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ELDON TESTIMONIAL.

We are very sorry that our last sheet was on its way to the printing-office when the very interesting and important letter of Presbyter Anglicanus reached us. We must therefore defer for another month the gratification of bestowing due space on the subject of which our venerated Correspondent treats. It must, for the present, suffice to signify to our Scottish readers, that a most painful impression has already been created among their Southern neighbours by the circumstance that no Public Body in Scotland have as yet come forward to attest, in the proper manner, their sense of the merits of the EARL OF ELDON. What these merits are, we are not so presumptuous, or so idle, as to attempt stating—here and thus. But if this opportunity be permitted to pass, true-hearted Scotsmen will have cause to blush for Old Scotland,—says in the meantime

C. N.

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(Res eget his armis et bellatoribus istis)
Eleva, et accelera pugiles armare Britannos."
BAPTISTA MANTUANUS.

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No. CLIV. JULY, 1829. Vol. XXVI.

DAS BILD,

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS, FROM THE GERMAN OF ERNEST HOUWALD.

The modern dramatists of Germany have lately been accused, and we fear but too justly, of the besetting sins of mannerism and mechanism; of substituting to the bombastic inflation of their Sentimental, and the revolting extravagance of their Satanic school, either mere melo-dramatic "sound and fury," or a puerile imitation of the gloomy fatalism of antiquity—bearing to the tremendous realities of its awful prototype no more resemblance than the fantastic nightmare of some visionary dreamer, to the terrible *peine forte et dure* of our own exploded criminal code.

Acquiescing, as we do, though in a modified degree, and with splendid exceptions, in the justice of this critique on what have been termed the *playwrights* of Germany, we are the more disposed to fulfil our intention of submitting to the fiat of the English reader another favourite modern German drama, whose faults (to which we do not pretend to be insensible) are at least of a totally opposite class from those ascribed to its contemporaries, while it has beauties amply sufficient to palliate, if not justify, the hazardous singularity of its construction.

It is the shrewd remark of a periodical critic on a late work of English fiction, "that it belongs to that advanced period of literature, when the incidents of invention somewhat exhausted, make authors turn to sentiment, rather than adventure, and feelings are more dwelt upon than facts." Such a period there unquestionably is in the literature of all countries; but, however successful the experiment of a detailed analysis of human feelings, almost unsupported by incident, may have frequently proved in the tales or novels of a refined age—its application to the drama would, *à priori*, be declared not only hazardous, but fatal; and a tragedy without events be pronounced as unfit for dramatic representation as a disembodied spirit for the intercourse and collision of the "working-day world" we live in.

On the stage, we have no doubt, it would be found so—and it is not in that capacity we purpose to treat the exquisite poem which forms the subject of this article; though (notwithstanding a portentous length which might exhaust even German endurance) we believe, in the hands of highly-gifted performers, it would draw more legitimate tears than many dramas "horribly stuft with pomp and circumstance of war"—and "crammed out of all reasonable compass" with the playwrights' immemorial *properties*, of "treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Leaving, however, the debateable land of theatrical expediency, to its only legitimate arbiters, the managers and the public, we shall be content to rest on the general grounds of truth, nature, and poetry, the claims of a hitherto little known—though in its own country highly admired, domestic tragedy. The originality (whatever may be thought of their probability) of the circumstances on which it is founded, the deep and lofty interest which attaches to several of its drama-

tis personæ; and, above all, the beautiful stream of genuine poetry, which runs through almost every scene, will, we trust, reconcile the reader to linger awhile longer with us on its flowery, yet solemn margin, than the brief rules of dramatic analysis usually require.

The events which form the basis of this five-act tragedy (whose length, extending to more than 300 close pages, might rather entitle it to the name of a dramatic romance) having chiefly occurred at a period of sixteen years before its commencement, and only transpiring as they affect the various conduct and feelings of its actors —a preliminary sketch, such as is usually presented to the reader, becomes not only difficult but inexpedient, as the whole interest of the play arises from the gradual developement and bearing of these half-forgotten events on the passions, recollections, and decisions of to-day. The reader must therefore be content to accompany us through the successive scenes in which they are unfolded, and owe his information to the same, perhaps, tedious process. If he is one who loves to jump at a conclusion, and who reads the last page of his novel before the first—he will do well to leave "Das Bild" to those who have both leisure and inclination to follow the author in his sad, yet soothing pilgrimage, through those "dark chambers of imagery," the recesses of the human heart, with all their shadowy, yet familiar forms of love, and ambition, and sorrow.

The solemn impression left on the mind by the denouement of this tale of domestic distress, is equally remote from that gloomy and depressing fatalism, which so painfully pervaded the drama of antiquity, and that cold and withering scepticism which casts a blight over many of the noblest efforts of modern genius—it is a subdued and salutary acquiescence in the decree, which has made Peace, not Triumph, the handmaid of virtue— and Heaven, not Earth, the home of happiness.

The scene is laid (so late as the beginning of the last century) in a splendid baronial castle of German Switzerland, the hereditary domain of the Counts Von Norden, and for many years the solitary residence of their supposed last scion, a knight of the Teutonic order, and, as such, devoted to celibacy. The play opens with the characteristic grumblings of a saturnine old seneschal at the increase of trouble and sacrifice of comfort, occasioned by the late unwonted influx of guests, whose apparently humble condition he can by no means reconcile with his master's lavish hospitality, and respectful demeanour towards them. An Italian, named De Burg, and his blind, but still lovely daughter, have been for some time inmates of the castle; and the previous evening had witnessed the arrival of two more individuals of the same country—an artist of renown named Spinarosa, and his youthful pupil Leonhard—from whose reception the attendants have gathered that the younger is son to the blind lady.

In the midst of the *châtelain's* indignant mutterings, the latter pair return from that morning homage of genius at the shrine of nature, to which the vicinity of the glorious Alps had summoned them. Leonhard, a youth of fifteen, thus exclaims;—

Leon. See here what spacious halls! how all around
Us breathes magnificence!
Spin. A princely pile!
But ah! how nobler far its daring site!
It rears its tow'rs amid these rocks and glaciers,
As if proud man were in his might resolved
To add *his* rock to those that spurn the vale.
Leon. All here is beautiful! but 'tis not home!
'Tis true I was a child scarce eight years old
When led by Pietro into Italy——
Yet are my home's green lineaments as fresh
As when first painted on my infant soul;
This castle bears them not.—My home lay hid
In the deep bosom of gigantic oaks,
That o'er its roof their guardian shadows flung.
Nor towers, nor gates, nor pinnacles, were there;

With lowly thatch and humble wicket graced,
Smiling, yet solitary, did it stand.

The youth goes on to express his regrets at the corresponding change in its inmates; the formerly poor and plebeian father of his blind mother, seems transformed into a splendid noble, to whom even the high-born Knight of the Sable Cross pays deference. The painter thus kindly encourages his darling pupil:

Spin. Fortune anticipates us—we had thought
To be her heralds at your native cot;
She meets us, standing on this princely threshold,
Thus sparing thee a world of filial cares!
Leon. What call ye cares? think ye I was so apt
A pupil, only that in after days
I might, like thee, shed sunshine on the earth,
Steal Fancy's pinions, and her province bring
Within man's ken?—No! love for my blind mother,
For her poor father, whose incessant sighs
Spoke better days gone by—these urged me on!
Whate'er I learn'd was treasured for mine own,
For them I won, and hoped to exercise it.
Spin. Well do I know thy filial spirit—oft
Did I admire how talent strove with duty
To speed thee onward in the paths of Art.
Her steep ascents are gain'd—and I rejoice
That Fortune thus from thine unshackled wing
Care's weight removes.
Leon. I felt none—all was light!
How rich had I return'd to yonder hut
Where Misery dwelt!—here, I feel poor indeed.
Methinks, in these fair halls the youthful artist
Seems but a stranger 'mid his wealthy kindred.
Spin. My Leonhard! thou but echoest my thoughts!
Thou know'st my earthly treasure is mine art,
Nor do I prize it lightly—yet 'tis with me
As with the wearied seaman, who his course
Shapes by bright constellations—but, at length,
Longs to cast anchor on some steadfast shore.
The spirit heav'nward soars—the humbler heart
Will seek a haven in its mother Earth!

The attached pair unite in deploring the altered circumstances which already threaten to affect their relative situation, and deprive the artist of a parent's right in the child he has reared so fondly. His projects of ending a life of wandering and misfortune in the bosom of a humble but grateful family, seem blighted by the ostentatious reception given him by the grandfather of his disciple, whose mother he has not yet been permitted to see. These prognostics seem confirmed by a private interview which the former now comes to demand with his grandson. He enters splendidly attired, and endeavours in vain to convert the youth's undisguised surprise and regret into more natural curiosity. Leonhard sadly answers:

Leon. I have no heart to guess! I cannot learn
To joy o'er pomp that steals my dearer hope;
Her faded picture soon I could renew,
Could I but trace one well-known outline here
Deep on my soul engraved.
Burg. Leave, leave the past,
Long with an envious cloud obscured—The sun
Once more sheds radiance on our future path.
Quickly I'll chase each ling'ring doubt away!

Before thee stands the Marquis of Sorrento,
And hails thee as his grandson, Count Von Norden.
Leon. Grandfather! do not sport with me, I feel
As if in quaint disguise ye stood before me.
Marq. I do not jest!—the time at length is come
When the long-hidden mystery of our rank
I may disclose. Did the old faithful Pietro
E'er speak to thee of Count Von Norden?
Leon. Aye!
Oft he spake of him, as a valiant man,
And proud—who having staked his life
For Naples' freedom, in his dungeon died.
Marq. He was thy father!
Leon. Gracious Heaven!—my father?

The old noble goes on to relate, that he had from infancy betrothed his only daughter to a son of his early friend, Count Von Norden, preferring this alliance to the still more brilliant, nay, princely ones, which her surpassing beauty and virtue opened to her. The young Count had arrived, and the marriage was celebrated; but the restless spirit of freedom and enterprise, brought by the bridegroom from his native mountains, could not brook the subjugation of his beautiful new country by the usurping Spaniards, and urged on by the fame of Masaniello and other previous champions of liberty, he became the soul of a conspiracy, whose explosion was anticipated by the usual perfidy of accomplices. The Viceroy's efforts to seize its leaders were frustrated as if by miracle; the Marquis and his daughter escaped, though with confiscation of all their property—while the Count himself, a still more obnoxious victim, though saved by flight from an ignominious death, has his picture suspended on a gallows in the place of execution at Naples. The youth bursts out,

Leon. In Naples, say'st thou? was my father's image
Hung in derision on that dismal spot,
Where, as by moonlight oft, with secret shudder,
I glided past, perchance his sorrowing glance
Rested upon me? Aye, I do remember
There swung dim relics of a broken frame
From the fell tree!
Marq. In that dark gallery,
No master's hand gives immortality.
Death the original's escape revenges
By ravenous preying on the counterfeit!
We, in our flight, a wretched pittance saved,
And bought, in Germany's obscurest corner,
A little deeply-hidden hermitage:
There wert thou born—But, in that narrow cell,
Thy father might not breathe—his demon urged
Him forth to glut the fangs of cheated vengeance:
In monk's disguise he ventured to appear
Once more in Naples—but the fatal picture,
By an accursed hand too truly limned,
Was his betrayer!
Leon. Heav'ns! who could our art
Thus desecrate?
Marq. We'll speak of that anon.
Thy father soon was recognised, and thrown
Again into his dungeon—Greedy Death
Mock'd the slow process that his destined prey
Had once escaped—Within his secret cell
He died by poison!
Leon. O my wretched father!
Thy son thine ashes trode, and knew it not!
Marq. Soon through our friends we learn'd the dismal news:

Fain had I hid them from thy hapless mother,
Then lying with thee in the mortal crisis
Of deadliest malady. It was in vain!
Short as her hours of nuptial bliss had been,
And few, and sad, she sorrow'd nigh to death,
Till, in the bitter flood of ceaseless tears,
Her eyes' mild light was quench'd! Thy sire's alliance
Brought us but wretchedness—e'en in our exile
He fill'd our misery's cup—One beauteous flower
Grew in our house of mourning—thou, my child!

Leon. Was not that hut the nest the pious swallow
Builds 'mid the stately fallen capitals
Of some proud palace?

Marq. There in poverty
Thou wert brought up. Had not thy father's brother
(In error deem'd his foe) supported us,
Necessity had doubled sorrow's weight,
And we been prey to both. After long years,
To our surprise, from Naples came old Pietro,
Of yore my faithful servant; who, when all
My summer friends forsook, remain'd alone
Unshaken in adversity—he came,
And bore thee with him to our native land.
For (as I never could forego the hope
Again my rich possessions to enjoy,
When Spanish tyranny should be o'erthrown)
It was my wish to rear thee, where bright Heavens
Smile on Earth's paradise! where sweeter dreams
Than Germany's deep forests ever nursed,
Quicken the heart's warm pulses. In the love
Of Italy, and spirit of her sons,
I've rear'd thee for myself—a worthy heir!

Leon. And yet I bear a lofty German name—
Von Norden is a harsh, but powerful sound!

Marq. Alas! it froze us with its icy breath!——
Suffice it, thou wert borne to yon fair land;
We mark'd in thee an early wond'rous gift
Of painting—and bade Pietro give it scope,
(Art doth not stain nobility)—and seek
A worthy master for thee.

Leon. He obey'd
Most truly—when in haste we quitted Naples
For Rome, he brought me to famed Spinarosa;
In him I found a father. Oh! what were I
But for that wondrous man!

Marq. Thy grateful heart
Confers the merit—he but did his duty.
It is the master's greatest aim and pride
To make apt scholars.

Leon. Nay, but he adopted
A son! Pietro died suddenly, his children
Saw in me but a stranger—I was left
A beggar'd orphan—You were far away
On distant shores—I could not claim your aid,
And to the people of yon smiling land
My tearful northern speech was pour'd in vain:
Then did my generous master, Spinarosa,
Fold to his bosom the forsaken child!

Marq. And deeply are we all beholden to him!
But thank thy fortunes that enable thee,
More than he claims, now richly to repay.

Leon. More than he claims?—Alas! he makes no claim.
Grandfather, we misunderstand each other.
What! shall the man who Virtue's precious seeds
Sought deep to lodge within thy grandson's heart,
Whose ceaseless care watch'd o'er them till they bloom'd
Beneath the spring-breath of parental love,—
He who not only bade his pupil dip
His pencil deep in Nature's rainbow hues,
But, like a telescope—in holiest hours
Of sweet communion—the bright mirror held
Of his own radiant fancy, to mine eye,
Till the eternal stars, and brighter spheres,
Were brought within my ken,—shall he be *paid*?

The indignant youth goes on to enumerate the Painter's claims on his gratitude. The rich presents of Popes and Monarchs to their favourite artist had all, he says, been treasured to gladden the supposed poverty and solitude of his parental roof. Still the narrow worldling can coldly answer—

Marq. Be calm, my child; no longer as poor Burg
I claim the stranger's aid—Since Austria's banner
Once more in Naples waved, we banish'd men
Are all recall'd—again I shine a Marquis,
And hourly look for tidings that my lands
Are mine once more. For this I summon'd thee,
That, ere I lead thee to my fairer country,
Thou mightst claim kindred with thy noble uncle,
And know this castle thy proud heritage!

The puzzled youth enquires how his heritage can lie in Switzerland; and is told that the hospitable Knight under whose roof they are, is the only, and childless, brother of his father, Count Gotthard Von Norden.

The Count enters opportunely, and opens his arms with more than paternal love to his nephew. The latter, in joyful surprise, asks how he has deserved such kindness.

Count. Oh! do not ask! receive it as a treasure
Long buried for thee in my faithful heart.
Rejoice with me, and be indeed my son!
Leon. How rich I am! Did ever orphan find
So many fathers striving thus in love!
Count. My son! what think'st thou of thy father's castle?
Leon. 'Tis grand and beautiful—yet is it sad
To roam through empty chambers, where are none
To give us friendly greetings—as 'mid tombs
We flit in quest of life—Oh! that 'twere ours
To dwell together in some tiny cot,
Where, without seeking, we were sure to meet!
Count. Thou'lt learn to love these ancient halls, that ope
Their arms to thee so wide—I've dwelt alone
Amid them long, yet felt no solitude!
They are our sires' grey comrades—who beheld
Their course from youth to age—who silent mark'd
Their joys and sorrows—in whose trusty breast
Lies many a secret long seal'd up by death!
There dwells a spirit in these ancient walls,
That will erelong claim brotherhood with thee.
Leon. Already I revere—and soon shall feel it.
Count. Thou know'st these tow'rs are destined to be thine,
Make friendship with them now—thou wilt not leave them
And me, my son?

The Marquis interposes, and urges the necessity of his grandson's accompanying him to Italy. The good Count implores *him* also to remain and seek happiness in their mutual reunion; but the Marquis only answers by inviting his host in turn to Naples. He refers him to Leonhard for the charms of that bewitching country, and asks his grandson if he does not long to visit it. The youth, awaking as from a reverie, breaks out into the following beautiful passage:—

This morning early did we climb yon rock—
Deep hid in shadowy pall lay hill and dale—
A Giant Glacier 'gan to rear alone
His lofty head amid night's dusky sea,
Like some vast beacon's dome! "O what is yon"—
Appall'd I cried—"Doth earth here open, too,
Her fiery caverns—Hath Vesuvius found
A northern brother?"—"Fear not," said my friend,
"Yon is the Yungfrau!—wont her morning brow
Thus with fresh fiery lilies to adorn!"
Even while he spoke, began th' attendant tribe
Of circling glaciers with like fires to glow,
Illuming the dark heav'ns. To me it seem'd
As if beneath their cope high mass were held,
And their bright sacristans made duteous haste
Round the high altar, kindling all its blaze
Of hallow'd torches—On my knees I sank—
And while I pray'd, there waked within my breast,
Love, as of home, for wondrous Switzerland!

Marq. He who but hears may know—thou art a painter.

Count. O! interrupt him not! say on, my son!

Leon. Dear grandsire, frown not—to a Switzer's soul
His country is a loadstone—I am one,
Since such my father was—shall not his cradle
Be dearer to me than fair Naples, where
His last was sadly breathed?

Marq. No more of this!

Leon. And think'st thou, when in princely state array'd,
Thy steed shall bear thee through proud Naples' streets,
I can attend thee where, like grisly ghost,
The column frowns whence hung my father's image?

Marq. Be silent, I command thee.

Count. Oh! be moved—
Art *thou* not happier here, where love is thine,
Than yonder, where even triumph's gilded cup
Is drugg'd with Memory's poison?

Marq. Well, in time
Perchance I may.

Leon. Oh, aye! thou'lt be entreated.—
But, dearest uncle, if you thus adopt
A son—beneath your roof I must bespeak
A second father's place—my darling master's:
For we are one, and were we sadly sever'd,
Both hearts would bleed to death!

Count. Oh! he is welcome!
Fate, when she gave me father, sister, son,
Had but one gift to add—a faithful friend!

The youth flies to acquaint his master with the joyful tidings—but the proud Marquis strictly enjoins secrecy as to their names and rank, until the arrival of the expected messenger from Naples. The disappointed Leonhard promises to confine himself to taking the votes of his mother and the painter, whether they do not prefer remaining in Switzerland. He is desired to summon the latter to an interview with his grandfather.

During his absence, the old Marquis complains of the influence acquired by the painter over his grandson's mind, and speaks disparagingly of genius, as wholly dependent on wealthy patronage. He acknowledges, however, his pride in attaching to him so celebrated an artist as Spinarosa, and announces his intention to set him a task which will put his vaunted skill to the test. The Count readily anticipates it to be the picture of his sightless daughter.

> *Count.* A masterpiece indeed! but could he borrow
> The pencil with which Spring enamels flowers
> Dipt in ethereal blue, and the pure flood
> Bright stars distil—yet never could he paint
> Heaven's radiance in yon eyes' extinguish'd shrine.

The father despairs of even partial success, as Camilla has positively refused ever again to sit for her picture. The Count says,

> *Count.* Oh! were I but a painter! and mine easel
> Rear'd in some distant chamber undisturb'd,
> How could I draw each angel lineament
> From my soul's deep-graved record!
> *Marq.* Ha! Sir Count,
> Is this my daughter's image dear? Still glows
> Warm fancy in a dedicated breast?
> *Count.* The heart *will* live, even 'neath the sable pall
> Of this dark cross. Father! at length I'll speak,
> Long have I silent suffer'd—now the time
> Is come for confidence!

The Count proceeds to unfold, in a narrative whose beauties we reluctantly compress, that soon after the death of his mother, (by whom he was left an infant,) his father again married, and had a second son, with whom, notwithstanding the partiality of a stepmother, he grew in fraternal concord and affection. We cannot resist these sweet lines:

> *Count.* I was a child of grief—a sorrowing cypress
> Sprung from a mother's grave, and doom'd as such
> To live a mourner! Soon my father's arms
> Embraced a second son—*he* loved us both
> Alike—for me alone there lived, alas!
> No mother! yet in mutual love we grew!

The old Count, feeling his end approaching, had summoned both his sons, and informed them of his intentions regarding their future prospects. Two offers had been made him on their account. That of the hand of Marquis Sorrento's heiress for the one—and for the other, the Grand Cross of the Teutonic Order. His love of justice, and knowledge of their characters, had determined him to choose as the bridegroom, and supporter of the family honours, his eldest son, (the present Count,) while the rash and headlong Conrad, to whose fiery temper he would fear to commit the happiness of his friend's daughter, is to assume the cross. The Marquis naturally exclaims,

> *Marq.* What dost thou tell me? Wherefore did he change
> This wise resolve?
> *Count.* By *him* 'twas never changed.

The narrator proceeds to say, that his father being soon after seized with mortal illness, it fell to the lot of the Countess to write the letters of mutual acceptance; and that urged by pardonable maternal partiality, she substituted her own son's name in the marriage contract. The good Count himself thus excuses her.

Count. Is there a mother can forego the hope
To cradle her son's offspring in her arms?
Alas! I knew not *that* she bade me lose!
I took possession of my father's castle,
Already in my mind's eye, graced with her
I saw in dreams, and like a dreamer loved!
Then came a wakening! replies that wedded
Thy child to Conrad—and the Cross to me!
Marq. Fatal exchange! fatal alike to all!
Did ye not vindicate a parent's choice?
Count. I saw my brother's love-illumined glance,
A mother's raptures—in my heart I dug
A grave for my dead hopes—and took the Cross!

This noble victim of fraternal generosity, (for whom we hope the reader begins to feel an adequate interest,) goes on to relate his presence at his brother's wedding, and the deep emotion he experienced on witnessing the touching beauty, and tearful reluctance of the bride.

Count. A voice rose whispering in my soul—" Perchance
On thy fond breast more gently yon fair head
Had sunk!" The pang shot icy through my heart,
Its wound hath never closed.
Marq. Oh! were she not
Thy brother's sightless widow—yet I'd bid
Thee doff the Cross—Love hath as greatly dared.
Count. And what if on yon sightless orbs I gaze
With deeper, holier glance than e'er explored
Summer nights' starry heav'n? If all my life's
Fond aspirations be their darkling path,
With love to lighten—Is there then no power
These bonds to sever? Know'st thou none save Death?
Marq. Well do I know one—hard to be attain'd,
A papal dispensation!
Count. Hard indeed!
But say 'twere mine?
Marq. Then by a father's blessing
It soon were ratified!

The dispensation, though not actually arrived, is—from the great interest exerted to procure it—hourly expected; and the ambitious parent already views the desirable alliance as concluded. But the lover, rendered timid by years of suffering, hints that the costliest, as well as most important treasure, yet remains unattained—the love and consent of Camilla. For these the Marquis hastily and confidently answers, and the Count would fain be persuaded.

Count. Dost think she loves me? Once I hoped it too,
When in undoubting confidence, her soul
Open'd before me—Ah! but *Love* is more!

The father's reiterated assurances that she has no will but his, encourage these bright anticipations.

Count. O hasten, blessed moment, when mine own
I may enfold her! when at length my heart
Upon a fellow mortal's answering breast
May shed its tears of joy. O might it please
Thee, their Creator! to rekindle then
Thy spark within those eyes that they might rest,
First upon me—and drink my speechless bliss!
Marq. Thy prayer may be fulfill'd—by skilful men

It hath been said, if e'er some mighty shock
Of joy or grief awake the palsied nerve,
The pall of darkness may be rent aside!

They are interrupted by Leonhard, who enters, followed by the Painter, and joyfully exclaims,

Leon. Grandfather! we remain! alike my mother
And my dear master love to have it so.
You are out-voted.
Count. (*Embracing him.*) Mine own Leonhard!
Marq. Thou com'st too late! The Count before had conquer'd!
Leon. Had he indeed?
Paint. Forgive the youth's impatience
If I disturb ye!
Marq. Nay, ye are most welcome.

He then again tenders cold and stately gratitude to the tutor of his grandson, and hints at pecuniary reimbursement. The Painter spurns the latter, while he accepts the proffered hand of the Marquis, as an earnest that his cares have been appreciated. The kind Count invites him, as a beloved and valued member of the family circle, to remain with him, if not summoned elsewhere by ties of country.

Paint. My country is with thee—for there alone
Where I can be a father—is my home!
Count. Thou speak'st our language as it were thine own.
Paint. I prize it highest—for the German tongue
Is rich and noble, as the German heart!
Besides, I look'd to Germany for home,
Thinking it Leonhard's.
Leon. No! dearest master!
Here is my home. Within these ancient walls
A secret rests—Forgive me, if to thee
I dare not yet reveal it!

The Marquis now alludes to the works which, in the leisure and solitude of the castle, may be achieved by the Painter.

Paint. Yes! if God will—much shall be finish'd here.
Sometimes I feel as if I must be brief,
And for mankind bright visions body forth
That live within—ere Death its sable pall
Across the mirror fling! What I achieve
In life's late holiday—will live before ye;
What the veil shrouds—will be, as now—a dream.

On the proposal to paint Leonhard's blind, yet beautiful mother, the artist demurs, exclaiming,

Paint. Had I but once the living spirit hail'd,
That from her eyelids beam'd!
Count. Oh! ye may trace
Its angel footsteps, ev'n though half effaced!

The artist, admonished that he must catch the likeness unknown to his fair subject, steadily refuses to attempt it on such terms; but suggests that her son may possibly procure his mother's consent to sit to *himself.* This Leonhard gladly undertakes, bespeaking his master's cheerfully accorded counsels and assistance.

We have next a *tête-à-tête* scene between the artist and his noble host, in which the former modestly questions his own right to form one of so privile-

ged a family circle; while the other eagerly acknowledges the joint claims of kindness, worth, and genius. The Painter, urged by a spirit of independence, insists on depositing in the Count's hands those ample fruits of his past labours, which he had laid up with the view of assisting his pupil's indigent relatives; and the Count, with true delicacy of mind, grants, though reluctantly, a request whose motive he appreciates. The artist further bespeaks indulgence and sympathy—

Paint. Think not, if oft my upward eye explore
The sailing clouds, that in fond pride of art
These glances soar!—No! loftier as they rise,
Purer and humbler do they leave my soul.
Nor deem when oft in silent musing sinks
My downward head, that sordid thoughts of earth
Press on mine eyelids. No! 'tis then that forms,
Statelier than human, gathering round me stand
Sketching immortal thoughts—for mortal pencil.
'Tis unto such, not unto man, I bow.
Count. Fear not! I'll understand thee.
Paint. We are quits—
Life's stormy passions!—for in tears I've paid
My mortal tribute to ye—with my heart
Ye lie entomb'd—and yet to Fancy's eye,
If she but lift your pall aside, ye seem
But like enchanted dreamers, who, in frowns
Still ominous, or strange unconscious smiles,
Reveal the slumbering life—Yet I'll not fear
Ye cannot wake again!
Count. O! happy thou,
Thus thine own victor!
Paint. Let this solemn hour
Excuse the question—Hast thou ever loved?
Count. Loved, say'st thou?—Aye!
Paint. Then does the sable Cross
Upon thy breast reveal me all thy love's
Sad story—I, too, bear a broken heart!
Nought binds its fragments to this icy world,
Save love for Leonhard!
Count. And that love shall bind
Us, too, together—Are we not both fathers?
Let us then tend with mutual care the growth
Of one beloved plant, and fondly mark
Alike its proud stems rise, until its crest
Spreads friendly shelter, and beneath its shade
We lay us down to sleep. Fate pillow'd once
A brother on my breast—vindictive foes,
And the base pencil of an hireling, robb'd
That blessing from me. Oft in vain I oped
My arms to win him to a brother's heart—
Once more I open them, my friend, to thee.
Paint. And not in vain! I hail the boon with joy.
(*They embrace, and exeunt.*

We have been thus diffuse in these earlier scenes, (comprising, notwithstanding their length, only the first act of this immeasurable drama,) that the requisite interest might be awakened for the subsequent incidents by a full developement of the generous and noble characters of the Count, the artist, and his pupil, all so finely conceived, and so brightly contrasted with the commonplace votary of wealth and ambition in that of the Marquis.

The next act is about to claim the sympathy of the reader for another per-

sonage—the blind and interesting Camilla, who is introduced as having yielded to her son's importunities, and sitting to him for her picture, amid the assembled family group.

The Marquis in the foreground renews with the Painter a former conversation respecting Italy, which, though without admitting it as yet to be his native country, he acknowledges having visited. He enquires about the few remaining artists of a degenerate age, and felicitates Spinarosa on having so early in life acquired such transcendent fame. The Painter sadly replies,—

Paint. Let none call happy one whose art's deep source
They know not—or what thorny paths he trode
To reach its dazzling goal!
Mar. What dost thou mean?
Paint. I'll seek a simile—Some gorgeous cloud
Oft towers in wondrous majesty before ye—
It bathes its bosom in pure ether's flood,
Evening twines crowns of roses for its head,
And for its mantle weaves a fringe of gold;
Ye gaze on it admiring and enchanted—
Yet know not whence its airy structure rose!
If it breathe incense from some holy altar,
Or earth-born vapours from the teeming soil,
When rain from Heav'n descends—if fiery breath
Of battle, or the darkly rolling smoke
Of conflagration, thus its giant towers
Pile on the sky—ye care not, but enjoy
Its form and glory.—Thus it is with art!
Whether 'twere born amid the sunny depths
Of a glad heart entranced in mutual love—
Or, likelier far, alas! the sorrowing child
Of restless anguish, and baptized in tears—
Or wrung from Genius even amid the throes
Of worse than death—Ye gaze and ye admire,
Nor pause to ask what it hath cost the heart
That gave it being!

Camilla, from whose eyes their wonted fillet had been removed while sitting to her son, (but whose face had till now been averted from all the rest of the group,) now beckons to her attendant Julia, to replace the covering, and then hastily rising, exclaims,

Cam. No more, my son! I can no longer stem
My soul's unwonted restlessness—I'll draw
Near to my Father's side, that I may share
Thy master's converse with him.
Marq. Aye, my daughter!
Come here and listen—Fate has long denied
The privilege of hearing Genius speak.
Cam. Let me not interrupt thee—Master, tell
More of thy wondrous land, bright Italy.
Paint. Gladly, fair lady—only I could wish
It had been thine to see it.
Cam. Dost thou think
'Tis strange to me? Aye! thou art right, for I
Scarce knew what 'twas to see—or if but dreams
My past bright visions were—it matters not!
Excuse the question—ye were naming now
Italy's artists—round her hallow'd shrine
Strange votaries wont to gather. Know ye aught
Of Solimena's northern scholars?
Paint. None
Can I recall—War drove the foreign band
Of pupils home.

Cam. War! did it leave them homes?
Born in some cold inhospitable breast,
It stalks abroad to live on others' tears
And others' heart's blood!—Yet, is there a strife
Deadlier than war! it desolates that land,
That little realm the hand may cover thus.
(*Lays her hand on her heart.*
Paint. If there it rage—there will ere long be peace!
Cam. Oh, my poor eyes! O lead me to the air,
Heaven's breeze may mitigate their deadly smart.
When have I felt thus sad? Away, away!

When she is gone, the Count asks the Painter if he had said too much of his interesting guest, and if he does not feel attracted towards her by resistless sympathy. He answers, that he could scarce account for the deep emotion he had experienced on her taking his hand, and returning her maternal thanks for his care of her son. A thousand slumbering ideas had seemed to revive with her voice, and had left him absolutely speechless, which he the more regretted, as her eyes could not supply the failure of words.

Leonhard now springs up in discontent from the easel, and declares himself too much of a novice to be able to do justice to his blind parent. The Count remarks that he has made her ten years too old. The Painter's judgment is more favourable, though he has never yet seen Camilla without the bandage, which so materially alters her expression; but Leonhard is aware of his own failure, and exclaims,

Leon. No! not my beauteous mother—but a wan
And faded image doth yon canvass bear!

The Painter beautifully remarks:

Paint. If summer thou wouldst paint, thou must not rob
Her of her gorgeous hues, though she should wear
In her gay coronal some wither'd flowers,
Thou must not bid them fade—Else will her form
Like Autumn's show, and thou be held to fail.—
But wouldst thou seize that silent spirit's power,
That 'twixt bright Summer and grey Autumn steals,
Foretelling change—Bid the flowers gently droop
Their heads as yet unwither'd, as though bent
Alone with starry night-dews—which their stems
May rear once more in beauty—then thou'lt make
A true, yet lovely picture!

The Count expresses himself most dissatisfied with the expression of the eyes. The Painter, as if inspired, says,

Paint. Methinks I feel it—though I never saw them!
Leon. (*Impatiently.*) Ye all are right—but whither shall I turn
To seek more living colours?—Yet how true,
How life-like did not my last picture glow
The beautiful young Roman's? Then I mix'd
Boldly my tints, and ever as I drew
Even thou wouldst say the very canvass lived!
Paint. Aye! 'twas a masterpiece—but well I know
Genii unseen were hovering round, and gave
The hues unearthly for the kindred task!
Leon. What Genii? Tell me?
Paint. Give them not a name!
While yet unquestion'd they with willing hand
Reach inspiration—but if once thou break
The silent spell—to combat they defy thee!

Leon. Indeed?—And wherefore do they now desert me?
Paint. A spirit doth stand near thee! filial love!
But it would lure thee from thine easel still
Into the arms of thy long absent mother—
It hath no time to mix thy colours for thee;
Yet fearless follow it—and leave thy task
Unfinish'd—rather than its bent oppose!

The Count and Leonhard unite in imploring Spinaresa to finish the picture. The Marquis enters, and adds his voice to the general dissatisfaction, thus,—

Marq. Yes! ye are right! Its very truth is painful,
Sorrow and pain are there, and their dark dwelling
Yon brow's untimely folds. The painter's art,
While it but teaches him to read too well
Grief's mystic characters upon the brow,
Bids him when read—in tenderness efface them.

All once more unite in imploring the artist to breathe animation into his pupil's work; the Count thus pleads,

Count. In the baronial hall of this old castle
Are all my valiant fathers' effigies,
And their proud dames assembled—one alone
Is wanting—that fair lady's—and shall it,
The fairest flower, not grace the hallow'd wreath?
O place it there!
Paint. Well! give me yonder pencils,
I'll follow my heart's dictates, and obey— (*He falls into a reverie.*
And yet I know not what thus stirs my soul,
I feel as if invisible spirits warn'd me
To shun the easel. Give me but a moment
To man me for the task!
Leon. O take me with thee,
I cannot leave thee thus! (*Exeunt together.*
Marq. (*To the Count.*) I came in quest of thee—I find my daughter
Since morning strangely alter'd.
Count. How?
Marq. Her heart,
Once so resign'd and peaceful, heaves and throbs
As it would burst its prison!
Count. 'Tis but joy
To see her son return'd.
Marq. A mother's joy
Pours healing oil on passion's troubled wave.
No! 'tis long slumbering Memory wakes the pang
Of deeply buried griefs.
Count. Oh! durst I hope!
Father! is there a hope that one fond spark
Kindles our mutual breast?
Marq. Would it were so,
My friend! but ah! I fear another image
From Memory's cave, like spirit from the tomb,
Hath risen to wake the heart's dead sympathies.
Count. Another! earlier known and earlier loved!
Spare me suspense—unveil the mystery.

The Marquis then narrates that he had, in consequence of the early death of his wife, confided the youth of his daughter to his sister, the abbess of a convent in Naples, hoping, by the strict seclusion of the cloister, to secure to his future son-in-law the undivided affections, as well as hand, of his youth-

ful bride. These parental solicitudes had been frustrated by an unforeseen accident. The celebrated painter Solimena, having been employed by the nuns to paint an altar-piece for their chapel, had further promised to their importunities to retouch a faded Madonna, said to be by a great master; but had contented himself with devolving the task on one of his pupils, a young German artist, named Leny, by whom it was admirably performed, though, to the surprise of every one, the restored Madonna proved the very living image of the Marquis's daughter, whose affections, as well as likeness, the young painter had contrived to steal.

This unfortunate, though innocent attachment, had only been just discovered as the bridegroom arrived, and sufficiently accounted for the maiden's tearful reluctance; the cause of which the Marquis (not very characteristically we should say) did not conceal from her husband. In answer to the Count's question, if he had ever seen the young artist, the Marquis answers—Never; that he had been indignantly driven from Naples by his noble rival, and he had never since inquired about him. The Count, to whom this early history is a sad death-blow, has only to enquire its connexion with the present.

Marq. Believe me, Spinarosa's coming,
His vivid talk of Italy, have woke
Within her breast forgotten images.
Did ye not mark her anxiously enquire
Of Solimena's pupils? When I led
Her to the air, she gave her feelings way;
Like crystal fountains from their dusky grots,
Gush'd irrepressible the streaming tears
From her eyes' darksome caves.
Count. Ye did but pluck
Her love, not root it up.
Marq. At least I tell
Ye openly what foe ye have to encounter.
A father's blessing will give victory.
Count. He who knows Love defies him not so lightly;
I'll sound her heart myself.
Marq. What! will ye draw
Forth from dim whisper'd silence, what, while there
Hath scarce existence?
Count. Hallow'd confidence
Shall be my only claim to more—but trust me!
I love, and Love will teach what it requires!

They are interrupted by Leonhard, who announces that his mother is about to join the family-group perfectly unaware, of course, that it is the Painter, and not her son, who is to take advantage of it to complete her picture. She thus affectingly summons Leonhard from his supposed occupation.

Cam. Art there, my son? Leave painting for a while,
Stay by me. I too have a painter's hand
That sight supplies. Let it convey thy features
E'en to a mother's heart. My world is small!
All its horizon what mine hand can reach!
When thou o'erleap'st it, thou'rt invisible?
Leon. Yet none the farther from thy heart.
Cam. Ay! true!
But my eye loves to tell my heart of thee;
Give me thine hand.—Thou'rt delicately rear'd—
Thy tender master has not let thee grasp
Life's oar too rudely—O! that cheek's warm glow,
Its favour'd clime, that knows no breath save Spring's,
Must bear youth's blended roses! Thou wert once
Thus high. 'Twas in our parting hour I took
Thy stature's measure—it just reach'd my heart;
Now is thine heart grown up to meet thy mother's.

These agitating reminiscences make Camilla complain of heat. The Marquis avails himself of it to advise laying aside her fillet. She complies, (unaware of the presence of the stranger artist,) and he begins his task—at first with composure—by degrees, with slight marks of surprise—at length, with all the tokens of lively and increasing emotion, which may be supposed to attend even dubious recognition of a beloved object. Camilla thus addresses her son, whom she supposes engaged at the easel:—

Cam. Yes, yes! I'll let thee paint me—that no blank
May be in thine ancestral hall—But ah!
Paint me with eyes half-closed—as if I durst
Not gaze upon the group.
Count. Not dare! and why,
When all its noble ladies bend before thee
With duteous welcome?
Cam. Ah, but I'm blind!
Once on a time, a painter lent me eyes,
Bright, heavenly, sainted eyes!—'Twas bold and sinful,
And therefore Heaven hath closed them in its wrath.
It is not meet that lamps in judgment quench'd
An earthly pencil should again relume.
Leon. O were my lips but warm enough to kindle
Their embers with a kiss!
Cam. Treasure their warmth,
To wake within thy soul a hallow'd flame,
That withers not the heart!
Castellan. (*Entering.*) A messenger is come to Signor Burg
With letters fraught from Naples.
Marq. 'Tis the Spring's
Glad harbinger—Quick, let us hence—Lenardo,
Come with me!
Cam. Take me with ye too,
That I may hear him speak—Me too he calls.
Marq. Nay, nay, remain—I'll lead him to thy chamber. [*Exeunt.*

The Count, with whom and her faithful Julia, Camilla now supposes herself alone, thus sorrowfully addresses her:—

Count. Is the voice dear that calls thee from my side,
And wilt thou follow it?
Cam. When winter flies—
That robs, like war, the songsters of the wood
Of their green dwellings, and with ruthless hand
Sends them unshelter'd forth—and when soft spring,
Like Peace's silver trumpet, whispers back
The wanderers to their home—who would not hear,
And spread fond pinions?

In answer to the mild expostulations of the Count, she continues—

Cam. Have ye not heard—I know ye have—the tale
Of the poor Sibyl—who, in feverish love
Of her dear country, hover'd on the brink
Of Death's dread gulf, till one in charity
Brought her a handful of Cumean earth,
And laid it on her heart?
Count. Is't then to die
Ye wish to reach those shores?
Cam. Nay, not to die.
To live once more I seek my native land.
If she could not depart till on her breast

Her cradle's dust reposed—I cannot live
Until I breathe once more the tepid airs
Whose balmy pinions fann'd my youthful bliss.

She throws herself on the compassion of the Count, whom she intreats to accompany her to Italy, as the guardian angel he had ever proved himself—and confides to him that, previous to her acquaintance with his brother, (to whom, however, she had been during their brief union a faithful and duteous wife,) she had loved, and that the tears which quenched her vision had failed to extinguish the memory of that pure first flame.

The painter, of whose presence and occupation at her picture she is perfectly unconscious, starts up and endeavours to leave the room. The Count makes him a signal to remain. Camilla exclaims—

Cam. Hark! I hear steps—A sudden shudder runs
Athwart my frame!
Julia. 'Tis nothing. Proverbs say,
When thus we feel, death strides across a grave.
Cam. Nay, nay, the footsteps were not those of death.
Was't not *his* well-known light and airy tread
Flitting along the dim church-aisle to meet me?
I can no longer wait—Lead to my chamber—
I must speak with th' Italian messenger.

The painter is left in all the ecstasies of reviving, and, at length not altogether hopeless love. He kneels before the picture with outspread arms, and the curtain falls.

The third act opens in the Baronial hall, decorated with armour and other trophies, and hung round with family pictures, one of which is covered with a curtain, while next to it a blank space yet remains. The Count has here a private interview with the messenger from Italy, who, alas! unconscious how much too late for happiness is its arrival, gives the noble knight, with cruel felicitations, the letter he concludes to contain the once precious dispensation—when he innocently remarks,

Mess. Is not the certainty of long-sought bliss
The dearest treasure to a faithful heart?
Of all I bring, *thine* is the costliest gift!

The simple answer of the Count speaks volumes:—

Count. Dost think so? Who can tell?

The old seneschal enters, and having been at length made aware of the rank and name of the strangers, pours out a flood of rude but hearty congratulations to his young lord, the son of his beloved Count Conrad, whom he had often carried in his arms, and from devotion to whose memory this attached though vindictive and ferocious retainer had stolen, at the risk of his life, from the gallows of Naples, the picture he now unfolds to view—though not, alas! till it had performed its fatal office, by betraying by its likeness its original to death. The Marquis exclaims—

Marq. Heavens! 'tis himself! I shudder to behold it!
Obliterated half by time, yet like
Not to my living son, but the pale ghost
That hovers o'er his grave.
Leon. Dear noble features!
Dust clothes ye now, even thicker than this picture.

All parties, prepossessed with the idea that this picture was furnished in consequence of a reward offered by the Neapolitan government, and urged on by

the inexorable seneschal, vow vengeance on the venal artist who could thus prostitute his skill for purposes of cruelty. The Count, with his usual mildness, would temper the blind impetuosity of revenge; but the old servant and the Marquis breathe a fiercer spirit; and the latter, investing his grandson with a sword from the nearest pile, makes him swear that he will devote his youth to seeking and punishing the murderer. The Count beautifully concludes:—

> *Count.* Try ere thou strike! From innocent blood preserve
> Thy maiden sword. No tears can wash it thence.
> Be thy heart's conqueror! With noble deeds
> Brighten thy father's name. Yet shouldst thou meet
> The traitor who could stain it, call him forth,
> And let him have fair judgment!

When the others have departed to dispatch the Neapolitan envoy, the seneschal privately imparts to the Count a clew which he possesses to discover the object of his deadly malice, in a peculiar sign or cipher usually affixed by artists as a distinctive mark of their respective works. The Count, to whom such vindictive triumph is repugnant, thus moralizes:—

> *Count.* Alas! blind vengeance is a bloody wolf,
> Upon his mother's vitals preying, while
> Her own fell womb is teeming with remorse.

When left alone, more bitter musings still possess him. He takes from his bosom the yet unopened letter from Rome.

> *Count.* What dost thou bring me, silent secret herald?
> If cold denial of my warmest wish,
> Thou'st chosen well thy time—that wish is dead—
> Or dost thou mock me with a granted prayer,
> A pardon—when the fatal stroke hath fallen? (*He opens shuddering.*
> My God! the dispensation! Mighty word!
> Absolver from all ties and all tribunals!
> How powerless now to heal a broken heart!
> On its invisible tablets stern decrees
> Are written, which defy thee to efface them. (*A pause.*
> She loves me not—she sees in me a brother—
> She trusts in me—she spreads before my heart
> Her new awaken'd love, and bids me gaze
> Into my forfeit Eden. Die, sweet hope!
> Farewell for ever! As a mother lays
> Beneath the sable cross the churchyard rears
> That darling child, that still in memory lives,
> So will I shroud beneath this cross once more
> The love I bury—but can ne'er forget.
> She trusts in me—then on to victory—
> I dedicate myself her love's true knight,
> And this hard sacrifice shall seal the vow!
> (*Tears the dispensation, and exit slowly.*

The scene changes to a gallery, open on one side to the Alps; the picture of Camilla is on the easel, and her faithful attendant seeks an interview with the painter, when mutual explanations take place, which we must merely hint at. Suffice it, that the slumbering affections of Anton Leny (as he now avows himself) derive fresh and imperishable energy from the communications of the attached confidante of his beloved; and he even resolves, in the laudable pride of genius and worth, to demand her of her ambitious parent. The only part of this scene, which must be particularized as bearing on the *poetical justice* of the drama, is, that Julia discovers from the painter's narrative that the picture so fatal to the late Count, and through him to the ambitious views of his haughty father-in-law, was really painted by poor Leny—not, as supposed, for the

Neapolitan government, but at the suggestion of the Marquis, who, as a means of eradicating his daughter's youthful predilection, had imagined the poor device of first employing and then insulting the young artist in the presence of the weeping Camilla. For her sake the outraged lover had bridled his resentment, and left Naples; but the picture (though *he* even yet continues ignorant of it) remained to be the unconscious instrument of retributive justice.

Leonhard now enters with his sword by his side. He asks,

> *Leon.* Dear master, know'st thou all?
> *Paint.* Aye, every thing.
> My blessing on thee, youthful Count von Norden;
> How well thine arms become thee!
> *Leon.* Call me son,
> And prithee do not mock me.
> *Paint.* Thou'rt my son,
> And ever must be. Little dost thou dream
> What hidden threads fate weaves into one bond.
> Come to my heart, bright image of thy mother!

The youth, cleaving with long-tried confidence to his instructor, intreats him to advise him whether to follow the counsels of those who would stimulate him to deeds of harshness and revenge. The painter mildly disclaims such general principles, but desires to hear the occasion of the enquiry. The youth then recalls to him a former admired work of his own, representing Orestes revenging his father's murder on Clytemnestra and Egisthus, and asks whether, as his art conceived, his judgment sanctions the deed.

> *Paint.* *I* ne'er imagined it. Alas! 'twas wrought
> More barbarous far than I had dared to paint it:
> But with mix'd feelings have I view'd my work,
> Now tempted to cry out, "Orestes, pause!
> Leave vengeance to the Gods"—now forced to own
> That justice urged the murderer's weapon home.
> *Leon.* Thou didst not then a son's harsh act condemn?
> *Paint.* Condemn it? nay! I shrink from thoughts of blood,
> Yet who shall say a son may not avenge
> A father? Let him to impartial right
> Commit his cause—and if man may not judge
> Between them, let him dare his dastard foe
> To manly combat in the sight of heaven!
> *Leon.* I thank thee; thou hast given me peace and courage.
> *Paint.* And yet thou'rt strangely moved!
> *Leon.* Let's leave yon picture;
> The waves within will not know rest till then.

The Count now enters, bidding Leonhard prepare for an excursion on horseback, in which, at the request of the Marquis, they are about to engage; and when alone with the artist, after apostrophizing, in mournful accents, the beautiful picture which he fears will soon remain his only consolation, (as he concludes his new friend will, out of affection for his pupil, accompany him and mother in her altered purpose of returning to Italy,) bids Spinarosa be to their mutual happiness, the guardian genius he had once thought to prove himself. On being asked why he should seek to delegate the pious office, he professes himself about—in furtherance of a solemn vow—undertaking a distant journey in quest of Camilla's lost happiness. Without in the least betraying his own love, or the extent of the sacrifice, he draws from the painter a confession that he was the early friend of Anton Leny, and the confident of his youthful passion; and makes him promise to guide him as the unexpected harbinger of unexpected felicity, to his supposed dwelling in Germany. The painter's gratitude is even now on the point of betraying him, though he as yet dreams not that he has a rival in the dedicated Knight before him.

The Marquis enters, eager to exhibit himself in new splendour to his host's vassals, and summons the painter to attend him as one of his suite; while the good Count more courteously invites him to survey the future heritage of his dear pupil. The painter declines both, on the plea of availing himself of the Countess's wonted evening visit to this gallery, for the purpose of finishing her picture. The father expresses his delight and surprise at its exquisite expression, and promises to grant *any* recompense the artist may demand. He coldly answers,

Paint. Say'st thou? I may ask *much!*

The riders depart, and the fair subject of the painter's labours shortly arrives. She thus pathetically laments her blindness to her attendant, whom alone she imagines present:—

Cam. O happy who can mount a flying steed,
And ride forth gaily in the golden day!
And thee, O Nature! with a loving glance
Embrace in all thy beauty! Thousand eyes
Gaze on thee—sea and stream reflect thy charms—
To me alone thou'rt hid! The burning lids
That in the fount of life would gladly bathe,
Must sadly swim in tears! Canst see the riders?
Julia. Ev'n now they gallop swiftly through the vale.
Cam. Dost see the painter? Does he boast the skill
To manage a proud steed? or rides he last?
Julia. The rocky screen now hides them from my view.
Cam. Take off my fillet, that the cooler air
May visit my sad eyes. I weary thee,
I fear with questions; but thou know'st 'tis thine
To do sight's office for me, and with words
Distinct and clear set life's new shapes before me.
Julia. Thy mind returns the office of mine eyes.
I place before thee the external world,
Thou lift'st for me the veil from that within.
Cam. Already hast thou sketch'd my son's dear likeness;
Now draw for me his master's. Is he tall?
Julia. Ay, thin and tall.
Cam. His eyes are surely blue.
Julia. Yes, even so—they wear truth's livery.
Cam. His brow is fair and free.
Julia. His brow? Nay, nay,
Deep seriousness enshrouds it.
Cam. Grief, perhaps!
Julia. I know not what the once smooth plain hath furrow'd.
Cam. Play not bright golden curls around his head?
Julia. Oh, no!
Cam. Indeed! And did his cheek not glow
When first his eyes upon the blind one fell?
Julia. I cannot tell.
Cam. Ah, then it is not he!

These reminiscences become too painful, and Julia, to soothe her mistress's agitation, goes to fetch her harp. In the meantime, the sunset call of the Alpine horn is heard, summoning the flocks and herds to rest. Camilla then gives vent to her feelings in a little mournful rhyme effusion.

I've seen thy charms in happier days, fair scene!
Ere endless night its pall around me spread;
And, stealing o'er the pearl-besprinkled green,
Have paused to hear Eve's silent solemn tread:
I've mark'd the weary peasant's quickening pace,

As near his lowly cot his footsteps drew—
And pleased look'd on, when, with his rosy race,
The partner of his toils to meet him flew:
And oft my heart hath join'd the peaceful pair,
When, mid soft evening chimes, their voices rose in prayer.

O my Antonio! by what paths unknown
Doth evening bid thee to thy home repair?
Who forth to meet thee from thy hut hath flown,
Whose faithful hands thy frugal meal prepare?
Oh, dost thou never see, by memory's light,
The poor Camilla's mourning image nigh?
Thine hovers round her, even in deepest night—
Oh, that her greetings on love's wings could fly!
(*Here the Painter kneels with outstretched arms.*
But, Father, I commend his lot to Thee,
Oh, grant him all and more thou didst design for me!

We must hasten towards a conclusion, omitting reluctantly many scenes of great power. One in which Camilla pleads in vain to be permitted to accompany her father to Italy, though the plea is thus affectingly urged:

Cam. And I, that have drain'd misery's cup with thee,
And shared the bread we moisten'd with our tears,
And held through grief's cold night my faithful watch—
Am I—at length, when joy's unwonted fire
Is kindled on our ancient hearths—denied
The privilege to bask in it with thee?

When answered with hints of the Count's attachment, she indignantly repels them, as unworthy of his dedicated character, which had hitherto shed its pure charm over their intercourse—and, as a last resource, implores her father to listen to a secret, which he, already anticipating its tenor, refuses to do. We can only glance at the next scene, in which the Count unfolds to the Marquis his firm resolution to resign his own happiness for that of his daughter, and seek, under the guidance of Spinarosa, his friend the painter Leny. To the cold suggestions of pride and ambition he thus replies:—

Count. See how between two blooming neighbour lands
A glacier stands, dividing them asunder,
As ye do faithful hearts! But ah! between
Its icy summit and the stars there lies
An ample realm of light it cannot bar!
Through these wide fields spring sends alike with love
Her secret heralds—balmy breath of flowers
Across stern peaks—and silent greeting hearts
In spite of thee!
Marq. My curse upon such love!
Count. Nay, should the lawine * of thy curse descend
Beneath Heaven's milder sun, 'twill softly melt
In a pure stream of blessing! Be it mine
With a child's tears to thaw thy frozen heart.

They are interrupted by the painter, who, announcing the conclusion of his work, bespeaks its place in the gallery. This the Count promises, while the Marquis detains Spinarosa in earnest conference.

Marq. Not with an artist, of a picture's price,
Have I to speak—No! with a man I'll treat
Of human happiness—and if with frankness,

* Avalanche.

Methinks, thou'lt higher prize the confidence
Wherewith I honour thee.
Paint. Proceed, Lord Marquis,
Confidence is a costly gift—yet mine
It may be to repay it ere we part.

The cold-hearted worldling renews his odious condescensions, and even after reiterated assurances that the love and society of his pupil are all the meed the master desires, can propose to him as a *slight* sacrifice, to forego, perhaps for ever, that satisfaction, by an immediate separation. The surprise of the artist may be conceived.

Marq. I must speak plainer.—It is said the Count
Would seek with thee, in Germany, a painter
Named Anton Leny—dost know where now he dwells?
Paint. Aye, truly.
Marq. Is his history known to thee?
Paint. He is my friend—few secrets are between us.
Marq. Ye may have heard then of his youthful love
For a young high-born beauty—as in manhood
We listen to a nursery tale.
Paint. No idle tale
Hath been to him this early love—it forms
The story of his soul—his art's inspirer,
The angel shape that led him pure through life.
Marq. Ye know him well, and warmly plead his cause.
He named the maiden, doubtless?
Paint. Yes! Camilla
Was his beloved one call'd.
Marq. Know, 'twas my child,
My only daughter, at whose bright possession
The bold one aim'd. 'Twas mine the ignoble tie
Timely to sever——
Paint. Did it bring ye joy
When sever'd? have ye in your daughter's heart
Ever replaced what then ye tore away?
Marq. The noxious seed will grow though by no hand
Paternal sown—again I see it rear
Its poisonous blade. If ye do wish us well,
Labour with me to root it from the soil.
Paint. Who, I?—and how?
Marq. Annihilate the cause
Of the Count's idle journey—well ye know
The painter can be nothing to my child.
Paint. I do not understand—methought a love
So long and deeply tried had gain'd the right
To cherish Hope.
Marq. Those who in Fortune's smile
Have ever safely bask'd, may condescend
To overleap rank's boundaries—but we
Who from Misfortune's envious shade return
To a late sunshine—must beware to sink
Again into the herd—shall it be said
Sorrento's pride was thankful to endow
A limner with his sightless daughter's hand?
No, No!
Paint. And shall a name which genius tends
For future ages, when proud pedigrees
Have slept in dust—not dare to rear itself
To match with thine?
Marq. (*proudly.*) Excuse me from reply.
Paint. Wilt thou lay waste another paradise

To rear a stately tomb? Dost thou not shudder
To see thy work? a daughter's grief-quench'd eyes,
That thou shouldst doom them still to weep, till death
Adds its dark shroud to thine?

Marq. Ye think me hard.
I am not so—as for your friend ye plead,
I take a father's part—she shall not weep,
She will be blest—blind, faded though she be,
She is a high-born generous noble's choice.

Paint. How! promised to another! Who hath dared?

Marq. Our mutual friend, the Count.

Paint. Yon black cross knight?

Marq. He hath forsworn it.

Paint. What! his brother's widow?

Marq. The holy father gives a dispensation.

Paint. No, no! it is not so—ye but deceive me.
Even now, he goes himself to bid the hopeless
Dream joy once more.

Marq. Romance is ever readier
To make unbidden sacrifice, than rear
The sober edifice of mutual bliss!
Know that the Count was destined for my child,
Long ere his brother wedded her—To him
In fatal chivalry he sacrificed
With his own hopes—the happiness of all.

Paint. What! twice?—he loved and yet assumed the Cross?

Marq. And now, when after years of silent pain,
Now, when despising all its rich revenues,
He spurns the knightly cross, and hath achieved
The Pope's high sanction—when, of old possess'd,
Camilla's inmost confidence affords
Love's surest, holiest basis—when through life
So long a lonely pilgrim—now he dares
Embrace his soul's beloved, and for us all
Spread in life's eve a hospitable home—
Upon whose friendly threshold even now
Mild household gods with nuptial wreaths await
The happy pair—cementing once again
Our house's friendship with our children's love—
Now—doth the ghost of early passion rise
Out of the chambers of forgetfulness,
Scaring the guests asunder—and by thee,
By thee evoked. Before thou cam'st, my child
Was peaceful and resign'd—but *he* and thou
Were fellow students—from one spot ye came,
Where this base passion rose—and Memory fann'd
The slumbering spark into a fatal glow.
It but remain'd that ye should idly tell
The Count that still this painter Leny lived,
Thus pouring oil, unthinking, on the flame!

Paint. Aye, aye, he loves her!—all is now explain'd,
Blind that I was! I might have read it long
In his frank heart.—Hath he confess'd his love?

Marq. Yes—and my blessing follow'd—but instead
(The wayward one!) of winning with this spell
Camilla's hand at once—he idly hears
Her childish secret—brings to light again
Her shrinking passion—and like that mad mother,
Who saved a stranger with her own child's life—
Distrusts alike his welfare and my hopes,
Plucks the scarce rooted flower of our bliss,
And, 'gainst himself, enters the lists with me.

Paint. Oh, noble heart! in love and victory great
Alike!—on which side shall I fight for thee?
Marq. Dost reverence the Count?
Paint. Ev'n as a saint,
Mild and magnanimous—I bow before him.
Marq. And my blind daughter—think'st thou not with him,
Her days may yet know sunshine?
Paint. Ask not me!
Marq. I speak confidingly—dost thou not think so?
Paint. Perchance—were her heart free——
Marq. The heart forgets
When the Grave interposes—o'er that barrier
No wish can climb: It seeks within the boundary
New ties—mock'd by the dread impossibility
To wake the dead.
Paint. The dead! but Anton Leny
Still lives——
Marq. Indeed! say but the word, and then
He's dead. Life has been borrow'd by the grave
To haunt our couch with spectres—wherefore not
Clothe life in death, for a more pious purpose?

The unfeeling Marquis presses his relentless request with cruel ingenuity, and at length seals his triumph by the following terrible ordeal.

Marq. Well! I set thee
Ev'n in a parent's place—Be thou her father,
Choose for a daughter's bliss. Here stand two men,
Both friends to thee—throw Fortune's gifts aside,
Wave rank and birth—let but their mutual virtues
Decide between them! Who hath truliest loved,
Who hath with costliest sacrifices earn'd
The right to wed her? be it thine to say——
Paint. Oh, do not ask me—let thy daughter choose——
Marq. Wouldst thou expose her to the cruel strife?
Ask her to break—ev'n when thus newly offer'd
For her—the poor Count's heart?
Paint. The victims crown'd
Stand at the altar—(*Pointing to heaven*)—'Tis the High Priest's office
To choose the purest!
Marq. Grant a father's prayer:
Never before did I to mortal bend.
Our peace—our bliss hang on thy lips. He's dead,
Dost hear? he's dead—thou hast but learn'd it now,
Wilt thou say thus?
Paint. Alas! Farewell, poor heart!
Here is mine hand,—the painter, Leny—is—dead!
Marq. Thanks for new life! but one petition more?
Paint. What hast thou left me to forswear? Speak on!
Marq. Bid us adieu! . . . When once the knot is tied
That binds us to the Count, thou mayst return.
Paint. Fear not,—I go—and never to return!
Marq. Thou'rt a high-minded man! Now to thy task;
Acquaint the Count with thy friend's death—invent
A motive for departure. I'll to Julia,
Bid her apprize Camilla, and refer her
To thee for confirmation.
Paint. Aye—to me!
'Tis good! apply to me; but tell her, tell her,
I charge her to be silent, and believe
Alone what now she hears.
Marq. And now, my friend,

My last request—I cannot be your debtor—
This fresh compliance adds fresh obligations.
Claim your reward.
Paint. Ye are too poor for me,
The painter, Leny, himself will pay me, when
I've dug his grave! (*Exit* MARQUIS.
(PAINTER *alone*) Did I not once before deep bury thee,
Thou wretched Leny? Wherefore didst thou awaken?
Love's morning dawns not yet—'twas dreams alone
Disturb'd thy rest! Be still, and weep not thus,
To sleep again! (*A pause*)—And must it then be so?
Ask not my heart! it must! fulfil thy task;
Restore a daughter to a father's arms;
Fan, though with dying breath, yon holier flame
Of love, which smoulder'd unperceived
Before thee, though for *thee* 'twas sacrificed!
It boasts a father's blessing—thine, his curse.
Is't not enough for thee to love her still;
That she loves thee; that thou didst rear her child;
That thou hast seen her tears flow for thee, ere
Thou seek'st thyself a grave? The churchyard gates
Are closed on thee already! Leny is dead!

Heart! summon all thy strength; lips, tremble not
To be death's heralds; eyes, lock up your tears;
Cheeks, grow not paler in the parting hour!
There is a time for all things—'twill be yours
To weep, to tremble, to turn pale—to die!

We must pass over, with reluctant brevity, a scene in the Baronial-hall, where the old seneschal eagerly unfolds to the Count, and Leonhard, the treasured secret of his vindictive spirit, viz. the identity of the private mark on the newly finished picture of the Countess, with that on the fatal likeness of her husband, brought from the gallows at Naples. The shock of the Count and his nephew may be conceived. The young man, of course, seeks to palliate when he can no longer doubt the evidence of his senses; but the Count, with a grave severity, in painful contrast with his usual mildness, and still more with the mortal sacrifice which we know the poor artist to be at that moment making to his happiness, takes up the matter with all the sternness of a judge, and remarks, that ever since the discovery of Leonhard's birth, a painful mystery had appeared to hang over and disturb the painter. The old retainer breathes nothing but instant and secret revenge. Poor Leonhard indignantly silences his croakings, and answers, with the fervour of youth and long acquaintance, for the artist's innocence. The Count coldly remarks, that, even if proceeding from culpable weakness, and not malice, the share of the painter in his father's fate must for ever place a bar between him and his pupil. He determines, however, on investigation—declares, that he will, himself, be the avenger, and, in the mean time, enjoins secrecy, on pain of his utmost displeasure, on the disappointed seneschal. The latter, left alone, vows to his dead master's picture, that his murderer shall not escape through the mistaken lenity of others.

A scene of deep interest ensues. Camilla has been expressing to her son and the Count her regret and surprise, on hearing that the painter talks of leaving them. She fears he may have been slighted by some one, and owns an inexplicable interest in him, and regret for his departure. She remembers his kindness to her child, and weeps. Poor Leonhard exclaims—

Leon. Ah, mother! so could I, if I but dared.

The Marquis and Painter now join them, and the former announces to the Count his having for the present relinquished all thoughts of going to Italy.

The Count requests him to remain master of the castle during his absence, as his own journey is irrevocably fixed on. The Marquis—waving that subject—adverts to the necessary departure of the Painter. All look toward Spinarosa, who remains with his eyes downcast. Leonhard asks—

Leon. And wilt thou leave me?

The Painter only nods in reply, and Camilla, who had listened intensely for his answer, exclaims—

Cam. Oh! speak, that I may hear!
Paint. I must go home.
Cam. Art not at home with us?
What tears thee thus from Leonhard?
Paint. The heart
Oft heaves with nameless longings.
Cam. An old mother,
Perchance, still hopes . . .
Paint. Mine hopes no more—she sleeps!
Cam. Perhaps a father—loving sisters——
Paint. No!
I've no one—I'm alone.
Cam. Oh! make us easy;
Name but some motive. Ah! a tender secret
Dwells in that silence: Love expecting waits——
Paint. No, death hath lighted on my love.
Count. (*Aside.*) By heav'n,
Guilt's hue is on his cheek! (*Aloud.*) If thou must go,
At least thou'lt keep thy word, and marshal me
Upon mine errand?
Paint. Let me go alone.
Stay here—thy journey would be now in vain.
Count. In vain, say'st thou? I trust not; yet 'tis plain
Thou art not happy with us——
Marq. (*To Count.*) Why torment him?
I know his cause of sorrow. Why conceal
The fatal tidings? He hath lost a friend.
Paint. Aye, on his grave I go to weep.
Count. (*Aside.*) 'Tis false!
Cam. Oh, do not weep!
Paint. When Life's long sultry day
Hath set, Death's night will have its due.
Marq. What was his name? ye mention'd ev'n now.
Count. (*Ironically.*) You've soon, methinks, forgotten it.
Paint. (*Reluctantly.*) Oh, no!
The name of my dead friend was—Anton Leny!
Cam. Leny! Oh, my God! Was he an artist?
Paint. Aye,
Aye—a poor German.
Count. 'Tis not so—he lies!
Cam. (*Fainting.*) My son, Lenardo!
Leon. Help! my mother faints!
Paint. (*Aside.*) Farewell!
Count. Barbarian! how did *she* offend thee?
Marq. Come to thy chamber.
Cam. Oh! death's wing is cold,
So cold! his night far darker still than mine,
He's lost to me for ever—he is dumb!
(*Exeunt all except* COUNT *and* PAINTER.
Paint. He's lost to thee for ever—he is dumb!
Count. (*Indignantly.*) Wretch! sport not with her words——
Oh! I beseech thee,

Recall thy lie—thou little know'st what hope
It poisons——
Paint. Though I knew, yet could I not
Unsay it.
Count. Didst thou not thyself consent
To lead me to him?
Paint. Aye, I thought so once,
But now the tidings of his death have reach'd me.
Count. Heavens, is it possible! Is she thus free?
Paint. Take, then, the bliss thou didst design for him
Home to thine own pure breast.
Count. (*Aside.*) What doth he mean?
Hath he discover'd?—(*Aloud*) Ha! my mind misgives me,
As if thou wert a villain, making havoc
Of others' bliss to aid thine own escape.
But hear me; I'll forgive thee—thou shalt go—
I'll never ask what crime thou didst commit,
If thou'lt but say—"I lied;"—say it—and live!
Paint. My noble friend, suspicion is to thee
As strange as guilt to me. I love, and honour,
And bow before thy silent generosity,
Yet did ye rank me not too far beneath ye—
Believe me, Anton Leny is dead—and lay
Yon monumental cross upon his grave.

Leonhard enters hastily, summoning the Count, at his grandfather's desire, to his inconsolable mother. The Painter betrays deep but suppressed emotion. The Count thus addresses him—

Count. To a dread secret bar I summon thee;
I'll lay before ye blighted wreaths, and call
Pale, silent witnesses, whom, if ye face,
Then I'll believe. (*Exit.*

The Painter and Leonhard are now left in painful tête-à-tête. The latter stands, for the first time in his life, shyly apart.

Paint. My son, my Leonhard, we must part!
Leon. And wherefore?
Paint. Ask not—we must. Come, lay thyself once more
Upon my heart. Why stand'st thou shuddering there?—
Am I grown strange to thee?
Leon. Strange! ah, how shall I
Wean myself thence?
Paint. Bid farewell to the tree
Amid whose boughs thy nest hung, when, like those
Of the young nightingale, thine earliest notes
Were pour'd. Alas! Fate's winter is approaching,
The tree must die—while thou, on jocund wing,
Spring'st into life!
Leon. And hast thou kept thy promise,
My master? Surely 'tis nought good that breaks
Our hallow'd bond, and sends thee from my side!
Paint. What! doth Suspicion's demon-form arise
Even in thy soul? Then is our heart's-bond broken
Indeed. If thou hast lost love's precious fruit,
Sweet confidence, the tottering plant is ripe
For parting.
Leon. Be not in a parting hour
Thus harsh.
Paint. Nor thou! seem as thou lovedst me still.
I will not ask what thus estranges thee,
I will not know who mine accusers are,

If thou absolv'st me not—alas! I cannot!
But give me the sweet boon of childhood's love
To live on in my weary pilgrimage,
When life's a desert to my beggar'd heart!
Leon. O, master! father!
Paint. Look me in the face;
Dost thou mark stains of conscious guilt behind
Its tearful veil? Lay on my breast thine hand—
Higher my heart may swell than e'er thou know'st,
But 'tis with love, pure, inexpressible,
That bids me leave thee—and in silence!
Leon. Love,
Methinks, seeks not concealment.
Paint. (*Lifting his hands to heaven.*) Oh! to Thee
Dare child of dust compare himself! What eye
Fathoms the fount of that Eternal Love
Which leads the stars through ether, dips their wings
In light, and bids their radiant arms expand
In brotherly embrace across heaven's fields;
Yet bids the rose-bud be with dews refresh'd,
And balmy breezes fann'd? Behind a veil,
Deep, dread, inscrutable, 'tis shrouded; yet
Thou dost believe it, for thou feel'st its power.
Oh! thus believe my love—thou'lt understand it
When I'm no more; 'tis but a sever'd drop
From the bright fount above—and, like it, pure!
Leon. (*Embracing him.*) Yes, yes! I do believe! Forgive me, father!

Unfortunately the youth's returning confidence forbids him to demand, or even listen, to the explanation the Painter could so easily give of the fatal picture affair—the enigmatical allusions to which, on his pupil's part, he is anxious to clear up; so they part, though in perfect amity, yet without a mutual understanding on that important point.

Paint. So! thou art mine once more—before I go!
Leon. Why shouldst thou go? thou wilt return again?
Paint. 'Tis in the hand of God—I scarce believe it.
Leon. Not to return! and wilt thou, thus forsaken,
Thus unprotected, wander through the world?
Oh, take with thee a token of my love,
For retribution, like a shadowy ghost,
Oft dogs the pilgrim's footsteps; take this sword,
Giv'n thee by love to be thy bosom's friend;
'Twas consecrated to a pious purpose:
Thy son fulfils it—in thus arming thee. (*The curtain falls.*

We must hasten to a conclusion, and compress into brief space the whole sad catastrophe of the fifth act, which opens with a soliloquy of the Painter's.

Paint. Lull'd is the day's loud tempest! and the depths
Of night heave only with the measured swell
Of deep-breathed slumber! Dreams the cradle rock
Of the vex'd mariner—the land smiles nigh,
And friendly beacons call the wand'rer home!
'Tis fix'd—I must depart. Night! let thy peace
Rest on this house—and light me on my path,
Ye stars! and when glad morning-chimes
Announce the dawn, when loving hearts enquire
Of me, I shall be far. Farewell, farewell!

He is joined by the Seneschal, in consequence of a private signal he had made him to do so. The old man ironically remarks on the general dejection pervading the noble household, and the inability of all (save the iron-souled Marquis) to partake of the evening meal. The poor artist breaks out into passionate parting sorrow, which the Seneschal hears unmoved; but becomes animated by keen malice, when the Painter solicits his assistance to depart secretly under cloud of night; a design which, of course, he ascribes to the consciousness of guilt.

Sen. Wilt thou go forth to-night?
Paint. Aye, this same night.
My silent farewell hath to all been said,
On all love's blessing shed! Now am I ready;
Open the doors at midnight—'tis the hour
Best fits my journey——
Sen. Trust me, I'll be there.
Paint. But one prayer more—Where doth the picture hang?
Sen. Which mean ye?
Paint. Which! the likeness of the Countess
I lately painted.

Sen. 'Tis in the great hall.
Paint. I would take leave of it—Wilt let me see it
Before I part?
Sen. Thou'lt find more pictures there,
Perchance *they* may have farewell greetings for thee!
Paint. Then ye consent; but not a word of this.
Sen. I can be secret. Well I know your reasons!
Paint. O, night, come quickly with thy pall of sleep;
When life's at rest, the dead should wander free! (*Exit.*

The significant comments of the old servant, on the murderer's guilty flight, prepare the mind for some impending catastrophe.

The Count and Julia now enter in earnest conference, which the Seneschal unfortunately attempts to interrupt in vain with his supposed unimportant secret. Julia, now urged by necessity, places unlimited confidence in the Count—exculpates Leny from all guilt, or even an involuntary accession to his brother's fate—and, after drawing from this magnanimous lover his determination not even to attempt to rival the *memory* of the deceased Leny, she informs him of his being not only alive, but actually on the spot, in the person of his pretended friend; whose generous motives for signing his own death-warrant the Count now first comprehends and fully appreciates. He resolves on devoting his whole powers of persuasion and claims on the Marquis to the cause of unfortunate love; but also defers, not unnaturally, these final exertions till the Painter's moment of departure next day, when the feelings of Camilla may powerfully second the voice of friendship. To Leonhard—who has at length been made acquainted by his mother with her early history—he holds out similar though general promises of labouring for her happiness, and permits Julia, in the meantime, to soothe her regrets by vague but pleasing anticipations—doomed, alas, by this procrastination, never to be realized. In the meantime, the vindictive Seneschal, finding his warning slighted by the engrossed Count, awakes the more congenial Marquis from his first sleep, to take upon himself the office of avenger. They conceal themselves in Camilla's chamber, adjoining the Baronial-hall, availing themselves of her absence with her attendant in the castle gardens, unusual presentiments having deprived her of rest.

As twelve strikes the Painter enters, and thus apostrophizes the Countess's picture—

Paint. Here may I dare to breathe no mute farewell,
And stamp thine image on my widow'd heart.

In memory shalt thou live, as pictured here,
Still smiling—though I weep—I'll clothe thy future
In the bright halo art has round thee thrown.
Races unborn may pause, perchance, before thee,
Wondering to see the charms, that singly grace
Thy late posterity, in one rich crown
Twine round thy brow. The magic wand of art
Shall speak the master's power, when all unknown
Is its sad source—and his true love forgotten.
'Tis midnight! Spirits of yon silent heroes,
Wake ye not now? Do ye not hover nigh,
Ye ancient masters, o'er your darling works?
Oh! take me to ye! let me join your band,
That nightly we may wander here together.
(*To the covered picture*) And thou—who art thou? there, behind the veil,
Fear'st thou her charms should dazzle thee? for shame,
Doff thy concealment, and salute yon angel!—
What do I see? hath hell dispatch'd thee hither,
Detested image! love and art alike
Once more with fiendish mockery to profane,
And with thy faded, ghastly features, scare
My soul bewilder'd from yon holy shrine?
Avaunt! Begone from her whose life 'twas thine
To poison! Thou'rt my work, and I may dare
Annihilate thee! (*He draws his sword to destroy the picture.*

Enter Marquis *and* Seneschal.

Marq. Hold! detested traitor!
Sen. Stand, self-snared sinner!
Paint. Why? What have I done
That thus ye call me?
Marq. Dost thou ask so boldly?
If with drawn sword ye dare to coward combat
Yon senseless picture—which in Naples cost
My son, Count Norden's life—lo! in its room
Do I defy thee to the strife——
Sen. And I!
Paint. Is't possible? Hung *this* upon the scaffold?
Did *this* betray him? Heav'nly justice, hold!
Cease to be love's avenger! 'Tis enough!—
Let deep oblivion bury all—and so
Farewell. I must be gone.
Marq. Stand, traitor, stand!

The Marquis then, referring to Julia's former communication to himself, puts it to Spinarosa, whether he or Leny painted the fatal picture—betraying his cruel wish to have the blame laid on the latter, that his very memory may be embittered to Camilla. The generous Painter, by a last effort of magnanimity, refuses to give her this additional pang, and at the risk of his life answers—

Paint. Not Leny—'twas I!
Sen. Ye hear him! he confesses!

The Seneschal falls on him, accusing him of having purloined the sword designed for his own punishment. The Painter indignantly appeals to Heaven, and disarms the assailant in a moment.

Marq. Then, it remains for me—Vengeance is mine.
Defend thyself! Blood calls aloud for blood!
Paint. No, no! I dare not! No! it is *her* father!

Marq. To hell, then! dastard villain! (*Stabs him.*
Paint. Stay thine hand!
It has struck home—all's over!
Sen. 'Tis enough.
The Count must know. (*Goes out.*
Paint. Short is the painful path.
Farewell, Camilla!
(Camilla *and her Attendant now burst in from the adjoining chamber.*
Cam. Ha! who calls? I hear
The clash of arms—The spirits are at strife!
Paint. Peace is at hand!
Julia. Merciful Heav'n, what's here?
Leny bathed in blood!
Cam. How? dost thou see his ghost
Bloody before thee?
Julia. (*To Painter.*) Man thyself, and say
What hath befall'n thee.
Paint. (*Imploringly.*) Ask not—and begone.
Julia. Revive! but for Camilla——
Paint. (*In agony.*) Ah! Camilla!
Cam. Hark! 'twas his voice! he call'd me!
Marq. (*To Julia.*) Hence, I say!
Julia. 'Tis he, Camilla! and his outstretch'd arms
Are longing to enfold thee.
Cam. Where is he?
Horror and joy run mingling through my frame—
The thunder-clouds have met; strange lightnings flash
Through the deep midnight! Who hath from mine eyes
Rent the dark veil, letting forgotten rays
Pierce through the gloom of years? Where is he?
Marq. Hence!
Hence, I command thee! 'Tis no place for women
Mid manhood's strife.
Cam. (*Gazing bewildered on him.*) What form is that I see
With bloody sword? Thou, like my old hard father,
Art come to stand between our new-freed souls—
No! on this side the grave thy might is ended!
Marq. Take hence yon lunatic—my shuddering soul
Shrinks from her ravings.
Cam. Why are ye so pale?
Is judgment nigh? I see its morn hath dawn'd,
The graves have open'd! Is thy word fulfill'd,
Dread recompenser? Is thy time arrived
For healing broken hearts? Dost give me him
Once more? Where is Antonio?
Julia. (*To Painter.*) Call her by her name
Once, ere her senses fail.
Paint. O my Camilla!
Cam. 'Tis love calls on me! Yes, I know thee now!
Oh, take me with thee!
(*She sinks into his arms in a dying state.*
Paint. Come, beloved one, come!
Julia. O God, she dies!
Marq. She's frantic—tear her from him!

Enter Count *and* Seneschal.

Count. (*To Painter.*) What do I see? My friend, methinks thou'rt wounded.
Paint. Ev'n unto death!

Julia. O, help.
Leon. My mother dies!

The grief and consternation of the Count may be imagined—his indignation thus breaks forth against the Marquis, who declares he has redeemed his honour.

Count. Aye! with your children's blood!
The noble heart by thy rash hand transfix'd
Was God's own temple, on whose spotless altar
Virtue in silence laid her costliest offering.
Yes! he was silent, when to speak was bliss!
Yet is the death dealt by thy hand less bitter
Than life, as doom'd by thee to drag its chain.
Know, 'tis the painter Leny who lies murder'd there.
Marq. (*Despairingly.*) Where art thou, Death?
Paint. (*To the Count.*) I meant it well—I thought
To make her thine—but now she is mine own:
Thanks to her father, who united us! (*He dies.*
Count. Haste homeward with thy bride!
Leon. He dies! O Father,
Take me too with thee!
Marq. Wake, Camilla, wake,
He is not dead!—My weak arm could not kill.
He shall be thine—awake! Back, grisly Death!
Julia. Death would not be so cruel——
Count. Once ye stole
His semblance—now he claims a double debt.
O puny mortal engines, Pride and Vengeance,
How pow'rless are ye to encounter Death!
When, in vain quest of loved ones, weeping children
Stray through Life's path, their heavenly Father sends
His mightiest messenger to bear them home.
Julia. Ye're with your father! Peace be to your bond.
Marq. Dead? Both?
Leon. (*To his mother's body.*) Can thy son's sorrowing voice
Not reach thee where thou art?
Count. O, let her sleep!
Marq. Come to me, Leonhard!
Leon. Yonder lies my sword
Between us—ye are full of blood——
(*To the Count.*) My father,
Take, take me to thy breast.
Count. Yes! be my child!
What I had hoped—is Death's—but this I know,
I've dearly bought a father's right in thee!
(*The curtain falls.*

BISHOP OF CHESTER'S LETTER TO THE CLERGY OF HIS DIOCESE.

When an imputation of any kind is cast upon a body of men, the charge made against them has been compared to a phial of ink thrown into a pool of water. The stain is so diffused throughout the whole, that it is scarcely perceptible in any particular part.

Supposing such a pool to exist,—of all the birds in the air which came to dip their beaks, and flutter, and plume themselves therein, one would think *that* the strangest bird which should endeavour to collect the impurity, and carry as much as possible home to its own nest. We can fancy we see the "rara avis," with beak and claws begrimed and besmutted, bespattering its astonished young with the fruits of its grovelling! But no;—there cannot be such a naturally ink-loving bird in existence: and if we really saw one, in a situation which might render him liable to suspicion, we should be charitably inclined to conclude, that the poor thing had been disporting himself in the said pool, (mayhap not his natural element,) and had, contrary to his own inclinations, become soiled with certain particles of the floating stain. We can readily imagine what such a bird must feel, when, on returning to its nest, or among its own kind, it should be avoided, or looked upon shyly, by those fortunate bipeds that had remained uncontaminated. It would, moreover, be amusing to see the said creature, after fruitlessly endeavouring to get rid of the taint, endeavouring to cackle his brethren into a belief that it was exceedingly becoming, and that "motley was the only wear." Like the fox that had lost his tail, he might harangue, and declare it was the last new fashion; but, truly, *the flock* must be silly geese indeed, if they did not suspect the real state of the case. They would conclude, when beholding the state of his plumage, as Falstaff did of treason, "that dirt lay in his way, and he hath found it."

We have now before us* "A Letter to the Clergy of the Diocese of Chester, occasioned by the Act of the Legislature granting relief to his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects. By John Bird, Lord Bishop of Chester."

The writer begins by stating, that though he has been "inclined for many years to consider the removal of the Roman Catholic disabilities, upon the whole, desirable, yet those persons have often appeared to him fortunate, who were exempted from any active concerns in a question which he knew to be attended with uncertainty, and perplexed with many difficulties." He then continues—"It has been no longer in my power to possess *this secret satisfaction.*" Greatly do we marvel what may be the nature of this "secret satisfaction," which could harbour itself within the breast of a dignitary of the Established Church. Truly it seemeth to have a strong savour of that "secret satisfaction" wherewith a "white-feathered" soldier might find himself ensconced behind a stone wall in the day of battle. We are not now called upon to enter into a discussion upon a question which has been so frequently and so ably handled as that of Roman Catholic Emancipation—we propose merely to stick to the "Letter;" and therein we find the following passage:—"I could not, however, rest satisfied with merely the cold expectation, that no mischief was likely to arise to the Protestant religion. I look further to a *great* and *positive advantage,* not indeed to this country, which less needs it, but in Ireland." P. 22. And, in the next page, we have this assurance,—"I FULLY BELIEVE that a MAIN OBSTACLE to the REFORMATION in Ireland IS REMOVED by the removal of political distinction between Protestant and Roman Catholic." This is a formal announcement of his belief on this important subject, made, not in the heat of argument, nor the careless confidence of the dinner table; but expressly addressed, from the study, by a Bishop of the Reformed Church to the clergy of his diocese! With such a belief, voluntarily expressed, what kind of "secret satisfaction" can that be which the writer would have felt, had he been "exempted from any active concern in the question?"

* A Letter to the Clergy of the Diocese of Chester, occasioned by the act of the Legislature granting relief to his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects. By John Bird, Lord Bishop of Chester. London. Hatchard and Son. 1829.

To assist in the removal of "a main obstacle to the reformation," one would have conceived to be a work so glorious and exciting, to any man fit to be a Bishop of the Reformed Church, that even a crown of martyrdom might not have been declined for its achievement. But no. In these, "our modern days," matters are differently ordered. "Some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness *thrust* upon them." But let us seek in the "Letter" for a solution of that which perplexes us. Is it possible that the following, which we copy from page 12, can throw any light on the subject?

"In the course of social and political life, many circumstances occur which cannot and need not be pointed out, but which often lead men to act in a very different way from what, on abstract principles, might be expected."

There is no denying this, "seeing what we see, and hearing what we hear." We perceive the Bishop hath pondered upon the nature of man's mind. There are strange arcana and hidden mysteries there, not to be accounted for, perhaps, "on abstract principles." But it is a fine study, as Juvenal says—"E cœlo descendit γνωθι σεαυτον." The Bishop's next lamentation (the loss of his "secret satisfaction" being the first) is, that he was obliged to take an active part in the removal of the "main obstacle to the reformation in Ireland" "*so soon* after his appointment to the diocese." It certainly was a hard case. No man likes to do good, "upon compulsion," at any time; but, to be compelled to set about it directly one possesses the power, really requires more than a common share of the "milk of human kindness" to endure. Here, however, the writer is kind enough not to abandon us to the misty light of our old-fashioned "abstract principles," nor to vague conjectures as to "circumstances which cannot be pointed out." His regret arises from a want of opportunity to establish "a mutual confidence between his clergy and himself," which, however, "he trusts may be hereafter furnished." Perhaps it may: but, in the meanwhile, it has been his misfortune to be "brought to the alternative of opposing his own conscientious view of justice and expediency, or of voting in contradiction to the sentiments of a *large majority* of the body over whom he had been called to preside." Mutual confidence of course must follow. The next passage we copy verbatim, because it speaks worthily of those whom we respect. "I have the greater reason to lament this, because my predecessors in the see, whose influence may well survive them, established as it is by the benefits which they conferred upon the diocese, have taken a different view of this question; so that the additional weight of their authority has been given to that scale towards which general opinion inclined."

"The weight of a Bishop's *authority*" being thrown into "the scale of *opinion*," is a somewhat startling expression, when used by a Bishop to his clergy. Let them, however, look to that,—we are not disposed to be hypercritical. After these preliminary regrets, the "Letter" proceeds to state, that the writer did not choose "to encounter the heat of feeling which prevailed whilst the Act was in progress." Hot work seems to be particularly inimical to his "secret satisfactory" feelings; "but now," he says, "that there is no longer any room for controversy,"—which is as much as to say, "I won't listen to any reply; I am one of Erasmus's bishops, "Non amo monachum respondentem:"—"Now," he proceeds, "we can calmly enquire whether either our religion, or our Protestant establishment, are brought into serious hazard by that change in our laws, in which so large a majority of the legislative body has concurred." Page 3.

The questions as to whether "the enactment was lawful or not," and "whether the step taken was inevitable or no," are immediately thrown overboard. "It is unnecessary now," the right reverend prelate says, "to enquire." We have, however, a taste of the old dogma, that Ministers knew something that nobody else knew, dished up in a new style, thus:—"It is improbable that, except upon such conviction," (*i. e.* of its inevitability,) "they should have embarrassed themselves with a measure so arduous and unpopular." This is worthy the dominie of a village-school. "Take that, my lads," he says, when administering the cane; "you can't understand what it's for,—but never mind, *I* know, and you'll be the better for it by

and by, depend upon it!" The worthy diocesan next affirms, that he "certainly could not have given a conscientious vote in favour of the bill, if he had believed that it would either weaken the Protestant establishment, or *extend the influence* of the Roman Catholic religion." In the capacity of merely verbal critics, we should have liked this sentence better, had the first part been more bluntly worded. The repetition of the epithet "conscientious," appears to be in what is now called "bad taste."

It must, however, be extremely satisfactory to the minds of the clergy, to learn, that a Bishop of the Established Church believes, that the *influence* of the Roman Catholic religion *will not* be extended by the admission of eight members of her communion into the House of Lords, and fifty into the Commons! These are the numbers calculated in the "Letter." (Pp. 6 and 7.) For our own part, we were (perhaps) weak enough to imagine, that men, who have been prevented from taking their seats in Parliament *solely* on account of their religious and "conscientious" scruples, would, in all probability, feel it a duty to exert any influence which might fall to their share, in favour of such measures as *were likely* to increase the power of their Church. We confess this to have been our fear. We imagined that, having gained a footing, they might advance gradually, step by step, until they could assume a more commanding position; but the "Letter" goes at once to the question of ascendency. After briefly stating, that the Established Church of Ireland was in danger, *before* the passing of the bill, the writer says, "The only question is, whether that danger be increased or diminished by the *political influence* which Roman Catholics are likely to enjoy, who, as many seem to believe, will value their *newly obtained privilege* only in proportion as it gives them the opportunity of *enforcing the claim of their own Church to ascendency.* But, supposing them to entertain this object, it can only be carried into effect in one of two ways,—by force, or *by influence.*" This reads very strange, after the former passage! Here we find "political influence," "newly obtained privilege," "opportunity of enforcing," &c. all attributed to Roman Catholics; and yet the "influence" of their religion will not be "extended!" If such be the case, it clearly proves that the Roman Catholic religion can have *no influence on the heart* of its professors. All those doctrines, which the Bishop was wont to call "damnable," are but phantoms of the brain, if they *influence* not the *mind* and *conduct of men.* But let us seek in the Letter for a solution of this problem.——We have it! page 13. "Why, in short, may we not be allowed to *hope* and *believe,* in the case of the Roman Catholics, what, in other cases, we are too often obliged *to fear or to lament,* that men do not *always act, or speak, or think,* in *exact accordance* with the *articles* to which they have *assented,* or the *words* and *formularies* which they *recognise* as their *own?*" Here is ground for hope, with a vengeance! With our nonsensical reasoning, upon "abstract principles," we should never have discovered it, but for the "Letter."

But, in spite of all the sedatives applied, to benumb our feelings, in the varied forms of cant and expediency, our blood will rise occasionally. What! admit men into office, with the hope and *belief* that they will perjure themselves! Is this the language of a British legislator? Can these be the words of one who, but the other day, before the Archbishop, solemnly declared, that he was "ready, the Lord being his helper," "with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's word, and, both privately and openly, to call upon and encourage others to the same?"* We have, indeed, "to lament," &c.——but how to account for the thing, we are utterly at a loss, unless peradventure by again quoting the Bishop's own words: "In the course of social and *political* life, many circumstances occur which *cannot,* and *need not,* be pointed out, but which often lead men to act in a *very different way* from what, on abstract principles, might be expected." We vehemently deprecate the doctrine; and yet, coming from such a quarter, we dare not assert that it is without foundation. If "offences" of this sort

* From the order of the consecration of bishops, in the Book of Common Prayer.

"will come," in political life, we most sincerely condole with the truly "conscientious" man who is exposed to such temptation; and not only "lament," &c. with the Bishop, in his own words, previously quoted, but deeply, bitterly "lament," that *he* is not now enjoying that "secret satisfaction" which might have been his lot, had he fortunately been "exempted from any active concern" in *the* question. "Better," indeed, were it, for one who hath solemnly promised to "be diligent, to frame and fashion himself and his family according to the doctrine of Christ, and to make both himself and them, as much as in him lieth, wholesome examples and patterns to the flock of Christ:"* far "better' were it for him "to be a door-keeper in the house of his God, than to dwell in the tents of (such) unrighteousness!"

After noticing this "hope and belief" that the Roman Catholics will not act according to their own "assertions, words, and formularies," what shall we say of the following passage in page 11?

"There have long been Protestant members in the House, who are known to look with jealousy upon the Irish establishment; and they have not been *bound, as the Roman Catholics* who may succeed in their places *will be,* by a *solemn engagement,* to use none of the power which they possess, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion, as by law established."

What can the Bishop suppose the heads of his clergy are made of, when he talks of a solemn engagement *binding* men, respecting whom such a hope and belief may be allowed as he has thought proper to sanction?

Perfectly free as we are from "the authority" of Episcopal "opinion," we cannot perceive any ground for consolation in this most unusual style of reasoning. We are unable to discern what degree of solemnity can be given to this new abjuration, in order to make it more binding than the "articles to which they have" already "assented, or the words and formularies which they recognise as their own;" but which, notwithstanding, we may "be allowed to hope and believe" they will not "always act, or speak, or think, in exact accordance with." Unwilling as we are to admit, for a moment, even with the sanction of this "rara avis" of a Bishop, that we, as Christians, may "be allowed to hope," that "eight" Peers of the realm, and "fifty" members of the House of Commons, will be guilty of such gross dereliction of all that is honourable; we will, notwithstanding, *merely* for argument's sake, suppose the thing correct. Common-sense, the experience we have had among mankind, and, perhaps, our notions of "abstract principles," all unite in telling us, that such individuals are far more likely to set at nought any engagements which they may have been, in a manner, compelled to make, by and with heretics, than those solemn "articles, words, and formularies, which they have recognised as their own," of the importance and truth of which they are fully persuaded, and for the profession and adherence to which they have been content, during the whole of their lives, hitherto, to endure the most painful privations.

We have a most orthodox antipathy against many of the doctrines of the Church of Rome, yet we are compelled to believe that her members are sincere in their credence thereof; since we have beheld the Peer renounce his birthright, and the ambitious man abandon his hopes of future eminence, rather than give their assent to "words" which they consider to be at variance with her "articles and formularies." Looking at the past lives of these men, we are bound to admit, that (however we may dislike their creed) they have, up to the present time, acted consistently, and like men of honour. We have considered them as our political enemies. We have done every thing in our power to prevent them from acquiring the influence which they are now likely to possess; and it is our intention (as far as, in these changing times, we can answer even for ourselves) to continue upon the alert, and to stand in the way of their acquiring more. We have endeavoured, according to our means, to preserve the partition wall, which was between us, uninjured; but it is now broken down, and they are among us. Yet we cannot believe, notwithstanding what we

* Ordering of Priests: Common Prayer-Book.

have lately witnessed, that the moral atmosphere of our high places, is altogether so pestilential to character, so destructive of all manly feeling, so mortal to those "abstract principles" of honour and consistency, which we have been in the habit of considering as designating the nobler and better part of our kind, as utterly to change the minds and natures of these men. We cannot imagine that, immediately upon their entrance into either House, they shall abandon their creed, and forsake the principles which they imbibed in infancy, and which have "grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength."

This were scarcely short of a miracle; and if it should happen, would argue little in favour of the nature of that society, by coming in contact with which the wonder might be effected. It would fill our hearts with joy and gladness, could we behold these members of our national councils converted from what we sincerely believe to be "the error" of their ways, and becoming indeed "of us," one fold, and under one shepherd; but to see them in a state of mean, moral, and mental degradation, cannot be the subject of *our* "hope," notwithstanding "the authority of opinion" before us. It is painful to reflect what the state of our country might be, with wretches so utterly debased and demoralized among her legislators.

We again repeat, that such is not our opinion. We dare not, we will not, we cannot, thus think of our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. But, if we be mistaken, and they really are so unmindful of the most solemn ties by which human nature can be bound, we cannot conceive any character that would render an individual more unfit to be intrusted with influence among his fellow-men; unless, peradventure, some one could be found, who, *believing* them to be so depraved, would *assist* them in *acquiring power*.

But we return to the Letter, and, in page 20, find the following: "The Roman Catholic will certainly acquire additional power. But he will acquire no power which he can use, except in the way of argument and reasonable influence." What the precise meaning of "reasonable influence," in the present day, may be, the writer of the Letter is perhaps competent to explain. We have lately witnessed a degree of influence exercised by men in power, which we could not avoid thinking unreasonable; and the Bill in question, be it remembered, renders Roman Catholics admissible to power and place. But the Letter tells us (page 14) "admissibility is not admission." We must have the whole of this sentence. "I have no intention of denying that I should think it a great misfortune to see the principal offices of the state administered by Roman Catholics. They must, of necessity, be indifferent, to say the least, to the interests of the Protestant Church." "Of necessity be indifferent!" We should have conceived, on the contrary, from what we have heard and seen of Roman Catholics and their religion, that it would be utterly impossible for them, in such a situation, to feel any thing at all like indifference! But let us finish the quotation;—"And we might wish it to be impossible, that those who have influence in their hands, should not employ it to the advancement of true religion. But, in the first place, it is very unlikely that a Roman Catholic should be actually called to an important situation in the government of this country. Admissibility is not admission; and, in a practical view of the question, this difference must not be left out of consideration. It is not probable, then, that the Sovereign should select Roman Catholics for his chief ministers."

We sincerely hope not: But the conclusion to which the Bishop thus jumps on the subject, does not appear necessarily to follow from any thing that has gone before. It would, he acknowledges, be a misfortune, were any Roman Catholics to attain to those stations, to which he has, in the House of Lords, declared they have an equal right with their fellow countrymen; and to compass which, he has, by giving his vote, rendered them all the assistance in his power. But—hold! This great statesman and ecclesiastic has a saving clause—"Admissibility is not admission." Oh, no! The man who destroys the river's bank in summer, when the waters are low, most certainly does not give them admission, but only "admissibility," into the meadows. If he be but a sojourner in the vale, he may, perchance, enjoy his little day, and depart therefrom before the torrent shall arise; and

the reflection must be extremely consolatory to his feelings. He may enjoy a "secret satisfaction."

