, not for their human merit, (for in poetry they are frequently deficient,) but for that fervent, unaffected love to God, his service and his people, which distinguishes them all." "The following four lines," our essayist adds, "present the touchstone of Christian profession, experience, and practice;" and we have heard them sung—sometimes—often—not without tears:—

"Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock,
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face,
I fear thy name to plead?"

The Hymns of the revered Augustus Toplady form a striking contrast with the mild and humane tone of Doddridge's. There is, we are told, and believe, a peculiarly ethereal spirit in some of them, in which, whether mourning or rejoicing, praying or praising, the writer seems absorbed in the full triumph of Faith; "and whether in the body or out of the body, caught up into the third heaven," and beholding unutterable things. He evidently kindled his poetic torch at that of his contemporary, Charles Wesley; and though inferior in breadth and volume of flame, yet the light which it sheds is not less vivid and sparkling, while it may be said to be more delicate to the eye, and refreshing to the spirits, than that prodigality of radiance cast alike on every thing it touched.

The last hymn-writer whom Mr Montgomery mentions by name, is the Rev. B. Beddome, a baptist minister. His compositions, it is remarked, are calculated to be far more useful than attractive; though, on closer acquaintance, they become very agreeable as well as impressive, for the most part being brief and pithy. A single idea, always important, often striking, and sometimes ingeniously brought out, not with a mere point at the end, but with the terseness and simplicity of a Greek Epigram, constitutes the basis of each piece. Many of these were composed as explanatory applications of the texts, or main topics of his sermons; and they might supply frequent hints both to ministers and people, who were disposed to turn them to profit in the same manner. His name, continues Mr Montgomery, would deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance, if he had left no other memorial of the excellent spirit which was in him, than the following few humble verses.

Exhortation against Sectarian spirit.

"Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their Head.

"Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

"Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.

"Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where no discordant sounds are heard,
But all is peace and love."

Amongst anonymous hymns, Mr Montgomery particularly directs our attention to one which he calls "a noble ode," by an unlettered man, as one that of itself amply refutes the slander (by whom, pray, uttered?) that hymns are necessarily the least intellectual or poetical species of literature. There is not, he avers, in our language, "a lyric of more majestic style—more elevated thought or more glorious imagery; its structure, indeed, is unattractive, and on account of the short lines, occa-

sionally uncouth; but like a stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less on the first view, than after deliberate examination, when its proportions become more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind itself grows greater in contemplating it."

The God of Abraham.

1 "The God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, Great I Am!
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever bless'd.

2 "The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise and seek—the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 "The God of Abraham praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace,
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all his ways:
He calls a worm his friend!
He calls himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 "He by Himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall on eagle's wings up-borne
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

PART SECOND.

5 "Though nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness,
My way pursue.

6 "The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty bless'd;
A land of sacred liberty,
And endless rest;
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crown'd.

7 "There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace:
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

8 "He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure,
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise,
He still supplies.

9 "Before the Three in One,
They all exulting stand;
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

PART THIRD.

10 "The God who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' cry,
'Almighty King!
Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah—Father—Great I Am!
We worship Thee.'

11 "Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow;
O'erwhelm'd at his Almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shews his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the world above,
The slaughter'd Lamb.

12 "The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry;
Hail, Abraham's God and mine
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise."

We have been borrowing, it will be seen, largely from Mr Montgomery. But as we meet with him but seldom—and as the two little works which have chiefly suggested our article, and from which some of its pages have been framed, may not have fallen—may never fall—in the way of many thousands of *our* readers—we con-

ceive that we have been doing some service to the cause of piety—and poetry—by thus attempting to widen the sphere of their circulation. They seem to be fast going through editions —the Christian Psalmist having reached a fifth—nor is there any person of any persuasion—if he be a Christian —who will not be the better of having such volumes often in his hands.

Mr Montgomery's critical remarks, it will have been seen, are often eminently beautiful, and very profound. His common-places are always those of a poet, whose genius is ever felt to be in subservience to his piety. The simplest of his sentences has often the deepest meaning; and though he sometimes loves to diffuse himself over a subject that is dear to him, he often says much in few words. There may to some—nay to many minds, be something startling in his sentiments—expressed as they often are, with no deference to the authority of old opinions, or of new, come from what quarter they will; but there is never any thing—judging by our own feelings on certain occasions when we could not entirely sympathize with them—never any thing repulsive; and if there be any differences in his creed from ours—so fervent and sincere is every word and every look of the man, (we speak of him, from his writings, as if he were a personal friend—though we have never seen his thoughtful face but in a picture,) that we trust these differences are neither many nor great—for we should suspect our own Christianity, were it not, in essentials, the Christianity which, in much noble verse, and much pleasant prose, has, for twenty years past and more too, been issuing from the pure spirit of the Bard of Sheffield.