With respect to the indifference of Roman Catholic officers of state to "the interests of the Protestant Church," we cannot discover any reason for supposing that they would, if in power, exercise more liberality toward our establishment, than the present government is disposed to shew towards them, according to the Bishop's account in page 10; where, after speaking of the Roman Catholic priests, and the "plausible temptations to license" and "to pay them their salaries from the state," he says, these measures "were steadfastly resisted, on the express ground that a Protestant government could not in this manner consistently recognise or legalise the Roman Catholic religion." We cannot, therefore, avoid feeling some notion, that a Roman Catholic government might hesitate about the propriety, consistency, or "expediency" of "recognising" a religion which it believes to be corrupt, and of a ministry which it believes to be awfully dangerous to the persons placed within its influence." We here use the words of the Bishop, when speaking of the Roman Catholic priests.

We now come to the admission that "the Prime Minister may be a Roman Catholic," p. 16. "We will admit," says the Letter, "that, notwithstanding the precautions which have been devised to secure the proper disposal of preferment, he has interest enough with the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the time being, to nominate whom he pleases. All this I can venture to admit; and I find it taken for granted, more universally than charitably, or even reasonably. Still there remains a safeguard, which the omnipotence of a Prime Minister itself cannot set aside."

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF A PRIME MINISTER ITSELF! Is this, then, the "reasonable influence" which the Roman Catholic was alone to acquire? We have no right to doubt that the Bishop has a very firm conviction of the truth of what he writes: and, for our own part, though far removed from the polluted and polluting atmosphere of courts, we verily believe, that, if any mortal can perform miracles, that mortal is the Prime Minister of Great Britain. We know that, by some strange and talismanic power, he exercises, what we suppose we must call a "reasonable" influence, inasmuch as it seems to affect the reason of men, to change their opinions, and to compel them to utter, like Balaam, far different words than those which they previously intended to speak. We dare not hazard any surmises relative to the precise causes of this "omnipotence." It is among the hidden things; and, probably, in some way connected with those "circumstances" which "occur in the course of social and political life," "which cannot and need not be pointed out, but which often lead men to act in a very different way from what, on abstract principles, might be expected."

Admitting the omnipotence of the Prime Minister to be even as the Bishop himself might wish, what is this "safeguard" which even he, after he shall have corrupted the Archbishop of Canterbury, "cannot set aside?"

Let us bend down our heads, and listen to the words of wisdom.

"He" (the omnipotent Prime Minister) "can only nominate those who are qualified by law to hold preferment; he can only nominate clergymen of the Church of England; and this is a complete security to the Church." Seeing that the aforesaid Archbishop of Canterbury hath the power to ordain whomsoever he thinketh fit, and seeing that John Bird, Bishop of Chester, is inclined "to hope and believe" that "the Roman Catholics" (as in other cases we are too often obliged to fear or to lament) will "not always act, or speak, or think, in exact accordance with the articles to which they have assented, or the words and formularies which they recognise as their own,"—seeing these things, we marvel that the "Letter" writer should have cast forth his sheet-anchor of "complete security" on such a shifting quicksand. Let him, who can talk now of "the omnipotence of a Prime Minister," and, mayhap, exult and plume himself in consequence of that "omnipotence"—let him reflect on the probable result of its being in the possession of a Roman Catholic, when Roman Catholics are admissible and admitted into place and power. Can he then place his hand upon his heart, and say, that he steadfastly believes that every bill, having a tendency to remove the yet few remaining disabilities, will be "thrown out?"

Is there the smallest probability, that, in such a state of things, considering the natural and "reasonable influence" of power and patronage, the laws would or could remain as they are? Without the assistance of a single member of the Romish Church in either House of Parliament, the great barrier of exclusion has been thrown down; and we are now, according to the "Letter," to have eight peers and fifty members of the Lower House of the Popish faith. If such a victory has been gained under such circumstances, what may we not anticipate under the omnipotence of a Romish Premier, when the Church of England shall have to look for protection only to a recreant Archbishop of Canterbury? for such must be the true character of the man with whom the Popish Prime Minister can "have interest enough to nominate whom he pleases."

It appears to the eye of common-sense, that, under such a government, the number of Popish members, in both houses, must, necessarily, increase; and, as a matter of course, that they will endeavour, by argument and reasonable influence, to ameliorate the condition of all connected with them in the unity of that church which professes itself to be one and indivisible.

Supposing, however, the present laws to remain unchanged, let us enquire how this "complete security to the Church" is to produce the desired effect. Again we copy from the "Letter."

"There have been times when this would not have proved a sufficient security. During the reigns of Elizabeth or James the First, within fifty years of the Reformation, many, no doubt, *who conformed to the Church, were secretly inclined to the principles and practices of Popery.* At *that period* a *Roman Catholic* could *not* have been *safely* intrusted with *any* interest in *ecclesiastical* preferment. *He might by degrees have cherished up and introduced into the Church a body of clergy hostile to the reformed religion.* The case is *now* completely different. The *minister* most strongly inclined towards Popish tenets could find no *candidates for promotion* who would assist his *wishes and designs.*" P. 17.

What! after all we "may be allowed to hope and believe," &c. no candidates for promotion! none willing to assist the "wishes and designs" of the omnipotent Prime Minister! none from the various Roman Catholic colleges and schools willing to "conform to the Church," yet secretly inclined to the principles and practices of Popery! It is pleasant to hear such a prophecy of the increasing goodness of the age. Yet, perhaps, under such circumstances, with a *very* trifling alteration in ceremonials, some few of the already-ordained Romish priesthood might be induced to accept of promotion by the omnipotent Premier. "Circumstances might arise in the course of social and political life to induce them." However, if they were all so "conscientious" or unconscionable, we really cannot discern why, in future, as well as heretofore, "he might not by degrees have cherished up and introduced into the Church a body of clergy hostile to the reformed religion."

The period of our history which the Bishop has thought fit to allude to, and when it would not have been safe for "Roman Catholics" to be "intrusted with any interest in ecclesiastical preferment," was not, exactly, the age of darkness. We could find it in our heart to speak of human nature being the same at all periods; and of one William Shakspeare, who lived in those days, and was then a great favourite, and who yet continueth to be endured, notwithstanding the immeasurable distance between him and the "rapid march of intellect" men of our own times. There are divers other names likewise which are visible in the dim obscurity of the past:—but we dare not speak of the past; for we have not yet been able to shake off our old-fashioned prejudices, and memory tells us of even Protestant bishops, who lived in the reigns "of Elizabeth and James," and who were weak enough to endure a sovereign's frown, and eventually to perish on a scaffold, for the sake of "articles, words, and formularies." These, however, are all "old almanack" matters. In those days, when the Church of England had *such* men among her rulers, "a Roman Catholic could not have been safely intrusted with any interest in ecclesiastical preferment;" but "the case is now completely different." We must acknowledge that the Bishop is perfectly correct in his assertion.

Our own fears, however, point to a

somewhat different mode of "introducing into the Church a body of clergy hostile to the reformed religion." We can conceive that a Roman Catholic Premier, possessing the "interest" admitted in the "Letter" with the Archbishop of Canterbury, would look round and search diligently for a *few* individuals who would have no objection to become "candidates for high promotion, and who might be induced to assist his wishes and designs." We scarcely think that *he* would, himself, personally interfere in the training of a rising priesthood. That department must fall to underlings.

Let us imagine a vacancy, under such circumstances, in the bench of Bishops. It were vain to imagine that "the omnipotence of a Prime Minister" will not have a "reasonable influence" in the nomination. What description of person would then, in all probability, be selected? As the Premier himself must, according to the "Letter," "of necessity be indifferent, to say the least, to the interests of the Protestant Church," it seems natural to suppose, pursuing the present system of liberality, that the new bishop would be chosen, in the first place, from among those who might be "indifferent, to say the least, to the interests of" the Roman Catholic Church. The next enquiry would probably be respecting the precise state of schisms within the pale of the Establishment: and it would be extremely desirable to select a person who either belonged, or was suspected to belong, to one of these, always supposing "the Minister most strongly inclined towards Popish tenets," and endeavouring to find "candidates for promotion who would assist his wishes and designs?" Nothing could tend more to the disunion of the Establishment than the admission of one of these liberal schismatics, from the most obnoxious sect, into her hierarchy. The other personal qualities of the man might be thought of little importance. He would, of course, be expected to vote on the right side: and it might be desirable that he should think, that the Ministry would not, without exceeding good reasons, "embarrass themselves with a measure" which was "arduous and unpopular."

Now, from the elevation of such men, (which, of course, could not happen under a Protestant Ministry,) we confess we should apprehend great danger to the Establishment. We must, "to say the least," fear that they would be more inclined to augment the power, and spread the opinions, of their own particular sect, than to consolidate and strengthen the Establishment itself. We should conjecture, that their liberality might be stretched to a dangerous point, in accordance with "the wishes" of a Minister: yes—even eventually to the destruction of the Protestant ascendency. The introduction of such men into the House of Lords must, at all events, be a step gained. And to us, who conceive it to be our duty to contend, inch by inch, for that which yet remains of our Constitution—to us, *gradual* encroachment appears far more formidable than the contemplation of any debate, *at present*, whether Popery shall be established among us or not. Most ardently do we wish that the question might be brought, at once, to that issue, and the voice of the nation be heard thereon. We have some cold comfort, indeed, on this subject, in the "Letter," wherein the Bishop speaks of the "establishment of that (the Popish) religion on the ruin of the Protestant." P. 19. "I would not," he continues, "say that such a measure, at any time, might not find advocates; nor would I venture to prophesy that it may never be proposed; but it is one thing to bring forward a desperate proposition, and another to carry it; and I may *be permitted to doubt*, whether more votes will be given in its favour after the admission of Roman Catholics into Parliament, than might have been found in its support during the last ten years." Doubtless the Bishop "may be permitted to doubt;" and, if he really doth entertain the doubt which is here implied, it must be one of the most "secret satisfactory" doubts that ever entered doubter's head. For our own part, with all due "permission," we have no doubts whatever on the subject.

We had almost forgotten to notice, that when the Bishop affirms "it is very unlikely that a Roman Catholic should be actually called to an important situation in the government of this country," he, among other reasons of a like calibre, gives us this: "Their education, to speak generally, must be

very different from what it has been hitherto, before they can be capable of filling high offices to advantage; and, if their education is to be very different, it must be sought among Protestants." P. 15. We have no comment to make. This logical and conclusive method of reasoning "must be" properly appreciated by the reader, "if" he be "capable" of judging "to advantage."

We have already far exceeded our intended limits; and nothing but the quarter from which it comes, could be a sufficient excuse to our readers for "dwelling so long," as the auctioneers have it, on such a Letter. Yet there are still one or two matters worthy of notice, as proceeding from the study of a Bishop of the Church of England. We copy again from p. 26. "Is the avowed object of preserving Protestant ascendency reconcilable with the duty of doing unto others as we would they should do to us, of not seeking our own, of preferring one another in honour?"

Again we repeat, that this sentence was written by John Bird, Bishop of Chester, and addressed to the clergy of his diocese! And yet there are those who tell us that the Church is not in danger! The Establishment of the Church of England has its existence only in Protestant ascendency. That ascendency was gained by prayers, and tears, and watchings, and blood, and strugglings unto death, and long-protracted torture. At length the mighty power of Rome was overthrown, and we were delivered from spiritual, soul-debasing thraldom. Her "damnable doctrines" were driven from the land. The victory was achieved over oppression and delusion, and the name of that victory was Protestant Ascendency; and the Establishment formed, *in consequence thereof*, was the Established Church: and now a Bishop of that Church makes it a question, whether the "preserving Protestant ascendency" is reconcilable with Christian duty!

Never did we expect to hear such a question. Our reply must be brief. Yes: we do think it worth preserving, because it is, under heaven, our only ground of hope for protection against error, and ignorance, and false doctrine. By its preservation *alone* can our beloved native land remain separate and great among the nations of the earth. Protected by that mild ascendency, every man hath been at liberty to worship God according to his conscience, dwelling beneath "his own vine and his own fig-tree, none daring to make him afraid." Under that benignant ascendency, learning, and the arts, and science, have made a progress among us—which never could have been effected, had Rome continued in the ascendant—and the liberty of the subject has been secured. Under the powerful protection of that ascendency, came the victims of Romish persecution, flying from her sanguinary edicts, and escaping from her outstretched and vengeful arm; and here, in Britain, they found a resting place and safety which the continent of Europe could not have afforded them, and which must have been denied them, even here, but for Protestant ascendency. Our commerce and our manufactures owe their extension to this ascendency; and the freedom of the press, and the much-vaunted march of intellect—where would they have been but for its genial influence? Could they have existed or flourished under the soul-benumbing tyranny of Popery? We cannot proceed:—if more be needful, let the pages of English history be opened—and let them, in mute eloquence, revive the memory of the pious, the noble, and the valiant dead, and answer this Bishop of the Reformed and Established Church.

We have looked in vain through the "Letter" for any substantial ground for expecting that "great and positive advantage" which the Bishop anticipates for Ireland. He speaks of "a legitimate vent" being created, "through which the popular humours may escape, without injury to the constitution." This "vent," or safety-valve, or plaything, or tub to the whale, most likely is intended to indicate, in a "humorous" way, the "admissibility" which he—as a member of the senate—has given to Roman Catholics to the principal offices of the state, but which, notwithstanding, he has "no intention of denying that he should think it a great misfortune to be administered by them." It is possible that this "legitimate vent" for "humours" may allude to the humours of elections, respecting which the Bishop speaks in a manner which does not carry conviction to our

minds. He says, (p. 28,) "But a contest is of a very different nature, and produces a very different effect, when the parties are on the same footing, and when one is striving to preserve a superiority, and the other to obtain an equality." This may be very true; but we have always been disposed to imagine that, in all contests, the more equally the parties were matched, by so much was the fierceness and length of their contention likely to be increased. The inference in the above passage is evidently to the contrary. The Bishop, indeed, appears to be a great lover of equality, "of not seeking our own, and of preferring one another in honour." We marvel much that *he* is a Bishop!

The "Letter" then expresses a "hope that the present measure will set before the Irish population the religion of the Reformation in a new point of view, not as the religion of the predominant party, but as the religion of the Bible!" This is as it ought to be, and, moreover, as we trust it has been, long since. On such matters, however, we have no right to imagine the worthy Diocesan can be ignorant.

Of the efficacy and influence of preaching, the following are his opinions, p. 32:—"The clergy, it must be remembered, and not the legislature, are the real guardians of truth in this country. The legislators, in the main, will take their view of religion from what we teach it, prove it, and exhibit it to be. On the clergy, not now only, but at all times, must depend the maintenance, the diffusion, the purity of religion, in the land. Whilst the doctrine which they inculcate is the doctrine of Christian truth; whilst the practice which they pursue is the practice of that religion, which, while it prepares mankind for a more perfect state hereafter, establishes and preserves here 'whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report,' so long our Protestant faith, and with it our Protestant establishment, is invulnerable."

One is, on reading this passage, forcibly reminded of a pious wish, which was said to have been breathed by an eccentric member of the Establishment, when speaking of certain Bishops. "For my own part," quoth he, "I wish the poor gentlemen no worse than that they may preach themselves to death, since that is the most glorious end they can possibly make in the service of our Lord and Master." Is it possible to refrain from joining in this truly pious, Protestant, and patriotic wish? It would be cheering to witness such genuine devotion. It would remind one of the days gone by, when men "sought not their own," but "did boldly jeopard body and life for their religion," and the establishment and preservation of Protestant ascendency. With all Christian charity, we hope that the end of the "Bird" in hand, and certain of the same feather, may be no worse. It is "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

One more ground for consolation from the "Letter," and we lay down the pen.

"May it not be intended," asks the preacher, (p. 29,) "that this political change, coming simultaneously with many active measures for the diffusion of truth, with a more general acquaintance with the Scriptures, with a vast extension of education, and with a remarkable spirit of religious enquiry, may form a part of a providential design, and co-operate in removing the veil from the face of Christianity in Ireland, and purifying it from its corruption and superstition?" Upon the supposition that the part taken in "this political change" by the said John Bird, Bishop of Chester, has been that of a mere puppet, moved by others, in consequence of some of those "circumstances" which "occur in social and political life, which cannot and need not be pointed out, but which often lead men to act in a very different way from what, on abstract principles, might be expected"—supposing it possible for a Bishop to be so utterly debased, *then* such language as the above might be barely admissible. But, for a "conscientious" and responsible agent to insinuate that his own act and deed "may form part of a providential design," is really a most insulting and ingenious method of crowing over those who are yet smarting from the recent strife, and who believe a death-blow hath been dealt against their country.

In the days of Cromwell, when the

victorious Puritan sat, after a battle, in maudlin triumph, mawkishly preaching to the wounded Cavalier, something of the kind *may* have been said. It is certainly the most complete specimen of "cant" that hath met our eye for many a day; and were it not written by a "right reverend," we should say, partook strongly of the nature of blasphemy.

Indeed, we should have little hope of the Bishop, were it not for his evident attachment to preaching. From that exercise, something may yet be expected. He is wonderfully sanguine in his notions of its efficacy; witness page 33 of the "Letter." "Romanism can never be supported by Parliament till the Parliament is Roman Catholic. The Parliament which, in a five or six-fold proportion, is now returned by Protestants, can never become Catholic till its constituents become so. Its constituents can never become so whilst the clergy are what they are at present; not only enemies of Popery, but lovers, followers, and teachers of truth."

We are far from agreeing with the first part of this sentence; recent events and speeches are yet too vivid in our recollection; but the latter clause is pleasant, as it leads us to anticipate that the Bishop will devote himself assiduously to preaching; a task for which he is certainly much better qualified than for legislation. And here we speak not "without book," for we have read his sermons, his speeches, and his "Letter."

AN ADVENTURE IN CEYLON.

"Bewar the Bar."

WAVERLEY.

THE following circumstance, which occurred some years ago at Ceylon, may not prove uninteresting, though we confess that we view it with an interest, which others may not feel, as one of the parties (not the Bear) was, and is, a very dear friend of our own. Notwithstanding "the march of intellect," with her long and rapid strides, we are afraid that the island of Ceylon, to many of our readers, may be little known beyond its name; and we have our suspicions, that the worthy General Officer, who once within our hearing described it as being situated at the mouth of the Red Sea, does not stand alone in his ignorance. Be that as it may, however, there is such an island, and it is *at least* as old as the rest of the world, seeing that by most good judges it is supposed to have been the *old original* garden of Eden of our first parents; while that on the banks of the Euphrates is a *new opposition one*, of no long standing. This river being named in the Scriptures, is no obstacle to the supposition; for every Chaldee scholar is aware, that in that tongue, Euphrates might apply to any large river, in the same manner as in the Sanscrit, Gunga, or Ganga (*i. e.* Ganges), has a like signification. There are many strong proofs in favour of Ceylon being the original Paradise; but we conceive that nothing more conclusive can be wanting, when we assert that we ourselves have seen the garden, or grove, where the good though uxorious Adam spent his days of innocence; and moreover, on the top of the peak which bears his name, have we measured his last footstep on the island, when he was driven from it by the angel. A good-sized foot too it must have been, for the mark of it is nearly six feet long; as well it might be, when he stepped at once from the top of the mountain to the island of Ramesseram, one of the arches, as it may be termed, of Adam's bridge, stretching from Ceylon to the opposite continent. Here he is thought to have spent a goodly portion of the nine hundred and thirty years of his life, unable to tear himself from the view of the beloved spot his imprudence had lost him, until the death of Cain and Abel again drove him forth. These two brothers (Aubul Caubul) "*lie here interred,*" side by side, in graves, one fifty, and the other sixty feet long; the earth over which is kept neatly heaped by a Faquir, who vouches for their being genuine. The whole tradition is obviously Mussulmaunic, as it need not be mentioned, that the Ishmaelites, from their consanguinity to the Jews, acknowledge the early part of the Old Testament, while to the other inha-

bitants of the East it is perfectly unknown.

We cannot follow Adam farther from Ceylon, however, which, for the benefit of the very ignorant, for whom this exordium is manifestly intended, was denominated Trapobane by Ptolemy in his *Geographical Grammar*, while the Arabs (vide Sinbad the Sailor) know it as Serendib; and the Indians, by the Sanscrit name of Lanka. It is, moreover, peopled by at least two races of black inhabitants, and continues to produce a few pearls as heretofore, and the only cinnamon which grows in the world. We conquered it from the Dutch in the year 1796; and though it has since been rather an expensive jewel in the British crown, it is unspeakable the service it has been of as a king's government in the East, to overawe those monopolizing rogues, the Company, not to mention providing for a number of fine young men of younger brothers, in the capacity of civil servants, and for more grown gentlemen, as Governors, Lieut. Governors, Judges, and other officers needful for the pomp and circumstance of a government. A few regiments of the line, and one most efficient native corps, with some artillery, compose the force deemed necessary for the protection of the island. This little army, since the time we are about to speak of, now some ten years ago, can scarcely at the present day be composed of the same individuals; as, besides the usual changes incident to a military career, the lives of a great portion of those brave fellows were expended in the rebellion of 1817-18, when the Kandyan natives of the interior made a determined and obstinate attempt to expel us from their country, of which we had three years before taken possession. It is seldom that the courage and perseverance of British soldiers have been more severely put to the trial; and many mortal remains, which were then left to rot in the jungle of Ceylon, belonged to as brave youths as ever at the great last day will claim those bleached upon the plain of Salamanca, or on the mighty Waterloo itself. Unfortunately for the survivors of the Kandyan war, the effects of the last named battle were too fresh and dazzling in the memory of the "powers that be;" and strange to say, no honours, well merited and dearly purchased as they would have been, were bestowed upon the officers of this gallant little army.

We have started rather wide from our purpose, we confess; but as the officer to whom the adventure happened, which we are about to relate, was high in the staff of that army, what we have said, we hope, will not be deemed quite apropos to nothing. Far removed from us, indeed, by some thousand miles, little does our friend think of the liberty we are now taking with him; for though the most *forward* among soldiers, he is the most modest among men, and we are aware would scarcely consent to be *put in print;* but as we shall carefully avoid mentioning names, we trust to be pardoned by him. The whole affair has lately been detailed to us by a mutual friend; and as we are at a loss how to improve it, we shall save ourselves all trouble by simply transcribing his letter.

"You have often asked me for the particulars of the adventure of our friend H., in the Jungle of Ceylon, with the two Bears; and having lately had the circumstances related to me by our friend himself, I shall endeavour to conquer my habitual dislike to writing, while I impart them to you. In doing so I shall adhere, as nearly as possible, to the very words he used in his narration; and, as the whole is interesting, I have no scruple in making him commence with you, as he did with me, from the day before his hairbreadth escape. To those who never were in the country where the scene is laid, it is necessary to explain that the southern coast of Ceylon, from Tangalle stretching eastward to the province of Batticaloa, is a desert, with the single exception of Hambantotte, where a civil servant is stationed, for the superintendence and collection of the salt spontaneously produced along the coast. The character of the country varies, being sometimes deep sand, at others jungle and forest, and frequently large grassy plains. The inhabitants of this tract of country, of nearly two hundred miles, are so few, that it may be said to be abandoned entirely to elephants, buffaloes, wild hogs, and last, not least, abundance of leopards, as well as bears of a most ferocious race. Occasionally, a few runners are stationed in huts, from fifteen to twenty

miles apart, for the purpose of transmitting such letters as Government may send by that route; and there is, moreover, an empty rest-house or two, merely sufficient to shelter the weary traveller from the rays of the sun.

"'I was proceeding,' said our friend, 'in the way of my duty, from Point de Galle to the Post of Hambantotte, on the south-east coast of the island, and had sent forward my servants and baggage by land, while I myself embarked in a native boat, called a dhoney, at the small bay of Belligham, half way between Point de Galle and Matura. I went on board between eleven and twelve o'clock of the day; and, as it was the month of July, with the Monsoon blowing in my favour with all its vigour, I had no doubt of reaching the place of my destination, though sixty miles off, before daylight of the following morning. With this idea, I had provided no sea-stock beyond a bottle of brandy, accidentally put into my hands, and a change of linen, with dressing utensils. You may judge of my disappointment, when day dawned, between five and six o'clock, as it does in that country, to find that we had overshot our port. It was impossible to land amidst the tremendous surf on that coast in the south-west Monsoon; and the Tandil, or master of the boat, who, by the way, was bound to Trincomalee, said, that all he could do was to land me in a small bite or bay called Pootanie, which was still some hours' sail a-head, and between fifty and sixty miles beyond the breakfast awaiting me at Hambantotte. This was rather serious to a man with a good appetite, who had tasted nothing from the day before at breakfast, in a part of the country quite uninhabited, excepting by a couple of men posted here and there, for the purpose of carrying the Tappaul. But I felt strong and vigorous; and the Kandyan campaign had taught me to fast. I thought, too, if I once got ashore, I should be able to find one or other of the Tappaul huts I have mentioned, and come in for a share of the currie and rice of its inmates. At a station, moreover, by name Pallitopanie, about half-way between where I was to be put ashore and Hambantotte, there was an English corporal, with a few native soldiers, in charge of a depot of salt. But to proceed. I was landed in a small canoe from the larger vessel. I took with me a black man, who was proceeding to Trincomalee with some trifling articles of merchandise, who said he could shew me the hut in the neighbourhood, where I could get one of the runners before-mentioned to be my guide, as well as to carry a small leathern case with a change of linen and dressing utensils. We had no sooner stepped on the beach, than the men in the canoe treacherously pushed off for their vessel, and my black friend threw himself at my feet, imploring me to let him go also, and that I should proceed far enough not to be seen, otherwise the men in the canoe would not be prevailed on to return for him; and, separated from his property on board the Dhoney, he should be ruined. I granted his request; and, from a small distance, had the satisfaction of seeing him taken off by the people in the canoe, and of feeling myself alone in a desert, hungry, and without the means of procuring food, and even ignorant of the road, and, of course, with little chance of finding any of the letter-carriers or their huts. It was now drawing towards three o'clock, and with my little valize in one hand, and my brandy bottle, about half full, in the other, I went in search of the hut. After fruitlessly spending an hour in endeavouring to find it, I deemed it better, as the sun was fast descending, to turn my face towards the west, and to endeavour to reach the next station, Yallé by name, about sixteen miles distant, and where there was a rest-house. The country was a number of open plains of different sizes, divided from each other by extensive low jungles, interspersed with the large forest trees of the country. It was not without some difficulty that I could find the path; and my striking upon the right one I considered as particularly fortunate. I jogged on at a brisk pace, and all went well till about sunset, when I was aware of a herd of elephants in the jungle on each side of the path I had to pass. I could just see their backs occasionally above the bushes, and hear the small trees cracking and giving way on each side, as they walked through them, as a man would through a field of corn. These animals gave me but little uneasiness, as I had frequently been a-shooting them; and though I had heard of instances of their attacking men, I had never on any occasion seen

them, that they did not run away on raising a shout or firing a shot. When I came near, one of them perceived me, and gave that angry cry, which all who have been accustomed to elephants know so well. I shouted and ran forward, but instead of taking to flight, as I expected, the one who saw me made out of the jungle after me. I had got past the herd, and I fled on my way with all the swiftness of which I was capable. He was overtaking me fast, however, and was not many yards from me, when I turned round, and threw my portmanteau at him. By special good fortune this arrested his progress, and he stopped as if to examine my kit. When I had got forty or fifty yards from him, I stopped also. Perhaps you will scarcely credit me when I say, that even then I was not afraid; but so it was, and I looked upon the affair more in a ludicrous than in any other light. I was determined not to give up my packet so easily, and I again shouted and ran back a few paces towards my friend. Upon doing so, he renewed his attack, and charged me a second time. This time I should have had a poor chance for it, but fortunately a small inequality of ground intervened, when he was close upon me, and I started to one side, stooping down as much as possible, while he passed onwards. I saw him bewildered at having lost me, while I skulked away as quickly as I could, and regained my road by a circuitous route. I had not proceeded much farther when the sun set, and in the very short twilight which follows in that climate, I perceived two animals come out of the jungle into the path, about 100 yards before me. In the uncertain light, I at first took them for the half-grown calves of wild buffaloes, an animal abounding in that part of the island, and they proceeded with their heads down towards a large tree by the side of the road I had to pass, where they began snuffing about the roots. I was now near enough to see that they were bears of a very large size. To turn aside was impossible, as the jungle was of a kind impenetrable to a man, being full of the very long thorn, called the Buffaloe thorn, from its toughness. To go back never entered my mind—indeed I had little time for thought, as I was now within thirty paces of them. They lifted up their heads and marked their anger by a short roar, which I returned by charging them till I found myself within three yards of them, without their offering to move away. They made a step towards me, the largest one, evidently the male, about its length before the other;—I kept my face towards them, and edged round so as to get on that side of them by which I was to pursue my route. At this moment they made a short bound at me, which I escaped by springing backwards, but still fronting them, and they missed me a second time in the same way. These were more like the consecutive bounds of a clumsy gallop, than any thing else, but the third I saw was to be my last. All that I remember is, uttering a sound of horror between a scream and a roar, and as the foremost animal rose at me, I struck him with all the force of my body in the nose and teeth with my brandy bottle, the only thing in my hands. I need not say that the bottle broke into shivers; and whether it was the blow on the nose—a part, I have since heard, of great tenderness in bears—or that part of the brandy went into his eyes and mouth and astonished him, or both these things together, I know not; but he turned round and moved off, followed by his companion down the path away from me, and so into the jungle. The female at no time had taken a decided part, keeping rather in the rear, and only backing her mate by encouraging grunts. The whole business, I may say, scarcely occupied a minute's time, during which I did not in the least lose my presence of mind, probably from the shortness of the time. I felt so conscious indeed of my own strength, that had there been but one bear, though I might have suffered much, I was confident I could have dislocated his jaw. But the two together quite discomfited me. I said that I never lost my presence of mind during the rencontre; but I own that I stood as if fixed to the spot while they moved off, and till they were out of sight. My first impulse was then to run, which I continued to do for about three miles, when I reached the large plain, which I guessed to be that of Yallé. I then fell down quite exhausted, and lay on the ground for above half an hour, when I rose and moved slowly across the large open

ground to the other side of it, where I knew the rest-house to be situated. The latter part of the way was through a path in the jungle for about 100 yards; and I confess I was so alarmed, that I could not face the risk of this, and therefore steered my course down towards the sea-coast. At last my way was happily stopped by the river which flows there, and I laid myself down on my face, and satisfied my thirst by drinking, as you may conceive, most inordinately. Quite dark as it was, there was little chance of my being able to find the solitary clay-built rest-house, which I knew to be thereabouts. So I stretched myself on the sand, and slept there till the moon rose soon after midnight, when I resumed my search successfully, and finished my sleep on its earthen floor. In the morning at the first dawn, I endeavoured to find the hut of the letter-carriers, but to no purpose, though I actually viewed one of them for a moment; but he, instead of obeying my loud summons to come to my assistance, fled and concealed himself. This, I am ashamed to say, is but too often the conduct of the natives under similar circumstances, knowing full well beforehand, that they are only required to act as guide, or to carry luggage, for either of which services they are frequently but inadequately rewarded. I again, therefore, started on my way to Pallitopanie, over twelve miles of deep sand, where I arrived with difficulty at three o'clock, almost dead from the scorching rays of the sun, fatigue, and hunger; having ate nothing from the morning of my embarkation till I reached this place, a space of time of about fifty-three hours. Luckily it had rained, and I occasionally found water to drink in the holes made by the feet of the wild elephants and buffaloes. The kind care of the only European at the post, an honest corporal of the 19th regiment, soon brought me round, by preparing a hot bath for me, and a good currie, not to mention a share of his brandy bottle, to compensate for the one which the bear had cost me. Next day he escorted me with his musket on his shoulder to Hambantotte, where my labour ended, as I got housed with my friend the Collector, and found my servants and baggage arrived. I must not finish without remarking on the brandy bottle. It was actually forced upon me in spite of my refusal, by a gentleman who saw me embark on board of the Dhoney, and it was nearly broken from want of a cork-screw to open it, in order to relieve the wife of a soldier who was on board going to join her husband, and who being sea-sick, took a longing for this panacea. It was by the merest accident that after this I retained it in my hand, when I gave up my portmanteau to the elephant, and it seems almost to have been so arranged by an interposition of Providence.'

"So much for our friend H——. To you, or indeed to any who know his gallant soldier-like bearing and perfect modesty, it is needless to say how thoroughly every word of his narrative may be relied upon. Though he never mentioned the circumstance beyond a few very particular friends, it is now well known to many in this country, particularly to the family of the late most worthy Governor of the colony, who was there when it happened."

Here ends our correspondent, and here ends our anecdote. We hope our readers won't find it tedious, and that such of them to whom it may ever happen to travel through so much jungle alone, will by no means neglect to carry a bottle of cogniac, as the most efficient pocket-pistol with which they can be provided. We give this recommendation from brandy being more generally procurable than good Highland whisky, but where the latter is to be had, all good men and true will prefer it as a cordial; and we venture to affirm, it will prove at least equal to the Frenchman as a weapon of defence.

A TALE OF THE MARTYRS.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Red Tam Harkness came into the farm-house of Garrick, in the parish of Closeburn, one day, and began to look about for some place to hide in, when the goodwife, whose name was Jane Kilpatrick, said to him in great alarm, "What's the matter, what's the matter, Tam Harkness?"

"Hide me, or else I'm a dead man: that's the present matter, goodwife," said he. "But yet, when I have time, if ever I hae mair time, I have heavy news for you. For Christ's sake, hide me, Jane, for the killers are hard at hand."

Jane Kilpatrick sprung to her feet, but she was quite benumbed and powerless. She ran to one press, and opened it, and then to another; there was not room to stuff a clog into either of them. She looked into a bed; there was no shelter there, and her knees began to plait under her weight with terror. The voices of the troopers were by this time heard fast approaching, and Harkness had no other shift, but in one moment to conceal himself behind the outer door, which stood open, yet the place where he stood was quite dark. He heard one of them say to another, "I fear the scoundrel is not here after all. Guard the outhouses."

On that three or four of the troopers rushed by him, and began to search the house and examine the inmates. Harkness that moment slid out without being observed, and tried to escape up a narrow glen called Kinrivvah, immediately behind the house; but unluckily two troopers, who had been in another chase, there met him in the face. When he perceived them he turned and ran to the eastward; on which they both fired, which raised the alarm, and instantly the whole pack were after him. It was afterwards conjectured that one of the shots had wounded him, for, though he, with others, had been nearly surrounded that morning, and twice waylaid, he had quite outrun the soldiers; but now it was observed that some of them began to gain ground on him, and they still continued firing, till at length he fell in a kind of slough east from the farm-house of Locherben, where they came up to him, and ran him through with their bayonets. The spot is called Red Tam's Gutter to this day.

Jane Kilpatrick was one of the first who went to his mangled corpse,—a woful sight, lying in the slough, and sore did she lament the loss of that poor and honest man. But there was more; she came to his corpse by a sort of yearning impatience to learn what was the woful news he had to communicate to her. But, alas, the intelligence was lost, and the man to whose bosom alone it had haply been confided was no more; yet Jane could scarcely prevail on herself to have any fears for her own husband, for she knew him to be in perfectly safe hiding in Glen-Gorar; still Tam's last words hung heavy on her mind. They were both suspected to have been at the harmless rising at Enterkin, for the relief of a favourite minister, which was effected; and that was the extent of their crime. And though it was only suspicion, four men were shot on the hills that morning, without trial or examination, and their bodies forbidden Christian burial.

One of these four was John Weir of Garrick, the husband of Jane Kilpatrick, a man of great worth and honour, and universally respected. He had left his hiding-place in order to carry some intelligence to his friends, and to pray with them, but was entrapped among them and slain. Still there was no intelligence brought to his family, save the single expression that fell from the lips of Thomas Harkness in a moment of distraction. Nevertheless Jane could not rest, but set out all the way to her sister's house in Glen-Gorar, in Crawford-muir, and arrived there at eleven o'clock on a Sabbath evening. The family being at prayers when she went, and the house dark, she stood still behind the hallan, and all the time was convinced that the voice of the man that prayed was the voice of her husband, John Weir. All the time that fervent prayer lasted the tears of joy ran from her eyes, and her heart beat with gra-

titude to her Maker as she drank into her soul every sentence of the petitions and thanksgiving. Accordingly, when worship was ended, and the candle lighted, she went forward with a light heart and joyful countenance, her sister embraced her, though manifestly embarrassed and troubled at seeing her there at such a time. From her she flew to embrace her husband, but he stood still like a statue, and did not meet her embrace. She gazed at him—she grew pale, and, sitting down, she covered her face with her apron. This man was one of her husband's brothers, likewise in hiding, whom she had never before seen, but the tones of his voice, and even the devotional expressions that he used, were so like her husband's, that she mistook them for his.

All was now grief and consternation, for John Weir had not been seen or heard of there since Wednesday evening, when he had gone to warn his friends of some impending danger; but they all tried to comfort each other as well as they could, and, in particular, by saying, they were all in the Lord's hand, and it behoved him to do with them as seemed to him good, with many other expressions of piety and submission. But the next morning, when the two sisters were about to part, the one says to the other, "Jane, I cannot help telling you a strange confused dream that I had just afore ye wakened me. Ye ken I pit nae faith in dreams, and I dinna want you to regard it; but it is as good for friends to tell them to ane anither, and then, if ought turn out like it in the course o' providence, it may bring it to baith their minds that their spirits had been conversing with God."

"Na, na, Aggie, I want nane o' your confused dreams. I hae other things to think o', and mony's the time an' oft ye hae deaved me wi' them, an' sometimes made me angry."

"I never bade ye believe them, Jeanie, but I likit ay to tell them to you, and this I daresay rase out o' our conversation yestreen. But I thought I was away, ye see, I dinna ken where I was; and I was fear'd an' confused, thinking I had lost my way. And then I came to an auld man, an' he says to me, 'Is it the road to heaven that you are seeking, Aggie?' An' I said, 'Aye,' for I didna like to deny't.

'Then I'll tell you where ye maun gang,' said he, 'ye maun gang up by the head of yon dark, mossy cleuch, an' you will find ane there that will show you the road to heaven;' and I said, 'Aye,' for I didna like to refuse, although it was an uncouth-looking road, and ane that I didna like to gang. But when I gangs to the cleuch head, wha does I see sitting there but your ain goodman, John Weir, and I thought I never saw him look sae weel; and when I gaed close up to him, there I sees another John Weir, lying strippit to the sark, an' a' beddit in blood. He was cauld dead, and his head turned to the ae side; and when I saw siccan a sight, I was terrified, an' held wide off him. But I gangs up to the living John Weir, and says to him, 'Gudeman, how's this?'

'Dinna ye see how it is, sister Aggie?' says he, 'I'm just set to herd this poor man that's lying here.'

'Then I think ye'll no hae a sair post, John,' says I, 'for he disna look as he wad rin far away.' It was a very unreverend speak o' me, sister, but these were the words that I thought I said; an' as it is but a dream, ye ken ye needna heed it.

'Alas, poor Aggie!' says he, 'ye are still in the gall o' bitterness yet. Look o'er your right shoulder, an' you will see what I hae to do.' An' sae I looks o'er my right shoulder, an' there I sees a haill drove o' foxes an' wulcats, an' fumarts an' martins, an' corbey craws, an' a hunder vile beasts, a' stannin round wi' glarin een, eager to be at the corpse o' the dead John Weir; an' then I was terribly astoundit, an' I says to him, 'Goodman, how's this?'

'I am commissioned to keep these awa,' says he. 'Do ye think these een that are yet to open in the light o' heaven, and that tongue that has to syllable the praises of a Redeemer far within yon sky, should be left to become the prey o' siccan vermin as these!'

'Will it make sae verra muckle difference, John Weir,' says I, 'whether the carcass is eaten up by these or by the worms?'

'Ah, Aggie, Aggie! worms are worms; but ye little wat what these are,' says he. 'But John Weir has warred with them a' his life, an' that to some purpose, and they maunna get the advantage o' him now.'

'But which is the right John

Weir?' says I, 'for here is ane lying stiff and lappered in his blood, and another in health and strength and sound mind.'

'I am the right John Weir,' says he. 'Did you ever think the goodman o' Garrick could die? Na, na, Aggie; Clavers can only kill the body, an' that's but the poorest part of the man. But where are you gaun this wild gate?'

'I was directed this way on my road to heaven,' says I.

'Ay, an' ye were directed right then,' says he. 'For this is the direct path to heaven, and there is no other.'

'That is very extraordinary,' says I. 'And, pray, what is the name of this place, that I may direct my sister Jane, your wife, and all my friends, by the same way?'

'This is Faith's Hope,' says he."

But behold, at the mention of this place, Jane Kilpatrick of Garrick arose slowly up to her feet and held up both her hands. "Hold, hold, sister Aggie," cried she, "you have told enough. Was it in the head of Faith's Hope that you saw this vision of my dead husband?"

"Yes; but at the same time I saw your husband alive."

"Then I fear your dream has a double meaning," said she. "For though it appears like a religious allegory, you do not know that there really is such a place, and that not very far from our house. I have often laughed at your dreams, sister, but this one hurries me from you to-day with a heavy and a trembling heart."

Jane left Glen-Gorar by the break of day, and took her way through the wild ranges of Crawford-muir, straight for the head of Faith's Hope. She had some bread in her lap, and a little bible that she always carried with her, and without one to assist or comfort her, she went in search of her lost husband. Before she reached the head of that wild glen, the day was far spent, and the sun wearing down. The valley of the Nith lay spread far below her, in all its beauty, but around her there was nothing but darkness, dread, and desolation. The mist hovered on the hills, and on the skirts of the mist the ravens sailed about in circles, croaking furiously, which had a most ominous effect on the heart of poor Jane. As she advanced farther up, she perceived a fox and an eagle sitting over against each other, watching something which yet they seemed terrified to approach; and right between them in a little green hollow, surrounded by black haggs, she found the corpse of her husband in the same manner as described by her sister. He was stripped of his coat and vest, which it was thought, he had thrown from him when flying from the soldiers, to enable him to effect his escape. He was shot through the heart with two bullets, but nothing relating to his death was ever known, whether he died praying, or was shot as he fled; but there was he found lying, bathed in his blood, in the wilderness, and none of the wild beasts of the forest had dared to touch his lifeless form.

The bitterness of death was now past with poor Jane. Her staff and shield was taken from her right hand, and laid low in death by the violence of wicked men. True, she had still a home to go to, although that home was robbed and spoiled; but she found that without *him* it was no home, and that where his beloved form reposed, that was the home of her rest. She washed all his wounds, and the stains of blood from his body, tied her napkin round his face, covered him with her apron, and sat down and watched beside him all the live-long night, praying to the Almighty, and singing hymns and spiritual songs alternately. The next day she warned her friends and neighbours, who went with her on the following night, and buried him privately in the north-west corner of the churchyard of Morton. The following verses are merely some of her own words versified, as she was sitting by his corpse in the wild glen, or rather the thoughts that she described as having passed through her heart.

JOHN WEIR, A BALLAD.

1.

I canna greet for thee, my John Weir,
O, I canna greet for thee;
For the hand o heaven lies heavy here,
And this sair weird I maun dree.

They harried us first o' cow and ewe,
  With curses and crueltye,
And now they hae shed thy dear life blood,
  An' what's to become o' me?
I am left a helpless widow here,
  O, what's to become o' me?

2.

I hae born thee seven sons, John Weir,
  And nursed them upon my knee;
But two are fled to their father's hame,
  Frae the evils awaiting thee;
Their little green graves lie side by side,
  Like twins in fond ally,
But in beside thy children dear
  Thy dust maun never lie—
Like an outcast o' the earth, John Weir,
  In the moorland thou maun lie.

3.

But though thou lie at the back o' the dyke,
  Or in hagg o' the mountain hee,
Wherever thy loved dust remains,
  It is sacred ground to me.
And there will I watch, and there will I pray,
  For tears I now hae nane,
For the injuries done by wicked men
  Have sear'd my simple brain.
Even over thy pale corpse, John Weir,
  I try to weep in vain.

4.

But soon shall our oppressors' sway
  In desolation lie,
Like autumn flowers it shall decay,
  And in its foulness die.
The tyrant's reign, the tyrant's name,
  Whose rule hath never thriven,
The blood of saints hath blotted out
  Both from the earth and heaven—
For this dear blood of thine, John Weir,
  Can never be forgiven.

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS. BY MRS HEMANS.

IX.

THE GUERILLA LEADER'S VOW.

All my pretty ones?
Did you say all?

Let us make medicine of this great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief!

MACBETH.

My Battle-Vow!—No Minster-walls
Gave back the burning word,
Nor cross, nor shrine, the low deep tone
Of smother'd vengeance heard:
But the ashes of a ruin'd home
Thrill'd as it sternly rose,
With the mingling voice of blood that shook
The midnight's dark repose.

I breathed it not o'er kingly tombs,
But where my children lay,
And the startled Vulture at my step
Soar'd from their precious clay.
I stood amidst my Dead alone—
I kiss'd their lips—I pour'd,
In the strong silence of that hour,
My spirit on my sword.

The Roof-tree fall'n, the smouldering floor,
The blacken'd threshold-stone,
The bright hair torn and soil'd with blood,
Whose fountain was my own;
These, and the everlasting hills,
Bore witness that wild night;—
Before them rose the Avenger's soul,
In crush'd Affection's might.

The stars, the searching stars of Heaven,
With keen looks would upbraid,
If from my heart the fiery vow,
Sear'd on it then, could fade.
They have no cause!—Go, ask the streams
That by my paths have swept,
The red waves that unstain'd were born,
How hath my faith been kept?

And other eyes are on my soul,
That never, never close;
The sad, sweet glances of the Lost—
They leave me no repose.
Haunting my night-watch midst the rocks,
And by the torrent's foam;
Through the dark-rolling mists they shine,
Full, full of love and home!

Alas! the mountain eagle's heart,
When wrong'd, may yet find rest—
Scorning the place made desolate,
He seeks another nest.
But I—your soft looks wake the thirst,
That wins no quenching rain;
Ye drive me back, my Beautiful!
To the stormy fight again.

X.

PARTING WORDS.

One struggle more, and I am free.
BYRON.

LEAVE me, oh ! leave me !—unto all below
Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell;
Thou mak'st these mortal regions, whence I go,
Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
That I may part in peace !

Leave me ! thy footstep with its lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,
Wake in my soul a feeling too profound,
Too strong for aught that loves and dies to bear.
Oh ! bid the conflict cease !

I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
Thou bid'st the peace, the reverential hush,
The still submission from my thoughts depart.
Dear One ! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
The beauty of our free and vernal days,
Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
Oh ! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze !
Thou art all earth to me !

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
The jas'mine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom !
They speak of life, of summer, and of thee—
Too much—and death is here!

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
From the old beech-roots flashing into day?
Are the broad lilies imaged in its flow?
—Alas ! vain thoughts ! that fondly thus can stray
From the dread hour so near !

If I could but draw courage from the light
Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless !
—Not now ! 'twill not be now !—my aching sight
Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
Bearing all strength away !

Leave me !—thou com'st between my heart and heaven !
I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die.
Why must our souls thus love, and thus be riven?
—Return !—thy parting wakes mine agony !
—Oh ! yet awhile delay !

XI.

THE SUMMONS.

> Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
> And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
> And there were sudden partings, such as press
> The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
> Which ne'er might be repeated.
>
> BYRON.

The vesper-bell, from church and tower,
Had sent its dying sound;
And the household, in the hush of eve,
Were met, their porch around.

A voice rang through the olive-wood, with a sudden triumph's power—
"We rise on all our hills! come forth! 'tis thy country's gathering hour.
There's a gleam of spears by every stream, in each old battle-dell—
Come forth, young Juan! bid thy home a brief and proud farewell!"

Then the father gave his son the sword,
Which a hundred fights had seen—
"Away! and bear it back, my boy!
All that it still hath been!

"Haste, haste! the hunters of the foe are up, and who shall stand
The lion-like awakening of the roused indignant land?
Our chase shall sound through each defile where swept the clarion's blast,
With the flying footsteps of the Moor in stormy ages past."

Then the mother kiss'd her son, with tears
That o'er his dark locks fell:
"I bless, I bless thee o'er and o'er,
Yet I stay thee not—Farewell!"

"One moment! but one moment give to parting thought or word!
It is no time for woman's tears when manhood's heart is stirr'd.
Bear but the memory of thy love about thee in the fight,
To breathe upon th' avenging sword a spell of keener might."

And a maiden's fond adieu was heard,
Though deep, yet brief and low:
"In the vigil, in the conflict, Love!
My prayer shall with thee go!"

"Come forth! come as the torrent comes when the winter's chain is burst!
So rushes on the land's revenge, in night and silence nursed—
The night is past, the silence o'er—on all our hills we rise—
We wait thee, youth! sleep, dream no more! the voice of battle cries."

There were sad hearts in a darken'd home,
When the brave had left their bower;
But the strength of prayer and sacrifice
Was with them in that hour.

POETICAL AND DEVOTIONAL SUPERSTITIONS OF ITALY.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN TRAVELLER.

The inhabitants of ancient Italy gradually exchanged their native divinities for the historical deities introduced by successive settlers from Greece; thus the dreams, omens, and auguries of Etruria were blended with the fables and ceremonies of Hellas, and the combination became the state religion of Rome. During the empire, the miracle-loving Romans began to substitute the monsters, the enchantments, and the astrology of Egypt and Chaldæa for the worn-out, but still publicly worshipped, state-gods; and, finally, after the establishment of Christianity, the elementary spirits of Teutonic superstition raised into importance and celebrity by the witch-tribunals and other legislative prohibitions of Charlemagne, found their way to Italy, in tales and legends which took a deep and lasting hold of its imaginative inhabitants. It would not be difficult, even in the present day, to separate and class these heterogeneous elements of Italian superstition, were it worth while to trace them to their respective sources. To general readers, however, some illustrative details of their actual working, and wide diffusion in the lower classes of Italian society will be more acceptable. Amidst the numerous vestiges of antique customs, discoverable in modern Italian life, occur not a few of the purest heathenism. For instance, in the Cathedral of Isernia in Molise is still preserved, and honoured under another name, the Egyptian Phallus. Some of the female peasants in the rural districts of Naples wear small figures of Priapus on their bosoms to prevent sterility, while others, for the same purpose, wear small pictures of certain Christian saints. Thus have many objects of heathen worship, masking their origin under modern names, maintained their ground amidst the images and relics of the Romish Church.

The tales of spectral appearances and haunted houses, which occasionally occur in Italy, are modified by the cheerful habits of the people, and generally assume a lively and even ludicrous character. The midnight ghost, which, in northern Europe, is associated with awful groans and rattling chains, becomes in Italy a teazing and a playful spirit, and is called a Spirito folletto. These spirits riot amidst the glass and china, talk to the cats, open and shut doors with sudden violence, or, when in an angry mood, toss the sleepers out of their beds upon the floor. This *non lascia dormir la gente* is, however, the most grievous offence of which the Italians accuse the Spirito folletto. Instances of haunted houses are of rare occurrence; but for many years a house in Rome, between the Lateran and S. Maria Maggiore remained uninhabited, because at midnight a monk was heard to read the mass and ring his bell. The Romans attach no importance to dreams and omens, except as materials for humorous and speculative discussion. Indeed, the superstitious faculties of the Italians generally are so fully occupied by the miracles of their numerous saints, and by the mysterious powers of relics and pictures, that the belief in any supernatural agency, unconnected with their religion, lays but slender hold of their credulity, and is nearly confined to the fair sex, who, in Rome especially, are prone to believe in the existence and active agency of witchcraft. The meetings of the Roman witches, who are numerous, and composed of young as well as old women, take place in the ancient Forum, or Campo Vaccino. Here are celebrated the nocturnal orgies, of which the most festivous and important occurs on St John's night, when they assemble in great numbers, and in the shape of black cats with fiery eyes. This transformation is accomplished by the aid of a mysterious ointment, supposed to consist in great measure of the root of pimpernel or burnet. With this they anoint themselves from head to foot, a process which will remind the classical reader of the Thessalian enchantresses. These witches are said to compound beverages which provoke love or hatred; they create bad weather, and operate upon the absent by incantations. The greatest crime imputed to them is the sucking of children, who become, in consequence, by quick or slow grada-

tions dry and emaciated, and a thin child is said to have been "*Succhiato dalle Streghe.*" The belief in philtres is peculiar to Naples, where young men, who fall away in flesh and strength, without apparent cause, are said to have taken love-potions. The Neapolitan lover is afraid to accept a lock of hair from his fair-one, from a prevalent belief that some pernicious influence may be thus conveyed. The Romans partake not of this apprehension; but, during the Carnival, they beware of eating the *confetti*, which are showered upon them by the female masks, and will sometimes warn strangers of the perilous consequences. These precautions often provoke the lively retort of the Roman females: "*Mangiate, mangiate i confetti. Non siete tanto bello, per aver paura d'una fattura.*"

The dread of storm-raisers is universally prevalent amongst the country people, and especially in mountainous districts. A Danish botanist, journeying alone upon an ass through the mountains of Abruzzi, was involved in several perilous adventures by this superstitious terror of the peasantry. They had for some time seen him collecting plants amongst the unfrequented cliffs and ravines, and watched his proceedings with suspicious curiosity. A few days later their district was ravaged by a succession of storms, their suspicions grew into certainty, and, assembling in considerable numbers, they attacked the unconscious botanist with a volley of stones, and cursed him as a storm-raising enchanter. He made vehement protestations of his innocence, but the enraged peasants took forcible possession of his collection, which they minutely examined. Finding only some harmless leaves and blossoms, and no roots, their fury abated, and, although it was suggested by some that he had probably used the roots in his incantations, the unfortunate herbalist was at length dismissed with fierce menaces, that if he dared to take a single root from the ground, it would cost him his life. In the mountains near Rome, the peasants regard with suspicion a singular costume, a stern cast of countenance, or any striking personal formation, in the strangers who arrive there. All travellers, thus peculiarly marked, are supposed to be enchanters and treasure-seekers, and the young Germans, in their black dresses, untrimmed beards, and long hair, are especial objects of suspicion.

The Oriental fairies, who followed the fortunes of Charlemagne and his paladins, established themselves in various parts of Italy, where they still hold a distinguished place in the traditionary superstitions of the people. These local fairies, who are more potent than witches, and generally of a benevolent character, are not unworthy of record. One of the most celebrated is the Fata, or Fairy, Morgana, whose realm is the strait between Reggio and Messina. Here her glittering palaces sometimes rise above the waters, and dazzle the eyes of mortals with a transient glimpse of those splendours which are so magnificently described in the Orlando Amoroso of Boiardo. This fairy is said to fall in love with young sailors and fishermen, whom she lures into the deep by this display of her power and grandeur. The causes of this optical illusion are now well understood, but the adjacent inhabitants will not be reasoned out of this highly poetical tradition; and in the popular ballads composed in memory of young men drowned in the Straits of Messina, the surviving relatives are said to console themselves with the belief, that the departed are reposing in the arms of the Fairy Morgana.

In Tuscany the mothers and nurses terrify naughty children by telling them that the ugly fairy, Befana, is coming, and the Carnival of Florence is opened on the night before the festival of the Three Kings, by the procession of the Fata Befana, who is paraded through the city by torchlight, accompanied by the pealing of drums and trumpets, and the acclamations of the people. The fairy is personified by a colossal puppet, representing a sorceress in flowing garments, and the figure is so contrived as to appear taller or shorter at the pleasure of the bearer, whose person is concealed by the long draperies. This monstrous fairy frightens the children by looking into the upper windows of the houses; and after thus passing through the principal streets of Florence, the huge puppet is thrown from a bridge into the Arno, amidst the shouts and imprecations of the multitude. The Tuscan nurses also call by the name of Befana, or Befa-

nia, the good and wicked fairies, who, on the night after the festival, come down the chimney to reward or punish the children, and the little folks carefully hang their clothes, with empty pockets, round the hearth, that the good fairy may fill them with confectionery, and other presents, according to their previous good behaviour. The term Befana is also applied to a very ugly woman, and a frightful phantom is called Befanaccia. Manni, in his historical notice of the Befana, affirms that this festival is a relic of the ancient mysteries, and that it especially alludes to the arrival of the Magi. In fact, the black faces of the rag-dolls, which are hung in the windows of Florence, on the day of the Epiphany, resemble the Magi, as pourtrayed in pictures of ancient date. The gifts which the children expect to receive are supposed to be in commemoration of the presents brought by the Magi to the Holy Family. This popular belief is of high antiquity, and in the house of the Epiphani, otherwise called the Befani, at Florence, a head of one of the royal Magi is preserved in the repository.

The fairies play an important part in the popular tales of Tuscany, and their abodes are still pointed out by the people.

The hollows of the fairies, called le Buche delle Fate, on the lovely hill of Fiesole, near Florence, are the ruins of subterraneous buildings, and are supposed to have been the substructions of an amphitheatre, or of public baths. These cavernous places are shown by every child as the abodes of fairies, and it was here that Charlemagne is said to have brought rich presents to these elementary spirits. Another haunt of fairies is in the Gonfalina between Florence and Pisa, where a remarkable rock, called Il Masso delle Fate, and resembling an immense square tower, inclines towards another rock of similar configuration. The intermediate cavity forms a spacious grotto, and has a character of romantic seclusion which well accords with the popular tradition. Many curious details of the Tuscan fairies are interwoven with the narratives of the rural *improvisatori*, some of whom possess no inconsiderable degree of erudition. The marvellous history of Ferragosto and Calendi-Maggio, as related on the first of May by a rustic narrator, was committed to paper by an intelligent traveller, who witnessed the festival of the Maio, at a farm-house near Florence, and from whose journal I have extracted this May-day adventure.

"Tempted by a beautiful spring-morning, I rose early, and quitted Florence by the gate of Santa Croce. Passing the mills and the fall of the Arno, I followed the direction of the river, and gazed with delight upon the fresh and lovely landscape. A vine-covered hill was crowned with small and elegant villas, which stood in relief before the romantic cliffs of Fiesole, still surmounted with Etruscan walls, and distinguished by the bold tower which serves as a belfry to the cathedral.

"I now began to observe that the fields were without labourers, and that every peasant I met was attired in holiday apparel, and proceeding with eager step, as if to some scene of festivity. Walking leisurely onward, I reached at length a farm-house, before the door of which a young tree had just been planted. Streamers and knots of ribands, adorned with tinsel, were suspended from the branches, and glittered gaily in the foliage; branches with similar adornments, and a crown of flowers, shaded one of the windows, and the air was resounding with the matin-music of several peasants. Suddenly the bowery window was opened, and three young peasant beauties, fresh and brilliant as the morning, appeared in picturesque costume, and repaid with graceful smiles the salutations of their friends and lovers. This pastoral scene reminded me that it was the first of May, and that the antique festival of Calendi Maggio was about to be celebrated by these happy dwellers in the vale of Arno. Soon the rustic minstrels began a lively measure, the young people assembled before the house, and, joining hands, danced with a rapid and bounding movement round the May-tree, while the older peasants were busily arranging breakfast upon a long table under the shade of a vine trellice which served as a vestibule to the house. These pleasing groups formed a picture worthy of Teniers or Bassano, or rather of the more graceful pencil of Paolina Gauffier of Florence. Taking out my sketch-book, I began to draw the picturesque scene before me, and had

nearly completed my pencil-sketch, when I was discovered. Immediately the master of the house approached me, and, with looks of cordial kindness, invited me to join their rural festival. While I hesitated to comply, one of his daughters left the circling group, and, presenting her hand, invited me to join the dance. This temptation it was not in human nature to resist. I added another link to the chain of dancers, and we bounded round the May-tree with increased energy and rapidity. When the dance was concluded, I offered to my hosts the sketch I had made of their rustic festival, and it was honoured by immediate insertion in the frame of a coloured print representing the Wandering Jew; after which we sat down in cordial intimacy to breakfast. A diminutive and greyheaded old man, who had enlivened our rural meal by many pleasant songs, which he accompanied on the bass, was loudly summoned by the children after breakfast to tell them the wonderful history of Ferragosto, Calendi Maggio, and their sisters Befana and Mezza Quaresima. He yielded at length to the solicitations of the whole party, to which I added mine, being curious to hear a specimen of the quaint and original eloquence of a rural *improvisatore.* Immediately the peasants hoisted the little man upon the table, crowned him with a cap of gilt paper, and invested him with a printed bed-quilt by way of mantle. The orator then grasped a wine-flask coated with platted straw, and exclaimed:—"Ragazzi! Ragazze! e voi ultri tutti quanti, ascoltate!" After a pause, during which he applied the bottle to his lips, he said, with an air of ludicrous solemnity, "I had this true and pleasant history from Ferragosto himself. He told it me during his last appearance on earth, and I will give it you so exactly in his words and voice, that you may suppose him actually sitting before you." Then expanding his chest, and deepening his voice, he continued: "Dunque io son Ferragosto!" (Behold me then Ferragosto!) At these words the excited group became silent and motionless, and the children gazed with eager looks, and open mouths, upon Ferragosto, who now threw back his head, elevated his shoulders to increase his bulk, expanded his arms, and, after looking gravely round the circle, began his recital, of which, however, I profess only to render the spirit, the language being in that burlesque style of the sixteenth century, which is endurable only in the original Italian.

"There was once a great king named Charlemagne, who was, besides, emperor of Rome. After many and many battles and conquests, he came into our country with a numerous retinue of great personages; and my father, although nothing but a sausage-maker of Belgioso, was one of the party. King Charlemagne prized men of talent in all classes of society; and my father, who was a distinguished artist in his line, was made much of at court. Unfortunately, however, he died upon the journey, after recommending his children to the paternal care of his good king and patron, whom we accompanied to Florence. The conqueror, who had destroyed so many cities, amused himself with rebuilding the city of Flowers. He collected there the population scattered through the neighbourhood; and many of his courtiers, to whom he granted feudal privileges, established themselves in Florence, and contributed to the embellishment of this new metropolis.

"Before his departure, Charlemagne wished to see the environs of Florence, and, being attracted by the high celebrity of the fairies of Fiesole, he went there with a numerous retinue, in which were my brother, my two sisters, and myself. When the court had arrived before the Buche delle Fate, at Fiesole, the emperor deposited there some rich presents; and, in return, he was most graciously received by the fairies, who granted an especial boon to every one of his attendants. They made the famous paladin Orlando invulnerable; for it is altogether a mistake to say that he was born so. Maugis was endowed with all the knowledge requisite to make a good necromancer; and, in short, every one had some favour granted, except my youngest sister, Mezza Quaresima, who would not ask any, and was cruelly punished, as you shall hear anon. For my own share, I requested the fairies to make me immortal. Satisfied, however, with a brief existence every year, I begged only for a renewal of life during the first week of August, and conditioned that this period should become a fes-

tival, during which my return to earth should be annually celebrated by rejoicings and banquets. You shall now hear how I terminate my annual existence. I go at midnight to the abode of the fairies, whose door is always open to me, and there I find a cask of wine, the delicious poison of which takes away my life. I drink and drink until I fall asleep, and then I expire in good faith, and very comfortably. On the day appointed for my resuscitation, the fairies bring me to life again in this manner. They cut open a large, fat, well-pickled sow, put me into the inside, and carefully stitch up the orifice. Then the fairies apply a melon to the pig's snout, through which the grateful odour penetrates to my nostrils. Gradually I return to life; the sow is again cut open, and I jump out of my grave as handsome and lively as ever.

"My brother Calendi Maggio was gifted with music, and ever since, the first of May has been a festival on which the Tuscans honour his memory by songs and May-trees. My eldest sister Befana had the audacity to beg that she might herself become a fairy, and her ambition was gratified on condition that every year, on the night of the sixth of January, she would frighten the children by threatening to cut in two all those who plagued their nurses, or would not eat their porridge without pulling faces. My other sister, who unwisely rejected the proffered gifts of the fairies, had soon reason to repent; for, had she only asked permission to eat meat in Lent, she would have escaped a miserable death. During her pregnancy, she was seized at Mid-Lent with an irresistible longing for a Bologna sausage; and, to make bad worse, she devoured it eagerly, and without cooking. This heinous crime was discovered, betrayed, and pronounced unpardonable. My poor sister was condemned to the dreadful punishment of being sawn in two, and the only remission granted was the privilege of dying incognita in the garb of a nun. In memory of this catastrophe, and in the Piazza Padella, the very spot where it took place, the sad spectacle is renewed every year at Mid-Lent, by sawing in two a wooden puppet, which is still called the Monaca."

Ferragosto having finished the story of his family, which he had interrupted by frequent applications to his wine-flask, threw his gilt crown amidst the crowd of listeners, jumped down from the table, and took leave of his hosts, to attend his duty as a chorister in the next parish. At the same time I quitted the hospitable peasants, and accompanied him, followed by long-repeated exclamations from the children of "Viva Ferragosto, Calendi Maggio, e tutti quanti!"

As we paced onward together, I questioned the old *improvisatore* as to the real origin of the festival of Calendi Maggio, and the garrulous old man, pleased with the opportunity to display his erudition, gave me the following details. "The story I have just related," he began, "is no invention of my own. The materials are borrowed from the historian Buonarotti, and, in the works of the Della Crusca academicians will be found the source of all the jokes, puns, and pasquinades, which the people make on Ferragosto and his family. Their adventures belong to the tales called Fataggine in Italy, and Féeries in France, and they deserve a place in the 'Bibliothèque bleue.' The name of Calendi Maggio proves the ancient date of this festival, which is a relic of the old Roman custom of celebrating the calends of May. The songs composed for this occasion are called Maggiolate: the decorated tree, and the branches with which our rustic lovers decorate the windows of their fair ones, are called Maio. This annual festivity, which is preserved only in rural districts, was once celebrated in cities, and dignified by songs, dances, and feastings, which lasted several days; for instance, the grand banquet of the first of May, given in the Portinari palace, where Dante fell in love. Evidence of the former prevalence of these festivals exists in the numerous maggiolate composed by different authors, and amongst others by the magnificent Lorenzo de Medici, whose poems are not at all worse than those of a common citizen. One of his songs commences thus—

> Ben venga Maggio
> El gonfalon salvaggio:

and in another, he thus alludes to these festivities—

> Se tu v appicare un maggio
> A qualcuna che tu ami.

One of the latest celebrations of this

festival in Florence, was in 1612, when a Maio was planted and sung before the Pitti palace, in honour of the Arch-Duchess of Austria.

"The festival of Ferragosto, which is a relic of the Augustan games, is celebrated only in the states of Rome and Tuscany; and the festival of the Fierucolone, which is not mentioned in the tale of Ferragosto is of unknown origin. It takes place in Florence on the 7th of September, the day before the Nativity of the Virgin, when the female peasants of Casentino and the mountains of Pistoia come to offer up their prayers before the miraculous image of the Madonna dell' Annonciata. During this festival, the streets of Florence, and especially those near L'Annonciata, present the appearance of a city given up to fire and plunder. Crowds of boys run about shaking their blazing fierucolone, which are torches of oiled paper fixed at the end of long reeds. These noisy urchins pursue each other with sticks, and the streets resound with shrill whistles and the clangour of pieces of old metal, accompanied by the discordant shouts and howlings of the populace. There is in this strange festivity a remarkable affinity with the game of torches celebrated in ancient days at Athens. The players ran about the city with torches, which they transferred to each other, without pausing in their career; and those who ceased to run, or whose torches were extinguished, were hooted at and even beaten by the populace. Lucretius drew from this game a simile, which he applied to the course of human life, and the rapid extinction of successive generations:—

> "Et quasi cursores, vitæ lampada tradunt."

Here the chorister of Belgioso concluded his dissertation. We had reached the door of his parish church, where we exchanged a friendly adieu, and I proceeded on the road to Fiesole.

To gain an accurate knowledge of the devotional superstitions of Italy, the Protestant traveller must for a time divest himself of his Protestantism, or he will be unable to discriminate between an authorized belief and a popular superstition. In my investigation of these absurdities, I shall therefore avoid all reference to clerical abuses, and confine myself to those aberrations of a miracle-hunting people, which the Romish church neither excites nor sanctions; and that the papal government often checks and punishes these ridiculous explosions of vulgar superstition may be proved by instances, to one of which I was accidentally a witness.—Passing one evening through a narrow street in Rome, called La Sabina, I saw before a recess a tumultuous crowd of people, intermingled with the papal gens-d'armes, who were endeavouring to disperse them. Enquiring from an inhabitant the cause of this agitation, I heard that the recess had been long occupied by an image of the Madonna, which was deemed so unimportant that few passengers deigned to raise their hats before her shrine. This evening, two women conversing in the recess, accidentally looked at the Madonna's face, and saw her eyes moving with an expression of sadness, sometimes upturned to Heaven, and then down upon the gazers, who fell upon their knees, and called out, "A miracle! a miracle!" Immediately the neighbours crowded to the spot, the passengers collected round them, and the tale of wonder was rapidly circulated through every quarter of the city. Soon, however, the inquisition, as head of the police, sent the gens-d'armes to the spot, with orders to extinguish the Madonna's two tapers, and to disperse the people. This violent interference roused the indignation of the credulous Romans, many of whom, in the true spirit of martyrdom, allowed themselves to be arrested.

To this instance of popular superstition, the legend of the Pantheon Madonna is an appropriate appendage. The now miraculous image of Santa Maria della Rotonda had long been inactive and unimportant; but one small lamp shone dimly before her altar, which now blazes with the light of innumerable tapers; and not even one votive offering adorned her person, which is now loaded with hearts, crowns, bracelets, and necklaces. One day the custos of the Pantheon had forgotten to feed the Madonna's lamp with oil, and towards evening, after the doors were closed, the sacred flame expired. Suddenly the people in the piazza heard from within the church a loud complaining voice call out, "Oglio! Oglio!" The

listeners hastened to the custos; the doors of the sanctuary were opened, the want of oil was discovered, and the miracle loudly proclaimed. The custos narrowly escaped from the violence of the crowding worshippers, and on the same night tapers were lighted round the altar of the insulted image, which ever since has healed the sick, forgiven sins, and worked all sorts of miracles. I collected these details from the people, but how far the miracle was acknowledged by the Romish church, I could not ascertain.

Were the legends of the numerous images which patronise the provincial cities of Italy investigated, the votive offerings appended to each would reveal miracles surpassing those I have related. These images were doubtless originally placed in the churches of Italy as substitutes for the protecting gods of Heathenism. In Rome, the miraculous statue of St Peter replaced the Jupiter Capitolinus, the bronze of which is said to have furnished materials for the image of the Christian saint; although Zoega, the Swede, one of the most acute and learned of modern antiquarians, asserts that the image of St Peter is the antique statue of an anonymous Roman senator.

Most of the churches of modern Rome were built upon the foundations of ancient temples; in like manner, Catholic observances were grafted upon old Roman superstitions, and statues of Jupiter and Venus required only the substitution of new heads to become objects of Christian veneration as saints and Madonnas. Of these various adoptions Rome supplies abundant examples. Where, for instance, is the difference between the Votiva Paries of the ancient and modern Romans? Did not models of arms and legs, with records of their cure, once hang upon the walls of the Temple of Esculapius, on the Tiber island, as they do now near the images of wonder-working saints and Madonnas? The heathen Romans, after escape from shipwreck, hung pictures of the tempest, and sometimes also their sea-drenched apparel in the temple of Neptune, or made the votive offering of a miniature marble galley to Jupiter Redux. Now the returning traveller offers to S. Rocco, or to S. Antonio Abbate, or to some Madonna, a gaudy painting of his perilous adventures. On Monte Celio, and on the spot where once stood the temple of the home-guiding Zeus, S. Maria della Navicella is now worshipped. Before her small temple Leo X., either as a Christian or a classical enthusiast, affixed a small marble ship, in token of gratitude for his escape from a storm; and from the ground beneath fragments of antique votive ships have been excavated.

On the north side of the Palatine Mount, and where, according to tradition, Romulus and Remus were nourished by the she-wolf, stood the temple of the deified Romulus, in which was the statue of the suckling wolf. To this temple the mothers of ancient Rome carried their sickly children, and their faith derived healing from their wonder-working hero. The rotunda of S. Teodoro now occupies the same spot, and the healing powers of the heathen have been transferred to his Christian substitute, for here only do the Roman mothers pray for the convalescence of their sick children, as in ancient days their progenitors prayed to the founder of their city.

The Pantheon, once the temple of all the gods, was converted into a temple of all the martyrs, by Pope Boniface, who interred twenty-eight loads of relics under the high altar. The bronze rosettes of the dome were melted by the Barberini Pope, Urban VIII., who recast them into cannon, into decorations for his tomb, and into the Baldachin of St Peter's. In modern times, this magnificent rotunda has been metamorphosed into a temple of all the artists by Canova, whose wealth and chisel have so thickly peopled the niches with marble poets, painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians, that he has hardly left room enough for his own bust.

In ancient Rome, the consul or prætor touched the heads of manumitted slaves with his rod, in token of their release from slavery; and in modern Rome, the penitentiary gives a similar tap with a stick to the penitent after confession, and thereby releases him from the bondage of sin.

On the first of May, the Roman children place upon a chair before the house-door a puppet of the Madonna, crowned with a garland. Every pas-

senger is then applied to for a donation in the following verse, which is sung by the little beggars:—

> "Belli, Belli Giovanotti,
> Che mangiate pasticiotti
> E bevete del buon vino,
> Un quattrin sull' altarino."

On the calends of May, the foundation festival of the altars of the Lares præstites was celebrated in all the houses of ancient Rome. The Lararium, bearing the small household gods, was decked on this occasion with fresh garlands of flowers and foliage, and modern antiquarians believe that the custom of the Roman children is a relic of the ancient festival.

It would be easy to multiply examples of similar coincidences; I shall conclude, however, with one of many instances of Neapolitan superstition. The Neapolitan sailors never go to sea without a box of small images or puppets, some of which are patron saints, inherited from their progenitors, while others are more modern, but of tried efficacy in the hour of peril. When a storm overtakes the vessel, the sailors leave her to her fate, and bring upon deck the box of saints, one of which is held up, and loudly prayed to for assistance. The storm, however, increases, and the obstinate or powerless saint is vehemently abused, and thrown upon the deck. Others are held up, prayed to, abused, and thrown down in succession, until the heavens become more propitious. The storm abates, all danger disappears, the saint last prayed to acquires the reputation of miraculous efficacy, and, after their return to Naples, is honoured with prayers.

ALL FOR LOVE; AND THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA. BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. LL D. POET LAUREATE, &c.*

Mr Southey here presents us with a brace of metrical legends, drawn from that inexhaustible and hitherto unrifled store-house, the Roman Catholic, or as it may less offensively, and perhaps more justly be called, the Pseudo-Christian Mythology. No English Protestant, perhaps no living Romanist, is so well acquainted with the religious fables which, from the first century to the intellectual age of Joanna Southcote and Prince Hohenloe, have encrusted the Christian church, as the prolific author of this little volume.

Few men, with understanding and morals so thoroughly Protestant, have imagination and feelings to comprehend so fully the beautiful in Romanism, while his keen sense of the ludicrous, only subdued by a deeper sense of religious awe, makes him as quickly alive to its absurdities. Thus qualified, he might, in the wealthy autumn of his powers, fulfil the purpose of his forward spring, by enriching the English language with a Poem founded on the imaginative and human parts of the Catholic creed—adorned with all its ceremonial pomp—its sensuous pathos—its strange self-denials—its soul-enthralling self-indulgences—and exalted by the multitudinous agencies of saints and angels—departed spirits and demons. Thalaba and Kehama have shewn what he could effect with the gorgeous superstitions of Arabia and Hindostan; but these have no substance in English imaginations, no significance for English hearts. Mr Southey has done for them all that could be done. He has presented them to the inward eye, distinctly, yet with all the splendid effects of multitude. Bodied forth by his romantic fancy, they very much resemble such a dream as might visit the late slumbers of a child after the first sight of a Christmas pantomime, or Easter melo-drama. He has done more—he has breathed a soul into shadows, gay and restless as gold and purple sunbeams on the western ocean. But the soul is not their own—it is not Arabesque, nor Hindoo, nor Oriental, but Christian English. No power of genius can reconcile, though it may disguise, the incongruity of a sensual religion with an almost ascetic morality. Even the human manners and actions which enter into the texture of the story are at variance with the sentiments and characters. Neither Oneiza nor Kailyal could have existed in a land of Harams. We do not allude to these discrepancies as

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faults—though critical faults may be more than excused, when they denote a pertinacity of moral virtue. Mr Southey's imagination, which exercises a magical control over the elements of the visible universe, in nowise transforms or modifies his moral sense, which remains among monsters and necromantic illusions, unchanged, undaunted, as Ulysses in the bower of Circe. But in reality, these inconsistencies are involved in the subjects to which his peculiar genius, and the course of his studies, directed his choice. Milton encountered tenfold greater absurdities and contradictions in his Paradise Lost—yet who can wish that he had chosen another theme? Who would part with Thalaba and Kehama—because, in order to address the sympathies of Europeans, it was necessary to semi-Christianize Orientalism? Though we are sometimes deceived into the expectation of a *coup-de-theatre*, when the destroyer Thalaba, and the gentle Glendoveer, shall throw off their infidel garments, and turn out, the one a concealed agent of the Vice Society, (is it still in existence?) and the other a missionary in disguise; yet, on the whole, we are rather pleased to find our old friends Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude, Faith, Hope, and Charity, Cleanliness, and Godliness, in all climates, and under all modes of belief. But a Catholic subject would have presented none of these difficulties. For whatever may be the sins of the Catholic church, they are not sins of *omission*—there is no true feeling of a Christian heart to which she does not afford an exponent. The blessed Mary—the divine womanhood—the virgin glorification of maternity, is surely the most beautiful, the loveliest, purest idea to which the erring spirit of man ever paid unbidden homage; and even among the inferior host of saints—tender maidens and young children, who suffered all torments and strange fire for their Saviour's love—nuns that melted away in visionary ecstasies, or struggled in solitude with unutterable pangs—bestowing the warmest affections of a passionate female nature on spiritual beings, and pining with the heart sickness of deferred hope for the day when death should consummate their mystic espousals—pilgrims who passed fro m land to land, and roamed the earth while it was full of wonders—visited cities now wrapt in desert sands as with a winding sheet, and empires sunk beneath the shifting ocean—passing like silent shadows through regions of an unknown tongue, or proclaiming the truth with most miraculous organ to savage tribes and barbaric monarchs—hermits, whose solitude was frequented by guardian angels, and assaulting fiends,—whose life, "remote from public haunt," was one fierce combat with demoniac horrors, or imaginary voluptuousness—infants that were consecrated in the womb—and penitents that rose from the grave of everlasting destruction—among all that multitude of hallowed names, which, thicker than stars, throng the wide heaven of popish fantasy—what spot of ground may not find a glorified patron—what grief but may claim a sympathizing comforter—what work of war or peace but may ask a blessing—what can a poet dream, which can want a subliming and sanctifying precedent? And for that peculiar faculty which Mr Southey possesses, of commending characteristic images and sounds to the inward eye—what wider or fairer field than the various and picturesque habits of monks, friars, and nuns, the pageantry of processions, the marvels of religious architecture, as displayed in Cathedrals, rich with "ancient imagerie;" that from the pealing towers look down on populous cities—in convents, crowning the vine-clad hills of Spain and Italy, or offering shelter and food, and good men's prayers to such as plod the bare passes of the Alps—in abbeys, that reared their vast magnificence in seclusion—and in jewelled shrines, where bended knees and devout kisses wore away the marbles, the oratories, crosses, holy wells, and hermitages, even the rosary, "so beautiful, whether hanging from the neck of youth, or busily moving in the hand of the aged?"—The vesper bells, which unite a whole nation in one act of adoration—the solemn masses, which impute to the dead a continuous interest in the piety of the living—the midnight chants—the never-dying psalmody of devoted brethren, who, in ordered succession, receive and transmit the flame of ceaseless worship—the matins, and even-songs, heard duly in sad, and still, and sacred solitude—the deep,

calm, traditional tone, and time-hallowed language of the ritual service—sounds which solemnize the air, speaking of what we are, and what we shall be, partake, even more than the song of birds, or melody of woods and waters, of that sublimed, chastened, and idealized humanity, which Poetry delights to find or beget in the objects of sense; while, in the mystic enthusiasm, and scholastic casuistry, which have grown up under the ample covert of the Roman church, employment is furnished to the subtlest intellect, and a cup of enchantment is proffered to the thirsty soul. For the Catholic faith, truly Catholic in its comprehensiveness, however presumptuously, in regard of truth and unity, it may have usurped the title, is all things to all men—it accommodates all tastes and humours—its dogmatical tenets, established as they are by bulls and councils, and sanctioned by the terrors of temporal and eternal fire, however strict and tight they confine the simple conscience, to the initiate, are but like conjurors' knots, which seem too fast to be unloosed, yet are easily slipped, without breach or harm done, by those who know how, and no one the wiser, so that the sceptical Logician, the illuminated Pantheist, may sit down with the dull, wonder-loving, miracle-bolting, matter-of-fact, literal Believer, as easily as the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Platonist, kept peace with the plain idolator within the pale of ancient Polytheism.

In truth, the Roman Catholic system is not the work of man, but of time and destiny—formed by the confluence and compromise of divers sects and factions—a joint-stock bank of errors, trading in the name and upon the credit of pure Christianity—to which corrupted Judaism contributed much, Paganism more, and each particular variety of heresy its quota. The policy of the Roman pontiffs, that master-piece of Satanic subtlety, confined all these lying spirits within its magic circle, and rendered them all its serviceable slaves. It were difficult to devise a shape of fallacy, a phantom of superstition, that hath not an equivalent, or any separable truth of the heart or of the understanding, which may not find an efficient symbol in the Papal Pantheon. How wide a range of thought, allusion, and illustration—how varied and powerful a machinery may such a creed supply to a poet capable of due selection and arrangement,—a poet of a learned imagination, and a healthy taste, who could embody and illuminate the fairest conceptions, and soften or conceal the foul and odious lineaments of superstition!

The immense mass of legendary narrative which the Catholic church has produced and sanctioned, must needs contain a vast variety of incident, both probable and marvellous; and though many, perhaps most of the later inventions, bear evident marks of quackery and interested fraud, being in fact neither more nor less than puffing advertisements of particular shrines and relics, or more criminal impositions in support of a creed outworn, strongly marked by the unimaginative sameness and vulgarity which almost always adhere to venal falsehood; for justly "dull and venal," are coupled in the Dunciad; there are also many stories conceived in a better spirit, some devised with good and honest intentions; others, doubtless, believed by the relators, records of illusion, which lift up the veil of our nature, and histories of true and lovely piety, furnishing most delightful evidence, that Heaven will never suffer those to remain in darkness, who love and desire the light, whatever impediments men or devils may oppose to its beams. The ray that streams through the quaint imagery of a painted window, displaying the gaudy hues and distorted figures of saints, angels, and dragons, though discoloured as it passes, and doomed to struggle with the unnatural glimmer of noon-tide lamps, and pure hallowed tapers, is the same celestial body that glads the vernal morning.

Utterly rejecting, as we do, the critical dogma, that poetry of the highest class absolutely requires supernatural agency to produce its full effect, we would fain see what Mr Southey could perform on a large scale, with the miraculous powers of Catholic credulity. It seems that no other machinery is left for a modern poet, capable of sustaining a deep, moral, rational, or universal interest. The serious simplicity of Protestantism forbids any poetical use of natures which our scriptural faith pronounces divine. Even in Milton, many pious persons are

wounded by the intermixture of human inventions with the words of revelation. Allegorical personifications can only be tolerable in an express allegory, or apologue; and allegory (with due reverence to the shades of Spenser, and of John Bunyan) is a thing not much to our taste. The Greek and Latin Deities, what with bad schoolboy Latin, and worse Cockney English, have become downright bores. Indeed, they never meant much, apart from local and patriotic associations. While Minerva guarded the Acropolis, and Jupiter kept state in the Capitol, they were awful beings; but to one who was neither Greek nor Roman, they could never have been more than magnificent forms, ideal glorifications of bodily strength or beauty; and whatever poetic worship they may still retain, is owing far more to the painters and sculptors, than to the poets. The Gothic mythology has been partially tried, with but very partial success. It is too obscure, too monstrous, too full of horrors, and far too unwieldy and unimaginable, to enter into any composition where the gorgeous dimness and rapid coruscations of lyric madness could not be unremittingly maintained. Of the Mahometan and the Braminical systems, we have already spoken. They may be turned to good account in pure romance, where little more is required than to delight the eye of Fancy with brilliant costume and luxuriant scenery; but they cannot be connected with English feelings, and are so little familiar to ordinary readers, that an undue space must be occupied in explanatory detail (which is any thing but poetry) to render it intelligible. It is true, the allusions may be explained in the notes, or the prologomena, but that is an inartificial expedient, and makes the volume bulky and expensive. We are afraid, too, that we united brethren and sisteren of the three kingdoms find a great difficulty in transferring our sympathies and affections to the regions of Islamism and Boodhism. The affairs of India are closely intertwined, not only with our political, but in many instances with our personal and family interests, and yet it is wonderful how little the public think or know about them. The manners, the feelings, the religion of Eastern nations, present themselves to the imagination rather as splendid fictions than as sober realities. Distance of place has the same effect on the mind as distance of time. Our belief in the Chinesian Pekin is as shadowy as our belief in the Egyptian Thebes; and it would be mere self-delusion to say, that we have any very satisfactory assurance of the existence of either. But the Roman Catholic faith, and all its attendant ministrations, lie at our own door; it grew out of the true religion into which we are baptized, and it has left evidence in our language, our customs, our sacred temples, and hoary ruins, of its substantive reality. That Mr Southey had once a definite purpose of composing a poem, on the plan we have been recommending, he himself declares in the introductory letter or chapter of his Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ, where he also explains the honourable and reverential scruples which prevented the execution of the design. He perceived also, in the quaint legends and extravagant dogmata of Hagiology, ample materials for the production of humorous effects and combinations, which he had thoughts of representing in some "wild and wondrous song," wherein his graphic fancy might have rivalled the Diableries of Caillot's pencil; but his profound respect for the very errors and excrescences of religion made him relinquish the intention. Yet, not to leave the world without a sample of what he could have done, he here presents us with two legends, a serious and a comic—a tragedy and a farce—the one wild, solemn, and pathetic, the other a story of a cock and a hen.

On first opening the volume, we discover a neatly engraved frontispiece, and a poetical dedication to Caroline Bowles. We are glad to see such a tribute to female worth and genius. Then follows, "All for Love, or a Sinner Well Saved." The plot of which, taken from an apocryphal life of St Basil, we shall endeavour briefly to explain. A young man, named Eleëmon, freedman to Protesias, a wealthy citizen of Cæsarea, falls in love with Cyra, his master's daughter. The inequality of conditions, and the damsel's absolute destination to the cloister, cut him off from natural hope. Fearing even to woo the high-born maid, he tries the efficacy of secret prayers, vows, and sacrifice. He prays to all the saints and to the blessed Virgin, but meets

with no success—then tries Venus, Artarte, Diana, (a more unsuitable patroness of a love-cause, by the way, than the immaculate Mary herself,) but all in vain. Their images were deaf—their oracles were dumb. Despairing, yet not resigned in his despair, he has recourse to the sorcerer Abibas, who, like a true fortune-teller, begins with informing him of his own name and errand; and finally, after some scoffing parley, refers him, with letters of introduction, to his master the Prince of the Air. Eleëmon, "in the strength of evil shame," ventures soul and all for love—repairs, according to the sorcerer's directions, to a Pagan's tomb, and performs the magic ceremonies enjoined. A strong arm seizes him, and with a whir of invisible wings, he is carried through the air—faster of course, than hurricanes, torrents, lightning, and sunbeams, leaving moon and stars behind—yet still rapt onward in the same erect attitude as he stood on the Pagan tomb, his bearers gradually assuming visible shape, as he approaches the habitation of unblest spirits—till, arrived at the utmost north, the realm of outer night, they appear in their proper substance and angel fiendishness. Here the Fallen Seraph sits on a throne of ice—and verily, the poet puts killing cold words into his mouth. Something like the nitrous winds of Madrid, which will not put a candle out, but will kill a man. He is one of the best devils in Modern Poetry, as far as he goes—nearly equal to Mephistopheles. He is the very spirit of scorn—his breath "burns frore, and frost performs the work of fire." No imaginable rage of Hell could murder, like the unimpassioned, uncreating contempt of this hopeless scoffer. He scornfully accepts the tablets, and speaks of love like a goblin damn'd. However, the bargain is soon completed. The "young Amorist" is to have his master's daughter with her father's consent; and health, wealth, long life, and all worldly blessings for her portion, on condition of renouncing his baptism, and all hopes of salvation, and surrendering himself, rescue or no rescue, to the eternal enemy for ever. Satan, like an honourable gentleman, as he is, is anxious to make his own fair dealing in the transaction manifest.

"'Remember I deceive thee not,
Nor have I tempted thee;
Thou comest of thine own accord,
And actest knowingly.

'Dost thou, who now to choose art free,
For ever pledge thyself to me,
As I shall help thee, say?'
'I do, so help me, Satan!' said
The wilful castaway."

The old gentleman, however, gentleman though he be, likes to do business in a business-like way, and will have a bond of his new devotee. A scroll and reed are brought instantaneously; the point of the reed applied to Eleëmon's breast, "just where the heart-stroke plays," produces an electric shock, and draws a drop of his heart's blood, with which he signs the fatal testament that bequeaths him to eternal perdition. How the Evil One performs his engagement may be seen in the following beautiful verses:—

Look at yon silent dwelling now!
A heavenly sight is there,
Where Cyra in her chamber kneels
Before the Cross in prayer.

She is not loth to leave the world;
For she hath been taught with joy
To think that prayer and praise thenceforth
Will be her life's employ.

And thus her mind hath she inclined,
Her pleasure being still,
(An only child and motherless,)
To do her Father's will.

The moonlight falls upon her face,
Upraised in fervour meek,
While peaceful tears of piety
Are stealing down her cheek.

That duty done, the harmless maid
Disposed herself to rest;
No sin, no sorrow in her soul,
No trouble in her breast.

But when upon the pillow then,
Composed, she laid her head,
She little thought what unseen Powers
Kept watch beside her bed.

A double ward had she that night,
When evil near her drew;
Her own Good Angel guarding her,
And Eleëmon's too.

Their charge it was to keep her safe
From all unholy things;

And o'er her while she slept, they spread
The shadow of their wings.

So when an Evil Dream drew nigh
They barr'd him from access,
Nor suffer'd him to reach her with
A breath of sinfulness.

But with his instigations they
A hallowing influence blent,
And made his fiendish ministry
Subserve to their intent.

Thus while in troubled sleep she lay,
Strange impulses were given,
Emotions earthly and of earth,
With heavenly ones of Heaven.

And now the nightingale hath ceased
Her strain, who all night long
Hath in the garden rosier trill'd
A rich and rapturous song.

The storks on roof and dome and tower
Forbear their clattering din,
As now the motions and the sounds
Of daily life begin.

Then as from dreams that seem'd no dreams
The wondering Maid awoke,
A low sweet voice was in her ear;
Such as we might expect to hear
If some Good Angel spoke.

According with her dreams, it said,
" So, Cyra, must it be;
The duties of a wedded life
Hath Heaven ordain'd for thee."

Here we may observe how judiciously Mr Southey has improved upon the original legend, which says merely, " ille corruptor animarum Draco destinat dæmones fornicationi præpositos, et exardescere faciunt puellam ad amorem pueri, quæ projecit se in pavimentum, et cœpit clamare ad patrem: Miserere mei, miserere: quia atrociter torqueor propter talem puerum nostrum!" Mr Southey's version is as superior in sentiment as his clear, simple, elegant English to the Monkish Latin. The pious maiden is made a blessed instrument by an evil agency—even the emissaries of hell are sanctified by her purity—and she obeys the supposed mandate of supreme wisdom without a stain upon her virgin modesty.

The father consents—the destined nun must become a mortal's bride, and the marriage is solemnized with all the imposing splendour of the Greek church. The ceremonies are described with considerable minuteness and accurate learning. Twelve years pass over the heads of the married couple, in the blessings of mutual love and worldly felicity. Eleëmon makes a good and faithful husband, Cyra an obedient and faithful wife. All goes well with them outwardly: and Eleëmon had been most blessed, " were all things as they seem;" but still the consciousness of his lost state oppresses him; and a small red mark remains indelibly impressed where the reed drew out his heart-blood.

No occupation from his mind
That constant sense can keep;
It is present in his waking hours,
It is present in his sleep;

But still he felt it most,
And with painfullest weight it prest, . .
O miserable man!
When he was happiest.

O miserable man,
Who hath all the world to friend,
Yet dares not in prosperity
Remember his latter end!

But happy man, whate'er
His earthly lot may be,
Who looks on Death as the Angel
That shall set his spirit free.

Proterius, the father of Cyra, dies, full of days and good works, and his daughter receives comfort from his last blessing. But her miserable husband, louder and louder, hears the voice within him—" Eleëmon, Eleëmon, thou art sold to the demon," and, living, feels what is meant by everlasting death. The good old man is buried with holy rites and hymns. Bishop Basil is one who bears the bier, and by his side, as the nearest kinsman, Eleëmon paces, with a look of grief, which the beholders, in charitable ignorance, ascribe to his deep and grateful sorrow for the departed, little weening what thoughts the words of the funeral psalm are wakening—" Gather my saints together," saith the Lord, " and they that have made a covenant with me." He, too, has made a covenant, and cannot forget

with whom. He strives to close his ears against the sound, and hears a raven's croak; it comes from the barren elm that shaded the heathen's tomb—

To him it seem'd a hollow voice
That warn'd him of his doom;
For the tree whereon the raven sate,
Grew over the Pagan's tomb.

* * * * *

When weariness would let her
No longer pray and weep,
And midnight long was past,
Then Cyra fell asleep.

Into that wretched sleep she sunk
Which only sorrow knows,
Wherein the exhausted body rests,
But the heart hath no repose.

Of her Father she was dreaming,
Still aware that he was dead,
When, in the visions of the night,
He stood beside her bed.

Crown'd, and in robes of light he came;
She saw he had found grace;
And yet there seem'd to be
A trouble in his face.

The eye and look were still the same
That she from her cradle knew;
And he put forth his hand, and blest her,
As he had been wont to do.

But then the smile benign
Of love forsook his face,
And a sorrowful displeasure
Came darkly in its place;

And he cast on Eleëmon
A melancholy eye,
And sternly said, "I bless thee not, . .
Bondsman! thou knowest why!"

Again to Cyra then he turn'd,
"Let not thy husband rest,
Till he hath wash'd away with tears
The red spot from his breast!

"Hold fast thy hope, and Heaven will not
Forsake thee in thine hour:
Good Angels will be near thee,
And Evil ones shall fear thee,
And Faith will give thee power."

Perturb'd, yet comforted, she woke,
For in her waking ear
The words were heard which promised her
A strength above all fear.

An odour, that refresh'd no less
Her spirit with its blessedness
Than her corporeal frame,
Was breathed around, and she surely found
That from Paradise it came.

And, tho' the form revered was gone,
A clear, unearthly light
Remain'd, encompassing the bed,
When all around was night.

It narrow'd as she gazed;
And soon she saw it rest,
Concentred, like an eye of light,
Upon her husband's breast.

Not doubting now the presence
Of some good presiding power,
Collectedness as well as strength
Was given her in this hour.

And rising half, the while in deep
But troubled sleep he lay,
She drew the covering from his breast
With cautious hand away.

The small round blood-red mark she saw;
Eleëmon felt her not;
But in his sleep he groan'd, and cried,
"Out! out . . . accursed spot!"

The darkness of surrounding night
Closed then upon that eye of light.
She waited for the break
Of day, and lay the while in prayer
For that poor sinner's sake . . .

The blessed wife, by the strong torture of affectionate supplications, forces from her husband the dreadful secret at what price he had purchased her. She seizes his arm, and hurries him away to the bishop, to the saintly Basil, renowned for potency in prayer. It is among the mightiest spells of Catholicism, that while it denounces inevitable perdition on all without its boundaries, it proclaims not humble hope, but absolute assurance, to the most miserable sinners that acknowledge its authority. Not content with teaching salvation, the Church of the Seven Hills assumes the power of bestowing it, and ascribes to her mortal ministers an absolute command over the issues of eternity—a prerogative to dispense with the laws of Heaven, and to cancel the bonds of Hell. But remission was not quite so cheap in St Basil's time as at present. Eleëmon, the loved, the honoured, is doomed to public penance, and is cried by the town-crier of Cæsarea as the slave of the Demon, the slave who sold himself, for love, and was fain to become a mendicant for good Christians' prayers; and yet so desperate is his case, that Basil himself, rather in pity than in hope, forbade him to despair. But Faith, which can hope against hope,

and believes the more earnestly from the consciousness of unbelief, is with the sinner; and now Eleëmon must pass as it were through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He must await, in the holy relic-room, among skulls and ashes, crowns of thorns, and nails, swords, racks, all monuments of flesh deceased or tortured, the fierce assault of demons clamorous for their due—a more than mortal fight with ghostly enemies. The affectionate Cyra would have stood the contest with him that gave up all for her; but it might not be. Though the desire was pious, it was forbidden. He must struggle alone and be saved, if by Heaven's good grace he be saved, as if by fire.

Alone was Eleëmon left
For mercy on Heaven to call;
Deep and unceasing were his prayers,
But not a tear would fall.

His lips were parch'd, his head was hot,
His eyeballs throbb'd with heat;
And in that utter silence
He could hear his temples beat.

But cold his feet, and cold his hands;
And at his heart there lay
An icy coldness unrelieved,
While he pray'd the livelong day:

A long, long day! It past away
In dreadful expectation;
Yet free throughout the day was he
From outward molestation.

Nor sight appear'd, nor voice was heard,
Tho' every moment both he fear'd.
The Spirits of the Air
Were busy the while in infusing
Suggestions of despair.

And he in strong endeavour still
Against them strove with earnest will;
Heart-piercing was his cry,
Heart-breathed his groaning; but it seem'd
That the source of tears was dry.

And now had evening closed;
The dim lamp-light alone
On the stone cross, and the marble walls,
And the shrines of the Martyrs, shone

Before the Cross Eleëmon lay;
His knees were on the ground;
Courage enough to touch the Cross
Itself he had not found.

But on the steps of the pedestal
His lifted hands were laid;
And in that lowliest attitude
The suffering sinner pray'd.

A strong temptation of the Fiend,
Which bade him despair and die,
He with the aid of Scripture
Had faithfully put by;
And then, as with a dawning hope,
He raised this contrite cry:

"O that mine eyes were fountains!
If the good grace of Heaven
Would give me tears, methinks, I then
Might hope to be forgiven!"

To that meek prayer a short loud laugh
From fiendish lips replied:
Close at his ear he felt it,
And it sounded on every side.

From the four walls and the vaulted roof
A shout of mockery rung;
And the echoing ground repeated the sound,
Which peal'd above, and below, and around,
From many a fiendish tongue.

The lamps went out at that hideous shout;
But darkness had there no place,
For the room was fill'd with a lurid light
That came from a Demon's face.

It will easily be conjectured, that Eleëmon is finally victorious. Though the agony of that night turns his hair white, and leaves him as one whose heart has been cleft in twain, yet he has grace to throw away the worser half—so that Basil, entering the ghastly apartment at morning, sees outward signs of a mighty change within. He crosses himself and returns thanks, and speaks to the penitent words of consolation. Still Eleëmon cannot weep—sad is the state of one that must pray for tears. Meanwhile Cyra has abode with the Abbess Emmelia, Basil's mother, continuing steadfastly in prayer, so that the holy virgins, and the widows indeed, are edified with her faith, and the labour of her love; and now she makes request through the Abbess to see the penitent, of whose deadly sin she has been the unweeting and unwilling occasion. The boon is granted—Basil bids the innocent come in. Sadly and slow she advances—the toil and anguish of one night has done more than years of sickness to change her countenance. "Thou hast prayed in vain for tears," says she, "while I have poured a flood."

"Mine flow, and they will flow; they must;
They cannot be represt!
And oh that they might wash away
The stigma from thy breast!"

Her tenderness communicates its healing infection, and he that could not weep for himself sheds copious showers of sympathy; and then the weight is taken off, and the accursed spot has vanished, and all with one accord fall down and give thanks.

But Satan will not be so ousted. He agreed to meet the Saint and the Penitent in the face of the congregation, and in the full church, as the words of absolution are pronouncing. He appears to make good his claim.

"The writing is confess'd;..
No plea against it shown;..
The forfeiture is mine,
And now I take my own!"

"Hold there!" cried Basil, with a voice
That arrested him on his way,
When from the screen he would have swoopt
To pounce upon his prey;

"Hold there, I say! Thou canst not sue
Upon this Bond by law!
A sorry legalist were he
Who could not in thy boasted plea
Detect its fatal flaw.

"The Deed is null, for it was framed
With fraudulent intent;
A thing unlawful in itself;
A wicked instrument,..
Not to be pleaded in the Courts...
Sir Fiend, thy cause is shent!

"This were enough; but, more than this,
A maxim, as thou knowest, it is
Whereof all Laws partake,
That no one may of his own wrong
His own advantage make.

"The man, thou sayest, thy Bondsman is:
Mark now, how stands the fact!
Thou hast allow'd,—nay, aided him
As a Freedman to contract
A marriage with this Christian woman here,
And by a public act.

"That act being publicly perform'd
With thy full cognizance,
Claim to him as thy Bondsman thou
Canst never more advance.

"For when they solemnly were then
United, in sight of Angels and men,
The matrimonial band
Gave to the wife a right in him;
And we on this might stand.

"Thy claim upon the man was by
Thy silence then forsaken;
A marriage thus by thee procured
May not by thee be shaken;
And thou, O Satan, as thou seest,
In thine own snare art taken!"

So Basil said, and paused awhile;
The Arch-Fiend answer'd not;
But he heaved in vexation
A sulphurous sigh for the Bishop's vocation,
And thus to himself he thought;

"The Law thy calling ought to have been,
With thy wit so ready, and tongue so free!
To prove by reason in reason's despite,
That right is wrong, and wrong is right,
And white is black, and black is white,..
What a loss have I had in thee!"

"I rest not here," the Saint pursued;
"Tho' thou in this mayst see,
That in the meshes of thine own net
I could entangle thee!

"Fiend! thou thyself didst bring about
The spousal celebration,
Which link'd them by the nuptial tie
For both their souls' salvation.

"Thou sufferedst them before high Heaven
With solemn rites espoused to be,
Then and for evermore, for time
And for eternity.

"That tie holds good; those rites
Will reach their whole intent;
And thou of his salvation wert
Thyself the instrument.

"And now, methinks, thou seest in this
A higher power than thine;
And that thy ways were overruled,
To work the will divine?"

With rising energy he spake,
And more majestic look;
And with authoritative hand
Held forth the Sacred Book.

Then with a voice of power he said,
"The Bond is null and void!
It is nullified, as thou knowest well,
By a Covenant whose strength by Hell
Can never be destroy'd!

"The Covenant of Grace,
That greatest work of Heaven,
Which whoso claims in perfect faith,
His sins shall be forgiven!

"Were they as scarlet red,
They should be white as wool;
This is the All-mighty's Covenant,
Who is All-merciful!

"His Minister am I!
In his All-mighty name
To this repentant sinner
God's pardon I proclaim!

"In token that against his soul
The sin shall no longer stand,
The writing is effaced, which there
Thou holdest in thy hand!

"Angels that are in bliss above
This triumph of Redeeming Love
Will witness, and rejoice;
And ye shall now in thunder hear
Heaven's ratifying voice!"

A peal of thunder shook the pile;
The Church was fill'd with light,
And when the flash was past, the Fiend
Had vanish'd from their sight.

He fled as he came, but in anger and shame;
The pardon was complete,
And the impious scroll was dropt, a blank
At Eleëmon's feet.

THE PILGRIM TO COMPOSTELLA.

Thus endeth the former tale. In the ease of its structure and versification, and the straightforward simplicity of the narrative, it classes with the minstrel ballad. But there is no studious or obtrusive imitation—none of that affected archaism, which is so preposterously modern Gothic, and so justly to be compared to the smoky impositions of knavish picture-dealers. It is no easy matter, in these enlightened days, to tell a story of marvels or miracles, as if you believed it yourself, or expected to be believed. Sneers at the presumption and scepticism of the present generation, are not likely means to conciliate even poetic credence. Metaphysical arguments in favour of supernatural agency, are still worse; and the circumstantial minuteness with which some authors attempt to delineate their apparitions and magical operations, generally betrays a conscious purpose of deception. On the first perusal, we were almost suspicious of a latent irony in Mr Southey's legend. In the high spirits of youth, he was rather prone to laugh at his Satanic Majesty, and never seems to have considered lovers' pains as matters of deep and tragic sympathy. But upon better thoughts, we are convinced that he is in earnest. He does not, perhaps, literally hold the strange tale devoutly true, but he intends it for a solemn representation of essential truths. He conceives and expresses the full and passionate faith with which it would have been received in those simpler ages, when faith was esteemed a duty of the heart—a meritorious sacrifice precious in proportion to its difficulty. The legal quirks and subtle special pleadings of the Saint and the Devil may perhaps excite a smile,—but why may not a saint be a wit, and use the Devil's weapon to defeat the fiend himself?

We have been so large in our extracts from "All for Love," that we must be very brief in our notice of the "Pilgrim to Compostella." It is a mere good-natured joke—an honest laugh at Roman Catholic credulity, in which the conclave of Cardinals might join—a merry Christmas tale, supposed to be related by "old Gaffer Grey," to a rosy fire-side of "good little men and women." We are assured, however, in a note, (apropos of notes, we wish Mr Southey would translate his Spanish quotations,) "that it is an actual Legend, seriously put forth by Mother Church for the edification of her faithful children." We hate to "mar a curious tale in telling it;" and it would be next to impossible, either by a prose abridgment, or by partial selections, to give any idea of the naïveté, and nursery-song simplicity, in which Mr Southey has disguised his Protestant satire. He has really made "a right merry conceited history," out of an absurd and audacious lie. The *fable* is just this: A family set forth from Aquitaine to visit the shrine of St James, at Compostella, whither, according to the Catholic faith, the decapitated body of that saint was conveyed from Palestine, (miraculously of course,) in a ship of marble. At a certain small town by the way, their son Pierre is tempted by the innkeeper's daughter. Like a second Joseph, he resists the immodest damsel; like Potiphar's wife, she converts her love to hate, and accuses the virtuous youth of a capital crime.

Her false oaths prevail, and he is condemned to the gallows. Rejoicing in his martyred innocence, he exhorts his parents to pursue their pilgrimage, and pray for the peace of his soul. Sorrowing, they proceed, and returning, find their son hanging by the neck alive, and singing psalms—in no actual pain—but naturally desirous to be freed from his extraordinary state of suspended animation. They repair to the chief magistrate of the town, by whose authority the youth was executed—find his worship at dinner—relate the wonderful preservation of their son—and request that he may be restored. The magistrate is incredulous, and declares that he would sooner believe that the fowls on which he was dining would rise again in full feather. The miracle is performed. The cock and hen spring from the ocean of their own gravy, clacking and crowing, with all appurtenances of spur, comb, and feather. Pierre, of course, is liberated, and declared innocent. The cock and hen become objects of veneration—live in a state of chastity—and are finally translated—leaving just two eggs, from which arise another immaculate cock and hen. The breed is perhaps still in existence, and time hath been, that a lucrative trade was carried on in their feathers!!!

Was this story ever propounded for the belief of Christians? Mr Southey says it was,—and, perhaps, the man lives not that can confute him. Be that as it may, it is pleasant to be admitted to the recreation of such a man. We thank him, for giving to the firesides of the public a trifle, originally intended for his own; and glad we are, that after so long a course of arduous and useful labours, pursued through good report and ill report, after trials neither few nor light, and amid meditations that concern the welfare of nations here, and of man hereafter,—he still retains the life and vivacity of his youthful heart, and the merry versatility of his boyish fancy.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD IN IRELAND.

No. IV.

I CRAVE your patience, most gentle reader, while I ask you to carry back your thoughts to where we parted last month, in order that we may again start fairly together upon our journey, and connect the incidents which are yet before us, with those which have already been narrated. I wish I might flatter myself, that, like Desdemona with the story of Othello, "whereof by parcels she had something heard,"

"You'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse."

But though I may not expect so much, seeing that I cannot recount accidents so moving as those with the relation of which the sable hero won that gentle maiden, yet with Munster for our field of adventure, and truth alone for our tether therein, I have a lively hope that if you will still continue to journey with me, you shall not be left wholly without entertainment on the way.

I left you to repose, as it was just and natural I should, at the end of my last sketch, when I had just entered upon the enjoyment of that luxury myself, in Jim Barry's cabin, after a day's active exertion, fruitless as to the immediate object of that exertion, but not so as to the procurement of a huge appetite for rest and sleep. Even the image of Miss Evelyn, which during the day had been seldom absent from my thoughts, soon became confused with a strange incongruous crowd of dim and shadowy forms, and with a very unsentimental brevity of preparation, I was what they in Ireland most expressively call "dead asleep."

It was not without some difficulty that the sergeant of police, at an hour which, from the darkness, and my disinclination to be disturbed, I took for the middle of the night, aroused my sleep-benumbed recollections.

"How—what's that?" said I, as the repeated knock at the door, mingled with the deep brogue of the sergeant's voice outside, first met my startled ear, and before my bewildered thoughts could trace back the events which had brought me where I was.

"I don't b'lieve," replied the sergeant, "but what it's time, sir, we wor thinkin' of startin' av you plaze,

an' in the regard that the day-light that's in it's not much, though it won't be so long, plaze God; there's a rish-light here, sir, for fraid you're not used to puttin' an your clothes in the dark."

The length of this morning salutation gave me time to recollect where I was, and for a moment to repent of my thief-taking knight-errantry, which led to such an early summons—but it was only for a moment: the recollection of the previous morning's adventure banished at once the feeling of laziness, which was at the bottom of the prudential reflection I had momentarily indulged in, and I sprung to my feet, upon the floor, which by its clayey coldness reminded me I was in an Irish cabin. This led to a few more brief, but very sage reflections, upon the relative nature of man's enjoyments, and I determined for the future to esteem more highly the comforts of a boarded floor, and to be thankful for the blessing of a carpet. The sergeant now entered with the rush-light, which was indeed nothing more than a peeled rush, saturated with grease, the glimmer of which gave an imperfect view of the apartment, which the night before I had been too tired to examine. The walls were of mud, according to the Irish phrase, but I rather think that in England we should call them clay—bare they were, and black; as smooth as a mud-wall may be, and of no inconsiderable thickness, as might be seen from the depth of the two small orifices, filled at the outer extremity by a single pane of glass, which were dignified with the name of windows. The roof was merely the interior of the thatch, less dingy than that of the outer apartment, because the inner room was less often filled with smoke: on one side a kind of chimney bulged out from the wall, a few feet from the ground; beneath which a flag-stone, without a grate, marked the place where fire was to be lighted. I said the walls were bare, but as my eye became more accustomed to the glimmering light, I discovered the rude decoration of huge pieces of coarse paper, daubed with red and yellow paint, intended for representations of the human form; beneath which were certain legends, in the coarsest kind of print, which, with prudent consideration, indicated what the red and yellow stains above were intended to represent, together with the story thereof, written at large. These figured, or were supposed to figure, Death and the Lady, and the physician "standin' by;" and various saints and martyrs of the olden time, with pious carols, underneath whereof the verse occasionally halted not a little; but whether the blame lay on the shoulders of the poet, or the painter, it would take a more skilful critic than myself to determine. Against the wall there also hung a piece of looking-glass, of a shape so fancifully irregular as to defy the nomenclature of the mathematicians, fixed in a frame of dirty wood, which had most faithfully followed the picturesque wanderings of the edge of the glass. This, with a three-legged stool, and a little deal table, also with three legs, each supporting a corner, while a fourth corner trusted to the support of a black-thorn stick, which had doubtless done good head-breaking service in its time, constituted the whole furniture of the room, with the exception of the bed, which, though placed on a low miserable bedstead, without roof or curtain, was, in truth, a good bed, as I had ample right to testify.

"This is a snoog place, sir, that Jim Barry has," said the sergeant, as he saw me surveying the apartment with an air of curiosity.

"Snug! do you call it?" said I—"I would have been apt to have given it another name;—why, there are no comforts here, even for an ordinary peasant."

"Lord bless your soul, sir," replied the sergeant, "it's little you know about it, an' how the poor people live—an inside room, sir, an' a whole thatch, an' a feather bed, is what few o' them has; an' sure if they had it, they'd think they were made up for ever an' ever."

"The feather bed is rather a luxury, no doubt," said I; "and I am greatly surprised to find such a thing, while every thing else appears so poor."

"I often heerd the same remark from gintlemin afore," replied the sergeant; "an' the raison why, is bekase they don't know the ways of the people;—it's what they take more pride out of a feather bed than any thing else, an' like to die on it dacent, and be waked comfortable;—but now

you're ready, sir, I'll go out and see if they have the horses saddled."

This recalled me to the business before us, which I had, for the moment, almost forgotten, and I was very soon out and on horseback at Jim Barry's door. It was as yet little more than the peep of dawn; a bright silvery streak all along the eastern horizon, shewed that day was not far distant, while the rawness of the air, and the darkness in every other direction, gave the scene all the appearance of being still wrapped in the gloom of night. A slight, chilly breeze, murmured with a hoarse sound through some trees by the road side, and many of the leaves, laden with the heavy dews of an October night, fell before the tiny blast, and struck the ground with a rustling melancholy noise.

"Take care of the woman, remember I tell you, Jim Barry," said the sergeant, as he left the door followed by his two men. "And now, sir," he continued briskly, addressing me, "let us ride on, for I think it's likely we'll get somethin' to do this mornin', not all as one as yisterday."

"Have you got further information then?" I asked.

"I had some more talk with the woman within," he replied, "an' I think I gother (gathered) from her, that he's somewhere hereabout; but betune you an' I, sir, we'll have enough to do to take him, even though we knew where he was, for he's a desperate fellow, that won't stop at a trifle."

"What do you mean by a trifle?" said I.

"Blowin' a man's brains out, or the like, sir," he answered.

"There's but small blarney there, sergeant; but the more trifling a man's quantity of brains may be, the worse he can afford to part with any of them."

"True for you, sir; but it wasn't what I was makin' bould to joke at all, only to prepare you, sir, for a bit of a scrimmage, if we happen to come up wit' him."

"Thank you, sergeant," said I; "I'll promise not to run away at all events; but what's that noise I hear in the road before us?"

"Some one singin', I think, sir, to keep up his heart this could mornin'," he replied; and, as we proceeded, I soon found he guessed correctly, for we distinguished a loud rough voice "vexing with mirth the drowsy ear" of the morning, in the following precious ditty:*

It's myself, to be sure, that's a nate Irish boy,
An' kissin' the girls is all my joy;
While I've cash, sure, I'll spend it on whisky galore,
For who but a spalpeen would keep it in store?

"There's an arely singin' bird for you," said the sergeant, "an' I don't think but I know its voice too; it's Mick Rooney, I'm a'most sure, an' a rovin blade he is, that doesn't go to bed all night, that he may be up arely in the mornin'."

"A shrewd plan that, sergeant, only that the practice would be tiresome to persevere in."

"Yis, faix, sir, so it would; but here he comes, an' it's Mick, sure enough—the laste taste in life, in liquor, I think, by his walk."

As the sergeant spoke, the object of his remark approached, and the grey light of the morning was now sufficient to give us a view of him, as he half-walked, half-danced along, not keep-

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* It is impossible to conceive any trash more despicable than the slang songs which are current amongst the common people in Ireland; and this is the more to be lamented, as the extreme susceptibility of the people makes them liable to be easily moved to either good or evil by their songs. Even the native Irish songs, as we are informed in Miss Brooke's "Reliques of Irish Poetry," are sadly interpolated with nonsensical passages, which have been introduced to supply the place of lost or forgotten lines; and of humorous lyrical poetry, she says there was none in the language worth translating. Moore has given to the beautiful airs of Ireland beautiful words; but Moore is a poet for ladies and gentlemen, not for mankind. It may be, that there are not materials in Ireland, for a kindred spirit to that of Burns to work upon; but the fact is but too true, that the *poor* Irishman has no song of even decent ability, to cheer his hours of merriment, or soothe the period of his sadness. Honour and undying praise be upon the memory of Burns, who has left to us those songs which, like the breath of nature, from whose fresh inspiration they were caught, are alike refreshing to the monarch and the clown!

ing with strict evenness to the line of his march. His figure, which must have reached the altitude of nearly six feet, was enwrapped in a long, loose, dark grey jock of freize, beneath which there shone a waistcoat of bright yellow; his throat, which disdained the encumbrance of a cravat, was left open, and the white shirt-neck fastened merely with a bit of black ribbon; his hat, of new felt, was fixed on the side of his head, and in his right hand he flourished a shillelagh, in time to the air he was singing, or, as they say in Ireland, he "humoured the tune" with his stick.

"God save you, Mick," shouted the sergeant.

"God save you," replied the young man shortly; and began to cut another caper, looking down at his feet, and evidently wrapped up in attention to the "step" he was practising.

"Is that the way, Mick, you pass your friends in a mornin'?" resumed the sergeant.

"Oh, Mr Waddy, I ax your pardon," said the young man, now recognizing his interrogator; "what are you after upon the road so arely this mornin'?"

"What are you after yoursilf, Mick? Is it goin' to turn dancin' masther you are, that you practise your jigs out afore people on the road?"

"No, in troth," replied Mick, "I'm only makin' my way home, fair an' asy, from Ned Murphy's wake, an' a power o' fun we had; there was tobakky in plinty, an' lashins of pipes, an' I believe the tobakky got into my head a bit, an' I was just practisin' my steps, agin a dance there's to be to night, doun here below at the barn, an' we're all to go to the berrin in the mornin'."

"Was there no whisky at all at all?" asked the sergeant dryly.

"Oh, to be sure there was a little weeny dthrop, just to keep us from fallin' asleep. But who are you afther this mornin', tell me?"

"Come here thin close, an' spake asy, Mick," said the sergeant; and bending down, he added in a whisper, "We're after the ould soger, this mornin', an' I don't think he's far off; you didn't see anythin' of him this way, as you come along, did you?"

"No, be me soul if I *seen* him, I'd make him *feel* me."

"Why?" said the sergeant with the appearance of some surprise.

"I owe him a gridge," was the reply.

"What about? he didn't rob *you*, did he?"

"No, bad luck to him, but he pisoned (poisoned) my dog Dan, when I was over at Mr Bagnall's, an' he wanted to stale the sheep. He gave the poor cratur a piece of pisoned liver, so he did; an' I heerd it from one that knew it; an' so the nixt mornin' whin I called Dan t'me, he come craulin' up, an' put his head atune my two knees, and he gev a sorrowful whine, just lek a christian, for all the worlt; an' thin he tumbled doun an' died at my feet."

I could see tears come in Mick's eyes, as he recounted the fate of his dog. The sergeant smiled rather, for he knew well enough the story of the dog, and had brought it round for a purpose of his own—and now

——— He smiled to see
That *hate* was in the next degree.

"Hadn't you better come with us thin, Mick," he said, "and help to get a hould of the fellow, that he may be given up to law and justice?"

"Axin' your pardon, Mr Waddy," replied Mick, "the devil a much I care for either law or justice, as you call it; but in the regard that he killed Dan, an' I swore to be even with him for the same, I'll give you all the help I can, if you want it."

"That's a tight fellow, Mick," said the sergeant; "I don't doubt but we might be the better o' the help of a smart chap like yourself, for I tell you he, that's the ould soger I mane, is somewhere viry near this, wit a couple of bastes—I've sartain information that he's to start about this hour o' the mornin', an' it might be an active fellow's work to take him if the ould rogue is obstropolous." The sergeant spoke this speech with an authoritative yet confidential air, and laid particular emphasis on the last word, as if the use of it did no inconsiderable credit to his parts of speech.

"Be the powers," said Mick, slapping his knee, "I'll engage I know where he is, for it's what I heerd cows looin' up a lane, about a hayf a mile off from this, as if they wanted to be

milked, an' I know none o' the neighbors that has cattle abroad just now. —Aha! my ould boy," he continued, thinking aloud, "I'll have my revinge o' ye yit."

"The very place, Mick, I'll engage," said the sergeant; "lade on asy, my boy, an' we'll follow—none o' your singin' now, bad look t'ye, but be as quite (quiet) as a cat goin' to stale crame."

I had some doubts of the prudence of enlisting a man not perfectly sober in our expedition, but the sergeant assured me, "that a drop of liquor, when there wasn't too much of it, only help'd a man's courage, without doing him any harm in life," and we proceeded onward, at a smart walk, towards the lane which had been mentioned. Our halt with Mick, though it has taken some time to describe, only occupied a few minutes, and the sun was yet scarcely visible above the horizon, when we reached the corner of the lane, and heard distinctly the lowing of the cattle as had been described. Here the two policemen who accompanied the sergeant dismounted, and fastening their horses to the stem of a bush, walked cautiously forward with Mick Rooney, while we followed behind on horseback. The lane appeared to be an old passage for bringing in manure, and carrying away produce from the interior lands; the deep ruts in the clay shewed that nothing had ever been done to form the road, while the high mud banks on either side, covered with trailing brambles, smoking with the heavy morning dew, gave the passage the appearance of a wide dry ditch. As we proceeded, we perceived that we were gradually approaching the cattle, and, at length, while getting through a sharp bend of the passage, at the end of which we expected to get in sight of them, a rustling of the brambles on one side caused our advanced guard to rush forward. A difference of opinion happening among them as to the place from which the rustling noise came, one of the policemen, with his drawn cutlass in his hand, went forward about ten yards; and, as he afterwards related to me what befell him, I may as well bring it in here in its regular place. The brambles, which had their roots in the bank at the other side from that which faced the lane, grew over the top of it, forming a kind of arch, which partly rested on the top of the bank, and hung down over it, as has been said. Thrust in beneath this bramble arch, and extended along the top of the bank, on the broad of his back, the sharp eyes of the policeman discovered the person, whom he had no doubt was the man we were in search of. It was but the work of an instant to dart his hand through the brambles, collar the man, and call upon him to surrender; but ere the policeman's companions could come up, the man, tearing through the bramble covering, had sprung to his feet, and, pulling a pistol from his breast, discharged it at his antagonist. Happily, the perturbation of the moment a little unsteadied his aim, and the heavy shot with which the pistol was loaded, did no more serious damage than that of carrying off an entire whisker, a very small portion of ear, and a rather larger portion of hat-leaf from the policeman.

The game was now fairly started, and the "ould soger," for it was the man we were in search of, who had been discovered, seemed determined that it should not be so easily secured. Finding that his shot had failed of its effect, he sprung over the bank into the adjoining field, quickly followed by the policeman, in whom all the fury of combat had now been roused. The excitement of the moment had, I suppose, given additional strength to the muscles of the two men, for those behind, as well as the sergeant and myself, who immediately threw ourselves from our horses, took some little time to get over the bank, which they had passed in an instant. When we reached the field on the other side, there was a kind of breathless excitement in the appearance of the chase, which almost chained us to the spot. The robber was about five or six yards in advance, fleeing towards the boundary of the field, while his pursuer followed, with his cutlass uplifted, ready to cut him down, as soon as he should get near enough to strike. The flying man no doubt expected to find an ordinary hedge, or ditch, at the side of the field to which he was running, over which he would have leaped, and continued his race; but it happened that that boundary of the field was fenced by a narrow belt of young trees—beech, and ash, and sycamore, and wild apple, crowded together—through which,

as soon as he approached it, he saw it was impossible to pass without being overtaken by the avenger, ready to smite him with the edge of the sword. Upon the instant he wheeled about, and bounding towards his pursuer, grappled with him before he had time to make an effectual blow with his cutlass; and now they twisted and struggled together, like two bull dogs, when they have taken the death gripe of each other's throats. They fell together, and rolled over and over, until the robber, who, although the elder, was the stronger man of the two, tore himself from his antagonist's grasp, and raising himself up, got his knee upon the prostrate man's breast, and his hand twisted in his cravat. We now rushed forward with double speed to the rescue, and I never saw a scene more horrible than the combatants presented when we got near them. The robber's face had been torn by the brambles, from which he made his escape, and had, besides, received a slight cut or two from the policeman's sword when he closed with him, so that his visage was well smeared with blood, while lumps of the clay, in which he had rolled, adhered to it here and there: add to this, that his small dark eyes gleamed with a demon-like fury, as he strove to strangle the man who lay beneath him; and the hideous expression of such a countenance may be easily imagined. The policeman's face was black with suffocation; his eyes were starting from his head, and a fearful gurgling noise issued from his throat, while the blood from his wounded ear flowed down upon his neck, and clotted the fingers of the robber, which, with determined gripe, were stopping the passage of his breath. I know not whether the victorious combatant knew, until we were close upon him, that he had other antagonists to deal with, but it was not till we were very near him, that he threw the half-dead man from his grasp; and catching up the cutlass, which lay on the ground, and which he seemed to have forgotten, while endeavouring to dispatch his adversary in a different manner, he retired backward to the trees, as if determined to fight it out to the last.

We formed a semicircular line, at rather a respectful distance, in front of this fierce ruffian, who was called upon by Sergeant Waddy to surrender, according to the manner and form by the law in that case provided. The reply of the robber, prefaced with a torrent of curses, was, that the first man who came near him, he would cleave his skull, just as "he'd split bogwood;" and this threat he accompanied with a menacing flourish of his weapon, which shewed, that if put to the proof, he was likely to use it with some effect.

"Why thin," said the sergeant, drawing a pistol from his coat pocket, "maybe we'd make you surrindthur without goin' near you. I'll tell you what, by my sowl it's in airnest I am, an' if you haven't a mind to give up yourself, an' your swoord, you'd bether just take a bit of a look round on the worlt, an' bid it good-by, for if you don't surrindthur, before you'd have time to reckon half a hundert of eggs, an' that's sixty, that I may never ate bread, but I'll shoot you dead where you stand!"

While the sergeant was delivering this minatory address, my attention had been partly taken up in observing the motions of our new ally, Mick Rooney, who had evidently some achievement in view relative to the desired capture. He gathered up the skirts of his long coat, and turned them in, so as to form a bundle on his back, and leave his limbs free from the encumbrance of these frieze hangings, and grasping his shillelagh by the middle, he advanced in a circuitous direction towards the robber, with his body bent forward, and every muscle apparently strained as for a spring, while he stealthily approached, like a tiger on the edge of a jungle, stealing forward to bound upon his prey. At the conclusion of the sergeant's address, the robber, either startled at the view of the immediate danger which threatened him, or involuntarily following the advice which had been given him to look round on the world, and bid it farewell, relaxed from the firm and observing air of defiance which he had assumed, and for a moment looked upward. On the instant, Mick Rooney, though at the distance of six or seven yards, sprung forward, and alighting close beside his man, he hit him beneath his sword arm with his cudgel, and at the same moment struck him violently in the back of the leg with his foot. The cutlass flew from the robber's hand,

sheer over the top of the highest of the trees behind him, his heels went into the air, and he fell flat on his back, his head striking the ground with such violence, that for a minute or two he lay as senseless as the sod on which he had fallen.

"Whoo!" cried Mick, jumping into the air, flourishing his cudgel over his head, and putting forth a yell of triumph, such as one might expect from an American savage, when he scatters the brains of his enemy at his feet with a blow of his tomahawk,—"Hah! by Jasus, there's the Tipperary thrip for ye that bates all Munster," he continued. "There now; ye may take him, an' tie him up, like a bundle of sticks, and do what ye plaze wid him; if he pisons any more dogs, it's not Mick Rooney's fault, mind that, I tell ye."

Before the prostrate man had fully come to himself, his wrists were bound together, with the same cravat which a few minutes before he had twisted in order to strangle the policeman, and its owner, who speedily recovered from his semi-strangulation, assisted with no small good-will in binding him. The manner of the fellow when he found himself irretrievably a captive, was sullen and ferocious; he refused to move a step from where he had been seized, and the policemen were under the necessity of forcibly dragging him to the lane from which we had got into the field, where a rope being provided, one end was fastened round his body, and the other to one of the policemen's horses, which proceeding at a quiet walk, the prisoner had no choice but to walk after him, to the high road.

We halted at the first cabin we came to, the inmates of which received us apparently with more respect for our authority, than good-will to the work in which we were engaged. When a criminal is seized, except it be for some very atrocious offence, the natural impulse of feeling is rather to pity the captive; while reason rejoices in the success of public justice. Now the Irish, who are by no means a deliberative people, and who appear, moreover, to be possessed with an inherent disinclination to whatever the law ordains, almost universally yield to the impulse of pity when a criminal is detected, and would much rather assist to rescue, than assist to guard him. In the present case, however, the influence of Sergeant Waddy, and the authority of his office, were sufficient to obtain such accommodation as he wanted; the prisoner was placed in one corner, while at the other end of the room, such provision as an Irish cabin can afford, viz. potatoes, and milk, and eggs, were prepared for our party; it was remembered also, that as the "ould soger" was now to travel against his will, and under the civil authority, it might be a matter of difficulty to prevail upon him to march, and orders were issued to procure a car for his conveyance to Clonmell.

While these matters were in preparation, it luckily occurred to me to ask myself what good I was doing in this robber-catching affair; and the question brought to my mind, that I had a lost parchment to enquire after, the recovery of which would perhaps procure me a grateful and happy smile from Miss Evelyn, whose lovely face I had yet only seen under circumstances of alarm or sorrow. But I felt wholly at a loss how to proceed with the fierce malefactor, who sat before me with a scowl of hatred upon his brow; yet being aware that every hour which was lost in obtaining the requisite information, the chance of making it available was lessening, I resolved to take the sergeant into my confidence to a certain degree, and obtain his assistance as a negotiator. Having described the parchment to him, by a little essay in the art of innocently lying, as the copy of a deed which was wanted immediately, and could not be obtained without considerable expense, I told him of my anxiety to obtain some clew to its discovery, which no doubt the prisoner could give, if his will could be brought to second his ability. "Lave that to me, sir," said the sergeant, continuing the under tone in which our colloquy had been held, "we'll get it out of 'im—only bad look to 'm, he looks so sulky.—Lave the place, every mother's sowl o' yiz," he continued aloud, and standing up, as he addressed about a dozen people, whom curiosity had brought together in the apartment to see the prisoner.—"Lave the place, I tell yiz, untul the gintleman an' me spakes to the prisoner about partik'lar business." The house was forthwith cleared of all but the prisoner and ourselves. The sergeant cleared his

throat, as one about to say something important, and commenced addressing his prisoner after the manner following:—"Well, you thief o' the worlt, you see what your thricks has brought you to at last—Be my sowl, my lad, I think you're in a bad way—we seen enough this mornin' to hang you as high as Gilderoy." There was no reply, at which the sergeant looked surprised, and then went on.—"Why, bad look to ye, robber as you are—you might have the manners to spake whin you're spoken to; but in troth it's little that's good you know how to say, so maybe you're bether to hould your tongue. Only listen though to what I'm goin' to say t'ye. Whin Mrs Evelyn's house was robbed the night afore last—rimimbir I don't say *you* wor there, or that you worn't there—but whoever was there, they tuk away a parchmint, that this gintleman,"—here with a graceful wafture of his hand, the sergeant performed a kind of introduction of my person to the notice of the robber—"has a great curosity to see. The divil a bit of good the parchmint can do you—I mane the man that tuk it, whoever he was—an' as a frind is a good thing to have, when one is in throuble, you might do worse nor make a frind of this gintleman, be helpin' him to a sight of the same parchmint."

At the close of this speech the prisoner turned his sullen glance first upon me, and then steadily upon the sergeant's face, as if he would read therein something more than was to be gathered from his speech. Apparently he discovered cunning and sinister purpose in the countenance of the sergeant, which determined his reply. He seemed to feel a triumph in having seen through him, and with something like a sneer he answered,—"I think you couldn't do bether than to be after houldin' your prate, Mr Waddy—I'm not a parrot to be made to spake, because you have me in your cage."

"O thin, be my sowl," said the sergeant, angrily, "it's in a stronger cage you'll be soon, an' you'll go up stairs to get out of it."

This was a delicate allusion to the passage from the prison to the scaffold, which in less serious circumstances might have provoked a smile. "You'll get no good of him now," he continued to me in an under tone—"wait till he has had a night in jail, an' he'll be more raisonabler."

An hour or two had elapsed before the car was brought, on which the prisoner was placed, and we set forward towards Clonmell when the day was fast approaching to noon. We had not proceeded more than a mile along the road, when the curiosity which our little cavalcade in some measure excited, seemed to be all at once eclipsed by an object of much greater interest, in advance of us upon the road, towards which the people were flying along the sides of the fields; and we could perceive, from a distant cloud of dust approaching us, that some procession was coming forward. To the eager enquiry of what the matter was, addressed to some of the people running by, the rapid answer was, that "the min" that were "to suffer" that day were coming up.

"Sure enough it is, sir," said the sergeant; "an' I had quite forgot it! There's tree min to be hung to-day, about five mile from this, for killin' an ould man an' his wife, and burnin' down the farm-house where they lived. They wor to be sint to the place, for an example to the naybreed, instid of hangin' thim at the front o' the jail; an' here they come."

As he spoke a military guard made its appearance, and in a few minutes we were involved in the midst of the awful procession. There is a sickening horror comes over one's soul at the sight of three men going to be put to death for their crimes, which the sight of thirty thousand men, going to engage in deadly combat with one another does not produce. There is in the circumstances of an execution a dreadful certainty of the event—a horrible formality—a fearful bringing together of the ideas of the living man that is, and the dead man that is so soon to be—of life and strength struggling with death—with every thing to aggravate, and nothing to alleviate, its bitterness—and—in short, it must be a very unpleasant thing to be hanged against one's will, and it is a very sickening thing to look at another in such a predicament. I said that the procession was led by a guard of soldiers—then came three several cars, each supporting one of the doomed men, and by the side of each there

walked a Roman Catholic priest. The first man was elderly, and the calmest of the three—locks that were slightly tinged with grey, escaped from beneath a white cap which he wore. He was pale, very pale, even his lips. They trembled, too, as did his hands also, while he told over a string of beads which he carried. The second had upon his face the flush which commonly attends upon very excessive excitement. He trembled more violently than the other, while he held in his hand a little dirty black book, which was, I suppose, a breviary, from which he appeared to wish to read, but ever and anon his glance was cast upon the crowd, with a wild purposeless glare, such as I had never seen before, except in the insane. The third was anxious to play the bravado, and to appear reckless of his fate; but the ghastly mockery of his behaviour was the most horrible of all. The miserable wretch would strive to smile; but the force of simulation could but ill struggle with nature in such a dreadful plight, and the unwilling features fell away into the expression of abject deadly fear. The intense eagerness of the crowd, too, was very affecting, in the silence of its wrapt attention, or only interrupted by a whispered expression of horror, or pity, or an ejaculation of,—"God be marciful to their sowls!"

The procession was closed by another guard of soldiers, and had soon passed, but it left an impression which could not, for some little time at least, be shaken off. My attention was, however, rapidly carried from the appearance of the men going to suffer death, to that of our prisoner, for whom the sight he had just witnessed must necessarily have had an interest of a very different kind from that which it imparted to any other of the company. I observed him narrowly, and I saw that it shook him to the very marrow. His face grew deadly pale, and then purple, and then pale again—a frantic notion of escape seemed to seize him, he made an effort as if he would jump off the car to which he had been tied, and he put down his mouth, as if to tear asunder with his teeth the handkerchief which bound his wrists. I saw his knees knock fearfully together, so that I almost supposed he was going into a fit, and I called a halt, and got from a cabin by the road side, a cup of water which I brought, and as his hands were tied, I held for him to drink. For the first time, he looked like a being with whom one could have some sympathy of feeling—he looked grateful, and became more composed, though still evidently in horrible fear for the fate which awaited him, and which the sight of the men going to be hanged had brought so strongly to his mind.

We now arrived at Jim Barry's cabin, which we had left before day-break, and where we now proposed to rest some little time.

I proceeded to the inner room where I had slept the night before, leaving the prisoner and his guard in the outer apartment; but I had not been long by myself, when the sergeant came in to tell me that the "ould soger" was grown very quiet, and wanted "of all things to spake to me." I ordered him to be admitted, and the door to be closed; and after that due caution, seldom forgotten by those who have lived in England, to be careful how he might criminate himself by what he was going to say, I listened to his communication.

"I'm an unfortunate man, sir," he said.

"You are indeed," I replied.

"I don't doubt but your honour knows some great people in Dublin," he continued—"some people about the Castle, I dar say?"

"Well—suppose I do—what then?"

"The polis sergeant said that your honour wanted greatly to get back a parchmint that was taken away from Mrs Evelyn's. Now, sir, I might help to get it for you, and I could give more information, that might be of a power of consequence in regard to the pace of this part of the country, if I had a friend to help me out of this trouble that I'm in."

"Trouble! is it by that light name you call the awful circumstances in which you stand—your life is forfeited; it is but this morning that you twice attempted murder." I observed the terror fit coming on again, but he rallied quickly, and replied,—"I only resisted, your honour knows, when I was attacked; and that's what any innocent man might do."

It would be tedious to continue our dialogue; let it suffice to say, that without any promise on my part be-

yond that of saying that I would faithfully represent whatever service he should perform, this precious scoundrel proposed to guide us in the pursuit of the robbers of Mrs Evelyn's house, and informed me, that a man who had been a servant of the solicitor of the old lady, and who knew how careful he was of the deed of which I was in search, had planned the robbery, in consequence of watching the deed being taken home, and lurking about the windows until he saw it put up. He had taken it, solely with the intention of extorting a large sum of money for its return, and had it now with him in the retreat to which he had gone with his companions. The robbers, he told us, had gone by a mountain-path towards Cahir, on their way to the neighbourhood of Kilworth mountain, where was their principal rendezvous; but there were several places on the way which they might have stopped at, and he offered to guide us by the track which they had certainly gone. After due consideration of the importance of losing as little time as possible, in following up the pursuit of the robbers, it was determined to accept the offer of our prisoner to be our guide, and farther, that to avoid particular observation, we would remain where we were until the approach of morning, and then go forward upon our journey.

Two hours before day, we left the high road by a path which seemed familiar to all of the party but myself, and I soon discovered, by the aid of an elderly moon, which for an Irish moon gave tolerably good light, that we were in a region of bog and mountain. Following the mountain path with our prisoner, who, for security's sake, was handcuffed to the most powerful man among our party of police, we continued our course at a rapid foot pace, in the direction he had indicated. It led us through what our party called Mr Ponsonby Barker's mountain, and wound along the verge of a ravine or deep gulley, with a mountain stream, brawling at the bottom, while the hill side was broken, stony, and irregular. Here and there, a few wild sheep, startled by the approach of our party, and hurrying forward to gaze, as their manner is, with bewildered eyes at the object that surprised them, apprized us of the proximity of a cabin. The poor on mountain properties in Ireland seem generally to be better off than the poor in the fertile plains. They hold their land at a low rent, and generally have, in addition, an extensive privilege over what is considered barren mountain. This they turn to good account for grazing young cattle, and being usually well supplied with fuel, they are altogether a more comfortable, as well as a more independent class of tenantry than the poor lowlanders. Volumes of mist were rolling up the stupendous sides of the distant Galter mountains, in the grey dawn of a chill autumnal morning, when a turn in the path, which now skirted along the high road, brought us in full view of the little town of Cahir, sleeping in the cold stillness of the half-hour that precedes sunrise. The first view of Cahir is striking and pretty. A steep irregular street, at the near corner of which stands the house of the Lady Glengall, is terminated by a bridge of many arches, through which glides "the gentle Suir," chafed, yet not angry, with some rude mis-shapen stones that eddy and whiten its surface. Beyond the bridge, and rising from the river, stand the ivy-mantled towers of Cahir Castle, while here and there is seen, peeping from its alleys green, the scarlet coat of a sentry, pacing with measured step along some half-decaying rampart or guarded entrance. There are some modern buildings of hewn-stone, in a tasteful ornamental style of architecture, which, when seen in combination with the broad river and a conspicuous sheet of foam, where it flows over a mill weir, a little way up from the bridge, give an airy lightsome appearance to the town, which is very pleasing, at least to a cursory visitor. Cahir is the principal head-quarters for cavalry in the south, and an officer's wife, an English lady, told me the town itself was a "nawsty dawty hole;" but the horse-barrack is a mile from it.

Passing through Cahir, where we obtained an accession of several policemen to our party; and ascending the hill on the other side, we quitted the high road, and struck into the flat, stony, poor ground on the left, and journeyed on through an uninteresting country, except for the splendid heights of the Galters, which surround it. After some time we reached a steep hilly road along the side of Kilworth

mountain, whence I could espy Shanbally, the seat of Lord Lismore, on a rock romantically beetling over the Suir, and surrounded with plantations, and beyond it was pointed out to me the town of "nate Clogheen," famous in song, as that in which the gallant Sergeant Snap first met the captivating Mrs Phaidrig Carey.

I should have said that, as we passed along, various places, according to the instructions of our prisoner, were cautiously approached, as being possibly the hiding place of his confederates; but as he still maintained that the most likely place to find them was farther on, we proceeded without feeling much disappointment. As we now entered upon an enormous boggy waste, we perceived towards its centre an enormous "clamp" of turf, as they call it in Ireland, being the general collection of the labours of the district in the way of peat-cutting, and piled there, to be drawn away as it might be required for individual use. Within the recesses of this "lone and dreary pile," our prisoner informed us we might calculate upon meeting with the man of whom we were in search, and we therefore now began to make preparation for the somewhat hazardous service in which we were about to be engaged. The danger, however, as it turned out, existed only in anticipation, as, notwithstanding all the caution we could use in making our way through the meandering allies of this huge aggregation of peat-sods, the robbers in their lurking place got the alarm, and fled in an opposite direction, gaining the bog, where no one less acquainted with it than themselves would dare to follow. Two of them, however, who were so unlucky as to tumble over each other in their flight, and thereby overthrow a wall of peats upon themselves, were so entangled as to be unable to get out, and we not only captured them, but the entire baggage of the enemy, which they had left behind in their hiding place. I proceeded to examine this, and as chance would have it, the very first thing I took up was a leathern bag tied with a string, from whence, after pulling forth a dead goose, a bottle of whisky, and a pair of old breeches, I extracted the very parchment of which I was in search. I felt that there was a most unromantic facility about the recovery of this document, which very unsatisfactorily diminished the glory which I hoped to acquire by its acquisition; nevertheless I rejoiced with an unselfish joy, that, for the sake of its true owners, it was recovered.

And now, might I not speak of our further journey to Mitchelstoun, and of the magnificent castle thereof, and the noble lord its owner, to whose magisterial presence we brought the captives, not of our bow and our spear, but of the falling wall of turf; touching which, one of the prisoners feelingly implored, "May bad luck saize the sowls of thim that made it!"—But I reckon, by my wearying fingers, that this sketch has got well nigh far enough, and that it is time to close it; yet I would linger a little longer, while I call to mind my second interview with that fair and gentle lady, for whose sake I should have been glad to have encountered something more difficult than that which fortune presented to me in the adventure I have related.

It was a fair and sunny noon when I approached Mount Evelyn for the second time—the traces of the rude devastation of the robbers had already disappeared, and the appearance of every thing around exhibited a happy union of Irish ornament with English neatness. Within the house, too, all was changed, and what, alas! seldom strikes us when we remark a change, all was changed for the better. The rifled room was elegantly in order—the harp was restored to its proper place, and so were the vases and the flowers. The old lady had recovered from her fright, and wore that air of composed politeness which so well becomes old ladies; her daughter was as lovely as beauty and gracefulness could make her, and thanked me with such energetic gentleness for the trouble I had had on their account, and the great benefit I had conferred upon them, that I was ashamed of the slight service I had performed. I assured her, that all the trouble I had had was much more than repaid by the pleasure of seeing her again, under circumstances less unpleasant than those of our last meeting, and of feeling that I had, even in the slightest degree, contributed to the restoration of the property of which they had been so violently deprived; "but," I continued, "are you not afraid to continue to live here? I expected to find

you preparing to leave a part of the country where outrageous crime is so common. I am myself almost terrified at the thought of what you will be exposed to by continuing here."

"Oh," she replied, "you are too severe upon our neighbourhood; it is true there are many outrages to be lamented, such as you know nothing of in England, but we are not so *very* bad."

"'We,' do you say? If your county were more wicked than that city of old, which Heaven smote with fire for its sins, yet still such a place as Mount Evelyn would secure for it that mercy which is given to many wicked for the sake of one good."

"Oh," she replied, smiling, "you have been travelling to the South, and brought home the privilege to flatter, which they say is acquired there; but in very truth, though I have lived much more in England than in Ireland, and, I am afraid, after all, like it better, still I do not think Ireland so very savage as it is commonly thought in England. The kindness and devoted attachment of the common people are very great, and though they are liable to frightful explosions of passion"——

"And to breaking into houses in the night," I maliciously interrupted.

"Nay," she said, "that is appealing too much to personal feeling in the present instance; yet, if I were to tell you how kindly they sometimes spoke, and with a certain air of protection in their tone and manner, even when they were robbing the house, you would exonerate them of some of the sullen brutality which is to be found with the banditti of other countries."

"I am very glad you have told me of that," said I; "it may save the lives of the men who have been taken."

"Their lives! did you say?" she replied, with much emotion; "Oh Heaven, how selfish I have been, never to have thought of the unhappy condition into which I might have known they have brought themselves. Indeed! Indeed! they were not brutal—not inhuman. If I might entreat of you to trouble yourself further about this matter, do, for the sake of mercy, make intercession for them."

Fair ladies, if you would know what it is that gives to beauty the most beautiful expression, it is to plead earnestly in the cause of mercy—the rather, I believe, if you have dark blue eyes; but that is a matter concerning which the learned are not unanimous.

I assured Miss Evelyn, that if the men were found guilty, when they were tried, I should use every exertion to represent their conduct as favourably as it deserved to be represented, for a commutation of punishment. They were convicted, and the applications made were successful. Their lives, after much deliberation and hesitation, were spared, and once more I earned thanks that I shall long remember.

It was some three or four months after this, when I was taking some coffee in the Imperial Hotel in Cork, that I chanced to take up a Clonmel newspaper, and accidentally looking to that important corner of a country paper, dedicated to the names of those who have been so ungracious as to get married before us, I read the following:—"Married, on the 10th instant, by the Very Reverend the Dean of Cloghran, Captain Frederick Clutterbuck of the —— Regiment of Lancers, to Louisa, only daughter of M. Evelyn of the Mount, near Clonmel, Esquire."

The coffee in Cork is extremely bitter—perhaps they roast it overmuch.

MODERN REFORMATION IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Sir,

The paper which I now send you, after being prepared for publication, I narrowly rescued from the flames. Its author was of opinion, that the time had gone by when it might be useful; and as the view which he has felt himself obliged to take of the important subject to which it relates, is in opposition to those of his most valued friends, he was not desirous to give it a publicity, which might give pain to those whom he dearly loves and venerates, while he feared it could be productive of no advantage. I have, however, succeeded in overruling his determination; and I hope you will give it a place. I do not, however, by any means desire that you should pledge yourself to the line of argument which he has adopted. It does not transgress those limits of fair discussion to which your pages have been always open; and while the writer differs from those whom he opposes, in *the means*, he agrees with them in *the end*. He is as sincerely anxious as they are for the progress of the principles of the Reformation, only he doubts the expedience of the precise line of proceeding at present adopted, for the purpose of producing a result so desirable. I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

An Irish Protestant.

Dublin, 13th June, 1829.

Report of the Proceedings at the first Meeting of the Dublin Metropolitan Auxiliary to the British Society for Promoting the Religious Principles of the Reformation. Held at the Rotunda, the 14*th and* 15*th of December,* 1827. Dublin: Printed for the Society.

Of the "new Reformation" in Ireland much has been said. We have not been inattentive or incurious observers of the progress of events in that country, and only waited for such a developement of the principles which have been at work, as might afford some certain indication of their ultimate result, and justify us in calling the attention of our readers to them with an earnestness proportioned to their importance. But although, as yet, it would be hazardous to pronounce a definitive sentence, we cannot any longer forbear offering such general observations as the case suggests: an association has been formed, comprising many of the best and most influential members of the community, having for its object the diffusion of those principles by which our fathers achieved their emancipation from the see of Rome; and the wisdom of the plan suggested, and the efficiency of the measures pursued, come fairly before us as topics of most interesting speculation.

With those in whom zeal for the demolition of Popery outruns the discretion which should render them anxious to build up a better system, upon more solid foundations, we must be content to pass as being marvellously cold and dull to the business which they have in hand. Theirs are not our notions of faith and orthodoxy; with us the exposure of error is no substitute for the discovery of truth; and we have studied the providence of God, both in the moral and in the natural world, to very little purpose, if the violent extirpation of opinions long received, before a suitable provision has been made for the inculcation of better, be fraught with any other consequences than those of scepticism, extravagance, and eccentricity: but wariness and circumspection by no means argue indifference in a good cause; and great injustice would be done us if we were supposed indifferent to the evils of Popery in Ireland.—Far, indeed, are we from under-rating the mischiefs which must ever attend upon that demoralizing system, even as the shadow attends upon the substance. It may be briefly described as the eclipse of the Gospel: wherever it exists, deeply rooted and widely extended are the errors which

must prevail; errors concerning, not only the rule of faith, but the foundation of government in civil society.

The state of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland is very peculiar, and not to be fully understood without adverting to mixed religious and political considerations. The penal laws, enacted at the period of the Revolution, were of the severest character, and must, if persevered in, have crushed those against whom they were directed. Had they been vigorously enforced, even for three generations, Popery must necessarily have been extinguished. But, although there was much reason to apprehend danger to the then newly-established government, from the faction upon whose overthrow it was founded, yet were the privations inflicted upon them, as much the fruits of party zeal as of political foresight. Popery was the bugbear by which the atheists, the libertines, and the republicans, who, to a large extent, wielded the Whig interest, were enabled to excite the ferment necessary for their own selfish ends; and the penal laws were enacted as much for the purpose of spiting their rivals, as of crushing those whose principles might lead to the overthrow of the constitution.—It is not a little curious and amusing to observe, at the present day, how completely that party have changed their ground. Formerly the popular topic was the danger of Popery; and then they were foremost in getting up fictitious plots, which remain the disgrace of British history, and enacting a code of laws, the severity of which justified the saying "that it was written in blood." Now that it is fashionable to regard Popery as only ridiculous, and that men's apprehensions are converted into contempt, the Whig party have affected popularity by bewailing the unhappy condition of their poor Romish brethren, deploring the privations to which they are subject, and clamorously contending for "Catholic Emancipation."

It will readily be supposed that enactments, proceeding more from faction than principle, (no matter what the danger which would, in reality, have justified them,) were not very literally enforced when no party purpose was to be answered by their observance. In the very worst of times the Roman Catholic religion subsisted by connivance, if not by toleration; the rigour of the law was tempered by the humanities of life and the courtesies of society; and the repeal of the heaviest part of the penal code, when it afterwards took place, was almost like a sentence of death against a dead man, so completely had the obnoxious enactments been superannuated by neglect or desuetude. But what failed to crush was effectual to combine. Instead of extinguishing the Roman Catholics as a sect, the measures which were taken only served to unite them as a party. Concession followed concession, until every galling enactment was repealed. Every thing, in short, was conceded, but what alone was thought necessary to guarantee the integrity of the constitution. But it is easier to remove the reality of grievance than the habit of complaint. An appetite for political power may be excited and encouraged to such a degree, that, literally, it "grows by what it feeds on." And it has been remarked of the Roman Catholics, that they have waxed bolder and more audacious in their demands, in exact proportion as they have experienced liberality and favour. The much that has been granted seems only to have exasperated their resentment for the little that has been retained; and the agitators seem more disposed to glory in martyrdom under the few privations that still remain, than to acknowledge or enjoy the valuable constitutional privileges for which they are indebted to legislative indulgence.

Had the desire of converting the Irish natives been sincerely entertained by the government at the time of the Revolution, other measures undoubtedly would have been adopted, concurrently with the laws intended for the securing the succession of the house of Hanover. The church would have been upheld with dignity, and exhibited to advantage; promotions would have been regulated by moral and theological, rather than personal and political considerations; attempts would have been made with earnestness and efficiency to soothe the prejudices and enlighten the minds of the Roman Catholics; and a series of measures would have been instituted and continued, by which, despite all obstructions, the circle of light must gradually have gained on the circle of

darkness, and under the operation of which it would have been morally impossible that Ireland should have continued so long unreclaimed. But the Whigs were lords of the ascendant. Low church principles bore sway. The highest qualifications for the episcopal office would have been neutralized by the suspicion of any undue attachment to the doctrine of the divine right of kings. A single error in the political creed attainted the competency of the brightest parts, the profoundest learning, the most exalted virtues. The church, in a word, was used for the convenience of the state; it was desecrated by a subserviency to merely secular and political objects. In Ireland, it was regarded by the lay community with a ravenous rapacity; and, by the flagitious withholding of the agistment tithe, the clergy were, in many instances, reduced to the condition of paupers. This measure, as impolitic as iniquitous, necessitated the union of small livings. Thus, while the flock was multiplied, the pastors were diminished; and this to a degree that amounted, in some cases, to the withholding of all religious instruction. Meanwhile, the same principles which led to a neglect of all the spiritual concerns of the church, and to a disregard for its rights and interests, were favourable to the progress of dissenterism, and gave no inconsiderable countenance and encouragement to Popery. The Church of England was viewed with suspicion, and treated with neglect and injustice, while sects of all descriptions increased and multiplied under projects of toleration and bills of indemnity, as if dissent were a privilege, not an indulgence. Popery itself became, at length, subordinately established by law; and an annual parliamentary grant, for the support of the seminary at Maynooth, is a principal means of educating and equipping a large proportion of the Roman Catholic priesthood in Ireland.

Thus, while the prevalence of Whig principles served to pauperise and desecrate the church, they served also to increase dissent, and to enrich and establish Popery. The church was so ill administered as to furnish an excuse for the one; and the state was so ill advised, as to be induced to contribute to the support and maintenance of the other. It is no wonder, then, that enlightened Protestantism should not have made very rapid advances; and nothing but the overruling providence of God could have prevented it from having very sensibly declined.

But it has not declined; on the contrary, we have good grounds for believing that Protestantism, notwithstanding all the causes that have been in operation to let and retard it, has made more way than, humanly speaking, could have been expected. We refer the reader to the digest of the evidence, taken before both Houses of Parliament, on the state of Ireland, by Messrs Phelan and O'Sullivan, for a most luminous summary of the various opinions respecting the comparative numbers of the Roman Catholics and Protestants, and the grounds upon which they are entertained. From the most extensive enquiries, it appears that they bear to each other the proportion of a little more than two and a half to unity. But any statement of the comparative numbers of Roman Catholics and Protestants affords but a very imperfect view of the actual circumstances of Ireland. The state of society requires to be considered, as it has been affected by the various causes that have been acting upon it during the last century, and which render any suggestions, founded upon a supposed analogy between that country and this, to the last degree mistaken and dangerous.

To maintain that laws, of the description of the disabling statutes, as they were in force in former times, must have had a very injurious effect upon the character of the people, is not, by any means, to maintain that there existed no necessity for their enactment. As long as they continued to operate with full severity, they must have reduced one party to a state of abject slavery, crushing energy, and extinguishing hope; and inspired the other with an intoxication of triumph, very likely to manifest itself in acts of severity and injustice. Although it is an undoubted truth that their operation was mitigated by Protestant philanthropy and benevolence, yet who can deny that their effects, considered merely with reference to those who were obnoxious to them, were humiliating and deplorable? The maniac, whose frenzy renders it necessary to hold him in strict confinement, not

only endures that calamity as long as it continues, but even when returning reason may justify the striking off of his fetters, cannot immediately resume the perfect use of his limbs. It is even so with political thraldom, where "the iron has entered into the soul;" it breaks down, or keeps down, the character of a people, habituates them to a low estimate of their moral or political worth, and reconciles them to a tame acquiescence in a condition of life, which, to men otherwise situated, would always appear the extreme of misery and degradation. Now, in something like this condition, we conceive the Irish to have been, at the time when government deemed it wise to relax the severity of the penal code, and throw open to them the rich fields of commerce, agriculture, and speculation. Political privileges and the power of acquiring wealth were *suddenly superinduced* upon habits of slavery, instead of *having grown* out of the improving circumstances of the people; and the consequences were such as might have been easily anticipated; viz. the sudden creation of a gentry, vulgar, purse-proud, arrogant, and overbearing; the rapid multiplication of a peasantry, inured to privations, and willing to become the renters of land, upon terms scarcely leaving them the means of subsistence; the erection into importance of a race of landholders, who take advantage of the inordinate desire for the possession of a "*bit of ground*," which actuates a swarming population, who are content

"To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,"

under circumstances that would distress a humane mind, if contemplated as the lot of the inferior, and scarcely inferior, domestic animals.

Such are the circumstances of Ireland; and to such a state of society are the measures of "reformation" to be adjusted. As assuredly as Popery is connatural with barbarism, so surely will it continue to prevail until the condition of the people be improved. And we do not so much rely upon improving their condition by banishing Popery, as upon banishing Popery by improving their condition; and this in the first instance, by increased vigour in the execution of the laws, and then, by such measures as may tend, *gradually*, to put the relation between landlord and tenant upon the same footing that subsists in England, giving the latter an interest in the improvement of the ground, and the former an interest in the improvement of the people. The wretched drudge, who is assailed by the cries of a starving family, and only too happy when, by working from sunrise to sunset, he can earn for them and for himself a scanty meal of potatoes, has no leisure for abstract considerations. Let him, however, be set somewhat at his ease, and surrounded by the humble comforts to which every subject of the British government should feel himself entitled by honest industry to aspire, and some traits of rational reflection may be expected.

But even if the circumstances of the country were more favourable than we believe them to be to the progress of reason, we do not consider the "Reformation Society" calculated to accomplish any great or extensive good. Reformation implies two things, viz., the overthrow of error, and the establishment of true religion. The "Reformation Society" comprises religionists of various denominations; it is a heterogeneous amalgamation of dissenters, of almost every species, with members of the Church of England.

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
While they mingle may."

Now granting, for a moment, that this medley of creeds, this concrete of contradictories in religion, is well calculated for making an aggressive attack upon Popery, is it well calculated for promoting the ends of true religion? for promoting what may be truly called "the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace?" We unhesitatingly answer, no. The very instant the members of the "Reformation Society" shall have succeeded in their work of demolition, their confederacy will be at an end: as soon as ever the strongholds of Popery shall have fallen before them, their band of brotherhood will be dissolved; they will no longer know each other as friends, but as enemies. The Baptist, the Moravian, the Independent, the Calvinist, will each contend for the maintenance and establishment of the systems to which they are respectively attached, and the country will be divided and agitated by their conflicting pretensions. A presumptuous latitude of

belief will have succeeded to an abject religious credulity; the blind confidence at present reposed in the priests will be supplanted by an addiction to heady and intemperate enthusiasts, or artful and designing hypocrites and impostors, who are but too likely to engage *them*, for their own weak or wicked ends, in perilous and precipitate courses, alike alien from the ends of good government and sound religion.

At the meeting which took place in Dublin, and of which the publication before us gives an account, the speech which appears to have been received with most applause, and which drew forth the marked approbation of the Archbishop of Dublin, consists chiefly of advice to the younger controversialists, and suggests, amongst other valuable hints, that they should not be content with merely refuting the false doctrine, without setting beside it the doctrine that is true. The speaker's words are these:

"The next suggestion I would offer is, that in controversy you always place the true doctrine by the side of that which you impugn; there is no more effectual mode of exposing error than by subjecting it to a comparison with truth. It often happens, too, that the mind of a sincere man becomes embarrassed by the reasonings into which he has been misled, and that he is not in possession of the power necessary to extricate him from his perplexities. All know how mighty the influence has been of the great doctrines of Christianity, when presented faithfully, and in their simplicity, to even disturbed minds—how the faculties, and affections, and hopes, settle and rest upon the momentous truths towards which they are directed, and how the fallacy of former hopes and opinions is manifested by the light proceeding from what is permanent and true. Many a man lives within the Church of Rome, dissatisfied with its doctrines, but unable to disentangle the perplexities with which it has encompassed him. It should, no doubt, be your part to assist in extricating him from his embarrassments, and for this purpose you should, wherever it is practicable, teach him to unravel the meshes of argument within which he is held, and when his habits or his powers have not accomplished him for such a task, show him the true doctrine—show him what the Scripture approves and reason acknowledges; and, more powerful than ingenuity and argument, the truth shall set him free."

This is excellent advice, but how is it to be followed by the "Reformation Society?" They may all agree that the Church of Rome is in error; they may all assist in the exposure and refutation of that error;—but are they agreed amongst themselves as to what "*the truth*" is? And if not, how can they set it forth, or *act together* for its propagation?

One of the speakers, Mr M'Ghee, adopts a line of observation which we think but little calculated to answer any rational end. His notions are intended to be most anti-Papistical, and appear to us to be as uncharitable, extravagant, and unscriptural, as those of the Papists themselves. Verily, if the conversion of the Roman Catholics of Ireland necessarily imply their adoption of the sentiments of this gentleman, we know not what they will gain by the change.

"It is my full conviction, (says he) that the principles and teachers of their religion do not set forth that salvation as the only refuge of their immortal souls, but turn their minds from that salvation to fictions of human superstition and 'refuges of lies,' which shall be swept off when heaven and earth shall be rolled away, and leave those who have been so unhappy as to rest upon them, naked, shivering, guilty, and condemned, TO PERISH FROM THE PRESENCE OF THEIR GOD FOR EVER."

We thought it was confined to the Church of Rome thus "to deal damnation" upon all who differ from her. But Mr M'Ghee is one of those who furnish a proof that extremes are nearest; and it is rather unfortunate for himself that that gentleman, when he turned his back upon Popery, should have pursued a course by which he has been carried out of Christendom, and landed upon a *terra firma* of bigotry as gloomy and inexorable as any that he could have relinquished. Other speakers are more rational; but it may be truly affirmed, that the theology, if it may be so called, of the Rev. Mr M'Ghee, is the leaven with which the whole mass of the "Reformation Society" is leavened, and the spirit which actuates that gentleman the same that may be expected to characterise all its proceedings. Such being the case, we see not how it can effect any extensive good, and there is but too much reason for thinking that it may do much harm. The Roman

Catholics are called upon to do little more than abandon the guidance of their priests, and become, for themselves, interpreters of the Holy Scriptures; self-direction is proposed to be substituted for mis-direction. They are encouraged to embark on the perilous ocean of controversy without chart or compass; and to undertake a voyage of discovery in quest of truth, without even the rudiments of that knowledge which would enable them to proceed on their course with safety. To our minds, this is extremely dangerous; it must beget a presumptuous self-confidence to be deprecated equally with the most abject credulity, and ensure the perpetuation of religious discord.

Indeed, we cannot conceive much eventual benefit to result from any exposures of the errors of Popery, that is not combined with an enlightened demonstration "of a more excellent way," for the attainment of the ends of true religion. Nor do we know how a society, which comprises every variety of religious professor, from the Arminian to the Supra-lapsarian, can agree in recommending a sound and scriptural form of faith in the room of the errors which are to be abandoned. They may agree in much respecting what is to be pulled down; they can agree but in little respecting what is to be built up: thus the work of demolition may go on even at the expense of edification; and converts multiply at the expense of Christianity. Prejudices may be aggravated, passions may be inflamed, a fanatical zeal may be infused and propagated, which would divide father against son, and brother against brother; and the awful saying of our Lord would be a second time fulfilled, "that he came not to send peace upon the earth, but a sword." Now this, we conceive, could not be, at the present day, either necessary or expedient. The Roman Catholics are held in blind subserviency to the dictates of a self-styled infallible Church; many essential truths, and many pernicious errors, are incorporated in their system. To produce any effect upon them, which would really deserve the name of reformation, requires much caution and discrimination; and the best mode of proceeding, we are persuaded, would be, to combine the "*suaviter in modo*" with the "*fortiter in re,*" and to admit what is true, and approve of what is good, in their mode of faith and practice, while we endeavoured to correct what is false, and eradicate what is evil.

It not a little moves our wonder, that some of the eminent individuals in connexion with this Society do not see the obvious advantages which, in a contest with the Roman Catholics, would attend the adoption of exclusively Church of England principles. Upon what vantage ground did Cranmer and Ridley stand? They were less actuated by hostility to Popish superstitions, than by a cautious anxiety for the discovery and establishment of truth; and proceeded in the great work of unfolding the genuine doctrines of the Gospel, which had been so long disguised by priestcraft, or mistaken by ignorance, with more judgment, learning, and discrimination, than any of the other more sweeping reformers. The respect which they paid to ecclesiastical antiquity was a striking feature in their proceedings; their retention of many of the ceremonies, and of much of the discipline, of the ancient Church, was not more wise in itself, than respectful and conciliatory towards their opponents. Religion was disencumbered, without being denuded; and ample provision made for every moral and social want of her votaries, while yet they were encouraged, boldly encouraged, "to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free." And thus has arisen a system, not only in all respects more congenial with Scripture, and more accommodated to the wants of man, but also less repulsive to those from whom we originally dissented, and more likely to attract their confidence and secure their affections, than any other with which we are acquainted. Indeed, we can scarcely contemplate the finished work of our reformers, and regard them as ordinary men. We confess a love and reverence for the mild graces of our venerable religion, as they have caused them to beam forth, which has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength; and the more extensive our acquaintance has been with the rise and fall of contemporary sects, the deeper has been our gratitude for, and the higher our admiration of a form of faith, which, in proportion as it is duly cultivated, brings

its votaries, as it were, into the benignant presence of the Saviour. It is the spiritual counterpart of our unrivalled Constitution. Its regimen combines government with liberty; its liturgy exemplifies form and ceremony ministering to pure and elevated piety; and in its articles, doctrine, and practice, faith and holiness, truth and righteousness, are so blended, as to lend each other mutual strength and embellishment, and inspire the fervent wish that what have been thus so happily joined together may never be disunited. *This* is the substitute which we desire to see proposed in the room of the errors which the "Reformation Society" seek to explode. It bears the same relation to Popery that a comely matron bears to a painted doll; (not to use the more opprobrious similitude that is sometimes, we think indiscreetly, in the mouths of the reformers;) and the enquiring and intelligent Roman Catholic would find, upon examination, that it contained the substance of all the excellence for which he has given credit to his own system, without its concomitant drawbacks of absurdity, irrationality, and superstition.

The doctrine of the real presence, to expiate the heterodoxy of which the fires of Smithfield were lighted, during the reigns of Henry VIII. and the first Mary, is that which is now in vogue amongst such divines of the Church of Rome, as desire to produce any reconciliation between their creed and right reason. Of the doctrine of absolution, the same may be said: it is now defended by the ablest Popish writers, as being the same in substance with that of the Church of England. The *genuine* popish notions on both these important doctrines are still, we well know, extensively maintained; but the degree in which the more liberal and better-informed of the Roman Catholic clergy have slidden into a more lax and protestant mode of speaking concerning them, abundantly proves their anxiety to accommodate their system to the growing capacities and expanding views of the members of their own communion. The discipline of the two churches is nearly the same;—the reverence with which our reformers regarded ecclesiastical antiquity, not suffering them to innovate essentially in that particular; as they were able to trace from the earliest times what corresponds precisely to the orders of bishops, priests, and deacons. The government, then, being the same, the orders the same, many of the doctrines the same, and the Roman Catholics themselves so anxious to represent others as but little different, we feel surprised that those enlightened members of the Church of England, whom we recognise amongst the patrons and promoters of the "Reformation Society," have not seen the obvious policy of holding up to the admiration of their benighted brethren, a system of faith and doctrine in all respects so likely to satisfy their understandings, conciliate their affections, and win them from the errors of their ways.

Equally extraordinary, we confess, appears the adoption, by those enlightened men, of precisely such an instrument as this "Reformation Society." Is there not something strangely incongruous, to the well-regulated mind, in this ill-assorted combination of churchmen, sectaries, and seceders? Is not their agreement calculated to excite suspicion, and are not their differences likely to produce distrust, in those whom they are desirous to inspire with confidence? Is it possible for a thinking Roman Catholic to reflect at all upon the subject of his religion, without asking,—if he is to abandon the opinions in which he has been brought up, for what are these to be abandoned? Is he to agree with the Calvinist or the anti-Calvinist, the Independent or the Episcopalian? Or must he oscillate perpetually between the scriptural soundness of Mr O'Sullivan and the fanatical extravagance of Mr M'Ghee? Amid the deafening and distracting cries, which arise on every side, of "Lo! Christ is here," and "Lo! he is there," are the gentlemen of the "Reformation Society" agreed as to the mode by which the hesitating and anxious Romanist should discriminate between their conflicting pretensions? They say, "Read the Scriptures;"—but he sees that they all read the Scriptures, and equally make them the ground of their respective creeds. So that some certain standard of interpretation, and some rational and definite guidance, is necessary, respecting which these gentlemen are not agreed amongst themselves, and without which their

diversity of opinion must be as embarrassing and as interminable as the confusion of tongues.

The man who takes his stand upon Church of England ground is differently circumstanced. He is not merely a *negative* reformer; while he has something definite to propose to those whom he endeavours to convert, he requires less to be relinquished. The differences to be reconciled are diminished, and the means of reconciliation are increased. And, surely, he may take fully as much advantage of the growing liberality of the age, in prevailing on Roman Catholics to become truly enlightened Protestants, as the clergy of their persuasion exhibit adroitness in reconciling them to the communion of the See of Rome, even while they are persuading them that they are professing the doctrines of the Church of England. There is nothing in which the providence of God has been more strikingly exemplified, and the parting promise of Christ more perfectly fulfilled, than the manner in which, amidst all the corruptions which disfigured the church, vital and essential truths were preserved unextinguished. While the true doctrine was suffered to be disguised, it was not permitted to be destroyed by the errors with which it was encrusted; and, therefore, when the light of reason shone again upon the world, and the Holy Scriptures recovered their proper ascendency over the minds of true believers, little more was necessary than to pare off the excrescences which had accrued in ages of darkness and ignorance, in order to restore true religion to the express form and lineaments by which it was recognised in the apostolic times. Far different would the case have been had the errors been those of curtailment, and not of redundancy; had they consisted in believing too little, instead of believing too much. It was a much easier, as well as more natural process, to throw off the envelopements within which the Christian verities lay, as it were, secured beyond the reach of accident, than to engraft them anew upon the barren stock of a defective and mutilated faith.

The difficult and delicate part of the task of the enlightened reformer consists in so opposing error as not to endanger truth. And it is because this caution is so little used, that Roman Catholics, when they quit the religion in which they have been brought up, so frequently become infidels or Socinians: the arguments, by which they were disabused of some of their grossest errors, not having been gently and gradually insinuated, as they were able to bear them, but communicated with accompaniments of zeal and presumption, by which their passions were inflamed, and their judgments blinded, until they were driven from the comparatively safe and happy condition of superstitious devotees, to the perilous one of reckless and unprincipled latitudinarians. Surely this is not desirable. It is not desirable that reform should stalk abroad in the religious, as it proposes to do in the political world, over the ruins of every thing venerable for its antiquity, or interesting from its associations. It is not desirable to supplant Popery by Socinianism. It is not desirable to supplant superstition by atheism. It is not desirable to root up tares for the sake of planting henbane. It is not in the storm or the whirlwind that the presence of God may be most beneficially felt; the "still small voice" can only be heard when the angry passions have been hushed to silence, and when "there is a great calm."

Provided our modern reformers can induce the Roman Catholics to depart from their communion with the See of Rome, they seem to care little or nothing

"Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes, new changes,
they must pass."

They seem to think that men cannot go astray when they exercise, in the most unlimited manner, the right of private judgment. They forget that that is a right which may be either advantageously used or perniciously abused, according to the information and intelligence of those by whom it is assumed; and that blindness, moral or physical, is in effect the same, whether men suffer themselves to be blindfolded by others, or employ a quack medicine by which they put out their eyes. The Scriptures are a volume which contains all truths necessary for salvation. To have access to them, and to read them when they please, is the undoubted privilege of all Christians. In them, truths are revealed, and precepts are given, which the humblest and least instructed will

find "as guides to their eyes and lanterns to their feet;" but they also contain a system of divine philosophy which may afford its highest exercise to the sagacity and intelligence of the deepest and most enlightened thinkers. They have been truly described as containing "fords where the lamb may wade, and depths where the elephant must swim;" and, surely, when rude and undisciplined minds are encouraged to roam at large over a commonage such as this, without pastoral care or guidance, it is not to be expected that they will confine themselves to the consumption of just so much as is good for them; and it would, indeed, be greatly to be admired if they did not tread down and disfigure more than they can appropriate with advantage.

In the Eighth Report of the education commissioners, our readers will find full details respecting the College at Maynooth. Its existence, we conceive, is not very conducive to the peace of society, and is adverse to the progress of reason; and we cannot but lament the endowment of it, as affording a direct and positive encouragement to the profession of Popery, in its worst form, in Ireland. It was founded at a time when that intercourse with the continent, to which candidates for holy orders in the church of Rome were obliged to have recourse, was considered, in a political point of view, objectionable and dangerous. We have not been able to discover that the dangers thus apprehended in theory were ever experienced in practice; on the contrary, the enquiries respecting the state of Ireland before select committees of both Houses of Parliament, furnish strong ground* for believing that the "old priests," those who were educated abroad, were by far the safest and most manageable of the Roman Catholic clergy. They, certainly, were men of gentler blood, milder manners, and kindlier dispositions, than the race by whom they have been succeeded. They had been, many of them, eye-witnesses of, and some of them actual partakers in, the miseries of the French Revolution. Having witnessed the destruction of their order, the subversion of government, the ruin of property, the rapine, the anarchy, and the bloodshed which afflicted unhappy France, they returned to their own country but little disposed to co-operate with the disturbers of the public tranquillity, in disseminating the pestilent principles, the consequences of which they had observed. We believe that numerous instances of unswerving allegiance, in the very worst of times, are upon record, to the credit of that respectable, and, we are sorry to add, rapidly expiring body of men; that they contrived, (no easy matter,) with a perfect fidelity, to reconcile the duty of the faithful pastor with that of the loyal subject; and that their flocks were, on many occasions, indebted to them for excellent advice, and the government for timely information.

But now the case is sadly changed; the Roman Catholic priesthood of the present day are taken from a different class, and actuated by different feelings. They are, with few exceptions, the children of small farmers, who would, in the natural course of things, be plying the shuttle or following the plough, but who, from the facility of procuring, what is called in Ireland a classical education, and the provision made by government for students in Roman Catholic theology, are induced and enabled to enter into holy orders—

"Olim truncus eram ficulnus, inutile lignum,
Cum faber, incertus scamnum faceretne Priapum,
Maluit esse Deum: Deus inde"——

would that we could add "furum maxima formido!" but we differ widely from those who regard these gentlemen as the pacificators of Ireland. They are demagogues in canonicals; they unite the intemperance of the agitator with the bitterest polemical bigotry. The "Catholic Association" now claims them as its own; and, infusing into that body a portion of the "*odium theologicum*" which belongs to themselves, they have received in return a large supply of the political

* See the Evidence given before the Select Committee, by Major (now Sir Richard) Wilcox.

rancour which so well qualified them to be firebrands. It has been chiefly through their instrumentality that the "Catholic rent" has been collected.

How far it would be either wise or prudent, at present, to withhold the annual grant by which Maynooth is supported, may be doubtful; although little doubt, we apprehend, can exist amongst well-judging persons as to the impolicy of having at first conferred it. But these are topics upon which we may take a more suitable opportunity of dilating; and we have adverted to them at present, merely that the reader may the better understand the precise position occupied by the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Under present circumstances, it is impossible that there must not be many of their more respectable members seeking for light;—many, who are not only galled by the disabilities under which they laboured, but disgusted by "the priests," and offended by "the association." How deplorable soever, it is, we believe, a melancholy truth, that there are many in the open profession of popery who are secret despisers of revelation; and who are actuated by a spirit of party to persevere in their attachment to the sect with which they have been identified, long after they could have been influenced so to do by spiritual considerations. The spirit of popery would seem to be cast out, only that other spirits worse than it "should take possession of them," and their "last end" be rendered "worse than their first." It is obvious that these different cases require different modes of treatment; and they are, we conceive, peculiarly entitled to the consideration of enlightened members of the Church of England.

Associations should be formed for the purpose of diffusing a knowledge of the proofs by which revelation is established, and for affording all the information that may be useful or necessary respecting the doctrine and discipline of the national church. And in thus seeking to inform the minds, and remove the prejudices, of those whose conversion is so desirable, care should be taken not to wound their feelings, or inflame their passions. Many a dark and stubborn spirit has been won, by love and kindness, to lend a willing ear to arguments and discourses which have ended in the salvation of their souls. The Irish are fond of resting much upon *the antiquity* of their religion, and may, we should suppose, with great propriety, be addressed in the same spirit with which St Paul addressed the Athenians, when he would fain recommend the gospel to their notice by representing it, in one important particular, as identical with their ancient belief. "The God whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." The occasion would justify Protestant advocates in addressing Roman Catholics in a similar strain: "the religion which ye profess, *that religion, defecated, purified, and spiritualized,* is the same which we preach." And, doubtless, it would be easy to shew that the faith which prevailed in Ireland, before the conquest, or rather the purchase of that country by Henry II., was as different from the creed now taught by the better educated part of the Romish clergy of Ireland, as that is from the rational and spiritual belief of the Church of England.

There are, in Ireland, a variety of societies which have, for a number of years, been silently making inroads upon popery. Of this kind are "The Bible Society," the "Hibernian School Society," "The Baptist Missionary Society," "The Kildare Street Society," &c. &c. &c. These bear the same relation to "The Reformation Society," which sappers and miners do to a besieging army: their operations have been carried on in a quiet way; but have not, on that account, been the less successful in detaching many from the Church of Rome, and disturbing others with doubts, which must, sooner or later, end in their becoming converts. The Roman Catholic clergy, who are unaccustomed to any sceptical laxity of opinion on the part of their flocks, treat those who presume to question any of their received dogmas, with a degree of harshness and insolence which completes the impression as yet only partially formed to the disadvantage of their church; and thus, by their clumsy brutality, co-operate with the reformers.

Such are the moral causes that are, and have been for many years, thinning the ranks of Popery; which, we believe, depends chiefly, if not wholly, for its continuance and increase, upon the unfortunate circumstances of the country, where, unless strong and vigorous measures indeed be resorted to, hu-

man beings must continue to be produced faster than they can be educated or moralized, and improvement of all sorts to follow tardily in the rear of population. Much, however, has been done, and is doing, to weaken the hold which the Roman Catholic religion has had upon the minds of its votaries. Making every allowance for mis-statement and exaggeration, for false converts and relapsed converts, the numbers who have, within the last two years, read their recantation, are very great indeed, and afford the most encouraging ground for believing, that temperate and judicious measures would be still more decidedly and extensively successful. The only drawback, and it is a considerable one, to our perfect satisfaction at what has been done, consists in an apprehension, that the attack has been carried on against the Church of Rome upon principles which may lead to the subversion of the Church of England.

Of what is called the "aggressive" system, we have not seen many desirable results. The "Reformation Meetings" are of this description. They are promiscuous assemblages convened by the members of the "Reformation Society" in different parts of the country, where the objects of the society are set forth, and the doctrines of the Roman Catholics are attacked and defended. In general, the speakers on the Protestant side exhibit more zeal than either discretion or ability; and their adversaries, amidst a profusion of vulgarity, ignorance, and misrepresentation, sometimes display an ingenuity worthy of a better cause. But, as far as we have had an opportunity of observing, these meetings are always more calculated to exasperate the feelings than to win the affections, or inform the judgments, of those for whose edification they are especially got up; and who, when they do attend them, attend them more from an idle curiosity than any real anxiety upon the subject of their salvation. Before the sickle can be thus employed with advantage, "the fields must be" more "white for the harvest;" and, until then, truly enlightened Protestants will be content with converting Roman Catholics according as it pleases Providence to prepare them for conversion, by exciting within them yearnings after a more pure and perfect way of righteousness, when they will be led to adopt the genuine doctrines of the gospel as something corresponding to the newly-awakened religious appetite which they experience, and by which they will be drawn, as it were, instinctively, to the spiritual food most healthful for their souls.

It sometimes happens, that language of an offensive kind is used at the "Reformation Meetings," in reprobation of the religion of the Roman Catholics. This, assuredly, is not calculated to bespeak their favourable attention. They are called "idolaters;" their priests are called "deceivers;" their Church is denominated "the —— of Babylon," &c. &c. We mean not, at present, to dispute the abstract propriety of these imputations; much, undoubtedly, may be said to prove some of them, at least, well deserved; we only question the expediency of resorting to them in the first instance, and as preliminaries to a discussion, which can alone be productive of advantage when it proceeds in a spirit of the most affectionate candour, kindliness, and charity.

A different course would, we are persuaded, be more prevailing. The Established Church takes a high stand in the country; it claims and receives large revenues and considerable immunities; and is, therefore, bound by the most solemn obligations to promote the moral well-being of every individual who is not excluded from the benefits of the social compact. Nor is the Church disposed to shrink from this arduous responsibility; her clergy are, we know, always ready to give a reason "for the faith that is in them." They are more quiet, temperate, and unobtrusive, than their brethren of other denominations, but not less disposed to aid in the diffusion of religious knowledge, or to extend the influence of the Gospel. We beg leave, therefore, with great earnestness, to express a wish that, in the parochial churches, controversial sermons should, at stated periods, be *more systematically* preached than they have been hitherto. The preaching, on such occasions, should be chiefly left to able men, selected by the ordinary, and eminent for their piety, learning, and orthodoxy; for whom it would be desirable that some provision were made, which might relieve them from the ordinary cares of parochial duty, and

enable them to pursue their great object with an undivided attention. Sermons, we are aware, have been preached within the three last years, with very considerable success. They were the first and most remarkable indication of the spring-tide of zeal which set in with the commencement of "new reformation." We have no doubt that many have received benefit from them, but they also gave offence to many; partly, because they had more the appearance of a desultory enthusiasm, than the regular performance of an appointed duty; and, partly, because they were not, in all instances, executed with the requisite temper or discretion. But let it be well understood to be a part of the duty of the established clergy to explain, to all who may choose to listen to them, the grounds upon which they reject the dogmas of Popery; and let this be done with calmness, clearness, and ability, and it is morally impossible, in the present state of men's minds, that our churches should not, on such occasions, be filled with anxious and attentive hearers.

There are, however, many who would feel a reluctance to be seen at our places of worship, but who, nevertheless, entertain doubts upon the subject of their religion, which, if it were possible, it were no more than charitable to assist them in resolving; for the benefit of such as these, it would be desirable that committees were appointed in every diocese, or, if it were judged expedient, in every parish, consisting of learned men, skilled in the controversy, and able to give a ready and an appropriate answer to such questions as might be submitted to them by serious enquirers. Let it be publicly known, that such a body exists for such a purpose, and we stake our credit upon it, numerous and interesting applications will be made. They might be made either personally or by letter; either anonymously, or the applicants might subscribe their names. We cannot contemplate such a process going on for a series of years without the most gratifying anticipations. It would be slow but sure; it would be fishing with a line rather than a net. The committee should count their cost; they should be content to labour modestly and in secret, and without the glare or eclat which attend the "Reformation Meetings;" and they should also be prepared to encounter, occasionally, a stupid hoax, or a disputant dogmatical and uncandid. But the majority of those who came to them for information would be of a different stamp, and their efforts, though silent and gradual, would yet be constant and uniform, and free from most of the disturbing influences which embarrass and perplex moral investigations. After a few years the results of such a system would astonish the most sanguine reformers.

The employment of "Scripture readers," men of the humbler class, who frequent the cottages of the poor for the purpose of instructing them in the "word of God," is said to have produced good effects; but how little qualified such persons, generally speaking, must be for conducting controversy upon enlightened principles, is but too apparent; and it is certain that, in many instances, conversion will, under their auspices, consist in little more than changing one set of errors for another. We entertain the belief, however, that there are to be found, amongst the lower orders, and in considerable numbers, too, individuals who might, with proper training, be made serviceable auxiliaries in furtherance of the principles of the reformation. These we would have regularly taught and disciplined for that purpose; and we are anxious to see such an "institute" established for their instruction as would give them a thorough knowledge of the doctrine and discipline of the national church. They would thus be *positively* as well as *negatively* qualified for this useful vocation, and enabled to build up as well as to pull down, to plant in and to cherish, as well as to root out and destroy. We would desire to see them in close connexion with the church; and, to be truly useful, they should not proceed on their mission without a certificate of qualification from the superior of the institute, and a written permission from the ordinary of the diocese where they proposed to carry on their operations. Such persons, so prepared, would be precisely the "internuncii" best calculated for carrying on a friendly correspondence between the upper and lower classes, and serving as a kind of cement between the or-

ders of society, which but too many circumstances are at present conspiring to divide.

There is one part of the plan proposed by the "Reformation Society" of which we most cordially approve, viz. the publishing, in a cheap form, and diffusing through the country, useful controversial works. Thanks to the champions of our venerable church, little remains to be said in addition to what they have written; and the most strenuous opponent of Popery will find their writings an armory where he may completely equip himself for the contest.

We need not apprehend that, in thus laying themselves out for the conversion of others, our clergy will neglect their own. The time has, we trust, for ever gone by, when so culpable a neglect of their bounden duty could be fairly charged upon them. It is truly gratifying to hear the testimonies which pour in from all sides, that they never were more deserving of public confidence, gratitude, and respect. Under the greatest privations, and in the midst of calumny and misrepresentation, they have borne themselves with a meekness truly evangelical; they have requited insolence with kindness, and returned blessings for curses; and more than justified will be their holy confidence—"that, by a patient perseverance in well-doing, they will put to shame the ignorance of foolish men."

It were gratifying and auspicious to see them take a lead, a real and efficient lead, in the great moral revolution at present going on in their country. Notwithstanding the boasts of "the priests," the Church of Rome is tottering to her fall. Let "the powers that be" look well to the species of Protestantism by which she is supplanted. Conversion may be carried on in two ways:—it may be carried on so as to infuse a spirit which would eventually lead to the subversion of government, and the separation of Great Britain from Ireland; or it may be carried on so as to establish and corroborate those principles which are the firmest bond of their union. We have now to choose between these;—nor is it as yet too late to make a wise election. Nor can we entertain the shadow of a doubt, that the conversion, by which the interests of religion would be best promoted, and which would prove a blessing to the empire at large, must be identical, both in spirit and principle, both in kind and degree, with that which it pleased Providence to produce in this country at the era of the reformation, and which gave rise to what Mosheim so truly describes as "ILLA QUIDEM VETERIS RELIGIONIS CORRECTIO, QUÆ, BRITANNOS ÆQUE A PONTIFICIIS ET A CÆTERIS FAMILIIS QUÆ DOMINATIONI PONTIFICIS RENUNCIAVERUNT, SEJUNGIT."*

Such are the opinions, and such the views, which we entertain on this important subject. They are at variance, we are sorry to say, with those of great and good men, the prelates and the other eminent individuals of the Church of England, who patronise the "Reformation Society." It is impossible to hear the names of the Archbishops of York and Dublin, and the Bishop of Salisbury, without feelings of the deepest respect and admiration. In us they have been so strong as all but to overpower the conviction under which we labour, and which we have endeavoured to express, that the confederacy to which they are pledged is not well calculated for effecting the moral regeneration of Ireland. We are aware of the disadvantages under which our opinions must go forth, when opposed to such high authority; but as they have been formed with deliberation, so we hope they have been expressed with charity and calmness, and we must be content to let them pass for what they are worth. By none, we are persuaded, will they be received with more kind indulgence than by the eminent individuals from whom we have, most reluctantly, dissented.

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* Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, 16 cent., chap. ii. sect. 3. It is curious that the force of this striking sentence has been sunk by his Presbyterian translator.

THE CONDITION OF THE EMPIRE.

When the "New Liberal System"—we speak of it as a whole, and not merely in so far as concerns trade—was adopted, we predicted that it would lead to public ruin and revolution. It has only been partially applied, and lo! its friends are terrified by the omens which appear in the political horizon. They no longer assure us that it will produce unexampled trade and prosperity—that it will make the Empire overflow with wealth, intelligence, virtue, and happiness; but, instead, they hint of decline of manufactures and fearful commotions. Even the more respectable of the Ministerial writers are taking the alarm. The Quarterly Review, forgetting its late discovery, that this was the "Age of the People"—the "Age of comfort for the Poor"—now discovers, not only that it is the age of revolution, but that symptoms are abroad of the most fatal kind of revolution.

And have all the egotism and boasting ended in this? Is this the realization of the promises that the master should be overwhelmed with riches, and the labourer should have his fowl in the pot, and his sovereign in his pocket? Have the brilliant "Improvements" produced nothing but loss, beggary, misery, and the danger of the most desolating calamities?

Agreeing as we do with the writers we have alluded to on the existence of the danger, we should probably have been silent, if, in giving warning of it, they had pointed out the true sources, and the efficient means of protection. But, instead, they have only offered, for the former, vague, erroneous declamation, and for the latter, counsels only calculated to hasten the crisis, and render its effects the more terrible. As to sources, the Quarterly Review, of course, can find nothing wrong in the new system of government; and as to protection, it repeats the stale slang of the revolutionists by profession. In conjunction with that very godly and patriotic person Richard Carlile, it calls for individual economy; the people of this country have, it appears, become highly extravagant, and they are to return to the frugal expenditure of former ages. It unfortunately happens that, independently of individual expenditure, business now will not pay its own costs: the farmer cannot obtain for his produce what will pay the expenses of his farm; the ship-owner cannot extract any income from his ships; profits are destroyed to frugality as well as extravagance: therefore economy can be no efficient remedy. The employed workman cannot earn a sufficiency of the coarsest necessaries, and the unemployed one can earn nothing; therefore they cannot profit from economy. If the community were to strike off a large part of its expenditure in merchandize and manufactures, we fear this would prove any thing rather than a remedy to the sufferings of agriculture, manufactures, and trade.

Then the Quarterly Review advises economy and retrenchment in the public burdens. The poor rates are to be reduced. As this would add largely to the privations of the labouring classes, we are not convinced that it would form any remedy to public suffering. As to the property of the church, we think it yields as much benefit to the nation in the hands of its present possessors, as it would do in those of laymen. If by spoliation of the church and other means, three or four millions of annual taxes were abolished, it would only, on the average, benefit each member of the community to the extent of a few shillings per annum, and such benefit would do but little in removing individual distress. Then the aristocracy is cautioned. The poor aristocracy! it is always the bane of public prosperity, and its sacrifice is always the remedy for public evil. We are constrained by the experience of the last few years to think that the further pulling to pieces of the political and social system—additional experiments, derangement, and confusion—would form the very reverse of a preservative from revolution.

We concur generally with the Review in regard to the culture of waste lands and emigration.

The British empire at this moment possesses incalculable advantages beyond what was ever possessed by any other great nation: it possesses every thing requisite for commanding almost uninterrupted prosperity and happiness. Yet this empire is overwhelmed with suffering, and is admit-

ted to be in danger of ruin. Your Ministry and Legislature declare that they cannot account for this, they will attempt nothing in the way of remedy, and all they do enlarges the suffering and makes the ruin more certain. To make you sensible of the real causes, we cannot do better than give you the following infallible receipt for utterly ruining any great empire.

Do not act on vague generalities, and attempt to strike the whole mass at once; but adapt your measures to circumstances, and destroy in detail. The prosperity of the nation can only exist in that of the individual; and the prosperity of the individual can only exist in good profits on the employment of his capital, or good wages. Compel the individual to employ his capital without profit, or at a loss, or to labour for inadequate wages, and you will keep them in constant distress; you will drag every capitalist, in succession, through bankruptcy, and chain every workman to penury and want. By thus ruining the individual, you must inevitably triumph in your efforts to ruin the empire.

Having made these self-evident truths your own, apply them in the first place to your agriculture. If you can only keep the prices of agricultural produce below remunerating ones, this will manifestly strip your landlords and farmers of profits and capital, and your husbandry labourers of the necessary means of subsistence. You cannot accomplish it by prohibiting your farmers from asking other than prices fixed by law, but you may do so in another manner. Open your market to the cheap produce of foreign countries; admit the corn, provisions, wool, seeds, tallow, &c. &c. of such countries, at prices which will not remunerate your own agriculturists; and this will be as effective as a law for fixing prices. Your landowners, farmers, and husbandry labourers—probably half your population—will thus be strictly bound to constant loss and suffering.

Then apply the truths to your shipping interest. Place such foreign ships on an equality with your own, in your market, as can afford to take much lower freights; and it will inevitably bind this interest to constant loss and suffering.

In the same manner, apply the truths to all your manufactures and trades as far as possible. Admit into your market foreign silks, gloves, lace, shoes, &c. &c., at such prices as your own manufacturers cannot afford to take; and this must inevitably bind all the souls engaged in the fabrication of such articles, to constant loss and suffering.

If you, unhappily, have manufactures and trades which cannot be undersold by foreign opponents, it will be more difficult to restrict them, by direct means, to continual losing prices. But your measures against your agriculture, &c., by confining considerably more than half your population to unceasing distress, must indirectly go far towards placing the remainder in the same condition. Providence has most wisely made it a law of nature, that the minority shall suffer with the majority. The distress of the majority must bind the minority to reduced trade, insufficient employment, stagnation, bad debts, and inadequate prices.

You may, however, to a certain extent, strike directly at these manufactures and trades, in common with the rest of your interests. If you take from a man his capital, you take his means of doing business; of course, in proportion as you may annihilate capital, you will produce loss and suffering. It will not be prudent in you to confiscate and destroy individual property in a direct manner; for the sending of troops to rob men of their money, or burn their goods, might create commotions dangerous to your authority; but you may, with safety, employ indirect means equally efficacious. A vast portion of individual capital consists in reality of bank notes, and cannot exist if these notes do not. Suppress the notes, and you will necessarily destroy the capital; the banks cannot lend different money in lieu of them, and their customers cannot borrow any. You will thus as effectually take from almost every man, no matter what his business may be, a part of his capital, as you would do should you rob him of his money or burn his goods; and from great numbers of manufacturers and traders you will take nearly all their capital. By destroying the master's means of doing business, you will necessarily destroy the employment of his workmen. This potent means will, therefore, of itself, enable you to produce an im-

mense portion of loss, ruin, and distress, in every business throughout your population.

After having applied the truths as far as practicability will permit at home, apply them to your Colonies. Admit into your market the produce of foreign nations, at such prices as your colonial growers of like produce cannot afford to take; and this, by narrowing the market of the latter, and reducing their prices, must bind them, masters and servants, to constant loss and suffering. Your measures for distressing your population at home will injure grievously your colonial population; and those for distressing the latter will injure grievously the former.

When you have, as far as possible, bound every individual of your population, at home and in your colonies, to bankruptcy prices and famine wages —to constant loss and suffering—you may employ various means for hastening the ruin of your empire. The universal distress will be a prolific source of discontent, disaffection, ignorance, vice, and crime. To make it produce the greatest possible amount of these, teach your population that all its laws and institutions are faulty, and fill the land with intolerable evils; —excite its hatred by this, on the one hand, and continual new legislation on the other, against all established things;—instruct it to despise the wisdom of past ages, and to reject, as error, whatever bears the stamp of experience; under the pretence of benefiting science, inspire it with contempt of those feelings and usages which humanize man's nature and bind him to his species;—array against each other servants and masters, inferiors and superiors;—by precept and example, cause religion and morals to be derided as bigotry and prejudice;—goad the loyal and orderly into disaffection by insult and coercion—and cherish and reward the rebellious and ungovernable. In a word, root out the feelings and regulations which give being and weal to society, and replace them with those which brutalize and destroy it.