There is a fine humanity in all his criticism. Thus, in alluding to the rough style and harsh metre of some ancient poems—or verses rather, in the Christian Psalmist—to their forbidding aspect—he says that every piece has some peculiar merit and interest of its own—and he asks, who would think his time misemployed in conning over eleven dull lines by Anne Collins, for the sake of meeting, in the twelfth, an original and brilliant emanation of fancy? Anne Collins, in one of her Divine Songs and Meditations (1653), in telling us that happiness is not to be found in the creation, concludes her little lay by beautifully saying of pomp and splendour—

"Yet could they no more sound contentment bring,
Than star-light can make grass or flowers spring!"

And can, he asks, the very humble stanzas of poor Anne Askew, made and sung in Newgate, while waiting for her crown of martyrdom, be read without emotions more deep and affecting, and far more powerful than poetry could awaken on a subject of fictitious woe?

"Not oft I use to wryght
In prose, nor yet in ryme;
Yet wyl I shewe one syght,
That I sawe in my tyme.

"I sawe a royall throne,
Where Iustyce shulde have sytte;
But in her steade was One
Of moody cruell wytte.

"Absorpt was ryghtwysness,
As by the ragynge floude;
Sathan, in his excess
Sucte up the guiltlesse bloude.

"Then thought I,—Iesus, Lorde,
When thou shalt judge us all,
Harde is it to recorde
On these men what wyll fall.

"Yet, Lorde, I Thee desyre,
For that they doe to me,
Let them not taste the hyre
Of their iniquytie."

In like manner, can any of the "Prison Poems" in the volume—Sir Thomas More's, Sir Walter Raleigh's, Sir Thomas Overbury's, Sir Francis Wortley's, George Wither's, John Bunyan's—can any of them be read with ordinary sympathy, such as the verses themselves, if written in other circumstances, would have excited?

"Surely not; the situation of the unfortunate beings, who thus confessed on the rack of personal and mental torture, or in the immediate prospect of eternity, gives intense and overwhelming interest to lines, which have no extraordinary poetic fervour to recommend them. With what strange curiosity do we look even on animals driven to the slaughter, which we should have disregarded had we seen them grazing in the field! Who can turn away his eyes from a criminal led to execution, yet who can fix them on his amazed and bewildered countenance? The 'common place,' of the gallows,

his last 'dying speech and confession,' though consisting of a few hurried, broken words, which almost every felon repeats, and hardly understands their meaning himself while he utters them, may produce feelings which all the breath of eloquence, from lips not about to be shut for ever, would fail to awaken. But a good man struggling with adversity, which even the heathen deemed a spectacle worthy of the Gods to contemplate with admiration, becomes an oracle in his agony; and to know how he looked, and spoke, and felt, for the last time, does literally elevate and purify the soul by terror,—terror in which just so much compassion is mingled as to identify him with ourselves in sensibility to suffering, while we are identified with him in exaltation of mind above the infirmity of pain and the fear of death. No eccentricity or perversity of taste, manifested in literary effusions under such circumstances, can destroy the force of nature, or render her voice unintelligible in them, though speaking a strange language, provided it be the language of the times, and not the affected style of the individual, assumed to express sentiments equally affected."

How much of the pleasure which we derive from poetry does indeed depend upon contingent circumstances, which confer on the writer or the subject a peculiar, local, personal, or temporary interest and importance! Such interest and importance, says Mr Montgomery, belong to all the subjects of this small volume,—for all the writers are dead!