It is demonstrable, that this is the very best plan which human ability could devise—that it is an infallible plan—for enabling any body of rulers to ruin an empire completely in the shortest possible time. You cannot be so blind as to assert the contrary.

And now, how have you in late years governed, and how are you at present governing, the British empire? Precisely on this plan. You have adhered, and are adhering, to it in every particular. With your intentions we have nothing to do; it makes not the least difference whether your object be the ruin or the benefit of the empire; it is sufficient for us to know that your conduct and measures are the most efficacious you could possibly adopt for accomplishing its ruin.

You are compelled to own that your population is in bitter distress—what are the causes? It is only a passing cloud, says your Chancellor of the Exchequer, arising from overtrading. Your Prime Minister, in such a self-destroying speech as scarcely any other official man ever ventured on, has ascribed it to the issues of the country banks, the loss of loans made to foreign countries, &c.—to causes which ceased to operate some years ago. One minister thus, in reality, charges it upon excess of capital, and the other upon deficiency. Your omniscient and infallible guides, the Economists and Philosophers, *generalize* on the matter in a manner perfectly astonishing. One affiliates the distress on overtrading, another casts the blame on the existence of the corn laws; the causes are, according to this party, excess of currency, taxation, or the poor laws; according to that, bad harvests, the suppression of the small notes, or the increase of machinery. They can utter nothing but vague generalities; their magnificent powers cannot stoop to the drudgery of looking at parts, or to the vulgarity of believing in the facts and figures of real business.

Undertaking the humble toil which they disdain, we will look at the divisions of your population severally, and trace the distress of each to its cause, by means of the ignoble evidence of common-place demonstration. In the first place, why are your farmers distressed? Because they cannot obtain for their produce what will cover their outgoings. The last harvest was not a deficient one to any material extent except in wheat; and if wheat had been a full crop, they would still have been distressed, as was proved in the last year, by its

cheapness. If your farmers could procure a certain addition to the prices of their various kinds of produce, they would enjoy prosperity. This is a fact which you cannot controvert.

Now, why cannot they obtain the prices requisite for making them prosperous? Are machinery, the currency, the corn law, overtrading, and taxation, the causes which make wool unsalable at ruinous prices—which make skins, tallow, &c. &c. so cheap—which will not suffer the prices of barley, oats, beans, pease, and wheat, to rise to remunerating ones? You know them to be perfectly guiltless. Wool is ruinously low and unsaleable, because foreign wool is used in lieu of it; skins, tallow, &c. are rendered so cheap by the import of them from other countries; and if a few shillings per quarter were added to the price of corn, it would give birth to a destructive glut of all kinds by importation. It matters not what your currency, your harvests, or the prosperity of your manufacturing and trading classes may be, your farmers cannot, under your laws for the admission of foreign produce, obtain adequate prices. They are distressed by bad prices, and your laws prohibit them from gaining higher ones. You must admit that this is established fact, and not speculation.

The distress of the farmer must always be shared by his servants. It at once compels him to employ much less labour, and to reduce wages. The loss of profits and capital to the employer must for ever be the loss of competence and bread to the employed. The sufferings of your farmers have taken an enormous portion of employment from your husbandry labourers, and reduced their earnings until they cannot procure a sufficiency of necessaries.

To the landowners, rents have fallen, and are falling, greatly; you know the cause is to be found in the low prices of agricultural produce.

In the next place, why are your shipowners distressed? Are overtrading, the currency, machinery, &c. the causes here? If the question be ridiculous, you compel us to put it. Your shipowners are distressed because they cannot obtain remunerating freights, and they cannot obtain such freights because you have placed them by law in these circumstances—in a considerable part of their trade, they must either accept losing freights, or incur the greater loss of abandoning it to foreigners, and suffering their ships to rot in port; the rate of freight fixed by law in this part of their trade must of necessity be the rate in their trade generally.

And now why are your silk, glove, and lace manufacturers distressed? They cannot obtain prices which will yield profits to the master and necessaries to the workman. Why are their prices so bad? Because they cannot raise them to remunerating ones, without having their trade taken from them by foreigners. If the prices of the silk manufacturers were raised sixpence per yard, and those of the glove manufacturers were raised in the same proportion, you are well aware that foreigners would destroy the trade of both. As to the lace manufacturers, foreign blond lace has destroyed their trade to a large extent already. Here is one cause of the distress; another is to be found in the fact which you cannot question, that the large import of foreign silks, gloves, and lace, destroys a vast mass of employment, and keeps the market constantly glutted. Your laws demonstrably prohibit these three manufactures from obtaining adequate prices, and take from them much of their trade.

Several other interests are placed by your laws in similar circumstances. Looking at all who are dependent solely or principally on agriculture in the United Kingdom, including the landowners and their dependents, as well as the farmers and their servants, they must comprehend one-half the population. The Shipping Interest, Silk Trade, and other Interests, circumstanced as we have stated, cannot have less than two millions of souls dependent on them. Here, then, is the majority of your population;—here are twelve or fourteen millions of people, strictly bound by your laws to constant loss and suffering. These millions have had one-fourth, one-third, and, in very many cases, the whole of their property destroyed by your laws;*

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* When the Prime Minister spoke of the loss of the money lent to the South American republics, as a source of public distress, he ought not to have been silent

and they are prohibited by them from obtaining higher—taking into account the losses which bad seasons, &c. must for ever entail on the farmer and trader—than distress-prices. To ascribe their distress to over-trading, the corn law, and the thousand-and-one other causes which you plead, is an absurdity too gross for other ears than those of lunacy. It is not theory or speculative opinion, but it is a matter of arithmetical demonstration and a fact established by conclusive experiments, that your laws render it impossible for these millions to obtain prices and hold employment which will protect them from constant loss and suffering.

In addition, this gigantic part of your population has been seriously injured by the destruction of capital effected by your suppression of the small notes of country banks. Through these twelve or fourteen millions, you have applied the principle of compelling the individual to employ his capital without profit, or at a loss, or to labour for inadequate wages.

Passing from them, ask the middling and small manufacturers and traders, in almost all parts of the country, if their distress do not arise from over-trading, the corn law, and your grand string of causes, and they will deride your ignorance. They will thus answer you: When the banks issued small notes, they discounted our bills and made us occasional advances; this enabled us to carry on a comfortable and prosperous business. The notes are suppressed, and, in consequence, the greater part of our resources is cut off; we cannot raise money to meet our payments and carry on trade with: and this is the case, not because trade is bad, but because our capital has been taken from us. Matters are made much worse, by the circumstance that the farmers have now no money to expend.

These people and their workmen form another very large part of your population which your laws have reduced to distress. Their distress must be permanent, for your laws have taken their capital now, and for ever.

It is thus a truth wholly above question, that you have by law bound the great majority of your population to constant loss and suffering, and destroyed much of its property. The many millions of those who compose it, are to most of your manufacturers and merchants customers, without being rivals. To ascertain the effects of this on the minority, apply, not to the economist for speculations, but to the man in trade for the facts of real life. You want in this case facts only, and not opinions. Go in the first place to the respectable tradesman, and he will say, When my customers, farmers and others, obtain good prices, they buy almost one-third more goods of me than they do when distressed; they give me what I ask, pay me much ready money, and discharge their bills at the proper time. But now, in their distress, they not only buy so much less of me, but they will not buy, except at the cheapest rate; they beat me down in price, they go on credit, my bad debts among them are very heavy, and I cannot get my money of those who are solvent. Then go to the small tradesman, and he will give a similar account touching the working classes. He will tell you that the difference between the prosperity and distress of these classes is to him not only a difference of almost half his trade, but the difference between the sale of good commodities at a full profit, and that of bad ones at the smallest profit—between selling for ready money at no risk, and selling on indefinite credit with great losses. Then calculate from the individual to the body. If the distress have compelled, on the average, each individual of the majority of fifteen millions, to expend two pounds per annum less with the minority, it has compelled the aggregate majority to expend with it thirty millions less. To this enormous loss of trade, must be added the loss caused by the sub-

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touching the capital which has been destroyed at home by the new system of trade. How many millions have been lost in the last four years by the landowners and farmers in the value of land and farming stock, and by the shipowners, silk manufacturers, &c. in the value of ships and fixed capital; and by the whole, in the destruction of profits, and insolvency? Several hundreds of millions. Speak of the foreign loans, and overlook all this! Oh, fie, go to the "schoolmaster!"

stitution of bad goods for good ones, the reduced profits, the long credit, and the bad debts.

Your laws for binding the great majority to loss and suffering have thus indirectly injured severely the minority. This is above question. Farther, they have directly injured it severely by the destruction of capital they have caused in the suppression of small notes. Even its rich members have not escaped: If their capital have not been rendered insufficient, they have suffered from the bad prices, the difficulty of getting in accounts, and the failure of their customers.

You have given to foreign nations the power by law to supply your colonies, to a considerable extent, with produce and manufactures; and this has injured the trade of your home population. Then you have permitted such nations to supply your market at home, to a large extent, with various of the articles which your colonies produce, to the great injury of your colonial population.

You have thus throughout, with little exception, acted on the principle of compelling the individual to employ his capital without profit, or at a loss, or to labour for inadequate wages. You in reality proclaim it to be the keystone of your system; for you eternally assert, that the cheaper ships, silks, &c. &c. are, the better, no matter what loss of profit, capital, or wages, the cheapness may impose on those who own, or produce them.

In addition to this, you have rendered your whole system one of continual change. Your protecting duties and restrictions are confessedly only temporary ones; and annually you throw interest after interest into stagnation and distress, by reduction of duty or change of regulation. By this your whole trade is, directly or indirectly, greatly injured; it destroys all security of property, and makes the investment of capital, no matter in what way, a desperate speculation. Landed property can scarcely be sold on any terms, because buyers feel that your existing corn laws cannot be maintained, and that what is worth twenty thousand pounds at present, may, twelve months hence, be worth only ten thousand. The taking of a farm is a thing of great hazard, because what would be a fair rent in the present year, may, by some new law, be rendered a ruinous one in the next. Who would be foolish enough to risk money in the business of silk throwster, when Government has intimated that even the present protecting duties are only temporary ones; or in colonial property, amidst the uncertainty created by the slave, and foreign sugar questions? Who dare engage in the herring fishery, when the bounty is on the eve of expiring? Similar questions may be asked touching most of your interests. In every way, this has pernicious operation.

Your laws for destroying employment and rendering wages inadequate, have been, of necessity, laws for promoting ignorance, insubordination, vice, and crime; and you have done almost every thing to render them as fruitful of these as possible. You abolished the enactments against combinations, and taught the servant to cast off the salutary control of the master; you filled the working classes with the most injurious ideas of their rights and importance, and with the expectation that your changes would overwhelm them with felicity. You have continually declaimed against your game, corn, and most other laws, in a manner calculated to make the body of the people regard the violation of law as a thing almost meritorious. Various of your laws you have denounced, on the ground that they sacrificed the poor to the rich. You have never stirred a finger to protect public morals, but, on the contrary, have done every thing to injure them. Religion has been reasoned and laughed out of your cabinet and legislature, and the tone of both is decidedly opposed to the practice of its precepts. Who now would have the intrepidity to provoke the sarcasms and roars of laughter of Parliament, by proposing some corrective to vice and infidelity? The irresistible example of the great is entirely on the side of immorality and profligacy. Let not the godless, lewd, and unprincipled minister of state, imagine that the community will not be inoculated with his guilt; let not the titled, or other knave, who in Parliament sells his country for place and emolument, believe that his knavery will find no imitators amidst the body of the people. If respect for principle and trust, virtue and common honesty, be banished from the Cabinet and Legislature, they will

soon be banished from the counting-house, shop, and kitchen.

The inevitable consequences of all this—combinations and dissensions, tumult and outrage, licentiousness and crime—have increased in no small degree the distress.

Here then are the great causes of national suffering and demoralization. The majority of your population is distressed because it cannot obtain better prices, and your laws prohibit it from obtaining better. Bear in mind that this is fact, and not opinion—that if its prices were for a moment a little advanced, such a glut of foreign goods would follow, as would speedily make them lower than they are. The causes you plead are thus manifestly below notice; but we will say a word touching overtrading. If your manufacturers, &c. had produced less goods in the last twelve months, they must have employed less labour; this you will scarcely deny. Had they done so, the quantity of unemployed labour would have been very great, wages would have been lower, and the working classes generally would have been in extreme distress. It is preposterous to speak of overtrading when your population is always insufficiently employed, and when foreigners will overload your home market, if your own producers suspend production. And it is in the highest degree preposterous in you to declaim against public distress as an evil, when you eternally maintain that the cheapness which it produces, and which can be produced by nothing else, is essential for public prosperity.

And now, what steps will you take? you must either proceed or return, for you cannot stand where you are. You say you are determined to proceed—let us, therefore, impartially, and in utter contempt of your wild generalities, ascertain the consequences.

It is utterly impossible for you to lower the prices of any Interest without increasing its distress. If you reduce the prices of agricultural produce, it must necessarily add greatly to the sufferings of the agriculturists; and the same cause must have the same effect in any trade or manufacture. The economists, indeed, tell you that the cheapness of corn, &c. is highly advantageous to landowners, farmers, and husbandry labourers; but this outrageous fiction cannot, we think, delude you. If all past and present experience be lost upon you, listen to reason. You know that when cottons are very cheap, they leave no profit to the manufacturer, and scarcely any wages to his workmen, and that this arises solely from their cheapness: you must see that what is true in respect of cottons must be equally true touching other articles; and that excessive cheapness of the produce of land must inevitably deprive landowners and farmers of profits, and husbandry labourers of wages. It must be evident to you, that while such produce is excessively cheap, landowners, farmers, and husbandry labourers, must be greatly distressed, no matter what prosperity may be enjoyed by the rest of the community.

In proceeding, therefore, you will lower your protecting duties, and in consequence you will add mightily to the distress of various of your Interests. Your economists insist that foreign corn ought to be admitted almost free from duty, the existing duties on corn are considered by Mr Huskisson and his brethren to be too high, and they have been held forth as temporary ones. They cannot be maintained under your present system. Your Ministers and Legislators have assured the community, that in so far as they cause corn to be dearer in this country than in others, they tax it; the mass of the people have been taught that they are sacrificed by them to the great landowners; and public animosity will soon reduce them, if profits and wages continue to fall in manufactures and trade. Your landholders need not dream that they can have an exclusive system of protection. If there be any truth in the principles of free trade, they must be especially true in regard to corn; this is undeniable. Your system, however, contemplates an early and large reduction of these duties.

The duties, therefore, on corn, provisions, butter, cheese, &c. will be lowered, and this will add immensely to the distress of half your population. The fact is unquestionable. The duties on various other articles will be lowered, and this will add largely to the distress of great numbers more. In proceeding, you must make *a gigantic increase to the permanent distress of the majority of your population.* Remember that this is not opinion, but demonstration.

What will be the effects to the minority? Here you will put forth your senseless, destructive generalities, and exclaim—The manufacturing and trading classes will draw vast advantage from the cheap food, and the export of manufactures will be incalculably increased by the import of foreign corn. The reply is below our contempt; we must have one less tainted with ignorance and falsehood.

The mass of your manufacturing labourers cannot, on the average, earn more than eight or ten shillings per week each. Such wages will not afford any quantity of bread or animal food worth naming; they can only command potatoes, and such other cheap food, as the reduction of duties can only cheapen in the most trifling degree. These labourers would manifestly derive none but the most insignificant benefits from the reduction.

The mass of your Irish population consumes no bread or animal food, therefore it would reap no advantage from the increased cheapness of them.

If this country produce as much corn as it can consume, there will be no import of moment though the duties be wholly removed. Such removal will speedily reduce British corn to the price requisite for excluding foreign; and the exclusion will continue until there is a deficiency. As to consumption, excessive cheapness will largely diminish it amidst the agricultural classes; it will not augment it in any material degree amidst the mass of the manufacturing ones, and upon the whole, it will reduce it. In addition to this, your manufactures are excluded from foreign countries by law: if you cheapen them, these countries will raise their duties and still exclude them.

Ireland is chiefly an agricultural country, and your reduction of duties would injure it grievously on the one hand, without yielding it any benefit on the other.

Then the increase of distress to the majority must demonstrably diminish very largely its purchases of the minority. The latter must be distressed with the former, and you are well aware that distress always reduces its prices and wages to the lowest point. In reality, the reduction of the duties on corn, &c., must make food dearer to the mass of your population.

You may retain these duties, and still, if you persevere in lowering the protecting ones on manufactured goods, the prices of agricultural produce must fall very greatly. The body of the working classes will be compelled to abandon, in a very large degree, the consumption of wheaten bread and animal food, if their wages be a little more reduced, and the abandonment will soon make both much cheaper. Perseverance in your system cannot therefore do other than *increase immensely the permanent distress of your whole population.* You can offer nothing worthy of the name of disproof.

But you will abolish your poor laws; and here again you overwhelm us with your crazy generalities. What will the abolition do? It will lighten the burdens of your people of property, and add grievously to the burdens of your working classes; it will take six or seven millions from the yearly income of your starving labourers, and give them to the landholders and the owners of shops, warehouses, and dwelling-houses in towns. It must add largely to the distress of the majority of your population, whatever benefit it may yield to the remainder.

Your generalities represent that the abolition will compel your working classes to find employment in one place if they cannot in another. Is there then always employment for these classes, if they will only seek it? A very decisive answer may be found in your plea of overtrading; in it you practically declare, such an excess of labour is even now employed, in every business, that it ruins the market with excess of goods; how then could more labour be employed, or, if it could be, what effect would it have on your glutted market?

The poor laws form the great prop of wages; abolish them, and with your redundant population wages will speedily fall almost one half. What will follow? The body of your British labouring orders will be compelled to abandon the consumption of taxed articles, to feed on potatoes and butcher's offal, and to wear rags. In their fall they must pull down with them not only the small tradesmen, but to a great extent the larger ones. How will the landholders and the owners of buildings in towns fare? The produce of land, and of course land itself, must

lose half their value; an immense portion of manufactures and trade must be annihilated, and such landholders and owners of buildings must pay that in additional taxes which they now pay in poor rates. Flatter not yourselves that this fall of wages would enlarge your export of manufactures; you know that as you reduce your prices, foreign nations raise their duties against you.

As to taxes, if you act honestly, you cannot reduce, but must increase them. Your revenue declines, and a little further fall in prices and wages will cause a serious deficiency; push the farmers, the body of the working orders, and the small tradesmen, a step or two farther on the path of cheapness, and they will scarcely touch your taxed articles. You must either confiscate the property of the fundholder, as you have done that of the landowner, farmer, shipowner, &c., or raise your taxes. If you decide on confiscation, and rob the state creditor of half his money, it will enable you to take off about one-fourth of the taxes; and what effect will it have—we will not hear your generalities—in removing the distress? The suffering part of your working orders consume but little of taxed commodities; if we assume, that each individual, with his family, contributes two pounds per annum to the revenue, his weekly gain would be about twopence farthing. If we assume, that the best paid workman contributes eight pounds, his weekly gain would be about ninepence. If we assume, that the farmer contributes twenty pounds, his yearly gain would be five pounds. The gain of the distressed manufacturer might be from five to ten pounds per annum. On the other hand, the fundholders would be bitterly distressed by the loss of half their income, and they would expend fourteen or fifteen millions per annum less with the manufacturers and traders. Your generalities will not bear the test of arithmetic, and if you possess the understanding of manhood, you must see that this criminal remedy would be almost powerless. Your Ministers say that twenty-seven millions of yearly taxes have been repealed since the war ceased; and yet your population, greatly enlarged as it is, has been far more distressed since the repeal, than it was previously.

If you persevere according to your determination, it must thus inevitably follow, that your landowners and farmers must lose a large part of the fragments of their property, and be bound to continual severe suffering, that the mass of your working classes must be bound to the lowest standard of living —that five-sixths of your population must be chained to penury and wretchedness. How this must operate on your trade, revenue, domestic peace, Irish population, national power, and the slender threads which hold the members of your empire together, we need not describe. If you be blind to the appalling catastrophe—to the horrible precipice on the brink of which you stand, your sight cannot be restored by human power.

If we appeal to the memory of your fathers—to your hallowed institutions —to your humanity and patriotism—to that native spirit of nobility which once distinguished the Englishman as proudly amidst his species, as its fruits distinguished his country amidst nations, it will only excite your derision; we will not, therefore, commit the folly. But, by your thirst for trade—your lust for lucre—your sordid affection for your purses, and your base passion for the gains of confiscation and robbery, we conjure you to pause! cast from you your mad generalities, and ascertain the real character of the objects for which you are thus plunging your empire into ruin.

You say, you must bring down prices and wages in this manner, or you cannot compete and trade with foreign nations. Here again we have your destructive generalities. Are then foreign nations willing to take your manufactures, provided you cheapen them? No: they are determined to exclude them—and, in consequence, they raise their duties, as you lower your prices. Turn from your generalities, and look at these nations in detail: the great continental ones, and the United States of America, act on the system of excluding your manufactures, no matter how cheap they may be. You have ground down your prices, and still you are as much shut out of the market of America, France, Russia, Spain, &c. &c., as ever. Is there any hope that these nations will act differently? Not the least. They will take nothing from you save what their own interests require; they take your cotton twist, that they may ex-

clude your wrought cottons; France will take your iron, that she may rival you in hardware; they declare that they will not change their system until they can compete with you—that is, until the cheapness of their own goods can as effectually exclude yours, as laws.

With regard to the few open foreign markets, they will soon be in a great measure closed to you; the South American republics are adopting the exclusive system. There has been no necessity for you to reduce your prices so greatly in them, for in most articles you have been able to undersell all rivals.

Your reduction of duties on various foreign articles, has not increased the import of them; it has only put your own producers of such articles under distress prices. Your import of foreign silks, &c. has not enlarged your exports to the countries you receive them from. You may take off all the duty on corn, and this, as we have already said, will not on the average enlarge your import; it will, by the production of distress, rather diminish than increase consumption; it is impossible for you to have a regular import, unless you have a deficiency of home-grown corn.

You must own that distress diminishes greatly general consumption. It cannot be necessary for us to prove that the farmer's consumption of most articles of trade is much greater when he is prosperous, than when he is distressed; or that the workman's consumption is much greater when he has twenty shillings per week, than when he has ten. Every man must see, that if the country were in prosperity, it would consume infinitely more foreign and colonial produce of all kinds, than it now does; it would, of course, pay for this additional quantity with additional exports.

How, then, stands the case? On the one hand you evidently cannot enlarge your export of manufactures, and import of foreign goods to any extent worthy of notice; on the other, you evidently diminish immensely your export of manufactures, and import of foreign goods. To have low freights, and import a petty portion of foreign corn and silks, you prevent the import of a vast quantity of timber, hemp, tobacco, sugar, coffee, &c. &c. By fruitless attempts to force your manufactures into foreign countries, you lose an export of them to the amount of some millions annually. This is not all. The nations which have raised their duties against you, as you have lowered your prices, have chained you to these low prices in every market. Your export of manufactures in late years has been attended with heavy loss, instead of profit.

Detesting your generalities as we do, let us now look at some particulars. It will be sufficiently near the truth for our purpose, if we take the real value of the manufactures you export to foreign Europe and the United States of America annually at twenty millions. Two or three millions more or less are not material to the argument. These manufactures consist, in a large degree, of such as you cannot be equalled in, and they are to a great extent fabricated by machinery. If you had kept up your prices, you still would have exported most of them; but granting that it would have struck off one half from the export, what would have followed? You would have sold ten millions' worth of goods at a good profit, instead of twenty millions' worth at a loss; in addition, you would have sold all you exported to other parts at a good profit, instead of a loss, and all consumed at home at a good profit. And it is manifest that the additional home and colonial consumption caused by this, would have done far more than balance the lost ten millions.

You can only find the truth in this manner. The statesman will only judge of things by their real character; therefore he must treat with scorn your ignorant generalities in favour of foreign trade. If the latter be profitable, it is beneficial; if it be attended with loss, it is injurious. The nation, as well as the individual, must be injured and ruined by a losing trade. To preserve a contemptible part of your foreign trade, you have made not only the remainder, but your domestic trade, a source of loss—you have made every business a losing one. A tradesman has fifty customers, and he is informed by ten of them, that they will buy of him no longer, unless he will supply them at a loss; instead of giving them up, and continuing to draw his profits from the other forty, he accedes to their terms; he cannot charge the forty higher prices than the ten, therefore he supplies the whole at a loss, and ruins himself. You are act-

ing precisely in this manner. To retain a paltry portion of losing trade, you are giving up a vast portion of beneficial trade, and sacrificing fifty or one hundred millions annually. You cannot be so blind as not to see that it would be far better for your manufacturers to sell ten millions' worth of goods at ten per cent profit, than twenty millions' worth at a loss.

What would have been the case, if you had made no reduction of prices by law, and your exporting manufacturers had been compelled to reduce theirs as they have done by foreign opponents? Those manufacturers would have obtained their raw produce generally as cheaply as they now do, and they would have paid their present wages; their profits would not have been worse than they are. Their workmen consist, in some degree, of cotton spinners and printers, power-loom weavers, and the better paid hands in the woollen and hardware trades, who have much higher wages, in proportion, than the rest of the labouring orders. The masters, therefore, would not have had less profit, and a considerable part of their workmen would have had wages fully equal to those of the body of the labouring classes. The worst paid hands, from their low standard of living, draw but trifling benefit from the reduction of general prices. In your compulsory cheapness, you have therefore taken profits, property, and adequate wages from the overwhelming majority, to give unjust or nominal advantages to the insignificant minority: to save this minority from suffering, you have plunged the majority into much greater suffering; to protect the comparatively few exceptions, you have sacrificed your general population. This is too manifest to be affected by your vague denials.

But you say the cheapness is so precious to your consumers. Mr Huskisson speaks of a "British public" which benefits enormously from being thus dosed with cheap pennyworths. Where is this "British public?" Is it to be found amidst your landowners, farmers, and husbandry labourers? No. Does it exist amidst your shipowners, silk manufacturers, and makers of gloves and lace? Certainly not. Can it be discovered amidst your cotton, woollen, and iron manufacturers, or your producers of Colonial produce? Still, no. But there is your monied interest. The cheapness destroys the employment of capital, and reduces interest; the capitalist cannot invest his capital; the fundholder can only obtain an inadequate rate of interest, and he cannot employ his money more profitably. The mass of the British population demonstrably suffers severe distress from the cheapness, and no "British public" can be seen which benefits from it. Blind as you are, you see that it is a scourge to your consumers—and, of course, we need not say what it is to your producers.

To convince you still more fully of the ruinous nature of your system, let us now enquire, what circumstances this empire would be placed in should the free trade, advocated by your economists, be established throughout the world. In doing this, we must have none of your senseless generalities; we must be guided by something better than your ignorant dogmas, that a nation ought to buy where it can buy the cheapest, &c. &c. Shake off then the bigotry, superstition, and prejudices of free trade, and co-operate with us like men of knowledge and understanding.

In the first place, the price of corn, and all kinds of agricultural produce, would be far below what it is. This would take from the property of the landowners and farmers a large part of its value, and bind them, and the husbandry labourers, to penury and distress. Ireland frequently would be deprived of its market for agricultural produce, and its misery would be intolerable. This is too evident to be questioned.

Your cotton manufacture would be greatly enlarged, but it would reap no benefit whatever from the cheapness of provisions, &c., because it would keep itself in suffering by glutting the market precisely as it now does. From its magnitude, its vast powers of production, and the circumstance that these powers cannot be stopped save at much loss, it can only be prosperous at short and distant intervals. If it be so for a few months, new machinery overloads the market, but nevertheless the enormous production continues, because it is less injurious to keep the machinery running and sell at a certain loss, than to stop it. This

manufacture has been, for some years, a very unprofitable one to the mass of those engaged in it, and in proportion as it may be enlarged, it will be the more unmanageable and unprofitable. It has this pernicious characteristic—its divisions continually cut against each other. The export of twist goes far towards placing the world, in regard to natural advantage, on an equality with you in wrought cottons. The foreign wrought cottons, manufactured from your twist, aid your own in glutting the market, and continually press on the prices of your spinners. It may be taken as an axiom, that independently of the price of food, &c., if a manufacture be of great magnitude, and its powers of production be rapid and unlimited, it will be almost always in suffering.

Your population employed in the cotton trade would be generally distressed.

Your woollen manufacture would have formidable foreign opponents, and in many respects it would be in circumstances like those of the cotton one. The population employed in it would be frequently in distress.

Your linen, silk, glove, cordage, and a great number of other manufactures, would be wholly, or in a great measure, destroyed. Many others could only be kept in being by constant distress-prices.

Your colonies would lose their market for various important articles, and have it greatly narrowed for others. They would draw much of their supplies from other countries, and export much of their produce in foreign vessels. A large part of your colonial trade would be annihilated.

Your shipping would be deprived of almost half its employment.

From the use of machinery, the labour stripped of employment in the destroyed trades, on the one hand, would only be partly employed by the enlargement of the cotton, woollen, and some other trades, on the other; a very large part of your population would be unable to obtain work.

The cotton and woollen trades, from their great magnitude, and from the destruction of many of your other manufactures, would have the rest of your manufacturing and trading interests dependent on them. Their distress would be the bitter distress of all these interests. They would be generally in suffering; and very often their suffering would be so great that it would deprive the mass of your manufacturing population of bread for several successive months. Suppose that the millions who now draw subsistence from the manufacturing of linens, silks, gloves, &c. &c., were all transferred to the cotton and woollen trades—that eight or ten millions of your population were employed either in fabricating cottons and woollens, or in supplying materials and machinery for the purpose—what effect would the severe distress of these two trades have directly, and by reaction, on every public interest—on the very means of preserving your population from famishing? As surely as ever cause produced effect, the employment of eight or ten millions of people in this manner would be the ruin and dissolution of your empire.

You cannot deny this—you must admit that it is sanctioned by both reason and experience. Both declare it to be morally certain, that not only your agricultural, but your whole population, would be bound to general penury and misery; and that the case would be the same if your taxes were wholly abolished. One part of the community would be continually distressed by foreign opponents, and the other part by the nature of its employment.

We have looked at the matter in the most favourable point of view to the Economists, and we think in one much too favourable. You boast of your natural advantages in the cotton and woollen trades—what are they? Your superiority in machinery;—you owe it to the prohibition of export. Your skill and capital;—these can be carried abroad by your manufacturers, and acquired by foreigners. Your cheap fuel;—other nations, as a counterpoise, have their cheap food and raw produce, and their home markets. The free trade in machinery, coals, &c., would speedily enable most foreign nations to drive you, at least, out of their own markets in cottons and woollens; it would cause your own manufacturers to emigrate, and give them the power to do so. To such nations it would afford the means of having machinery, equal to yours, of their own making. America, with cheap labour, which she is rapidly gaining, would have natural advan-

tages over you in cottons, and she would drive your cottons out of your own colonies, as well as out of your best foreign markets. Certain Continental states would have natural advantages over you in woollens. Your advantages you owe to art, for natural ones are almost all against you. While free trade would evidently destroy, wholly or principally, many of your other manufactures, it appears certain that it would soon destroy, to a great extent, your cotton and woollen ones.

Is this refuted by the generalities and sophistries of the Economists? Is it affected by the crazy dogma, that a nation ought to buy where it can buy the cheapest?—No. The history of the last four years proves, that if your whole population were employed in your boasted cotton trade, in which you can undersell the world, you would form one of the poorest and most distressed of civilized nations; the capitalist would be bound to the lowest average rate of profit, and would be generally in danger of bankruptcy; and the mass of the community would be bound to the lowest standard of living, and would frequently be in danger of famishing from scarcity of employment. This single fact is sufficient to overthrow all that has been said or written in favour of free trade.

What, then, ought you to do? The answer is obvious—Reverse your system. We do not ask you to do this on vague generalities, but we will prove to you that it forms an infallible means for gaining the objects of your worship—national trade and wealth.

We repeat, that the British empire at this moment possesses incalculable advantages which were never possessed by any other great nation: that it possesses what no other great nation was ever blessed with—the necessary means of commanding, under the favour of Providence, general prosperity and happiness,—continual riches and refinement for its higher classes; and intelligence, abundance, virtue, and comfort, for its lower ones. We now enter on the proofs,

What is essential for making a nation prosperous, wealthy, and happy? The individual must receive good profits on his capital, or good wages for his labour. What is essential for enabling him to do so? Prices of commodities sufficiently high to yield such profits and wages. This you must own to be undeniable.

If the supply of any article be excessive, it lowers the price until profits and wages are wholly, or in great part, taken away; it is, therefore, demonstrable, that to keep general prices at the requisite point, supply must be under effectual control. In manufactures and commerce, supply, from their nature, cannot be placed under any efficient limit, and, therefore, prices must frequently be destructive to both profits and wages. If the land of a country be superabundant, it is impossible for the supply of agricultural produce to be placed under limit, and, in consequence, the prices must be generally such as will only yield the lowest profits and wages. In a country which possesses a great superabundance of land, it is impossible to preserve its agricultural inhabitants from general penury, and the remainder from being frequently visited with bankruptcy and distress.

In the United Kingdom, nature has placed an effectual limit on the supply of agricultural produce, and, in consequence, you can in general make its prices what you please. From this you possess the peculiar and gigantic advantage—you can secure to about half your population prices which will yield it good profits and wages; which will keep it almost constantly in prosperity and happiness.

Now act the babe no longer, but, like sensible, money-getting men, make the most of this stupendous advantage. Cast your bigotry and prejudices to the winds; look at the agriculturist as you would at the cotton manufacturer, and take for your guides experimental fact and vulgar arithmetic. Give to the most numerous division of your population, without remembering the name it bears, prices which will yield it good profits and wages. *Prohibit* the import of foreign wheat when the price of your own is below 64s. or 66s.; and of other kinds of foreign agricultural produce, when the prices of your own are proportionally low. This, with some secondary measures of which we shall soon speak, would give to about half your population good profits on capital, and good wages—prosperity and happiness. It is matter of demonstration.

Here we must be assailed with your

senseless prejudices and generalities. In the first place, the name of prohibition throws you into agonies. What! men, and terrified by this bugbear—statesmen, and wrangle about names, in perfect blindness to realities?—Shame—shame! You intend your present corn laws to prohibit foreign corn when your prices are below a certain amount; and if you wish to have prohibition in effect, why this horror against having it in name? This law will not fulfil your intention. In 1827, it would, as was proved by experience, have admitted above half a million quarters of foreign wheat, when it ought, according to your intention, to have been a prohibition. In 1828, it prohibited foreign wheat at an average of 71s., when it ought, in regard to revenue, to have admitted it at one of 64s. In the present year, it admitted two hundred thousand quarters of foreign barley to the pernicious glutting of the market, when it ought to have excluded it. It will, as we said twelve months ago, always operate in this manner. In plentiful years it will admit foreign corn in ruinous abundance, when you wish it to be prohibited; and in deficient years, it will prohibit such corn when you wish it to be admitted. When you wish to have prohibition, why not have it in its only effectual form? You can make no reply.

We will notice your declarations against dear labour and food in another part of our article. Suffice it here to say, that what we advise would manifestly give prosperity to about half your population, whatever might be its effects to the remainder.

Having thus rendered about half your population wealthy and prosperous, proceed, in the next place, to your Shipping Interest. What is essential for giving to it prosperity? Good freights. Get rid, then, as soon as national honour will permit, of your reciprocity treaties—the things which, in binding it to inadequate freights, bind it to constant distress.

In your foreign trade, your imports consist of raw produce, which is bulky, and your exports consist of manufactured goods, which occupy, in comparison, but little room; in consequence, your carrying depends principally on the imports. Upon every principle of justice, you have a right to carry what you buy of foreign nations, and pay the carriage of. You, however, not only buy of these nations their produce, while they will not buy your manufactures, but you suffer them to carry it at your expense, to the ruin of your own ships. If you can make no arrangement with them which will secure to your shipping, in amount of freight, as well as extent of employment, its full rights, confine the importing of corn, timber, cotton, and all other bulky articles,—the importing of goods which you buy and pay the carriage of—exclusively to British vessels. When the existence of your empire depends so largely on your shipping, you have far more right to exclude foreign ships from your carrying trade, than foreign nations have to exclude your cottons, &c. from their markets.

What is there to deter you from doing this? Do you want precedent?—You have it in your own history. Will foreign nations refuse to sell you their produce? This you cannot be afraid of. Will they confine the carrying of what they buy of you to their own ships? Let them do so, and then they will carry but little more of what they buy of you than they do at present. Will they refuse to take your manufactures? They already do so to the farthest point called for by their own interests. You can do it without any loss or risk worthy of notice.

This is another peculiar and gigantic advantage which you possess. You can, sanctioned by precedent, and without any violation of national law or right, monopolize for your ships the principal part of the carrying trade of the whole world, at your own prices. Alas! that such advantages should be used as they are.

Then, in your colonial trade, confine the carrying to your own vessels. All this, aided by some minor matters, which we shall soon notice, would manifestly give good profits and wages, wealth and prosperity, to another large part of your population.

Now for your crazy generalities and prejudices. Here we have Mr Huskisson, uplifting his hands in horror, and solemnly protesting, that we are about to ruin the community—the "British public"—with exorbitant freights. We will soon silence him.

The freight of sugar from the West Indies is, we believe, a little more than a halfpenny per lb., that on rum

is little more than a halfpenny per pint; if their freights were advanced fifty per cent, what would be the effect to the consumer, supposing the advance should fall on him? Sugar would be a farthing per lb., and rum a farthing per pint, dearer. The expenses of the poor man, who drinks no rum, would be raised half a farthing, or a farthing, per week; and those of the respectable individual, would be raised a penny or twopence per week. This worthless difference to the consumer would make the difference between bad freights and excellent ones to the shipowner.

But Mr Huskisson is, on this point, as on most others, completely in error. The prices of rum and sugar are mainly governed by supply and demand, and they cannot be affected by a trifling difference of freight. If the last year's crop of sugar had been brought to this country carriage-free, the price would have been what it is. The colonial planter, and not the British consumer, reaps the gain from the low freights.

We turn to foreigners. This country is the principal customer of America for raw cotton. If a trifling reduction were made in the freight of this article, would it have any sensible effect on the price? No; the price of cotton is mainly governed by supply and demand; it continually varies, when the freight remains unaltered, and the benefit here would be reaped, not by the British consumer, but by the foreign cotton grower.

This country is almost the only customer of foreigners for corn. When the duty on foreign wheat fell so rapidly, a few months ago, did the price fall in the same degree, in your market? No; it rose abroad. When the duty again rose rapidly, did this cause the price to rise in this country? No; it caused it to fall abroad. Such must be the operation of a rise or fall in freights. Two or three shillings per quarter, more or less, in these, will not affect the prices of corn in your market; they will only cause the foreign grower to obtain two or three shillings per quarter more or less for his corn. We need not speak of other articles. We may say generally, that freight is practically one of the costs of production; and where production is on a large scale, the costs can only partially govern prices. If you add forty pounds per annum to the expenses of the farmer, he cannot obtain a penny more for his produce; he is, therefore, compelled to pay the sum from his profits, or beat down his rent and wages. The producers of cotton, sugar, &c., are in similar circumstances; if their costs be raised in one point, almost their sole remedy, in general, is, to reduce them in others. In some manufactures, prices can be raised by concert, when the expenses of production are raised; but this cannot be done in the more extensive ones.

In your imports, therefore, the benefit derived from low freights is reaped almost exclusively by foreigners: if freights were higher, foreigners, and not yourselves, would have to pay the advance. You thus, without benefiting your consumers, ruin your ships, merely that foreigners may both carry for you, and draw a larger profit from what they sell you. Let shame compel you to cast off the folly, if interest cannot.

We grant that, in what you export, a rise of freight would fall chiefly on your own produce; such a rise would not enable your manufacturers to obtain higher prices abroad. But your exports consist of manufactured goods, in which a large value is carried for a trifling sum. A considerable advance would form, to your producers, a percentage perfectly insignificant.

Next proceed to your silk trade. Restore its prohibition; give it a monopoly not only of your home market, but of your colonial one: exclude foreign silks from your whole empire. After what we said so lately, we need not notice your absurdities touching smuggling, &c. We will merely observe, that, when smuggling had far greater advantages than it can ever have again, the silk trade flourished, and seldom felt it as an evil.

You are labouring to obtain, by means of confiscation and hunger, an export trade in silks, and you are unsuccessful; suppose you try the effect of bounty. Let us have none of your generalities, but listen to arithmetic. You have an excess of population, and your economists cannot devise methods for employing it; if, therefore, by means of bounty you employ it in manufacturing silks, you do not take it from a more profitable calling to one less so; you only take it from idleness. Silks employ much labour, and it has been estimated that three-fourths of their value consist of it. We will re-

duce the three-fourths to one-half, and assume that an export to the amount of a million would yield half a million for wages, and employ 20,000 people, at, on the average, 10s. per week each. We will further assume, that these people would have 10,000 small children, sick relatives, &c. dependent on them. If you have 30,000 idle souls, they cannot cost you, in parish relief, gifts, bad debts, loss of rent, and thefts, much less than half-a-crown per week each, or nearly L.200,000 annually. If, by a bounty of twenty per cent you can employ them as we have described, in exporting silks to the value of a million yearly, the bounty will be L.200,000. In this case, you will only pay in bounty what you must otherwise pay in poor rates, &c., and you will make foreign nations pay to these 30,000 souls L.300,000 annually: in addition, you will rid yourselves of many more paupers, by indirectly giving them employment; and a large part of the L.300,000 paid by foreigners will flow into your exchequer. You will thus not only give to this part of your population abundance for want, but, by an apparent expenditure of L.200,000, you will, in reality, rid yourselves of one of nearly this amount. The bounty will be not an expense, but a saving.

Your sneers will be no refutation.

You may thus manifestly, not only give to your Silk Trade good profits and wages, but enlarge it very greatly.

Then place before you your linen trade. Give it the monopoly of your colonial market from which your folly has in a great measure banished it, and restore as far as may be necessary its bounties. You may thus demonstrably give to this trade good profits and wages, and likewise great extension.

Then act in like manner to your manufacturers of gloves, lace, shoes, paper, &c. &c. Give them a monopoly, not only of your home market, but of your colonial one; and use all due means for enabling them to export. You may thus evidently give them good profits and wages, and great enlargement.

Raise your protecting duties to all your smaller manufactures and trades, which are bound by them to bad prices.

Your smaller manufactures and trades can, in general, preserve to themselves good profits and wages, if they be protected from foreign competitors. They are carried on principally by labour; they cannot, from their nature, accumulate unwieldy stocks; and the workmen employed in them, from the comparatively small number engaged in each, can keep up their wages. They are far less subject to ruinous fluctuations than the large ones, and when they endure suffering, the large ones are, to a great extent, the parents of it. Collectively, they are of infinitely more value than both the cotton and woollen manufactures. The more you make the public weal depend on them and agriculture, the less frequent and severe your periods of public suffering will be; and the more you make it depend on the cotton and woollen manufactures, the more numerous and intolerable will be these periods. You ought to make the prosperity of the empire as little dependent as possible on great, ungovernable manufactures; and more especially on the cotton one, which, from the peculiar character of its powers of production and markets, can never enjoy more than momentary fits of prosperity. Woe to you, when the fortunes and bread of your population shall hang on the cotton trade!

And then let your country banks again circulate their small notes. Once more, let us have none of your senseless generalities and prejudices. You declared that these notes caused trade to be visited with a fit of distress every two or three years; and now your Ministers declare that, without them, trade, from its nature, must be so visited! In the teeth of your assertions, that after their suppression prices would be lower, most leading articles have already become dearer! The doctrine that these notes could make corn, wool, silks, the freights of ships, &c. &c. higher, while your trading and navigation laws remain what they are, is too absurd to fall from any lips save those of aged females; leave it to them, and utter something more worthy of man's understanding. It is greatly to be deplored that the advocates of small notes have taken their ground so strongly on their effect on prices. The great mischief of the suppression is to be found in this—it has permanently destroyed an enormous portion of the trading capital of the middle classes, and the employment of labour. Restore the notes, and it will give comfortable trade and employment to vast

numbers. Let us here have none of your ignorant prejudices: these men, with the few hundreds they obtain from the banks, cannot glut your market; this is done by your overgrown capitalists and their machinery.

Let us now turn to the subsidiary measures we mentioned when speaking of agriculture. Ireland supplicates you to use her as a mine of wealth; and must she supplicate in vain? By your love of money, we entreat you to seize the profusion of riches she offers you! Having given her good prices for her produce, in the next place give her good wages, by removing her redundancy of population. Let a Board of Agriculture be formed to make roads and canals, and to bring her waste lands into culture, by renting them on lease, or lending money to their owners. If this will not work with sufficient rapidity, aid it by emigration on an extensive scale. Then establish your English system of poor laws, stripped of the practice of administering relief to the fully employed labourer. A system for merely supporting the aged and impotent, will be of no worth to the body of the people. Abolish all vicious systems of land letting, and *compel* the landowners to reside a part of the year on their estates, and do their duty. Encourage the fisheries by bounty and other means. Establish a balance of Protestants throughout the island, and make the government do its duty, in repressing disorder, and cherishing right principles. All this will make Ireland a land of good profits and wages; it will make your seven millions of Irish subjects prosperous.

Now for your generalities and prejudices. In the first place, the landowners will gain sufficient from the increased price of corn, &c., to counterpoise any loss in poor-rates; this may silence them. But the culture of the waste lands, &c. will require money. Well, have you none? Your money market is distressed with excess, and it implores you to borrow as many millions as you please. But the state of the revenue—what! you, who could throw away twenty or thirty millions in a single year in carrying on war, unable now to expend four or five millions in giving permanent prosperity to seven millions of your population! Shake off this miserable infatuation! If your expenditure for one year be sixty instead of fifty-five millions, and if a quarter of a million be added to your constant expenditure, you will never feel it. Granting that you expend in this manner five, or even ten millions, and it be expended fruitlessly, it will not disgrace you; the money will be lost in a noble speculation.

But, however, let us, like wise and calculating men, look well at the chances. Having done all this for Ireland, subject it to the taxes and duties which England is subject to. The people will be rendered great consumers of merchandise and manufactures. It may be regarded as morally certain, that the increased consumption and taxation will throw some millions annually into your Exchequer. Expend five or ten millions in this manner, and the next twenty years will, in one way or another, return you for it one hundred millions.

Now, we have the same doctrine that emigration, &c. will be useless, because the vacuum caused by them will soon be filled again. These measures will remove not only redundancy of population, but its great causes; and they will provide employment for future increase. Emigration, if necessary, is to be resorted to, not continually, *but for once*, in order to put society into the form requisite for rendering it afterwards unnecessary. Experience proves that if the Irish people cannot be provided with work at home, they will emigrate, to the prodigious injury of England and Scotland. More we need not say.

Be not misled by erroneous counsel. You are told that Ireland needs only capital to gain flourishing manufactures. Why have her manufactures been in a great measure destroyed since the Union took being? Why is her linen trade declining so greatly at this moment? When Irish manufactures cannot compete with British ones, it is idle to say that capital will make them flourish. Do not be so foolish as to attempt to force in Ireland manufactures to her own injury, as well as yours; you have at present an excess of cotton manufacture. When we look at the condition of your own cotton and woollen weavers, we think you would benefit her inhabitants but little, by making such wea-

vers of them.* Make no opponent of her; you cannot do with her manufactures, but you can give her a splendid market for all the agricultural produce she can raise.

The means you possess of easily converting Ireland into an immense source of additional trade, wealth, and revenue, form another of your peculiar and gigantic advantages. Alas! we repeat, that such advantages should be used as they are!

You have an excess of agricultural and other population in England and Scotland. Let your Board of Agriculture plant it on your waste lands. Enlarge your fisheries by bounties, &c. If need be, aid this with emigration. To meet one of the fallacies of the Economists, we may observe, that this waste land needs only a certain expenditure on it, to make it for ever after equal in quality to the average of the land you now cultivate.

Let us now proceed to your Colonies. You have vast transmarine possessions, and the leading articles produced by all, are such as you really need; they really need the articles which you produce for export. They, and the mother country, therefore, form, not rivals, but invaluable customers to each other. In addition, these possessions, from the difference of their products, form to each other, not rivals, but invaluable customers.

This is another of your peculiar and gigantic advantages.

These Colonies contain a profusion of uncultivated land, and you have at home an excess of population, money, and ships. In these matters you possess all that is requisite for practically creating extensive new Colonies, and an immense new market for your manufactures.

Here is another of your peculiar and gigantic advantages.

In the first place, give your Colonies a monopoly, as far as possible, of your home market. You profess to favour them by subjecting them to lower duties than foreign nations, but the favour, in many cases, is merely a name. From distance, and other causes, the low duty is in effect a higher one to the colonist, than the high one is to the foreigner. Admit their corn and like produce duty-free; where the British farmer pays no duty, let the Colonial one pay none. Here we have your generalities on inequality of taxation. If the Colonial farmer pay seven or eight shillings per quarter more freight in getting his corn to market than the British one, this operates as a tax on him, and he pays it to your shipping. Your Colonial corn-growers are very poor, and your object must be to put them into good circumstances by good prices. The difference of a few shillings per quarter, makes the difference to them between penury and plenty; and to you, that between a large consumption of your manufactures and scarcely any. Give them good prices, and they will contribute far more to your revenue by employing your population to manufacture, and your ships to carry for them, than any amount you can draw from duties on their produce.

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* The following has appeared in some of the London papers as an extract from the Manchester Advertiser:—"During the proceedings in a bastardy case, at the Rochdale petty Sessions, one of the most revolting facts came to light that could occur to disgrace a Christian community. In order to raise a presumption, that the woman seeking to affiliate her child, had become pregnant *by her own father*, it was proved, and afterwards admitted, by her and her father, that the whole family *slept constantly in one bed*. But this is not all; to deprive the circumstance of its singularity, the overseer of Spotland came forward, and mentioned, that to his knowledge there were no less than twenty other large families in that township, which had but one bed each; and he added, that on examination in the other townships, in the parish of Rochdale, there would be found a proportionate number of similar cases. Nothing of course can be expected from this worse than savage state of life, but gross depravity, and the degradation of whole masses of the population into a rank below that of the brute beasts of the field."

Truly it is worse than savage. One of the Manchester papers, we forget which of them, has stated, that the food of the weavers consists almost wholly of a little oatmeal powder and treacle, three times per day.

It is time to be silent touching the barbarism and misery of Ireland. Yet we are to have free trade, that it may place the mass of the population in such horrible circumstances!

In the next place, put your Colonial wood-cutters into good circumstances, by lowering greatly your duties on their timber. This, of course, will yield large benefit to your Shipping Interest.

Then encourage your Colonial fisheries to the utmost by bounty, &c. Here again we have your foolish generalities against bounty. The fisheries of foreign nations are, by means of it, flourishing, and ruining your own; you see the physical proof in them, that it employs the idle, gives extension to trade, and cannot therefore be lost money; yet you cannot be contaminated with it because its name is bounty! Rather than expend a few thousands in bounty, you will lose your fisheries, and have your population reduced to idleness and indigence. Oh, nation of unerring calculators, and profound sages! Bounty on fish rears you seamen, gives freight to your ships, enlarges general trade, employs additional inhabitants, and compels foreign nations to contribute to the maintenance of your population. Foreign nations, in buying your fish, practically buy of you boats and fishing-tackle, ships and cordage, and taxed commodities of various kinds; and likewise contribute to your poor-rates. Bounty thus gives you far more on the one hand, than it takes away on the other.

Lower your duty on Colonial tobacco sufficiently to stimulate its production. Let your government establish in your various foreign possessions its experimental vineyards, plantations of cotton, tobacco grounds, &c. &c., in order to introduce amidst the inhabitants the best modes of culture and preparation for market.

With regard to your Sugar Colonies, settle the slave question in such a manner as the planters will sanction. The duty on sugar is nearly threepence per lb.; reduce it—we will point out a substitute for it before we conclude—to a penny. Reduce the duty on coffee.

All this would demonstrably add largely to the profits of your Colonial population, and give it an enormous increase of trade.

Let us now look at your Mercantile Interest. Your merchants, whether they buy and sell on their own account, or act as brokers, are practically agents who only do business for others at a per centage. Low, glut prices are highly injurious to them, and they suffer comparatively as much from free trade as any part of the community whatever. Very many of them are deeply interested in the prosperity of the Colonies. As a whole, they would profit greatly from what we have recommended.

Your Monied Interest would profit very greatly from the same sources.

The prosperity of many of your large towns depends principally on the prosperity of your agriculturists, merchants, and shipowners.

Let us now pause, and add these items of prosperity into a total. These measures would give general good profits and wages, and in consequence general prosperity to more than two-thirds of your home population, and the great mass of your colonial one. You may rail as you please against monopolies and bounties, and quote to your heart's content the puerile fiction that a nation ought to buy where it can buy the cheapest; but you cannot refute it. If you tell us it is contrary to political economy, our reply is, its truth is placed above doubt by arithmetic. If this do not satisfy you, we add, its truth is placed above doubt by experiment; the war, when your advantages were far less than they are at present, forced you, in effect or otherwise, to adopt many of these measures, and by this it forced you into the enjoyment of unexampled trade, wealth, and prosperity. You made your stupendous advances during the war, through the very things which the economists tell you are certain sources of national ruin; and if you do not see it, your blindness is intentional, or it is the effect of some supernatural visitation. The grand principle of genuine political economy is—*National wealth and prosperity flow from the good profits or wages of the individual; therefore give these to the greatest number.* That of the savage counterfeit you follow, is in reality—*National wealth and prosperity flow from the bad profits or wages of the individual; therefore give loss and hunger to the greatest number.* Could any thing be conceived more preposterous, than to attempt to produce general wealth and prosperity by making every business a losing and starving one? and yet this is precisely what you are doing.

Let us now proceed to the smallest number—the exporting manufacturers; and look, in the first place, at your

generalities and dogmas against dear labour and food. If you still believe in the exploded error, that the price of food governs the price of labour; enquire in the cotton, woollen, and silk trades—in every market for labour—and you will soon discover that wages are governed by very different matters.

As to dear food, let us put your generalities under our feet, and resort to that unerring teacher, Arithmetic. We will assume that what we recommend would make wheat 15s. per quarter dearer, than your economists wish it to be. It is estimated that each individual consumes a quarter of wheat annually, and of course it would impose on him an additional yearly cost of 15s. We will suppose that it would make animal food twopence per pound dearer; and that each individual, on the average, consumes a quarter of a pound daily; this would impose on him an additional yearly cost of about 15s. more. We will add 10s. for other matters; and now it appears arithmetically certain, that prices which would make the agriculturists wealthy and prosperous, would only make the food of the manufacturing labourer about two pounds per annum, or ninepence per week, dearer to him.

Abhorring generalities, we must look at your manufacturing labourers in detail. The great mass of them, as you well know, are so far from consuming a quarter of wheat per year, and a quarter of a pound of meat per day, each, that they consume very little of either. They subsist chiefly on potatoes, butcher's offal, soups, &c.—on food which would be very little raised to them. Assuming, however, that they consume half the quantity, the food of each would be made about one pound per annum, or fourpence halfpenny per week, dearer. Very many of these labourers are single, and many of the married ones are practically single in regard to this matter, for husband, wife, and children, are employed. Great numbers of them have their yearly deficiencies made good from the poor-rates.

The better paid manufacturing labourers earn what would be good wages if their food were raised to this extent.

The manufacturing labourers are paid by the piece, and their bad wages arise, in part, from their inability to procure constant employment. The man who with full work can earn twelve or fourteen shillings per week, is frequently on short time, or wholly idle, and in consequence his yearly earnings do not amount to more than seven or eight shillings per week on the average. Nothing can be more shamefully unjust than the statements which are frequently made in Parliament:—Oh! it is asserted, these men can earn 30, 20, or 15 shillings per week. The fact is, that such men might earn something approaching to these sums by labouring sixteen hours per day, but they cannot get work to enable them to do so. Manufactures, from their nature, are flat some months in the year, and then the hands employed in them are only partially employed.

If the increased prosperity of the agriculturists, &c. should keep these labourers more fully employed, it would, in the year, put more into their pockets than would cover the advance in the price of their food. It would do this, if, by enabling them to work full hours and escape total idleness, it should give them two, three, or four weeks more of employment in the year. You must admit that it would have such effect.

But what is the very low rate of wages in the cotton and woollen trades really owing to? Is it because labour enters so largely into the price of goods? No: in many cases, a fraction of a farthing, a farthing, a halfpenny, or a penny per yard, makes the difference to the workman between famine wages and good ones: the masters sell some eight shillings' worth of goods for twopence less; they take the twopence wholly from the weaver's wages, and thereby reduce them one-third or one-fourth; and thus the consumer gains twopence on eight shillings through the weaver's starvation. Frequently the benefit goes into the pocket of the shopkeeper, and never reaches the consumer. In the cotton trade wages are bad in some divisions, because they are exorbitant in others. The weavers can only earn six shillings or ten shillings per week,—the spinners earn eighteen shillings or twenty-five shillings,—and the printers from twenty shillings to fifty shillings; if these wages were equalized according to skill, the masters could sell at the same price, and the workmen would all be reasonably well paid. Why does this

difference exist? The weavers, from their numbers and poverty, cannot combine with any effect, but the spinners and printers can. The manufacturers might give good wages, and still undersell their foreign competitors; their bad prices arise chiefly from their underselling each other.

The prosperity of the home and colonial markets would enable the labourer to raise his rate of wages in brisk times, and to make a stand against undue reductions in flat ones. The manufacturing labourers, in clamouring for cheap corn, clamour for the destruction of one of their great preservatives from famine wages. What have they reaped from the sufferings of the farmers, &c. in late years? A badness of trade, which has caused them to lose much more in reduction of wages than they have gained in the cheapness of food. The prosperity we have named would enable these labourers to gain an advance in the rate of wages, greater than the advance in the price of food, and the masters would benefit from it. The latter practically take the workman's wages, give them to the shopkeeper, merchant, and foreigner, and thereby establish a system of general underselling which is destructive to themselves.

Taxes on consumption, are taxes on labour as well as on property. If the duties on tea, tobacco, &c. were doubled, it is evident that the labouring orders could not raise their wages on account of it. In the last four years, taxes have been stationary while wages have generally declined: if half the duties were removed, wages would rise should trade become brisk. Having given these great advantages to the agriculturists, &c., impose a property tax in Britain and Ireland to raise ten millions annually; impose it for twelve years, to be reduced one-fourth in every third year, and take off twelve millions of duties.

Before any thing is said against this, let it be remarked that it is not an additional tax; it is only the substitution of a smaller tax for a larger one. If the property tax should operate individually, as the duties do, it would be a reduction of taxation to all.

The landholders and farmers could not do other than warmly sanction this plan. They would be glad to pay five or ten per cent on the one hand, that they might receive twenty or thirty on the other. The reduction of duties would go far towards paying their property tax. The fundholders would be gainers. Property of all kinds would gain greatly.

The duties, of course, must be removed which press the most heavily on labour. Let us place before us the well-paid workman, whose consumption is the greatest. If he use weekly a pound of sugar, the duty on it is nearly threepence; reduce this to a penny. If he use two ounces of tobacco, the duty is fourpence half-penny; reduce it to twopence. If he use an ounce of tea, the duty is about twopence; reduce it to a penny—but keep up the duty on the better kinds of tea, for they are little used by the working orders. Reduce the duties on his malt liquor, soap, candles, &c. a shilling per week;—we will say nothing of spirits, for the sake of morals. Here is a reduction to him of about eighteen pence per week; granting that a part of it would not reach him, still sufficient would to do more than balance the advance in the price of corn and shambles-meat.

The worst paid workmen would gain less, but they would gain on the whole what would cover the rise in their food.

The small tradesmen, and lower of the middle classes, would profit very greatly.

Let us here have no foolish generality, touching extravagant prices of things. The very high prices of most articles during the war, were caused neither by paper currency, nor by exorbitant profits and wages. The war, by devastations and other means, curtailed, interrupted, and sometimes cut off, the supplies of foreign produce; and this necessarily caused great dearness. Timber, hemp, &c. occasionally, could hardly be obtained from the north of Europe, and this made them very dear. Tobacco, at one time, was four or five shillings per lb. exclusive of the duty; and cotton was excessively high, in consequence of the war with America; most imported articles were similarly affected. These very high prices went principally to foreigners. What did they produce? Dear timber made dear ships, buildings, furniture, &c.—dear hemp made dear cordage—dear wool, cotton, and dyes, made dear woollens and cottons. Duties, which have been reduced, made

some articles dear. Various manufactured goods can now be made for almost half the money they cost then, merely from improvements in machinery. Speaking generally, a moderate advance in the present prices of goods, would yield the profits and wages which were gained during the war. What we are advocating would not raise the foreign produce used in the leading manufactures; in so far as it might do so, a remedy would be found in a remission of duty; for the sake of the woollen trade we would admit foreign wool as at present, if no method could be devised of giving a drawback on the export of woollens. The reduction of duties would, to the mass of the community, fully cover the advance of price in food and other things.

Prices of goods, in general, may be much, and in many cases almost one-half, lower at present, than they were during the war, and still leave to the people of this country the profits and wages which were then obtained.

And now let us take another view of the matter. It needs no proof that what we have recommended would create an immense additional demand for cottons, woollens, &c., in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies. Ireland alone might be made to take almost as many as are exported to all foreign Europe. Amidst other incalculable benefits which this would yield to the exporting manufacturers, it would enable them to cast off their bad markets. When you lost many of the Continental markets through their high duties, what did you do? Did you strive to regain them by ruining yourselves? No: like knowing and wise men you said, We can no longer sell to these people save at a loss, therefore we will have no more to do with them; we will keep up our prices, and seek other buyers. You acted accordingly, and went on flourishing. So act again; create new markets—raise your prices—and have no more to do with your bad customers. No part of your population would reap more benefits from what we have advised than your exporting manufacturers.

We have recommended a reduction of twelve millions of duties for a property tax of ten millions, from the impression that enlarged consumption would make the twelve only ten to the Exchequer. And we have advised, that the property tax should be limited to twelve years, and reduced, on the average, about a million annually, from the belief that increase of revenue would sanction such an annual reduction. It is morally certain, especially when Ireland is looked at, that the yearly increase of revenue would soon be several millions.

Space will not admit of more than a word for other matters. Obtain for your Ministers men pure in morals, spotless in honour, and sincerely attached to religion. Send your soldiers to the army, dismiss your theorists, and replace them with Ministers of practical views and correct knowledge. The change will purify your Aristocracy from its pollution, and make your Church what it ought to be. Gain as speedily as possible a new House of Commons, and suffer no farther from the barbarous profligacy, ignorance, and imbecility, of the present one. And can you send no NEW ability to Parliament? Are we never to have in the debates any other than the names of the old, crippled, and broken-down stagers, the Hollands, Greys, Lansdownes, and Westmorelands—the Broughams, Burdetts, Humes, Peels, and Huskissons? Why does it happen that your boasted "young men of promise"—your stripling senators, whose powers are stated to be so prodigious—only act the commonplace echo to their leaders? If we must even have the same doctrines, let us at least be refreshed with some novelty of name and phraseology. Let your young men bestir themselves, or if death chance to sweep away some dozen of the ancient heads, you will be unable to form either a Ministry or a Parliament.

Promote religion — protect public morals—repress vice and infidelity—keep the different classes of the community in strict subordination to each other—and cherish the principles, feelings, and habits, which give stability, beauty, and happiness to society.

We are not calling on you to act on speculation and theory—to make hazardous experiments on mere opinion. In inviting you to TRY the means which heretofore made you in trade, wealth, happiness, and grandeur, the first of nations, we do not wish you to

rely solely on past experience. You may tread on perfect certainty at every step, by means of arithmetic.

Descend, then, from the clouds of political economy, and travel in safety on your mother Earth; cast away the blinding spectacles of the philosophers, and use the eyes you have received from nature. Practise the vulgar principles, that it is erroneous to ruin immense good markets, to gain petty bad ones—that you cannot carry on losing trade—that you cannot live without profit—and that you cannot eat without income. And pule no more about individual economy, but eat, and drink, and enjoy yourselves, like your fathers. What! in these days of free trade, to tell the hypochondriacal Englishman that the foaming tankard, the honest bottle of port, and the savoury sirloin, must be prohibited articles! You surely wish us to hang and drown ourselves by wholesale. Your empire may be, and if you persevere in your present system, it assuredly will be, ruined; this constant waste of capital, in almost every business, must soon produce general beggary; and this constant loss of bread, in almost every calling, must soon produce horrible convulsion and chaos. But if it be ruined, it will be so when it possesses such stupendous means of prosperity and happiness as the bounty of Heaven never vouchsafed to any other—it will be ruined amidst a profusion of every thing requisite for enabling it to make for ages the most gigantic advances in trade, riches, power, and every thing else, that could benefit and adorn it—and it will be ruined solely by your own ignorance, blindness, perverseness, profligacy, and incapacity.

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XLV.

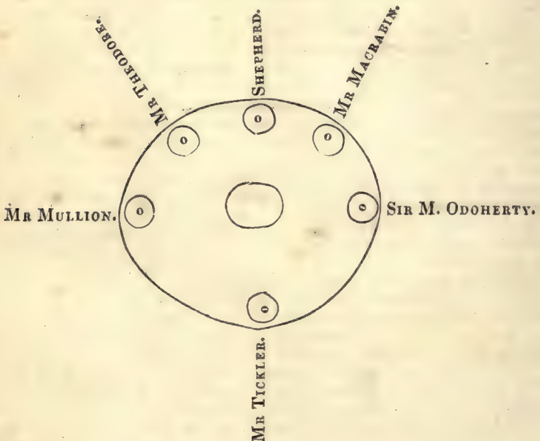
ΧΡΗ Δ'ΕΝ ΣΥΜΠΟΣΙΩ ΚΥΛΙΚΩΝ ΠΕΡΙΝΙΣΣΟΜΕΝΑΩΝ
ΑΚΩ ΔΕΗΤΙΔΑΟΝΤΑ ΚΑΘΗΜΕΝΟΝ ΟΙΝΟΠΟΤΑΖΕΙΝ.

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. Amb.*



TICKLER.

GENTLEMEN, attend to the *carte.* There's hotch-potch here, and turtle by the Shepherd. In the centre of the table, punch *à la* Trongate. Sherry and Madeira are Hogg's wheelers—Vin de Grave and Johannisberg, both thoroughly cooled, are mine—the whisky on the sideboard—and now to dinner with what appetites ye may!

ODOHERTY.

Mullion, a glass of something ?—punch ?

TICKLER.

Mr Theodore, may I have the pleasure of taking a glass of punch with you?

THEODORE.

Volontiers—ha! and this is the right Glasgow?

MACRABIN.

Hogg?

SHEPHERD.

Please yoursell, I'll stick to the Madeira. Yon's ower cauld for my stamach at this time o' day. Now the turtle's done, is there ony law against a soup of the hotch-potch, Mr Theodore?

THEODORE.

Hotch-potch and turtle are exceptions to all rules. I'll trouble Mr Tickler for another specimen of his excellent article; and then, my dear Mr Hogg, you shall command my attention.—Waiter! a tumbler—punch!—higher, if you please, sir—there!

TICKLER.

Ambrose, remove. (*Enter second course.*)—Gentlemen, here's a salmon frae aboon Peebles—and there's a turbot from off Fastcastle, alias Wolf's Crag.

ODOHERTY.

Mr Hogg, may I trouble you for a small parallelogram?—some of the fin, if you please.—Theodore, a glass of hock?

THEODORE.

Waiter, punch, there!—*Hoc erat in votis.*—Your health, Sir Morgan.

SHEPHERD.

Haund round the jug.—Od! it's pleasant now, aboon the tway soops an' the cut o' sawmon—There, callant, up to my thumb again. I think ye may be remoovin', Mr Aumrose. (*Enter third course.*)

TICKLER.

What now?—aye, there's a sheep's head frae Yarrow, thanks to our Shepherd; and here, as I am a Christian Tory, here's a boar's head,—gift of old Goethé to our friend North, whose absence we all regret on this occasion. Mr Theodore, shall I help you?

THEODORE.

If you please.—O! my dear sir—Forgive me—from the centre of the ear to the centre of the lip—there now, exactly—a thousand pardons—delicious—it's mighty nice!

MACRABIN.

The ear and the eye, and as much of the cheek as you please, Hogg. Boar's head indeed! Nothing like the tup.

SHEPHERD.

Will you hae a Trotter?

MACRABIN.

D—— the Trotters—*Vin de Grave,* Timotheus?

TICKLER.

Imo. Very fair indeed, Ambrose. But, gentlemen, I believe we are omitting a customary libation.—Now, remove the boar's head, and carry round the champagne. Goethé's health! (*Three times three.*)

THEODORE.

Do you drink people's healths at this hour of the day, in the North?

MACRABIN.

Yes—yes. I drink whenever I can get it—and whatever and wherever. This green goose looks charmingly;—cut right down, Hogg; smash through every thing.

THEODORE.

I'll trouble you for a pea, waiter.—O Jupiter! O Jupiter!

MULLION.

What's the matter? What's the matter? For Heaven's sake, waiter, a bottle of cold water—quick!

THEODORE (*aside to* MULLION.)

Never mind—poh—poh—'tis past, I breathe again. It was only a qualm that came over me—Mr Hogg eating peas with his knife!

MULLION.

My dear sir, as Mephistopheles says to Faust, when the red mouse leaps into the lady's mouth at the Brocken ball, "Do not let such trifles disturb the tranquillity of your future hour."

SHEPHERD.

A glass o' something, Macrabin?

MACRABIN.

A gallon of any thing.—Come, Ambrose, another bottle of Charley Wright.

SHEPHERD.

Never mind him, Aumrose; the Advocat maun hae his joke.

TICKLER.

Now for the Stilton.—(*Enter fourth course.*) Gentlemen, I can recommend mine host's ale, as second to nothing in Leith, alias in the world.

MACRABIN.

I prefer a glass of port, after the manner of the ancients.—No offence, Mr Theodore?

THEODORE.

Waiter, I'll trouble you for a tumbler. The *Vin de Grave*—there now, hold. Now the Seltzer water! In point of fact, if you ask *me*, I say, *decidedly*, water after red cheese.—Still champagne after white—that is, if you commit the atrocity of eating any cheese at all—which I have not been guilty of.

SHEPHERD.

That's the real thing. Now hand round the crewets, Aumrose. I maun hae a thumblefu' of the Glenlivet, just to put the neb on your yill.

TICKLER.

The whisky—clear the decks.

AMBROSE (*aside to* TICKLER.)

What wines shall we put on, sir?

TICKLER (*aside to* AMBROSE.)

Let me see. Some of that sherry of Cockburn's—the 48, I mean—some of Brougham's Madeira—the green seal—port—let us have Cay's *twelve*—and as for claret, why, you had as well send in two or three bottles of different orders, before we fix for the evening.

ODOHERTY (*aside to* AMBROSE.)

Begin with Sam's *nineteen*.

(*Air—Non Nobis.*)

TICKLER.

Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fill your glasses?—The King, God bless him!

OMNES.

The King—(three times three.)

(*Air—God save the King.*)

TICKLER.

Gentlemen, charge your glasses. A bumper.—The Kirk.

OMNES.

The Kirk—(four times four.)—(*Air—Bonnie lassie, Highland lassie.*)

TICKLER.

Gentlemen, we have drank his Majesty the King, with the usual honours, marking our high estimation of his personal resistance during the late awful and fatal struggle—our respect for the rank which he still holds in our native country, and which, in the hands of a virtuous man, may still afford the means of considerable good—and finally, our hope that George the Fourth may be allowed to descend into the tomb of George the Third, without witnessing with his own eyes the full completion of the overthrow which he has been compelled—we all know how cruelly—to lend his hand to. Gentlemen, we have also drank *the Kirk*, (by which, in this room, the two established Protestant Churches of these kingdoms have always been meant,) marking our undiminished reverence for institutions, which, in spite of external hostility and internal treason, must and shall continue to possess great and beneficial influence. They have destroyed the union of Church and State, gentlemen; but, in my humble opinion, and I rather think in yours, the State has lost more by this atrocious separation than the Church. She, gentlemen, flourishes

still—or, if a Winter has cropt the leaves, there is a bonny Spring in reserve for her. But the State!—alas! alas! I fear the Spring that brings back her Summer will be a—bloody one.—Gentlemen, every hour brings new confirmation to the view which I took, from the beginning, of the inevitable consequences. Let me now propose a bumper, and therewith a toast, to be drunk standing, and in silence. Gentlemen, I beg leave to drink the *Immortal memory of the British Constitution.*

OMNES.

The immortal memory of the British Constitution!

(*Air—Auld Langsyne.*)

SHEPHERD.

The bizziness has certainly made an awfu' sensation a' through the South country. Even Manor Water, I hear, was in a perfect lowe.

ODOHERTY (*aside.*)

A bull, by the by.

SHEPHERD.

As to the Selkirk folk, they're neither to haud nor to bin'! The hail o' Yarrow wad rise at a whistle the morn, I believe.

THEODORE.

You astonish me. Upon my soul, the London folks take things much more coolly. Notwithstanding all the pother in the Sunday papers, and all that raff, depend upon it, the Popery bill passed without exciting half the sensation with any one of a dozen bits of mere scandal, recently, which I could mention—Take Wellesley Pole's case, for example—or even my Lady Ellenborough's, or even that puppy, Tom Peel's. I assure you, sir, the downfall of the constitution was nothing to the downfall of Rowland Stephenson, sir,—as Lord Alvanley said to me——

MACRABIN.

The constitution, indeed! what should that be to the London people? Don't we all know that the capital has long since ceased to have almost any sympathy with the body of the nation?

THEODORE (*aside.*)

That's a rum one. Hear the villagers!

TICKLER.

To confess the truth, our great Babylon seems to me to be striding fast into another Paris. The thing has been going on for a long time—even for centuries—but I apprehend never at so rapid a rate, by fifty per cent, as during the last twenty or thirty years. The nobility of Great Britain, and the upper gentry,—at least the gentry, composing commonly the Lower House of Parliament,—appear latterly to be doing every thing in their power to cut off the old strings, that used, in better days, to connect them with the people at large. Only consider the life these fine folks lead.

THEODORE.

Why, I don't know how you could prevent people from living half the year in town.

TICKLER.

I have no objection to their living half the year in town, as you call it, if they can live in such a hell upon earth, of dust, noise, and misery. Only think of the Dolphin water in the solar microscope!

THEODORE.

I know nothing of the water of London personally.

ODOHERTY.

Nor I; but I take it, we both have a notion of its brandy and water.

TICKLER.

'Tis, in fact, their duty to be a good deal in London. But I'll tell you what I do object to, and what I rather think are evils of modern date, or at any rate, of very rapid recent growth. First, I object to their living those months of the year in which it is *contra bonos mores* to be in London, not in their paternal mansions, but at those little bastardly abortions, which they call watering-places—their Leamingtons, their Cheltenhams, their Brighthelmstones.

THEODORE.

Brighton, my dear rustic Brighton!

ODOHERTY.

Syncopicé.

SHEPHERD.

What's your wull, Sir Morgan? It does no staun' wi' me.

THEODORE.

A horrid spot, certainly—but possessing large conveniences, sir, for particular purposes. For example, sir, the balcony on the drawing-room floor commonly runs on the same level all round the square—which in the Brighthelmstonic dialect, sir, means a three-sided figure. The advantage is obvious.

SHEPHERD.

Och, sirs! och, sirs! what wull this world come to!

THEODORE.

The truth is, sir, that people *comme il faut* cannot well submit to the total change of society and manners implied in a removal from Whitehall or Mayfair to some absurd old antediluvian chateau, sir, boxed up among beeches and rooks. Sir, only think of the small Squires with the red faces, sir, and the grand white waistcoats down to their hips—and the Dames, sir, with their wigs, and their simpers, and their visible pockets—and the Damsels, blushing things in white muslin, with sky-blue sashes and ribbons, and mufflers and things—and the Sons, sir, the promising young gentlemen, sir—and the Doctor, and the Lawyer—and last, not least in horrification, the Parson.

TICKLER.

The Parson was not counted a bore in the better days of John Bull, when that honest old fellow wore a blue coat and leather breeches, and fumbled with the head of his stick whenever he saw two of his neighbours quarrelling.

MACRABIN.

Fuimus Troes.

THEODORE.

Fuimus Tories, indeed! Ah! my dear fellow, we had no Philipottos in those days.—This claret is mighty nice.

TICKLER.

Confound the Cockneys. If any one remained unconverted, surely the late puffing and blowing in the *Times* about the projected enclosure of a corner of Hampstead Heath must have done his business. O Jupiter! what a row about the plaster-fiend making a lodgement in the *half-mountain region.*

SHEPHERD.

I wonner what's a haill mountain wi' them.

ODOHERTY.

Harrow, I suppose—or rather the Devil's Dyke at Brighton—an Alpine precipice, Hogg, such as you would make nothing of going down at the hand gallop, with Wallace and Clavers before you.

TICKLER.

This *Times* Cockney talks of all England rising in rebellion at the invasion of Hampstead Heath. I suppose we shall then have the Cockney Melodies, Hunt, of course, being the Tyrtæus.

SHEPHERD.

O, dinna blaspheme the dead! That puir man's cauld in his grave lang or now.

ODOHERTY.

Leigh Hunt in his grave! Then he's the most comfortable ghost I ever heard of; for Theodore and I saw him not a week ago taking a shove in the mouth at old Mother Murly's in St Martin's Lane, with two or three of the underlings of the gallery about him—all in his glory;—and pretty well he looked—didn't he?

THEODORE.

You have made some mistake, Sir Morgan;—I was not present, sir—not I, indeed.—So you disapprove of Brighton, Mr Tickler?

TICKLER.

Brighthelmstone, when I knew it, was a pleasant fishing village—what like it is now, I know not; but what I detest in the great folks of your time, is, that insane selfishness which makes them prefer any place, however abominable, where they can herd together in their little exquisite coteries, to the

noblest mansions surrounded with the noblest domains, where they cannot exist without being more or less exposed to the company of people not exactly belonging to their own particular *sect.* How can society hang together long in a country where the Corinthian capital takes so much pains to unrift itself from the pillar? Now-a-days, sir, your great lord, commonly speaking, spends but a month or six weeks in his ancestral abode; and even when he is there, he surrounds himself studiously with a cursed town-crew, a pack of St James's Street fops, and Mayfair chatterers and intriguers, who give themselves airs enough to turn the stomachs of the plain squirearchy and their womankind, and render a visit to the Castle a perfect nuisance.

THEODORE (*aside to* MULLION.)

A prejudiced old prig!

TICKLER.

They seem to spare no pains to shew that they consider the country as valuable merely for rent and game—the duties of the magistracy are a bore—County Meetings are a bore—a farce, I believe, was the word—the assizes are a cursed bore—fox-hunting itself is a bore, unless in Leicestershire, where the noble sportsmen, from all the winds of heaven, cluster together, and think with ineffable contempt of the old-fashioned chase, in which the great man mingled with gentle and simple, and all comers—sporting is a bore, unless in a regular *battue,* when a dozen lordlings murder pheasants by the thousand, without hearing the cock of one impatrician fowling-piece—except indeed some dandy poet, or philosopher, or punster, has been admitted to make sport to the Philistines. In short, every thing is a bore that brings the dons into personal collision of any kind with people that don't belong to the world.

ODOHERTY.

The world is getting pretty distinct from the nation, I admit, and I doubt if much love is lost between them.

TICKLER.

That was the main evil I foresaw in this Popery bill; that measure, sir, has alienated the hearts of the Clergy—the hearts of the real provincial squires and lairds—it has thoroughly disgusted the mass of the people.

MACRABIN.

Thou hast said it. The harm would have been comparatively trifling, had the thing been the work of any one party in the State. The Protestant strength of the nation would have gathered the more visibly round the banners of the opposite party; and although the measure, once carried, perhaps nobody would ever have attempted, or wished to undo it—we should have had a solid might arrayed through all classes of society, by way of safeguard against farther tricks of the same kidney. But now, where are we? The Whigs, and the Tories, and the Radicals, all laid their heads together; and the remnant that stood aloof, have neither numbers nor talent to command a hearty following.

THEODORE.

I concur in all you have said—yet it must be allowed that Sadler, Chandos, Vyvyan, and Blandford, have done all that could have been desired.

TICKLER.

I revere Mr Sadler,

Si Pergama dextrâ
Defendi possent et hac defensa fuissent.—

But what are these among so many?

SHEPHERD.

That lang paper in the last Quarterly was a sair sign. Od, it maun hae garr'd some folk cock their lugs to hear sic things frae *them.* Is it ken't wha wrote it?

THEODORE.

They spoke of Lord Doodle—but that, I take it for granted, was gammon. The Emperor sported quite diplomatic—didn't know—had not an idea.

ODOHERTY.

I believe the paper was nobody but Croker's—I don't know any other of their people who possess at once such a variety of knowledge, the talent to express it, the courage to wish to express such views there, and influence enough in certain places to be allowed to express them.

THEODORE.

He denies it.

ODOHERTY.

Of course. The common report, however, is, that he is going out of office forthwith, and into opposition.

TICKLER.

Very like. In the meantime, he has done a great service—for the Quarterly can't eat all *that*, and so there's one grand organ for trumpeting forth the doctrine divine, "whatever is, is right," shut up.

MULLION.

Entirely *tant mieux*.—Well, what next? Something must come.

ODOHERTY.

Were I the Duke of Wellington, I would not halt at trifles now. Every human being sees clearly that reform in Parliament must come soon. If I were he, it should come *very soon indeed*. Every body sees that the Church in Ireland must go. Were I he, it should go to-morrow morning.

THEODORE.

What? throw up all at once, *pardi?*

ODOHERTY.

Throw up a fiddlestick! You have proclaimed the Popish religion to be no worse, as regards politics, than any other. Upon what pretence, then, shall the immense majority of the Irish people be denied their natural right to have their religion the established religion of their island? As sure as two and two make four, the Duke of Wellington's law, and the Protestant establishment, cannot live together.

MACRABIN.

I never met with any body who thought otherwise.

SHEPHERD.

O weary me! and to hear hoo the ne'er-do-weels spooted about their sincere conviction that they were doin' the only thing for the gude of the Protestant establishment in Ireland! Hoo could they hae the face?

TICKLER.

The face?—poh—poh! My dear Shepherd, these gentry have face for any thing. Only hear Peel bragging about his purity and piety, and all the House *hear-hearing* him—the spinning spoon!

ODOHERTY.

How grand was his defence of the Swan job! He merely gave Tom a letter of introduction to Sir George Murray, recommending him to the receipt of "any facilities" in Sir George's power,—and attesting him to be a young man of most "respectable character," and "ample means," and his "relation." This, from one Minister to another, was a mere trifle, you observe;—and as to the Home Secretary himself having any share in the spoil, why the House surely could not think it necessary for *him* to offer any answer to such a contemptible libel?—No, no!—*Hear, hear—immense applause.*

TICKLER.

Meanwhile the real points, the *only* points, are passed wholly *sub silentio.* In point of fact, no human being ever dreamt that Mr Robert Peel was to draw money for his own personal purse from this grant to his *relation.* Every body that knew any thing of the matter—certainly every one man in the House of Commons—knew perfectly well that Peel had acted merely on the Vicar of Wakefield's principle, who, if you remember, always took care to lend a five-pound note, or an old pony, or a new great-coat, to a troublesome kinsman, in the sure hope of never seeing his agreeable countenance again.—And who blamed either the Vicar or the Cad? The real charge was, that the grant to the respectable and wealthy second cousin of the political Bayard was a grant enormous in itself—650 *square miles of the* BEST *land* in the new colony—*and* that these 650 *square* miles were so situated as to interfere between the other settlers and the streams—the Swan river and the Canning—those two noble rivers, which unite their waters, as per map in the Quarterly, in the noble bay, overagainst the which lies, thanks to old Barrow's honest confession, the noble and well-named island of Rotten-nest—that is *Rat-nest.* On these points the kinsman of Thomas has as yet said nothing.

ODOHERTY.

That was a poker in the last New Monthly. By jingo! he's getting it right and left now, however.

MACRABIN.

The press will soon put an end to *this* impostor. He has great conceit, but he has also great cowardice, and he will either die or go out.

TICKLER.

Just think of what his existence must have been all through last Session—lying at the mere mercy of every man and mother's son? I own, I can't conceive how Sadler allowed the Swanney to escape.

ODOHERTY.

Sadler's a Christian—and charitable. But what think ye of Brougham?

THEODORE.

The Rolls in his eye.—Some sop, however, sir.

TICKLER.

And what for no? as Meg Dods says. I think Brougham the worst used of men; if he doesn't get some good thing, some very very good thing soon, very very soon——

ODOHERTY.

It is clear that Copley is on the move;—whether the story of his going to India be true or not, I can't tell.

TICKLER.

To India! as what?

ODOHERTY.

As Governor-General, to be sure. You know, if he wanted any law he would have Lord Dalhousie at his elbow.—But the story was not generally credited when I left town.

THEODORE.

No, no. But there is some move on the tapis—that all agree about.

TICKLER.

More Whigs, I suppose—well, well—

ODOHERTY.

The common belief is, that whenever Copley moves, which *must* be before winter, either Leach or Wetherell is to have the seals.

TICKLER.

Wetherell!—what! along with Peel?

ODOHERTY.

And what for no? as Meg Dods says.

TICKLER.

Oh, I have no objection.

ODOHERTY.

Wetherell is the King's candidate—and I should not wonder though the Duke were to gratify his Majesty about such a trivial matter as this. But the Whigs are strenuous for Leach; and there can be no doubt he is the man the Chancery Bar would be most pleased with. In fact, no other man in England has much pretension to fill that place now—and, alas! what will even he be after Old Bags?

MACRABIN.

That opens the Rolls to Brougham—very well indeed, Mr Patriot.

THEODORE.

The Schoolmaster would then be at home.

SHEPHERD.

Weel done, dominie Hairy! Ye did wisely to keep your taws aff Peel yon time!

ODOHERTY.

Speaking of *the taws*, as you call them, have you seen Beranger's song on *Monsieur Judas*, Tickler?

TICKLER.

Not I—I've seen nothing of his these two years. Can you repeat it?

ODOHERTY.

I can chant it, which is better. Here, Macrabin, take the poker and tongs, and tip me an accompaniment.

MACRABIN.

Sing on—I am ready.

ODOHERTY *sings (accompanied by* MACRABIN.)

Monsieur Judas est un drôle
Qui soutient avec chaleur
Qu'il n'a joué qu'un seul rôle
Et n'a pris qu'une couleur.
Nous qui détestons les gens
Tantôt rouges, tantôt blancs,
Parlons bas,
Parlons bas,
Ici près j'ai vu Judas,
J'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.

Curieux et nouvelliste,
Cet observateur moral
Parfois se dit journaliste,
Et tranche du libéral;
Mais voulons-nous réclamer
Le droit de tout imprimer,
Parlons bas,
Parlons bas,
Ici pres j'ai vu Judas,
J'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.

Sans respect du caractère,
Souvent ce lâche effronté
Porte l'habit militaire
Avec la croix au côté.
Nous qui faisons volontiers
L'éloge de nos guerriers,
Parlons bas,
Parlons bas,
Ici près j'ai vu Judas,
J'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.

Enfin, sa bouche flétrie
Ose prendre un noble accent,
Et des maux de la patrie
Ne parle qu'en gémissant.
Nous qui faisons le procès
A tous les mauvais Français.
Parlons bas,
Parlons bas,
Ici près j'ai vu Judas,
J'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.

Monsieur Judas, sans malice,
Tout haut vous dit: " Mes amis
Les limiers de la police
Sont à craindre en ce pays."
Mais nous, qui de mains brocards
Poursuivons jusqu'aux mouchards,
Parlons bas,
Parlons bas,
Ici près j'ai vu Judas,
J'ai vu Judas, j'ai vu Judas.

THEODORE.

Very good, indeed; upon my word, Mr Macrabin, you are a performer of very considerable gusto.

MACRABIN.

We've all heard a deal of your improvising. Pray, overset this offhand, as the Deutchers say—do now, that's a good fellow.

THEODORE.

Let us sky a dragon, Sir Morgan, and be the chant with the loser.

ODOHERTY.

Done—(*Skys a sovereign*)—Unfortunate Signifer Dohertiades—Well, here goes—Macrabin, resume the instrument.

ODOHERTY SINGS—(*accompanied as before.*)

Here Judas, with a face where shame
Or honour ne'er was known to be,
Maintaining he is still the same,
That he ne'er ratted—no—not he.
But we must spurn the grovelling hack,
To-day all white—to-morrow black.
But hush! he'll hear,
He'll hear, he'll hear;
Iscariot's near—Iscariot's near!

The moral Surface swears to-day
Defiance to the priest and Pope;
To-morrow, ready to betray
His brother churchmen to the rope.
But let us trust the hangman's string
Is spun for him—the recreant thing!
But hush, &c.

All character that knave has lost:—
Soon will the Neophyte appear,
By priestly hands be-dipp'd, be-cross'd,
Begreased, bechrism'd, with holy smear.
Soon may he reach his final home,
"A member of the church of Rome."*
But hush, &c.

Now from his mouth polluted flows—
Snuffled in Joseph Surface tone—
Laments o'er hapless Ireland's woes,
O'er England's dangerous state a groan.
Ere long beneath the hands of Ketch,
Sigh for thyself, degraded wretch!
But hush, &c.

Judas! till then the public fleece,
For kin and cousins scheme and job,
Rail against watchmen and police,
Inferior swindlers scourge or rob.
At last, another crowd before,
Thou shalt speak once—and speak no more!
But hush! he'll hear,
He'll hear, he'll hear;
Iscariot's near—Iscariot's near.

TICKLER.

Your imitation, Baronet, is much fiercer than the original warrants.

ODOHERTY.

It is not the worse for that. We are of a sterner cast. Though, indeed, Beranger is not a bad hand at polishing a fellow off, when he pleases.

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* The ordinary conclusion of a gallows speech in Ireland,—"I die an unworthy member of the church of Rome."

THEODORE.

For my part, I like his gay and sprightly songs better than his political ones—for instance, *Roger Bontemps*, *Le petit homme gris*, and others of that kind. I do not know where we should look in English for songs of that particular species. There is a quiet humour about them, rather insinuated than expressed, which is quite charming.

SHEPHERD.

Vera like my ain style. Ye a' mind my "It is a fac"—

ODOHERTY.

One of these very songs is, however, political—I mean the "*Roi d' Yvetot.*"

THEODORE.

Which made Bonaparte very angry;—the picture of the quiet king, who "Se levait tard, se couchait tôt," was a contrast with himself that was not commendable.

TICKLER.

Where is Beranger now?

THEODORE.

In jail.

TICKLER.

A common case with wits.

THEODORE.

I wish some of you, gentlemen, would write an Essay, full of translations, on French songs—they are of much more importance in that country than here.

TICKLER.

And yet here, too, we have known songs to produce no small effect; we do not forget the "Hunting the hare"—

"Maidens of Marybone, tricked out in articles"—&c. &c.

ODOHERTY.

An excellent song! What a capital verse that, beginning with,

"Next came the Dowager Countess of Tankerville"—

Or better still—

"Then the procession, I fear, it will never end,
Came with the others his homage to pay,
Honour'd by birth, by profession the reverend,
Neither by nature, the hypocrite Grey.

SHEPHERD.

Oh! oh! that's capital—That Grey has, I'm told noo, some graun fat kirk in Lunnan.

TICKLER.

Aye! To have been the personal enemy of the King, is now a passport to preferment. He has succeeded Charles Blomfield in the rich living of Bishopsgate.

Uno avulso non deficit alter,
Et simili frondescit Virga Metalli.

Without pretending to know who wrote that verse about Grey, I guess, by its *odium theologicum*, it was a brother parson, Macrabin—the Dean, probably. —But to return. The old French government, it used to be said, was a despotism, *moderée par chansons*; and there is no style in which our neighbours have not succeeded.

MACRABIN.

Even in slang?—Could a Frenchman, think you, ever write—

Go back to Brummagem, go back to Brummagem,
Youth of that ancient and halfpenny town—
Maul manufacturers, rattle and rummage 'em,
Country swell'd nobs may swell your renown?

SHEPHERD.

Or my ain—

Come like a tailor, Donald Macgillivray,
In and out, roundabout, needle them cleverly?

ODOHERTY.

I do not know; the French are not a boxing people, a circumstance which sufficiently accounts for their cruel propensities; but they have slang songs—capital ones, too—for instance, look at my friend Vidocq's Memoirs.

THEODORE.

You allude, I suppose, to that excellent song, beginning with—

En roulant de vergne en vergne?

ODOHERTY.

Yes.

TICKLER.

Here is the volume among old Kit's books here—he has marked that very song. I wish you would translate it, Sir Morgan.

ODOHERTY.

To hear is to obey.—Fill all round.—Sheep-feeder, you are remiss in supplying.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na, my laddie, ye shall no play Sergeant Kite wi' me, and drink tway glasses for my ane.

ODOHERTY (*sings.*) *

As from ken[1] to ken I was going,
Doing a bit on the prigging lay;[2]
Who should I meet, but a jolly blowen,[3]
Tol lol, lol lol, tol derol, ay;
Who should I meet, but a jolly blowen,
Who was fly[4] to the time o' day.[5]

Who should I meet, but a jolly blowen,
Who was fly to the time o' day;
I pattered in flash,[6] like a covey,[7] knowing,
Tol lol, &c.
"Ay, bub or grubby,[8] I say."

I pattered in flash, like a covey, knowing,
"Ay, bub or grubby, I say."—
"Lots of gatter,"[9] quo she, "are flowing,
Tol lol, &c.
Lend me a lift in the family way.[10]

"Lots of gatter," quo' she, "are flowing,
Lend me a lift in the family way.
You may have a crib[11] to stow in,
Tol lol, &c.
Welcome, my pal,[12] as the flowers in May.

1 *Ken*—shop, house.
2 *Prigging lay*—thieving business.
3 *Blowen*—girl, strumpet, sweetheart.
4 *Fly*, [contraction of *flash*] *awake*—up to, practised in.
5 *Time o' day*—knowledge of business, thieving, &c.
6 *Pattered in flash*—spoke in slang.
7 *Covey*—man.
8 *Bub and grub*—drink and food.
9 *Gatter*—porter.
10 *Family*—the thieves in general. *The family way*—the thieving line.
11 *Crib*—bed
12 *Pal*—friend, companion, paramour.

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* En roulant de vergne en vergne[1]
Pour apprendre à goupiner,[2]
J'ai rencontre la mercandière,[3]
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Qui du pivois solisait,[4]
Lonfa malura dondé.

J'ai rencontré la mercandière,
Qui du pivois solisait.
Je lui jaspine en bigorne,[5]
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Qu'as-tu donc à morfiller ?[6]
Lonfa malura dondé.

Je lui jaspine en bigorne
Qu'as-tu donc à morfiller ?
J'ai du chenu pivois sans lance
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Et du larton savonné,[8]
Lonfa malura dondé.

J'ai du chenu pivois sans lance
Et du larton savonné
Une lourde, une tournante[9]
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Et un pieu pour roupiller[10]
Lonfa malura dondé.

1 City to city. 2 To work. 3 The shopkeeper. 4 Sold wine.
5 I ask him in slang. 6 To eat. 7 Good wine without water. 8 White bread.
9 A door and a key. 10 A bed to sleep upon.

"You may have a bed to stow in;
Welcome, my pal, as the flowers in May."
To her ken at once I go in,
Tol lol, &c.
Where in a corner out of the way.

To her ken at once I go in,
Where in a corner, out of the way,
With his smeller,[13] a trumpet blowing,
Tol lol, &c.
A regular swell-cove[14] lushy[15] lay.

13 *Smeller*—nose. *Trumpet blowing* here is not slang, but poetry for snoring.
14 *Swell-cove*—gentleman, dandy.
15 *Lushy*—drunk.

With his smeller, a trumpet blowing,
A regular swell-cove lushy lay;
To his clies[16] my hooks[17] I throw in,
Tol lol, &c.
And collar his dragons[18] clear away.

16 *Clies*—pockets.
17 *Hooks*—fingers; in full, *thieving hooks*.
18 *Collar his dragons*—take his sovereigns; on the obverse of a sovereign is, or was, a figure of St George and the *dragon*. The etymon of collar is obvious to all persons who know the taking ways of Bow-street, and elsewhere. It is a whimsical coincidence, that the motto of the Marquis of Londonderry is, "Metuenda *corolla draconis*." Ask the city of London, if "I fear I may not collar the dragons," would not be a fair translation.

To his clies my hooks I throw in,
And collar his dragons clear away;
Then his ticker[19] I set a-going,
Tol lol, &c,
And his onions,[20] chain, and key.

19 *Ticker*—watch. The French slang is *tocquanta*.

20 *Onions*—seals.

Then his ticker I set a going,
With his onions, chain, and key.
Next slipt off his bottom clo'ing,
Tol lol, &c.
And his gingerhead topper gay.

Next slipt off his bottom clo'ing,
And his gingerbread topper gay,
Then his other toggery[21] stowing,
Tol lol, &c.
All with the swag,[22] I sneak away.

21 *Toggery*—clothes (from *toga*.)

22 *Swag*—plunder.

Une lourde, une tournante
Et un pieu pour roupiller,
J'enquille dans sa cambriole
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Espérant de l'entifler[12]
Lonfa malura dondé.

J'enquille dans sa cambriole
Espérant de l'entifler
Je rembroque au coin du rifle[13]
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Un messière qui pionçait[14]
Lonfa malura dondé.

Je rembroque au coin du rifle
Un messière qui pionçait;
J'ai sondé dans ses vallades,[15]
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Son carle j'ai pessigué[16]
Lonfa malura dondé.

J'ai sondé dans ses vallades,
Son carle j'ai pessigué
Son caale, aussi sa tocquante[17]
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Et ses attaches de cé[18]
Lonfa malura dondé.

Son carle, aussi sa tocquante
Et ses attaches de cé,
Son coulant et sa montante[19]
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Et son combre galuché[20]
Lonfa malura donde.

Son coulant et sa montante
Et son combre galuché,
Son frusque, aussi sa lisette[21]
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Et ses tirants brodanchés[22]
Lonfa malura dondé.

11 I enter her chamber.
12 To make myself agreeable to her.
13 I observe in the corner of the room.
14 A man lying asleep.
15 Search his pockets.
16 I took his money.
17 His money and watch
18 His silver buckles.
19 His chain and breeches.
20 Gold-edged hat.
21 His coat and waistcoat.
22 Embroidered stockings.

Then his other toggery stowing,
All with the swag, I sneak away;
"Tramp it, tramp it, my jolly blowen,
Tol lol, &c.
Or be grabbed[23] by the beaks[24] we may.

[23] *Grabbed*—taken. [24] *Beaks*—police-officers.

"Tramp it, tramp it, my jolly blowen,
Or be grabbed by the beaks we may;
And we shall caper a-heel-and-toeing,
Tol lol, &c.
A Newgate hornpipe some fine day.

"And we shall caper a-heel-and-toeing,
A Newgate hornpipe some fine day;
With the mots,[25] their ogles[26] throwing,
Tol lol, &c.
And old Cotton[27] humming his pray.[28]

[25] *Mots*—girls. [26] *Ogles*—eyes.

[27] *Old Cotton*—the Ordinary of Newgate.
[28] *Humming his pray*—saying the prayers.

"With the mots their ogles throwing,
And old Cotton humming his pray;
And the fogle-hunters[29] doing,
Tol lol, &c.
Their morning fake[30] in the prigging lay."

[29] *Fogle-hunters*—pickpockets.

[30] *Morning fake*—morning thievery.

ODOHERTY.

Well, I've sung my share of this night's singing in all conscience. Now, Theodore, *do* give us a twist.

THEODORE.

A Twiss—Heaven forefend! I don't deal in Horatian metres.

TICKLER.

I should feel much obliged——

THEODORE (*going to the piano-forte.*)

Oh! if it obliges you—(*aside to Odoherty*)—I had no idea that these savages had such a thing as a piano in their country. I took it for granted they played only on the pipes.

ODOHERTY (*aside to* THEODORE.)

Or the fiddle—it is a national instrument.

THEODORE (*Chanting—Air, my banks they are covered with bees.*)

My left is adorn'd by a poet,
Unrivalled in song and in grog,
For the word is continually *go it*,
'Tween the Muse, or the mug, and our Hogg.
Mount Benger and Mador may shew it,
Of his doings they both keep a log.

Son frusque, aussi sa lisette
Et ses tirants brodanchés,
Crompe, crompe, mercandière[23]
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Car nous nous serions bequillés[24]
Lonfa malura dondé.

Crompe, crompe, mercandière,
Car nous serions bequillés
Sur la placarde de vergne[25]
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Il nous faudrait gambiller[26]
Lonfa malura dondé.

Sur la placarde de vergne
Il nous faudrait gambiller
Allumés de toutes ces largues[27]
Lonfra malura dondaine,
Et du trepe rassemblé[28]
Lonfa malura dondé.

Allumés de toutes ces largues
Et du trepe rassemblé,
Et de ces charlats bons drilles,
Lonfa malura dondaine,
Tous abolant goupiner[30]
Lonfa malura dondé.

[23] Take care of yourself, shopkeeper.
[24] Hanged. [25] On the Place de Ville. [26] To dance.
[27] Looked at by all these women. [28] People. [29] Thieves; good fellows.
[30] All coming to rob

I'm rejoiced, and the *world*, sir, shall know it,
  That I've boozed at the elbow of Hogg.
    Fal de rol, &c.

To the left of my Shepherd appears
  One who laughter and law is a dab in;
Who respects neither parsons nor peers,
  When they cross the career of Macrabin.
The Whigs are in funk for his jeers,
  Jolly Tories delight his confab in—
And his eyes play the deuce wi' the dears,
  In the soft evening hours of Macrabin.
    Fal de rol, &c.

Next to thee, thou prime Maximist, Morgan,
  The current of rhyming must flow;
Of lampooning the great barrel-organ,
  Still grinding a chant on the foe.
Thou and I, most illustrious Baronet,
  Grand Masters are both in the trade;
And our bosoms would each have a star on it,
  If a knighthood of libel were made.
    Fal de rol, &c.

At the foot of the table, Sir Tickler,
  The bottle we see in his hand,
For old rum and religion a stickler,
  In punch and in piety grand.
Alas! for the Cockney suburbans,
  Who now are in fear for their heath;
How Hampstead would shake in disturbance,
  If Zed's scimitar leapt from its sheath.
    Fal de rol, &c.

O scribe of the witty, dear Mordy,
  Whose stamp coins Old Christopher's bullion,
I am sure we should get very wordy
  In rehearsing the praises of Mullion;
We can't count up the whole of his merits,
  But from North down to Ambrose's scullion,
The lad who directs and inspirits
  The whole Tory battalion is—Mullion.
    Fal de rol, &c.

And now for applauses you look
  On a person whose qualities we adore;
And you'll have it by hook or by crook,
  Quoth the modest and blush-mantled Theodore.
Contradiction in this we'll not brook;
  No—that window should instantly be a door
For the wretch who this dogma forsook,
  EARTH HOLDS NO IMPROVIZER LIKE THEODORE.
    Fal de rol, &c.

Hold—at present he's chain'd with the gout,
  But at Christopher's table we sit—
And on no account must we leave out
  Our immortal old paymaster Kit.
If he's sane, I confoundedly doubt—
  And *the world* never thought him a wit;
But he's sending good Bourdeaux about,
  And so here goes a stanza and Kit.
    Fal de rol, &c.

That will do for to-night.

SHEPHERD.

Charmin'—just wunnerfu'—eh, man! gie me a shake o' your hand; ye're just a brither amang us when North's awa, and we're a' at our ease.

THEODORE.

My dear Shepherd, I'm not such a Cockney but I can appreciate the squeeze of that hand. Come now, give us a taste of your quality.

SHEPHERD.

My quality, hinny?

TICKLER.

He means a song of the true old Scottish cut—a genuine bud of the heather—Come, James.

SHEPHERD.

Is that a'? I'll mak and sing ane affhand—love never comes wrang to me. —(*Sings.*)

O, Love's a bitter thing to bide,
The lad that drees it's to be pitied;
It blinds to a' the warld beside,
And maks a body dilde and dited;
It lies sae sair at my breast bane,
My heart is melting saft an' safter;
To dee outright I wad be fain,
Wer't no for fear what may be after.

I dinna ken what course to steer,
I'm sae to dool an' daftness driven,
For ane sae lovely, sweet, an' dear,
Sure never breath'd the breeze o' heaven;
O there's a soul beams in her ee,
Ae blink o't maks ane's spirit gladder,
And ay the mair she gecks at me,
It pits me aye in love the madder.

Love winna heal, it winna thole,
You canna shun't even when you fear it;
An' O, this sickness o' the soul,
'Tis past the power of man to bear it!
And yet to mak o' her a wife,
I couldna square it wi' my duty,
I'd like to see her a' her life
Remain a virgin in her beauty;

As pure as bonny as she's now,
The walks of human life adorning;
As blithe as bird upon the bough,
As sweet as breeze of summer morning.
Love paints the earth, it paints the sky,
An' tints each lovely hue of Nature,
And makes to the enchanted eye
An angel of a mortal creature.

THEODORE.

Exquisite—mighty good, really—Why, Hogg, Velluti's a joke to you.

TICKLER.

Very well indeed, James. Pass the bottle, Mullion—and Macrabin—why what are you about, Macrabin?

MACRABIN.

Mr Hogg, may I crave a bumper?

SHEPHERD.

Wi' right good wull.—Gentlemen, nae skylights—the Advocate's toast.

MACRABIN.

In rising, sir, upon this occasion, I may safely assure you, that I do not leave my seat without very considerable agitation. I do not allude, sir, to that agitation which is now convulsing Ireland—that agitation which a dastardly minister of a degraded crown vainly hoped to extinguish for ever by truckling to that treason, which it was his bounden and sacred and most imperative and holy duty, sir, as a man, and a Christian, and a Briton, to have trampled—No, sir, I allude to nothing of this nature, however in itself momentous. My business at present is nearer home. I allude, sir, in a word, to that internal agitation which a modest individual may easily claim credit for harbouring within his bosom of bosoms, at the moment when he rises to address himself to such an assemblage of intellect, of genius, and of virtue, as I now behold congregated around this festive board. (*Hear, hear.*) Sir, we live in extraordinary times. A great crisis is indubitably on the anvil. The clouds, my lords, are thickening around the horizon of Great Britain—they are conglomerated in portentous and inevitable gloom; and the awful, the appalling, the irresistible, and most important burst already quivers in the balance. Every symptom, sir, conspires to give omen and indication of the approaching horrors. The GREAT UNKNOWN is no more. Those dark, and atrocious, and altogether unjustifiable suspicions, to which I need not more particularly allude, disturb no longer the midnight pillows of Mrs Grant, Mrs Thomas Scott, and Mr George Forbes. (*Hear, hear.*) The private accounts of the Corporation of London are openly demanded in the Parliament of England. (*Hear, hear.*) A son is born unto the Mandarin—the lamentable story of Lord Londonderry and the coal-tax need not detain us here. Mr Jeffrey is Dean—(*Hear, hear.*)—Mr John Tait is Sheriff-depute of Clackmannan and Kinross. The dissolution of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, the utter ruin of the wilful king, the demolition, in other words, of the Siljukians, Atabeks, Kharismians, and Turks, who have so long been in possession of the præfecture of the East, as typified by the little increasing horn, is at hand. (*Hear! hear!*) Mr George Bankes has been defeated at Cambridge, and the sixth vial is on the very eve of being poured out on the great river Euphrates. (*Hear! hear!*) The friend of Caroline and the second of Dunearn, is actually in the cabinet, and rumours are rife of Althorp, and Graham, and Stanley, and even—shall, I utter the degrading fact?—of Sir James Mackintosh. (*Hear! hear! hear!*) Young Gibb sleeps with his father—the Battle of Waterloo is forgotten in the coming thunders of the Battle of Armageddon. Spitalfields are deserted. Paisley is full of woe. Sir Masseh Manasseh Lopez sold Westbury to the Right Honourable Robert Peel, for the enormous sum of six thousand pounds sterling. (*Hear! hear!*) Birmingham is acquitted and remains with Captain Ives. A great iron mine has just been opened at Orebro, in Sweden—the progress of the lead mines in the dominions of the Catholic King, is alarming in no trifling degree to Lord and Lady Stafford, who have advanced three hundred thousand to the Marquis of Anglesea—Captain Basil Hall's travels are stereotyped—Lord Lyndhurst is mentioned for Grand Mogul!—Mrs Thomas Peel has been refused a ticket to the great ball at Almacks!—(*Hear! hear!*)—The Rev. Edward Irving has been refused admission to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland—Mr Trotter of Ballendean has been in vain proposed for Provost—Metternich trembles at the announcement of a personal rencontre with Arthur the Great—Lord Ellenborough advertises his villa at Putney in the columns of The Morning Post—Sir William Rae is talked of for a shelf—Sir Henry Halford is in daily attendance at Bushy—The King appeared at Ascot Races in a brown hat—Mr Galt has returned at this very moment from Canada—and Mr Thomas Fretley's letters have shaken the Court of Chancery to its centre—Lord Cringletie's interlocutor—Lord Mackenzie's *ad avisandum*—the silence of L. E. L.—and the dulness of the John Bull during the last fortnight—these, sir, are signs of the times to which I shall merely point your attention. (*Hear! hear!*) On the whole, I think it will not be disputed, that I have made out a very triumphant case—the issue is with you. But, I venture to propose a bumper, fully relying upon your candour—I venture to propose a bumper, which, under existing circumstances, I am sure you

will not refuse—a bumper to the health and prosperity of our distinguished friend and guest now in my eye, Mr Theodore. (*Great applause.*)

OMNES.

Mr Theodore!!! !!! !!! Three times three.—AIR, *Saw ye Johnie coming?*

THEODORE (*jumps to the piano-forte and chants.*—AIR, *Eveleen's Bower.*)

I hope, Mrs Muse,
You will stiffly refuse
  To respond in your strains to Macrabin's heart;
Who scruples not to say,
That the devil is to pay,
  And the glory of Britain's upon the start.

Our poor population
Being given to propagation,
  He looks to the rates with an eye of woe—
As for plans of emigration,
And bog cultivation,
  He abandons them to Sadler, Wilmothorton, and Co.

He would think it a miracle,
If much longer in curricle,
  Church and State, *more patrum*, continued to go—
Their alliance undone
By an operative's son;
  Ætna's flames on his head—in his heart her snow.

BUT when lately a void
Was created by Lloyd,
  And the breast of Philpotto with hope beat high—
Even the Duke refused that
To the reverend rat,
  And promoted old Bagot—the King knows why.

Then the King said nay,
To all mention of Grey;
  And though General Rosslyn obtained the place,
The Sovereign rump'd him,
With a visage so grim,
  It gave sore tribulation unto HIS GRACE.

Then, the brave Cumberland
Seems determined to stand—
  Spite of all their manœuvres—by his post;
Which gives much a-do
To the Prince Waterloo,
  Who was minded for ever to rule our roast.

O declare, I beseech!
Is it Wetherell or Leach,
  That is destined to shine in Lyndhurst's seat?
And where will Lyndhurst go?
And who will be the beau
  To defray the expenses of that retreat?

I'm perplex'd from my soul
'Bout the Seagrave coal,
  And Lord Brecknock retiring for Castlereagh—
Nor can I understand,
Why a martyr so grand
  George Bankes should be deem'd—since he stooped to stay.

Billy Holmes don't conceal
That the conduct of Peel
Has put knot after knot in his Master's yarn ;
And that Bob must skip
From the weavership,
Is a fact which his kindred with grief discern.

O weep for the day,
When from place and pay
Back to roost in his Rochdale the false Lord goes ;
Sure the worst of the bad
Have a kick for the Cad
Who by treason falls, as by cant he rose.

'Tis my trust that the King,
Understanding the thing,
Will ere long cheer his friends, and confound his foes ;
" The Man-wot" o'erwhelm,
Summon Bags to the helm,
And a new House of Commons for Lord Chandos.

Better prospects arise
Before loyal eyes,
And in merrier mood then I close my strain ;
Fill a bumper, I pray,
To the coming day,
When the King shall enjoy his own again. (*Great applause.*)

ODOHERTY (*aside to* MACRABIN.)

Do you give it up ?

MACRABIN (*aside to* ODOHERTY.)

Confound his glibness !—My dear Theodore, you have outdone yourself. Sir Morgan is really quite jealous.

SHEPHERD.

Haud awa', haud awa' wi' sic havers—yere a' grand chiels in your ain gaits—and now I think Tickler's beginning to look a thought yaup—Sall we hae ben the cauld heads, Mr Timothy ?

TICKLER.

By all means.—(*Rings, enter* AMBROSE).—Supper immediately. The boar's head, the sheep's head, some lobsters, the strawberries and cream, and a bottle of Champagne. (*Exit* AMBROSE.)

MULLION.

Drooping nature really begins to call for some refreshment.—(*Enter the tray.*)—Aye, aye, Ambrose was ready.

SHEPHERD.

How bonnily they've dressed up the cauld porker ! My eye, Mr Aumrose, but you've made a perfect flower-bob of him.—Shall I help you, Theodore ?

THEODORE.

So be it. By Jupiter, this garniture is perfectly Hopkinsonian ! Give me the ear also. Pray, do—*merci.*

TICKLER.

Hopkinsonian ? Non intelligo.

THEODORE.

Ha ! ha ! well, I thought you must have heard the story, I protest. You must know, my friend Hertford, walking one day near his own shop in Piccadilly, happened to meet one Mr Hopkinson, an eminent brewer, I believe.—Upon my word, this is better cold than hot, however—and the conversation naturally enough turned upon some late dinner at the Albion, Aldersgate street—nobody appreciates a real city dinner better than Monsieur le Marquis—and so on, till the old brewer mentioned, *par hazard*, that he had just received a noble specimen of wild pig from a friend in Frankfort, adding, that he had a very particular party, God knows how many Aldermen, to dinner—half the East India Direction, I believe—and that he was something puzzled touching the cookery. " Pooh !" says Hertford, " send in your porker to

my man, and he'll do it for you *à merveille.*" The brewer was a grateful man—the pork came—and went back again. Well, a week after my lord met his friend, and, by the way, "Hopkinson," says he, "how did the boar concern go off?"—"O, beautifully," says the brewer; "I can never sufficiently thank your lordship; nothing could do better. We should never have got on at all without your lordship's kind assistance."—"The thing gave satisfaction then, Hopkinson?"—"O, great satisfaction, my Lord Marquis—To be sure, we did think it rather queer at first—in fact, not being up to them there things, we considered it as deucedly stringy—to say the truth, we should never have thought of eating it cold."—"Cold!" says Hertford; "did you eat the ham cold?"—"O dear yes, my lord, to be sure we did—we eat it just as your lordship's gentleman sent it."—"Why, my dear Mr Alderman," says Hertford, "my cook only prepared it for the spit." Well, I shall never forget how the poor dear Duke of York laughed!

SHEPHERD.

O the heathens! did they really eat the meat raw?

THEODORE.

As raw as you sit there, my hearty.—Come, another slice.

MACRABIN.

Ha! a cork started! Quick, Mullion! The champagne! Tumblers! Ambrose, more of that.

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(*N.B. Conversation for some time not audible in the cupboard.*)

ODOHERTY.

This is the right sort. Except John at the Salopian, I really don't know any body to compete with you in a hot bowl.

TICKLER.

I pique myself more on the cold—but that you Munsterians never appreciate.

SHEPHERD.

Thraw the wand when it's green, Timotheus.

TICKLER.

Now hand me the cigars—do you prefer the pipe or the naked beauties, Theodore?

THEODORE.

I never smoke—(*fugh!*)—This punch is blameless, sir. This does you honour—you would corrupt me, if I staid among you long—you would corrupt me—I protest—quite delicious——

SHEPHERD.

Corrupt you? my certy, we wad do you a great deal o' gude, my man; we wad clean cure you o' the fine gentleman, 'at we would—and we would gar ye shew your teeth in anither fashion. A man just gets a bairn for the matter of birr and venom when he bides lang up yonder—ye're just naething ava' noo to what ye were when ye first comed hame.

TICKLER.

Nonsense—we all adapt ourselves unconsciously to the circle we mix in—Every place has its own tone—and Edinburgh and London are 400 miles apart.

MACRABIN.

Thank God!

THEODORE.

Inverness, I presume, is still nearer the centre of civilisation—Well, I can't stand this any longer—hand me the cigars—self-defence is a duty—you may send round the jug, too, Mr Tickler.

SHEPHERD.

There's a man—now, dinna be blawin' ower fast at the beginning—there—genty, genty, a sma' quiet sook, hardly mair nor the natural breathin'—look at me.

THEODORE.

A perfect zephyr.

SHEPHERD.

Look at him—as I sall answer, he can send the smoke out at his nostrils—na, losh keep us! he's up to every thing—there it's puffin out at the lug next!

THEODORE.

Teach the Patriarchs, and multiply.

TICKLER.

Fill, Odoherty—and pass.—Are you and Theodore going into the Highlands?

ODOHERTY.

Not we, truly—we have other fish to fry—I say, with Old Captain Morris,

"The sweet shady side of Pall-Mall"—

I'm off to town again, next steam-boat—the approaching dissolution will not permit any further extension of our tour just at present.

TICKLER.

What do you think of the result?

ODOHERTY.

O, a roaring Protestant House of Commons, as sure as a gun—a good strong Tory government, without which, indeed, the country cannot and will not hang together for many months more. The King enjoying his own again, and Liberalism at a discount in Westminster as much as everywhere else—the Church is mustering all her strength, and woe to the Papists when the tussle comes!

TICKLER.

You may flatter yourselves as you please—my opinion is, that the utter want of Talent, Courage, and Union, which has caused the present condition of the Tory party, will keep it where it is. With grief do I say it, I adhered to that party, boy and man, through evil report and through good report, for sixty years, sir—I served it zealously with tongue and pen, and bayonet and halbert too—and it never did any thing for me, Heaven knows—and I adhere to it still—I share its discomfiture—I cannot share your hopes—it is down, down, down, for my time, at any rate—You are young men—you may live to see better times.

THEODORE.

You must all be delighted to know that the King is well—really well. I was near his person half-an-hour on Thursday at Ascot, and I give you my honour his Majesty never looked better in my remembrance—complexion clear—eye bright—the whole presence and bearing as full of life and vigour as of grace and dignity. This is one great consolation to us all.

ODOHERTY.

His life is worth two of the Duke of Clarence's. But still, the question of the Regency begins to be an anxious one. People must be expected, in these times, to look a leetle beyond their noses.

TICKLER.

Why, how can there be any question? Upon what pretence could the Duke of Cumberland be passed over,—the next in order; the first, certainly, in talent; and, without all doubt, the steadiest in principle among those of his royal line who would then be left to us?

ODOHERTY.

Why, you are aware, he would then be king of Hanover.

TICKLER.

And is that an objection? His son, of course, marries the princess Vittoria—I hope they'll alter that outlandish name, by the way.

ODOHERTY.

My dear friend, *there's* the rub. Young Cumberland, or young Cambridge? On one side, the royal family (with one exception, of course) and the people of England—and the people of Hanover too, (for they're not such spoons as to wish to be left to the tender mercies of Prussia); on the other, the Duke! Do you begin to see daylight?

THEODORE.

Aye, you've laid your hand on the point, now.

SHEPHERD.

An' sud na the King himsell settle a' the like o' that?

ODOHERTY.

Before the flood, Ireland was a potato-garden—Fill my glass. You see, sir, here is a delicate business, rather, for rough practitioners. And you will admit, on the whole, that the whiskered Duke has some pretty considerable cause to be in no great hurry about returning to Berlin?

TICKLER.

They talked of his having the Horse Guards.

ODOHERTY.

Stuff, my dear, stuff. Nobody will have the Horse Guards—as THE old TIMES truly said when the Prince of Waterloo's reign began—except some Lord Hill, or Lord Dale, that his Highness can canter over, as seemeth good to his spurs. Perhaps the good-natured Duke of Cambridge, influenced, as he must be, by certain considerations already touched upon, might be reckoned sufficiently *en tenue*—for an experiment at least. But who, that looks to the great question we have been talking of, and looks also to the noble, correct, and vigorous appearance of that true GET of George the Third himself personally, will ever dream for a moment of the Duke of Cumberland having the Horse Guards, while the Duke of Wellington has Downing Street—I beg his Grace's pardon—has England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and all other dependencies thereunto belonging? The Duke will have no other voice but his own anywhere—and I'm sure, after all that has come and gone, you'll be sorry to hear that the enormous fatigue to which he is condemned by his system of keeping all νοῦς but his own at a distance, is already telling visibly—most visibly—even on that iron frame. He looks ten years older at this hour than he did when the Duke of Rutland's speech killed poor Canning.

TICKLER.

No speeches will kill him.

ODOHERTY.

No, truly—but this over-work—he's at it, I hear, full sixteen hours out of the four-and-twenty, and plays dandy besides—this horrid over-work will act even on his nerves—and thoroughly as he may despise the talking of the House of Commons, and the jabber of the press, I cannot easily believe that his proud heart will endure long the marked dislike of his master, and the settled coldness of the Tory aristocracy. Nobody knows better than he where the real pith of England lies—nobody need tell him, that the only party which at present gives his government *any* support, is the very party which, for forty years at least, has been identified with the principle of *revolution*—nobody need tell him what *must* be the consequences of a continued and effective alliance with that party, opposed fiercely by all the more zealous of the other, and aided by none of the other, (for I count a few cowardly place-holders and place-hunters at their worth.)

TICKLER.

The Duke must have made up his mind.

ODOHERTY.

Yes—to one of three things—either to identify himself thoroughly with the Whigs—which he cannot do without giving them *the* places—which he cannot do without turning out the Peels, Herrieses, Goulburns—in themselves nobodies at all times, and now mere nobodies—so making room for Brougham, Mackintosh, and the rest of the fry—and admitting old Grey to at least a subordinate consulate;—or to get back the Tories—which he cannot do without turning out all the inferior Rats, and filling his Cabinet with the Eldons, the Sadlers, the Chandoses—in other words, returning to the point from which he started;—or, lastly, attempt to carry on the existing system, which he well knows he cannot do through another Session of Parliament, without taking some effectual means to strengthen his hands in the Commons—in other words, take Huskisson and his tail again into favour.

TICKLER.

Why, no doubt, even Husky would now be preferred to Peel.

ODOHERTY.

By all parties. He has talents—he *has* tact—he *could* manage a decently manageable House of Commons very fairly, I don't question—and indeed, if I

saw a pure Tory Government forming to-morrow, I should be sorry if Huskisson were not allowed to eat some of his theories, and make part of it.

THEODORE.

He has had his lesson, and would not again tamper, as he used to do, with good old Liverpool—"running about," as Sam Rogers said, "with a resignation at half-cock in his pocket."

ODOHERTY.

No—no; but then there's Palmerston—who, by the by, has lately shown himself to be a much cleverer fellow than I used to take him for—and there's Charles Grant—a lazy sumph, but a good speaker, and not to be openly spurned by *Husky* for many reasons—and Lord Dudley—cleverer than them all put together, and every way more influential. You perceive this crew could not be got in without a sad scattering of the incumbency——

TICKLER.

Which Heaven send us! We could never be worse, any how. But the Chancellor——

ODOHERTY.

Pooh, pooh! that cock will make no fight. Whatever happens as to others, he's gone—gone—gone. The whole of the bar are against him to a man, and the Duke is not the lad to brave a body like that (even were there nothing more), without a tangible *quid pro quo*. In God's name, what strength can any government derive from a man, whose character did not sink one peg in public estimation, upon the commission of perhaps the most flagrant act of rattery exemplified in human biography, Peel's excepted?

SHEPHERD.

Weel, I hope we'll hae a gude harvest. Od sirs, if ye'll fill our waims weel, we puir bodies will e'en let your kings and a' their creatures sink or swim as they list.—Let's hae anither bowl, however.

MACRABIN.

Mr Chairman, I move the standing order, that the cupboard of this house be now cleared!

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MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

By the Author of "The Ayrshire Legatees," "Annals of the Parish," &c.

Chap. I.

The first time I had occasion to visit London was in the spring of 1804. I arrived in the York mail early on a fine May morning.

My journey had been uncomfortable. I had left home for the first time; I was about to engage in the warfare of business, and, partly arising from fatigue, and partly from the crisis of my circumstances, there was an altogetherness of dissatisfaction with myself, "the world, and my hostel," the inn where I alighted.

Being weary, sleepy, and annoyed when I got my luggage disembarked from the coach, I was shown, by request, to a bedchamber. It opened from one of the upper galleries of the quadrangle of the inn, and seemed to me, on entering, a strange and unsafe commonage, compared with the quiet propriety of my father's house. The floor was damp—the piece of carpet round the bed ragged—the curtains mean—and the aspect of the room and furniture gave no assurance of repose; nevertheless, I slept soundly, to which three days' hard journey specially invited.

It was eleven o'clock before I awoke, but although refreshed, the noise in the yard, and the cataract-like sound in the streets, were yet not calculated to alleviate the feelings of distaste with which I had been affected on my arrival.

Having dressed myself, I descended to breakfast in the coffee-room. Here every thing was still more disagreeable. The floor was coarsely sprinkled with sand, which grated beneath my tread—breakfast was slovenly served—the eggs were of course bad—and, by way of consolation, after I had tapped the end of the second batch, the waiter assured me that all bad eggs came from Scotland. Instead of the rural cream to which I had been accustomed, the milk was pale and lachrymal.

Before leaving home, I had been advised by some of my friends who had recently visited the metropolis, to take up my abode in one or other of certain genteelly frequented coffee-houses; but the manner in which I felt affected that morning, made me shudder at the idea of attempting to figure so openly on the stage of public life.

Having finished my breakfast, I went in search of a sober street for apartments, in which, for eight or ten days before delivering my letters of introduction, I might have time to determine where my permanent domicile could be best established. Accordingly, I walked into Newgate Street. The crowd passing from the east and west induced me to pause. I thought that on the one side a popular preacher had surely but just dismissed his congregation, and on the other, that either a riot or a patriotic election had been dissolved.

I stepped into a shop until the streams should subside, but after waiting, and remarking upon the subject to the shopman, I was civilly informed, that the commingling tides were

daily customary, and would continue to flow until the business and diurnal vocations of men were ended by night.

This, the first fact which impressed me with a sensible notion of the magnitude of London, smote my heart, and admonished me of the helpless, the defenceless, and the powerless condition of a stranger in that great vortex of interests and passions.

I left the shop elbowing my way to the westward, and though many bills on windows invited me to look at lodgings, I yet passed down Skinner Street, then just becoming habitable, up Holborn-Hill into Hatton-Garden, and the Lord knows by what other turnings and windings, as it then seemed to me, until I reached Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.

It has often struck me since as curious, that I should have traversed so wide an extent of the dormitory of London, without discovering a haven. But when I recall to mind the circumstances which led me to pass from house to house, and from street to street, I can scarcely suppress a smile.

In Hatton-Garden, I was deterred from applying at one house, because the door was newly painted, and the bill in the window, "Apartments to let," was wafered to the pane with three wafers of divers colours, and a slake of starch. It was impossible that neatness could be within, or aught of the order and prepared decorum so essential to comfort and tranquillity.

In Theobald's Road I saw in a window a lodging bill seemingly of beautiful penmanship. It was inscribed on the glass, in elegant characters, simple, tasteful, and alluring. I entered—I enquired—I inhaled an odour, and returned hastily into the street, exclaiming, How deceitful are appearances! The inscription on the glass of the window was permanent; it was the *chef d'œuvre* of the apprentice, an embryo genius.

I have another memorable reminiscence of that morning's perambulation. In Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, possibly in London or Howland Streets, but certainly in one of the three, I saw the ordinary placard. I knocked at the door, and was answered by a Cinderella. I requested to look at the apartments; she shewed me into the parlour. Soon after came a matron with a masqûe of rouge, a handsome shawl, and a dirty morning gown. She assured me that her house was of the most respectable order, but to the veracity of which assurance, the paint on her cheek gave a blushing denial. I forget in what way I contrived to bid her good-morning, without ascertaining the state of any of her apartments.

Columbus-like, steering still my course westward, I at last came to a neat house in Mortimer Street, next door to an upholsterer. In its appearance were symptoms of cleanliness and compactness. A vine spread up between the two parlour windows—the sashes were painted for the season—the door, too, had put on a new verdure. It was a house, indeed, which, for its size, indicated pretensions to more consideration than such a size would have seemed to justify. It was respectable rather than genteel, and yet it had about it an air of gentility; for, instead of gaudy-painted calico, suggesting atrocious imagery of cathedrals, or of abbeys, the lower part of the parlour windows was screened with Venetian blinds. The knocker of the door was of a ponderosity that bespoke an expectation of guests not ashamed to demand entrance; and the bill in the window was written evidently by a female hand not practised in romantic literature.

I knocked at the door, and after a reasonable time it was opened by a loose-haired damsel of the north, who enquired my will and pleasure; I explained to her the quest upon which I had come, and, without reply, she shewed me into a small back parlour, and retired. Soon after Mrs Winsom, her mistress, came to me.

Mrs Winsom was, properly speaking, rather beyond what might be called a matronly age. She was declined into the vale of years, and the style of her dress, without being old or obsolete, evinced that she herself possessed a distinct knowledge of her age. She appeared to be just in her right station, and yet her look betokened a degree of intelligence greater than her station required. As I have remarked, she was not decidedly aged, but her manner, her dress, her look and deportment, indicated that she classed herself among the old.

A single glance at her person and appearance, persuaded me that in her house I should find a home; and ac-

cordingly, without reflecting on the silliness of the observation, I told her that I was come to take her lodgings.

"In which of the floors," said she, calmly, with a Scottish accent, but yet not exactly in the tone of a Scottish landlady.

I was disconcerted by her question, and still more by her penetrating look. However, I mustered self-possession to reply,

"I have been in search all the morning of comfortable apartments, and I have seen no house I like so well as yours."

She made no answer for some time, but looked at me curiously, and then she asked, "What part of my house do you think you could afford to take?"

This discomposed me still more, and I knew not wherefore. It seemed as if the question were impertinent, and yet there was an accent of kindness which changed the effect entirely, especially as she immediately subjoined, "I discern, young gentleman, ye're a stranger in London, and a novice in a certain sense to its delusions. But my parlour floor's a guinea a-week—my first floor two guineas—my second floor is a five-and-twenty shilling—and for the attics, I keep them for mysell and Babby, that we may not be brought into tribulation with the lower order of lodgers, the like o' them that dwell in garret-rooms. As for the parlour floor, that is in occupation by a most discreet gentleman that has a concern in the Parliament frae Embro'—and the first floor—the drawing room, which is very handsomely furnished, is bespoken for a family expected in town. But the second floor, which is the most comfortable of the three, and has a chamber bell which rings in Babby's room, just behint my bed-head, is at your convenience."

Our negotiation was soon concluded, and it was agreed that I should bring my luggage in the evening, and that Mrs Winsom should have the room prepared for my reception, and a cake of Windsor soap, as suggested by herself, on the wash-hand stand, as I had not provided myself with such an indispensable.

We had some farther conversation on various topics, but it was chiefly on her side. She appeared to search as it were the objects of my visit to London. This inquest put me, I think, inordinately on my guard, and I replied to her dryly, and, like all young Scotchmen, drew myself up into the full stature of all the consequence I could assume.

"I hope," said she, as I was leaving the house to return to the coach inn, "I hope you have not provided yourself in coming to London, like many other thoughtless young men, with new clothes?"

I assured her I had not. "Then," replied she, "you are, no doubt, recommended to a fashionable tailor—what's his name?"

I gave her at once that of my ever since and present indulgent creditor, Mr Stitches. "I thank you," said Mrs Winsom, "for it's a rule with me to gang for a character rather to a young gentleman's tailor, than to his high friends and fine connexions."

Chap. II.

After leaving Mrs Winsom's house, I felt as if I had established a home, and, although I wandered in my way back to the coach-inn, it was without anxiety. I knew, when tired, I had only to go into the first coffee-house and order a coach. Such is the effect of having a local habitation. I have, however, discovered, that without the precaution of going into a coffee-house, a coach may be obtained by hailing in the street.

When I had thus, aimless and purposeless, spent three or four hours in a desultory transit from street to street, I found myself at last, about dinner-time, near Charing-cross. I knew not then the place, but I recollect well that it was there I first was sensible of the total insignificance of an individual in London. In passing from Pall-Mall down to Whitehall, I met a gentleman of a superior appearance, walking with a little red-nosed personage. It was the Prince of Wales and Colonel Macmahon. No one seemed to notice his Royal Highness except a young man of a mechanical appearance, with a paper-cap. He paused and pointed out the Prince to another, seemingly a country-lad, and I was amused at the astonishment with which the latter

looked back on a phenomenon so ordinary and so familiar as His Royal Highness appeared to be.

I am not sure that any single incident ever gave me so much instruction as this one. It plucked from me the feathers of vanity, and taught me that in London a man was to be valued only for himself. I was disturbed by the discovery, for I had brought with me a whole mail of recommendatory letters—many of them were to the wise and high, the rich and the renowned. I paused, and for a moment hesitated. I then said to myself, What claim have I upon the patronage of those?—none. I will put my letters into the fire, and see what fortune has prepared for me, by luck or endeavour, in the circumstances into which I may be cast.

The savoury steam of the Spring-garden coffee-house, at this juncture, invitingly addressed my olfactory nerves. I looked at the low, mean kitchen-like apertures from which the fume was ascending. I conjectured, by the dull, numerous windows of the coffee-house above, that appetite might be appeased there, so I went in and ordered dinner.

While it was preparing, I examined the features of the apartment. They did not seem much superior to the triste and gritty appliances of the coach-inn. They were neater certainly, and, when the dinner was served, there was an unnecessary show of plate. It was manifest that I was in a different atmosphere from that of the neighbourhood of Newgate-street. The other guests in the coffee-room were spruce and trim, talked loud, and spoke curiously, hereby shewing themselves a different race indeed from the unshaven and coach-rid travellers of the Bull and Mouth.

My first day's visit to London was, as may well be supposed, unsatisfactory. My accustomed habits were shaken. I was not taught that they had been wrong, but I was convinced that the world had no respect for individual feelings. I would have smiled at my own foolishness in attaching importance to the looks and bills of lodging-houses, but, somehow, it was impossible to divest myself of the persuasion, that in those things there were at once admonition and information. I was come into a sphere over the movements of which I could have manifestly no control, and yet my thoughts occasionally reverted to the peculiarities and motherly manners of Mrs Winsom, and in driving in the hackney-coach which took me to the inn in the evening to bring my luggage from thence to her house, I resolved, old woman as she was, to win from her some of the results of her experience; for, in the course of our interview, she had impressed me with a high idea of her discernment and prudence.

When I reached Mortimer-Street, Mrs Winsom had gone out, but her handmaid, Babby, was in expectation of my arrival. The apartments were prepared, candles set, and the appearance of my sitting-room had an air of homeliness and comfort, in pleasant contrast to that strange combination of solitude and bustle which is at once the charm and annoyance of a coffee-house in London.

Babby made some thriftless excuse for the absence of her mistress, which perhaps would have passed unnoticed had she not said,

"Puir body, it's a pity she's sic a compassionate woman, for her hainings just gang like chaff before the wind amang them that hae been her lodgers, and hae but sma' claim or cause for a godsend frae her. Howsomever, it's no an ill faut that comes o' kindness, and I maun thole wi' her indiscretions, though she wiled me frae my parentage in the shire of Ayr, wi' the vision o' an inheritance—holding out to me, to say in the words o' the Presbytery, that, being her cousin, I was to be helper and successor. But gude kens where the succession will come frae if all's gien awa' and naething be retained for an honesty."

I did not very well understand this commentary, but I concluded that Mrs Winsom was a good, kind-hearted body, and that something in the history of a previous lodger had drawn upon her charity.

This surmise, with the favourable impression of her appearance, led me to think, when I retired for the night, that I had fallen into the chances of some adventure.

In the morning I found Babby busy in my sitting-room, preparing breakfast.

"Will you give my compliments to

your mistress," said I, "and say I would be glad of her company to breakfast?"

"Na," replied Babby, "I would think shame to do the like o' that, for what would my mistress think o' a young gentleman inveeting her to his forlorn breakfast? She has ne'er done the like o' that."

But, notwithstanding Babby's protest, I again requested her to invite Mrs Winsom. Some circumstance, however, unexplained at the time, prevented my invitation from being accepted, but in the evening, after having dined again in a coffee-house, when I returned home, I found candles and the tea equipage set on my table, with two cups on the tray. Babby lighted the candles, and soon after her mistress came into the room.

"It would," said she, "have put me to an inconvenience to have troubled you with my society at breakfast, though it was at your own request; but I thought you might have a leisureliness at tea-time, for I jalouse you're of an inquisitive nature, and you have been thinking I could tell you something of the town. Now, sir, for that reason I have come of my own accord to drink my tea with you, though, on so scrimp an acquaintance, sic familiarity may no beget for me a great respect. But when we have few friends, we're fain of companions; and maybe I have an examplar and a lesson to teach worth an inexperienced young man's attention. You hear that I'm a woman of your own country, but you know not what has made me to fix the pole of my tent in a foreign land."

By this time Babby had arranged the materiel of the tea, and Mrs Winsom having, after blowing into the spout of the teapot, determined that all was right and proper, proceeded to sip and chat, until from less to more she gave me the following sketch of her life.

Chap. III.

"My father," said Mrs Winsom, "was an Antiburgher minister, with a narrow stipend, and a small family of eleven children, whereof only five came to the years of discretion, and I was the youngest of them. He was a worthy good man, and held in great respect by the minister of the establishment, Doctor Drumlie, whose wife was a perfect lady, and took upon her my edication, which was the cause of its coming to pass that I grew into a superiority above the rest of my father's daughters.

"Being of a sedate and methodical turn, Mrs Drumlie thought when I was grown up, that I would make an excellent housekeeper till her brother the Laird of Kirkland, whose leddy was in a weakly way, and his house for that because in great need of redding. His servants were neglectful, and every thing about him had fallen into a sort of decay and wastery. So, to make a long tale short, after writing letters and getting back answers, and talking a great deal of the good fortune that awaited me, I left my father's house, like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, with a burden on my back. I trow it was not, like his, a burden of sin, but what the folk in Scotland call 'gude hamert-made claes.'

"The house of Kirkland was an auncient building; some thought it was the work of the Peghts, but the Laird himself, a man of edificial knowledge, was of a different conceit, and maintained it was of the time of the Reformation.

"The lady of the house of Kirkland being, as I have said, an ailing woman and of a frail condition, was sitting when I was shewn in to her in an easy chair, on the lee side of the dining-room fire. I saw that she was prejinct and genteel, and that if she had been in a state to herd her householdry, there would have been nae need of the like of me.

"When she had judged of me by some questions, she bade me to sit down, and put me under a strict examine concerning what I knew; but I had been so well brought up by her sister-in-law, Mrs Drumlie, that she was pleased to commend me as just such a young woman as she had long wanted. Thus it came to pass, that I espoused my fortune as housekeeper in the house of Kirkland; and verily it wa a great charge, for the Laird had his fykes and was ill to please, being

a sort of an astronomer, greatly addicted to big auld-fashioned books. His book-room was just a confusion. I made a trial on an occasion one morning to set it in order, but Oh! the whirlwind of passion that he was in when he saw what I had been doing! so I was debarred from that time frae putting my foot within the door of that chamber. As for the Leddy's sickliness, it had nae doubt helped to make her silly, and not being able, by reason of rheumatics in her legs, to go about the house, the ordering of her own room and the room she sat in was her day's darg. But though she was a thought malcontent, I must do her the justice to bear testimony, that if she was fashed with trifles, she yet could reward merit and eydencie.

"My time, notwithstanding the Laird's fykes and the Leddy's fashes, would have bowled away pleasantly enough, but to get the upperhand of the neglectful servants was not an easy task. However, what by parting with one and ruling with moderation the rest, before a year was done, I had conquered the regency of the house, and it was spread far and wide that I had wrought a meeracle at Kirkland.

"My name being so spread, it was thought throughout the country side, that I would make a wonderful wife; and thus it came to pass in the course of nature, that Zachary Winsom, who was then butler at Guzzleton Castle, as Jenny sings in the sang, 'cam a-courting to me.'

"He had saved money, was held in great respect, and though rather too well stricken in years, he was yet a blythe and portly man, with a pleasant rosy look and powthered hair, and he had a jocose and taking way with him, so that, from less to more, after acquaintanceship had quickened into affection, we were married; and a vacancy being at the time in Guzzleton, by the death of the housekeeper, Mrs Pickles, I was translated into her capacity. But there was an unca difference between the household charge of my new situation, and the faculties o' my duty at Corncraiks. However, I gave satisfaction to the family, and when Sir Alexander died, which was in the third year of my servitude, he left a brave legacy to my husband, and leaving a legacy to him I was not forgotten, so we thought o' coming into Edinburgh, and taking up a house o' lodging for the genteeler order of Colleegeners. But after a short trial, we soon saw that it was a trade would never answer; the young gentlemen were often outstraplaes, which was a way of life and manner that did not accord with the orderliness of my habit and repute; and, moreover, they had no reverence for Mr Winsom, but made light o' his weel-bred manners, and jeered at some o' his wee conceities; for although he was a man o' a thousand, I'll no deny that he had his particularities. But they were innocent infirmities, and had won for him both civility and solid testimonies of favour from the gentlemen and friends of our late honoured master. We, therefore, after due deliberation, made a resolve that we would give up our house in Edinburgh, and before entering on a new sphere of life, would take a jaunt to see the world.

"Accordingly, in the summer, when the college broke up, and our lodgers had gone home to their fathers' houses, we packed up a trunk, and having gotten it on board a Berwick smack at the pier of Leith, we sailed for London, where, after a pleasing passage of four days, we were brought in good health, much the better of our voyage to this town, where Mr Winsom having a cousin in a most prosperous way, living in Bury Street, St James's, letting lodgings to government members of Parliament, and nabobs with the liver complaint from India, whereby he was making a power of money; and making a power of money, it so fell out that Mr Pickingwell (for that was the name of our cousin) invited us to stay with him and his wife, they having at the time a room unlet. Well, ye see, speaking with them of what we had come through with our lodgers, they gave us some insight how they managed with theirs; and when we had been with them the better part of a week, seeing shows and other fairlies, me and Mr Winsom had a secret consultation about settling ourselves in London, and setting up genteel dry lodgings like Mr Pickingwell's. This led to a confabulatory discourse between the men, while I sounded Mrs Pickingwell, who was just transported to hear of our project; a thing, when I considered we were to be rivals, was very liberal, indeed, on her part.

"When the ice had been thus broken, it was agreed among us, that un-

til we had got some experience in the way of management, we should set up for a doucer kind of lodgers; and so it came to pass, that after looking about us for a house, we came by an accidence to hear of this one, and having bought the lease, Mr Winsom went to Scotland and brought our furniture, I staying in the meantime getting insight with Mrs Pickingwell. And it was just extraordinar to see what a profit they had on their weekly bills. But it was not ordained for me and Mr Winsom to fall into the way of such good fortune; for, although this house is worth twa of the house that Mr Pickingwell had, yet the folk that come here are for the most part of an economical nature, though I'll allow they're to the full as genteel, being in a certain sense men of stated incomes of their own, but no sae free as those wha hae the handling of public money, or the rooking of Hindoo Rajays. But for all that, if our gains were less, we led a quieter life, and for the first three years we lived in the land of Caanaun, till one evening Mr Winsom having the gout in his toe, felt it come into his stomach, whereby he was, before break of day, (though we had the best of doctors,) removed into Abraham's bosom, and left me a disconsolate and forlorn widow, in my seven-and-thirtieth year. Maybe I might have retired, for I'll no misca' the blessing by denying that I had a competency sufficient to have maintained me with decorum among my friends in Scotland; but usage to the business, and the liking I had to see things in order, enticed me to remain where I was; and thus, from less to more, day by day, and year by year, I have come to the verge of age, seeing but small cause to repine at my portion in this world, when I compare the sober passage of my life with the haste and hurries that I hae witnessed in the fortunes of many of my lodgers."

The old lady having finished her narrative, I could not but applaud the tranquil respectability in which she had spent her days; and her concluding remark led me to say, that although her sphere had been narrow, it would yet seem that it had not been without interesting events. She acknowledged that this was the case, and added, that a lodging-house is "a wee kingdom, wi' different orders and degrees of inhabitants, all subject to many changes. Maybe had it been less so, I would have wearied and gone home to my friends; but whenever I had a hankering o' that sort, something was sure to befall my lodgers that led me to take a part in their concerns, and detained me here. No farther gone than the present spring, I had come to a resolve to dispose of my lease, and, for that purpose, I had the house newly done up and beautified; but before I could find a purchaser, a lady and a gentleman took the first floor; and they were not long with me till I found myself fastened to them by the enchantment of an unaccountable curiosity,—not that there was anything remarkable in their manners, or that I had any cause to suspect their conduct was wrong, but still there was a mystery about them; they were visited by nobody, and the lady was often, when alone, seemingly in deep distress. They remained with me about a month, and suddenly left the house. I could discover no cause to induce them to remove; but still their determination was so hastily adopted, that I could not but think some unexpected and unforeseen event had wised them. In the course of a fortnight they came back, but the apartments were occupied, and I could not then receive them. Yesterday, a short time before you called, they came again, and, at the lady's request, I went to see her this morning in the lodgings where they now reside. I am still, however, as much in the dark as ever respecting them. It may be very true, as the gentlewoman says, that she prefers my house to that where they are at present accommodated; but that throws no light on the cause of their abrupt departure, nor on the distress which she so carefully conceals from her husband, if he be indeed her husband."

This incident, so casually mentioned, induced me to express a desire to hear something of those lodgers who had on other occasions attracted her particular attention, and she promised to gratify me when I had a leisure half hour to hear her; for the night was by this time too far advanced for her to enter upon any new topic.

Chap. IV.

On the following evening I was engaged abroad, and did not return home till late. On entering the house, I perceived that some change had taken place, and Babby, in lighting me up stairs, told me by way of news, that the lady and gentleman who had taken the first floor had arrived, and that her mistress, being fatigued by the bustle of receiving them, had retired for the night.

There was nothing in this communication calculated to excite any degree of surprise; but Babby, after lighting my candles, instead of taking up her own and leaving the room, took a pin from her girdle, and trimming the wick, looked as if she had something important to tell me.

"I dinna think," said she, having replaced the pin, and lifted her candle, "I dinna think the folk we hae gotten will bide lang, and that we'll soon hae back the sweet afflicted young creature that sae often made my mistress sorrowful; I'm sure though I maun allow that she is a sweet young creature, that she's but a daffodil after all; and if I was in Mrs Winsom's place, I would ken what sort of commodity she is before I would take her a second time into my house. But my mistress may do as she pleases, only she'll no lang please me. I wasna to be brought from my father's house with the hope of gathering gold in gowpens here, and the prospect of a fat legacy hereafter, to see the property wasted awa' and thrown to the dogs and donaguids. Do ye ken, sir, that she hasna ta'en plack or bawbee frae that Miss Mournful and her gudeman, if he be her gudeman, the whole tot of the time they stayed with us, and that was mair than a month? and then they gaed aff in the cloud o' night in a terrification as if they were fleeing frae a hue and cry. If she take them back, I'll let Mrs Winsom soon see the breadth of my back, so I will."

I was little disposed at that time to encourage the loquacity of Babby; but she had laid open a new trait in the character of my worthy landlady, and I repaired to my pillow ruminating on the strange mixture of qualities in characters.

Mrs Winsom was so evidently in the station for which she was designed, that it was impossible to conceive she could have filled any other better. All about her house partook of the neatness and good order of her own appearance—an impress of method and propriety was visible over all; and in the little history of her life she had alluded to no circumstances which might have led me to suspect her of a generosity so indiscreet and general as that of which her kinswoman and handmaid accused her. Finally I began to fancy that she was more interesting herself than any of the personages of whose history she intended to speak. Full of this notion I fell asleep, and when I awoke in the morning, and entered my sitting-room to ring for breakfast, I found her seated there with a book in her hand waiting for my appearance. It was Sunday morning, and the weather extremely wet. "You will be surprised to see me here, sir," said she, "but I am very anxious to speak to you. In such a wet day ye'll no can go out unless it clear up, and nobody will come to you while such an even down pour continues, so we are not like to be molested."

I shall pass over the little preliminaries which constituted the overture to her conversation, and relate only the more interesting passages.

"I promised you," said she, "to give you some account of the most memorable of my lodgers, and last night a very wonderful thing has happened. The lady and gentleman for whom the first floor was engaged by a friend of theirs, have proved very old acquaintances; the gentleman being no other than the identical first lodger me and Mr Winsom had after taking up house here. He was then a bare young lad, come to push his fortune in London. The lady is the daughter of Squire Retford, who with her mother lived in our drawing-room floor. It was a thing amaist contrary to nature that that rich and proud old Squire's daughter should ever have been allowed to marry Mr Melbourn, and yet it came to pass, and not by any cause or providence arising out of their meeting in my house. But the most curious thing of all is, that now when they are old, they should come without premeditation here. Their

object in being in London, is to seek for their only daughter, who has run away with a young gentleman whom they had ordained her to marry, but whom she mistook for his brother."

"The occurrence is remarkable enough," said I; "but what were the circumstances which induced you to think the marriage of Mr Melbourn and Miss Retford so improbable?"

"I will tell you—he was not a man likely to win favour with a fair lady, and he was poor. His father, like my own, had been a minister, but not of the Antiburgher persuasion. He was of the Church of England. It coudna, however, be said of him, honest man, that he was a fat wallower in the troughs of her abundance, being only a curate, whose lean cheeks and white haffits shewed that he held but a barren communion with her feast of fat things. Mr Melbourn was his only son, and as I learned afterwards, had come to London to get some preferment from Government, and while he was staying with us his father came twice to visit him. The first time the old gentleman came, his thin face was bright and gladdened. He had come to introduce his son to a great man. They went out together, rejoicing in their hopes, and counting the sheaves of the harvest before the seed was sown. When they returned it was with longer faces. The old gentleman himself told me that their reception had been vastly polite, but that the Earl had offered his son no place.

"'Did you ask him for any?' 'No,' said the good simple man. 'I was afraid he might think us intrusive if we did.' In short, it appeared that both father and son had come in the fond expectation of obtaining the friendship and favour of a statesman, without having any means of return. For as I told him, tho' nae doubt his son was possessed of a talent, yet he wasna like, from what I had seen, to put it out to usury. We then had some farther discourse when the young Mr Melbourn was present, and I depicted to him how he should indite a pitiful letter to the Earl, and move him, if he could, to let him have a nook in a government office; for I had heard that this was a way to rise in the world. But the young man was proud and the old man was simple, so that between them nothing was at that time done, and the father went back to the country—no doubt with a heavy heart.

"Some short time afterwards, both Mr Winsom and me, for he was then living, began to discern, as we thought, a straitness in the mouth of the young gentleman's purse, and he lived with such a scrupulous penury that we often made naething on his weekly bills, which caused us to cogitate and repine, and to wish that he would leave the house; for being then but new in the business, we coudna discern how with such customers we ever could make the twa ends meet. About this time the worthy old man paid his second visit, and we both remarked, that though his valise was heavy, his countenance was downcast.

"After he had been some time with his son, I took occasion to seek for something in the room where they were sitting, and seeking for something there, I saw they were very disconsolate, and it was manifest that their hope was sickly and drooping to decay. In my fear, for there were more than five weekly bills unpaid, I told Mr Winsom that I jaloused our debt was in a bad way, and argued with him that he should speak for a settlement. But this he was loth and reluctant to do, for we had both a great regard for young Mr Melbourn, and the old man was so pale, and lowly, and meek in his demeanour, that we felt it would have been profane to have craved him for money, when we were in our hearts satisfied that he had none to give.

"In the course of the same evening the old gentleman came into our parlour with an ill-put-on pleasantry of manner, and said to Mr Winsom and me, that he had brought with him some old useless trinkum-trankums of silver plate, that he wished to dispose of, begging that we would tell him the name of some silversmith who would give him the best price. His nether lip quivered as he spoke, I saw the tear shoot into his eye, and I felt great remorse in my own breast for what I had been urging Mr Winsom to do. However, we put on the best face we could, and Mr Winsom, in the end, took him that same night to an honest dealer in silver in the Strand, and the plate was sold. Next morning our bill was paid, and in the afternoon the father and son left the house, and we never heard for many a day

where they went, or what had become of the young gentleman.

"As I was telling you, Miss Retford, with her father and mother, were then lodging with us. She was a lively light-hearted Miss, and Melbourn, being a long lean defective-looking young man, was often a subject of her merriment between her and the squire. One day, after I had overheard her so scornfully lightlying him, I took occasion to let her know that tho' he couldna help his looks, yet that he was a man of more worth than many who were praised for their comeliness, and I told her the story of the honest sacrifice that had been made to pay our bill. But then she was bold-hearted, and overly proud of her prospects and her pedigree. My words were as water spilt on the ground, and I couldna help telling her that I thought she was an ungracious damsel, that would rue the day she ever jeered the hidden grief of honest poverty. And so in the upshot of time this has surely come to pass, for she 's the now, the very wedded wife of that same Mr Melbourn.

"But I am not yet done with his story. Some time late in the summer after, me and Mr Winsom went to take a stroll in the fields; and strolling in the fields, we came at last to a pleasant tea-garden, which was then situate behind the Foundling Hospital, and we went in, and Mr Winsom thought, seeing we were by ourselves, that we would have a half a pint of wine, the which was brought in a cruet with two glasses, and while we were taking our wine, talking of the pleasures of the season, and making ourselves agreeable, who should come into the gardens and sit down in the alcove next to ours, but Mr Melbourn and his father. They didna see us, and we didna like to speak to them. But we could hear what they said to one another, and you may well guess what I thought when I heard the young gentleman rehearsing the difficulties he had come through, after the money was all gone which had been received for the plate. But the dark does not endure for ever; while he was reduced to great need, the dawn began to appear. Providence brought him in the street to an old schoolfellow, whose father was a city merchant or alderman in a great way. Beset with his need, Melbourn told his old companion of his sad estate, and so, to make a long tale short, a place was found for him in a counting-house, and, by little and little, he grew to be the toppingest man of all the town.

"It 's true that he was not so at the time he came into the tea-garden, for he then had been but a few days in his situation. Nevertheless, the guileless old man, his father, was so transported with the change in his prospects, that had he been Lord Mayor of London, he couldna have been so overcome with a fulness of thankfulness. Indeed, he spoke in such a manner, that he filled my eyes with tears, and softened the heart of Mr Winsom to such a degree, that he called for a whole bottle of wine, and invited the two gentlemen to partake of it.

"Out of this renewed acquaintance, a friendship began that has never since been broken. But I must now tell you how it was ordained that the saucy heart of that pert lassie Miss Retford came to be softened to the fulfilment of fate."

(*To be continued.*)

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

The University of Dublin is the eldest daughter of the Reformation. Too frequently has that spirit, which revolted from the impurities of the church of Rome, been characterised by its opposition to exploded errors, rather than by an enlightened zeal for the substitution of what was more accordant with the spirit of the Gospel. It is, perhaps, true, that its ravages were as necessary for the purpose of dislodging superstition from her strong holds, as its calmer and more contemplative labours for giving form and permanency to true religion. But the mind dwells with a grateful complacency upon the one, while no conviction of the advantages conferred by the other, can altogether prevent a distressing sense of the havock and the barbarism by which it was attended. We admire and venerate the great and indomitable Scottish reformer. His zeal, his energy, his courage, his perseverance, his lofty eloquence, his fervid piety—all command attention and are entitled to praise; but he appears to most advantage, at least so we think, when we endeavour to view him alone, and disconnected from the proceedings to which he was accessary, and the circumstances by which he was surrounded. The mind requires to be excited, to an unnatural degree, either to partake in or to approve of devastation and ruin; and, when the causes which justified them have ceased to agitate us, the effects are always unsightly and painful. And therefore the work of reform was but half accomplished by the removal of ancient errors or abuses, until an establishment had been founded, and institutions arose, which were calculated to give, to the purified form in which Christianity had appeared, a station and a stability suitable to its dignity and commensurate with its importance.

Elizabeth revived the reformed religion from a state of almost total extinction, until she fanned it into a steady and lasting flame. Her measures were at the same time prudent and bold; and her whole reign characterised by a wisdom and sagacity, both in the planning and the conduct of her measures, of which history affords but few examples. After having established the reformed religion in England, and placed it upon a basis not likely to be speedily subverted, her attention was naturally, and most anxiously, directed to Ireland, in the hope of discovering some remedy for the manifold evils under which it laboured; and the University of Dublin was the ripest as well as the most permanent product of her enlightened enquiries.

It was one advantage of the vigorous, and, we must say, somewhat despotic government of Elizabeth, that her ministers could venture to be statesmen, and shape their measures less according to the dictates of popular caprice, and more with reference to the general and lasting interests of the country. They could afford, politically, "to cast their bread upon the waters," in the sure and certain hope "of finding it after many days." The University of Dublin could serve no *present* purpose, and must involve a considerable expense. How much soever future generations might benefit by it, Elizabeth could have very little hope of seeing any pleasing or useful results from it in her day. But she and her ministers nobly looked beyond present interests and present exigencies, and resolved, in the midst of wars and rumours of wars, to give a beginning to an establishment for the encouragement of sound learning and true religion, for which unborn ages would have reason to bless their memories.

The first hint for the establishment of an Irish University was received from Sir John Perrot—who was promoted by Elizabeth to the responsible office of Lord Deputy of Ireland. His plan was, "to dissolve the cathedral of St Patrick, and appropriate the revenues to the foundation and maintenance of two universities."* This proposal, which is described by Sir James Ware as being very laudable, had it not been founded on the ruin of so ancient a cathedral, was traversed, and, finally, frustrated, by Archbishop

* History of the University of Dublin, by W. B. Taylor, page 16.

Loftus; who, naturally, felt some alarm at the contemplated invasion of church property, as well as personal annoyance at the probable loss of income and certain curtailment of patronage, which must have been one of the consequences of the meditated arrangement.

But while the sacrifice of St Patrick's cathedral was arrested, the design which it was intended to answer was not lost sight of, and, "The Archbishop was given to understand that it would be an acceptable service to her Majesty, if he could devise any means of realizing at least some part of the design of Sir John Perrot, so as to confer the essential advantage of it upon the country, at the least possible expense to the public revenues. The affair was accordingly taken up by the Archbishop with the animated zeal that characterised his operations; and he soon found the means of accomplishing it without trespassing on the revenues of the church, in defending which he had lately evinced so much resolute alacrity. There was, at that time, in the hands of the corporation of Dublin, a piece of ground of no great value, which had formed 'the site, ambit, and precinct,' of the Augustinian monastery of All Saints, a priory of Aroasian canons, founded in the year 1166, by Dermot M'Murrough, King of Leinster. It had been one of those ecclesiastical endowments, which, in its day, possessed important privileges, as the Prior enjoyed a seat and suffrage in the House of Lords. Its patronage had been conferred by Pope Honorius the Third, upon Henry de Londres, Archbishop of Dublin, and his successors; but, at the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII. the mayor and corporation of that city had become possessed of it by royal grant. The buildings were in ruins, but the ground on which they stood appeared to Loftus as calculated to form a most eligible site for the meditated University."*

The Archbishop is described as a most pathetic orator; and we have little reason to doubt the powers of his eloquence, when we find that they were sufficient to move the corporation of Dublin to make a formal surrender of their lands. This ancient corporation has ever been noted for its loyalty;—its benefactions to learning are not so generally known. And it is pleasing to record this instance of *genuine liberality*, on the part of Irish tradesmen and mechanics in the reign of Elizabeth; which is so strikingly contrasted with the *mock liberality* prevailing, at the present day, in much higher quarters; and to which whatever of patronage or encouragement was afterwards bestowed upon piety and learning is chiefly, if not wholely, ascribable.

The principal difficulty having been thus overcome, Loftus deputed Henry Usher, afterwards the celebrated Archbishop of Armagh, to solicit the Queen for her royal charter, and also "to procure a license of mortmain, to enable the new corporation to hold the lands granted by the city. The prayer of the petition was, of course, graciously complied with; and a license of mortmain passed the seals by warrant, dated 29th of December, 1591, for the grant of the Abbey, which is recited to be of the yearly value of twenty pounds, and for the foundation of a college by way of corporation, with a power to accept such lands and contributions for the maintenance thereof, as any of her Majesty's subjects would be charitably moved to bestow to the value of four hundred pounds per annum."†

The letters patent passed on the 3d of March following; and we find even in the original design a kind of anticipatory provision for its extension. It is appointed that a college shall be erected, to be the mother of a university; that this college be called "Collegium sanctæ et individuæ Trinitatis, juxta Dublin, a serenissima regina Elizabetha fundatum;" that it consist of a provost and three fellows, in the name of more, and of three scholars, in the name of more. Loftus, who was at that time both Archbishop of Dublin and Chancellor of Ireland, was nominated the first provost. Henry Usher, Luke Chaloner, and Launcelot Mayne, were appointed the three first fellows; and Henry Lee, William Daniel, and Stephen White, were appointed the three first

* Taylor's History of the University of Dublin. † Ibid.

scholars. They and their successors for ever were constituted a body politic and corporate, with the usual powers and privileges. The provostship was made elective, as were also the fellowships and scholarships; and the provost, fellows, and scholars, were empowered to make and constitute laws from time to time, for the better government of their body; a power of conferring degrees was also granted; and it was provided, *that when the fellows should have completed seven years in their office, from the time of their taking the degree of Master of Arts, they should be displaced from their fellowship, and others elected in their room, for the benefit of the church and the kingdom.* Lord Burleigh was the first Chancellor: and that office was also declared thenceforth elective; the provost and the major part of the fellows being the electors. The Chancellor, the Vice Chancellor, the Archbishop of Dublin, the Bishop of Meath, the Treasurer at War, the Chief Justice, and the Mayor of the city of Dublin, were the visitors, with power to correct and punish all the *graviora crimina*, and to determine all such strifes, actions, and controversies, as the provost and major part of the fellows could not compose. Individuals were permitted and encouraged to make donations and confer aids upon the new establishment; and its property was declared to be perpetually exempt from all public burdens.

Of a public subscription, which was set on foot by the Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam, the amount does not appear; "but it may be inferred that it was not very considerable, from the returns of Robert Taaffe, one of the persons delegated on that embassy of solicitation, who complains of the prevalent inability which he found, even amongst those who were well disposed to the British government, to afford a liberal compliance with his request."*

But not on that account was the good work retarded. On the 13th of March, 1591, the first stone of the building was laid, with great solemnity, by Thomas Smith, mayor of the city; and on the 9th of January, 1593, the first students were admitted.

Then came a calamity by which the infant establishment was wellnigh extinguished. It seemed doomed to experience the fate of Marcellus, and to be born only to die. "The endowments of which it had become possessed by the munificence of its illustrious founder, lay in the province of Ulster, where the rebellion of Tyrone now raged with implacable fury; and where were seen all the circumstances of armed contention, except discipline and the laws of war. In such a state of things, when the fierceness of party breathed nothing but ravage and desolation, the revenues of the college were rendered nugatory; and the foundation must have been as effectually dissolved as if its charter had been rescinded, were it not for the anxious interest which Archbishop Loftus evinced towards its welfare. That spirited prelate happened to be, at that time, one of the Lords Justices, on whom the civil government of Ireland devolved; and the authority of his high station enabled him, without much delay, to realize his benevolent intentions. He made the necessities of the University a consideration of state, and the urgency of the crisis was met by a prompt application of relief, which secured it from the immediate shock of perilous events." The relief consisted in the grant of a "concordatum of forty pounds per annum, and an allowance of six dead payes, (*morté payes*) out of such checques as should be imposed on her Majesty's army." The forty pounds were ordered to be paid quarterly; and the dead payes, which amounted to seventy pounds a-year, to be paid every month.†

Nor did the fostering liberality of Elizabeth's government stop here. Other aids were granted, as the exigencies required, and the cradle of learning and the arts was only rocked by the earthquake, by which every other establishment in the country was almost shaken to its foundation. James the First endowed it with large estates in the province of Ulster, and also settled on it a pension of four hundred pounds, payable out of the Exchequer.

The origin of the library is curious and interesting, and we should not do the subject justice, if we did not give it in the words of the able and ingenious writer from whom we have already quoted so largely.

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* Taylor's History of the University of Dublin. † Ibid.

"The library, which forms so splendid a part of the collegiate establishment, was commenced in the year 1603, and originated in a circumstance to which, in the history of no other nation, is there any thing similar. In that year, the affairs of Ireland having been somewhat composed, by the suppression of Tyrone's rebellion, and the expulsion of the Spaniards from Kinsale, the *army* determined upon doing some notable act, which might be a continual memorial of the gallantry of military men, and at the same time expressive of their own respect for the interests of learning and religion. With such a view, they raised among themselves the sum of L.1800, in those days a very great subscription, and then resolved that Dr Chaloner and Mr James Usher should have the said sum paid into their hands, for the purchase of such books as they might think most suitable to the formation of a library, to be annexed for ever to the newly created University of Dublin, as a testimony of their esteem for literature, and regard for the improvement of the youth of Ireland. The learned persons who were delegated on so honourable a mission, undertook it with pleasure, and performed it with that talent and assiduity which justified the selection. They came over to England for the purpose of better discharging their trust, where they obtained the best works that were to be met with, in the most important departments of knowledge; and procuring others of a valuable character from other countries, laid the foundation of that long-accumulated and magnificent pile of various literature, which has given to the University the most useful and admirable of its attractions. It is worthy of observation, that, at the same juncture, Sir Thomas Bodley was in London, making similar purchases for his newly instituted library at Oxford; between him and the Irish gentlemen a friendly intercourse took place, by which the objects of both were reciprocally promoted; so that the famous Bodleian library, and that of the University of Dublin, the two most superb monuments of learning in the empire, commenced at the same time, and under the auspicious circumstance of enlightened co-operation. When we recollect how much literature suffered from the barbarous spirit with which ancient war was waged, or from the casualties which have attended it at all times;—when we call to mind the many instances of all that is sacred or venerable, being involved in the promiscuous ruin of its course, whether impelled by ferocity or a more disciplined ambition;—and when we consider how often the agents of its evils partake of its character, and become regardless of the arts of peace, from habits of inhuman excitation, we shall view, with a peculiar sentiment, this act of the Irish army, who consecrated the offerings of victory to the humanizing spirit of improvement. The long-collected and stupendous mass of Alexandrian knowledge, representing the various intellect and genius of civilized man, was as fatally visited by the fortunes of the accomplished Julius, as by the exterminating ignorance of a barbarian caliph; while the *military* origin of the library of Dublin college forms a singular and beautiful contrast with those events of war, which history has viewed through unaffected tears, and with indignant remembrance."

In the year 1614, the University obtained the important privilege of sending two members to Parliament. We will not venture, at present, to enquire how far the interests of learning have been advanced by this addition to its corporate respectability. The individuals who, from time to time, have been thought worthy of representing the college of Dublin, have, doubtless, been distinguished by intellect and learning in no ordinary degree. But the intrigue and the turmoil of a contested election are little congenial to the seat of science and the muses; and the privilege was, we believe, conferred more with reference to court than to academic interests. It was part of the policy by which James succeeded in establishing a borough interest in the Irish parliament, which was found necessary to enable him to carry into effect his bold projects of tentative legislation. It is chiefly memorable, therefore, as being the first instance in which the government endeavoured to turn to any political account the corporate importance of the new University.

It was unfortunate that, in the original charter, the office of provost was made elective. While the Fellows continued few in number, no sensible

inconvenience was experienced. "But when, from three, their original number, they increased to seven, the excitement towards power introduced a spirit of party; and philosophers were induced to pass the limits of their accomplishments, to maintain an ill-graced rivalry in the arts of political intrigue. But there was another source of contention: the frequent and fatal visitations to which the metropolis was subject, in those times, from the plague, made the fellows provide against any great or sudden diminution of their number, by the appointment of a sort of associate fellows, called probationers, who were to succeed, by seniority, to the vacant fellowships, as they might occur. By this plan, there were always persons of accredited qualifications, to supply such losses in the superior ranks of the corporation, as, from remaining unfilled, would be productive of inconvenience or delay in the collegiate proceedings. Those probationers were nine in number; and, in course of time, not being content with expectancy, founded upon casualties, began to assume the name, and insist upon enjoying the privileges, of a fellow; especially that important one, of a vote in the election of provost. In the propriety of those claims, the regular fellows could not be persuaded to acquiesce; and as the former persisted in their demands, the college was degraded into an arena of disputed rights and controverted decisions."* The end of this was, that recourse was had to the sovereign authority, and the charter was formally surrendered into the hands of the King, who, in the year 1637, granted a new one, accompanied by a body of statutes, framed by Archbishop Laud, upon the model of the existing codes of the Cambridge University. Dr William Chappel was provost at this time, and incurred much odium for the part which he acted, as well in procuring the new charter, as in his general misgovernment of the University. He was afterwards promoted to the bishoprick of Cork, and his conduct became a subject of parliamentary enquiry, which was suspended until it was forgotten, by the troubles which almost immediately ensued, when the kingdom was again convulsed by civil war in all its horrors, and aggravated by features of remorseless cruelty, such as never before stained the annals of the most atrocious barbarians.

The condition of the Irish, almost from the period when the English first obtained a footing in the country, was most unfavourable to improvement and civilization. A system of confiscation the most extensive, the most arbitrary, and the most capricious, that has ever been heard of in any age or nation, rendered all property insecure. The natives were slaves to the heads of their respective septs, who were themselves dependent on masters almost as much removed from the character of freemen. "The Irish had always been considered, not as subjects, but as aliens, and even as enemies, out of the protection of the law; in consequence whereof all marriages and alliances with them, and even commerce, were prohibited, and they might be oppressed, spoiled, and killed by the English, at pleasure, not being allowed to bring any action, nor any inquisition lying for the murder of an Irishman. This made it impracticable for them to exercise any commerce, or settle in any town; but forced them to stand on their defence, to fly to the mountains, and there live in a barbarous manner, in a slavish dependence on their lords, to whom they had recourse for protection. These lords governed them according to the Brehon law, in a very arbitrary, as well as oppressive manner, punishing them at their pleasure, taking *coigne* and *livery* of them, which made the land waste and the people idle; and by their *cosherings, sessings of the kerne, cuttings, tollages, and spendings,* reducing the common sort to a state of absolute slavery, and to a necessity of following their chiefs whenever they pleased to rebel. For they had no estates of freehold or inheritance, nor any security of enjoying what belonged to them, *their wives as well as their goods* being liable at any time to be taken away at the pleasure of their lords, who were, after all, in as precarious a state with regard to their succession, as their vassals with respect to their possessions." Thus had the English sown the wind, and is it surprising that they should have reaped the whirlwind? Even the

* Carte's Life of Ormond, vol. i. p. 13.

plantation by James, which was intended and calculated to correct these abuses, was not carried into effect, without giving rise to great and serious complaints, and causing "curses, not loud but deep," to be uttered against its projectors. The King's intentions were excellent, but his instructions were not sufficiently precise to prevent many instances of flagrant and flagitious injustice. "Several persons" (Carte, vol. i. p. 25) "were turned out of large estates of profitable land, and had only a small pittance, less than a fourth part, assigned them, for it is barren ground. Twenty-five proprietors, most of them O'Ferrals, were dispossessed of their all, and nothing allotted them for compensation; and, in certain cases, the resentment of the old possessors was raised the higher, because the lands taken from them were given to those who had none before, and even to some that had been rebels and traitors." When to these causes is added, the religious hatred which had newly sprung up, and which was aggravated and inflamed by the insulting and vexatious proceedings of a puritanical parliament, it will not be thought very surprising, that a people, reduced to barbarism, maddened and inflamed by injustice and cruelty, and worked upon by the passionate representations of their spiritual guides, by whom they were taught to believe that, by the destruction of the English, they would be doing God a service, were wrought up to a pitch of frenzy, in which all the energies of their nature, both good and bad, were absorbed into a kind of instinct for vengeance, which could alone have qualified them for the demoniacal barbarities which they perpetrated, and which have made the memory of that atrocious rebellion accursed and execrable to all posterity.

Such was the country, such were the people, amongst whom the seat of learning, checked as it was by a series of untoward events, was proceeding gradually towards that majestic elevation which it afterwards attained, and in virtue of which it became the most efficient instrument of national improvement. As the new charter essentially altered the constitution of the college, it deserves to be particularized. The right of appointing the provost was reserved to the crown, and the office itself was enlarged from a tenure of seven years from the time of obtaining the degree of master of arts, to an optional tenancy for life. The number of fellows was augmented to sixteen; the seven existing fellows being constituted senior, and the nine probationers junior fellows. The government of the college was entrusted to the former, while the duty of the latter consisted chiefly in preparing the students for quarterly examinations. Upon a vacancy occurring among the senior fellows, it was to be filled up three days after it was made known, by the provost and the major part of the surviving senior fellows; and vacancies amongst the junior fellows, or scholars, were to be filled up by the provost and the major part of the senior fellows on the Monday after the Trinity Sunday next ensuing. The power of forming statutes for the government of the university, which had been conferred by the original charter upon the provost and fellows, was withdrawn, and reserved to the King; in cases omitted to be provided for, a permission being conceded to the provost and senior fellows to institute laws, which, if confirmed by the visitors, and not repugnant to those presented by the King, should remain in force, until the board, with the consent of the visitors, should think proper to rescind them. The visitorial power was confined to the Chancellor, or the Vice-Chancellor, and the Archbishop of Dublin. While we recognize the propriety of limiting the hands in which this power was lodged, and which was, in fact, rendered inefficient from the multitude who share it, we cannot but lament the marked incivility offered to the city in the deprivation of the Lord Mayor, from whom, if but little assistance could be expected, little obstruction need be apprehended, in the administration of collegiate justice; and whose presence would not have been more gratifying to civic pride, than pleasing to every friend of letters, as a testimony of the gratitude entertained for civic liberality, by the founders of the University.

Such were the principal alterations and modifications effected by the new charter in the constitution of the college, at a time when all those who were devoted to the arts of peace, or the pursuits of literature, were about to be scattered as sheep not having a

shepherd. The provost, by whose instrumentality these changes were chiefly brought about, was obliged to fly into England, where shortly after he died; but not before he had been exceedingly harassed by the vexatious proceedings of the Irish parliament. The venerable Bedell, who had been Provost of the University, and was at that time Bishop of Kilmore, fell into the hands of the rebels, "and the barbarous people shewed him no small kindness." It is indeed beautiful to behold, amidst the scenes of carnage and devastation which every where presented themselves, the sweetness and benignity of the sage, and the calm and holy composure of the saint, effectually mitigating and disarming his savage and sanguinary assailants. Bedell was treated by the insurgents, during his compulsory sojourn with them, with the most gratifying attention and the most marked respect; and when, at length, his anxiety for the fate of his friends, and the state of the country, brought on the illness of which he died, they flocked from all parts to his funeral, and loud and tumultuous were the expressions of vehement sorrow amidst which his remains were deposited in the grave.

The year 1647 was memorable for the arrival of the Parliamentary commissioners, who were appointed to settle the political differences, and to adjust religious affairs according to the standard then deemed orthodox in England. One of their first acts was to forbid the use of the English liturgy; and although the clergy very generally complied with their interdict, the college resolutely refused to discontinue their accustomed form of prayer; and "Anthony Martin, who was also Bishop of Meath, persisted in reading it, and actually preached against the innovating spirit of the times, with an apostolic freedom, that nothing but the conscientious sense of what he conceived a sacred duty could have inspired. The people, who never feel so deeply the power of religion as in times of persecution, resorted thither in great numbers, and delighted to hear his fearless and impressive exhortations. His conduct will appear the more exemplary, when it is known that the plague was then consuming those whom the sword had spared. Nothing, however, could induce him to desist from the public exercise of his functions; and he fell the lamented victim of that dreadful distemper, after having, during the space of three years, contended for what he conceived to be the truth, with a firmness that made his enemies respect the man, whom their power could not overawe, and whom the adversity of his cause could not deter from its perilous vindication. The vacancy occasioned by his death gave the Parliament an opportunity of appointing Samuel Winter, chaplain to the commissioners, to the important trust of presiding over the University, which, during his continuance in office, he modelled so as to meet the approbation of his patrons; and it, in consequence, became a school of polemic controversy, instead of an institution of peaceful religion and the sciences."*

In 1649, Cromwell visited Ireland, and the effect of his character, and his measures, in subduing whatever opposed his high pleasure, is described, in a few words, with very great power, by Mr Taylor. He says,

"So impetuous, sanguinary, and successful were his military enterprises, that the traditionary character which he bears amongst the native Irish, even at the present day, partakes less of the splendid fame of the able chieftain than of the ghastly renown of a destroying spirit; and he is remembered, not as an armed missionary of a civilized cause, but as a being possessing a preternatural love and power of destruction."

He seemed, as Grattan said of the Earl of Charlemont, "to cast upon the crowd that followed him, the gracious shade of his own accomplishments, so that the very rabble grew civilized as it approached his person."

To Cromwell, however, is the college indebted for the valuable accession of the library of Archbishop Usher. That great and good man was compelled to fly the country. His property was confiscated, and he himself reduced to the greatest distress. He had, like his great contemporary Milton, fallen on "evil days and evil tongues;" and felt, probably, some regret that he gave, at one period of his

* Taylor's History of the University.

life, too much countenance to the party by whom he was now proscribed. After his death, the Parliament, to mark their sense of his merits and sufferings, settled a pension of L.500 a-year on his family. A new and a valuable edition of his voluminous works, is, we are happy to say, at present in the press, and will shortly make its appearance, under the auspices of the present excellent and learned King's Professor of Divinity to the University, Dr Elrington.

At the Restoration, the Puritanical fellows were ejected, and their places supplied chiefly from Oxford and Cambridge; the cultivation of learning having been so much discouraged by the repeated calamities which had befallen the College that few of its own members were considered eligible to any of its high places. Dr Thomas Seele, a native of Dublin, was, however, appointed Provost, and discharged his important duties in a manner which fully justified the discriminatory selection of those by whom he was promoted.

It was the good fortune of Ireland to be governed at this period by the illustrious Duke of Ormond. He had proved his capacity both in the arts of peace and the conduct of war; and remained true to his principles in despite of the terrors of power and the blandishments of seduction. He was the friend of Clarendon, and had been the companion of Charles in his exile; and when his royal master, for whom he had sacrificed his all, was placed on the throne, favours were showered upon him such as in some sort compensated his previous losses and sufferings; and, what he valued above every other consideration, enabled him, once more, to employ his noble mind, and exert his various talents, in the service of his king and for the advantage of the kingdom. He was, perhaps, the only living individual who could have so happily reconciled all the conflicting interests involved in the Irish Act of Settlement; and, by his wisdom, his decision, his promptitude, and his authority, produced that acquiescence in its provisions, which secured the present peace, and eventually ensured the future prosperity, of Ireland.

It was by his influence that Dr Jeremy Taylor was promoted to the bishoprick of Down and Connor, and appointed Vice Chancellor of the University. The name of this venerable man hallows the page on which it appears, and causes the humble aspirant after Christian excellence to experience a mingled emotion of gratitude, humility, reverence, and love. How poor is the fame of the conqueror, how fading the renown of the legislator, compared with the deep emotions which are experienced towards him who has sacrificed all that this world holds dear, to the still dearer privilege of walking humbly with his God, and who, by his self-renouncing tenderness of heart and "earth-despising dignity of soul," at once exemplifies and recommends the gospel!

That such a man should have been, at such a time, appointed to such a station, seems little short of an interference of Providence in behalf of the University. He was a miracle of holiness, as well as a prodigy of learning and genius; and the whole energies of his mind and heart were immediately applied to assuage the bitterness of controversy, and to repair the ravages of war. His first sermon preached before the University is thus characterised by Bishop Heber:—"I am not acquainted with any composition of human eloquence which is more deeply imbued with a spirit of practical holiness,—which more powerfully attracts the attention of men from the subtilties of theology to the duties and charities of religion,—or which evinces a more lofty disdain of those trifling subjects of dispute, which, then or since, have divided the Protestant churches."

"The way," says Taylor, "to judge of religion, is by doing our duty: and theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge. In heaven, indeed, we must first see, and then love; but here, on earth, we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts; and we shall then see, and perceive, and understand."

Thus it was that he endeavoured to tranquillize the minds and purify the affections of those who had but too much perplexed themselves by "foolish and unlearned questions that engendered strife," and too frequently, in their contests for faith, lost sight of charity. By holding in view *the end* of religion, namely, holiness of life and conversation, he was preserved from having recourse to any *undue*

means of arriving at it; whereas others, who begin by considering the means, not unfrequently lose sight of the end; and thus are led to a violation of what is not only a virtue itself, but "the very bond of peace and of all virtues." Such was, most deplorably, the case while the Puritans were invested with academic power. They seemed to think that thorns would produce figs, and that from a bramble bush they might gather grapes: And no one assuredly was so well calculated to correct this fatal error as the author of "Holy Living and Dying;" neither was there any one, who was more qualified by temper or pledged by principle, to do so with moderation, and a tender regard for the scruples of others, than the author of the "Liberty of Prophesying," who, in forbearing to persecute his adversaries, was but exemplifying the principles for which he had always contended, and "doing to others as he would that they should do unto him."

It was the Duke of Ormond's policy to confer the dignities and the benefices of the Irish Church, when they could be fairly so conferred, on Irishmen, educated in the Dublin University, as well for the better encouragement of learning in that institution as for the general advantage of the Irish Church. "It is fit to be remembered," he says, in one of his letters to the Secretary of State, "that near this city there is a university of the foundation of Queen Elizabeth, principally intended for the education and advantage of the natives of this kingdom, which hath produced men very eminent for learning and piety, and those of this nation, and such there are now in the Church, so that, while there are such, the passing them by is not only, in some measure, a violation of the original intention and institution, *but a great discouragement to the natives from making themselves capable and fit for preferment in the Church*, whereunto, if they have equal parts, they are better able to do service than strangers. The promotion, too, of the already dignified or beneficed, will make room for, and, consequently, encourage young men, students in the University; which room will be lost, and the inferior clergy much disheartened, if, upon the vacancy of bishopricks, persons unknown to the kingdom and University, shall be sent to fill them, and be less useful there to Church and kingdom than those who are better acquainted with both." Such was the opinion of this illustrious man at a time when the University of Dublin was far less capable of supplying the Irish Church with an efficient and an educated clergy than it is at present. Indeed the cultivation and encouragement of learning, in all its branches, entered largely into his plans of national improvement. With this view, a clause was introduced into the Act of Settlement, empowering the erection of another college; and thus, by the competition which would take place between the sister institutions, each would be stimulated to exertions by which both would be materially advantaged. We fully agree with Mr Taylor, that "had the plan been carried into effect, there can be no doubt but it must have proved highly beneficial to the country; and although the present college might not, in that case, be so very opulent as it is, yet it would have a character better known, and, of course, more valued in the empire: the rivalry which would naturally exist between the two institutions, could not fail to raise the reputation of both; the pride of advancing their respective colleges would inspire the members individually with the *zeal of letters* beyond what can exist in a solitary establishment; the several professors would feel the incumbent necessity of pushing their labour further than the discharge of their daily duty required; their learning would guide them into the region of discovery." "The splendid individual exceptions which we now see, would form the general rule, and the literature of the country would share in the prosperous fame of its University."

Mr Taylor, however, should be informed, that, for the realization of *all* these desirable advantages, *more* than the mere establishment of a second college would be required. The University, as at present constituted, must rather be considered a school for the instruction of youth, than an institution for the advancement of learning. For the one purpose it is admirably calculated; for the other, scarcely at all. The Board are fully occupied by the business of its government; the junior fellows, by the instruction of their pupils; and the scholars,

whose corporate character must cease when they have reached, or might have reached, the standing of Master of Arts, are busy in preparing for the professions into which they are respectively about to enter, and cannot be considered very well qualified, even if they were at all disposed, to expend their time and labour upon any work, by which the reputation of the University might be increased, or the interests of general literature promoted. The change, therefore, which could alone effect the object which Mr Taylor has in view, should be one which left more of literary leisure at the disposal of the heads and the professors of the College, and assimilated it more to the condition, in that respect, of Oxford and Cambridge. We might then expect to see the advancement of literature and the progress of education going hand in hand, and the Dublin University would not be more remarkable for diffusing the knowledge of what is already known, than for pushing her researches into regions of discovery, heretofore impervious or unfrequented. Thus, alone, can she ever effectually obviate the reproach of "the silent sister." But we will abstain, for the present, from commenting on the discipline, in order to pursue the history, of this interesting institution.

From the Restoration to the Revolution, it enjoyed a longer period of tranquillity than it had known since its establishment, and made a corresponding advance in usefulness and reputation. The Duke of Ormond left nothing undone which could ensure its permanence or contribute to its respectability. He found, at his arrival, every thing in great disorder. "There was, indeed," says Carte, "an heap of men and boys, but no college." The chancellor, the provost, and the archbishop of Dublin, were, accordingly, empowered to elect five senior fellows; by whom, in conjunction with the provost, regular elections were afterwards held, and the several vacancies filled up according to the manner prescribed in the statutes of the University. Indeed it is premature to use that term respecting the statutes then in being; they having been designed by Archbishop Laud for a college rather than for a University. This deficiency was, however, now supplied by Bishop Taylor, who was admirably qualified to finish what his venerable patron so well begun; and he accordingly set himself to frame a code of academic regulations, which have ever since been uninterruptedly acted upon, except during the short and anxious period of disturbance and unsettlement which occurred at the Revolution.

In the year 1688, when James assembled his pseudo-parliament in Dublin, the University was represented by Sir John Mead and Mr Coghlan, both celebrated lawyers. Although stanch supporters of the Protestant cause, they were, with some difficulty, prevailed upon to assume, at that critical and eventful period, the post of honour and of danger. They knew, that by opposing the measures upon which the Court seemed bent, while they could not profit the cause of constitutional liberty, they should draw upon their own heads the weight of royal indignation, and only serve to encrease the numbers who were now daily being offered up to the spirit of baleful bigotry, which again began to be ascendant in Ireland. But never let a good man desert a falling cause from any timid apprehensions of individual suffering, or unworthy depreciation of his own usefulness. Whatever may be the ultimate issue of his exertions, (*that* is in the hands of Providence,) his duty is plain, ever to stand fast in his integrity, and advance straight onward in the path of truth and justice. Thus alone can he ensure the applause of the just and wise, and the approbation of his own conscience;—and thus, also, may he hope to see his most unpromising labours crowned with a degree of success, such as under the most favourable circumstances, and in his most sanguine moods, he would have thought it presumption to anticipate. We shall have occasion, by and by, to recount a singular instance in which this was verified, in the case of one of the members for the University.

"Amongst," we use the words of Mr Taylor, "the most indiscreet of those counsellors, to whose advice James was indebted for losing the last sympathy of the people, was the Lord Tyrconnell, Chief Governor of Ireland; a minister who, incapable of any great design for restoring the fortunes of his royal master, possessed a great share of that officious zeal which is a bad substitute for ability and pru-

dence. To a mind like his, it would have been a matter of satisfaction to effect the ruin of the University; but as James had pledged himself, immediately after landing in Dublin, not only to protect the members of the College, but to increase, rather than diminish, the number of their privileges, it was necessary to resort to some contrivance which might exasperate the King to a breach of this engagement, or, by lowering its character, bring down upon the institution the heavier evil of the censure of society. He soon conceived a project worthy of his capacity and intentions. There was, among the number of his dependants, one whose name was Doyle, by nature and education fitted to be the agent of such an enterprise. He was a person very illiterate, and still more immoral, on which account Tyrconnell selected him for collegiate honours; and persuaded the King to present a man, notoriously unqualified, to the office of senior fellow. In a crisis so alarming, the provost and board behaved with prudence and firmness. They saw, on one side, the abasement of the character of the college, if such an associate should be admitted, and, on the other, the vengeance of an offended authority, which might effect its ruin in case of his rejection. But Doyle's own mismanagement put it in their power to take a middle course, of which they instantly availed themselves. In obtaining a dispensation, he had, through ignorance, neglected to procure an exemption from the oath of fellow, in which that of supremacy was of course included. The Provost, accordingly, tendered the oath, which Doyle, as was foreseen, afraid of incurring the displeasure of his party, refused, and was immediately denied admission. Finding remonstrances and threats in vain, he preferred a complaint to his patron, Tyrconnell, and his case became a subject of legal enquiry. The excess to which party spirit was, at that time, carried, allowed nothing to be sacred from its influence; the highest offices of the law were degraded to the service of a faction; it was not therefore a matter of surprise, that, when Doyle's case came to be heard, such personages as Chief Justice Newgent, Baron Rice, and the Attorney-General Nagle, should have appeared as his advocates. However, the character of the man shewed itself in so unfavourable a light, that even his most zealous friends became ashamed of making him an object of public interest, and, under the subterfuge of ordering Doyle to procure another dispensation, they were content that the affair should fall to the ground and be forgotten."

We have thought it right to give the above case so fully, because it will present to the reader a more lively picture of the state of the times of which we write, than the most elaborate description. A similar instance of the arbitrary exercise of the royal prerogative occurred afterwards in the case of a person named Green, on whose behalf a mandamus was issued, by which it was required that he should be admitted to the office of senior fellow. Whether, in pursuance of this proceeding, he was or was not admitted, does not appear.

The vengeance of the Popish faction now fell heavily upon the peaceful institution. The pension by which it was chiefly supported, and which was paid out of the Exchequer, Tyrconnell caused to be withheld. This would, in itself, soon have completed its overthrow; but the impatient bigotry of the Popish Chief Governor could not brook the delay of the lingering extinction, to which it seemed doomed by the confiscation of its funds. He was desirous to distinguish his administration by an act of more signal barbarity; and the provost and fellows were contumaciously driven out, and their public and private property, furniture, books, communion-plate, &c. &c. &c. seized upon, without any shadow of right, or ground of complaint, but that they had adhered, with fidelity, to their sworn engagements.

Thus it was that the royal bigot kept the faith which he had plighted upon his landing in Ireland. He seemed to feel the same hostility to literature which the Popish Priests evince towards the Bible; and with good reason. The one was as hostile to his arbitrary notions of prerogative, as is the other to the domineering supremacy claimed by the Church of Rome. It had already generated that spirit of freedom which scared him from his throne, and must, he thought, complete his overthrow, if he did not consummate its degradation. It was de-

termined, therefore, that the mansion of philosophy, the seat of the muses, should be profaned and desecrated.

"And accordingly, the buildings, so long consecrated to the residence of literature, were applied to the purpose of a barrack, and many of the rooms made use of as places of confinement for the suspected. Even the chapel was converted into a magazine for gunpowder, and the whole establishment wantonly defaced by a licentious soldiery. It was then that the most ignorant and furious of the adherents of the Stuarts desired to consummate those mischiefs, by giving the library to the flames; and that noble collection of books and manuscripts must have suffered a fate, like that which, under the barbarous triumph of an Omar, consumed the vast learning of the ancient world, were it not for two individuals, who, although attached to the fortunes of James, were free from his intolerance. The name of one of these enlightened men was Moor, that of the other, M'Carthy, both clergymen of the Roman Catholic persuasion; the former of whom exerted his interest to be appointed Provost, and the other obtained the office of librarian; in which stations they so effectually interposed their authority for the conservation of the magnificent but devoted pile, that they restrained their party from an act of senseless crime, and saved literature from a memorable calamity."

That the priests were, on this occasion, less barbarous than the soldiers, does not, we think, entitle them to the character of "enlightened." However, we are not disposed to undervalue the service which they performed, even though it arose from a desire to secure for themselves the property which had been marked out for destruction. The splendid college library was saved, by their means; and whether that event be ascribable to their cupidity, or their love of letters, or, what is perhaps the more probable supposition, to the influence of both these motives conjoined, they have conferred a benefit upon Irish literature which entitles them to an honourable exemption from the condemnation which has been pronounced against its bigoted and barbarian persecutors; and they have, accordingly, received, from the annalist of the University, grateful and distinguishing commemoration.

Moor, while invested with the authority of Provost, did not confine his exertions to the preservation of the library. He used his influence, in many instances successfully, to preserve the property of individuals and of the institution from farther pillage; he endeavoured to mitigate the severe treatment the prisoners experienced; and he dissuaded the King from carrying into effect a design, with which Lord Petre had inspired him, of conferring the college and all its rights upon the Jesuits. "He could not, however," says Mr Taylor, "prevent the members from being all put under arrest; but the interest which the Bishop of Meath, Vice Chancellor, had with Simon Luttrel, Governor of Dublin, afterwards procured their enlargement, on the severe conditions *that three of them should not be seen together on pain of death.*"

The Bill of Attainder, which has been described by Croker in his eloquent little sketch of the state of Ireland, past and present, as intended to proscribe hundreds by name, and thousands by inference, was passed at this time; and, that the University was exempted from its sweeping provisions, was chiefly to be ascribed to the vigilance, the sagacity, and the firmness, of its able and patriotic representative, Mr Coghlan. This bill had been carried with such secrecy, that the most important of its provisions was unknown to the King. It was made a capital offence for any of the opposite party to keep arms, even for his own defence; and for this, so constituted crime, Sir Thomas Southwell was lying under sentence of death, and in hourly expectation of being executed. The Earl of Seaforth, at that time a Lieutenant-General in James's army, generously visited the condemned man in prison, stayed the execution, and undertook to procure his pardon from the King. The pardon was granted, and Mr Coghlan happened to be the professional man appointed to draw it up according to the necessary legal forms. This he declared he could not do, without a sight of the Bill of Attainder; and the Earl obtained an express order from the King, to have a copy delivered to him. The Earl was interdicted from shewing it to any one but his lawyer, and enjoined to return

it the next day. Mr Coghlan immediately had it copied, and drew up the warrant with a full "non obstante" to the Act of Attainder. When brought to the Attorney-General to have a pit for it, that officer was highly incensed, and declared the thing could not be done; he stated, moreover, that, by one of the clauses of the Act of Attainder, *the King was himself deprived of his suspending power*, and that consequently no pardon could be valid for any thing done contrary to its enactments. James was exceedingly indignant when he heard this, and expressed himself with great anger against this insidious attack upon the most cherished part of his royal prerogative. The pardon was ratified, notwithstanding the reclamation of the principal law officer of the crown; and Southwell saved his life, as well as the University its property, owing to the skill and the firmness of the member for the University.

The singular escape of the College from being included in the Act of Attainder, happened on this wise. Mr Coghlan and his brother member had absented themselves from Parliament, from a conviction that their attendance could not be useful to their cause, while it might expose them to obloquy and danger. They were, however, called upon to attend in their places, when the Act of Attainder came to be considered, and Mr Coghlan was desired to give in a list of the names of the principal members of the University, in order that they might be included in the meditated proscription. This he pretended he could not do without the assistance of the butler's books. The butler was, accordingly, ordered to attend with his books, but, having been advised beforehand by Mr Coghlan of the use which would be made of them, he absconded, and they were not to be found. And as the Popish party were anxious to hurry the act through Parliament, in order that no time should be lost in carrying into effect its dreadful provisions, they were even content to pass it without including the members of the University that time; being minded, we suppose, to do them, in virtue of their learning, the favour which Polyphemus proposed to do Ulysses, *that they would destroy them last.*

After James's defeat at the battle of the Boyne, some of his armed followers, who were stationed in Dublin when the news arrived, resolved to set the city on fire; but were prevented by the promptitude of Captain Robert Fitzgerald, (son of the Earl of Kildare, and ancestor to the present Duke of Leinster) who, being then a prisoner in the college, succeeded, with about fifty others, in effecting his escape, and by securing the castle, effectually intimidated the malcontents, and baffled the design of the incendiaries.

The college had now weathered the fiercest of the storms by which it was assailed, and a prospect of quiet and tranquillity opened before it, which it had not known since its foundation. The Revolution established a Protestant government, and extinguished the hopes of the Papists. The established church resumed its ascendancy; and the institution which was, as it were, the seed-bed of Protestantism, experienced many instances of legislative consideration and indulgence. Money was repeatedly granted by parliament for augmenting the library and increasing the accommodation for students, who increased rapidly in numbers, and soon began to evidence a proficiency in letters and philosophy, in a high degree gratifying to the national pride, as well as creditable to their laborious and enlightened instructors.