"These thoughts, then, of the departed, expressed in their own words, and brought to our ears in the very sounds with which they uttered them, and affecting our hearts even more than they affected their own, by the consideration that they are no longer living voices, but voices from beyond the tomb, from invisible beings, somewhere in existence, at this moment,—these thoughts, thus awfully associated, will prove noble, strengthening, and instructive exercises of mind, for us to read and to understand; for the application required to comprehend them duly, will heighten the enjoyment of the poetry *when* it is thus understood; the obscurity and difficulty, not arising from the defects of the composition, but from the unacquaintedness of the reader with the models in vogue, when the author wrote. These specimens of 'pious verse' will not be idle amusements for a few spare minutes,—yet for the delight of spare minutes they are peculiarly adapted. They will not glide over a vacant mind, as sing-song verse is wont to do, like quicksilver over a smooth table, in glittering, minute, and unconnected globules, hastily vanishing away, or when detained, not to be moulded into any fixed shape. They will rather supply tasks and themes for meditation; tasks, such as the eagle sets her young when she is teaching them to fly; themes, such as are vouchsafed to inspire poets, in their happiest moods. Nor can the inexpert reader be aware till he has tried, how much the old language improves upon familiarity; and how the productions of the old poets, like dried spices, give out their sweetness the more, the more they are handled. The fine gold may have become dim, and the fashion of the plate may be antiquated, but the material is fine gold still, and the workmanship as perfect as it came from the tool of the artist; nor is it barbarous, except to eyes that cannot see it as it was intended to be seen, in connexion with the whole state of human society and human intellect at the time. Changes have taken place, within the last century, in the style of religious poetry, which formerly was too much assimilated to the character of Solomon's song,—a portion of Scripture often paraphrased, and, it may be added, always unhappily. In judging of our poets of the middle age, from Elizabeth to James the II., we are bound to make the same allowances which we do naturally, in reading the works of our divines of the same period, who, with many extravagances, have left monuments of genius and piety in prose, unexcelled by later theologians, in powerful argument, splendid eloquence, and learned illustration. With such a preparation of mind, the reader, sitting down to this volume, will find every page improve to his taste, in proportion as his taste improves, to relish what is most rare and exquisite in our language,—the union of poetry with piety, in the works of men distinguished, in their generation, for eminence in the one or the other of these, and frequently for pre-eminence in both. It is, however, greatly to be lamented, that the heterogeneous compositions of the most popular of the Authors, even in the present muster-roll, (with few exceptions,) cannot be indiscriminately recommended. Few, indeed, of the poets of our Christian country, previous to the era of Cowper, have left such manuscripts of their wayward minds, as would be deemed altogether unexceptionable, even by men of the world, who had no particular reve-

rence for vital Christianity, in the present day. So far, at least, has the indirect influence of our holy religion purified popular literature, within the last forty years; few books, which are not notoriously profligate, now contain such indelicacies as contaminate the pages of some of our most celebrated moralists in rhyme, of former ages. The fact is cursorily mentioned, lest the inexperienced reader should imagine, that every writer, from whose remains a page or two has been adopted here, was a 'Christian Poet.' With the personal characters of those writers, the Editor had nothing to do in this case. His object was to present to the public a volume of miscellanies in verse, which, when candidly estimated, might be fairly called 'Christian Poetry;' for though every piece (much more every line) may not be directly devotional, he thinks, that there is not one which might not have been written by a Christian Poet, or which may not, in some degree, tend to edify or delight a Christian reader. Of course, the Editor cannot be presumed to approve of every sentiment or phrase in such a multitude of extracts from the works of writers, themselves so much at variance on minor points of Christian doctrine. What is here given, is given, not as the word of God, but as the word of man, and consequently no more infallible in sentiment than it can be expected to be faultless in phrase. They who read for profit, will find profit in reading; others, if they be so inclined, may discover errors and imperfections enough to gratify their taste, though not to compensate them for ths loss of time, which had been better spent in seeking better things."

The subject which we have so imperfectly treated in this article begins to shew itself in many new lights, as we glance over its pages; and we shall return to it with fervour during some silent evenings, when, after the duties of the day—such as they are—we have some "sacred leisure" to give our disengaged spirits up to the tender and lustrous contemplations, which the hymns of pious men—now gone to their reward—inspire by the hearth of home, when the household is hushed. Feelings and thoughts, we hope, may then arise, which may be not altogether an unworthy commentary on those breathed forth by the genius that sung by the altar of religion. Specimens, too, of many of these compositions may be thus presented to many minds to whom they are at present unknown—and this miscellany of ours, which,—various as its spirit has been, and will be,—has we hope, amidst all its mirth and gaiety,—and why should not fancy occasionally tinge with her streaks the melancholy atmosphere of human life,—ever been, with all its errors and defects, which none but the hopelessly base and wicked, or the hopelessly dull and stupid, would seek to exaggerate,—the friend—the enthusiastic and not unsteady friend of genius, virtue, and religion.

One truly delightful volume alluded to in these pages, its excellent author must not think we have overlooked—we mean "The Christian Year." When we began to write, it was our intention to have confined ourselves almost entirely to it; but our illustrations took another course, and not one sacred composition of Keeble's now graces our disquisition. "The Christian Year" deserves an article—and a long one too—exclusively devoted to itself—for it is full of poetry and piety, both as simple and as sincere as the writer's own heart. This volume is winning its way into many a library—nor will it lie unread on the shelves to which the soul, when wearied or alarmed with this life, turns for consolation to the musings of those men of holy spirit, who

> "Have built their Pindus upon Lebanon,"

and, in still more awful moods, have feared not to murmur their melodies even on Mount Calvary, at the very feet of the Cross.

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