We should not omit to state that "on the 9th of January 1693, the college having completed a century from its foundation, the first secular day was celebrated with a pomp and solemnity which was the greater on account of the thankfulness felt for having escaped the recent calamity which threatened its ruin. Dr Ashe, afterwards Bishop of Clogher, preached; and has received from an old writer the commendation of having made 'a notable entertainment for the Lord Justices, Privy Council, Lord Mayor and Aldermen of Dublin.' The Provost delivered a learned and ingenious sermon on the subject of the foundation of the college; the text was applied to the royal foundress, Queen Elizabeth, and was taken from St Matthew, 26 c., 13 v. 'Verily, I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this that this woman hath done be told for a memorial of her.' In the afternoon several Latin orations were spoken by the scholars, in honour of the Queen and the succeeding sovereigns; and an

ode, composed by Mr Tate, the poet laureate, who had been educated in the college, was performed by the principal gentlemen in the kingdom. 'A very diverting speech' was made in English by the *terræ filius*, a fictitious character, who, according to the taste of the age, was allowed, in times of public festivity, to create merriment by a privilege similar to that enjoyed by a king's jester. At night the college, the city, and many towns of note throughout Ireland were brilliantly illuminated."

In the year 1703 a Bill passed the Irish parliament enabling the Bishops of the Kingdom, and also the College of Dublin, to make leases of lives renewable for ever, of the lands respectively appertaining to them.

In 1709 a serious disagreement took place between the Lords and Commons respecting a grant to the college. It was solicited upon the ground of the loyalty of the members of the university, and their devotion to the principles of the Revolution. As a proof of this, they mentioned the expulsion of one Forbes, whose offence was, that he had aspersed the memory of William the Third. Their zeal in this matter was well approved of by the Commons, who readily voted the grant which they had prayed for. But not so by the Lords. Exception was taken in the Upper House against the ground upon which the grant was solicited, and in an address to the Queen it was strongly censured. This proceeding gave rise to a strong remonstrance on the part of the Commons, who complained that their rights, liberties, and privileges were infringed thereby, and her Majesty's condescension misrepresented. The matter seems to have terminated here; the Lords wisely declining a contest in which "plus rixæ quam dapis" would have been their portion.

At this period the Students claimed the privilege of voting for the members of parliament for the city of Dublin, in right of their college rooms. Whether or not this assumed privilege derived its origin from the original grant of the ground on which the College was built, that having been city property, we have no means at present of knowing. But in the year 1713 the corporation resisted it; and the subject having been referred to a committee of the House of Commons, it was definitively adjudged that no such privilege of right belonged to or should henceforth be exercised by the members of the University.

In truth, one of the principal defects in the constitution of the college consists in the deviation from the custom in Oxford and Cambridge, respecting the disposal of the elective franchise. In the Dublin institution it is enjoyed by the fellows and scholars; and only during the period they continue officially connected with the college. In the English universities it is possessed by the Masters of Arts, and those who have taken higher degrees, and it does not necessarily terminate at their departure from college, but is enjoyed for life, or, at least, as long as they choose to keep their names on the books of the university. This is the better plan, for many reasons. The scholars in Dublin college nearly three times outnumber the fellows, and they can, at any time, render of none effect the franchises of their academic superiors. This is not desirable. They are young men, in course of education, and amongst whom, in the event of a contested election, a strong spirit of faction may be introduced, to the serious derangement of their peaceful studies, and disturbance of the quiet and the order of the university. This is not desirable. It is, in fact, wholly undesirable. And we have never witnessed the turmoil and confusion into which the university has been thrown, and the manner in which young men have been drawn off from their humanizing pursuits, and induced to commit themselves, prematurely, to the strong advocacy of party politics, by a contested election, without perceiving that the evil of the present system greatly preponderated over the good, and heartily desiring that the elective franchise should be put upon a footing by which such mischiefs might be prevented.

We can see no grounds, but such as rest upon a spirit of monopoly, for not extending the right to vote for the college members to all who possess the qualifications which are alone required in the English universities. Thus, it would be made co-extensive with the literature of Ireland. And, what is perhaps more important, the lettered men of Ireland would anxiously preserve and fondly cherish their connexion with the university. It is

monstrous to think that they must cease to have the privilege of voting, just then when they are best able to use it most discreetly. The fellows and scholars should, if our recommendation were carried into effect, suffer a diminution of the value of their at present exclusive privileges, in proportion as these were shared with others; but they would gain infinitely more by the increased estimation of their college, than they could possibly lose by the loss of their monopoly. See how the gentry of England feel towards the seats of learning where they were educated! How alive an Oxford man is to the honour of Oxford! And this, long after he has ceased to have any other connexion with it, than that which he is induced to continue for the purpose of preserving his elective franchise! The members of the Dublin university, when they have once obtained their degree, regard their college with little more of interest, than the schools in which they were, respectively, educated. There is no valuable privilege by which their personal interest in its well-being is preserved;—nothing to give rise to an "esprit du corps." They take their departure, like well-fledged birds from the paternal nest, with but little thought of returning to hover, with any tender interest, over the theatre of their early studies. Friendships may have been formed, tastes may have been cherished and improved, learning may have been accumulated, sound principles may have been infused, a noble emulation may have been excited, habits of industry may have been acquired, which will cause our retrospection of the hours of college life to be most pleasing; but it is not so much *the place* as *the time* to which these associations bring back the mind; and they will not give rise to any peculiarly strong academic feeling, if our departure from college necessarily determines our connexion with it. But let the man of letters feel that a valuable privilege is appendant to his university rank; that the institution which gave him education permanently claims him as her own; that his character is her character; that his honour is her honour; that he is appointed a guardian of her interests, and expected to be vigilant in maintaining her rights and upholding her reputation; and all those feelings which would otherwise have evaporated, without producing any effect, will instantly pledge him to a kind of *family compact* in her favour, by which it is impossible that she should not be greatly and permanently advantaged. These things we write, knowing well that the fellows and scholars of the Dublin University have always acted a manly and an independent part, when called upon to choose a representative. The instances are not a few in which they have given great and incorruptible senators to the empire. But we are deeply persuaded that the interests of the college and of the country would be better consulted by a different disposal of the elective franchise; and that, if the enjoyment of that important right were regulated according to the systems of Oxford and Cambridge, the Dublin would soon rival the sister institutions not only in usefulness, but in popularity; and, instead of sending forth, or rather casting off, her successive batches of graduates, who "shake the dust from their feet" against her walls, and forget her as soon as they mingle with the world, she would beget children, whose filial reverence would never fail, and who would always be "ready to speak with her enemies in the gate."

Mr Taylor's work, from which we have drawn so freely in the preceding pages, never was completed. We here take leave of it, thanking him for the information which he has afforded us, and regretting that he has not met with the encouragement necessary for the completion of his undertaking. It is, as far as our knowledge extends, the only attempt that has ever been made to give a connected history of the Dublin University. Now this, in itself, proves the small degree in which the public have been interested about it; and evinces, we think, the expediency of devising some means, by which its importance as a national institute may be enhanced, by a more permanent and a more extended connexion with the educated classes of the community.

If we saw any prospect of carrying into effect a consummation which is so "devoutly to be wished," we would venture to suggest that the degree of Master of Arts should not be conferred without a very strict examination into the qualifications of the candidates, and that, in addition to the course at

present prescribed, a very ample knowledge of international law, political economy, and modern history should be expected.

Circumstances have of late occurred, which render the nearest practicable assimilation between the Dublin and the English universities in the highest degree desirable. Up to a very recent period, the most friendly understanding prevailed between them, and the fullest and freest intercommunity, reciprocally, of academic advantages. The students of the Dublin College were, in all stages of their progress, admitted "*ad eundem*" at Oxford and Cambridge; and, vice versa, the students of these latter universities, at Dublin. But it has lately seemed fit to the English academicians to check this free and friendly intercourse, in a manner not a little mortifying and even injurious to their brethren in Ireland. It seems the Irish University does not accommodate within its walls much more than a sixth part of the students whose names are on the books, and who are in progress of education. With these non-residents the attendance upon, and the answering creditably at an examination, passes for the serving of a term; whereas, in the English Universities, where there are, be it held in mind, no *quarterly* examinations, residence is indispensable. Now, say the English academics, it is very hard to expect us to share our collegiate privileges with those who obtain them on terms much easier than we have obtained them ourselves. We are thus giving a bounty to English students to take their departure from England, and be educated in Ireland, and then return and claim the benefit of a connexion with us, after having undervalued our learning, slighted our discipline, and given a marked and insulting preference to another institution.

When it is considered that the right of voting for the University members is appendant to the English degree of Master of Arts, and that for *that* no equivalent is afforded by the *ad eundem* admissions to Dublin College, we must acknowledge that there is some reason for the sturdy reclamation of the English academics, against a practice which threw open their literary commonwealth to numbers who were not educated amongst themselves;—nor do we consider it by any means unreasonable that such a privilege should be restricted, except in very special cases indeed, to those who were regularly matriculated and brought up in the university which conferred it, and for whose benefit it was to be exercised. But further than this we conceive any restriction imposed upon the practice of *ad eundem* admissions unjust, discourteous, and injurious.

It is unjust, because, from the very foundation of the University of Dublin the practice prevailed, and no valid ground has been shewn why it should be rescinded. It is discourteous, because it interrupts that friendly intercourse which had so long subsisted between the sisterhood of learning, and lays claim to superiority which cannot be assumed without arrogance, or admitted without humiliation. And it is injurious, because it positively depreciates the Dublin degree, and renders education in the Dublin University comparatively valueless and unimportant.

And now, a word or two respecting the reasons given for thus undervaluing the degrees of four-fifths of the Dublin students. They have not kept regular terms; they have not resided within the walls of the institution. Therefore, what amounts to a sentence of proscription has been passed against them, and they are disqualified from obtaining honours and advantages to which those who are called regular graduates may aspire. Truly, we consider the question of residence a very mixed one; its advantages in some respects being very nearly counterbalanced by disadvantages in others; and, notwithstanding the risk of being reputed heterodox by our English brethren, we must maintain that the practice is not by any means one, in which the essence of the academic character exclusively inheres.

In early times, when literature was confined to a few, and before the press poured forth its volumes, and thus multiplied the facility both of acquiring and communicating learning and knowledge, colleges were not more useful as the receptacles of learned men, than a certain period of sojourn in them, under the tutelage of learned professors, was indispensable for making a due proficiency in the studies, for the promotion of which they were founded. But now that learning is so universally diffused, and that the ad-

vantages of liberal culture are so readily attainable, we cannot believe that precisely *the same* necessity exists for acquiring them within the walls of a college, which did unquestionably exist at the period when colleges were first endowed. Only let the professors of the college take care that *they are* acquired; let them institute a test by which they may ascertain the qualifications of all who present themselves as candidates for a degree, and not be so solicitous *where these may have been acquired as that they are actually forthcoming*, and we cannot entertain a doubt that gentlemen, whose pretensions are thus "bona fide" attested, will do as much honour to the university in which they shall have graduated, as they could possibly do if their names were to be found never so regularly registered upon the commons list, the chapel book, or the night roll.

When academic residence was comparatively important, that is, before learning was so much diffused, it was *not* considered indispensable to the obtaining an *ad eundem* admission to Oxford or Cambridge. Now that it is confessedly so much less necessary than it was of old, and that its advantages and disadvantages so nearly balance themselves in the eyes of an anxious parent, that if both were before him, he would in many instances hesitate which to choose—it is not a little extraordinary that it should be for the first time insisted on, for the discourteous depreciation of the hitherto indisputable privilege of the Dublin University.

We have said that the question of residence is a mixed one. If it has its fair side, it also has its foul one. A young man of abilities, and who is desirous to improve himself, will have an opportunity of forming connexions that may be very highly advantageous, and will no doubt be conscious of a degree of improvement from academic intercourse, which he could not attain without it. He will meet with his equals and superiors in rank and in intellect, and he will be furnished with a very different standard for judging of himself, from that which alone he could have possessed in the country. *There* he may have been "the triton of the minnows." His superiority to those about him may have given him a very exaggerated notion of his own pretensions. He may thus be disposed to rest on his oars, and acquiesce in his acknowledged pre-eminence above his neighbours; but when he comes to compare himself with the distinguished men from other parts of the country, it is quite another thing. He must step out and exert himself, if he would hold any respectable place amongst *them*. Thus a generous contest for literary pre-eminence is produced amongst those who might otherwise rest satisfied with the praises and the distinctions which would be awarded to their natural abilities, amongst country cousins and provincial dilletanti; and powers have frequently been brought to light, and faculties developed, under the influence of academic rivalry, of which the possessors were previously but very dimly conscious.

Added to this, valuable friendships are formed. Congenial minds approximate and combine.—"Idem velle, idem nolle, ea demum firma est amicitia."—And a consent in studies is the sweetest and the most humanizing of all the bonds by which educated men can be united. Blessed be the recollection of the hours when we strayed in unreserved companionship with those whose early tastes and habits were similar to our own; and delighted mutually to shape our future views, and to be the depositaries and the communicators of our respective acquirements. They are sunny spots in that portion of existence which has already elapsed, and upon which we never look back without feelings of grateful and affectionate remembrance. But well we can also remember, that the instances were not a few in which academic residence was any thing but an advantage. In colleges, as well as elsewhere, there is bad society as well as good; and as much as those who are fortunate in the choice of their companions are better, so much at least are those who are in that respect unfortunate worse off than the students residing in the country. How often have we seen talents abused, time wasted, health impaired, reputation lost, morals corrupted, all in consequence of unhappy intimacies, which led to a criminal neglect of those opportunities of improvement, which could never afterwards be retrieved, and to an indulgence in vicious pursuits and propensities, which could scarcely ever afterwards be resisted!

What then is our sentence? The question, we have said, is a mixed one, and therefore an absolute and categorical decision on either side must be wrong. That there are advantages to be had by residing in college, which cannot be had elsewhere, is most true; but it is at least equally true that all may not, and many cannot, avail themselves of them. That there are disadvantages, which no strictness of academic regulations can prevent or remedy, will, we believe, also be admitted by all those whose experience qualifies them for forming a judgment upon the subject. Let, therefore, residence be encouraged, without being made indispensable. We would say to the University of Dublin, increase your accommodation for students, and multiply and enforce those salutary regulations by which, while their education proceeds, their morals may be guarded; and we would say to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, do not infringe the chartered rights of your sister institution, for what is more a matter of form and of etiquette than of essential importance. Do not excommunicate her, because in one respect her discipline differs from yours. Judge of her by her fruits, if you would form a true judgment. Look at her educated men in all the professions, and in every department of life, and say whether they are inferior to your own.* In the church, at the bar, on the bench, in the senate, do they evince any want of that profound knowledge, or of that liberal culture, which might be useful and ornamental to themselves, and creditable to their University? And if not, let the character which the Dublin College has uniformly maintained, and the uninterrupted practice of more than two hundred years, be its protection against any regulation on your part, which must operate to the curtailment of its academic privileges, and savour more of pedantry, and of a spirit of illiberal monopoly, than of any just regard for the interests of learning, or laudable anxiety for the security of corporate advantages.

We would not have dwelt so earnestly upon this subject, if it did not present itself to us in a point of view, which impresses it upon us as a matter of very great national importance. Hitherto the connexion between Great Britain and Ireland was mainly preserved by the spirit of Protestant ascendency which was cherished in the latter country, and by which a strong tendency to separation was repeatedly encountered and resisted. The Protestants of Ireland, few in numbers, but important from their wealth and influence, found it necessary to lean upon England for assistance in support of their peculiar privileges; and only felt secure, in proportion as they were identified with her. But now that the wall of separation between them and their Roman Catholic brethren has been taken away, a great and a serious alteration in their disposition towards British connexion must be expected. The great bone of contention is removed; the cause which generated a British party in Ireland, and prevented the descendants of English settlers from becoming again, what they were

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* "But authorship is not the only, nor perhaps the best criterion, of a manly education. It is in real life, it is from professional exertions, it is from that ability, that readiness, that sound knowledge, which present themselves in the daily walks of business, that we are to estimate the true value and extent of University attainments. And here I do not blush for my country. Of our clergy, I do not now speak, —that shall presently be done; but looking to the different professions, I can say that our physicians are skilful, learned, and sagacious; that our School of Surgery is confessedly one of the first in Europe; that our bar, in legal knowledge, in constitutional principles, in appropriate eloquence, and in a constantly available fund of general information, stands pre-eminently high. In this House, at the beginning of the Session, I rejoiced to hear the eulogy pronounced, with an eloquence worthy of its object, of a distinguished character whom I love, admire, and revere,—the Lord Chief Justice of Ireland,—an eulogy certainly not superior to his merits. But this eminent person would be the first to allow, with generous satisfaction, that on the Irish bench, and at the Irish bar, are several, though not his rivals, his equals. And how were these men formed? My Lords, with few exceptions, they were formed at the Irish University, by the Irish clergy."—*Speech of the Bishop of Limerick, on the Tithe Composition Act in* 1824.

once before, "HIBERNICIS IPSIS HIBERNIORES," has ceased to exist; and Irish interests must soon become as dear to them, as they ever were to the Irish themselves.

From the moment the Emancipating Bill passed into a law, England may be said to have been delivered of a kingdom. The relation in which Ireland stood to her underwent a change as great as that which takes place between the embryo and the infant. Henceforth a new race has been begun; and the colonial party will begin to feel that identification of interest with the natives, which will cause them to consider British protection less necessary, and consequently British connexion less important. They will become, in fact, UNITED IRISHMEN—and what that term bodes, was already too recently near to being realised, to render it necessary more particularly to explain its import.

Could we be sure that the people of Ireland, in their present altered relation to the British government, would continue to feel, as strongly as we do ourselves, that the interest of both countries must be best promoted by their continuing united, we should be less solicitous respecting their future prospects. But the people of Ireland are heady and enthusiastic, and are more remarkable for the warmth of their feelings than for the soundness of their judgments. They are easily worked upon by representations of the peculiar resources of their country, and the degree in which, upon certain contingencies, these are susceptible of improvement; and indeed it would be much easier to make such representations appear most plausible, than to give the people, to whom they might be addressed, a strong conviction that they were not more specious than delusive. Hallucinations are much more easily created than dispelled amongst an imaginative race, who are fondly credulous of national importance, and eagerly desirous of national glory, and who would rather hope even against hope, and believe contrary to all probability, than acquiesce in the representations of those whom they have been taught to consider as the oppressors of their race, and as having a personal interest in their degradation. In such a case, a song from Tommy Moore would produce more effect than an essay from Lord Bacon.

But why have we introduced reflections such as these into an essay on the Dublin University? Because we would anticipate the causes, which are, we firmly believe, at this moment creating that disposition, by which Great Britain and Ireland may be eventually disunited. They stand in an altered relation to each other; and nothing can prevent that alteration from generating estrangement and leading to antipathy, but the most complete and perfect moral, and social, and political assimilation. We know not how this is to be produced, otherwise than through the instrumentality of the University. England no longer can depend upon *a colonial party* for maintaining her connexion with Ireland;—for *that* she must depend upon the sense entertained of the importance and value of that connexion. And it deeply concerns her that nothing be done which would have the effect of *provincialising* the literature, and giving an exclusively national character to that institute, which was founded not only for the purpose of improving the minds and forming the principles of the educated classes of the Irish community, but of causing them to blend with their English brethren, and become a united people. Instead, therefore, of repelling the graduates of the Dublin University, by a cold refusal upon the ground of non-residence to recognise them as upon an academic equality with themselves, the sister institutions of Oxford and Cambridge should rather seek, by every means in their power, to draw the connexion closer, which from the beginning was intended to subsist, and which has in fact, until of late, subsisted to their mutual advantage. This they should do, if they value the interests of learning and of the empire, more than their own monopoly; and if they are not desirous that the latter should be preserved, even at a price by which the former must be endangered!

We would earnestly recommend to all Universities the expediency of reconsidering the system upon which they at present proceed, with a view to such an accommodation to the altered circumstances of society at the present day, as may enable them more completely to fulfil the end of their being, by the promotion, on a larger scale, of the objects for which they were found-

ed. Formerly, the regularly educated bore a vast proportion to the irregularly educated part of the community. The mind of the country, which had been *truly* liberalized, by an elaborate and purifying process of education and intercommunion with the wise and good, was decidedly ascendant throughout the learned professions, and in the great council of the nation. At present the case is reversed. The irregularly and imperfectly educated bear a vast proportion to the regularly educated part of the community; and the Church, which is tolerably strict respecting the qualifications of those admitted into holy orders, is *the only* profession not overrun by a species of spurious liberalism, the child of conceited ignorance, and the parent of anarchy and revolution. Now, this is an evil which can never be remedied by any enlargement of the limits of our Universities. The commonage of literature over which the mind of the country has been permitted to range, is too boundless for academic enclosure; and it is impossible to make collegiate rules either commensurate or compatible with that spirit of intellectual activity which is at present so strongly excited, and so universally diffused. Nor can it be denied, that the cases are not a few in which self-taught men have made attainments, which have rarely been surpassed by those whose studies were prosecuted under the most favourable circumstances within the walls of an university.

What we, therefore, would, with great humility, venture to suggest to the learned persons who preside over our venerable seats of learning is this;—that they would bestow some attention upon devising a plan by which the benefit *and the rank* of a regular education may be, as far as possible, extended to those who are desirous of obtaining them, but who are not so circumstanced as to be able to do so by residing in a University; that thus some attempt might be made to raise the standard of attainment, and stimulate the proficiency of those to whom "a little learning," (which they cannot be prevented acquiring,) might indeed prove a "dangerous thing." Is not the forward and presumptuous dogmatism, at present so lamentably prevalent in matters both religious and political, at least as much owing to the want of proper direction and encouragement, as to any irreclaimable perversity in the human mind? We think so; and we would fain prevent it, by looking kindly, and speaking cheeringly, to those who are struggling upwards, unassisted, on the rugged path of literary eminence, and lending them a helping hand, and vouchsafing them a gracious hint, where they must otherwise stumble, or be disposed to remain stationary. Thus they may be induced to carry on their studies to a degree of completeness, which would obviate much of the mischief likely to arise from crude and imperfect acquirements. Instead of a jealousy towards their more regularly graduated brethren, they would cherish a feeling of affection and respect; and if they did not themselves arrive at the land of promise, they would, at all events, come within sight of it, under circumstances which would dispose them to pronounce a blessing rather than a curse upon those who were more favoured.

Thus the bad principles which so universally prevail amongst the irregularly educated, might be, in a great measure, prevented; and the bad feeling with which they are disposed to regard all the regularly educated classes, would be altogether removed. A certain course of study, which might easily be prescribed, and which would imply not a superficial, but a thorough acquaintance with much that is humanizing and elevating in literature, and much that is profound and ennobling in philosophy, must necessarily give rise to an "*esprit du corps*," and serve to detach those who had made a suitable proficiency in it from the ruffian levellers by whom the peace of the country is disturbed, and its institutions endangered. There would thus be multiplied a species of *lay fraternity*, who would make common cause with their brethren of the University, and serve to break, if not to repel, the violence of that formidable combination of ignorance, violence, and presumption (those Titans of our day) by whom they are threatened; and who may otherwise prove as terrible in their hostility, as they are abominable in their principles, or monstrous in their pretensions.

But whatever may be thought of this latter proposal, neither Oxford nor Cambridge need apprehend any loss of reputation from the closest and the most cordial intercourse and intercom-

munity with their younger sister in Ireland. "The University," says Bishop Jebb, himself one of its brightest living ornaments, "which, in its earliest days, produced Usher, the most profoundly learned offspring and ornament of the Reformation; and Loftus, in Oriental letters rivalled only by his great coeval Pocock; which afterwards sent forth, to shine among the foremost of our Augustan age, Parnel, the chastest of our poets; Swift, the purest of our prose writers; and Berkeley, the first of our metaphysicians: which formed, nearly in our own time, perhaps within the recollection of some noble Lords who hear me, Goldsmith, our most natural depictor of life and manners; Burke, the greatest philosophic statesman of his own or any other age or country; —and, why should I not add Grattan, the eloquent assertor of his country's rights, the parent of Irish independence?—the University, which sent forth such men, is not now degenerating, is not likely to degenerate, from her ancient rank and name, and needs not blush to be compared with either University of England. On this subject, if I speak with more than common interest, I speak at the same time soberly, advisedly, and from intimate acquaintance with the facts. The course of study there laid down, the rules of discipline there enjoined, are well known to me; and how those studies are directed, and how that discipline is administered, under the learned, wise, and excellent person who presides over that University, I could abundantly and most satisfactorily testify, were I not restrained by the consideration that, from early youth, that person* has been among the most familiar, and most cordial of my friends."

When it is considered that the Dublin University, although founded since 1593, could not be said to have enjoyed quiet, or indeed to have been free from disturbance, for one hundred years after its foundation, and that no provision was made by its founders, for what may be called literary leisure, without which no work of great extent, or of lasting utility, can fairly be expected; when it is considered, that the government and education of more than fifteen hundred students is confided to a provost, and five and twenty fellows, by whom also various arduous professorships and offices connected with the regimen of the University are filled, it will be seen with how little reason, from men so circumstanced, any great exertions in the field of general literature, are to be expected. And yet, we think, the eloquent enumeration of great names, which we have extracted from the speech of the learned Bishop, and which will live as long as letters endure, were sufficient to shield her from the reproach of being "the silent sister." To these may be added, Dodwell and Leland, and Husey, Burgh, and Yelverton, and Flood, and Fitzgibbon, and Curran, and Burke, and Plunket, and Magee,†

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* Dr Kyle, Provost of the Dublin University.

† We cannot omit extracting the following sketch of the character of Archbishop Magee, from a little pamphlet which appeared some years since in Dublin. The writer, having refuted the calumnies by which his Grace was assailed, thus proceeds:

"And here I think it unnecessary to insist on what no one who values his own character can pretend to deny, Dr Magee's pre-eminent claim to distinction for learning and ability. When in College he was not more remarkable for the vigour of his understanding than for the goodness of his heart. His attainments as a scholar were not more calculated to inspire respect, than his warmth and sincerity as a friend, and his courtesy and urbanity as a gentleman, to win and secure esteem and admiration. I question whether there ever was an individual in the University so deeply, so universally, and so permanently beloved. The great powers of his mind were so liberally exerted on behalf of others, and his prodigious intellectual superiority, of the consciousness of which it was impossible that he should divest himself, sat so easy upon him, that those who applied to him for advice or assistance did so with so much faith in the cordial and unostentatious generosity of his nature, that they seemed rather to be drawing upon a banking house, where they had made a provision to meet their demands, than soliciting what depended upon the will of another. And well might they be thus confident in their appeals to a heart which beats but for purposes of benevolence. There was such an air of frankness in his manner, and his fine countenance so sparkled with delight when employed in the service of his friends, that

and Hales, and Greaves, and Burrows; men of whom, assuredly, Oxford or Cambridge might well be proud; but upon whom, we suppose,

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they might almost be deceived into the belief that they were doing him a favour in permitting him to oblige them. His means and opportunities have been few compared with those of other men; but I venture to say, that if the number of those who, at one time or another, had reason to acknowledge him as their benefactor, could be collected together, they would form a phalanx before him through which the enemies of the Established Church, numerous as they are, and who must, of course, be his enemies, would find it difficult to penetrate.

"In our College the tutors are almost proverbially kind and generous to their pupils. And they have all so much to do, that it is not surprising if they confine themselves to the care of those of whom they are, in an especial manner, the guardians and instructors. But it was the peculiarity of Dr Magee that he was felt as an almost universal benefactor. His presence diffused a cheering and a vivifying influence through the University. As all classes took pride in his talents, so all classes claimed the privilege of his patronage. There were few, from the highest to the lowest of either the fellows or students, who would not, almost instinctively, turn to him for sympathy or assistance in any case of distress or perplexity. And any *appropriation* of his services by his own pupils would be resented as a kind of monopoly, derogatory to him, and injurious to the University.

"A severe devotion to abstract science is not always beneficial to the mind. Attainments, made with difficulty, are commonly valued beyond their importance. Accordingly, many men, eminent for their proficiency in science, have been not a little tinged with pedantry, and inflated with pride, even while they were so obviously without any intellectual character upon general subjects, that, without the grade of collegiate rank, they must sink to a very ordinary level in society. But Dr Magee's proficiency was so rapid, and made with so much ease, the most formidable difficulties so speedily vanished before his intuitive sagacity, that his success never inspired him with any inordinate self-sufficiency. His mind was never *overlayed* by its vast and various stores of knowledge, nor his natural character disfigured by the slightest shade of affectation. On the contrary, there appeared, in his whole behaviour, something so undisguised, something so transparent, something so eminently and intrinsically great and excellent, as to render the stamp of academic distinction nugatory and superfluous. Wherever he went, he carried about with him, in the shining qualities of his mind, his own credentials. He seemed rather to have come down from some higher sphere, than to have been raised from some lower one to the station which he occupied. And it was matter of common observation, that the University derived more lustre from its connexion with Magee, than Magee from his connexion with the University.

"But the sweetest and most engaging instances of his philanthropy, were undoubtedly those in which he made it his business, and found it his pleasure, to direct and animate by his advice the young men in whom he perceived any remarkable degree of ability. While he literally watched over them with the affection of a father, he entered into their views, and concerned himself in their interests, with the warmth and familiarity of a friend. Were they desponding, they were cheered; were they negligent, they were counselled; were they straitened by pecuniary difficulties, relief was liberally afforded. Did they experience a difficulty in mastering any of the severer sciences, with all the cares and business of his laborious station upon him, his assistance never was withheld.

"Many are the hours of despondency which hang upon the spirits of the young man, who, unsupported by wealth or patronage, is labouring, by the path of academic distinction, for the attainment of a reputable independence. Frequent are the misgivings which damp his ardour in a pursuit in which health is not seldom irrecoverably lost before the object is accomplished. And no one feels, with more poignant bitterness, "that sickness of the heart which arises from hope deferred."—How often has Dr Magee passed, from the sweet privacy of his own domestic circle, to the lonely room of the pale and wasted votary of science, and banished, by his benignant presence, and his cheerful and animating conversation, the morbid melancholy that was preying upon him, and that might otherwise have brought him to an untimely grave! How often have the studies, which were abandoned in disgust or despair, been resumed at his instance, with alacrity and diligence, and ultimately rewarded with a

to use the eloquent language of Grattan when speaking of the great Kirman, "the curse of Swift must have fallen," because they were Irishmen and men of genius, and employed that genius in the service of their country.

The celibacy of the fellows of the Dublin University has been a subject much discussed; and many are disposed to consider the restraint thus put upon them unwise, unjust, and injurious. The reasons which render celibacy uncomfortable and objectionable are so obvious, and have been so frequently before the public, that the reader, we are persuaded, will excuse us for not setting them forth at large. Would that we could equally calculate upon his forbearance, while we defend the present practice, and offer what appear to us conclusive arguments against any meditated innovation!

As the college is intended for the benefit of the country, so the fellows are appointed for the use of the college. The first consideration, therefore, is not what may be most comfortable for the one, but what may be most expedient for the other. We will first state the hardship to which the fellow is subjected by not being permitted to marry, and next, the grounds upon which such an injunction may be defended.

The man who is a candidate for a fellowship, knows very well the condition on which alone it can be obtained. He is, therefore, as it were, a purchaser with notice. He cannot complain, without being thought unreasonable, of a privation to which, with his eyes open, he consented; and his submission to which was indispensable to his success. So far, we think, the regulation is free from the imputation of injustice.

But still its actual hardship is complained of. And what is its hardship? Let us suppose a young man to get a fellowship at five and twenty. He will, in all probability, have the option of a valuable church preferment before ten years. That is, before five and thirty he may retire from college upon L.1000 a-year. He is not, then, assuredly too old to be married; and it curiously happens, that that is the very period of life that has been fixed upon, by one of the wisest men who ever lived, as the most suitable in which, for those who live in our latitudes, to enter into the married state. So much for the hardship of the condition, upon which a young man receives a most eligible provision for life, and rank and consideration in the world!

And now, a word respecting the advantages of the present practice. Those who have been educated in Dublin College will, we believe, all bear testimony to the purity and integrity with which every thing relating to its internal administration is conducted. A young man from the remotest part of Ireland, friendless and unconnected, enters the Examination Hall, and takes his seat on the fellowship bench, with a perfect conviction that justice will be done him, and that his success will be measured by his deserts, no matter who the candidates are, who are contending against him. And he is never, or scarcely ever, disappointed. Should he succeed, he owes his success to his talents and attainments; and he must needs be proud of a distinction which adds so much of character and rank to so many desirable academic advantages. To this we are persuaded is chiefly to be attributed the highly honourable manner in which the junior fellows discharge their important duties, and the distinguished ability, as well as the strict impartiality, with which they adjudicate the honours of the University.

But if the fellows were permitted to marry, they would, in all probability, have sons and daughters. And it is, also, not a little probable, that the senior fellows would be called upon to examine their own children, as competitors, for a provision for life,

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success by which they never could be attended but for his generous and inspiriting encouragement!

"Why, my Lord, do I allude to these things? Not, be assured, in the vain hope of doing justice to the character of the Archbishop of Dublin. But, seeing that he is made a mark for obloquy, that bigotry has unkennelled her pack upon him, and that scorn seals the lips of his friends, while calumny excites the clamour of his enemies, I could not forbear to offer my tribute of admiration, poor and unacceptable as it is, and to bear my feeble testimony to the worth of a man, whose character I have never contemplated without thinking better of human nature."

against others who had only their talents to recommend them. Now, in such a case, is strict impartiality to be expected? We trow not. The father who should, under such circumstances, engage to be impartial, would only on that account be the more to be distrusted. He would but deceive himself, and the truth would not be in him. Thus, the perfect fairness for which collegiate examinations are at present so honourably distinguished, would be destroyed, and the whole system would speedily become corrupt and worthless.

When we consider the alliances that would naturally take place between the children of men, whose rank in life was the same, and whose tastes and habits were so very similar, we can easily conceive the kind of family compact that would soon be formed, by which the college would be converted into a close borough, and its influence made use of for the aggrandisement of individuals, whose interest, for the time being, might happen to be ascendant!

We can easily conceive a senior fellow, having a son and a son-in-law at the board, and all called upon to examine another son, who is a candidate for the office of junior fellow! Now, would that be fair? Would it be decent? Even if relatives so much concerned for his interest could be impartial, must not such a candidate, from the very circumstance of his acquaintance with them, *and knowledge of their peculiarities*, have advantages in such a contest not possessed by his competitors? Or, what amounts to nearly the same thing, must not they have a suspicion that there is a bias in his favour, and that he does possess such advantages?

So strongly was this felt, that when the son of a senior fellow, (for before the late act they were permitted to marry,) became a candidate for a fellowship, his father absented himself from the examination! This has happened when the courses were most weighty and important, in which the father should have examined, and which accordingly fell to the lot of some junior fellow, whose avocations, no matter what may be his abilities or his attainments, must have rendered it exceedingly difficult for him to be so prepared as to do the candidates or the college justice!

Now, are all these inconveniences (and they will, we think, be allowed to be great, and by which the University must be seriously injured,) to be incurred, only that young gentlemen may be permitted to marry ten years too soon, and thus to run the risk of doing what might be, as far as they are personally concerned, an imprudent thing, as well as injurious to the best interests of the body which conferred upon them opulence and respectability?

Besides, the desire of being married, and settled in the world, is a strong inducement to fellows to accept of College livings, when they have the option of so doing; thus the circulation of fellowships is quickened, and young men are advanced and provided for, who might otherwise sink under a course of laborious preparation, which, when protracted beyond its usual term, is all but insupportable;—thus, also, the country parts of Ireland are furnished with able and learned men, who generally prove, also, most efficient and exemplary clergymen. By this means one part of the original intention of the founders of the University is at present fulfilled, they having provided, "that when the fellows should have completed seven years in their office, from the time of taking the degree of Master of Arts, they should be displaced from their fellowship, and others elected in their room, *for the benefit of the Church and the kingdom.*"

We had intended (but are prevented by the length to which the present paper has already extended,) to have offered some remarks upon the course of education pursued in the Dublin University. We shall only at present observe, that it would not perhaps be unworthy of the attention of the governing members to consider, whether of late years classical learning has been sufficiently attended to; and whether the moral and theological bear a sufficient proportion to the physical and mathematical parts of the scientific course.

We know that a classical medal is awarded, at the termination of his College studies, to the best answerer in a very extended range of Greek and Latin writers, a competent acquaintance with whom implies very considerable classical attainments. But this can only benefit the very highest order of classical students, as the competition for the medal is in fact confined to

the premium men, while the withdrawal of premium from the upper classes operates to the discouragement of classical studies, just then when they become most interesting, and ought by all fair means to be promoted.

It would also be well worthy of being, if possible, specifically ascertained, whether the increase which has taken place in the courses of physics and mathematics has been productive or not of any very decisive advantage. Has the average knowledge of the students in general been increased or diminished since the course became more difficult and extended? Has the answering, on the whole, been better or worse? We well know that individuals, who possess sufficient of talent and energy to master *all* the difficulties which at present lie in their way, must be superior, in point of actual attainment, to their predecessors, who were called upon to conquer no such difficulties. But we also know, that there are many who will be discouraged from making any attempt to gain even a very moderate degree of scientific information, from the very hopelessness of overcoming, what appear to them as insuperable impediments. Seeing clearly that they cannot accomplish all, they are disheartened from endeavouring to accomplish any thing; and, like the Indian who was caught in the rapids of Niagara, and who, when he found all his efforts to stem the tide unavailing, lay down in his boat, and, with his pipe in his mouth, suffered himself, most composedly, to be precipitated down the cataract, they learn to acquiesce in a kind of "fat contented ignorance" of those things, the value of which they are ready enough to admit, but which had never been presented to them except under such an aspect as rendered the attainment even of a moderate acquaintance with them, apparently as impracticable as it was confessedly important.

But we must not be led out of our depth, or trespass longer on the patience of the reader. We have endeavoured, in the preceding pages, to sketch the history, detail the regulations, and estimate the worth, of the Dublin University. We have done so, because it appears to us especially important, that at the present time it should be known and valued; and because we were anxious to point out not only the degree in which it has been hitherto serviceable to the cause of literature, but the still greater degree in which it is capable of being made so. Our suggestions may be crude, they may be impracticable; but they are offered in the sincerest spirit of good will towards an institution, which we have ever venerated and loved, by which the intentions of its royal founders have been already so much more than fulfilled—which can number amongst its sons some of the brightest ornaments of the pulpit, the senate, and the bar, which have ever illustrated any age, or adorned any country—and which seems destined, if justice be done it, to accomplish still higher objects, and to make national improvement and national renown subservient to the union, the glory, the happiness, and the prosperity of the empire.

SKETCHES OF ITALY AND THE ITALIANS, WITH REMARKS ON ANTIQUITIES AND FINE ARTS.—*Continued.*

XLIII. THE TINMAN OF NAPLES.

The romantic adventures of the Neapolitan painter, Antonio Solario, better known under the name of "Il Zingaro," (the Tinman,) are worth recording, as, although an able artist, and well known in Rome, Bologna, and Venice, he is not mentioned by Vasari or Baldinucci. The son of an artizan at Chieti, in the Abruzzi, he came to Naples early in the fifteenth century to exercise the trade of his father, and was occasionally employed in the house of Colantonio del Fiore, one of the most celebrated painters of his time. Here he saw and loved the artist's daughter, and so ardent was his attachment, that he had the temerity to demand her in marriage of her father. Colantonio, although a distinguished and wealthy man, betrayed no irritation at this audacious proposal, which appeared rather to amuse than offend him, and, without positively rejecting it, told the tinman that he would give him his daughter in marriage whenever he became as good a painter as her father. The enamoured artisan was not dismayed by

the condition, and demanded time for its performance. Colantonio gave him ten years, and even promised that during that period his daughter should not marry. This singular agreement soon became the talk of Naples, and even of the Neapolitan court, where it is said to have been ratified in presence of Queen Marguerite, and the Princess Joanna. The enterprising tinman, attracted by the celebrity of Lippo d'Almasi, departed for Bologna, and studied in that school with such ability and perseverance, that in a few years he made great progress in painting and design. Ere long, the name of "Il Zingaro" became celebrated throughout Lombardy, and after seven years of study at Bologna, he surpassed his teacher, and proceeded to the other schools of Italy in quest of higher talent. He worked in the atteliers of the most distinguished masters at Florence, Ferrara, Rome, and Venice, and after the expiration of nine years and a few months, he returned to Naples during the reign of Joanna II. A nobleman, whose portrait he had painted, presented him to the queen, and he besought her acceptance of a small picture of the Madonna and Infant Saviour, surrounded with angels, which Signorella says is still in existence. At the same time, to the great astonishment of the court, he declared himself Il Zingaro della Promessa. His professional ability was farther proved by a portrait of the queen, which added greatly to his reputation. His royal patroness sent for Colantonio, and asked his opinion of the two pictures, without naming the artist. Struck with admiration, he acknowledged with generous frankness his own inferiority to the painter of those pictures, whom he pronounced the ablest artist of his time. On this avowal, the Zingaro, who was concealed in the apartment, stepped forward, and claimed the performance of the agreement. Colantonio was infinitely surprised by the discovery, and after having ascertained that the pictures were really executed by the tinman, gave his consent to the marriage. He was censured by some of his connexions for bestowing his daughter upon a man of such mean origin: "I marry her," he replied, "to no tinman, but to Solario the Painter." The professional ability, and the romantic attachment of Il Zingaro, which name adhered to him through life, rapidly increased his reputation, and from the period of his marriage he was much employed. He introduced his wife's portrait and his own into the altar-piece of San Pietro in Areno at Naples. Dominici praises his Descent from the Cross in the church of San Domenico Maggiore, and compares it with the best pictures of Albert Durer, who flourished a century later. The Zingaro excelled principally in heads, which he coloured admirably, and in a style resembling that of Titian. He died in 1455.

XLIV. VENETIAN TRAGEDY.

I have just returned home laughing from a tragedy, and I hasten to record the joke while yet fresh in remembrance. The piece was not without merit; the author had introduced all the customary tragic matadors, the performers were by no means deficient in ability, and some of the situations were new and happily conceived. The leading characters were two fathers in deadly feud; a son and daughter of the one deeply in love with the daughter and son of the other; and one pair of lovers even privately married. During several acts, the conflict of wild and lawless passions was pourtrayed with abundant vehemence, and at length the irreconcilable hatred of the fathers interposed such invincible obstacles to the happiness of the loving pairs, that no remedy remained but the assassination of the two obstinate old men, which catastrophe they accordingly wrought upon each other to the great delight of the spectators, who applauded long and loudly.

When the curtain fell, the applause was renewed, and accompanied with cries of Fuora! Fuora! which continued until the happy couples crept before the curtain, made their obeisance, and disappeared. The people, however, were not yet satisfied: the clapping of hands continued, with loud cries of *I morti!* (the dead men!) who were at length compelled to make their appearance and their bows. The spectators cheered them with shouts

of "*bravi i morti!*" and the applause continued a considerable time, during which the dead men were obliged to remain in view. The zest of this joke can, however, only be felt in all its force by those who have been accustomed to the hearty Bravo! Bravi! of the Italians, and to such the application of this emphatic mark of approbation to the dead is indescribably ludicrous.

GOETHE.

XLV. VENETIAN COMEDY.

At length I can truly say that I have seen a comedy. The actors of St Luke's theatre performed this evening, "Le Baruffe Chiozzotte;" which title may be rendered into "Life at Chiozza," a well-known suburb-island of Venice, inhabited by sailors and boatmen. The characters consist of the Chiozzians, their wives, sisters, and daughters; and the peculiarities of these people, their impetuous but natural manners, their slang-terms, their every-day sayings, doings, and dealings in amity, rivalry, and hostility, are faithfully and admirably pourtrayed and contrasted. I had, the day before, been at Chiozza, and the language and other characteristics of the inhabitants were still so fresh in my memory, that I was enabled to follow the spirit of the plot, although many of the allusions were not intelligible to me. In the first scene, the females of Chiozza are discovered on the harbour-quay, sitting before the houses, and employed in sewing, knitting, and spinning. A young fellow passes by, and greets one of them more pointedly than the others, whose jealousy promptly breaks out in remarks and innuendos, which provoke retort, and are thus gradually sharpened into taunts and reproaches. One rudeness succeeds and surpasses another, until, at length, one of the most vehement speakers throws a galling fact in her neighbour's teeth; and now ensues loud and vehement abuse, which, by ludicrous gradations, rises into pointed insult, and at length terminates in personal violence, which attracts the notice and active interference of the police. The second act, opens in the police-office, where the actuary presides instead of the absent Podesta, who, as a nobleman, must not be personified on the stage. The actuary, who is enamoured of one of the Chiozza fair-ones, contrives to give a private audience to each of the aggrieved parties; and when tête-à-tête with his favourite, instead of receiving her evidence, avails himself of the opportunity to declare his passion. During this tender effusion, another female, in love with the actuary, and prompted by jealous misgivings, bursts angrily into the room, followed by the exasperated lover of the other girl. All the others now rush upon the stage *en masse,* reproaches and retorts fly in all directions, and the police-office, like the quay of Chiozza, exhibits the noise and confusion of Babel. In the third act, the discord reaches its climax, and the joke terminates with an abrupt and rather commonplace denouement. The happiest conception of the author is developed in the stammering articulation of an old sailor, whose difficulties of utterance are humorously contrasted with the fluency of his laughing, chattering neighbours. He cannot utter a sentence without some preparatory workings of the lips, hands, and arms; and as he cannot even thus accomplish more than a few words, he has accustomed himself to a serious and laconic brevity of phrase, which gives a sententious and oracular solemnity to all he utters, thus admirably balancing and contrasting with the lively, headlong, rapid diction of the others. No small portion, however, of my gratification, arose from the loud and joyous sympathy of the lower class of spectators, who were delighted to see themselves so naturally personified, and accompanied this lively farce from beginning to end with shouts of laughter and applause. The performers acquitted themselves admirably. The first actress, especially, was bewitchingly natural, and indeed the women, collectively, pourtrayed this scene of every-day life at Chiozza, with wonderful truth of tone, look, and gesture. This comedy, compounded of such slender materials, and yet so effective, does great credit to the ingenious author, Goldoni. It is written, throughout, with a practised hand, and shews a deep knowledge of what is termed the "trick of the stage."

GOETHE.

XLVI. NIGHT SONGS OF THE VENETIAN BOATMEN.

I HAVE this evening heard the celebrated melody to which the Venetian boatmen sing the verses of Tasso and Ariosto. This night-music must be bespoken, as the practice is now of rare occurrence, and nearly obsolete. I entered a gondola by moonlight, accompanied by two singers, one at the head, the other at the stern of the boat, where they began to sing alternate verses. The melody, with which Rousseau has made us acquainted, is a monotonous and declamatory modulation, somewhat resembling recitativo; the tone and measure occasionally varying with the subject of the verse. I was informed, that when these night-songs were in general practice, an unemployed boatman, while sitting on the quay, or in his gondola, would sing some well-known verse of Tasso, to the popular melody, and in tones so loud and thrilling, as to reach far over the still surface of the waters. A distant boatman, catching the air and words, would then respond with the following verse; the first singer rejoined with the succeeding lines, and the far-off voices fell like echoes on the ears of listeners. These songs were often continued all night, without any fatigue to the performer; and the farther they stood from each other, at any practicable distance, the more enchanting was the effect to the hearers who placed themselves in the middle distance to listen with advantage. To demonstrate this effect, the singers landed with me on the shore of the Giudecca, and took their positions at the proper distance from each other, while I paced backwards and forwards between them, so timing my walk as to leave the one when he began to sing, and approach the other, whose commencement was again the signal for my return to the first singer. By this process, the sense and object of these melodies became at once intelligible. The effect of the answering voices from the distance was singularly impressive: They sounded, not mournfully, but complainingly, and yet they affected me almost to tears. I attributed this sympathy to the saddened tone of my feelings at the moment; but the old boatman remarked, "è singolare come quel canto intenerisce, e molto piu quando è piu ben cantato."

He wished, he said, that I could hear the women of Malamocco and Palestrina sing the verses of Tasso to this and similar melodies, and farther told me, that it was their wont to sit at evening on the sea-shore when their husbands were fishing in the distance, and sing these songs in tones loud enough to reach the fishermen, who answered them in the intermediate verses. There is something at once beautiful and touching in this intercourse of affection across the waters of the Adriatic; and the simple notes of these melodies, which, in the work of Rousseau, are so meagre and unsatisfactory, acquire life and character when thus employed by two distant and solitary beings for purposes of sympathy. GOETHE.

XLVII. ROMAN JUSTICE.

I WITNESSED, a few weeks since, the execution of a murderer in the Piazza del Popolo. He was a handsome young man, aged little more than twenty, and had been employed as a model by the German artists. Since the commission of his crime he had resided in a small town between Rome and Naples, and had lately ventured to return, thinking probably that the murder was forgotten. About this time, however, the Roman police had determined to make an example, and the offender was arrested and prosecuted. His crime had been aggravated by signal treachery towards his victim, with whom he had been solemnly reconciled, and yet immediately after, when invited by the other to his house, he basely stabbed him in the back. It is the practice in Rome to heighten the agonies of a criminal, by the excitement of imaginary terrors. The fatal sentence is not revealed to him until the night before its execution. Suddenly, and at midnight, he is conducted to a room hung with black drapery; a skeleton, holding a scythe and hour-glass, starts from the wall, while, at the same instant, a deep

sepulchral voice exclaims—“Thou must die!”

From this moment, however, to the last of his existence, the offender is constantly attended by his “comforter.” These comforters, who are masked, and are usually persons of high rank, avail themselves of these opportunities to perform a meritorious and acceptable service, thinking probably that they can thereby expiate their own offences. Early on the morning of execution several masked individuals, some of whom are usually men of rank, walk through the city with boxes, and collect alms for the condemned criminal. The amount thus collected is given to the relatives of the sufferer by way of compensation for their loss, and they are moreover conveyed before the hour of execution beyond the city walls, and provided with meals for the day, to save them from all risk of witnessing a spectacle so trying to their feelings. The gallows is erected the previous evening in the Piazza del Popolo, and guarded throughout the night by Sbirri; and the doorway of one of the contiguous houses is hung with black, that the delinquent may receive there the Sacrament immediately before his execution. On the following morning, I found the entire piazza crowded with people. The criminal, enveloped in an old cloak, was brought in a cart to the doorway hung with black, through which he passed into the house, and immediately after his descent, the cart was crowded with spectators. After the Sacrament had been administered, the condemned man was led to the gallows. He mounted the ladder, and the executioner, after fixing the rope, called out to him—“Credisne tu in Jesu Christo?” The criminal answered in the affirmative, the hangman pushed him from the ladder, and stepped upon his shoulders to accelerate his death. Then sliding down the rope, he embraced and kissed the dead man, according to established custom, and in proof that he had entertained no malice towards the criminal. The fine proportions of the body were now admired and commented on by the surrounding Romans, many of whom exclaimed—“Che bel morto!” after which they asked the foreigners present how they liked the ceremony, (come piace, &c.); and now the blind poor proceeded through the streets of Rome, describing the unction with which the criminal had prepared himself for death, and the fortitude displayed in his last moments.

A fine young man, who succeeded the deceased as model to the German artists, has also a deed of blood upon his conscience, but has hitherto escaped the hands of justice. He was watching a party of men playing at the popular game of skittles, when a quarrel arose among the players. The spectator interfered, and one of the parties, drawing his knife, rushed upon him. Evading the blow, he seized one of the massive skittles, dashed out the brains of the aggressor, and took refuge in a church, where no sbirri dared to follow him. The German painters, solicitous to preserve their model, disguised him in the costume of a bullock-driver, and brought him to the Piazza d'Espagna, where he was safe from the grasp of the police. Contenting himself with the limits of his sanctuary, he has married and settled there. Meanwhile, the German artists are making interest to obtain his pardon. The model employed by the French academy has also signalized himself by more than one murder. He has some knowledge of the art of pottery, and knows how to set a stove, which is a talent of great rarity in Rome. While fixing a stove in my apartment last winter, he gave me a copious detail of three murders he had committed, and in which, he assured me, that he had been implicated by circumstances beyond his control. One of the slain had left a son, whom he had adopted and maintained. “I know well,” he concluded, “that some time or other, the boy will stab me; but it matters not, I shall always be a father to him.”

MORITZ.

XLVIII. ROMAN BEGGARS.

THE houseless wretch, who has no other resource upon earth, is sure to escape starvation by undertaking a pilgrimage to the Holy City, in which the lucrative professions of singing, praying, and begging, are practised

without intermission. There he is sure to obtain a portion of soup and bread at noon in every monastery; and the faster he can swallow his soup and run from convent to convent, the more soup he will get. It is ludicrous to see the beggars every day at noon carrying their soup-jugs, and running like mad along the streets. This practice proves the want of a better system and a better police; but it is not unpleasing to reflect that there is one place on earth where the utterly poor and destitute cannot perish with hunger. Here, too, the beggar enjoys extraordinary privileges; and, however ragged and disgusting in appearance, he can enter with impunity the most brilliant Cafés when crowded with well-dressed people, walk round the circle, and address his petition to each individual. A negative is usually expressed by the phrase, "Non c'è niente!" (I have nothing for you.) Should the beggar persevere, he is never harshly dismissed, but is given to understand by the words, "Iddio vi provedera!" (God will provide for you!) that he has nothing to expect. The usual formula of mendicants is, "Date qualche cosa per l'amor di dio!" (Give something for God's sake!) and this "date qualche cosa," is eternally resounding in the ears of strangers in every quarter of Rome. Some beggars are extended on the ground, exhausted, and apparently in the very "article of death," and yet still soliciting relief from the passengers. Others merely extend their palms, and withdraw them in silence when repulsed with a "non c'è niente!" Most of the Roman beggars exhibit mutilated limbs, and not a few of them were deliberately injured in infancy by their parents, for the purpose of making them objects of charity: thus preserving them alike from the risk of want and the dreaded miseries of labour. The Romans dread the fatigue of labour more than contempt, disease, or even death itself. For every exertion they exact an extravagant remuneration, and after performing the most trifling service, they complain long and grievously of the fatigue it has cost them. With this deeply rooted aversion from labour of every kind, it is not wonderful that many of them rejoice in their mutilations, and prefer the passive trade of begging to every useful occupation. So far, indeed, is this hatred of labour carried, that some mendicants do not hesitate to assign it as the ground of their claim upon your compassion. One of them, a robust young fellow, who walks about in a black coat, thus words his petition for alms, "Sono cascato dalla scala di pigrizia, ed ho rotto il braccio!" (I have fallen from the ladder of idleness, and broken my arm.) Many people are so much amused with the naïve sincerity of this despicable plea, that they give the fellow a trifle for his honesty in confessing a motive which most beggars endeavour to mask under deception and falsehood. A sturdy and powerful youth of nineteen, whom I see every morning on the Corso, holds out a lame, stiff hand, and shouts with the lungs of a stentor, "Non son buono per fatiguare!" (I am not able to work!) "date mi qualche cosa per l'amor di dio!"

The income of these beggars bears a relative proportion to their outward infirmities. One of the most distinguished is a well-dressed, corpulent, and jovial-looking man, without legs, who crawls daily about the Corso, and by merely holding out his hat, obtains a donation from almost every passenger. This mendicant is so well provided for by the want of his legs, that many hundreds of the fraternity regard with envy a mutilation so obvious and so productive. Conscious of his advantages, he says it is better to be envied than pitied, looks the picture of contentment and good cheer, and discusses politics, wind, and weather, with the residents on the Corso, who regard him as a sort of neighbour. Another thriving beggar is a dwarf named Bajocco, who daily posts himself before the Grecian Coffeehouse in the Strada Condotti. Nature has been but a step-mother to this poor fellow, and yet his manifold infirmities and deformities have proved a most productive capital to him through life. In stature a dwarf, and with hands and feet strangely deformed, he appears rather a moving mass of flesh than a human being. He has nevertheless reached the advanced age of eighty years, and calls himself the poor *antique* Bajocco, an epithet which falls strangely upon ears to which the usual association of the word antique is familiar.

There is also in Rome a class of privileged beggars, who rattle large copper boxes, and collect alms for the souls of the poor in purgatory, on the

amount of which they receive a per centage from the monks who employ them. For this service, such beggars are selected as are most disfigured by disease or mutilation, or such as, from their cadaverous appearance, look like ambassadors from purgatory, sent back to earth to plead the cause of their fellow sufferers. These ghastly objects entreat your compassion for "le povere anime benedette del purgatorio," and in tones which become more hollow and sepulchral as the day advances, until in the evening they are hoarse and exhausted with unceasing repetition.

According to Romish dogma, death brings no relief from suffering, and all good Catholics believe that prolonged tortures await the unfortunate soul which has left no provision on earth to purchase release. This prevalent belief readily opens the hearts and purses of the benevolent when petitioned to remember the suffering souls of the poor, and thus the priests obtain their dues from the most destitute of the diseased poor through the sympathy of the living. Even the poorest beggars will often bestow their last copper coin upon this work of Christian charity.

Amongst the various stratagems of mendicity in Rome, is one practised by these agents of the monasteries, which makes so powerful an appeal to the strongest feelings of human nature, that it rarely fails to extort a contribution even from the most destitute. Two beggars, man and woman, place themselves at some distance from each other, and sing in hoarse and powerful voices alternate verses of a tremendous death-song, supposed to be chanted by the dead in purgatory. The aged father beseeches his surviving son, the deceased son his surviving mother, dead youths and maidens their surviving brothers and sisters, to sacrifice a small sum for the peace of their departed souls, and thereby to prove their affectionate remembrance of the dead, and their earnest desire to atone for any unkindness or neglect towards them during life. As this awful appeal to the affections and the conscience may be heard half the length of a street, there are many listeners, and amongst them not a few, who, having lost near relatives, are effectually reached by this imposing formula. There are indeed few families in Rome which have not the loss of a member to mourn for, who was either beloved during life, or became dear after death, and for whose benefit the survivors would eagerly make any sacrifice. And here is a remedy provided to meet this strongest yearning of human nature; to alleviate heart-rending sorrow; to bring healing to the wounded conscience. No zealous and warm-hearted Catholic can resist such an appeal. Windows are opened in all directions for the passage of contributions, and the mites of the poor, carefully folded in paper, are handed to the hoarse and greedy collectors, who receive them with ill-concealed exultation, and drop them into their copper boxes. These huge receptacles are emptied every night into the treasury of some convent, which derives a luxurious support by thus preying upon the sympathies of bereaved and mourning relatives.

Often have I heard the hoarse voices of two collectors resounding from each end of the short street in which I reside. Their cry is, "Io sono la tua madre," &c., or, "Io sono la tua sorella," &c. (I am thy mother, or I am thy sister, and suffering in purgatory.) These awful words, uttered in deep and hollow accents, which seem to issue from the tomb itself, are well adapted to call up a vivid recollection of loved and lost relations in the minds of the desolate survivors. The success of this ingenious device was never-failing. I never looked out of my window without witnessing the donations of my devout neighbours to these truly privileged mendicants.

MORITZ.

XLIX. FELICISSIMA NOTTE.

In northern Europe we may, without impropriety, say good night! to departing friends at any hour of darkness; but the Italians utter their Felicissima Notte only once. The arrival of candles marks the division between day and night, and when they are brought in, the Italians thus salute each other. How impossible it is to convey the exact properties of a foreign language by translation! Every word, from the highest to the lowest, has a peculiar significance, determinable only by an accurate knowledge of national and local attributes and peculiarities.

GOETHE.

L. THE PAPAL GUARDS.

I STOOD the other day on Monte Cavallo while the Papal Guards were drilled by a young officer, who took a world of pains, and gave the word of command with great vehemence of tone and gesture. At length his perseverance exhausted the patience of his men, one of whom, stepping forward from the ranks, thus questioned his commander.—"Ma quando finisce sta storia?" (When will this story be finished?) "Have a moment's patience, my son!" replied his officer; "we shall soon have done." The soldier fell back into his place, the exercise proceeded for a few seconds, and the men were dismissed.

On another occasion, I saw a soldier arrive on the ground and fall into the ranks when the drill was nearly over. "Why do you come so late, my son?" enquired the officer. "I have been hearing mass," replied the soldier. "Very well, my son!" rejoined his commander, and proceeded to drill his men. In Rome, a soldier is styled "Signor Soldato," by the lower classes. The situation of a private in the Papal Guard is esteemed a desirable provision, and candidates for the appointment address petitions to the Pope.

LI. THE VATICAN.

"Infamibus Vaticani locis magna pars tetendit; unde crebræ in vulgus mortes."—TACITUS.

THE highest splendour and the lowest poverty come here in contact. The immeasurable palace of the Vatican, and the enormous Basilica of St Peter, are hemmed in by narrow filthy streets, and wretched hovels. The unfortunate inhabitants of this pestilential district are chained there by their necessities, and look forward to each returning summer with a foreknowledge that its malignant fevers and epidemics will be fatal to no small portion of their number. The poisonous atmosphere of this quarter compels the Pope to abandon the Vatican palace at the commencement of the hot season, when he removes to his pleasant summer mansion on the Quirinal hill, the air of which is the most salubrious in Rome. In some streets near the Vatican, the malaria is so deadly in the summer nights that the poor inhabitants dare not sleep in their houses during that season. A young artist from Dresden lately perished here. Presuming too much upon his youth and vigorous constitution, he took lodgings here in the summer, and fell a sacrifice to his rashness.

LII. ROMAN PROVERBS.

I proverbi non fallano
E i pensieri non riescono.

Guardati da Alchimista povero,
Da Medico ammalato,
Da subita collera,
Da matto attizzato,
Da can, che non abbaja,
Da uom, che non parla,
Da opinion de' Giudici,
Da dubitation de' Medici,
Da recipe de' Speziali,
Da cetera de' notari,
Da malizie de' donne,
Da lagrime de' puttane,
Da bugie de' Mercanti,
Da ladri di casa,
Da serva ritornata,
Da furor di popolo.

I fatti sono maschj e le parole femine.
La donna ride quando puole, e piange quando vuole.
Una bella donna è l'inferno dell' anima, e il purgatorio della borsa.
Moglie e Magistrato dal Cielo è destinato.
Chi piglia moglie per denari, spesso sposa lite e guai.
Chi non vuol entrar in guai, non pigli moglie mai.
Femina, Vino, e Cavallo, mercanzia di fallo.

SONNETS ON THE SCENERY OF THE TWEED, BY DELTA.

SONNET DEDICATORY.

As we had been in heart, now linked in hand,
New Learmonth and the Cheviots left behind,
Homeward 'twas ours along the Tweed to wind,
Through the Arcadia of our own sweet land;
Vainly would words pourtray my feelings, when,
(Long dreary months of separation past,)
Fate gave thee to my longing arms at last,
And made me the most blessed among men.—
Accept these trifles, lovely and beloved,
And haply, in the days of other years,
When he, who penned them, sees thee not, nor hears,
Thou mayst retrace this tablet, not unmoved,
My Catherine! who through trials constant proved,
Which, while they woke thy scorn, yet cost thee tears.

NO. I.—MELROSE ABBEY.

Summer was on thee—the meridian light—
And, as we wandered through thy columned aisles,
Decked all thy hoar magnificence with smiles,
Making the rugged soft, the gloomy bright;
Nor was reflection from my breast apart,
As clomb our steps thy lone and lofty stair,
Till, gained the summit, ticked in silent air
Thine ancient clock, as 'twere thy throbbing heart;
Monastic grandeur and baronial pride
Subdued, the former half, the latter quite.
Pile of King David! to thine altar's site,
Full many a footstep guides, and long shall guide;
Where those are met, who met not save in fight,
And Douglas sleeps with Evers, side by side!

NO. II.—ABBOTSFORD.

The calm of evening o'er the dark pine wood
Lay with an aureate glow, as we explored
Thy classic precincts, hallowed Abbotsford!
And at thy porch in admiration stood:
We felt thou wert the work, the abode of Him
Whose fame hath shed a lustre on our age;
The mightiest of the mighty!—o'er whose page
Thousands shall hang, until Time's eye grow dim;—
And then we thought, when shall have passed away
The millions, now pursuing Life's career,
And Scott himself is dust—how, lingering here,
Pilgrims from all the lands of earth shall stray
Amid thy massy ruins, and survey
The scenes around, with reverential fear!

NO. III.—DRYBURGH ABBEY.

Beneath Tweed murmured 'mid the forests green;
And, through thy beech-tree and laburnum boughs,
A solemn ruin, lovely in repose,
Dryburgh! thine ivied walls by us were seen:

Thy court is now a garden, where the flowers
Expand in silent beauty, and the bird,
Flitting from bough to bough, alone is heard,
To fill with song thy melancholy bowers.
Yet did a solemn pleasure fill the soul,
As through thy shadowy cloistral cells we trode,
To think, white pile! that once thou wert the abode
Of men, who could to solitude control
Their hopes, and from ambition's pathways stole,
To give their whole lives sinlessly to God!

NO. IV.—NIDPATH CASTLE.

Stern rugged pile! thou speakest of the days
Of foray and of feud, when, long ago,
Homes were thought worthy of reproach or praise,
Only as yielding safeguards from the foe;
Over thy gateways the armorial arms
Proclaim of doughty Douglasses, who held
Thy towers against the foe, and thence repelled
Oft, after efforts vain, invasion's harms:—
Eve gloom'd the hills, as, by the Tweed below,
We sat, where once thine ample orchard smiled,
And yet where many an apple-tree grows wild,
Listening the blackbird, and the river's flow;
While high, between us and the western glow,
Thy vasty walls seem'd picturesquely piled.

NO. V.—WARK CASTLE.

Emblem of strength, which Time hath quite subdued!—
Scarcely on thy green mount the eye may trace
Those girding walls, which made thee once a place
Of succour, in old days of deadly feud;
Yes! thou wert once the Scotch marauders' dread;
And vainly did the Roxburgh shafts assail
Thy moated towers, from which they fell like hail;
While waved Northumbria's pennon o'er thy head.—
Thou wert the work of man, and so hath pass'd
Like those who piled thee; but the features still
Of steadfast Nature all unchanged remain;
Still Cheviot listens to the northern blast;
The blue Tweed yet winds murmuring round thy hill;
And Carham whispers of the slaughter'd Dane!

NO. VI.—THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

As speaks the sea-shell, from the window-sill
Of cottage-home, far inland, to the soul
Of the bronzed veteran, till he hears the roll
Of Ocean, 'mid its islands chafing still;—
As speaks the love-gift to the lonely heart
Of her, whose hopes are buried in the grave
Of him, whom tears, prayer, passion could not save,—
And Fate but link'd, that Death might tear apart,—
So speaks the ancient melody of thee,
Green "Bush aboon Traquair," that from the steep
O'erhangst the Leithen, that, mayhap afar,
Beyond the wide and separating sea,
The plaided Exile, 'neath the Evening Star,
Thinking of Scotland, scarce forbears to weep!

EXTRACTS FROM BUCHANAN'S EPITHALAMIUM, ON THE MARRIAGE OF FRANCIS OF VALOIS AND MARY STUART.

* * * *

A HAPPIER destiny, blest Prince! is thine;
To thee thy stars a long-known spouse assign:
In life's fair dawn thy budding love began,
Bloom'd in the youth, and ripen'd in the man.
The fears, which still the hearts of kings invade,
By chaffering states to foreign wives betray'd,
Thy bosom felt not—fears lest Fame should bring,
As 'tis her wont, report too flattering;
While on the regal stranger's charms she dwells,
And ranks her first of nature's miracles:
No tawdry pencil, disciplined to lie,
Cheated thee with its gaudy cozenry:
No sighs of thine the silent billet bore,
Thy cheek no whisper'd scandal crimson'd o'er;
Thine eyes survey'd, thy judgment calm approved
The face, the soul—examined ere beloved.
Woke not thy flame strong passion's lawless fire,
Or the light blazing of a boy's desire;
But more than female worth, than girlish mind,
And maiden grace and royal port combined.

* * * *

What—should the goddesses, on Ida scann'd
By Paris, give the kerchief to thine hand,
And bid thee throw as curious taste might please—
What, in the wildest ramblings of caprice,
More couldst thou crave?
Does beauty wake thy sigh?
Mark the soft lustre of her sparkling eye,
Her countenance the herald of her mind,
With maiden gay the matron grave combined;
And, yielding all to the enchanted gaze,
Mix'd in rare union majesty and grace.

Nor less her bosom Pallas and the Muse
In form with all that polish'd arts infuse:
And emulous to deck their favourite's soul,
With moral grandeur crown th' accomplish'd whole.

If an imperial wife to wish be thine—
A hundred monarchs dignify her line;
And 'mid the storms, which on her shore have broke
For twice ten centuries, no foreign yoke
Hath gall'd her country's stubborn neck: whate'er
Of hoariest date, or lying legends bear,
Or truer story tells, or poet's lay,
To hers are novelties of yesterday.

Grasp'st thou at dower? What richer than the crest
Of Scotia, and the corslet on her breast?
I vaunt not here her fields of waving grain,
The treasures stored within her dark domain;
Pregnant with gems her hills, her mines with gold,
O'er golden sands her glittering rivers roll'd—
Those vulgar riches, which with poor desire
Fire vulgar minds, and poison whom they fire.

Thine, quiver'd Caledonian, is the fame,
From the deep glen to rouse the woodland game;
The rapid flood to cleave; with noble scorn
Heat, cold, and hunger's fierce extremes to spurn;
Thine own blue mountains in the tented field,
Not with base walls, but broad claymore to shield;
Careless of life when glory courts thy view,
To faith's pure pledge, to unbought friendship true.

By arts like these, when war the wide world shook,
And not a land escaped the victor's yoke;
One race alone, in ancient freedom blest,
Dash'd back th' invader's weapon from its breast.
Here paused the furious Goth, the Saxon here;
Here idly whizz'd the Dane's, the Norman's spear;
Here, if time's mustier annals be survey'd,
His restless wing the Roman eagle stay'd—
He, whom nor arid Libya's drought repress'd,
Nor Parthian wastes, in dreariest livery dress'd;
Not Meroë's heat, not ice-bound Elbe or Rhine—
Quail'd, Scotia, as he met that patriot glance of thine.
Scotia! sole realm, from which not ridgy steep,
Imperious woods, or torrent loud and deep,
Guarded the Roman spoiler; but the wall,
Spanning from sea to sea the isthmus interval.
While others from their homes his mandate drave,
Or (heavier curse!) detain'd but to enslave;
Here, flinching from the hardy mountaineer,
He stoop'd the rampart's long defence to rear:
And hopeless of advance, with humbled pride,
The sundering bulwark placed by Carron's side.

* * * *

And thou, bright Nymph, to gild whose nuptial high,
Imperial Juno, Pallas, Venus, vie,
And every lavish grace conspires to deck—
Though he, the heir of Gallia, at thy beck
(He, Capet's regal sceptre born to wield,
And bear the unsullied lilies on his shield)
Fond homager! with glad obedience bow,
Thy sex revered, be yielding woman thou;
And, born a queen, without one rebel swell,
Bend thee to Hymen's golden manacle;
Bear the light discipline of wedlock's school,
Obey thy Lord, and, by obeying, rule.

Thou see'st yon crag, how Ocean's surges lash,
How o'er its frowning brow his billows dash,
Till sapp'd or scoop'd, it owns his victor hand;
But when with smooth acclivity the strand
Appears the boisterous rover to invite,
Subdued by softness, he foregoes his might:
No longer hoarse with threats, or blanch'd with foam,
Peaceful and calm he seeks his gentle home;
And rippling sweetly far as eye can reach,
Whispers his joys, and seems to kiss the beach.

Behold again, with what entwining grasp,
Yon oak the ivy's flexile tendrils clasp,
And subtilely winding o'er his branches, climb
Till their green tresses wave in air sublime:—
Thus by compliance coldness shalt thou shun,
Thus shall thy husband's love be kept, or won.

July 6. FR. WRANGHAM.

FIRST AND LAST.

No. V.

FIRST AND LAST LOVE.

"Heigho!" exclaimed Agnes Fitzroy, as she let her harp escape slowly from her hands, and its balanced position against her knee, while the last notes of a plaintive air of Mehul's were faintly dying off the strings. "Heigho!"—and she threw herself languidly back into her chair.

"Mercy on us!" ejaculated her pretty, lively cousin, Jane Douglas, who was sitting at the window, twirling and untwirling round her fair fingers the gold chain, from which hung an eye-glass—not worn for ornament, but use—and not therefore a quizzing glass, but a necessary supplement to a pair of sparkling black eyes, whenever they wished to discern distinctly any object that was more than three feet distant from them. "Mercy on us! That was a terribly long and sentimental heigh—o! I wonder where it is gone to?—Positively I felt it fan upon my cheek as it escaped out of the window, and I declare," she continued, looking through her glass, with a well-feigned air of serious amazement, "I declare, I can see it;—yes, there it goes, floating like gossamer, upon that soft, yellow moonbeam, over the grove of chestnut trees, in the very direction of the parish church!"

"How can you be so ridiculous!" said Agnes, half pouting, half smirking, at the fanciful raillery of her sprightly cousin.

"How can you be so unamiable," retorted Jane, "to have for your companion such a discreet and trust-worthy personage as myself, and yet make your heart like the prison-house of the ghost in Hamlet—the abode of untold secrets?"

"I can't say I understand you," replied Agnes, rising, and advancing towards the window with an exceedingly demure look.

"But I understand you," answered Jane, taking her hand, "thanks to these tell-tale fingers, and that terrible heigh—o, which by this time, I dare say, has arrived at its journey's end, creeping like a wreath of mist through the key-hole of the church door, and settling itself like a diamond dew-drop, or perhaps curled round in the shape of a ring, upon the altar table. Yes!" she continued, playing with the long taper fingers of Agnes, and addressing them as if they could understand what she said, "you are never tired—no, not you—of giving melodious birth to that sweetly plaintive and enchanting air of Mehul's, since it was so rapturously praised, and a repetition of it so beseechingly implored, the other night, by a certain tall, and tolerably good-looking young gentleman, who stood watching your fairy motions with so enamoured a spirit, that he could not see who was laughing at his lack-a-daisical appearance."

"Go on—pray go on, my merry cousin," said Agnes; "you are quite poetical this evening, and it is really charming to listen to you."

"I have no doubt it is," rejoined Jane. "It is always charming to have other people do for us what we would fain have done, though we like not to do it, for ourselves."

"I dare say," said Agnes, "you think yourself a wonderfully clever girl—the very Newton of petticoat philosophers, in the discovery of love secrets."

"Not at all, my dear cousin," replied Jane; "but you know it cannot be *so very* difficult to perceive the symptoms of any particular malady, in a person who is *so very* subject to its dreadful attacks. Let me see—it was last June twelvemonth, I think, when you were first seized,—but that was only a slight attack, for you got well before the end of the month. Then you had another, about the beginning of August following, which lasted nearly till Michaelmas day—then a third in November, and that stuck to you all the winter—like my aunt Rachel's Christmas cough, as she calls it. You were but just recovering from this in the spring, when—one, two,—yes, you had three terribly sharp fits, one after another, in that proverbially dangerous month, the month of May. It was hardly thought possible

you could recover from the last of them, and so it was determined that the clergyman should be sent for, but——"

Agnes sprung to her harp, and leaning over it in a graceful, sylph-like attitude, first drowned the voice of Jane with an extempore prelude of crashing chords, and then silenced her, while she played divinely the saucy air of "Cease your funning."

When she had done, there was a pause; and just at that moment the moon was partially obscured by a light fleecy cloud passing over it. Agnes had returned to the window, and her eyes were directed towards that mild, pale luminary, which was now beginning to edge, with a soft, silvery radiance, the border of the cloud from which it was slowly emerging.

"And so you think, Jane," said she, taking her cousin's hand, "that my heart is like that cold chaste orb, dimmed, ever and anon, by passing clouds; but like it, reappearing again as cold and as bright as ever? I wish I could think so! You deem it, too, as inconstant—changing even as she does? Ah me! There are times when I fancy it rather the dove, wandering forth from its ark to find a resting-place, but destined to return with no olive branch!"

"Fiddle-de-dee!—fiddle-de-di!—fiddle-de-do!—fiddle-de-dum!" exclaimed Jane, mimicking the sorrowful cadence of her cousin's voice. At the same moment she caught her round the waist, and, in spite of herself, made her waltz three or four times up and down the room, to the tune of "Di tanti palpiti," hummed by herself. When she had dragged her about till they were both out of breath, she pulled her down by her side on a settee, and said, "Now talk to me again about chaste cold orbs, doves, arks, and olive branches; and if you do, you shall have another dance, till I have joggled this fine sentimental frippery out of you."

"You are a strange girl Jane," said Agnes, "but I still hope to see the day when that heart of yours will do penance. Recollect the fate of our poor friend Harriet Lindsay! She laughed at love till she was nineteen, and then—died of it before she was one-and-twenty!"

"As I never shall, while there are fevers, inflammations, and consumptions, to hand me out of this world into the next," rejoined Jane.—"And for my part, though poor dear Harriet had the credit of dying of a broken heart, because her lover died of a broken neck, by a fall from his landeau, I confess I always thought it was a surfeit of ice creams and strawberries that really killed her. If it had been a cold summer, and a bad fruit season, Harriet Lindsay might have looked a little pale, or so, and for a few days, perhaps, found the wing of a chicken more than she could eat at dinner; but by the end of a week, take my word for it, the knife and fork would have conquered the pocket handkerchief and the smelling bottle. Lord help us poor girls, say I, if we are born only to fall *in* love, and must die when we fall *out*. I like not such grinning love, as Falstaff says of honour. It is all very well, I grant you, to have a nice handsome fellow, 'sighing like a furnace,' at your elbow, and growing as thin as a winter weasel in an empty barn, for your sake; and if, after you have used him for two or three years, to plague half a dozen of your best friends who envy your conquest, you find you can really make a decent affair of the heart of it, why then——"

"Why then," interrupted Agnes, "I suppose Jane Douglas, spinster, would be seen some fine morning, in the proverbially dangerous month of May, going in the same direction as my heigho! only, not like it, creeping in at the key-hole of the church door."

"Oh Lord! oh Lord!" exclaimed Jane, stopping her ears with her fingers,—"how can you be so malicious to use that horribly Gothic word? Do you think I would ever consent to be married by banns, and have myself proclaimed three several Sundays, with a public notice, that if any person or persons know any just cause or impediment why——Here!—be quick!—sprinkle a little Eau de Cologne upon my handkerchief, or I shall go into hysterics! How could you be so barbarous?"

In this vein of mutual raillery, and light-hearted mirth, did these fair cousins banter each other upon a subject which they were both afraid to discuss in a more sober strain. But though they shared a common fear, that fear had no common origin. Jane

and Agnes were nearly of the same age; the former, however, having the advantage (I am not certain, by the by, that ladies are accustomed to call it an advantage) over the latter by seven or eight months, she being almost twenty, and Agnes almost out of her teens. They had been brought up under the same roof, educated in the same school, and from their cradles, to the period of which we are now speaking, had been such inseparable companions in all the daily occupations and amusements of their whole lives, that either might have addressed the other, in the language of fond recollection used by Helena to Hermia—

" Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
When we have chid the hasty footed time
For parting us—oh, now, is all forgot?
All schooldays' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest."

But whatever were the secret sympathies and the hidden attractions—whatever the unseen, and to themselves unknown bonds of attachment which held them together—nature certainly never formed two creatures less alike in all those visible qualities of mind and character by which they were distinguished. Jane had such an exuberant flow of animal spirits, that it was the most amusing thing imaginable to see her seriously endeavouring to be serious. Her mirth was never broad or coarse; it had nothing of the hoyden or the romp in it; but it was a kind of constitutional vivacity, an inexhaustible spring of salient gaiety, which flashed incessantly in sparkling radiance from her eyes, or burst in frolic humour from her lips. Every day she lived, she shed tears; but it was because ten times in every day she laughed till they came; and so cloudless had been her sunshine hitherto, that they were almost the only tears she could recollect she ever did shed. This perpetual summer of the mind imparted a corresponding glow and animation to her manner, a freshness and genial warmth to all her actions, which made her presence the signal for merry looks and cheerful discourse. Her nimble and elastic step, as she entered a room, was nearly as irresistible an invitation to stand up for a quadrille as the sound of a fiddle; while the contagious smile that ever played about her mouth, seemed to say, " Come, good folks, let us laugh at a world that only laughs at us!" And then her own laugh!—it was such a clear, hearty, chuckling laugh—there was such a breadth of hilarity spread over all her features, dimpling her smooth vermilion cheeks, and glistening in her liquid eyes, that, without saying a word, it never failed to provoke a chorus of giggling, (no matter how miscellaneous the company,) from the asthmatic wheezing of seventy, down to the shrill carolling of seven.

Agnes Fitzroy, on the contrary, though no foe to

" Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

had within her a chastening spirit of pensive sobriety, which kept her from ever rising to the same height of impetuous gaiety as her cousin. The risible faculty was not so strong in her, neither was the perception of the really ludicrous, or the disposition to convert into the ludicrous, words and actions which were not fairly amenable to that fallacious test. Her passions were calm and deep, and when most agitated, betraying least evidence on their ruffled surface of what was passing beneath. It was no superior self-command that imparted this character to her feelings; still less was it any thing approaching to the mastery of refined artifice which made her looks a mask for her thoughts. It proceeded entirely from an excessive sensibility of disposition—a shrinking within herself, as if she feared, whether in trouble or in joy, to find no second self,

no other human heart that *could* give her back her smiles, or receive her tears, in that spirit which had called them forth. What we should pronounce reserve in the cold, and caution in the cunning, was in her an almost morbid delicacy, an ingenuous timidity, which hesitated to disturb the serenity of others, by imparting its own particular grief. Perhaps, too, there was a little alloy, a slight mixture of pride in this feeling—that stern pride of silent sorrow, which is so apt to frown upon the weakness of seeking pity, and to scorn it when proffered. Yet were there any art by which what passed within could be read in looks and actions—if it were really possible to interpret the very language of a smothered sigh, a gathering tear, or a restless manner—if these outward denotements of a perturbed spirit could ever be construed with fidelity, and be made to express what they only indicate, poor Agnes might as well have proclaimed with her tongue, at once, what the secret workings of her heart proclaimed without it. For though it was true that her passions were deep and calm, and that, when most agitated, they least betrayed on their ruffled surface the swift and vexed under-current, still the havoc they made could not always be concealed.

Jane, who had been her inseparable companion for so many years, had gradually acquired a tolerably quick and accurate perception of her character, and could draw shrewd conclusions from sufficiently slight circumstances. But her sagacity was sometimes at fault; and it had never been more so, than when, in her usual strain of joyous raillery, she pretended to trace the flight of her cousin's "heigho!" towards the parish church, and to catechise her fingers for lingering so fondly amid the harp-strings upon that plaintive air of Mehul's. That exclamation was breathed by Agnes, at the close of a silent meditation upon a subject which is very apt—yes, very apt indeed—to intrude itself, by moonlight, upon *young* ladies of *eighteen*. I am thus particular in mentioning the age, because I have never been able to discover the precise period when a lady herself allows she is not young; and, as I happen to entertain some rather heterodox notions touching youth and age in the fair sex, I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I do consider every lady young who cannot either write or tell her age without employing the *teen*. Farther than this deponent sayeth not.

And what was that subject? And why did the meditation of Agnes end in such a terribly long and sentimental heigh—o, as Jáne described it? And why were they both afraid to discuss it in a more sober strain? And why, though they shared a common fear, was that fear without a common origin?

Jane was beginning to fear that she never should fall in love; that is, she was afraid no "nice handsome fellow" would grow as thin as a winter weasel for her sake, and so give her a decent excuse for taking pity upon him. And a great pity she thought it. She knew herself to be naturally of a compassionate disposition; she felt that amiable quality grow stronger and stronger within her, every month; and she longed so vehemently for an opportunity of displaying it, that she was fast becoming a confirmed philanthropist. She had even begun to consider very seriously what could be the reason why love-making should always commence with the other sex, and had lately started the problem to an old bachelor, who visited the family, and who had already passed his grand climacteric. The question was popped so suddenly, that at first the old gentleman was posed; but gradually recovering from the shock, he replied very gravely, "I'll tell you, Miss Jane, wooing is but an affectionate seeking. Now, we seek not for that which we have, but for that which we have not. It is more proper, therefore, for the man, in this love-search, to seek for what he has lost, than for the woman to seek for what she already has. The man, you know, has lost his *rib*, and he seeks after her that has it; whereas it would be folly in her to seek it, because she has it. And that, Miss Jane, is a good and sufficient reason why women woo not, but are wooed."—"I wonder who has got your rib," said Jane, laughing. "You have never been able to find her out, it seems. And some of you men must have had three or four of your ribs stolen; or else, I suppose, when you marry three or four wives, you seek after other folk's ribs."—"Never mind my rib," replied the

old gentleman; and then slily added, "but take care that you, yourself, are not like the man who had liberty given him to go through a wood, and make choice of the best staff he could find, provided he chose one in his going on, and not in his returning."—"What did he do?" enquired Jane, not at all aware of what was to follow. "Why," continued my bachelor, "he walked along, and with a curious eye observed where he might best suit himself; he saw many that were tall, and straight, and good-looking, and well adapted for his purpose; but no; these would not content him; so on he goes, still expecting better, till at last he came to the end of the wood, and then he found none but crooked and ill-looking ones to choose from; and no great choice of them either."—"I know which end of the wood you grow at," said Jane, tossing her head. From that moment, however, she considered herself in a wood, and was terribly afraid lest she should not be able to suit herself among the tall, straight, good-looking, trees; but vowing, at the same time, that if she did get to the other end, she would never choose one of the crooked walking sticks. Yet, as she had a very laudable dread of dying an old maid; and, as the love she bargained for in her own mind, was a good, homely, every-day sort of love,—a love that would stand wear and tear, and not get out of fashion too soon,—she did not absolutely despair of finding such a commodity, though she *was* almost twenty.

Such were the meditations, the doubts, and the misgivings of the light-hearted Jane; but *not* such were the meditations, or the doubts, or the misgivings, of her fair cousin. Agnes feared lest she *should love;* or rather, lest she should love too soon, and be doomed to experience that utter wretchedness of loving, not "wisely" at first, but "too well" afterwards. She had proved, and she had sometimes shrunk with dismay from the proof, that she was more susceptible of those impressions which are akin to love, than might be compatible with her future happiness; and those very "symptoms" upon which Jane had so sportively rallied her, were to herself the source of many bitter forebodings. "Yes!" she would often mentally exclaim, "it is too true; I *have* thought myself in love, and I have thought how blest my condition might become, if while the dream lasted my hand could have followed my heart. But a few short months dispelled the dream; and then, alas! I have only thought how miserable must have been my lot, if my hand *had* followed my heart!" It was the dread of such a fate as this that haunted her; the dread that in some similar dream, some trance of passion, some fancied devotion of her soul, she should approach the altar, and awaken, afterwards, to the tremendous knowledge, that a cold sense of duty was all that remained of the glowing vision. These were no idle self-tormentings; for she needed but to remember what had been, to add what might have been, and the dark picture was at once completed! There had been moments, when she believed the passion—which some hearts ever feel, and which no human heart ever felt twice—*was* roused, and she only knew it was *not*, because its resemblance had died before herself.

At other times she was pursued by fancies, which, though but fancies, had a possible, perhaps a prophetic, reality for her! Might she not love, and her own sad heart be at once her love's cradle and its tomb?—like an unseen flower that blossoms in the wilderness, exhales its perfume, then fades and dies! Even as such a flower might love rear itself in the solitude of her own heart, called forth without her will, and drooping to decay in its own withering soil! It is no wonder, therefore, that poor Agnes dwelt sometimes with a melancholy foreboding upon the subject; and she had just burst the fetters of one of those gloomy musings when her merry cousin gave so false an interpretation to the "heigho!" with which it terminated.

Agnes Fitzroy was the youngest of a numerous family, all of whom had survived their father, a general officer, of distinguished character, who fell at the Battle of Waterloo. Two of his sons had embraced the same profession; a third was in the navy, and the eldest had acquired some celebrity as a diplomatist. She had five sisters, who were all married, but only two of them resided in England. Agnes lived with her mother at their family seat in Gloucestershire, within a short distance of Malvern, and commanding an

extensive view of that beautiful scenery, including a part of Herefordshire, which stretches from the base of the lofty ridge of the Malvern hills.

Jane Douglas, who was a niece of Mrs Fitzroy's, had been brought up by her from her infancy. Her father, a private gentleman, of good property, when she was only about two years old, had sacrificed his valuable life in deference to that monstrous absurdity which requires that a man should stand to be shot at before he can honourably acknowledge he is in the wrong. A hasty word, uttered in the warmth of a casual altercation with a total stranger, led to an immediate meeting, and Mr Douglas, receiving his adversary's fire, fell dead upon the spot. The dreadful tidings were incautiously communicated to his widow, who was then in the seventh month of her pregnancy. She doated upon her husband, and the shock was too much for her. In less than three days, after she had given birth to a dead-born child, she was herself a corpse under the same roof with her youthful husband; and one funeral ceremony consigned them, with their untimely offspring, to their graves. Such were the melancholy fruits—such the scene of mourning and desolation, resulting from that false principle of modern honour, which washes out with blood an offence extracted from a moody brow, or tortured out of an ambiguous word!

Mrs Fitzroy took the infant Jane to her own home, educated her with her own children, and tenderly supplied all the maternal offices which her sister would have discharged, had she been living. Though the bulk of her father's property went to his male kindred, as he died intestate, they generously relinquished such a portion as enabled them to make a more than adequate settlement upon her; and, as Mrs Fitzroy religiously abstained from appropriating any part of it towards the expenses of her maintenance and education, it had gone on accumulating for nearly twenty years, ltil now Jane Douglas might almost call herself an heiress. Assuredly, it had grown to an amplitude which, if a mere fortune-hunter would have sufficed, was an abundant security against her dying of that dreadful complaint, *old-maidism.*

Separated as Mrs Fitzroy was from the rest of her children, Agnes had grown up in her affections with much of that exclusive love, and of that singleness of attachment, which twine themselves so closely round an only child. To her, indeed, she had long been as an only child; for though scarcely a week elapsed which did not bring dutiful and affectionate remembrances from her absent sons and daughters, and though the two which resided in England never failed to pass some portion of every summer with her, still they had each become the centre of a little circle of domestic ties, of sympathies, and duties of their own, and no longer dwelt, as it were, within that of which she was herself the centre. They were themselves fathers and mothers; they had taken their appointed stations in the great march of human life; and whatever fond recollections might linger round the home from which they had begun their journey, they necessarily grew fainter and fainter, as the distance increased, and as they mingled with the widening stream of social and individual charities. But, in exact proportion as the tide of maternal solicitude, in the heart of Mrs Fitzroy, had narrowed its channel, and contracted its course, its fertilizing waters flowed with an augmenting volume towards Agnes; till now, when she was ripening into womanhood, and the gentle qualities of her naturally amiable and susceptible character were unfolding themselves, she had become the constant companion, the only friend, and the *favourite* daughter of her mother. Jane, perhaps, divided with her the first; was second in the second; but in the third, though Mrs Fitzroy loved her with a fondness that might be called parental; yet, when some passing cloud of sickness dimmed the lustre of Jane's eye, and when it sat in ominous shadows upon the melting azure of those of her own dear Agnes, nature, faithful to her holiest yearnings, quickly informed her which was the child of her blood, and which of her adoption.

Among the neighbouring gentry, whose seats were near that of Mrs Fitzroy, and whose estates encircled, as it were, her little domestic paradise, of some fifty or sixty acres, was the family of Sir Frederick Trehearn, with whom a very intimate acquaintance had been kept up since her husband's death. Sir Frederick was a widower, and, for

a time, it was positively settled by all the match-making gossips in the county, that Mrs Fitzroy would certainly appear as Lady Trehearn at the next triennial music-meeting. But that next triennial music-meeting came; and another; and still there was no Lady Trehearn; a circumstance which was wholly inexplicable, for the vicar's wife knew, from the very best authority, that the wedding dresses were ordered, and the Hon. Mrs Tittletattle had joked the baronet upon his approaching happy change of condition, at which he only laughed! This was pronounced a decisive proof of "malice prepense" on the part of Sir Frederick; and when coupled with the suspicious fact, that the best bedroom at Trehearn Lodge had been newly papered and painted, what further circumstantial evidence could be reasonably required? Now it was certainly true, that the worthy baronet had been guilty of these two alleged crimes, in so far as related to the best bedroom, and laughing at the Hon. Mrs Tittletattle's joke; but the most serious part of the charge, that of ordering the wedding dresses, resting, as it did, upon the unsupported testimony of that notoriously lying witness "best authority," turned out, of course, mere fabrication. Still it was generally acknowledged by all persons, except the two who were most competent to judge of it, that it "would be a nice match; for the gentleman was not too old, and the lady was not too young." I hate mentioning ages, after people get beyond that uncertain time of life which is called a "certain age;" so I shall compromise the matter, by giving the sum total of both their ages, leaving it, as it may chance, to the sagacity or gallantry of my reader, to adjust the difference in such proportions as may warrant the aforesaid declaration, that the "gentleman was not too old, nor the lady too young." Sir Frederick, then, was exactly ——; Mrs Fitzroy within three months of ——; which, by the simple rule of addition, will be found to give the joint-stock amount of ninety-three, throwing in the lady's quarter of a year.

Sir Frederick Trehearn had two sons, George and Edward; and one daughter, Emily. Edward was the elder, and of course heir to the title and estate. George was a miserable cripple, in consequence of an accident which befell him in his infancy. Of Emily, every thing is told, when it is said she was not ugly, and not short; not ill-natured, and not stupid; not too fat, and not too pale; not too talkative, and not too grave. To complete her negative character, however, it must be added, she was *not* the *affirmative* of any of these negatives. In fact, she was one of those girls of which a million are made according to pattern every year; and which it would hardly be fair to consider as the workmanship of "Nature's journeymen" even, but rather of her apprentices; while the mould in which she was cast, must certainly have been in use ever since Adam and Eve were driven out of Paradise. There is no more marked difference between one of these two-legged human machines, and the mob of others, than there is between one white-heart cabbage and another, or between half-a-dozen blue-and-white tea cups, belonging to the same set.

Edward Trehearn, the "young squire," as he was usually denominated, was in his twentieth year, had been educated at Eton and Oxford, and bade fair to reflect honour upon both those eminent seats of learning. At Eton he had risen to the distinguished rank of "Captain," and received his forced tribute of "salt" at the Montem; while at Oxford he had contended successfully for some of the highest academical prizes. To what specific purpose his natural endowments and scholastic attainments were to be applied—what his future course was to be—were, as yet, left to the future. There had been some talk about his standing for the representation of the county at the next general election, and promises of support had been spontaneously tendered which would almost justify the experiment; but his father was too wise and prudent a man to impoverish the family estate by squandering eight or ten thousand pounds, even for the certainty, still less for the chance, of his son's return at a contested election. Otherwise, he was not insensible to the honour of again seeing a Trehearn in Parliament, which had not been the case for nearly fifty years, when the grandfather of Edward, Sir Theophilus Trehearn, ruptured a blood vessel by the vehemence with which he vociferated "No!" upon the question being put from the chair, for the se-

cond reading of the famous East India bill.

In the close intimacy which, as has been mentioned, subsisted between the families at Trehearn Lodge and Fitzroy Cottage, (as the elegant residence of Mrs Fitzroy was modestly designated,) Edward, of course, became a frequent visitor at the latter; while, somehow or other, it always happened that he was at home whenever the Fitzroys were known to be coming to the Lodge. It was soon settled, therefore, by those who had made the match between Sir Frederick and Mrs Fitzroy, that one would certainly take place between Edward, and either Agnes or Jane. But it would have perplexed the most expert interpreter of amorous hieroglyphics to decide whether Edward cared for either Jane or Agnes, so impartially were his attentions bestowed upon both. He was, indeed, the frequent companion of their walks and rides in summer; would read to them in the long dreary evenings of winter; and sometimes take his part in singing a duet, or accompanying them with his flute, (which he played with an expression and brilliancy of execution, worthy almost of Drouet or Nicholson,) while they exerted their own skill and science alternately upon the harp and piano-forte. Occasionally, too, he might be detected in a *tête-à-tête,* at one time with Jane, at another with Agnes, either in the drawing-room or upon the lawn, or sauntering through the grove of quivering poplars, whose trembling leaves chequered their path with dancing moonbeams. It happened, however, that these latter walks were more frequent with Agnes than with Jane, not because they were sought or contrived, but simply because Agnes was more prone to seek such quiet rambles than her mercurial cousin. Edward, with all his book-knowledge, was but a tyro in self-knowledge. He would have discovered else, and soon enough to save a pang, which he was every way too manly and too honourable to appropriate as a triumph, that he was heedlessly strewing with roses the beginning of a path whose end was the grave.

Time glided on, and month after month saw Edward Trehearn a more and more frequent visitor at Fitzroy Cottage, when one morning, about two years subsequently to the period at which this narrative commences, Sir Frederick came alone, and with an air of mysterious importance, requested the honour of a private interview with Mrs Fitzroy. They were all seated in the breakfast parlour when Sir Frederick arrived, and Mrs Fitzroy immediately retired with him to another apartment. Jane, who was embroidering a beautiful veil of Brussels lace, instead of continuing her work, could do nothing but look again and again at that portion of it which was already finished, as if she were suddenly struck with the extreme richness and elegance of the pattern. Agnes was reading; but the hand which held the book dropped upon her knee, and while a faint flush came across her cheek, her eyes were fixed upon the countenance of Jane, who, for once in her life, looked serious and thoughtful. Was it not strange, that neither spoke to the other, when it would seem to be so natural they should interchange thoughts upon the object of Sir Frederick's visit? But they were silent. And the only interruption of their silence was now and then a tremulous sigh, which breathed through the lips of Agnes.

In about half an hour, Mrs Fitzroy returned to the room, for Sir Frederick had taken his departure. She approached Jane, took her hand affectionately, and as she tenderly leaned forward to kiss her forehead, exclaimed, "I have long expected such an interview with Sir Frederick Trehearn." Jane looked up. There was a radiant smile upon her features which caught the eye of Agnes. She read all its meaning, and smiled too; but the light of *her* smile, as it spread itself over her pale cheeks, was like a wintry sunbeam upon a bed of snow. What followed will be as easily anticipated, I doubt not, by the reader, as it was by both Jane and Agnes. Mrs Fitzroy, having seated herself, informed her daughters, (for such she always styled Jane,) that Sir Frederick had waited upon her to make certain customary enquiries, in consequence of having learned from his son that he was desirous of being permitted henceforth to consider himself the acknowledged suitor of Jane; a desire which he had no wish to oppose, provided he was satisfied with respect to her family and fortune, taking it for

granted that Edward had already ascertained the inclinations of the young lady herself. "And you may be sure, my dear child," added Mrs Fitzroy, "*I* had nothing to say which was likely to interpose an obstacle, except indeed, upon the score of your fortune, which, though hardly sufficient, perhaps, to match with the large expectations of the heir of the Trehearn estates, is enough, coupled with the rich dowery of yourself, to make you the worthy sharer of a dukedom. Sir Frederick, I am happy to say, estimates the money value of what you possess, in the same liberal spirit. So now, my child, you have only to consult your own heart well, before you finally take a step, in which, according as the heart is well consulted or not, must be ever the chances of its after felicity."

The affectionate and parental tone with which Mrs Fitzroy uttered these words, was answered by the tears of Jane, as they fell fast upon the veil she still held in her hands; but Agnes, advancing towards her, and tenderly throwing her arms round her neck, exclaimed, as she gently kissed her, "Happy, happy Jane!" in accents that too well suited with her *own* tears, which now mingled with those of her cousin. In a few moments the struggle was over; and then, what a touching contrast there was between the beaming countenance of Jane, suffused, each instant, by the mantling tinge of conscious joy, which maiden bashfulness, at times, deepened to the blush of virgin modesty—true love's silent rapture!—and the feverish crimson that burned upon the cheek of Agnes, now quenched, and now revived, as hope's expiring torch shot forth its dying flashes in *her* stricken heart—true love's silent agony! She, like her mother, had long expected such an interview as Sir Frederick Trehearn had that morning sought; but her altered anticipation of its object was scarcely a month old. Alas! our own desires are swift and treacherous pioneers of our secret hopes. While they seem to remove all difficulties, to level all obstructions, and to open before us a straight, smooth path, for the attainment of what we covet, they only dig pitfalls, and prepare ambushes, to betray or surprise our steps in the pursuit. Agnes, who had followed in their track, found herself engulfed in one of their snares. She awakened as from a dream. But it availed her nothing that her reason told her it was a dream, that she knew she had built up a fairy palace, and that the scene of thrilling enchantment had dissolved away. The scene, indeed, might vanish; but where it had once been remained a ruin! She had realized her own prophetic fears. In the solitude of her heart, love, which had reared itself unbidden, now drooped to unseen decay, in the withering soil of its birth; and she was ready to exclaim, in the beautiful language of one of her favourite authors,—

> "Du Heilige, rufe dein Kind zurück!
> Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
> Ich habe gelebt und geliebet!" *

They know little of this passion, who deem it the offspring of sighs and protestations, of oaths and tears, of prayers and entreaties, and all the small artillery of courtship. These are but the husbandry which calls forth the common produce of common soils; the needful aliment of that great principle of nature, which alike peoples our cities and our plains, our rivers, and the air we breathe. In many a heart, where it has never been awakened, lies the subtle essence, which, when touched by a kindred essence, starts at once into giant life. And how manifold are the channels through which that kindred essence works itself a passage to the sleeping mischief! A word, a look, a tone of the voice, one pressure of the hand—though a hundred and a hundred have preceded it—a simple "Good night," or a parting "God bless you!" from lips that have pronounced the former for months, shall, in a predestined moment, be, like the spark that falls upon the ni-

* This is part of an exquisitely simple melody, which Thekla sings after Piccolomini has torn himself from her arms. (See Schiller's *Wallenstein.*) I despair of infusing the plaintive eloquence of the original into a translation: but the mere English reader may gather its import in the following attempt:—

> "Thou Holy One, take thy child again!
> I have tasted of earthly bliss;
> I have lived, and I have loved!"

trous heap, followed by instant combustion. And then, what a revolution is effected! The eye sees not—the ear hears not—the mind perceives not, as they have been wont. A new being is created—the past is obliterated;—nothing seems to remain of what was; and the very identity of the object, by whom this delirium of all the faculties has been produced, is destroyed. We strive, in vain, to recall the mere man or woman we have known, in the lover or the mistress we now adore. Spell-bound in the fascination, enthralled in the idolatry of suddenly awakened passions, we discover wisdom, wit, beauty, eloquence, grace, charms, benignity, and loveliness, where hitherto we beheld them not, or, at the most, had only dim and visionary glimpses of their possible existence. Picture to yourself the block of rough and shapeless marble, before the magic touches of a Canova, a Chantry, or a Flaxman, have chipped and chiselled away the superfluous rubbish that conceals the living Venus, or the speaking statesman, and you have the best comparison I can imagine of that transformation which the idol of the human heart undergoes, at the moment when the heart creates its idol.

Poor Agnes had found *her* predestined moment. She knew not why, but of late, the presence of Edward Trehearn seemed to tranquillize feelings, which disturbed and harassed her when he was absent. And then, too, every thing he said, every thing he did, every thing he thought, had become, as it were, unquestioned oracles with her. He could not be wrong; and she was surprised how any body could think or act otherwise than as he thought and acted. If he admired a flower, or dwelt rapturously upon the beauties of a landscape, that flower immediately possessed some hitherto undiscovered fragrance or unnoticed elegance in the eyes of Agnes, and that landscape straight had charms which she had never seen before. If he condemned another's conduct, Agnes at once thought the object of his censure vile; and if he spoke with enthusiasm of any passage in the poet he was reading, Agnes read it so often afterwards, that she could soon repeat every line. When he was expected at the cottage, neither her books, nor her music, nor her needle, could fix her attention; her thoughts still ran before the hour; and many a treasured feeling was hushed into repose till the moment when it could come forth in his presence. Sometimes, indeed, she paused to ask herself the meaning of all this. To question her heart, why it turned so instinctively towards him, for the gratification of all its most cherished emotions? It was a fruitless scrutiny; a baffled inquisition; for all she gained by it was to know the fact, but not to find the cause; and as there was perfect felicity in the knowledge, why should she care for further investigation? The only thing she fancied she was certain of was, that love had no share in what she felt; she had been in love, *she knew*, more than once; and it was not at all like what she now experienced. Besides, Edward had never spoken of love to her; and love, therefore, must be out of the question. This was her consolation for a time; but it gradually departed from her, to be succeeded by other thoughts and other hopes. The first startling consciousness of what was really the truth, burst upon her one evening when Edward was reading to Mrs Fitzroy, Jane, and herself, Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*. She had often read it alone; she had once before heard Edward read it; but *this* time, she felt a strange interest, an unwonted sympathy, in the romantic sorrows of *Viola*; while her heart palpitated violently as the words of *Olivia* fell upon her ear:

> "How now?
> Even as quickly may one catch the plague?
> Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
> With an invisible and subtle stealth,
> To creep in at mine eyes."

But what were these emotions, compared with the deep, still, thrall of her soul, as she slowly raised her large blue eyes, and fixed them with unconscious earnestness upon Edward, while he gave utterance to the following passage, in a tone fraught, as she imagined at least, with surpassing pathos?

> *Viola.* Aye, but I know——
> *Duke.* What dost thou know?
> *Viola.* Too well, what love women to men may owe;
> In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
> My father had a daughter loved a man,
> As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
> I should your lordship.
> *Duke.* And what's her history?

Viola. A blank, my lord! She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at Grief. Was not this love indeed?"

The sigh that burst from the lips of Agnes, as her eyes dropped, and she resumed the fancy-work she was about, responded with mournful eloquence to the thrilling question.

It was little more than a month after this evening that Sir Frederick Trehearn called upon Mrs Fitzroy, and within the same period Agnes had fatally discovered that which caused his visit. No preparation can completely arm us against the shock of an anticipated blow when it really comes: and hence the brief struggle with herself which has been described. But that brief struggle was ALL. Agnes was too proud to confess a sorrow of her own creating. She could not stoop to acknowledge she had nourished, not merely an unrequited, but an unsought, an undesired passion; and she was too noble-minded to disturb the happiness of one she so loved, by the selfish obtrusion of her own wretchedness. Not a word ever passed her lips, therefore, that could betray what was passing in her heart; and yet, many a sharp and bitter pang was given to her heart when Jane, ignorant of its sufferings, would strive to cheer the drooping spirits of her melancholy cousin, by joyous anticipations of her own approaching felicity, or sprightly predictions, that the example she was about to set, would soon be followed by Agnes herself. These were her most trying moments; for there are no moments so trying as when we are called upon to participate, only, in joys which we have once expected to revel in alone; to see the garland which has faded off our own brow freshly blooming on the brow of another. Agnes, however, save that sometimes her smiles were cold and languid, and that her answers denoted she was more engaged with her own thoughts than with Jane's discourse, bore her trials meekly. Once, only once, she permitted an expression to escape her which had reference to her situation.

"I wonder," said Jane, one evening, in her usual rattling manner, after the day had been fixed for the celebration of her marriage with Edward, "I wonder whether marriages in a family are like misfortunes, which they say never come alone? What do *you* think, Agnes?"

"*I* wonder," replied Agnes, pensively, and with a slightly tremulous voice, which she strove to conceal by a faint effort of gaiety in her manner, "*I* wonder whether I shall be made to waltz again, if I compare my heart, *now*, to the dove wandering forth from its ark to find a resting place, but returning with no olive branch?"

Jane was silent. The word *now* had been pronounced in a tone of such deep melancholy by Agnes, and with an emphasis so peculiar, that, though Jane knew not its meaning, she felt it had a meaning which could not be sported with; and Agnes herself immediately changed the subject of conversation.

The bridal-morn came, and Agnes descended from her chamber a bride's-maid! She would have it so, in spite of all the fond entreaties of her mother to the contrary. And why were those fond entreaties urged? Alas! The grief that speaks not—that weeps not—that will not complain, but dwells in silence in the heart, is the grief which consumes the heart. Other sorrows quench themselves in their own tears—or are scattered by their own sighs—or discharged from the oppressed bosom in each word of gentle lamentation; but the ravages of a lonely sorrow are fatal! Like the worm that never dies, it gnaws and gnaws, from hour to hour, and from day to day, till the last thread of the vital cord gives way, and the poor sufferer is at rest. The health of Agnes had gradually declined; and though she strove to conceal as well the symptoms as the cause of her increasing debility, she could not allay the anxious fears of her mother, as her wan face, painted with the hectic glow of a wasting fever, told

"How painful disappointment's canker'd fang
Wither'd the rose upon her maiden cheek."

Mrs Fitzroy had watched these symptoms with uneasiness, but without any serious apprehensions, till the rapid strides they latterly made inspired her with alarming thoughts of the danger they portended. In fact, there was but too much reason to dread

that Agnes was becoming consumptive, if she were not so already. The languid glare of her full blue eyes, to which a frightful prominence was given from the hollowness produced by the wasting of the flesh round their orbits—the quick breathing, and the panting cough, brought on by the slightest motion—the wayward appetite, that now loathed and now craved for food—and the labouring respiration, as well as the flushed face, which followed every meal—together with the emaciated appearance of her whole frame, were fearful indications of the existence of that hopeless though deceitful malady. Medical aid had been called in, but the most skilful remedies had failed to arrest its progress. Yet there were some days when a treacherous hope of amendment was held out, to be followed only by a more severe and searching relapse.

It was in this delicate and dangerous crisis of her health, that the appointed wedding-day arrived; and hence it was, that both Mrs Fitzroy and Jane earnestly dissuaded her from encountering the fatigue and excitement of the ceremony. But no; it was her wish, her prayer almost, that she should attend, and that she should be her cousin's only bride's-maid. And she did so; and she *was* her only bride's-maid; and she stood, like one entranced, before the altar; and when the ring was on the finger of Jane, she smiled, and in a whispered exclamation to her own breaking heart, she said, " I have done well! I have triumphed over myself! I have calmly witnessed the consummation of a felicity which should have been my own; and now I may depart, and bury my secret with me." Jane was a happy bride, but Agnes felt that she was a happier bride's-maid, for her last and hardest trial was over, save one, and that she prayed for as the end of all.

Her prayer was heard. The moon, whose silver crescent rose pale and bright in the evening of that day which saw the nuptials of Jane Douglas, shed its waning beams upon the grave of Agnes Fitzroy! On the eleventh morning she died; but death stole over her so gently, that she was as one who sunk to sleep only in his grim embrace. And as she seemed to fall asleep, her finger dropped upon the melancholy but faithful picture of her own sad fate, drawn with prophetic fidelity by one who, like herself, had bowed his head to the " worm that preyed upon her youthful bloom." A volume of Kirke White's Poems was in her hand; she had been reading his *Fragment of an Eccentric Drama;* and the book lay open before her, where the Goddess of Consumption is supposed to speak in the following fanciful strain of her fell office. It was probably the last object upon which the dying eyes of Agnes rested!

" In the dismal night-air drest,
I will creep into her breast;
Flush her cheek and bleach her skin,
And prey on the silent fire within.
Lover, do not trust her eyes;
When they sparkle most, she dies;
Mother, do not trust her breath,
Comfort she will breathe in death;
Father, do not strive to save her,
She is mine, and I must have her.
The coffin must be her bridal-bed,
The winding-sheet must wrap her head:
The whispering winds must o'er her sigh,
For soon in the grave the maid must lie!"

Reader! if I have shown you a picture of First Love, which your heart recognises, you will know that such love is First and Last!

M.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD IN IRELAND. NO. V.

To Christopher North, Esq. Edinburgh.

Most worthy Sir,

A chum of mine, to whom I owe eternal gratitude, forasmuch as he sends me your Magazine regularly, sent me a note with last number, informing me that since he wrote No. IV. of the Sketches on the Road in Ireland, he has been seized with a complaint, called in the vulgar, laziness, the symptoms of which are, an invincible desire to lie on the sofa, and to do nothing.

In this distressing situation, and with the utmost anxiety to provide you with No. V. in time for next number, he has requested me to write a sketch for him. Now, sir, the time has been, when I would have thought very little of doing this, or any thing else that mortal man, or woman either, could require of me; but alas! *non eadem est ætas aut mens;* and to sit down now, to compose a narrative, or write a continuous description, is wholly out of the question. Nevertheless, I am so pleased with the opportunity afforded me to communicate with a person, whom I hold in such esteem, regard, and veneration as yourself, that I shall presume upon your patience to trouble you with a rambling letter about something or another, and if it should serve to stand for my friend's Sketch, No. V. I shall be very glad, and I am sure so will he.

The last two Sketches, I think, brought you along the road from Dublin to Mitchelstown, having Cork in view as the place of destination. Well, sir, when you leave Mitchelstown, with its magnificent new castle, recently finished by Lord Kingston, and its college for twelve decayed gentlemen, and as many old ladies, who receive forty pounds a-year each, and a house between every two of them, by a grant of a former Lord Kingston, and in consequence of which there is, I understand, as much intriguing and canvassing with the trustees of the charity for every vacancy that occurs, as would suffice for the appointment of a prime minister; when you leave all these, I say, the next stage towards Cork is through a hilly, bare, treeless country, to Fermoy. This town is the work of Mr John Anderson, a Scotchman, to whom the South of Ireland is principally indebted for the vast improvement in its public coaches, roads, and all appliances and means of travelling, which have taken place within the last thirty years. Fermoy is prettily situated on that most romantic of all Irish streams, the Blackwater, over which there is a handsome bridge: the town consists chiefly of immense lines of barracks with their appurtenances, which its vicinity to Cork, and the time of its formation, when the land was full of the stir of war, gave occasion to. The outlet towards Cork, particularly the village of Rathcormac, two or three miles along the road, is unusually neat and trig; the cottages have flowery shrubs and evergreens trained over their walls, and there is an absence of door dunghills, or jaw-holes, and an appearance of decency and comfort about them, pleasant to the eye, and to the nose. The river Bride crosses the village, and winds through a wooded dell towards Cloyne, situated in a sequestered nook, about twelve miles off—once the see and residence of Berkeley, the subtlest metaphysician, and now that of Brinkley, the greatest astronomer, in Europe, not excepting Hamilton, the boy of genius, who got his present professorship in the University of Dublin, chiefly through the recommendation of the last named bishop, who was his predecessor in office. He (*i. e.* Professor Hamilton) is indeed a very astonishing fellow. Nothing comes amiss to him, from the possible parallax of a fixed star, to saying his prayers in Hebrew; and, like all men of true genius, he is plain and simple in his manners, as if he possessed no extraordinary claim to notice and admiration. It is now, I suppose, about five years since a friend of mine, with whom I was walking through College Green, Dublin, took me into the courts of college, saying he would introduce me to Hamilton the prodigy, whom he then spied posting in at the front gate. He took me up to a countryish-looking lad, with large flattish features, but a broad high forehead, who was covered with dust, and chatting in a lively manner to three or four persons,

acquaintances of his, who had gathered round him, and arrested his progress across to his rooms. "Why, Hamilton, where have you been?" said my friend; "you seem travel-stained."—"It is only the dust of the Rock Road," he answered; "I was down there taking a swim this hot day, and have walked back." Five minutes after this, he was up in the seventh heaven of natural philosophy. He was then, I think, only a freshman in college. I was surprised and sorry to see him the other day at the fellowship examination in Dublin, looking pale and baldish, and twenty years older than he did then; I hope he is not overworking himself because great things are expected of him.

But to return to Cork, whither you arrive by Watergrass Hill and Glanmire; the latter is a sweet wooded glen, with a small river of the same name, gliding along at the bottom. Leaving this, you open out on the marine river of Cork, which Spenser styles,

> 'The spreading Lee, that like an island fair
> Encloseth Cork, with his divided flood.'

For two or three miles you skirt along its margin, gazing on the flood upon your left, studded with streamers, and busy with all sorts and sizes of craft and pleasure yachts. On the far side, the river is bounded by the village of Blackrock, with its castle and picturesque light-house, where, in days of yore, I learned to cleave with sinewy arm the glassy flood, and which the worthy author of the "Fairy Legends" always delighted to draw, even on his thumb nail, failing a scrap of paper, much on the principle an Irish arithmetical friend of mine used always to devote his leisure moments to "working a sum," an occupation which he contended fully redeemed any man from the imputation of idleness. But, alas! *tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.* C——, I grieve to learn, grows rheumatic, and his pencil unsteady,—gout in the great finger of my left foot bids embrocations of the briny wave avaunt. The *ould* castle of Blackrock is burnt down, and a new one, handsomer they say, built in its place, on which Mr Paine, the architect, has very liberally spent twice as much as the Corporation allowed for it, at his own expense. Mathematical Mulcatry, too, is gathered to his fathers. Old Tim will walk no more to Mallow, to take his bowl of soup, and then walk back again, pocket laden with slate stones, inscribed with the diagrams of new problems, which he had been inventing, and working all the way. And the doctor of doctors, who is fly to every thing from the Chaldee M.S. to tol-de-rol-lol in the corner, is gone away to the smoky and Thames-watered village of London. But I wander —*laudator temporis acti me puero,* and sigh over joys departed, which time can ne'er again renew.

I left you on the Glanmire road, skirting along the river towards the city, and told you only what you saw upon the sinister hand. Above you, to the right, rises a sloping ascent, crowned with sumptuous villas, and fringed with tasteful plantations; and, pursuing the high road between this and the river, you pass into Cork over the bridge, at the end of Patrick Street, which is said to resemble strongly the Ponte della Trinita at Florence. One of the hill-topping villas which you pass on the Glanmire road, is Gerard Callaghan's, the member that is to be for Cork. Mr Callaghan is of a Roman Catholic family, which grew rich by trade, and with a fair character, and he having early renounced the errors of popery, knavery, brass money, and wooden shoes, has since continued a stanch Protestant, and zealous for his altered opinions, after the usual manner of neophytes. I am glad he is to be member for Cork, partly for his own sake, and partly because of the abuse which, with rather more than even his usual beastliness, the late member for the county of Clare, Mr Daniel O'Connell, has been pleased to pour out upon him. I am ashamed of the Irish—even the tag-rag and bobtail of them—that they should still suffer themselves to be gulled by this O'Connell. Time after time, he has manifestly, openly, palpably, been willing and eager to desert them, and creep into favour with the powers that be, on any terms; and still, when he is thrown off with contempt by those to whom he would crouch and cringe, back he comes to the besotted rabble of Ireland, who again believe him, and will be again deceived.

Cork lies, for the most part, on a marshy island, in a deep valley—indeed, its name imports a fen, or boggy place. Sometimes it is *not* raining there; though they tell a story of an East India captain, who, after remaining three weeks in Cork harbour, and

never meeting a dry day, spoke a friend at sea, as he was returning from the East, and learning that he had left Cork harbour about a fortnight before, shouted back an enquiry, "Whether the shower was nearly over that he had left falling there?" Yet the place is not considered unhealthy.

Cork has been called the Bristol of Ireland, but with little justice: doubtless there is a river at Cork, and there is also a river at Bristol; at Cork they call it the Lee, but the name of the river at Bristol is "out of my prains." Bristol is the crowded dingy resort of mutton-eating mercantile Protestants, who love pudding, and the constitution (that once was) of 1688; whereas the spreading Lee rolls its luscious salmon* into the maws of men who cultivate the mathematics, and eat fish, by constraint, o' Fridays. In Cork the women are fair; at Bristol, let a man shut his eyes and open his mouth, that it may be well with him, and he may eat savoury meat, such as his soul loveth. Did you ever hear how Bristol came to be so thickly peopled? The story is, that when wise Jamie came to the throne of his cousin Elizabeth, he ordered some troops to Bristol for embarkation, and on their arrival there, learned they were deficient in the necessary supplies of shoes and stockings, wherefore he commanded an order to be dispatched to a certain town in the north country for a cargo of hose and brogues; but the secretary not being a remarkably distinct amanuensis, the constituted authorities mistook the words for hores and rogues, according to the then mode of orthography; and so, to the great scandal of the good town, an emigration of that nature took place accordingly.

The precept to Peter, to "kill and eat," the Corkagians and Bristolians divide betwixt them. At Cork they slay, and masticate at Bristol—whence the Hibernian queen of the south is celebrated in song as "the city of slaughtering, and prime mess beef." If we have writ our annals true, it is there, and be it recorded to the honour and glorification of the great and good Queen Bess, that all her ministers were wise, her captains valiant, and her maids of honour ate beef-steaks to their breakfast. Gladly, therefore, may the hungry reader swallow the information, that the city of which we treat is the shambles of the kingdom; and he who has money or a good name, will there receive by no means lenten entertainment: of a surety, the inhabitants thereof may count among their numerous excellencies that important element in Saint Paul's beau ideal of a bishop, that they are given to hospitality.

If my gentle reader love rather the feast of reason and the flow of soul, let him go hear the Dean (Burroughs) preach, and afterwards spend a social evening with him. His sermons are perfect models of pulpit eloquence;—by the by, I am delighted to see there is a volume of them forthcoming speedily from the press. In private life there is a strong spirit of humorous satire about him, which, while it beams in his rich expressive eye, is delightfully chastened and softened in its expression by the mildness and decorum suited to his profession, which he never forgets. He, and his predecessor Magee, who now presides over the archdiocese of Dublin, used to be accounted the funniest and punniest men of their day. Some father on them the story of the two sitting down together to read with but one candle between them, so small that it often needed snuffing. B. at length, annoyed at the frequency with which he had to ply the snuffers, tried to go as close as possible, to save a speedy repetition of the decapitation of the wick; but unluckily, he snuffed out the candle, when, turning to M., who was already growing savage at the sudden darkness, he exclaimed, with provoking archness,

"Brevis esse laboro; obscurus fio."

This is enough to immortalize thirteen common men, but I think I have heard the story of Burke and Sheridan, and the *mot* attributed to Burke. Another rich thing, which more certainly belongs to the illustrious author of "The night before Larry was stretched," was uttered on meeting a countryman in Stephen's Green, jogging in from the county of Wicklow, at what is technically called the "butter and eggs" pace, with his wife on a pillion behind him. The good lady was lectu-

* Here, if any where, the old line is true—
Salmo non æstate novus nec frigore desit.

ring Gaffer Pat, on some foolish bargain he had just made, in a voice neither soft, gentle, nor low, at the moment the worthy and witty Dean was passing, and looking up at the hard cross features of the gammer thus posited behind her goodman, he dryly observed to his companion, I was never more convinced in my life of the truth of the saying of Horace,

"'Post equitem, sedet atra Cura.'"

In Cork, as in most great towns of Ireland, but especially the metropolis, religious dissipation is exceedingly fashionable with a certain set. Chiefly among silly women, who keep to themselves teachers, having itching ears, and turn away themselves from truth and soberness, and are turned unto nonsense, which, under a strong delusion, they mistake for true religion; being led captive by fat-headed young men, who have distinguished themselves as candidates for *cautiers* in college, (the Irish name for being plucked,) and who, disdaining the ordinary means of intelligence and usefulness in their profession, on getting into orders pursue a short cut to glory, by professing peculiar gifts in the provinces of preaching and living: meaning by the latter, eating of the fat of the land.

Their public library in Cork is a capital one, and they are free and easy (I hate the word "liberal") about the admission of strangers, when respectably introduced; which is right, and becoming the Cork people, exhibiting an equal hospitality in literature as in liquor. The principal defect of the library is, that they take only twelve copies of Maga, in consequence of which by the third day after its appearance, the whole twelve are almost worn out with repeated readings. I recollect having walked into the library once, after a long absence, and, finding a new porter there who did not know my face, I desired him, after my accustomed fashion, to bring me *the* Magazine. "Which Magazine, sir?" said he. I saw he was a genuine Munsterman, and of course knew Horace as well as the cries of Cork, so I answered,

"Quod legeret, tereretque viritim, publicus usus."

Whereupon he smilingly went, and engaged the reversion of Maga for me, expectant on the departure of five persons, hungry for a perusal, who had come there on the same errand before me.

The chief topographical glory of Cork, is its river and harbour. The sail down the Lee, with the richly housed and planted acclivity on the Glanmire side, and Blackrock, the nunnery, the church, the castle, Castle Mahon, and the wooded heights in the distance, may vie with any river scenery in the kingdom. About seven miles down, you enter the noble expanse of water which constitutes Cork harbour, with Haulbowline and Spike islands before you, and Passage, a port for the larger merchant vessels to load and unload their cargoes at, on the right hand. To the extreme left is Rostellan, the seat of the Marquess of Thomond. The mouth of the harbour is about a mile wide, from Dog's Nose to Ram's Point: The heads are considerably wider asunder. The steep hills on both sides are strongly fortified, as well as Spike and Haulbowline. Cove forms the back of the harbour opposite to the entrance. This place has been improved amazingly within the last score of years. In days of yore, it was a dirty, disgusting little fishing island, of which the one description serves for all:

And on the broken pavement here and there
Doth many a stinking sprat and herring lie;
A brandy-and-tobacco shop is near,
And hens and dogs and hogs are feeding by;
And here and there, a sailor's jacket hangs to dry;
At every door are sun-burnt matrons seen,
Mending old nets to catch the scaly fry,
Now singing shrill, and scolding oft between,
Scold answers foul-mouth'd scold; bad neighbourhood I ween.

At present it is a fashionable bathing-place for the citizens of Cork; and the air is so mild and salubrious that it is frequently recommended to such pulmonary patients, as their physicians will not suffer to burn out the taper of life in peace and stillness, at their own pensive and quiet firesides. But this recalls sad recollections, and I must stop. I have written you a long letter, though it may be a short sketch; and now I remain, in the name of myself and the other good Irish Tories,

Your faithful wellwisher,

Ω.

FRENCH LITERATURE.*

FRENCH literature! There is a something light and airy in the very thought of it, which could alone in these sultry summer months seduce us to the labour of an article, and the handsome volume of M. Ventouillac, which lies before us, clad in rose-colour and light blue, wooes us to the gentle exercise of our critical functions. This book is a something new in its way; its object is to be a guide to those who wish to form an acquaintance with French literature, and to furnish them with a *catalogue raisonné* of the best books recommended by the authority, not of the compiler of the catalogue, but of various English writers or popular journals, whose opinions have been given to the world respecting these books. Thus the name of each work in the catalogue, is attended by a short notice from such authority as English readers are accustomed to regard with some deference, and the student of French literature may choose according to the measure of his faith in the authority cited. The authorities, too, appear to have been selected with marvellous impartiality, and he must be a fastidious man who will not find some of them to his taste—here is a stricture of Bishop Horne the pious, and there from Gibbon the profane; on this page appears the recommendation of Charles Butler, and on that the criticism of the Quarterly Review. Some of the *authorities* would doubtless provoke a smile in a reader of Maga. Such as those of Lady Morgan, and of the New Monthly Magazine, and some more of that stamp; but a catalogue of this kind is made for all sorts of people, and if the Times, or the Kitty Magazines, want to have French books, it is as well to provide them with the authorities which are most level to their apprehension.

The catalogue is introduced by a sketch of the progress of French literature, in order that the person about to form his French library may come to the selection, with a general and outline knowledge of what deeds have been done by Frenchmen in the great field of written knowledge. In this little essay, in which M. Ventouillac ventures upon a more ambitious task than that of a mere arranger and compiler, he acquits himself with very considerable ability; and there is a certain vein of modesty withal, running through the composition, which must have the effect of softening the wrath of hard-hearted criticism, were there any thing to provoke it, which, in truth, there is not. Considering the extent of his subject, and the limited space in which it is discussed, it is impossible that we should find criticism either very profound or very minute, upon the numerous authors who are mentioned; but as an historical sketch of the literature of France, it exhibits a very comprehensive acquaintance with the subject; and if the remarks which are made, are in no instance very striking, they are always judicious, and imbued with a feeling in favour of religion and virtue, which is very creditable to the author. It may to some be a matter of interest to know that this essay, written in English, and in a style generally correct, and every where easy, flexible, and idiomatic, is the work of a Frenchman, who, upon his arrival in this country some years ago, did not know one word of the language.

With the knowledge of this fact, the careful reader may perhaps discover an occasional mark of the style of our Gallic neighbours; but those who do not search for such indications of the country of the writer, will find nothing to remind them that his school-studies were not from the pages of Addison and Doctor Johnson. But let the reader judge for himself. After a rapid survey of French literature down to the time of Louis XIV., he comes to speak of the famous preachers of that period, and thus he delivers himself:

"Confined to the limits of a short essay,

* "The French Librarian, pointing out the Best Works of the Principal Writers of France, in every Branch of Literature, with Criticisms, Personal Anecdotes, and Bibliographical Notices; preceded by a Sketch of French Literature." By L. T. VENTOUILLAC.—London; Treuttel, Wurtz, Treuttel, Jun., and Richter.

it is impossible to enquire here into the causes which produced at one particular period, such an assemblage of great writers as never had at once appeared in any other country; but we ought not to overlook the singular fact, that in a country like France, in the midst of a voluptuous court, and under the reign of a monarch who, although he put on the semblance of religion, was 'at heart a rake,' appeared perhaps the three most eloquent advocates of religion and morality that have been known since the establishment of Christianity; for although there may be a greater display of theological learning in the writings of the ancient fathers; although nothing ever equalled the depth of thought and closeness of reasoning found in the works of Taylor and of Barrow, of Butler and of Clarke; yet it must be allowed, that of that species of eloquence which is particularly calculated,

'By winning words, to conquer willing hearts,
And make persuasion do the work of fear,'

of that resistless appeal to the heart, which is the very spirit of eloquence, more perfect specimens were never given than may be found in the eloquent sermons of Bourdaloue, the sublime pages of Bossuet, and the delightful volumes of the tender and irresistible Massillon."

After having spoken of the religious feeling which appears to pervade this Essay, it will not excite surprise, that the writer, although a Frenchman, should dwell with patriotic indignation upon the moral tendency of the writings of Voltaire. M. Ventouillac has too much sense to speak without respect of the transcendent abilities of that extraordinary writer; but he reprobates his principles with just severity, and laments the effects produced upon France by the writings of one who was at once its glory and its shame. But we pass from the strictures on Voltaire to the comparison which is instituted between him and his contemporary Rousseau. If what is stated be not, in all respects, quite original, it is at all events true, and it is truth expressed in strong and original terms.

"Next to Voltaire appears, among the writers of this period, the name of one perhaps as celebrated, and by many as much admired and blamed, the fickle, the elegant Rousseau. While acknowledging, with regret, the evil tendency of some, and indeed most, of the writings of Rousseau, it would perhaps be unjust to attach to him the same degree of reproach and guilt as to Voltaire; and for this simple reason, that Rousseau seems to have been *honest*, which appears not to have been the case with Voltaire. Both, indeed, were blind, but one was wilfully so. Voltaire shut his eyes to the truth, lest its blessed rays should intercept the dancing phantom (human praise) that occupied and dazzled his sight. Poor Rousseau was actually blind; his optic nerves were too weak, too delicate to bear the full rays of truth, and in his hours of blindness and of agony, he turned his eyes within and described what he saw, or imagined he saw, as though it had been, what he believed it to be, *true*. If Rousseau erred, it was but error; Voltaire often did what he knew to be wrong, and asserted what he must have known to be false. Rousseau was the creature of impulse, Voltaire that of vanity; Rousseau wrote to relieve his overburdened heart, Voltaire to obtain empty praise, which to him was the dearest thing on earth; and thus, to sum up their character in one word, while a want of consistency was the fault of Rousseau, a want of honesty was that of Voltaire. Both were great men, but both greatly erred from different causes; and the names of both will go down to posterity, and shine to the eyes of future generations, rather as beacons to warn, than as luminaries to attract."

This is clever writing, and we have said that it is true; but it is not the whole truth, and has the effect of leaving rather a more favourable impression of Rousseau than we should wish the students of French literature to entertain. We should wish to lay upon Rousseau rather a less gentle hand. He was by no means a harmless madman, but one to whom Rosalind's cure of "a dark house and a whip" would have been useful and appropriate. He was all rottenness within, with a fair gloss of refinement on the outside; a filthy obscenity lay beneath his superficial but exquisite polish. You cannot break through his delicate surface-work without coming to something nasty;—he was fit for his times, and his times fit for him.

But rapid and brief as the sketch of M. Ventouillac is, we cannot afford space to travel side by side with him; we can only add, that passing to more modern times, he speaks with strong and well-deserved praise of that extraordinary woman, Madame de Stael, and also dwells upon the works of the

Vicomte Chateaubriand, the style of which, he informs us, is sometimes "affected and turgid," in which we perfectly agree; "but," continues our author, "amidst all his faults, we can always perceive the man of genius;" for our own part, we cannot boast of an equally pleasing result of the exertion of our critical optics;—if, for "genius," we should read "affectation," we would willingly subscribe to the opinion. From these writers M. Ventouillac passes to the literature of the present day; but, as if conscious that he had already extended his essay far enough, he rather suddenly draws the curtain upon a very interesting period, and leaves us to regret that he had not dwelt, with rather more fulness of detail, upon a subject which the preceding part of his sketch entitles us to believe he would have examined with candour and good sense. He alludes, indeed, but no more than alludes, to the change which is going on in the political and literary character of the French; a change which may perhaps rush into some extremes, ere it settles down into established usage, but which, as it is calculated to promote the reign of nature and of truth, over affectation and mannerism, is as interesting in its progress, as it will be beneficial in its results.

It is somewhat singular that though the French have a word (l'abandon) which signifies more than any one English word, the freedom from the constraint of rule, yet perfect freedom, (we speak not of licentious madness, which is not of nature, and by excess destroys itself,) natural freedom of thought and expression, was, until of late, scarcely conceived amongst them. It was not that they were conscious of any restraint; but they wrote their books, as they made their bows, with a mistaken notion that the excellence of politeness and of literature, lay in the improved manner of doing things after the established rule. As there was one form of politeness for the court, another for the coffee-house, and another for the streets, so there was a style for each department of literature, and he who, in either case, endeavoured to follow nature rather than *les règles*, was, by unanimous consent, convicted of barbarism. As, however, there is in this world nothing of unmixed good, so there is little of unmixed evil, and this habit of attention to the rules, while it cramped the bolder flights of imagination, and forbade a genuine association with the wild mysteries of nature, gave to almost all that was written a neatness and correctness of expression, a terseness and a *tournure*, that redeemed it from the fault of rugged carelessness, so common in English composition. In comedy, which seems to find its natural soil in the smiling land of France, and its most appropriate guardians amongst a people of spirits so quick and volatile, we have nothing to do but admit the superiority of the French writers; yet it is worthy of observation, that, in the comedy of *nature*, which we call humour, they can shew nothing by the side of which we should blush to place the productions of Fielding or Goldsmith, while in the comedy of *art*—in wit and repartee—in *drôlerie* and *équivoque*—in sparkling and artificial sprightliness, they are far and away beyond us. Again, they boast to take the lead of us in their sermons; but we have a word to say to them on this head. True it is, that our orthodox divines, our profound and serious men, who teach in colleges, or in crowded cities, with parish beadles pacing up and down the aisles of the churches, are considerably dull at times, and deliver their treatises on religion, as if it had no more to do with the hearts and feelings of men, than mathematics; and it is also true, that they have managed these matters better in France. They have not been wanting in a better attention to the subject, so far as it can be made a matter of art; and their rhetorical artifice—their well-contrasted pictures, and their studied, yet animated appeals to feeling, are no doubt better than a dull argument upon a science, the leading principles of which few men understand, and in which still fewer cordially agree;—but could France shew us a Whitfield? Could France shew us a multitude of ten thousand men, assembled in the open air, the souls of the whole mass moved as the soul of one man, by an awful, deep, and *calm* emotion of religious feeling? Could they point out to us a man, who, triumphing over all rules of art, and trusting boldly to the common sympathies of our nature, could make the universal heart of the multitude swell like the sea, when, before the storm arises, it slowly heaves the

enormous bulk of its waters, but does not break into waves? If our English preachers have been inferior, it is because, in their important opportunities for the exertion of the power of genius, they have too little followed nature.

But to return to the modern literature of France;—the advocates for writing by rule have now met with practical adversaries, who are likely very much to change the whole character of French literature. The controversy waxes strong between the advocates of the *Classique*, and the *Romantique*; and the latter party, with the wonderfully increased knowledge of English and German literature, to support them, are manifestly gaining ground. We should not be surprised if, within a few years, Shakspeare were pretty generally understood in France, and the eyes of the French being opened, they should discover the sublime, where but lately they could only see the ridiculous. The vigorous and spirited songs of Beranger shew that things are not as they were in France; and Victor Hugo, though he rushes on with something of the extravagance which may be expected in the successful leader of a new school, yet is a true follower of nature. His "*Dernier jour d'un condamné*" is a very extraordinary and powerful production,—over-wrought certainly, but it is the exaggeration of truth, not the extravagance of affectation. To this story, or transcript of the reflections of a criminal condemned to death, he prefixes a little comedy by way of preface, in which the doctrines of the opponents of his style are introduced and ridiculed with that happy piquant levity, in which he is as successful as the generality of his countrymen, while he surpasses them in the tragedy which follows. "What!" says the poet, whom he introduces, speaking of his book—"Comment intéressait-il? Il a un crime, et pas de remords. *J'eusse fait le contraire.* J'eusse conté l'histoire de mon condamné; né de parens honnêtes; une bonne éducation; de l'amour; de la jalousie; un crime qui n'en soit pas un; *et puis des remords, des remords, beaucoup des remords!*"

Doubtless, so he would, and have violated nature at every step. Remorse, as the author afterwards justly observes in the course of his book, visits the mind of a criminal more frequently before than after his condemnation—once condemned, the horrible contemplation of death is all in all. There may be remorse in his sensations, but he knows it not—distinguishes it not as remorse—he thinks of his punishment, not of his crime.

But what is most new throughout this French book, is the perception of the true poetical connexion between visible external things, and internal feelings and emotions. Hitherto we find French writers giving us merely a highly finished picture of external things, and apparently insensible of the thoughts which lie wrapped up in them, but which come forth, when genius places them in such a situation, that they seem to speak to the occasion. When the criminal described in Victor Hugo's book is brought from his dungeon to the hot exhausted crowded court, to hear the verdict of the jury; after the painful indifference of the various members of the crowd is described, and contrasted with his own agony of suspense, he says—"En face de moi une fenêtre était toute grande ouverte. J'entendais rire sur le quai les marchandes de fleurs, et au bord de la croisée *une jolie petite plante jaune, toute pénétrée d'un rayon du soleil, jouyait avec le vent dans une fente de la pierre.*"

He allows his mind to dwell for a moment upon the possibility of the verdict being against him, and the sentence of death being pronounced; but instantly his soul rejects with loathing the idea of death under such circumstances—"Mais au mois d'août, à huit heures du matin, un si beau jour, ces bons jurés; c'est impossible! *Et mes yeux revenaient se fixer sur la jolie fleur jaune au soleil!*"

Why is it that this mention of the yellow flower waving in the morning breeze, and glancing in the sunbeams, is so affecting? It is that we give it a language,—we know what it said to the mind of the criminal; it spoke to him of freedom, and the clear sky, and the summer wind floating over wide plains and vineyards, and gardens full of flowers, that, like it, waved in the breeze, and glanced in the sun!

Throughout this little book, the wanderings of the tortured imagination of the condemned man are traced and described with great power and truth, and the minute circum-

stances which make up the details of the misery of a creature in so wretched a situation, are drawn with a curious fidelity, which makes us start back from the picture as from a horrible reality. Yet after all, M. Hugo's criminal is a poor creature, with womanish nerves, and womanish sensibility, with whom we stern English could have but small sympathy; and though he claims and receives our pity, we cannot avoid mingling it with some contempt. When will the French nation be able to afford a Thurtell—a man who could turn his pistol round in his *friend's* brains; not in any insane paroxysm of jealousy, or hatred, or revenge, but merely to ascertain *satisfactorily* that he had completely effected his business—who could then walk in to his supper of mutton chops, with the same composure as if he had come from giving a feed of oats to his horse—a clever and acute man, too, without any stupid insensibility of mind—a man who, when seized and put on his trial, gets off by heart a long and eloquent speech, full of the most solemn and false asseverations of his innocence; not that he clung with desperate eagerness to the hope of escaping, but that, as there was a chance, it was prudent not to throw it away—who, when condemned, displayed neither terror nor indifference, neither exquisite sensibility nor sullen brutality, and at the last swung out of life from the gallows with the settled air of a man who feels he has lost the game at which he played, and that he may as well pay the stake calmly? There was a true British composure about the unutterable atrocity of this villain—murderer he was, and a most detestable murderer too—but his character belongs to our country as fully as that of our heroes. Hunt and Probert were pitiful wretches, fit for the Bicêtre. Doubtless the agony of Hunt's feelings until his reprieve came, would, if properly divided into chapters, make a good romance; but we should be sorry that any Englishman as clever as M. Hugo should not be able to find a better subject.

Some passages in M. Hugo's romance hint that it has a political object, and that a desire to induce the abolition of the punishment of death has been the motive for writing it. If such be indeed the author's view, the means and the end are about equally extravagant. To attempt a reform in the law by writing a romance, seems an exploit rather more worthy of the Knight of la Mancha, than of a sane man in this age, when the Schoolmaster and sober reason are said to have so much to do with the affairs of men; and the notion that no crime, however atrocious, should be punished with death, is certainly more appropriate to the dreams of a romance-writer, than the deliberate judgment of a politician. It is not, however, to be wondered at, that he who makes a romance the vehicle of his politics, should form his politics after the dictates of romance.

The French press has of late been deluged with volume after volume of memoirs and reminiscences of all sorts and conditions of men—and women, too, connected with Bonaparte's times and government. Some of these are very good; but for the mass, it certainly would be much pleasanter to buy than to read them through; though to do neither, would be the most agreeable. There are a set of worn-out men of pleasure about Paris, who have had something to do with political matters in former times, and have a strange and morbid satisfaction in dwelling upon these details of intrigue, which are artfully contrived to have a smack of sensuality about them—but such books are only fit for the atmosphere of Paris. We heard, some months ago, an immense talk about the "Mémoires d'une Contemporaine," and happening to find a bundle of volumes, all with that title, upon our table, we took up one at random, which proved to be volume seventh, and opening it somewhere about the middle, we found the fair authoress—we are bound by courtesy to suppose her fair—sitting down to write a treatise respecting the battle of Waterloo; having first shrugged up her shoulders with becoming modesty at the bare idea of such an attempt, but presently afterwards, taking heart of grace, and falling to, in right earnest. Then she makes a discovery, which she is kind enough to communicate to the public in manner following:—

"Quand mon cœur est fortement ému, les pensées m'étouffent, et ma plume, brûlante comme mon cœur, peut à peine en exprimer la chalereuse abondance."

Imagine to yourself, gentle reader, the pleasure and profit of reading

through seven volumes, half politics, and half scandal, written by a person whose thoughts stifle her, when her heart is moved, and whose pen, on fire, even as the heart aforesaid, can scarcely express the warm abundance of it, that is to say, the before-mentioned heart!

But we have wandered far away from M. Ventouillac's "French Librarian," which led us into these rambling observations. He promises some improvements for future editions, should they be called for, and we hope he will soon be under the necessity of redeeming his pledge.

J.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN'S TEETOTUM.

At the foot of the long range of the Mendip hills, standeth a village, which, for obvious reasons, we shall conceal the precise locality of, by bestowing thereon the appellation of Stockwell. It lieth in a nook, or indentation, of the mountain; and its population may be said, in more than one sense of the word, to be extremely dense, being confined within narrow limits by rocky and sterile ground, and a brawling stream, which ever and anon assumes the aspect of an impetuous river, and then dwindles away into a plaything for the little boys to hop over. The principal trade of the Stockwellites is in coals, which certain of the industrious operative natives sedulously employ themselves in extracting from our mother earth, while others are engaged in conveying the "black diamonds" to various adjacent towns, in carts of sundry shapes and dimensions. The horses engaged in this traffic are of the Rosinante species, and, too often, literally raw-boned; inasmuch, that it is sometimes a grievous sight to see them tugging, and a woful thing to hear their masters swearing, when mounting a steep ascent with one of the aforesaid loads.

Wherever a civilized people dwell, there must be trade; and, consequently, Stockwell hath its various artisans, who ply, each in his vocation, to supply the wants of others; and, moreover, it hath its inn, or public house, a place of no small importance, having for its sign a swinging creaking board, whereon is emblazoned the effigy of a roaring, red, and rampant Lion. High towering above the said Lion, are the branches of a solitary elm, the foot of which is encircled by a seat, especially convenient for those guests whose taste it is to "blow a cloud" in the open air; and it is of two individuals, who were much given thereon to enjoy their "*otium cum dignitate,*" that we are about to speak.

George Syms had long enjoyed a monopoly in the shoemaking and cobbling line, (though latterly two oppositionists had started against him,) and Peter Brown was a man well to do in the world, being "the man wot" shod the raw-boned horses before mentioned, "him and his father, and grandfather," as the parish-clerk said, "for time immemorial." These two worthies were regaling themselves, as was their wonted custom, each with his pint, upon a small table, which was placed, for their accommodation, before the said bench. It was a fine evening in the last autumn; and we could say a great deal about the beautiful tints which the beams of the setting sun shed upon the hills' side, and undulating distant outline, and how the clouds appeared of a fiery red, and, anon, of a pale yellow, had we leisure for description: but neither George Syms nor Peter Brown heeded these matters, and our present business is with them.

They had discussed all the village news—the last half of the last pipe had been puffed in silence, and they were reduced to the dilemma wherein many a brace of intimate friends have found themselves—they had nothing to talk about. Each had observed three times that it was very hot, and each had responded three times—"Yes, it is." They were at a perfect stand-still—they shook out the ashes from their pipes, and yawned simultaneously. They felt that indulgence, however grateful, is apt to cloy, even under the elm-tree, and the red rampant lion. But, as Doctor Watts says,

> "Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do,"

and they agreed to have "another pint," which Sally, who was ever ready at their bidding, brought forthwith, and then they endeavoured to rally; but the effort was vain—the thread of conversation was broken, and they

could not connect it, and so they sipped and yawned, till Peter Brown observed, "It is getting dark."—"Ay," replied George Syms.

At this moment an elderly stranger, of a shabby-genteel appearance, approached the Lion, and enquired the road to an adjoining village. "You are late, sir," said George Syms.—"Yes," replied the stranger, "I am;" and he threw himself on the bench, and took off his hat, and wiped his forehead, and observed, that it was very sultry, and he was quite tired.—"This is a good house," said Peter Brown; "and if you are not obliged to go on, I wouldn't, if I were you."—"It makes little difference to me," replied the stranger; "and so, as I find myself in good company, here goes!" and he began to call about him, notwithstanding his shabby appearance, with the air of one who has money in his pocket to pay his way.—"Three make good company," observed Peter Brown.—"Ay, ay," said the stranger. "Holla there! bring me another pint! This walk has made me confoundedly thirsty. You may as well make it a pot—and be quick!"

Messrs Brown and Syms were greatly pleased with this additional guest at their symposium; and the trio sat and talked of the wind, and the weather, and the roads, and the coal trade, and drank and smoked to their hearts' content, till again time began to hang heavy, and then the stranger asked the two friends, if ever they played at teetotum.—"Play at what?" asked Peter Brown.—"Play at what?" enquired George Syms.—"At tee-to-tum," replied the stranger, gravely, taking a pair of spectacles from one pocket of his waistcoat, and the machine in question from the other. "It is an excellent game, I assure you. Rare sport, my masters!" and he forthwith began to spin his teetotum upon the table, to the no small diversion of George Syms and Peter Brown, who opined that the potent ale of the ramping Red Lion had done its office. "Only see how the little fellow runs about!" cried the stranger, in apparent ecstasy. "Holla, there! Bring a lantern! There he goes, round and round—and now he's asleep—and now he begins to reel—wiggle waggle—down he tumbles! What colour, for a shilling?"—"I don't understand the game," said Peter Brown.—"Nor I, neither," quoth George Syms; "but it seems easy enough to learn."—"Oh, ho!" said the stranger; "you think so, do you? But, let me tell you, that there's a great deal more in it than you imagine. There he is, you see, with as many sides as a modern politician, and as many colours as an Algerine. Come, let us have a game! This is the way!" and he again set the teetotum in motion, and capered about in exceeding glee.—"He, he, he!" uttered George Syms; and "Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Peter Brown; and, being wonderfully tickled with the oddity of the thing, they were easily persuaded by the stranger just to take a game together for five minutes, while he stood by as umpire, with a stop-watch in his hand.

Nothing can be much easier than spinning a teetotum, yet our two Stockwellites could scarcely manage the thing for laughing; but the stranger stood by, with spectacles on nose, looking alternately at his watch and the table, with as much serious interest as though he had been witnessing, and was bound to furnish, a report of a prize-fight, or a debate in the House of Commons.

When precisely five minutes had elapsed, although it was Peter Brown's spin, and the teetotum was yet going its rounds, and George Syms had called out yellow, he demurely took it from the table and put it in his pocket; and then, returning his watch to his fob, walked away into the Red Lion, without saying so much as good-night. The two friends looked at each other in surprise, and then indulged in a very loud and hearty fit of laughter; and then paid their reckoning, and went away, exceedingly merry, which they would not have been, had they understood properly what they had been doing.

In the meanwhile the stranger had entered the house, and began to be "very funny" with Mrs Philpot, the landlady of the Red Lion, and Sally, the purveyor of beer to the guests thereof; and he found it not very difficult to persuade them likewise to take a game at teetotum for five minutes, which he terminated in the same unceremonious way as that under the tree, and then desired to be shewn the room wherein he was to sleep. Mrs Philpot immediately, contrary to her usual custom, jumped up

with great alacrity, lighted a candle, and conducted her guest to his apartment; while Sally, contrary to *her* usual custom, reclined herself in her mistress's great arm-chair, yawned three or four times, and then exclaimed, "Heigho! it's getting very late! I wish my husband would come home!"

Now, although we have a very mean opinion of those who cannot keep a secret of importance, we are not fond of useless mysteries, and therefore think proper to tell the reader that the teetotum in question, had the peculiar property of causing those who played therewith, to lose all remembrance of their former character, and to adopt that of their antagonists in the game. During the process of spinning, the personal identity of the two players was completely changed. Now, on the evening of this memorable day, Jacob Philpot, the landlord of the rampant Red Lion, had spent a few convivial hours with mine host of the Blue Boar, a house on the road-side, about two miles from Stockwell; and the two publicans had discussed the ale, grog, and tobacco in the manner customary with Britons, whose insignia are roaring rampant red lions, green dragons, blue boars, &c. Therefore, when Jacob came home, he began to call about him, with the air of one who purposeth that his arrival shall be no secret; and very agreeably surprised was he when Mrs Philpot ran out from the house, and assisted him to dismount, for Jacob was somewhat rotund; and yet more did he marvel when, instead of haranguing him in a loud voice, (as she had whilom done on similar occasions, greatly to his discomfiture,) she good-humouredly said that she would lead his nag to the stable, and then go and call Philip the ostler. "Humph!" said the host of the Lion, leaning with his back against the door-post, "after a calm comes a storm. She'll make up for this presently, I'll warrant." But Mrs Philpot put up the horse, and called Philip, and then returned in peace and quietness, and attempted to pass into the house, without uttering a word to her lord and master.

"What's the matter with you, my dear?" asked Jacob Philpot; "a'n't you well?"—"Yes, sir," replied Mrs Philpot, "very well, I thank you. But pray take away your leg, and let me go into the house."—"But didn't you think I was very late?" asked Jacob.—"Oh! I don't know," replied Mrs Philpot; "when gentlemen get together, they don't think how time goes." Poor Jacob was quite delighted, and, as it was dusk, and by no means, as he conceived, a scandalous proceeding, he forthwith put one arm round Mrs Philpot's neck, and stole a kiss, whereat she said, "Oh dear me! how could you think of doing such a thing?" and immediately squeezed herself past him, and ran into the house, where Sally sat, in the arm-chair before mentioned, with a handkerchief over her head, pretending to be asleep.

"Come, my dear," said Jacob to his wife, "I'm glad to see you in such good-humour. You shall make me a glass of rum and water, and take some of it yourself."—"I must go into the back kitchen for some water then," replied his wife, and away she ran, and Jacob followed her, marvelling still more at her unusual alacrity. "My dear," quoth he, "I am sorry to give you so much trouble," and again he put his arm round her neck. "La, sir!" she cried, "if you don't let me go, I'll call out, I declare."—"He, he—ha, ha!" said Jacob; "call out! that's a good one, however! a man's wife calling out because her husband's a-going to kiss her!"—"What do you mean?" asked Mrs Philpot; "I'm sure it's a shame to use a poor girl so!"—"A poor girl!" exclaimed the landlord, "ahem! was once, mayhap."—"I don't value your insinivations *that*," said Mrs Philpot, snapping her fingers; "I wonder what you take me for!"—"So ho!" thought her spouse, "she's come to herself now; I thought it was all a sham; but I'll coax her a bit;" so he fell in with her apparent whim, and called her a good girl; but still she resisted his advances, and asked him what he took her for. "Take you for!" cried Jacob, "why, for my own dear Sally to be sure, so don't make any more fuss."—"I have a great mind to run out of the house," said she, "and never enter it any more."

This threat gave no sort of alarm to Jacob, but it somewhat tickled his fancy, and he indulged himself in a very hearty laugh, at the end of which he good-humouredly told her to go to bed, and he would follow her presently, as soon as he had looked after his

horse, and pulled off his boots. This proposition was no sooner made, than the good man's ears were suddenly grasped from behind, and his head was shaken and twisted about, as though it had been the purport of the assailant to wrench it from his shoulders. Mrs Philpot instantly made her escape from the kitchen, leaving her spouse in the hands of the enraged Sally, who, under the influence of the teetotum delusion, was firmly persuaded that she was justly inflicting wholesome discipline upon her husband, whom she had, as she conceived, caught in the act of making love to the maid. Sally was active and strong, and Jacob Philpot was, as before hinted, somewhat obese, and, withal, not in excellent "wind;" consequently it was some time ere he could disengage himself; and then he stood panting and blowing, and utterly lost in astonishment, while Sally saluted him with divers appellations, which it would not be seemly here to set down.

When Jacob did find his tongue, however, he answered her much in the same style; and added, that he had a great mind to lay a stick about her back. "What! strike a woman! Eh—would you, you coward?" and immediately she darted forward, and, as she termed it, put her mark upon him with her nails, whereby his rubicund countenance was greatly disfigured, and his patience entirely exhausted: but Sally was too nimble, and made her escape up stairs. So the landlord of the Red Lion, having got rid of the two mad or drunken women, very philosophically resolved to sit down for half an hour by himself, to think over the business, while he took his "night-cap." He had scarcely brewed the ingredients, when he was roused by a rap at the window; and, in answer to his enquiry of "who's there?" he recognised the voice of his neighbour, George Syms, and, of course, immediately admitted him; for George was a good customer, and, consequently, welcome at all hours. "My good friend," said Syms, "I daresay you are surprised to see me here at this time of night; but I can't get into my own house. My wife is drunk, I believe."—"And so is mine," quoth the landlord; "so, sit you down and make yourself comfortable. Hang me if I think I'll go to bed to-night!" "No more will I," said Syms; "I've got a job to do early in the morning, and then I shall be ready for it." So the two friends sat down, and had scarcely begun to enjoy themselves, when another rap was heard at the window, and mine host recognised the voice of Peter Brown, who came with the same complaint against his wife, and was easily persuaded to join the party, each declaring that the women must have contrived to meet, during their absence from home, and all get fuddled together. Matters went on pleasantly enough for some time, while they continued to rail against the women; but, when that subject was exhausted, George Syms, the shoemaker, began to talk about shoeing horses; and Peter Brown, the blacksmith, averred that he could make a pair of jockey boots with any man for fifty miles round. The host of the rampant Red Lion considered these things at first as a sort of joke, which he had no doubt, from such good customers, was exceedingly good, though he could not exactly comprehend it: but when Peter Brown answered to the name of George Syms, and George Syms responded to that of Peter Brown, he was somewhat more bewildered, and could not help thinking that his guests had drunk quite enough. He, however, satisfied himself with the reflection that that was no business of his, and that "a man must live by his trade." With the exception of these apparent occasional cross purposes, conversation went on as well as could be expected under existing circumstances, and the three unfortunate husbands sat and talked, and drank, and smoked, till tired nature cried, "hold, enough!"

In the meanwhile, Mrs George Syms, who had been much scandalized at the appearance of Peter Brown beneath her bedroom window, whereinto he vehemently solicited admittance, altogether in the most public and unblushing manner; she, poor soul! lay, for an hour, much disturbed in her mind, and pondering on the extreme impropriety of Mr Brown's conduct, and its probable consequences. She then began to wonder where her own goodman could be staying so late; and, after much tossing and tumbling to and fro, being withal a woman of a warm imagination, she discerned, in her mind's eye, divers scenes, which might probably be then acting, and in

which George Syms appeared to be taking a part that did not at all meet her approbation. Accordingly she arose, and throwing her garments about her, with a degree of elegant negligence, for which the ladies of Stockwell have long been celebrated, she incontinently went to the house of Peter Brown, at whose bedroom window she perceived a head. With the intuitive knowledge of costume possessed by ladies in general, she instantly, through the murky night, discovered that the cap on the said head was of the female gender; and therefore boldly went up thereunto, and said, "Mrs Brown, have you seen any thing of my husband?"—"What!" exclaimed Mrs Brown, "haven't *you* seen him? Well, I'd have you see after him pretty quickly, for he was here, just where you stand now, more than two hours ago, talking all manner of nonsense to me, and calling me his dear Betsy, so that I was quite ashamed of him. But, howsomever, you needn't be uneasy about me, for you know I wouldn't do any thing improper on no account. But have you seen any thing of my Peter?"—"I *believe* I have," replied Mrs Syms, and immediately related the scandalous conduct of the smith beneath her window; and then the two ladies agreed to sally forth in search of their two "worthless, good-for-nothing, drunken husbands."

Now it is a custom with those who get their living by carrying coal, when they are about to convey it to any considerable distance, to commence their journey at such an hour as to reach the first turnpike a little after midnight, that they may be enabled to go out and return home within the twenty-four hours, and thus save the expense of the toll, which they would otherwise have to pay twice. This is the secret of those apparently lazy fellows, whom the Bath ladies and dandies sometimes view with horror and surprise, sleeping in the day-time, in, on, or under carts, benches, or waggons. It hath been our lot, when in the city of waters, to hear certain of these theoretical "political economists" remark somewhat harshly on this mode of taking a siesta. We should recommend them henceforth to attend to the advice of Peter Pindar, and

> "Mind what they read in godly books,
> And not take people by their looks;"

for they would not be pleased to be judged in that manner themselves; and the poor fellows in question have, generally, been travelling all night, not in a mail-coach, but walking over rough roads, and assisting their weary and over-worked cavalry up and down a succession of steep hills.

In consequence of this practice, the two forsaken matrons encountered Moses Brown, a first cousin of Peter's, who had just dispatched his waggoner on a commercial enterprise of the description just alluded to. Moses had heard voices as he passed the Lion; and being somewhat of a curious turn, had discovered, partly by listening, and partly by the aid of certain cracks, holes, and ill-fitting joints in the shutters, who the gentlemen were whose good-will and pleasure it was "to vex the dull ear of night" with their untimely mirth. Moses, moreover, was a meek man, and professed to be extremely sorry for the two good women who had two such roaring, rattling blades for their husbands: for, by this time, the bacchanalians, having exhausted their conversational powers, had commenced a series of songs. So, under his guidance, the ladies reconnoitred the drunken two through the cracks, holes, and ill-fitting joints aforesaid.

Poor George Syms was, by this time, regularly "done up," and dosing in his chair; but Peter Brown, the smith, was still in his glory, and singing, in no small voice, a certain song, which was by no means fitting to be chanted in the ear of his spouse. As for Jacob Philpot, the landlord, he sat erect in his chair, with the dogged resolution of a man who feels that he is at his post, and is determined to be "no starter." At this moment Sally made her appearance in the room, in the same sort of dishabille as that worn by the ladies at the window, and commenced a very unceremonious harangue to George Syms and Peter Brown, telling them that they ought to be ashamed of themselves, not to have been at home hours ago; "as for this fellow," said she, giving poor Philpot a tremendous box on the ear, "I'll make him remember it, I'll warrant." Jacob hereupon arose in great

wrath; but ere he could ascertain precisely the exact centre of gravity, Sally settled his position by another cuff, which made his eyes twinkle, and sent him reeling back into his seat. Seeing these things, the ladies without began, as fox-hunters say, to "give tongue," and vociferously demanded admittance; whereupon Mrs Philpot put her head out from a window above, and told them that she would be down and let them in in a minute, and that it was a great pity gentlemen should ever get too much beer: and then she popped in her head, and in less than the stipulated time, ran down stairs and opened the street door; and so the wives were admitted to their delinquent husbands; but meek Moses Brown went his way, having a wife at home, and having no desire to abide the storm which he saw was coming.

Peter Brown was, as we said before, in high feather; and, therefore, when he saw Mrs Syms, whom he (acting under the teetotum delusion) mistook for the wife of his own particular bosom, he gaily accosted her, "Ah, old girl!—Is it you? What! you've come to your senses, eh? Slept it off, I suppose. Well, well; never mind! Forgive and forget, I say. I never saw you so before, I will say *that* for you, however. So, give us a buss, old girl! and let us go home;" and without ceremony he began to suit the action to the word, whereupon the real Mrs Brown flew to Mrs Syms' assistance, and, by hanging round Peter's neck, enabled her friend to escape. Mrs Syms, immediately she was released, began to shake up her drowsy George, who, immediately he opened his eyes, scarcely knowing where he was, marvelled much to find himself thus handled by, as he supposed, his neighbour's wife: but with the maudlin cunning of a drunken man, he thought it was an excellent joke, and therefore threw his arms round her, and began to hug her with a wondrous and unusual degree of fondness, whereby the poor woman was much affected, and called him her dear George, and said she knew it was not his fault, but "all along of that brute," pointing to Peter Brown, that he had drunk himself into such a state. "Come along, my dear," she concluded, "let us go and leave him—I don't care if I never see him any more."

The exasperation of Peter Brown, at seeing and hearing, as he imagined, his own wife act and speak in this shameful manner before his face, may be "more easily imagined than described;" but his genuine wife, who belonged, as he conceived, to the drunken man, hung so close about his neck that he found it impossible to escape. George Syms, however, was utterly unable to rise, andsat, with an idiot-like simper upon his face, as if giving himself up to a pleasing delusion, while his wife was patting, and coaxing, and wheedling him in every way, to induce him to get upon his legs and try to go home. At length, as he vacantly stared about, he caught a glimpse of Mrs Brown, whom, to save repetition, we may as well call his teetotum wife, hanging about his neighbour's neck. This sight effectually roused him, and before Mrs Syms was aware of his intention, he started up and ran furiously at Peter Brown, who received him much in the manner that might be expected, with a salutation in "the bread-basket," which sent him reeling on the floor. As a matter of course, Mrs Syms took the part of her fallen husband, and put her mark upon Mr Peter Brown; and, as a matter of course, Mrs Peter Brown took the part of her spouse, and commenced an attack on Mrs Syms.

In the meanwhile Sally had not been idle. After chastening Jacob Philpot to her heart's content, she, with the assistance of Mrs Philpot and Philip the hostler, who was much astonished to hear her "order the mistress about," conveyed him up stairs, where he was deposited, as he was, upon a spare bed, to "take his chance," as she said, "and sleep off his drunken fit." Sally then returned to the scene of strife and desired the "company" to go about their business, for she should not allow any thing more to "be called for" that night. Having said this with an air of authority, she left the room; and though Mrs Syms and Mrs Brown were greatly surprised thereat, they said nothing, inasmuch as they were somewhat ashamed of their own appearance, and had matters of more importance than Sally's eccentricity to think of, as Mrs Syms had been cruelly wounded in her new shawl, which she had imprudently thrown over her shoulders; and the left side of the lace on Mrs Brown's cap had been torn away in the recent conflict. Mrs

Philpot, enacting her part as the teetotum Sally of the night, besought the ladies to go home, and leave the gentlemen to sleep where they were, *i. e.* upon the floor, till the morning: for Peter Brown, notwithstanding the noise he had made, was as incapable of standing as the quieter George Syms. So the women dragged them into separate corners of the room, placed pillows under their heads, and threw a blanket over each, and then left them to repose. The two disconsolate wives each forthwith departed to her own lonely pillow, leaving Mrs Philpot particularly puzzled at the deference with which they had treated her, by calling her "Madam," as if she was mistress of the house.

Leaving them all to their slumbers, we must now say a word or two about the teetotum, the properties of which were to change people's characters, spinning the mind of one man or woman into the body of another. The duration of the delusion, caused by this droll game of the old gentleman's, depended upon the length of time spent in the diversion; and five minutes was the specific period for causing it to last till the next sunrise or sunset *after* the change had been effected. Therefore, when the morning came, Mrs Philpot and Sally, and Peter Brown and George Syms, all came to their senses. The two latter went quietly home, with aching heads and very confused recollections of the preceding evening; and shortly after their departure Mrs Philpot awoke in great astonishment at finding herself in the garret; and Sally was equally surprised, and much alarmed, at finding herself in her mistress's room, from which she hastened in quick time, leaving all things in due order.

The elderly stranger made his appearance soon after, and appeared to have brushed up his shabby genteel clothes, for he really looked much more respectable than on the preceding evening. He ordered his breakfast, and sat down thereto very quietly, and asked for the newspaper, and pulled out his spectacles, and began to con the politics of the day much at his ease, no one having the least suspicion that he and his teetotum had been the cause of all the uproar at the Red Lion. In due time the landlord made his appearance, with sundry marks of violence upon his jolly countenance, and, after due obeisance made to his respectable-looking guest, took the liberty of telling his spouse that he should insist upon her sending Sally away, for that he had never been so mauled since he was born; but Mrs Philpot told him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and she was very glad the girl had spirit enough to protect herself, and that she wouldn't part with her on any account. She then referred to what had passed in the back kitchen, taking to herself the credit of having inflicted that punishment which had been administered by the hands of Sally.

Jacob Philpot was now more than ever convinced that his wife had been paying her respects to a huge stone bottle of rum which stood in the closet; and he "made bold" to tell her his thoughts, whereat Mrs Philpot thought fit to put herself into a tremendous passion, although she could not help fearing that, perhaps, she might have taken a drop too much of something, for she was unable, in any other manner, to account for having slept in the garret.

The elderly stranger now took upon himself to recommend mutual forgiveness, and stated that it was really quite pardonable for any one to take a little too much of such very excellent ale as that at the Red Lion. "For my own part," said he, "I don't know whether I didn't get a trifle beyond the mark myself last night. But I hope, madam, I did not annoy you."

"Oh dear, no, not at all, sir," replied Mrs Philpot, whose good-humour was restored at this compliment paid to the good cheer of the Lion, "you were exceeding pleasant, I assure you, just enough to make you funny; we had a hearty laugh about the teetotum, you know."—"Ah!" said the stranger, "I guess how it was then. I always introduce the teetotum when I want to be merry."

Jacob Philpot expressed a wish to understand the game, and after spinning it two or three times, proposed to take his chance, for five minutes, with the stranger; but the latter, laughing heartily, would by no means agree with the proposition, and declared that it would be downright cheating, as he was an overmatch for any beginner. "However," he continued, "as soon as any of your neighbours come in, I'll put you in the way of it, and we'll

have some of your ale now, just to pass the time. It will do neither of us any harm after last night's affair, and I want to have some talk with you about the coal trade."

They accordingly sat down together, and the stranger displayed considerable knowledge in the science of mining; and Jacob was so much delighted with his companion, that an hour or two slipped away, as he said, "in no time;" and then there was heard the sound of a horse's feet at the door, and a somewhat authoritative hillo!

"It is our parson," said Jacob, starting up, and he ran to the door to enquire what might be his reverence's pleasure. "Good morning," said the Reverend Mr Stanhope. "I'm going over to dine with our club at the Old Boar, and I want you just to cast your eye on those fellows in my home close; you can see them out of your parlour window."—"Yes, to be sure, sir," replied Jacob.—"Hem!" quoth Mr Stanhope, "have you any body indoors?"—"Yes, sir, we have," replied Jacob, "a strange gentleman, who seems to know a pretty deal about mining and them sort of things. I think he's some great person in disguise; he seems regularly edicated, up to every thing."—"Eh, ah! a great person in disguise!" exclaimed Mr Stanhope. "I'll just step in a minute. It seems as if there was a shower coming over, and I'm in no hurry, and it is not worth while to get wet through for the sake of a few minutes." So he alighted from his horse, soliloquizing to himself, "Perhaps the Lord Chancellor! Who knows? However, I shall take care to shew my principles;" and straightway he went into the house, and was most respectfully saluted by the elderly stranger; and they entered into a conversation upon the standing English topics of weather, wind, crops, and the coal trade; and Mr Stanhope contrived to introduce therein sundry unkind things against the Pope and all his followers; and avowed himself a stanch "church and king" man, and spake enthusiastically of our "glorious constitution," and lauded divers individuals then in power, but more particularly those who studied the true interests of the church, by seeking out and preferring men of merit and talent to fill vacant benefices. The stranger thereat smiled significantly, as though he could, if he felt disposed, say something to the purpose; and Mr Stanhope felt more inclined than ever to think the landlord might have conjectured very near the truth, and, consequently, redoubled his efforts to make the agreeable, professing his regret at being obliged to dine out that day, &c. The stranger politely thanked him for his polite consideration, and stated that he was never at a loss for employment, and that he was then rambling, for a few days, to relax his mind from the fatigues of an overwhelming mass of important business, to which his duty compelled him to attend early and late. "Perhaps," he continued, "you will smile when I tell you that I am now engaged in a series of experiments relative to the power of the centrifugal force, and its capacity of overcoming various degrees of friction." (Here he produced the teetotum.) "You perceive the different surfaces of the under edge of this little thing. The outside, you see, is all of ivory, but indented in various ways; and yet I have not been able to decide whether the roughest or smoothest more frequently arrest its motions. The colours, of course, are merely indications. Here is my register," and he produced a book, wherein divers mathematical abstruse calculations were apparent. "I always prefer other people to spin it, as then I obtain a variety of impelling power. Perhaps you will do me the favour just to twirl it round a few times alternately with the landlord? Two make a fairer experiment than one. Just for five minutes. I'll not trouble you a moment longer, I promise you."—"Hem!" thought Mr Stanhope.

> "Learn'd men, now and then,
> Have very strange vagaries!"

However, he commenced spinning the teetotum, turn and turn with Jacob Philpot, who was highly delighted both with the drollery of the thing, and the honour of playing with the parson of the parish, and laughed most immoderately, while the stranger stood by, looking at his stop-watch as demurely as on the preceding evening, until the five minutes had expired; and then, in the middle of the Rev. Mr Stanhope's spin, he took up the little toy and put it into his pocket.

Jacob Philpot immediately arose,

and shook the stranger warmly by the hand, and told him that he should be happy to see him whenever he came that way again; and then nodding to Mr Stanhope and the landlady, went out at the front door, mounted the horse that stood there, and rode away. "Where's the fellow going?" cried Mrs Philpot; "Hillo! Jacob, I say!" —"Well, mother," said the Reverend Mr Stanhope, "what's the matter now?" but Mrs Philpot had reached the front of the house, and continued to shout, "Hillo! hillo, come back, I tell you!"—"That woman is always doing some strange thing or other," observed Mr Stanhope to the stranger. "What on earth can possess her to go calling after the parson in that manner?"—"I declare he's rode off with squire Jones's horse," cried Mrs Philpot, re-entering the house. "To be sure he has," said Mr Stanhope; "he borrowed it on purpose to go to the Old Boar."—"Did he?" exclaimed the landlady; "and without telling me a word about it! But I'll Old Boar him, I promise you!"—"Don't make such a fool of yourself, mother," said the parson; "it can't signify twopence to you where he goes."—"Can't it?" rejoined Mrs Philpot. "I'll tell you what, your worship ——"—"Don't worship me, woman," exclaimed the teetotum landlord parson; "worship! what nonsense now! Why, you've been taking your drops again this morning, I think. Worship, indeed! To be sure, I did once, like a fool, promise to worship *you*; but if my time was to come over again, I know what —— But, never mind now—don't you see it's twelve o'clock? Come, quick, let us have what there is to eat, and then we'll have a comfortable pipe under the tree. What say you, sir?"—"With all my heart," replied the elderly stranger. Mrs Philpot could make nothing of the parson's speech about worshipping her; but the order for something to eat was very distinct; and though she felt much surprised thereat, as well as at the proposed smoking under the tree, she, nevertheless, was much gratified that so unusual an order should be given on that particular day, as she had a somewhat better dinner than usual, namely, a leg of mutton upon the spit. Therefore she bustled about with exceeding good-will, and Sally spread a clean cloth upon the table in the little parlour for the parson and the strange old gentleman; and when the mutton was placed upon the table, the latter hoped they should have the pleasure of Mrs Philpot's company; but she looked somewhat doubtfully till the parson said, "Come, come, mother, don't make a bother about it; sit down, can't you, when the gentleman bids you." Therefore she smoothed her apron and made one at the dinner table, and conducted herself with so much precision, that the teetotum parson looked upon her with considerable surprise, while she regarded him with no less, inasmuch as he talked in a very unclerical manner; and, among other strange things, swore that his wife was as "drunk as blazes" the night before, and winked at her, and behaved altogether in a style very unbecoming a minister in his own parish.

At one o'clock there was a great sensation caused in the village of Stockwell, by the appearance of their reverend pastor and the elderly stranger, sitting on the bench which went round the tree, which stood before the sign of the roaring, rampant Red Lion, each with a long pipe in his mouth, blowing clouds, which would not have disgraced the most inveterate smoker of the "black diamond" fraternity, and ever and anon moistening their clay with "heavy wet," from tankards placed upon a small table, which Mrs Philpot had provided for their accommodation. The little boys and girls first approached within a respectful distance, and then ran away giggling to tell their companions; and they told their mothers, who came and peeped likewise; and many were diverted, and many were scandalized at the sight: yet the parson seemed to care for none of these things, but cracked his joke, and sipped his ale, and smoked his pipe, with as much easy nonchalance as if he had been in his own arm-chair at the rectory. Yet it must be confessed that now and then there was a sort of equivocal remark made by him, as though he had some faint recollection of his former profession, although he evinced not the smallest sense of shame at the change which had been wrought in him. Indeed this trifling imperfection in the change of identity appears to have attended such transformations in general, and might have

arisen from the individual bodies retaining their own clothes, (for the mere fashion of dress hath a great influence on some minds,) or, perhaps, because a profession or trade, with the habits thereof, cannot be entirely shaken off, nor a new one perfectly learned, by spinning a teetotum for five minutes. The time had now arrived when George Syms, the shoemaker, and Peter Brown, the blacksmith, were accustomed to take their "pint and pipe after dinner," and greatly were they surprised to see their places so occupied; and not a little was their astonishment increased, when the parson lifted up his voice, and ordered Sally to bring out a couple of chairs, and then shook them both warmly by the hand, and welcomed them by the affectionate appellation of "My hearties!" He then winked, and in an under tone, began to sing—

"Though I'm tied to a crusty old woman,
Much given to scolding and jealousy,
I know that the case is too common,
And so I will ogle each girl I see.
Tol de rol, lol, &c.

Come, my lads!" he resumed, "sit you down, and clap half a yard of clay into your mouths." The two worthy artisans looked at each other significantly, or rather insignificantly, for they knew not what to think, and did as they were bid. "Come, why don't you talk?" said the teetotum parson landlord, after a short silence. "You're as dull as a couple of tom-cats with their ears cut off—talk, man, talk—there's no doing nothing without talking." This last part of his speech seemed more particularly addressed to Peter Brown, who, albeit a man of a sound head, and well skilled in such matters as appertained unto iron and the coal trade, had not been much in the habit of mixing with the clergy: therefore he felt, for a moment, as he said, "nonplushed;" but fortunately he recollected the Catholic question, about which most people were then talking, and which every body professed to understand. Therefore, he forthwith introduced the subject; and being well aware of the parson's bias, and having, moreover, been told that he had written a pamphlet; therefore (though to do Peter Brown justice, he was not accustomed to read such publications) he scrupled not to give his opinion very freely, and concluded by taking up his pint and drinking a very unchristianlike malediction against the Pope. George Syms followed on the same side, and concluded in the same manner, adding thereunto, "Your good healths, gemmen."—"What a pack of nonsense!" exclaimed the parson. "I should like to know what harm the Pope can do us! I tell you what, my lads, it's all my eye and Betty Martin. Live and let live, I say. So long as I can get a good living, I don't care the toss of a halfpenny who's uppermost. For my part, I'd as soon live at the sign of the Mitre as the Lion, or mount the cardinal's hat for that matter, if I thought I could get any thing by it. Look at home, say I. The Pope's an old woman, and so are they that are afraid of him." The elderly stranger here seemed highly delighted, and cried, "Bravo!" and clapped the speaker on the back, and said, "That's your sort! Go it, my hearty!" But Peter Brown, who was one of the sturdy English old-fashioned school, and did not approve of hot and cold being blown out of the same mouth, took the liberty of telling the parson, in a very unceremonious way, that he seemed to have changed his opinions very suddenly. "Not I," said the other; "I was always of the same way of thinking."—"Then words have no meaning," observed George Syms, angrily, "for I heard you myself. You talked as loud about the wickedness of 'mancipation as ever I heard a man in my life, no longer ago than last Sunday."—"Then I must have been drunk—that's all I can say about the business," replied the other coolly; and he began to fill his pipe with the utmost nonchalance, as though it was a matter of course. Such apparently scandalous conduct was, however, too much for the unsophisticated George Syms and Peter Brown, who simultaneously threw down their reckoning, and, much to their credit, left the turncoat reprobate parson to the company of the elderly gentleman.

If we were to relate half the whimsical consequences of the teetotum tricks of this strange personage, we might fill volumes; but, as it is not our intention to allow the detail to swell even into one, we must hastily sketch the proceedings of poor Jacob Philpot, after he left the Red Lion to

dine with sundry of the gentry and clergy at the Old Boar, in his new capacity of an ecclesiastic, in the outward form of a somewhat negligently dressed landlord. He was accosted on the road by divers of his coal-carrying neighbours with a degree of familiarity which was exceedingly mortifying to his feelings. One told him to be home in time to take part of a gallon of ale that he had won of neighbour Smith; a second reminded him that to-morrow was club-night at the Nag's Head; and a third asked him where he had stolen his horse. At length he arrived, much out of humour, at the Old Boar, an inn of a very different description from the Red Lion, being a posting house of no inconsiderable magnitude, wherein that day was to be holden the symposium of certain grandees of the adjacent country, as before hinted.

The landlord, who happened to be standing at the door, was somewhat surprised at the formal manner with which Jacob Philpot greeted him, and gave his horse into the charge of the hostler; but, as he knew him only by sight, and had many things to attend to, he went his way without making any remark, and thus, unwittingly, increased the irritation of Jacob's new teetotum sensitive feelings. "Are any of the gentlemen come yet?" asked Jacob, haughtily, of one of the waiters. "What gentlemen?" quoth the waiter. "*Any* of them," said Jacob, "Mr Wiggins, Doctor White, or Captain Pole?" At this moment a carriage drove up to the door, and the bells all began ringing, and the waiters ran to see who had arrived, and Jacob Philpot was left unheeded. "This is very strange conduct!" observed he; "I never met with such incivility in my life! One would think I was a dog!" Scarcely had this soliloquy terminated, when a lady, who had alighted from the carriage, (leaving the gentleman who came with her to give some orders about the luggage) entered the inn, and was greatly surprised to find her delicate hand seized by the horny grasp of the landlord of the Red Lion, who addressed her as "Dear Mrs Wilkins," and vowed he was quite delighted at the unexpected pleasure of seeing her, and hoped the worthy rector was well, and all the dear little darlings. Mrs Wilkins disengaged her hand as quickly as possible, and made her escape into a room, the door of which was held open for her admittance by the waiter; and then the worthy rector made his appearance, followed by one of the "little darlings," whom Jacob Philpot, in the joy of his heart at finding himself once more among friends, snatched up in his arms, and thereby produced a bellowing which instantly brought the alarmed mother from her retreat. "What is that frightful man doing with the child?" she cried, and Jacob, who could scarcely believe his ears, was immediately deprived of his burden, while his particular friend, the worthy rector, looked upon him with a cold and vacant stare, and then retired into his room with his wife and the little darling, and Jacob was, once more, left to his own cogitations. "I see it!" he exclaimed, after a short pause, "I see it! This is the reward of rectitude of principle! This is the reward of undeviating and inflexible firmness of purpose! He has read my unanswerable pamphlet! I always thought there was a laxity of principle about him!" So Jacob forthwith walked into the open air to cool himself, and strolled round the garden of the inn, and meditated upon divers important subjects; and thus he passed his time till the hour of dinner, though he could not but keep occasionally wondering that some of his friends did not come down to meet him, since they must have seen him walking in the garden. His patience, however, was at length exhausted, and his appetite was exceedingly clamorous, partly, perhaps, because his *outward* man had been used to dine at the plebeian hour of noon, while his inward man made a point of never taking any thing more than a biscuit and a glass of wine between breakfast and five o'clock; and even that little modicum had been omitted on this fatal day, in consequence of the incivility of the people of the inn. "The dinner hour was five *precisely*," said he, looking at his watch, "and now it is half past—but I'll wait a *little* longer. It's a bad plan to hurry them. It puts the cook out of humour, and then all goes wrong." Therefore he waited a little longer; that is to say, till the calls of absolute hunger became quite ungovernable, and then he went into the house, where the odour of delicate viands was quite provoking; so he

followed the guidance of his nose and arrived in the large dining-room, where he found, to his great surprise and mortification, that the company were assembled, and the work of destruction had been going on for some time, as the second course had just been placed on the table. Jacob felt that the neglect with which he had been treated was "enough to make a parson swear;" and perhaps he would have sworn, but that he had no time to spare; and, therefore, as all the seats at the upper end of the table were engaged, he deposited himself on a vacant chair about the centre, between two gentlemen with whom he had no acquaintance, and, spreading his napkin in his lap, demanded of a waiter what fish had gone out. The man replied only by a stare and a smile, a line of conduct which was by no means surprising, seeing that the most stylish part of Philpot's dress was, without dispute, the napkin aforesaid. For the rest, it was unlike the garb of the strange gentleman, inasmuch as that, though possibly entitled to the epithet shabby, it could not be termed genteel. "What's the fellow gaping at?" cried Jacob, in an angry voice; "go and tell your master that I want to speak to him directly. I don't understand such treatment. Tell him to come immediately! Do you hear?"

The loud tone in which this was spoken aroused the attention of the company; and most of them cast a look of enquiry first at the speaker, and then round the table, as if to discern by whom the strange gentleman in the scarlet and yellow plush waistcoat and the dirty shirt might be patronised: but there were others who recognised the landlord of the Red Lion at Stockwell. The whole, however, were somewhat startled when he addressed them as follows:—"Really, gentlemen, I must say, that a joke may be carried too far; and, if it was not for my cloth," (here he handled the napkin,) "I declare I don't know how I might act. I have been walking in the garden for these two hours, and you *must* have seen me. And now you stare at me as if you didn't know me! Really, gentlemen, it is too bad! I love a joke as well as any man, and can take one too; but, as I said before, a joke *may* be carried too far."—"I think so too," said the landlord of the Old Boar, tapping him on the shoulder; "so come along, and don't make a fool of yourself here."—"Fellow!" cried Jacob, rising in great wrath. "Go your ways! Be off, I tell you! Mr Chairman! we have known each other now for a good many years, and you must be convinced that I can take a joke as well as any man; but human nature can endure this no longer. Mr Wiggins! Captain Pole! my good friend Doctor White! I appeal to you!" Here the gentlemen named looked especially astounded. "What! can it be possible that you have *all* agreed to cut me! Oh, no! I will not believe that political differences of opinion can run *quite* so high. Come—let us have no more of this nonsense!"—"No, no, we've had quite enough of it," said the landlord of the Old Boar, pulling the chair from beneath the last speaker, who was consequently obliged again to be upon his legs, while there came, from various parts of the table, cries of "Chair! chair! Turn him out!"—"Man!" roared the teetotum parsonified landlord of the Red Lion, to the landlord of the Old Boar, "Man!" you shall repent of this! If it wasn't for my cloth, I'd soon——"—"Come, give me the cloth!" said the other, snatching away the napkin, which Jacob had buttoned in his waistcoat, and thereby causing that garment to fly open and expose more of dirty linen and skin than is usually sported at a dinner party. Poor Philpot's rage had now reached its acme, and he again appealed to the chairman by name. "Colonel Martin!" said he, "can you sit by and see me used thus? I am sure *you* will not pretend that you don't know me!"—"Not I," replied the chairman; "I know you well enough, and a confounded impudent fellow you are. I'll tell you what, my lad, next time you apply for a license, you shall hear of this." The landlord of the Old Boar was, withal, a kind-hearted man; and, as he well knew that the loss of its license would be ruin to the rampant Red Lion and all concerned therewith, he was determined that poor Philpot should be saved from destruction in spite of his teeth: therefore, without further ceremony, he, being a muscular man, laid violent hands upon the said Jacob, and, with the assistance of his waiters, conveyed him out of the room, in despite of much struggling, and sundry interjections concerning his "cloth."

When they had deposited him safely in an arm-chair in "the bar," the landlady, who had frequently seen him before, in his proper character, that of a civil man, who "knew his place" in society, very kindly offered him a cup of tea; and the landlord asked how he could think of making such a fool of himself; and the waiter, whom he had accosted on first entering the house, vouched for his not having had any thing to eat or drink; whereupon they spoke of the remains of a turbot, which had just come down stairs, and a haunch of venison that was to follow. It is a sad thing to have a mind and body that are no match for each other. Jacob's outward man would have been highly gratified at the exhibition of these things; but the spirit of the parson was too mighty within, and spurned every offer, and the body was compelled to obey. So the horse that was borrowed of the squire was ordered out, and Jacob Philpot mounted and rode on his way in excessive irritation, growling vehemently at the insult and indignity which had been committed against the "cloth" in general, and his own person in particular.

"The sun sunk beneath the horizon," as novelists say, when Jacob Philpot entered the village of Stockwell, and, as if waking from a dream, he suddenly started, and was much surprised to find himself on horseback, for the last thing that he recollected, was going up stairs at his own house, and composing himself for a nap, that he might be ready to join neighbour Scroggins and Dick Smith, when they came in the evening to drink the gallon of ale lost by the latter. "And, my eyes!" said he, "if I haven't got the squire's horse that the parson borrowed this morning. Well—it's very odd! however, the ride has done me a deal of good, for I feel as if I hadn't had any thing all day, and yet I did pretty well too at the leg of mutton at dinner." Mrs Philpot received her lord and nominal master in no very gracious mood, and said she should like to know where he had been riding. "That's more than I can tell you," replied Jacob; "however, I know I'm as hungry as a greyhound, though I never made a better dinner in my life."—"More shame for you," said Mrs Philpot; "I wish the Old Boar was a thousand miles off."—"What's the woman talking about?" quoth Jacob. "Eh! what! at it again, I suppose," and he pointed to the closet containing the rum bottle. "Hush!" cried Mrs Philpot, "here's the parson coming down stairs!"—"The parson!" exclaimed Jacob; "what's he been doing up stairs, I should like to know?"—"He has been to take a nap on mistress's bed," said Sally. "The dickens he has! This is a pretty story," quoth Jacob. "How could I help it?" asked Mrs Philpot; "you should stay at home and look after your own business, and not go ramshackling about the country. You shan't hear the last of the Old Boar just yet, I promise you." To avoid the threatened storm, and satisfy the calls of hunger, Jacob made off to the larder, and commenced an attack upon the leg of mutton.

At this moment the Reverend Mr Stanhope opened the little door at the foot of the stairs. On waking, and finding himself upon a bed, he had concluded that he must have fainted in consequence of the agitation of mind produced by the gross insults which he had suffered, or perhaps from the effects of hunger. Great, therefore, was his surprise to find himself at the Red Lion in his own parish; and the first questions he asked of Mrs Philpot were how and when he had been brought there. "La, sir!" said the landlady, "you went up stairs of your own accord, after you were tired of smoking under the tree."—"Smoking under the tree, woman!" exclaimed Mr Stanhope; "what are you talking about? Do you recollect whom you are speaking to?"—"Ay, marry, do I," replied the sensitive Mrs Philpot; "and you told Sally to call you when Scroggins and Smith came for their gallon of ale, as you meant to join their party."

The Reverend Mr Stanhope straightway took up his hat, put it upon his head, and stalked with indignant dignity out of the house, opining that the poor woman was in her cups; and meditated, as he walked home, on the extraordinary affairs of the day. But his troubles were not yet ended, for the report of his public jollification had reached his own household; and John, his trusty man-servant, had been dispatched to the Red Lion, and had ascertained that his master was really

gone to bed in a state very unfit for a clergyman to be seen in. Some remarkably good-natured friends had been to condole with Mrs Stanhope upon the extraordinary proceedings of her goodman, and to say how much they were shocked, and what a pity it was, and wondering what the bishop would think of it, and divers other equally amiable and consolatory reflections and notes of admiration. Now Mrs Stanhope, though she had much of the "milk of human kindness" in her composition, had, withal, a sufficient portion of "tartaric acid" mingled therewith. Therefore, when her beer-drinking husband made his appearance, he found her in a state of effervescence. "Mary," said he, "I am extremely fatigued. I have been exposed to-day to a series of insults, such as I could not have imagined it possible for any one to offer me."—"Nor any body else," replied Mrs Stanhope; "but you are rightly served, and I am glad of it. Who could have supposed that you, the minister of a parish!—Faugh! how filthily you smell of tobacco! I vow I cannot endure to be in the room with you!" and she arose and left the divine to himself, in exceeding great perplexity. However, being a man who loved to do all things in order, he remembered that he had not dined, so he rang the bell and gave the needful instructions, thinking it best to satisfy nature first, and *then* endeavour to ascertain the cause of his beloved Mary's acidity. His appetite was gone, but that he attributed to having fasted too long, a practice very unusual with him; however, he picked a bit here and there, and then indulged himself with a bottle of his oldest port, which he had about half consumed, and somewhat recovered his spirits, ere his dear Mary made her reappearance, and told him that she was perfectly astonished at his conduct. And well might she say so, for *now*, the wine, which he had been drinking with unusual rapidity, thinking, good easy man, that he had taken nothing all day, began to have a very visible effect upon a body already saturated with strong ale. He declared that he cared not a fig for the good opinion of any gentleman in the county, that he would always act and speak according to his principles, and filled a bumper to the health of the Lord Chancellor, and drank sundry more exceedingly loyal toasts, and told his astonished spouse, that he should not be surprised if he was very soon to be made a Dean or a Bishop, and as for the people at the Old Boar, he saw through their conduct—it was all envy, which doth "merit as its shade pursue." The good lady justly deemed it folly to waste her oratory upon a man in such a state, and reserved her powers for the next morning; and Mr Stanhope reeled to bed that night in a condition which, to do him justice, he had never before exhibited under his own roof.

The next morning, Mrs Stanhope and her daughter Sophy, a promising young lady about ten years old, of the hoyden class, were at breakfast, when the elderly stranger called at the rectory, and expressed great concern on being told that Mr S. was somewhat indisposed, and had not yet made his appearance. He said that his business was of very little importance, and merely concerned some geological enquiries which he was prosecuting in the vicinity; but Mrs Stanhope, who had the names of all the ologies by heart, and loved occasionally to talk thereof, persuaded him to wait a short time, little dreaming of the consequence; for the wily old gentleman began to romp with Miss Sophy, and, after a while, produced his teetotum, and, in short, so contrived it, that the mother and daughter played together therewith for five minutes. He then politely took his leave, promising to call again; and Mrs Stanhope bobbed him a curtsey, and Sophia assured him that Mr S. would be extremely happy to afford him every assistance in his scientific researches. When the worthy divine at length made his appearance in the breakfast parlour, strangely puzzled as to the extreme feverishness and languor which oppressed him, he found Sophy sitting gravely in an arm-chair, reading a treatise on craniology. It was a pleasant thing for him to see her read any thing, but he could not help expressing his surprise by observing, "I should think that book a little above your comprehension, my dear."—"Indeed! sir," was the reply; and the little girl laid down the volume and sat erect in her chair, and thus continued: "I should think, Mr Nicodemus Stanhope, that after the specimen of good sense and propriety of conduct, which you were pleased to exhibit yesterday, it scarcely becomes *you* to pretend to estimate the *com-*

prehension of others."—"My dear," said the astonished divine, "this is very strange language! You forget whom you are speaking to!"—"Not at all," replied the child. "I know *my* place, if you don't know yours, and am determined to speak my mind." If any thing could add to the Reverend Mr Nicodemus Stanhope's surprise, it was the sound of his wife's voice in the garden, calling to his man John to stand out of the way, or she should run over him. Poor John, who was tying up some of her favourite flowers, got out of her way accordingly in quick time, and the next moment his mistress rushed by, trundling a hoop, hallooing and laughing, and highly enjoying his apparent dismay. Throughout that day, it may be imagined that the reverend gentleman's philosophy was sorely tried; but we are compelled, by want of room, to leave the particulars of his botheration to the reader's imagination.

We are sorry to say that these were not the only metamorphoses which the mischievous old gentleman wrought in the village of Stockwell. There was a game of teetotum played between a sergeant of dragoons, who had retired upon his well-earned pension, and a baker, who happened likewise to be the renter of a small patch of land adjoining the village. The veteran, with that indistinctness of character before mentioned, shouldered the peel,* and took it to the field, and used it for loading and spreading manure, so that it was never afterwards fit for any but dirty work. Then, just to shew that he was not afraid of any body, he cut a gap in the hedge of a small field of wheat which had just been reaped, and was standing in sheaves, and thereby gave admittance to a neighbouring bull, who amused himself greatly by tossing the said sheaves; but more particularly those which were set apart as tythes, against which he appeared to have a particular spite, throwing them high into the air, and then bellowing and treading them under foot. But—we must come to a close. Suffice it to say, that the village of Stockwell was long in a state of confusion in consequence of these games; for the mischief which was done during the period of delusion, ended not, like the delusion itself, with the rising or setting of the sun.

Having now related as many particulars of these strange occurrences as our limits will permit, we have merely to state the effect which they produced upon ourselves. Whenever we have since beheld servants aping the conduct of their masters or mistresses, tradesmen wasting their time and money at taverns, clergymen forgetful of the dignity and sacred character of their profession, publicans imagining themselves fit for preachers, children calling their parents to account for their conduct, matrons acting the hoyden, and other incongruities—whenever we witness these and the like occurrences, we conclude that the actors therein have been playing a game with the Old Gentleman's Teetotum.

REVIEW OF THE LAST SESSION OF PARLIAMENT.

The Parliament, which the Secretary for the Home Department characterises as having broken in on the Constitution, has been adjourned; and, although, during the continuance of its deliberations, (its sittings rather,) there was little reason for suspending our judgment on the character of its proceedings, yet we feel more at liberty now that the history of the entire Session is before us, calmly to review and record our opinion, as to the measures of late adopted by the legislature of this country, and the manner in which they have become law. It is not, however, our intention to conduct our readers through all the mazes of the late Parliamentary proceedings. Of these, many were more akin to the debates of a parish vestry than to the deliberations of a senate. Nor do we conceive that much additional information on the subjects of a free trade, and the great currency-question, can be elicited from the most diligent enquiry into the reported discussions on these subjects, in which the assembled wisdom of the nation were pleased to

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* "Peel. A broad, thin board, with a long handle, used by bakers to put their bread in and out of the oven."—Johnson.

engage. The foreign relations of Great Britain, too, we are of opinion, so far as the lights cast by our Legislators have fallen upon them, are exhibited in no very amiable point of view; and are, for the greater part, suffered to remain in that state of palpable obscurity, which is so stimulating to the speculatist, and in which he who looks for mystery or surprise, has no reason to apprehend that his theories may not exist in safety until events have demolished them. In short, the proceedings, and the reported deliberations, in the late Session of Parliament, have been, for the greater part, of a nature to discourage all men from seeking information in them, except only such projectors as he who expected that a ton of burnt paper, subjected to a process of distillation, would yield that inestimable liquid—the long-sought elixir vitæ.

But the Parliament, which did so little to instruct the nation, has yet had the privilege of breaking in upon the Constitution, and changing, fundamentally, the laws of England. In Shakspeare's play of Henry the Sixth, when various warriors of the house of York were eloquently descanting on their exploits, the crooked-back Richard, who has been engaged in an action of more atrocious importance, casts down among the astonished group the head of the murdered King, and bids it speak for him. As we have passed the windows where the speeches of Burke, and Windham, and Fox, and other worthies of the former days, are proudly paraded, we have remembered Richard's boast, and thought that that Parliament of England which has attempted no rivalry and renounced all alliance of such mighty names, may yet, for the enormous mischief of its former doings, challenge for ever an undisputed pre-eminence in the annals of this country.

The question of Catholic Emancipation is now settled; settled, we mean, in the Irish fashion, as its evils have begun. It might, therefore, be said, that it is one which it cannot be necessary to discuss. Argument can no longer avert, lamentation cannot serve to alleviate, the calamity which the nation has sustained. Why then not suffer the remembrance of such an evil to pass away, and why not leave the public mind to subside into acquiescence with a state of things, which, however undesirable, is inevitable? Our answer might be, that the public mind cannot so far sink into forgetfulness and indifference of what England was and what she has become,—but for ourselves, we promise that the tendency of our reflections shall be less to exasperate than to control popular irritation. We are quite ready to confess, that we deprecate the coming of that day, when Englishmen shall be indifferent to national dishonour; and would not more readily encounter all peril and disaster than make a league with iniquity; but now that the constitution of England is changed, and the time not arrived, when it can be restored to its original excellence, by exertions such as law and reason will approve, we would not willingly utter a syllable by which an unnecessary pang might be sent to an honest heart, or the violence of public indignation be, in any degree, increased. If, therefore, we enter into some retrospects of the late Parliamentary proceedings, it is not with any mischievous design, but because what we have to present, we do not wish to utter with oracular arrogance; and are willing to recommend less by the weight of our authority than by the arguments on which it shall be rested.

This is the course pursued by all modern prophets—they expect you to believe in their predictions, just in the same proportions as they satisfy you that their knowledge of the past is correct. We imitate them; and enter into an examination of the conduct of Parliament, not so much with a view to expose the impolicy of their measures, as to shew how far our own anticipations are justified by their proceedings.

We shall endeavour to subdue every rising emotion of disgust or abhorrence—we shall control every throb of indignation and disdain, by the remembrance of the mighty interests which have been wantonly set in peril—personal feelings, we have no doubt, will subside before such solemn associations, and we shall be nothing more than the mouth-piece through which the events which have occurred warn the nation of what is yet to be expected. Under such impressions, we commence our remarks on the late Session of Parliament; let the reader judge whether we keep our promise of truth and moderation.

The most characteristic feature of

the late measures for the relief of his Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects was, that they served to exhibit the Parliament and the people in a state, if not of hostility, of aversion. Had the legislature been bought by foreign gold, or possessed by a spirit of hatred to British institutions, they could not have accomplished the task assigned to them with a more remorseless celerity—they could not have evinced a more thorough indifference to the opinion of the people, over whose interests they were the official guardians.

On the 5th of April his Majesty recommended, that "when the essential object" (of acquiring powers by which he could maintain his just authority) "had been accomplished, Parliament should take into its deliberate consideration the whole condition of Ireland, and review the laws which impose civil disabilities on his Roman Catholic subjects." Two short months had scarcely elapsed before—without any deliberate consideration of the state of Ireland, without any review of the laws which imposed civil disabilities on the Roman Catholics—Parliament called for his Majesty's assent to a repeal of these hastily condemned laws. On the 5th of April his Majesty directed his Parliament "to consider whether the removal of those disabilities could be effected consistently with the full and permanent security of the established church and state, with the maintenance of the reformed religion, established by law, and of the rights and privileges of the bishops and clergy of this realm, and of the churches committed to their charge." At the same time, his Majesty acquainted Parliament, that "these were institutions which must ever be held sacred in this Protestant kingdom, and which it is the duty and the determination of his Majesty to preserve inviolate"—and presently, members of the Imperial Parliament are found to recommend, that these institutions be exposed to dangers, from which, it was their opinion in former days (an opinion which they declared was still unchanged) the Protestant establishment could not escape. Surely it is impossible to read such recommendations, and such admissions, without feeling a conviction, that whatever was the actuating motive of altered counsels with unchanged opinions, that motive was not made known to the public, in the speech of any convert to the expediency of breaking in on the constitution.

It is by no means a moderate evil, that the measures adopted by the legislature shall not appear to originate in the opinions and persuasions by which it is attempted to recommend them. The Parliamentary assemblies became thus deprived of their chief interest; and instead of being accounted deliberative bodies, whose proceedings are important in the highest degree, they are shrunk, in the estimation of the people, into chambers called for the purpose of recording and registering the determinations of a closed and uncontrollable divan. Law loses what, in the old time, was its strongest sanction, the willing acceptation of the people. It appears rather an importation from a foreign soil, than a growth conformable to the genius of the British constitution; and the freedom and openness of Parliamentary debates, which had been formerly instrumental in the great work of linking the people with the laws, begins to serve only the unhappy end of exhibiting legislators constraining themselves to yield to what has been, because of some unknown reason, forced upon them; and labouring to find or to set forth some excuse or extenuation for their abandonment of principle.

It is a very unhappy and menacing state of things when the legislators of Great Britain are exposed in so humiliating a condition. When the people are taught to suspect that evil designs are cherished against their personal or collective interests, and are justified, or, at least, countenanced, in apprehending, that the public acts of their legislature are not the acts of deliberative bodies, and are important only so far as they affix authority upon measures, which they are commanded to sanction, and as they answer the purpose of a blind, behind which, the plotters against the national interest and honour may perpetrate their evil intents in peace and with impunity.

If it had ever happened that foreign gold, or that any other unworthy attraction, were employed to seduce from prudent and direct counsels, a member of the British government—if such a one, overpowered or confused by a sordid or a voluptuous passion, gave himself up to work evil in the cabinet,

and to recommend evil to the nation, upon what would the people rely that his machinations would be frustrated? Mainly upon the indisposition of Parliament to sanction measures which were likely to prove detrimental. Even though the evil were approved by the King's responsible advisers, the people might have trusted that, however disguised it might have been in secret conclave, when it was introduced into the national assembly, it would be detected and dismissed. But when they find, in this assembly, measures advocated by men who do not profess to think them good; when they find that men who stood so pledged to eternal resistance, as that it would surpass even modern indecency, were they to declare their opinions changed, can avow themselves, equally as in past times, apprehensive of evils, while recommending the measure from which they declare that evil was to arise, men will say and feel, that, in Parliamentary debates, they are no longer to hope for an opposition to bad measures or an explanation of good ones; but rather an exercise of ingenuity, whereby men seek to ke.p themselves in countenance, notwithstanding their dereliction of all former pledges and principles, notwithstanding their acknowledgment that those principles were true, and those pledges such as, but for some reason with which posterity is to be acquainted, they would at all hazards have redeemed.

In such a state of things, where is the confidence and hope of a people to be placed? Where, humanly speaking, is Britain now to confide? Parliament has obviously and declaredly acted on principles which it has not avowed. In the cabinet there are counsellors, who, without apology or explanation, have lent themselves to the carrying, by secret arts, a measure to which they stood especially opposed. On the throne, they see a monarch whom they believe to have been, by unhappy circumstances, constrained to sign his assent to what, in his heart, he strongly reprobated. Where is then, upon earth, their trust? In the premier? in the Duke of Wellington? Trust in him!!! He would not, when the interests of the nation were, as he stated, in the most imminent peril, postpone the indulgence of his pique to watch over them. Trust in him! a man who, knowing the solemn responsibility of his place, and the immense increase of responsibility under which, from the peculiarity of the circumstances, he was placed, wantonly exposed his life, and proved that his country was less dear to him than the gratification of a splenetic passion!

It were a sorry termination for the conqueror at Waterloo to fall in a duel, by the hand of Lord Winchilsea! "The boy is father of the man," says Wordsworth, somewhat quaintly. Is there not here a practical reversal of that saying? Do we not seem to behold the man again becoming a boy; and the renowned and redoubted warrior, over whom the shield of heaven had been extended in an hundred fights, slighting the laws, renouncing the protection, and challenging the vengeance, of that Providence by whom he had been so long and so signally protected, only because he was chafed, in his domineering mood, by the warm but honest expressions of a youthful nobleman, whose heart was wrung at the thought that *he*, of all men, should have plotted and perpetrated the overthrow of the constitution?

The leading novelty in the debate on the Roman Catholic question was certainly the part which Mr Peel undertook to perform. There was no doubt a novelty of a more splendid description, the speech of the new member, Mr Sadler; but as far as mere surprise was concerned, it is probable that the conduct of Mr Peel was the most effectual ingredient in producing it.

That he should have retired from public life, because of his inability to maintain the cause of which he was the declared champion, was, perhaps, within the contemplation of many whose estimate of his talents was correct, and who had formed an erroneous judgment of his principles. That he should have abandoned former opinions; and, instructed by the times, adopt new views, and suggest altered counsels, was, it can it be imagined, not altogether unreasonable to anticipate. But that, retaining all his former fears, possessed with the apprehensions which had, in old times, influenced him, he should have retained his place in the cabinet, and recommended to the adoption of England what he had repeatedly declared it was inexpedient and dishonourable to adopt; that he should have resisted

concession, while it could have been graciously made; and recommended it when it had become actual prostration; this, no man, unacquainted with Mr Peel's personal character, could have accounted possible. This, consequently, may justly be regarded as the leading novelty in the leading measure of the late Session of Parliament; and it naturally suggests the propriety of bestowing upon the speeches of that personage somewhat more of attention than their importance otherwise deserves.

When Mr Peel rose for the first time to deliver in Parliament his altered sentiments, he prefaced his recantation with words to this effect, "That Ministers stood in a situation different from that in which other members were placed; that they had access to information which his honourable friends had not; and, above all, that they stood in a peculiar relation to his Majesty, by which they had contracted an obligation as responsible servants of the Crown, and could not relieve themselves, by any reference to past declarations or past circumstances, from the duty of giving the best advice which they could form as to any measure, under the then existing situation of affairs."

By the report of the debate, as given in the public journals, it appears that this sentiment was applauded: nor, considering it in itself alone, is it one which a rational man feels disposed to censure. Ministers are pledged to recommend what they believe to be for the interest of the country; they have access to sources of information such as are peculiar to themselves; and if they are thus led to form opinions different from what, in past times, they entertained, it is no doubt their duty to act in the spirit of the trust confided to them, and to prefer the public good to the preservation of an apparent consistency.

As persons, however, to whom the honour of the nation has been confided, they owe it to the character of the country, whose interests they are appointed to guard, that their change of measures shall correspond with their altered opinions; and that they shall furnish satisfactory proof that the *motives which influenced them* are such as an honest man may fearlessly avow. A minister may in the spirit of pure patriotism submit himself to dishonour—he may be contented to appear in public with all the marks of recreancy about him, like the friend and minister of that great Eastern king, of whom ancient history makes mention—he may be content to dwell among the people whom he has resolved to betray, and to bear about with him for ever the hideous deformity to which he has consigned himself; and when he looks at the horrid visage which his mirror presents, or hears his character in the opprobrious epithets which his treachery has wrung from too confiding admirers, in all the fervour of a generous soul, he may rejoice in the good he has achieved, even more than he is depressed by the consciousness of his infamy; *but his rejoicing is mistaken* —NO MEASURE CAN BE WORTH, TO AN HONEST PEOPLE, THE FORFEITURE OF THEIR LEGISLATORS' REPUTATION.

Imagine the greatest political good that could be wrought, *and if it be accompanied by a change of conduct such as causes distrust of public men, evil preponderates.* Not so much then for what Mr Peel owed to himself and his name, as because of those engagements to which he made so solemn an allusion, he should have explained to the satisfaction of the British people the grounds of his altered conduct, or, unable to do so, he should have served them in a private station.

Mr Peel was the more bound to exculpate himself, because the dissatisfaction at his conduct was felt and manifested where he could not imagine that it would be lightly harboured. No man appeared more sensible of the honour conferred upon him than Mr Peel, the representative of Oxford—no man less disposed to undervalue the judgment or disregard the good opinion of his constituents. If, therefore, he remained unmoved by the expressed indignation of the entire Protestant people, his discomfiture at Oxford must have smote him with great strength, and forced open all the stores of knowledge which could possibly be rendered available for his justification. It may fairly be set down, that, although Mr Peel might be comparatively indifferent to the upraised voice of England, or at least not so moved as to be very studious of defence, the intimation that Oxford joined in the general expression of censure, must have awakened him to

the necessity of justifying himself; and, in consequence, that the justification now before the public, is the best that could be provided.

This defence, to use the words of Mr Peel himself, is contained in the following propositions:—"That we are placed in a situation in which we cannot remain—that something must be done—that we cannot remain stationary, and that there is that degree of evil in divided councils and a disunited cabinet, which could no longer be suffered to continue." His next position was, supposing the first to be established, and supposing it to be admitted that a united government ought to be formed; "that that government will have the choice of one of two courses, and only of two. It must either grant the Roman Catholics farther political liberties, or retract those which have already been granted them—it must either remove those barriers which obstruct the flow of the waters, which are pressing on the institutions of this country, or must throw back the current which has now set in." The removal of the barrier was Mr Peel's choice, and his justification was rested upon the truth of his two propositions, and on his alleged inability to procure, for the constitution as it had existed, sufficient parliamentary support. We shall bestow a very brief consideration on the duty of a government, as marked out in the above propositions, and the difficulty to which the evils of a too long divided cabinet had reduced the defenders of the constitution.

And for the first, we altogether deny the fitness of the advice as to how the Government should be conducted. We admit that a divided cabinet was an evil; but we have no hesitation in affirming, that the principle on which a cabinet should be formed, was not so much a principle of resistance or concession to the Roman Catholic claims, as of a determination to consult, in the first place, for the honour and interest of the country. Whether it was or was not wise to accede to these claims, it was certainly wise, *first*, to tranquillize the country. In late days, men seem to have lost sight of the proper meaning of words. For years back, to *concede* and to *conciliate*, appear synonymous, except in the minds of those to whom it would be most desirable that they should suggest the same ideas. Some members of his Majesty's government thought it right that the Roman Catholics should be indulged in their demands; some conceived that their claims should be resisted; but if, at one side or the other, there were found individuals unwilling to join in the effort to suppress disturbance, and bring to nought insurrectionary attempts, the services of such men, or their pretended services, the nation could well dispense with. Mr Peel should have accordingly added, for the completeness of his disjunctive premise, an additional case. Government should either increase or diminish Roman Catholic privileges was his premise—to this he should have added, "or should assist in the restoration of order;" and it may very readily be believed *that no man could be esteemed a suitable adviser for a British monarch who dissented from this third condition.*

And let it not be imagined that it is a condition of trivial importance. Events of no ordinary magnitude may soon disabuse the minds of such as are disposed to think so. We are fully persuaded, that independently of the necessary adjuncts or consequences of the late measures, considered in themselves alone, there were very important consequences to be apprehended from *the manner* in which they were carried. We believe, that to a madman, in the rage of frenzy, a strait waistcoat should be assigned, rather than liberty and stimulating diet; and we are convinced, that while Ireland was ripe and ready for insurrection, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, it would have been far wiser to shew the rebels that the heart of Britain was steady, than to attempt propitiating ruthless assailants by an unconditional surrender.

There is a fiction which may be regarded as having its origin and authority in the eternal fitness of things; which we find in all states of society, and decorating all species of literature—the classical—the romantic—the heroic age—the age of chivalry—namely, the fiction of lands visited for the wickedness of their inhabitants, by the devastations of some ferocious monster, whose rage can only be allayed by the sacrifice of a young and spotless virgin. The stories invariably represent the mon-

ster unappeased by the sacrifices offered to him, and the blood which he has drunk. Mr Peel, when he flung the virgin Constitution of England before the unsightly monster which Popery conjured up, should have remembered the instruction which the moral of this tale affords. If England had the power, she should have met and conquered rebellion; and any man who shrunk from the consequences and the responsibility of such an undertaking, ought not to have been ranked among her constitutional advisers.

Is it to be believed, that if in England it were proposed to establish as the principle by which public proceedings were to be regulated, that, throughout the empire, the disorderly should be checked, and the disaffected punished, those who aspired to high offices in the State could safely repudiate such a principle? If Mr Peel declared himself willing to enquire into the whole state of Ireland, and resolved to concede to the Roman Catholics whatever could safely be granted, and, in order that concession should be safe, called upon all who had the power to aid him in his endeavours to restore general tranquillity, is it to be believed, that he who refused his assistance to such an enterprise could retain respectability of character? Assuredly no. Here would be a touchstone by which true principle could be ascertained. The man who counselled concession to armed and banded traitors, would be regarded and reprobated as a traitor himself; and if hollow allies fell off from the supporters of sound principle, all that was good and loyal in the land would rally in their defence.

"But," said he, "what is to be done? What will you propose better, you who censure my conduct?" This was the language by which the right honourable offender hoped to silence his betrayed accusers. Was not this question indecent? He (Mr Peel) made it his boast, that he had access to information from which all but Ministers were excluded; and he expects that the members of the House of Commons, without this information, shall suggest a good counsel, which he is himself incapable of giving. He proposes a measure, of whose consequences he is fearful. With a declared consciousness of danger, he recommends that the risk should be run; he is censured because of the policy he proposes; he rests his defence on the secret information he has acquired; and triumphs because the Ministers of England are not more at a loss to discover what is for the good of the country, than other individuals who have not access to the sources of information to which he has been admitted. "*A great matter truly,*" said the rustic, "*to come and see how this dog can spell;—call him a learned dog!*—why, I can spell as well myself." Mr Peel's question was highly censurable, and should have been met with the rebuke its effrontery deserved, and with this answer—"Lay before the House, lay before a Select Committee of the House, the information by which you have been so strangely affected, and then demand whether no better measure than your relief bill can be devised; but if you refuse the country this satisfaction, we ask you in your turn, what have you ever done or suffered to justify us in relying upon your present declarations, *in direct hostility to the entire tenor of your past political life?*" As to the question, then, upon which Mr Peel placed so honourable a reliance, we reply—This was to be done—REBELLION SHOULD BE DISCOUNTENANCED; and when it was asked how this good end could be accomplished, *an enquiry into the whole state of the country should be had, in order to furnish the answer.*

But upon the evasive apologies of Mr Peel we will no longer dwell. Suffice it to say, they are worthy the man and his cause; and pass exactly for what they are worth, and no more, with the public. Indeed, it is scarcely left us to exercise that vindictive censorship, which becomes us as guardians of public morals in those cases where public decency has been outraged, and the public interests betrayed; as, in short, nothing remains to be added to the fulness of reprobation which has already been visited upon the right honourable delinquent. 'Tis true, he may console himself for this, by the power he enjoys, and the patronage he dispenses. The people may execrate him, while he reverences himself. "Populus me sibilat," says the man in Horace, "at mihi plaudo ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ." While the treasury is at his

disposal, he may laugh at the pasquinades. While the Peel family, in all its ramifications, is provided for, he may exult in the execrations of the people of England. But the day will come when he must descend from this elevation; when neither the Irish Church nor the English Church, nor the bar nor the bench, nor the treasury nor the revenue, will be at his disposal, when minions will no longer flatter him into a good opinion of himself, and the distracting anxieties of public business no longer prevent him from calmly contemplating the finished work, for the accomplishment of which he sacrificed his political existence; and when he sees Ireland as distracted as ever, and the Anti-English faction only increased and strengthened by the healing measure to which he lent his aid, what will it profit him to have gained all that he has gained, when it has been at the expense of disabling him from averting the calamities with which his policy threatens the empire? We know not any party who would at present trust him. Public confidence he can have none; so that, come what will, let his late or his present opinions prevail, be his predictions verified, or be they refuted, he has committed an act of political suicide, which disentitles him even to Christian burial amongst any of the parties, Whig or Tory, high church or low church, radical or constitutional, be they of what complexion or denomination they may, which breathe a British atmosphere, and, having arisen out of the virtues and the vices, subsist for the weal or the woe of England.

But what motives could the right hon. Secretary have for this sudden and utter abandonment of his previous convictions? Is there any one so base as to suppose that he could be compensated for the loss of friends, the loss of fame, and the loss of influence, by any personal considerations? We are not disposed to bring Mr Peel into the court of conscience, where alone he can be judged concerning these matters. But we are very much disposed to believe, that if he had been more in the habit of appealing to it on previous occasions, there would be less necessity for having recourse to it at present. Was he not the oracle of the Protestant party? Was he not the stay of the Protestant cause? Did he not himself create, in a great measure, that spirit of opposition against the Popish measure, which pervaded the empire? And can his desertion of the cause which he championed, and his abandonment of the people, whom he excited only in order that he might betray—can this, we ask, be perpetrated in the face of Parliament and of the world, and yet shall no one dare even to whisper an insinuation against the honest and the virtuous individual, who canvasses to be placed as a sentinel at the gate, only that he may have an opportunity of admitting its sworn enemies within the walls of the Constitution?

No, no. The people of England have been injured; they have been abused; but they are not to be thus deluded. MR PEEL HAS FORFEITED THEIR CONFIDENCE FOR EVER!!! In the words of his ruthless master, "his political existence is at an end." He has, as it were, dug his own grave: And even if we desired emancipation as much as we have ever deprecated it, we should consider it dearly purchased by the loss of his public reputation. The Papists may now march into Parliament over his carcass.

He was a promising young man. He entered life under peculiarly favourable circumstances. His father's wealth procured for him an early admission into Parliament; and his reputation at the university secured to him a degree of notice on the part of the House, which was speedily improved into attention and respect. Talent was rare amongst our senators. Pitt and Burke were no more. And Windham, Sheridan, Whitbread, Ponsonby, were either enfeebled by age, or discredited by reason of their principles; and were likely to be regarded by an aspiring and sober-minded young man much less as patterns than as examples. Mr Peel, accordingly, nestled under the wings of better men, and whatever of character he attained, and whatever of usefulness he accomplished, was owing to his having chosen other models than these, and followed different courses from those which they would have recommended. He was a good man of business; and he had the prudence and the good sense not to aspire, during his earlier years, beyond the precise level to which he was entitled. He knew, also, and he acted upon the knowledge, that ho-

nesty is the best policy, and, by making a fair shew of principle and integrity, was enabled to draw largely upon the credulity of the public. There was, however, to shrewd observers, somewhat too much of this. There was an over anxiety about Mr Peel to appear always fair and square with the world, which shewed that he distrusted himself. He was too fond of being called "honest Robert Peel." And as it generally happens that the qualities which we possess, are not precisely those which we would fain be thought to possess, his affectation of the virtue of which he is now proved to have been destitute, only gave rise, in the minds of intelligent observers, to a suspicion of hollowness and insincerity.

As he was waxing, Canning was waning, in the political firmament. That great man (for great he was, with all his errors and all his weaknesses) early saw through the emptiness of his right honourable friend's pretensions to superior virtue, and estimated them accordingly. He, poor fellow, had fallen considerably in public opinion. Lord Londonderry triumphed over him. He felt himself in the condition of a discomfited adversary, and a discredited public man, at a time when the reputation of Mr Peel promised to rise as much above his deserts, as his had fallen below his fair expectations. If the reader can imagine the feelings of one who had long been a leader of the ton, but who, being detected in a *faux pas*, had forfeited her station in society—if the reader can imagine how such a one would feel towards some flaunting Miss, who might be disposed to hold herself very high, and put on demure looks in the presence of her humbled rival, who felt perfectly convinced that the virtue which was thus magnified at her expense, was only secure because it had never been assaulted; if the reader can imagine this, we shrewdly suspect that he will have a pretty accurate idea of the light in which Mr Canning viewed the Joseph Surface of the Imperial Parliament.

But, as long as he was under the control of better men, he was a useful servant. Had Lord Liverpool still lived and ruled, Peel would still have continued true to his principles. He was very highly regarded by the public, and we ourselves contributed not a little to the over estimation in which he was held. We were embarked in a noble cause, and our devotion to it naturally begot an admiration of its advocates, which was not accurately graduated according to their actual importance. But let that pass. We have paid the forfeit of our credulity, and deserve not to be more severely punished, *unless we shall trust again!*

The respect which was paid to his supposed worth, Mr Peel considered as belonging to his acknowledged abilities, and sagely came to the conclusion, that, so great were his political endowments, the nation could not do without him. This we believe to have been the actuating cause of his resignation of office, when Canning, by the management of —— ——, and the manœuvring of —— ——, became, in evil hour, Prime Minister of England. He fancied that his retirement would cause such a sensation, as would compel his return to power under more honourable circumstances than ever. The Protestant feeling of the empire would, he thought, have been roused on his behalf; and that he would as far outshine Wilkes in the popular feeling by which he would be sustained, as he surpassed him in the excellence of the principles for which he contended.

Now, we do not justify the people of England for the supineness they manifested on this occasion. On the contrary, we condemn them. The acknowledged champion of the Protestant cause was suffered to go out of office, and sunk to the level of an ordinary man, without exciting any greater sensation than is usually occasioned by the most commonplace Ministerial arrangements. "The sun rose and the sun set, just as it had done before."* This was the day of Canning's triumph. By the brilliancy of his eloquence, and by rashly engaging the nation in foreign relations that are likely to prove as embarrassing as they were unwise and unprincipled, he contrived to divert public attention from those measures of internal policy, by which the Constitution was threatened, and from a strenuous opposition to which, his ousted rival had derived all his popu-

* Curran's speech in the case of Herries *versus* Major Lin.

larity, and all his consideration. Mr Peel, and his minions and myrmidons, could scarcely at first conceive the reality of the condition to which they were doomed, bereft, as they were, all at once, of power and station. No public commotion, no public meetings, no petitions, no addresses, were either the precursors of their return to power, or their consolation in retirement. England, which became a bully in the cause of a Jezabel Queen of doubtful virtue, was coldly indifferent to the condition of her tried and faithful statesmen, who sacrificed power and place to their conscientious persuasions. This, most assuredly, was not as it should be; but had Mr Peel had the patience or the principle to wait but a little, all would have been well. He was, however, chagrined and disappointed. He felt that the tide had set in against him—that the public gave him no efficient support—that the cause, for which he had so long contended, must be lost; and resolved, in short, he would lose as little as possible by it. He accordingly, we believe, came thus early to the resolution that he would never again sacrifice place to principle; and that, if it should be his good fortune to regain the possession of power and patronage, he would never again tempt Providence by perilling them for what he now considered such visionary and unsubstantial considerations.

This was the mood in which he was found by the Duke of Wellington, when that illustrious soldier was called by his sovereign to the helm of affairs. It may be that the Duke, from the first, meditated the concession of emancipation. He must, he well knew, by so doing, incur much odium; but it might, he also knew, be considerably relieved, by the less colourable guilt of more deeply pledged confederates. Peel, therefore, was the very person he wanted—one whose desertion of the Protestant party would break the neck of any opposition to the measure on which he had resolved, while his flagrant and abandoned apostacy was sure to secure for him a monopoly of the obloquy by which it would be attended. He was soon made to perceive, that his most noble master would be an emancipator, if not with him, without him; and he avoided the disgraceful alternative, either of being dragooned into submission, or losing his place, by volunteering a confidential, and apparently uncalled for, declaration to the Duke, that in his opinion, the time had come when the Catholic question must be settled; and that he was prepared to take his full share of any unpopularity which might attend its adjustment.

This was precisely what the Duke wanted. The wary old campaigner was perfectly willing to appear to be led, when he very well knew that the guide, to whose conduct he intrusted himself, was implicitly following his own directions. Peel was caught. The Duke had him in his cage. He felt the facility which he now possessed of carrying a measure, which else might have baffled all his power, and presented difficulties which could not be surmounted. And this very facility may have encouraged him to persevere in his purpose when the voice of England was raised against it, and the tables of Parliament were loaded with petitions in deprecation of the meditated changes, beyond all precedent numerous and important.

Had Mr Peel reserved his abjuration of Protestant principle but one little month longer, he never would have deserted the cause of the Constitution. For the Protestants of the empire at length awoke—they at length saw the perils which beset them—and a more unanimous and indignant resistance to Popish encroachment and aggression, was not exhibited since the Revolution. Had Mr Peel taken his place at the head of the Protestant people, he and they must have been successful. Humanly speaking, they would have overcome all obstacles. The Duke, with all his laurels, would have fallen before them; if, indeed, under such circumstances, he would have ventured to engage in such a contest. But Mr Peel was snugly in his trap when he ought to have been a free man, at the head of the Protestant population. The Duke had the fiat of his political existence in his pocket. The bond, by which he had sold himself to his evil genius, had been signed, sealed, and delivered; and however he might lament and bewail, he could no longer refuse to fulfil the conditions of the nefarious contract.

So strong was the display of Protestant feeling, and so powerful the party which arose to vindicate our insulted laws, and to protect our mena-

ced institutions, that even Dawson—the despicable, recreant Dawson, who went to Derry for the purpose of announcing his dereliction of the principles to which he owed his political existence—even this cowardly renegado faltered in his apostacy, and seemed half disposed to retrace his steps. But the die was cast. Mr Peel had made the Duke the arbiter of his destiny. He had committed himself, beyond retraction, to one who was disposed to hold him to his pledge; and, maugre all gainsaying, to compel him to stand the brunt of the honest British press, in its ireful mood, and to bide the pelting of as well-earned a storm of public contempt and indignation, as ever was visited upon a treacherous and calculating apostate.

We have now done with the right honourable gentleman. He has forfeited the confidence of all honest men, without gaining the respect or esteem of the despicable faction whose views he has forwarded at the expense of his character, and whose gratitude he now begins to experience, even as all who have hitherto served them have, sooner or later, been made to experience it, either in the terms of unmixed indignation and abhorrence with which his name is coupled, or, where a human sentiment is suffered to prevail, in the less endurable dole of their soul-consuming commiseration.

The Session which has just concluded, if remarkable for the fall of one public character, is not less so for the rise of another. Let the friends of the Constitution remember, for their comfort, that they are indebted to the desertion of Peel, for the accession of Sadler. He probably would still have continued in the ranks of private men, if the perilous character of the times did not compel an attention to claims such as his, and which, in ordinary circumstances, would be disregarded. The country owes a deep and a lasting obligation to the noble Duke, to whom he is indebted for his seat in Parliament.

Too long were such men overlooked. Too long have principle and eloquence and religious feeling been forgotten, as necessary ingredients in the characters of political men; and striplings and school-boys preferred to sages

"Whom time and nature had made wise,"

and who alone, in this eventful crisis, should be clothed with the confidence of the country.

Sadler possesses many of the qualities necessary for commanding attention, and all those which are calculated to secure respect. His speeches are eloquent and argumentative, and replete with knowledge and principle. He possesses, besides, a promptness and dexterity which render his resources readily available in the emergencies of debate, and cause his most expert and experienced adversaries to feel that he is not to be taken at fault, and that he is always prepared to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Perhaps no one would be more inclined to acknowledge this than poor Wilmot Horton. That pertinacious experimentalist (the most persevering and indefatigable of tentative legislators) was not easy until he selected Sadler for single combat in the House, and called upon him—a thing somewhat unusual—to answer, "*in propria persona,*" for certain allegations respecting the Emigration Committee, which were contained in his work on the State of Ireland. The answer was accordingly given, and the baffled querist was put to silence, if not to shame. It was so fully, so eloquently, so completely given, as to give rise to the suspicion that the question, instead of being a stratagem to take him by surprise, was a contrivance concerted for the purpose of enabling him to appear to advantage. But that suspicion Wilmot Horton himself speedily removed, by the impertinent and unseemly repetition of his interrogatories. He was again in the field; and, armed at all points, he again threw down the gauntlet to his reposing conqueror. Sadler met him again at a moment's notice, and his figures, both arithmetical and rhetorical—which he was persuaded, by some laughing demon, to consider a divinely-tempered shield and spear, which must render him invincible in mortal combat—shivered into fragments at the Ithuriel touch of the weapons employed by his calm and resolute assailant, whose manly understanding detected the sophistry, and whose honest English feeling exposed the inhumanity of a system, the cruelty and injustice of which is only equalled by its extravagance and absurdity. To Wilmot Horton's credit be it spoken, that from that day forth *he asked him no more questions.*

Nor was he the only oracle that was silenced. The Economists for the first time heard their infallibility called in question, and felt their ascendency in danger. They, who had so long domineered by the force of barren theories, over the understanding and the feelings of the House, and whose general principles were admitted as indisputable, even by those who yet felt them to be ruinous to trade and agriculture, and who exclaimed against the cruelty and the impolicy of their application; these sages of the Satanic school in politics, encountered an adversary by whom their favourite measures were opposed, and their most familiar axioms disputed; and that not by scholastic sophistry, or unfounded assertion, or empty vehemence, or school-boy declamation, but by a reference to facts and to history, by a diligent and philosophical observation of human society, and the physical laws by which it has been governed in every age and country in the world.

Sadler has done this. Be he right or wrong—and it would be premature to pronounce finally upon the merits of a system which is not as yet fully developed—he is the man whose warning voice called the attention of the honourable House of which he bids fair to be so distinguished a member, to the first principles of the Economists; who bid them turn their eyes from the capitalist to the labourer; and who had the spirit and the feeling to ask them, and that with the voice of one having authority, whether that could be a good system, or entitled to an exclusive preference, under the influence of which, capital must increase, at the expense of humanity; where what is called wealth only serves to oppress and to paralyse industry; and national prosperity is made to take the resemblance "of Moloch, horrid god, besmeared with gore," and to proceed upon its course amidst the sweat, and the blood, and the groans of its victims.

The problem of the Economists is how to increase capital, and how it may be most beneficially employed; meaning, thereby, how it may be best employed with a view to its prospective accumulation. According to them, man may be defined to be a money-making animal. Now, Sadler does not dispute the importance of the objects which they thus propose to themselves. He only disputes their paramount, or their exclusive importance. The Economists seem to forget that there is a limit, beyond which capital cannot be advantageously employed, and that its best employment must ever consist with the multiplication of social comfort, and the diffusion of human happiness. Sadler would so regulate its use, as respects the employer, as to prevent its abuse, as respects those who are employed. He would not suffer the means to defeat the end, by making the stock-holders every thing, and the labouring community nothing; thus causing society to resemble an inverted cone, and to assume a position at once unnatural and precarious.

Foreign trade, too, he would regulate by other laws than those by which it is at present governed, and which are productive, according to his shewing, of great distress to the people of England, by giving foreigners an unfair advantage over them. The wealth of a country may be said to consist of its capital, its skill, its agricultural produce, and its labour. According as these abound, a nation is rich; according as they are well and wisely employed and distributed, it is happy. A nation is bound, by the law of self-preservation, to attend to its own interests, and to cherish its own resources; and that can be but a very short-lived and illusory prosperity, which causes capital to be a drug, while the labourer is unemployed, and the artisan overworked and underpaid, and, consequently, poorly fed and discontented. The honest and well-judging part of the community, those who feel as well as think, will judge of this, as they do of every other system, by its fruits. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Ask the silk manufacturer how it has worked for him; and let his answer instruct you as to what must be its inevitable result, when applied to any other branch of domestic industry.

We are a peculiar people. We have been obliged to contend, almost single-handed, for all that is dear to us, against a world in arms. Under the conduct of Divine Providence, we were victorious; but not without suffering at which humanity is grieved, and an expenditure, by reason of which the nation must long continue to be heavily bur-

dened. As all classes of the community have partaken of the protection which was thus secured, so all classes must bear their proportionate share of the expense at which it was purchased. But that cannot be, if the artisan is permitted to say to the agriculturist, "I will not eat your corn;" or if the agriculturist be suffered to say to the artisan, "I will not purchase your goods." If the different classes of the community thus make the inevitable burdens of the country an excuse for mutually suspending their dealings with each other, and all give a preference to foreigners, it requires no extraordinary gift of prophecy to tell how such a state of things must end; and one would think but small powers of persuasion would be required to convince those whom it so deeply concerns to know the truth, that a perverse perseverance in such a course must prove the bane of the social system.

Would any sane artisan consent to eat foreign bread, when, by so doing, he contributes to destroy agriculture at home? Would any sane agriculturist consent to wear foreign silk, when, by so doing, he contributes to destroy a branch of the national trade? Surely not. That would be a suicidal folly. No one could, in the abstract, reason with such heartless and short-sighted cupidity. But if you give the one his choice between a large loaf and a small one; and the other, between a dear article and a cheap one, it is not very surprising that present and personal interest should set at nought abstract, and even national considerations. They may thus be made to countermine each other until both are destroyed, and until they resemble the cats, of whom it is told that they fought until their tails alone were left remaining.

"Oh, but capital may be more advantageously invested!" Prove this, and we shall be satisfied. Mind, we do not mean more advantageously *as respects the mere accumulation of capital;* that were a sorry delusion; that were to make folly an excuse for injustice; but more advantageously as respects an enlightened view of the national interest, which must ever include a humane consideration of the happiness and well-being of the people at large. Prove to us that capital may be *thus* more advantageously employed, and we shall be satisfied. It would, however, be right to provide the means of thus employing it, before we withdraw it from those branches of trade by which it is at present giving bread to thousands; and in so withdrawing it, it would be no more than equitable to make some provision for the distresses of those upon whom the mutability of trade so often brings penury and starvation. But while we can easily conceive the compensation which attends a principle of this kind, when its operation is confined within the same country, (industry of one kind sometimes flourishing even upon the decay of industry of another,) we find it difficult to imagine, or to admit, that that is *a nationally advantageous* employment of capital, which consists in setting the looms of France at work, and keeping the looms of England idle. More capital may, no doubt, be accumulated in this way *for the benefit of the world at large,* and more of it will overflow upon the poorest and the cheapest nations. But we are called upon, in the first instance, to take care of ourselves; and capital accumulated by a process which paralyses extensive branches of national industry, is very like the acquisition of a pair of spectacles at the expense of losing our eyes.

But enough for the present upon this important subject. During the late Session, enquiry was called for and denied; but enough was said to ensure the certainty that matters cannot remain in their present state much longer. When Bonaparte lost the character of being invincible, how speedily was he overthrown! We may safely say that Sadler has stripped the Economists of the attribute of infallibility. Their dicta are no longer received as oracles by the honourable House. And if, only for another Session, his health should continue unimpaired, and his good heart and his holy confidence should not fail him, we have little reason to doubt that the glozing lies and the plausible sophistries, by which the nation has been so long deluded, will be detected and exposed, and the country protected against the pernicious counsels of ignorant or unprincipled advisers.

It is consolation, also, to find, that an illustrious member of the royal family continues unshaken in the

principles which he has ever professed; and is not to be scared from his defence of the institutions of his country, in this their hour of peril, either by calumny or intimidation. The heart of the country still is sound. The glorious Oxford election gave proof, if any were wanting, that the educated British community know how to discriminate between a miserable counterfeit of principle and honesty, and a straightforward and honourable man. The Church is sound. Did she not, on that occasion, despite the example of some of the bishops, nobly perform her part? We appeal to those who witnessed the concourse of unbeneficed, unfriended clergymen, who, from the most distant parts of England, thronged the roads on their way to Oxford, and who, in the same spirit, would have performed a journey barefoot to Jerusalem, if the same object was thereby to be accomplished; we appeal to those who witnessed that interesting, that affecting scene, and we ask them, can they despair of a cause thus asserted, thus maintained; in which religion becomes patriotism, and patriotism is elevated into religion; which actuates its votaries thus to set at nought private interest and personal ease; and causes the aged man, who has grown grey under neglect and disappointment, and whose family may perhaps, at that moment, be asking him for bread, to spurn the most glittering temptation which could be presented to him, as the price of abandoning the post at which he had been placed for the defence of the throne and the altar?

Yes! This was the luminous spot during the late Session of Parliament. The spirit of Oxford will not soon be forgotten. It is only those who know not England who can despond. There is a fund of good feeling still to be relied on among the people. The fig-tree has been shaken, the rotten produce has dropped off, but the tree is not barren; and Inglis and Sadler are but the first fruits of the produce that may be expected.

A singular and an awful diversity of sentiment and feeling has taken place between the different orders of the State. Almost in the manner of a harlequinade, the head has been separated from the body. Parliament no longer derives its life from the people—no longer imparts its influences to move them. But the people themselves possess power. They can still correct and displace. They have shewn that they can discriminate. And with the good men of high station who will guide them, and the good cause to be defended, England will still guard the Church and the Bible, the tribunal and the throne; and even her abhorrence of apostasy may be remembered to edification, when the grief of treachery and desertion shall be felt no longer.

THE WATCHMAN'S LAMENT.

As homeward I hurried, within "The Wen,"
At midnight, all alone,
My knees, like the knees of a drunken man,
Foreboding, shook, and my eyes began
To see two lamps for one.

The lights burnt blue, as they 're wont to do
When Spirits are in the wind:
Ho! ho! thought I, that's an ominous hue,
And a glance on either side I threw,
But I fear'd to look behind.

A smell, as of gas, spread far and wide,
But sulphur it was, I knew;
My sight grew dim, and my tongue was tied,
And I thought of my home, and my sweet fireside,
And the friends I had left at loo!

And I took once more a hurried peep
  Along and across the street,
And then I beheld a figure creep,
Like a man that is walking in his sleep,
  Or a watchman on his beat.

A lantern, dangling in the wind,
  He bore, and his shaggy and thick
Great-coat was one of the dread-nought kind,—
What seem'd his right hand trail'd behind
  The likeness of a stick.

The sky with clouds became o'ercast,
  And it suddenly set to raining,—
And the gas-lights flicker'd in the blast,
As that thing of the lantern and dread-nought past,
  And I heard him thus complaining :—

" A murrain seize—a pize upon—
  Plague take—the New Police!
Why couldn't they do with the ancient one,
As ages and ages before have done,
  And let us remain in peace?

" No more, ah! never more, I fear,
  Will a perquisite, (woe is me!)
Or profits, or vails, the Charley cheer;
Then, alas! for his tender consort dear,
  And his infant progeny!

" Farewell to the freaks of the jovial spark,
  Who rejoiced in a gentle riot,—
To the midnight spree, and the morning lark,
There'll never more be any fun after dark,
  And people will sleep in quiet.

" No more shall a Tom or a Jerry now,
  Engaging in fisty battle,
Break many heads and the peace;—for how,
I should like to know, can there be a row,
  When there is ne'er a rattle?

" Our cry no more on the ear shall grate,
  Convivial friends alarming,
Who straightway start and separate,
Blessing themselves that it is so late;—
  To break up a party is charming!

" But our ruthless foe will be punish'd anon;—
  Bundled out without pity or parley,
His office and occupation gone,
Lost, disgraced, despised, undone,
  Oh! then he'll remember the Charley."

Just then I beheld a Jarvey near,
  Which on the spot presenting,
I scrambled in like one in fear
With a ghost at his heels, or a flea in his ear,
  And he was left lamenting!

CANTING POETRY.

Up, and be doing, Christopher! your sword has rested too long in its sheath, that used to awe the nations—your name will become an empty sound, and yourself sink, from being the bestower of fame, or the extinguisher of pretension, to the character of a good-natured easy old man, while

> "Quench'd in thick clouds of slumber lie,
> The terrors of your quill, the lightning of your eye."

You have become a sort of Nero in the literary world—not the old tyrant of Rome, but the modern, most peaceable and good-natured of lions,—who, though possessing power enough with one of his paws to slaughter a whole kennel, would not take the trouble to lift it to demolish a single dog. Rise up and shake your gigantic sides—open your voracious jaws, and utter one overwhelming roar, and then majestically stalk forth from the recesses of your jungle, with your eyes glaring, and your tail straight on end; and woe to the hapless pretender who first comes within reach of your tooth or your fang.

I have no intention, from this bloodthirsty exordium, to hack or hew any unfortunate blockhead, but merely to endeavour by bold words to rouse myself from a state of the most inconceivable good-nature. All the gall of my disposition has turned into milk; I never see even an enemy without wishing to shake hands with him; and with every animal but a turncoat and a toad, I desire to be on the best and most sociable terms. Oh, what would I give to find myself bitter enough to swear, or angry enough to knock down, mine own familiar friend!—but that is a happiness to which my soft and placable disposition will never allow me to aspire. All the bad passions of my nature seem to have suddenly been lulled into peace,—and the cause of it, it has puzzled me to conjecture. At first I thought it was perceiving the height of nobleness and virtue to which human nature can attain in the character and conduct of our present most illustrious and consistent statesmen, which, by ennobling the whole race of man, tended to elevate each individual. Then I thought it must arise from having given up the study of any of the modern authors; and lastly, and to this opinion I remain firm, I believed it to arise from the perusal of your ireless and soothing lucubrations. Why don't you give somebody or other—no matter whom—a knock on the head, if from no other purpose than to stir up your readers from the clogging insipidity of philanthropy and benevolence? Gods! have you not manifold opportunities of wreaking a vengeance, where the feeling of the justice of the punishment would so overwhelm any pity for the object of it, that the universal world would howl and hoot, and hail the miserable wretch's expiring struggles with a thunder of simultaneous and deep execration? I think this would have the effect of rousing even me; but then the misfortune is, that the act of being inflamed to anger would be so gratifying, that it would infallibly make me better pleased than ever. So you may enter into the misery of my feelings, when you perceive that the delight of escaping from them destroys itself, and the being unsuccessful in doing so, only leaves me where I was. In the village where I live, there is nothing that, with any shadow of decency, can put me out of temper. The neighbours are pleasant and agreeable, the weather, generally speaking, mild and delightful, the scenery beautiful, and the population civil and obliging. Can man have a happier life? Even my wife does nothing at which I can be angry, and in this deplorable uniformity of rest and mildness, my mind is growing as dull and muddy as a Dutch lake, and my body as fat, and soft, and shapeless, as a well-stuffed pillow. The only objects which promise me the pleasure of a rage, are a couple of persevering pigs, which, by some means to me unknown, find their way into my neatly-dressed lawn, and even dig in a most unseemly fashion among my flower-beds before the window. The brutes are at this moment coming in by the gate, and yet, in spite of my wishes to the contrary, I cannot get myself sufficiently irate to go and turn them out.

A package of books has just arrived by the mail-cart, and I am in strong

hopes I shall get into a violent passion at last. The first volume I open is, "The Opening of the Sixth Seal, a Sacred Poem, Second Edition."

This is peculiarly fortunate; for there are few things which make me in worse humour than seeing a man set up for a poet who has no pretension whatever to the name. I have, in ordinary cases, the same feeling with respect to him, as towards an impertinent Sunday-buck, some mercer's thieving apprentice, who, on every holiday, before being brought up on suspicion before Sir Richard, struts with disgusting affectation through the Park, raising, in every one who sees him, a strong inclination to kick him into the river. But in this case contempt must amount to indignation. What! If the driveller felt it necessary to be a bard, were there no subjects more adapted to his genius than "that dreadful day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed;" a day far too tremendous to be the subject of the loftiest verse, and which, in the awfulness and indistinctness, and yet the indubitable certainty, of its approach, is rendered, to "*every* one that believes," more thrillingly poetical than any words or descriptions can make it? The idea entertained of it by the meanest and most uncultivated mind is much more sublime than Milton, with all his majesty of thought, could have rendered it; and yet this poetaster has ventured upon the contemplation of a subject in itself so awful as to be above all human power, and, at the same time, so sanctified by revelation, as to be too hallowed a theme to be touched upon; and, instead of being laughed at for conceit, and detested for impiety, at the same time as despised for stupidity, he has been praised in some Magazines, and arrived at a second edition. Both these distinctions, to be sure, are in these days easily procured; but it is right, for the credit of the poetical taste of the public, to enter a protest against such quackery and puffing.

A number of people, no doubt, think it meritorious in an author to abstain from laughing at religion, and encouraging immorality and profaneness; and this has produced a great crop of snivelling parodists of the Scripture. The same men who, a few years ago, would have whined through twenty or thirty pages with the namby-pambies of love and sentiment, now think it the easiest and the surest method of acquiring praise and profit, to descant on subjects from which humble piety would restrain a man of sense,—and thus encouraged by the applause of puritanical dowagers and weak-minded old maids, they set forth the joys of Heaven, or the sorrows of Hell, with the same boldness as they would celebrate a lap-dog, and "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." I am far from asserting, that no religious subject can properly be a theme for poetical ornament. Poetry, indeed, ought to lend its aid to purify our hearts and elevate our sentiments; and surely no muse that ever wandered among the groves of Parnassus, had a harp so powerful or a theme so lofty, as praise, and gratitude, and adoration, offer to the Christian poet. But what I contend for is, that it is highly improper to trespass on the still loftier regions which have been dimly revealed to us by the spirit of Revelation; and assuredly, for men so weakly gifted as the author of the Sixth Seal, or of the Universal Prayer, to enter upon ground which *no* man can tread without presumption, argues either a want of the humility which is the type and companion of true piety as well as of true genius, or, at all events, an overweening notion of their own poetical powers.

The Opening of the Sixth Seal commences with a very commonplace description of a night, in which, though all nature seems to be asleep, there is thunder, and the tinkling of a sheep bell, and the "*deep-blue* fires of heaven floating from the black bosom of the cloud," and the owl, and the stars, and the moon, and in short, all the other component parts of night—for compounding which a recipe seems to have been as exactly followed as if it had been a method of making hodge-podge in Meg Dods' Cookery-book. In spite, however, of the "gentle lull" which all these things very naturally produce, the author cannot sleep, and he sees a vision of things which it requires more audacity than ingenuity to string together, and then concludes his exordium with an invocation "to nerve his hand with wild fear o'er the unaccustomed strings tremblingly sweeping"—to God himself!

These frequent and presumptuous appeals to the Deity, I cannot help viewing in quite as sinful a light as

thoughtless profane swearing. The First Book, without even the merit of good versification, which Montgomery, the author of another volume in the parcel, sometimes possesses, gives an account of the gradual wickedness of the world, the birth of our Saviour, the Crucifixion, and the final destruction of the world. The Second Book goes on with an account of the annihilation of the universe at the sound of the last trumpet. And in this passage, which, of course, he has laboured to the utmost of his power, there is nothing for which a schoolboy would have received praise, if he had even been lucky enough to escape punishment for the bombast and nonsense.

> "A trumpet blast—
> ——— instant as it came,
> Though in their flight than tempest winds more swift,
> All the innumerable worlds at once
> Stay'd in their mid career; all things stood still,
> And to the terrible trumpet listen'd they.
> So vast the shock, huge mountains, from their roots
> Uptorn, hurl'd high in air, fled far away,—
> Rivers recoil'd, and flung their refluent tides
> In horror back—the ocean waves arose,
> And, Alp-like, gather'd to a monstrous heap,
> And in the sky were lost. The quivering earth
> Gaped awfully, and from her inmost caves
> Groan'd. From their orbits loosed, the starry host
> Fled devious, and in wild disorder traced
> Pathways before unknown:—oft in their course
> Orb against orb rush'd heedlessly, and struck,
> And, into myriad fragments scatter'd, fell!"

Did you ever, in the whole course of your experience, hear "such a periwig-pated fellow" tearing a subject to tatters?—and yet this is one of the least objectionable passages; for it seems to me to be neither personal nor impious, but merely to be fustian and childish. Criticism, as my friend Samuel Johnson says, disdains to follow a schoolboy to his commonplaces. So I shall pass over his account of the sun and moon expiring—darkness flinging a pall upon the world, so "that not a ray was on the earth, the straining eye of man to gladden with its gentleness!" and also the innumerable quantity of compound words with which he has thought proper to enlarge the English language. Who in the world ever heard of such phrases as "heav'n-vault, turf-sod, heav'n-paths, heav'n-flash, heav'n-shout," and others still more contemptible and ridiculous? In this noble phraseology, he is either followed or preceded by his brother ranter, Montgomery; and, indeed, there is a great similarity in the design between these two illustrious authors. Both, for instance, with a modesty highly to be commended in such tremendous bards, have given a short-hand account of the trial of all mankind at the judgment-seat. Bonaparte flourishes in great style,—in the one he is the hero of a most melting story, in which he first figures as a demigod, "and says to listening armies, Go ye forth and bring me such a crown,"—and then as a victim, "Him carried they, the jealous race of man, Him in his helplessness when all alone,"—and put him on the top of St Helena, which is described as bearing a very striking resemblance to the mast of a ship. But the other carries it with a still loftier hand, and he, a young man with his milk-and-water-looking head stuck in the frontispiece of his book, looking as contented as primness and affectation will allow, the author of the Omnipresence of the Deity, a presumptuous poem in rhyme, and of The Universal Prayer, another presumptuous poem in blank verse, talks in weak and bombastic lines as familiarly of Napoleon Bonaparte, "as maids of fifteen do of puppy-dogs," and sets him down at once as "one among the legions of the damned." Byron is served no better, for *his* soul, too, by a new, and in the English language unheard-of mode of conveyance, "*wing'd* to the dwelling of the damn'd." Mr Montgomery may

say that Byron and Bonaparte are not meant in this libellous and most unchristian poem; but I must inform him, that merely concealing the name is no defence against a charge of personality. If I were to describe a young man vainly puffed up with an idea of his own poetical powers—a person who, by an inflated style, endeavours to hide a poverty of ideas—whose only images are drawn, with the most sickening monotony, from the sea, the wind, and the sun—whose attempts at the sublime, like vaulting ambition, overleap themselves, and fall o' the other side—whose affectation of piety, luckily for him, is too absurd to be any thing but ridiculous,—and, finally, whose works cannot be ushered into the world without a portrait of the author, to shew what a prim and prejink-looking fellow has written a book,—if I were to write all this, surely, although I never mentioned his name, and even disclaimed all personality in the preface, nobody would believe that I meant any one but Mr Robert Montgomery?

You see, most illustrious North, how, by reflecting for a short time on the impertinence and foppery of these two small bardlings, I have had the happiness of stirring up my bile; and after a long dreamy trance of undisturbed good-nature, no one who has not experienced it can describe the felicity of a good hearty rage. It resembles the feeling with which, after being becalmed for many days, when the ship, in the smooth world of waters, has lain lifeless, with its sails unbreathed upon by a single breeze, the sailor sees far off the surface of the ocean darkening beneath the shadow of a wind, then breaking into a thousand crested billows, and at last dashing in spray against the vessel's side, while the canvass goes up with the sound of a thousand wings, and away, away, the glorious ship dashes through the foam, dancing over the waves, as if proud of her own might and beauty. Even thus do I feel the rising of my noble rage; first, it comes in a thrill of half-defined contempt, slightly curling the lip—then a heat glowing and swelling at the heart—till, finally, it sets legs, arms, hands, and feet moving and quivering like roots and branches in a storm; the face grows red, the eyes sparkle, and the book is thrown into the fire-place, and the body on the nearest sofa, in a delicious and mingled agony of indignation and satisfaction!

It would take a month to follow the *Arcades ambo*, these Bœotian brothers, through all their dulness. The Opening of the Sixth Seal has been compared, in some Scotch Journals, to Pollok's Course of Time!! and no doubt the indignant author considers the verdict which has been passed in favour of that poem is to be attributed to national partiality; but a verdict in his favour, I venture to say, will never be produced in any nation by any feeling of the kind. And if, as he says in the preface, though he is now anonymous, he is not altogether unknown, I am only sorry that he should have exposed himself on any previous occasion. It would be much more sensible, in gentlemen like him and the other star, to confine themselves to scrap-books and tea-tables, where, I doubt not, if their autograph is tolerably good, and their powers of swallowing tea any thing considerable, they will cut a much more respectable figure than they do in their present appearance. Print is a very cold-blooded, unfeeling sort of affair. It strips off the trappings of the drawing-room bard with astonishing celerity, and withers, in a moment, the laurel that maids and matrons have placed upon his brow. Verses that aunts and cousins have applauded to the sky—invocations to Death, that have prompted sentimental milliners to commit suicide—in the seductive blazonry of best Bath paper and neat small hand, are received with no yearnings after the tomb by the most suicidal of his majesty's subjects, when exposed in the glaring nakedness of type.

I have no doubt, if they had confined themselves to humbler themes—and especially Mr Montgomery—he might have passed among his friends for a very ingenious young man, and by no means a contemptible poet. But when he launches his shallow skiff, which might have glided quietly and gracefully enough over the calm waters of a rural stream, and glinted picturesquely from among the drooping willows that waved in some secluded nook upon the banks—when he launches this fragile bark upon the ocean, and in storms where mighty ships, the Dryden or the Wordsworth,

would be but playthings to their fury, no wonder it is swallowed up and disappears from the face of the deep, with but one solitary bubble on the waters, to tell that it ever had existence. Mr Montgomery's powers at best amount to the pretty; the grand and the sublime are quite beyond his reach. And yet, from the choice of his subjects—the mysteries of Hell and Heaven, and the awful realities of Death—it is to be feared that somebody has persuaded him, or he has persuaded himself, that he has genius of the loftiest order—that he has Hercules' strength, when in fact he has nothing but Ercles' vein.

In case you should think my strictures not supported by evidence, only look on the following passage at which I have opened the book by chance. It is taken from "The Vision of Heaven," and meant to be awfully impressive. The subject, to those who feel properly, will make it awful at all times, and an awfully impressive instance it is in the present case of "ill-starred ambition," and commonplace imagination. See the glittering of Vauxhall transported into Heaven.

"An empyrean infinitely vast
And irridescent, roof'd with rainbows, whose
Transparent gleams a mingled radiance shed,
Before me lay; beneath this dazzling vault
Glory, beyond the wonder of the heart
To dream, around interminably blazed.—
I felt, but cannot paint the vision there!
While with permissive gaze *I glanced the scene*,
A whelming tide of rich toned music roll'd,
Waking delicious echoes, as it wound
From melody's divinest fount. All heav'n
Glow'd bright, as, like a viewless river, swell'd
The deep'ning music! Silence came again!
And where I gazed, a shrine of cloudy fire
Flamed redly awful; round it thunder walk'd,
And from it lightning look'd out most sublime!!!!
Here, throned in unimaginable bliss
And glory, sits the One Eternal Power,
Creator, Lord, and Life of all. Again,
Stillness ethereal reign'd; and forth appear'd
Elysian creatures robed in fleecy light,
Together flocking from celestial haunts
And mansions of purpureal mould," &c. &c.

On this extract I shall make no further remark, as ridicule, of which alone it is susceptible, might have the appearance of irreverence or levity, sins which I am anxious to avoid in my own case, while I reprobate them in another's. But almost the whole of his poems may shelter themselves under this plea, as a criminal screened himself from justice, by hiding in the sanctity of a temple. For this reason I pass by the rest of these "good-men drivels," *sacred* poems, and now, by way of a little amusement, let me divert myself with their minor effusions.

I am sorry the first thing that comes in my way is a most facetious and humorous Elegy on the Death of George Canning. Perhaps, as one of the worthies—I forget which—says in the body of his book—he approves of the old custom of celebrating births with tears, and funerals with mirth and liveliness, and therefore sung the statesman's death, with the intention of raising our laughter. In this he has entirely succeeded. From one end of the threnody to the other, there is not a stanza that is not more grin-moving than Grimaldi; a smile comes on the face at the first line, and, by a delightfully gradual production of ludicrous images, the fun goes on increasing to the very conclusion, at which time the reader is left with his sides sore from the shaking, and absolutely with tears running down his cheeks:—

"Hark! Freedom's wail has awed the wind
Careering round pale Albion's shore,
A death-dirge for the giant mind,
Whose light on earth is quench'd, and o'er;—
A pillar of the world's renown,
The lion once that trampled slavery down,
Is now no more.
But England, wipe thy weeping eyes,
For such a patriot never dies."

What a succession of images is here presented! First, the wind, in the midst of its career, which, in imitation of a boy riding on a stick, is round and round in a circle, is awed by Freedom's wail, much in the same way as the aforesaid boy would be, by hearing his father, over a glass of toddy, all of a sudden lift up his contorted visage to the cieling, and, pulling out his red cotton handkerchief, begin at the pitch of his voice to blubber and "greet." The boy would pause with the walking-stick still between his legs, and look up with a countenance of the most breathless awe at the great yammering blockhead, his father; and, doubtless, hearing him still roaring and sobbing, would drop the stick in an agony of wonder, and "greet" too, as loud as he was able. Secondly, a death-dirge is wailed for a giant mind, which is first a candle, then a pillar, then a lion, and finally, to the great relief of slavery, and the poet, "is now no more."

In the last two lines, he tells England to wipe her eyes, for such a patriot never dies; which, in a jocular poem in celebration of his death, is very consoling, but somewhat difficult to be believed.

In this strain the poem goes on, and describes him, body and mind, in the most amusing and mirthful manner:

"His lips glow'd like portals to a mind
O'erflow'd with musical sublimity!—
His spirit's glory fair and bright,
And beautiful as seraph light,
Will live on everlastingly."

What is here meant by musical sublimity, I cannot make out; but perhaps the poem was meant for Braham, or Zuchelli, and unfortunately the minister died first.

But the last stanza is the *chef d'œuvre;* and here the absurdity rises to a pitch even above what the preceding foolery had prepared us for; and the novelty of the last injunction, and the reason for it, after tears have for some time been falling over a patriot who cannot die, but who is now buried, come upon us with a laughter-moving absurdity, which it is impossible to resist:—

"But Canning's gone! I heard the knell
That echoed o'er his grave:
It sounded like a last farewell
Of freedom to the brave.
But let not tears of anguish start,
His tomb is in his country's heart."

Thus weak and commonplace is the style of his *un*sacred poems. Youth on the very edge of childhood, can be no excuse for this; and since we see what his Muse performs on ground which is not too sacred for human footsteps, we shall be better able to form an idea of her achievements, in loftier and more hallowed scenes. The anonymous, but "not altogether unknown," author of the Opening of the Sixth Seal, is, if possible, still more contemptible in his minor poems. Did the meanest Cockney, in the incalculable minuteness of his power of imagining a tempest, ever think of any thing so utterly silly as these lines from "The Voice of the Storm?"—

Children of Earth! O, *look ye here,* (*!!!*)
Where my course I am speeding upon the air;
Do you see the fires that are pillow'd now,
Sullenly sleeping upon my brow?
Do you hear the deep and the distant moan,
Of the thunders that rest here so sad and lone?
Do you mark the might that is mine on high,
As I sail so solemnly o'er the sky?
Do you hear the groans of the fretful wind,
Whose sleepless wing may no slumber find,
But ceaselessly toils to be roaming free,
Over the earth realms, over the sea?—&c.

From this specimen of his powers, we may easily see what his genius must make of the Opening of the Sixth Seal, and the appearance of the world at the Last Day! And now, to be serious: To have failed—egregiously failed—in doing any thing like justice to a subject like this, would be no disgrace to the finest poet now alive; but there are no men, I am convinced, but these two—whom in this paper I have classed together—who would exult in making so daring an attempt, and vaunt of it as a performance worthy of praise, that they had made the most appalling mysteries of our religion the matter of their fustian verses,—that they had bedizened with tinsel ornaments the sacred, because the inspired, simplicity of St John, and covered with ambitious finery the glories of that Throne, from whose insufferable brightness the angels shield their eyes beneath the shadow of their wings.

But with people of their description it is difficult to deal. If it is objected to them that their efforts are not only weak in execution, but presumptuous in attempt, they shelter themselves behind a prayer; and complacently looking forward to an immortality of fame, allow "the scorner to curl his lip profane, and pour contempt on what he cannot feel." It is impossible, in the face of such broad proclamations of their own holiness, to say that these proclamations are all untrue; but if their sanctity is of so powerful a kind, it is unfortunate that they cannot keep it more to themselves, but, like the Pharisees of old, make prayers in our streets. As it is said to be a superficial grief which vents itself in laboured elegies, I am inclined to think that religion somewhat shallow, which is on every occasion bringing itself forward; and if their worship of their God be sincere, and their belief in his revelation be firm, let them remember the most powerful and beautiful line which was ever written in a hymn of thanksgiving, and let "expressive *silence muse* his praise."

A LETTER ABOUT MEN AND WOMEN.—FROM THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

DEAR SIR,

POPE says, the proper study of mankind is man; and perhaps he is right: but I wish he had told us in what point of view he was to be studied; for really the diversities of body, mind, and character, among the human race, are so prodigious, and so far beyond classification, that to study him thoroughly is impracticable. I could easily write a grand article on him in this manner:—Man, though enveloped in a form of clay, is nevertheless the peculiar emanation of the divinity! For, does he not exhibit proofs of his high origin in the admirable structure of his whole frame, the beautiful arrangement of his features, and more especially in his powers of reflection, thought, and invention, as well as his surprising capability of carrying into execution his plans and conceptions? Of all terrestrial beings, indeed, man appears as it were an abstract of creation, the offspring and the sovereign of the earth—

> Nature in man capacious souls hath wrought,
> And given them voice expressive of their thought;
> In man the God descends, and joys to find
> The narrow image of his greater mind.

This is all very well, Mr Hogg, though nothing new, you will say; but is there not another portrait to be drawn; and, after viewing him in the possession of all his distinguished excellencies, how vastly indebted is he to the influence of cultivation! And how humiliating is the consideration, that in an uncivilized state he evinces comparatively little superiority to the beasts that perish!

This consideration makes me to lean very much to the theory of Lord Monboddo, which I think a most ingenious one; for really it is hardly feasible that man can be both a distinct genus and a distinct species. But the theory was too degrading for the proud heart of man to admit, and was, therefore, universally cried down; though, even in a moral point of view, it was an excellent one; because, if the

near approximation of the one species to the other is to be viewed as a bodily degradation, is it not, on the other hand, a most powerful stimulus to a noble and virtuous elevation of mind? For he who has a mean opinion of the dignity of his nature, will act in no higher a rank than he has allotted himself in his own estimation.

Had our poet said that the proper study of mankind was WOMAN, it would have been more to the purpose; and there he would have gotten every man in the world to have joined him, although every class would have taken her from a different point of view. The poet would have viewed her as a thing of the most perfect beauty and adoration,—as the connecting link between heaven and earth.—The great agricultural improvers, such as Sir John Sinclair, Mr Rennie of Phantassie, and Gideon Scott, would merely have studied her proportions with a view to the improvement of the breed.—The lover, as the being in whose society all earthly happiness is centred.—The anchorite and querulous divine, as the root and spring of all evil. And the student of anatomy, as a grand and glorious subject for dissection!

There is no doubt that the proper study of mankind is WOMAN; and Mr Pope was wrong; for the endless variety of character among the sex is of itself a mine, endless and inexhaustible; but to study them in their domestic capacity, is the sweetest of all—

> Man may for wealth or glory roam,
> But woman must be blest at home.
> To this her efforts ever tend,
> 'Tis her great object and her end.

So says one poet, I have forgot his name. Another hath this expression—

> O woman! lovely woman! Nature form'd thee
> To temper man; we had been brutes without thee.

But the sweetest thing that ever was said of woman in this amiable capacity, or ever will be said again, is by a contemporary:—" A woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies in adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart!"

Then with respect to her beauty, I require not to search for quotations; for there I could go on myself rhyming for hours together, and that very prettily too, as you know very well, sir; and as Mrs Grant knows as well, though she chose to deny it; and as all the rest of the beautiful and accomplished ladies in Edinburgh know, or might know; and if they do not, they shall know, for here goes! and remember, it is all off-hand; at least, it is so far off-hand, that I only just lift my eyes on Yarrow, and the hill beyond it, between every two lines. Now, I must begin with her very young, from a certain vision that I have this moment in my eye:—

> A gleesome elfin, coy and wild,
> Neither a woman nor a child;
> But dancing on the verge between,
> With air and motion cherubim.
> Too gay to mark the mystic bound;
> Almost too light to tread the ground.
> Weak childhood's toys and trifles o'er,
> And maidhood's glories all before.
> How can such being, pure, refined,
> But tread upon the yielding wind!
> An eaglet o'er her skoora riven;
> A cygnet on the skirts of heaven;
> A streamer in the ether blue;
> A rainbow on the morning dew;

A thing to place on fairy throne,
And lover's mind to dwell upon.

For me, I'm beauty's slave confest;
Without it, hopeless and unblest;
And so are all, gainsay who can:
For what would be the life of man,
If left in desert or in isle,
Unlighted up by beauty's smile?
Even though he boasted monarch's name,
And o'er his own sex reign'd supreme,
With thousands bending to his sway,
If lovely Woman were away—
What were his life? what could it be?
A vapour on a shoreless sea,
A troubled cloud, in darkness toss'd,
Along the waste of waters lost;
A ship deserted in the gale,
Without a steersman, or a sail,
A star, or beacon-light before,
Or hope or haven evermore,
A thing without a human tie—
Unloved to live, unwept to die.

Take Woman as her God hath made her,
And not as mankind may degrade her;
Else as well may you take the storm,
In all its hideousness, to form
An estimate of nature's cheer,
And glories of the bounteous year;
Take her in all her filial duty—
A virgin glowing in her beauty;
And say, if such a form is given
For loveliness by bounteous Heaven!
The mantling blush so sweetly spread,
Changing the pale rose to the red;
The downy locks with roses twined,
Or wanton waving in the wind.
The graceful form, the gliding tread,
Too light to bruise the daisy's head;
And smile, that, like the morning dew,
Sheds gladness on the gazer's view.—
O wake me from my raptured dream,
For more than perilous is the theme!

What think you of that, Mr North? I'll take a bet of five to one, that there is not a bard in Britain shall beat me at rhyming about the beauty of woman. Nay, I challenge them all to the trial, except Professor Wilson, in whose case the bets are only to be equal; and leaving Queen Mary, Queen Hynde, Mary Lee, Kilmeny, and all the names that end with "Y" out of the question, I shall start with any of them on new ground.

But there are many characters among the sex with whom I am delighted, and who are the very reverses of being beautiful. You are badly off for original characters among the Edinburgh ladies! You have plenty of beauty, elegance, and accomplishment; but then they are all of the same kind. You surely have a sort of steam-engine, like a mill, that grinds them all into the same polish; for once one has met with a delightful creature, whom it is impossible not to admire, after going on and on, he comes to a thousand, whose beauty and qualities are precisely of the same proportions, and he knows not which is the original.

Therefore, sir, I may truly say of you, as the Scotsman said of the English, after having been at Liverpool for three weeks, on a visit to his son:

"Weel, John, tell us what ye think o' the English now, after ye hae been sae lang amang them?"

"Why, 'deed, to tell the truth, they're no that ill folks ava, thae Englishers. They're guid fallows o' their meat an' drink, and excessively good-natured. But, O man, they are badly off for a language! I never saw ought like it, man; for it is wi' the greatest defeeckwulty ane can ken a word they say. An' for as plain as I speak—an' it is weel kend there's no a man in a' Annandale speaks plainer nor me—deil be on them gin they could ken what I said! It is really waesome to be amang them; for, O man, they are badly off for a language!"

So say I of you, sir. O! man, but you are badly off for original female characters. It is in the inland dales of Scotland where we have them in all their native symmetry of mind, while every one of these mental structures differs as much from the rest as the Gothic style from the Corinthian. Among the farmers' wives in the west of Scotland, from the Clyde to the Solway, this is peculiarly the case—I mean among the working farmers, with which industrious class the greater part of that populous district of the realm is stocked. There you find a new character at the head of affairs in every household—a distinct species of being from all the rest, who does not follow the example of her neighbours in one instance, not even in churning the milk—yet every one of these is strenuously aiming at the same purpose, that of "garring ends meet."

We have some few of those here, too, but not so many. I have one in my eye, whom I shall denominate the Goodwife o' Traquair, who, if the position be admitted, that the proper study of mankind is WOMAN, is one of the richest studies I have seen. When she comes first into a party of her own class, a stranger would think, as I have erst done, that she was going to quarrel with every one present. She snaps at one, finds fault with another, and contradicts a third plump to his face; but by the time she has been fifteen or twenty minutes in the party, she enters into all their sympathies and humours with the deepest interest, and will converse about them for a whole day or night. All the evil deeds that men or women do she ascribes to the corruption of our nature, a hint of which mingles almost with every one of her remarks, and has a most happy effect. Once she begins, her volubility is without end, yet she always complains that she cannot get a word spoken—no, not a single word she can get thrust in, the rest are all so intent on speaking! Then her husband, who takes his snuff and glass rather heartily, is the constant butt of her raillery. When other topics begin to flag in interest, she turns on him, which is a source of never-ending excitation and amusement. She has frequently caught him in scrapes, real or pretended, with the servant maids, with which she is quite delighted, as she calls it "getting a girn in his neck;" and I have seen him so hard put to it, that he had no other resource but to take out his mull and offer her a snuff.

This was on a particularly trying occasion for him. There was then a very pretty girl a servant in the house, named Peggy Thomson; she was modest and virtuous; and as the Goodman, when in his cups, was frequently teasing her, she did not like it, and told the Goodwife that she intended to leave the service on that account. The Goodwife laughed heartily at the girl's foolish conceit, and desired her never to regard him, for he was the most harmless, good-natured being in existence, "but had joost gottin a gate o' pooking at the lasses, an' coudna let it alane."

Peggy seeming hardly to take in this character of her master, the Goodwife pressed her to tell what she was afraid of; and Peggy at length answered, that he had pressed her very much for a private meeting in the cowhouse, and that so earnestly, that she was one night on the very point of complying; and therefore she would not run the risk again. The Goodwife was both pleased and amused with Peggy's simplicity and fears, and requested her to set the tryste with the Goodman at once, assuring her that he durst not for his life keep it; "and if he do," added she, "I will come in with a candle and catch him, which will be the best sport of all." Peggy's modesty, however, took the alarm, and she refused to follow the Goodwife's injunctions.

At length it was agreed that Peggy should set the tryste, which she did, and the Goodwife, dressed in Peggy's clothes, attended in her place. Perhaps the Goodwife made that story

worse than it was, but as she described it, it was a rich one. That he might screw up his courage, he went over to the inn, and filled himself more than half-seas-over, and then attended at the time and place appointed. The Goodwife was there before him, and sat for a good while listening, while he apostrophized himself—"Well; here I am!—I say—Goodman, are you sure that last jug hasna rather dumbfoundered you? Think? No—I think not—I deny it—I'm rather steady—steady, boys, steady! I say, Peggy, are you here? Where are you, you sly elf? I hear you puffing like to burst with laughter, but I'll find you out."

Here the Goodman, as she described it, went groping in the dark towards the sound he heard, till, coming in contact with a cow that was lying puffing and chewing her cud, he stumbled over her, fell on her horns, and hurt himself. The cow, springing up in great perturbation of mind, threw the Goodman upon another lying cow, and that upon another, and another, till they tumbled him from the one end of the byre half-way to the other, while he was cursing them all the way. The Goodwife suppressed her laughter as well as she could, but he overheard her; and still taking her for Peggy Thomson, he hasted towards her, threatening revenge: but instantly stopped short, with a "What's that? Dang it, I hae broken my nose! This is most extraordinar! When I was hauding out my arms at their full length, that my nose should be the langest o' the three! Ane wad think it was impossible. Where are you, you little elf? You sweet little rogue, where are you, I say?"

Here the Goodwife recited the whole particulars of the interview, which it is needless to recapitulate; and at length she left him, and made her way into the house. All passed quietly over, and the Goodman believed he had had a meeting with the young, the lovely, and the modest Peggy Thomson. But, behold, the next day, as soon as the Goodwife got all the lads and lasses assembled in the kitchen, she wiled the Goodman in among them on pretence of taking some directions from him, and after these were all settled, she said, "But I hae a queer story to tell you, Goodman.—What's that? Dang it, I hae broken my nose! wha could hae trowed my nose was langer than baith my arms?"

The Goodman stared as if his eyes would have leapt from their sockets.

"An' I'll tell you mair—Ah! ae kiss o' that velvet cheek is worth twenty of an auld wife! A plague on auld wives an' horned cows! say I."

The Goodman took out his mull, took a hearty pinch, and presenting it to his helpmate, said, "I say,—my bonny woman, I think the best thing ye can do is for till tak a snuff."

"No I thank you, sir. You are very hardly set, I think."

"Hemh! I say, I think you had better tak ane.—Hemh!"

I was once in the Goodwife's kitchen about breakfast time, when the shepherd and the ploughman lads and servant lasses were all present; a great noise of laughter ensued, of which perhaps I was partly the cause. The Goodwife came in like a fiery dragon, and I think I yet remember her speech word for word, although, had it been of late years, I could not have remembered a syllable.

"What's a' this guffawing and gabbling about, now when the sun is at the south kip, the kye rowting on the loan, the hay lying in the swathe, the kirn to kirn, an' the peats to bigg? Glaikit giglets! Do ye think to get through the warld this gate? Tehee, hee—heeing about the lads, an' about courting favours, an' kissing strings, an' your master's wark lying at the wa'! An' yet ye will set up your jaws and insist on the highest wages, and the best o' fare in the coontry! An' a' for doing what? Curling your locks, forsooth; decking out your bit mortal clay bodies; primming wi' your smirks an' your dimples, and rinning jinking an' jowking after the bonny lads!"

Here the lasses, who seemed to delight in their mistress's scolding, began to protest, with one voice, that they cared not for the lads; when she went on—"There we go! There we go! Ilk ane ready wi' a bit lee in her mouth, an' a' to cloak the waefu' corruption o' her nature! Ay, lack-a-day! that's our besetting sin—the stain—the fruit-maele o' the original transgression! Poor things, poor things! you bloom, blowze, flirt, an' flash on for a day, an' then a' down to poverty, pains, duds, an' debility. Poor things, poor things! There's nae help for it!

It is the preemary curse on us, an' we canna get aboon't! We were the first to sin, an' we maun aye be the first to suffer! Our state's but a state o' suffering frae beginning to end; an' really I can hardly blame you for making the maist o' your youthfu' day.—But bless me, will you stand haver-havering on there till the day be done, an' no gang to your wark? I never saw the like o' you, for there's nae end o' your speaking!"

"Ay! now, Goodwife, ye hae just said a' yoursell. I'm sure ye hae gotten a' to say for me."

"Weel, I never heard sic impertinence! I'll refer to him there, wha is an orra man, if I hae ever gottin in ae word. Gae away to your wark wi' ye, idle huzzies! An' be sure to come in i' time for your dinner, for I'se warrand ye'll soon be growin' hungry, poor things. Young creatures maun aye be feeding."

There was another time that the Goodwife and one of her lasses, Annie Blakely, were arguing about original sin, when the latter observed,—"I am sure, Goodwife, you will acknowledge this, that that same original sin, which ye blame for a' the evil under the sun, although it began wi' stealing, yet hasna left us women folks ony inclination to steal."

"Has it no, hinny? Has it no left you ony inklin' to steal, think ye? I wish you kend your ain hearts, and your ain natures, as weel as I do! What then gars you like to take a piece in the pantry, out o' my sight, ten times better than at the kitchen table afore us a'? Ye dinna ken, I fancy, that I'm obleeged to hide the meat that I want to hae first eaten? Then it soon gangs!—vanishes!—the cats tak it!—the rottans hae been in hand wi' it!—the dogs hae gotten into the pantry! Whereas, were I presenting it on the kitchen table, there wadna be a bite o' it tasted. Ye dinna ken your ain natures, poor things, nor the strong bias ye hae to lean to the wrang side, which a' springs frae natural corruption! an' till aince ye become sensible o' that, you will never be able to correct or check a single error in your lives. Ye like a' hidden an' forbidden things, an' despise whatever is pressed on you. O ay! O ay! stolen waters are sweet, an' bread eaten in secret is pleasant to women! Tell me this, now, Annie, what gars you like so weel to kiss an' toy wi' a bonny lad in the mirk, and yet, though you like him ever sae weel, what wad ye say war he to use ony freedoms wi' you afore our een?"

"Indeed, Goodwife, I would take him in the teeth."

"There we go! There we go! A' frae the same source! A' frae the same fountain-head, that the first sin has puddled and stained sae grievously, it will never clear again till the end o' time! If a spring be fouled on its way down the brae, it will soon brighten up again, for the clear water behind will wash away all impurities. But when the fountain-head has the foul stain in it, there is naething can purify that away! Ah, lack-a-day! naething else but mixing wi' the ocean o' eternity, and then rising again to the heavens purified to dew! But gae away—gae away to your wark; for gin I wad but stand an' listen to you, shame fa' me if ye wadna clatter on till night!"

This, sir, is but one original sketch among many that I could give; but as I meant, when I began this letter, to have written on a different subject altogether, had my pen not run away with me, and it being too late to begin that now, I shall subscribe myself, as usual, yours most truly,

James Hogg.

Mount-Benger,
July 13, 1829.

A DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

For some time reports of a dissolution of Parliament have been more or less prevalent. If they be unworthy of credit, they at any rate show that in some quarters such a dissolution is thought a desirable matter. Perhaps they owe their birth to two causes—the very precarious state of the ministry, and the notorious incompetency of the present House of Commons.

Whatever may be the case amidst public men, the better part of the nation still sets a proper value on common integrity. It still holds the man, no matter what his rank may be, to be false who violates a solemn promise—to be a knave who barters his principles for money or dignity—to be a traitor who betrays his trust; and it still holds that, as such, falsehood, dishonesty, and treason, are more pernicious in the public man than in the private individual; they are even more unpardonable in the former than in the latter. Of course, the present House of Commons wholly stripped itself of public confidence and respect, by its conduct on the Catholic Question. Such conduct, without the aid of other matters, was amply sufficient to make the country look with much impatience for a dissolution of Parliament.

But it was in the last Session very greatly aided by other matters. The House of Commons is a public functionary, and one of the first of its duties is to apply the proper remedies to public suffering. What did it do touching the severe distress of the silk trade? It refused to enquire into the causes; rejected the evidence pressed upon it to shew what they were; and on the mere assertions of the Ministry, did what was calculated to make the distress more intolerable. What did it do touching the sufferings of the community? It professed complete ignorance of the sources, and intrepidly declared that it could not condescend to seek information or devise remedies. Sir R. Vyvyan, like an upright and patriotic man, undertook the desperate task of attempting to pledge it to enquiry; but lo! when his day of performance came, it had absconded, and no House of Commons could be found. The newspapers frequently put astonishing nonsense into the mouths of its members; and they made Mr Baring say in effect, that it ought to let ill alone. The truth of the ancient maxim, Let well alone, has been often established; but that of this new one will, we suspect, be long matter of controversy. It seems to us that there would be small wisdom in saying to those anxious to drag a drowning man out of the water—Let him alone. However, these are days of marvellous discoveries, and we may be much mistaken. As the House had long been acting on the persuasion, that to let well alone was destructive to the public weal, it very consistently adopted Mr Baring's new maxim. If this gentleman erred here, he also wandered from the truth, in intimating that the House was like a man in the dark. He ought to have said it was like the man who bandaged or put out his eyes to prevent himself from seeing by the light which on every side flashed upon him. Without discussing further so knotty a point, we will observe, the House resolved, that as it was in the dark, it ought to remain so, and therefore it would neither seek light nor suffer its midnight darkness to be molested.

Having in this manner deprived itself of eyes, the House acted the blind man in an inimitable manner. Honourable members, in effect, gravely put forth these new and surprising truths:—Bad harvests make corn cheap. Foreign wool makes British dearer, by rendering it unsaleable. The wearing of foreign silks instead of British ones, enlarges the consumption of the latter. To employ the population, even if not fully, is to overtrade. To employ British ships and workmen instead of foreign ones, is to overtrade. The issue of small notes four years ago causes distress at present. The fact that more factories exist, and more goods are fabricated now than ever seen six years ago, is a proof of overtrading; no matter how the population may increase, there must be no increase of production and trade. To take away a man's trade or capital cannot possibly injure him; to compel him to sell at a loss must greatly be-

nefit him; to deprive him of employment cannot deprive him of bread, &c. &c. &c.

Of course, the House of Commons could not stoop to the absurdity of attempting to apply a remedy to public suffering. It could with alacrity reduce the duties on foreign silks, but this was evidently a thing to make the suffering greater; it could almost unanimously pass the Anatomy Bill, but this bill was demonstrably hateful to public feeling: it has in late years passed laws by acclamation, which were confessedly to destroy profits, trade, and employments to various interests, but this could not do other than produce distress. Place before this House any measure for injuring large portions, or the whole of the community, and where will the minority be found to offer fruitless opposition? but dream not of inducing it to endeavour to create in any quarter prosperity. It exists at present to do other things than to redress wrongs and remove evils.

Thus in what it did not do, as well as in what it did do, the House of Commons convinced the country of its total incompetency for the discharge of its functions. To what it did, the country was decidedly opposed; and what it refused to do, the country strongly called for as a remedy for its own sufferings. Its conduct in regard to the Anatomy Bill, proved, in a most striking manner, the complete absence of all community of feeling between it and the body of the nation. This revolting bill was detested by all classes, but particularly by those which compose what is called the people, not only on account of its injustice and barbarity to the helpless, but from the outrage it offered to the best feelings of human nature; and yet it passed the House almost without debate. Two or three virtuous members raised their voices against it, but nothing took place worthy of being called opposition. In truth, through the Session, the House made an ostentatious display of its utter disregard for public feeling, and practically maintained that it was wholly independent of such feeling in both right and duty.

That very choice specimen of a lawgiver, Mr Cam Hobhouse, deems such conduct in the House of Commons the best proof of its due discharge of duty. The Marquis of Blandford, in the spirit of the patriot, and with the ability and views of the statesman, moved that it should be reformed; and in the debate which this caused, Mr Hobhouse took occasion to say in effect, that if the country were so "stultified" as to differ on Free Trade, and the Catholic question, from the House, he was glad the latter was constituted as it was. The puppyism of this is really exquisite. During the many years of his parliamentary life, he has never made a speech which shewed that he was even tolerably acquainted with his subject; he has never delivered himself of any thing better than commonplace declamation; and yet he can call the country "stultified," because on a most complicated question —a question which he confessed a year or two ago he did not understand—it does not think good to hold his opinions. The representative is to have no community of sentiment with the constituent. Mr Hobhouse one of the representatives of the country! Oh, no, he is only the representative of himself. The House of Commons represent the country—what an absurdity! It ought only to represent Mr Hobhouse and his paltry faction. If it will only in utter scorn of public feeling make the changes of constitution and law desired by this uninformed person, the country is to be practically prohibited from electing it. When this is judged of, the sound and fury which he has so long been in the habit of regaling the rabble of Westminster with, should not be forgotten.

Such are the audacious doctrines which are now openly advanced and acted on in the House of Commons.

We are not dealing in empty declamation or trivial charges. Granting that every thing said by the House was most true, and every thing done by it was most well, still its words and acts were of a kind to cover it with public distrust and hostility.

Hope of different conduct in it is wholly out of the question; this is prevented by the erroneous and intolerable notions which it entertains touching its own powers. The doctrine that the representative is not a mere agent is tortured into this.—He is the sole principal; as he ought not to be the passive instrument of his constituents, they ought to be his passive instruments in all things. Public

feeling is therefore despised, and the stimulant to the discharge of duty, as well as the restraint from abuse of trust, is destroyed. The House of Commons is in effect now proclaimed to be a power perfectly omnipotent in every thing, and having a right, so far as regards the community, to be wholly free from all influence and restriction. In that land which has been wont to boast of its liberty, it is practically contended that a despotism ought to exist, far more free from restraint than any of the continental ones.

While this is the case, the House is bound by the most powerful personal interests to keep in direct opposition to public feeling. The men who in essentials compose it, are the parents of the measures which have produced so much distress and national hatred, and they cannot be expected to make enquiries which may cover them with ignominy, or to apply remedies which may deprive them of station and character. Proof that the new system is erroneous, would be proof that Mr Huskisson, Mr Brougham, Mr Peel, &c., are not statesmen—are visionaries unfit to conduct public affairs. Obedience to the wishes of the country, would be a public confession of ignorance and incapacity; even the abandonment of destructive experiments would bear much resemblance to such proof and confession. The House will not, in the nature of things, receive evidence against itself, and pronounce its own condemnation; it has fully convinced the country that it will not.

The country, from all this, cannot think more favourably than it does of the present House of Commons, and the latter cannot amend its conduct. The assembling of Parliament is looked to with apprehension, its proceedings are regarded with contempt and hostility, and its separating is made matter of rejoicing. The following facts will shew how far this is capable of justification. Gigantic changes of system have been made, which, if founded on false principles, will inevitably ruin the empire; powerful evidence exists that they are so founded, and the body of the community believes that they are; yet the House of Commons will not make the least enquiry touching their real effects. This House will not attempt to ascertain whether public distress be, or be not, capable of remedy; and it is pledged to make further great changes, which the country believes will have baleful operation.

What then ought to be done? Here are a number of men who collectively fill a public office of the very highest consequence, and who are incapable of discharging its duties. The incapable domestic servant, or Ministry, is dismissed, and replaced with a new one; and common reason prescribes that the same should be done with the present House of Commons.

The change of the public servant, which the existing House forms, for a new one, ought, of course, to be real as well as nominal; a dissolution of Parliament would yield small benefit, if those who virtually compose the present House should again compose it. Such dissolution ought, therefore, to be accompanied by other changes.

The question of Parliamentary Reform has very naturally again attracted much notice, particularly as it is now almost a new one in regard to circumstance. The opinion of it which we put forth some years ago, on more than one occasion, we still retain, viz. If the close borough members be divided into two hostile and balancing parties, and the independent members be thereby enabled to govern the majority, the present system cannot be improved; but it will be utterly indefensible if the close borough members combine themselves into a whole, and thereby place the independent ones in a minority.

How far this question will be successful we cannot tell, but certainly it will meet small opposition in the way of argument. The most able champions of the present system always admitted it to be in the abstract indefensible; they were compelled to take their stand on the plea of improper season, or on the one that the system worked sufficiently well in practice, however defective it might be in theory. These pleas can be no longer urged. The working of the system is now totally reversed. The close borough members, instead of being divided and balanced, form one party; the independent ones, instead of governing the majority, are powerless. The close boroughs, instead of being used to bring into Parliament men of talent and virtue, are used to bring into it mere mercenaries who possess

neither. The borough proprietors are no longer men of pure honour and inflexible consistency; they are stained with gross apostasy; they have given proof that they can no longer be trusted; and, of course, they are no longer worthy of retaining their elective power. There is not a single upright intelligent man in the three kingdoms who will say that, for the last five years, the system has worked well, or has not worked most balefully. The most destructive change which these appalling times have seen, is the change which has taken place in the working of the House of Commons. From it have flowed the pestilential changes which have filled the land with insolvency and pauperism, partially destroyed the constitution, and vitally injured religion and public morals. From it has flowed a House of Commons which is deaf to the prayers of the wronged and distressed, which disregards the petitions of the country, and on which public opinion cannot make the least impression.

Out of Parliament, the question will find few enemies. Those who, until recently, opposed reform, did so to prevent the changes and innovations from being made which have been made; they did so to prevent the House of Commons from embracing its present principles, and becoming what it is. Their grounds for opposing it no longer exist; they feel that no change could well give them a worse House of Commons than the present system gives them, and that the elective franchise could not be in more dangerous hands than those which now hold it. The middle classes have lost their confidence in their rulers, and no matter what the reformers may attempt, they will only look on with sullen, contemptuous apathy. High-minded and honourable men will not, in future, subject themselves to the indignity of being classed in turpitude by these ministers and legislators with demagogues and rebels, merely for associating to uphold the constitution. After the treatment which public meetings and petitions *against* change so recently met with, they will not be again resorted to. No matter what extremities the Government and the Peers may be reduced to by the revolutionary part of the community, they will receive no popular and moral support from the other part.

It was the duty of the borough proprietors to scrupulously keep their power on the only ground on which it could be defended; but instead of doing this, they have done every thing calculated to ensure its destruction. Not satisfied with the enemies they find amidst the lower orders, they seem determined to provoke the enmity of the whole community. If their detestable coalition continue, the reformers must triumph.

We do not speak thus to advocate the question of reform. Give us such a House of Commons as existed previously to the last five or six years, and we will be content; divide and balance the borough interest, and we will ask no more. But this must be done, or the question must be carried. No honest man can be other than the enemy of this monstrous coalition; no patriot can regard it as any thing but a scourge to his country. We are not sure that it can, in the nature of things, endure much longer; but so long as it may endure, we hope the Marquis of Blandford will persevere, on the sound, patriotic, statesmanlike grounds he has chosen.

But we believe that, under the present system of election, much may be done towards reforming the House of Commons; and we caution the country against being induced by the question of change, to neglect individual effort. Let it take the proper measures without loss of time; for a dissolution of Parliament will very probably take place much sooner than the knowing ones dream of.

There *once* existed a party in this House which bore the title of "The Country Gentlemen;" and history proves that it was, not only an ornament, but something much more valuable, to the country. What has destroyed this party? Has it been driven by the revilings of its enemies into the cowardly guilt of suicide? Or has it plunged into the whirlpool of apostasy and profligacy? Whatever may have caused its disappearance, it is certain that no trace of its existence can be discovered. Instead of that powerful body which once in proud independence held the balance between contending parties—fought the battles of the wronged and distressed—cherished right feelings—knew no party but its country—and protected her rights, honour, laws, and institutions, as jealously from the attacks of men in

power, as from those of other enemies, we find only spiritless, trembling, servile instruments of that monstrous compound of Jacobinism and Cockneyism, which has expelled every thing English from the House of Commons.

To the Country Gentlemen of England, not in Parliament, we say, what has produced this melancholy substitution? Why is England practically expelled from Parliament? Why is she practically expelled from the Cabinet? Why is she in effect no longer suffered to share in the management of her own affairs, and assist in the governing of herself? You hold in your hands the county representation, and still you have no party in the House of Commons. You make a present of your birth-rights to a few factious, or profligate Peers, and thereby assist in the ruin of your country. Look for evidence at the Fitzwilliams, Clevelands, and Greys, on the one hand, and the Rutlands, Beauforts, and Northumberlands, on the other. What you thus foolishly give, is afterwards basely sold. Cast off the dictation of these Peers, select for yourselves, and send to Parliament your own honourable, independent, and English party.

If your country be no longer dear in your eyes, attend a little to personal interest. The corn law cannot be maintained under the present system; but even if it can, the system will soon reduce the means of buying corn sufficiently to sink prices to the point requisite for destroying rent, and of course the value of land. You are on the brink of a precipice; you must exert yourselves, or be ruined; you must do your duty as honest Englishmen, or cease to be, in regard to estate, Country Gentlemen.

A change like this ought to accompany a dissolution of Parliament.

Another most desirable one is, the getting rid of the old heads of the House of Commons. Rumour has been for some time busy in accomplishing this matter, by making Mr Brougham a Judge, and bestowing coronets on Sir F. Burdett, Mr Baring, Mr Peel, &c. As to Mr Brougham, it is easy to see what has befallen him; and no one can feel surprise that his public life has ended in this manner: He who constantly sacrifices country to faction, will always, when opportunity serves, sacrifice every thing to personal interest. He is doubtlessly a very worthy object to receive preferment from the present Ministry; but if England must have a political Judge like him, do not give him the Rolls, but take him out of Parliament. If the English coronet be prostituted into the bribe or reward of apostates and demagogues, we must endeavour to console ourselves with the reflection, that it may render them harmless.

The most scandalous buying and selling of creed and conscience, at present the fashion, ought not to be disregarded by the community; and it must not be overlooked, that the system is as scandalous in the buyers as in the sellers.

A single new member has often given a decided turn to opinion and conduct in the House of Commons. It formerly happened, that new members of talent and industry frequently entered it, and either ousted the old leaders, or dragged them into new paths; but this is witnessed no longer. During a long term of years, no new one has gained reputation and influence. "The rising talent," notwithstanding the extravagant boasting respecting it, has only supplied commonplace followers; and the old heads, with their one set of ideas, have prosed on in happy freedom from instructors and rivals.

The election of Mr Sadler throws great light on the change which ought to take place here. Three years ago, in making some remarks on a speech delivered by this gentleman, touching the election of the members for the county of York, we said,—Why was not Mr Sadler sent to Parliament instead of Mr Marshall? The material part of the wish implied in the question is accomplished; he has been sent to Parliament; and amply has he justified us for desiring it. In naming him, we must do justice to that individual to whom he is largely indebted for his seat. The Duke of Newcastle has used his parliamentary interest, not to aggrandize himself, but to serve his country—not to swell the ranks of apostasy, but to sustain the sinking cause of principle and independence—not to multiply the mercenaries of a ministry or a faction, but to confer their reward on genius and talent, and call them forth in support of the holy cause of religion and patriotism. To the recital of the fact, we will append no panegyric; the brilliant wreath of

honour which it forms needs no meretricious addition. The claim which this virtuous and high-minded nobleman has thus created on his injured and afflicted country, will not be forgotten.

To the Duke of Newcastle, the excellent Earl of Falmouth, and their friends, we say,—What could not two or three first-rate men achieve for your sacred cause in the House of Commons? To such as the Marquis of Blandford we say,—Bury not your talent in the earth; be ambitious and industrious; add toil and application to ability and patriotism, and soar to eminence.

Our conviction is, that such noblemen as we have named, have it in their power to make what would be equal to a very extensive reform in the House of Commons. They have nothing to do beyond sending into it two or three men properly qualified by talents and acquirements to act as leaders. The leaders practically constitute the House, and no first-rate man of right principles could long be in it, without gathering around him a powerful party, particularly as he would receive such mighty support from the country at large.

The leading men in cities and boroughs content themselves at elections with returning such candidates as offer themselves: They make no effort to find suitable representatives. Such conduct contributes very largely to make the House of Commons what it is. Let these men meet, and invite those to represent them whose character and principles can be depended on. This would have in the House most beneficial operation.

The obstacle to the formation of a proper House of Commons which is to be found in the Ministry, cannot, we think, have long existence, although it may exist until the ruin of the empire is consummated. This Ministry, which might have been founded on a rock, stands throughout on the sands of destruction. The Duke of Wellington has evidently laboured from the first to establish it on the borough interests. On being made the Premier, he threw his net over the Clevelands, &c. amidst the Whigs; and certain changes which have just taken place shew what he has lately been doing with the Rutlands, Beauforts, &c. amidst those who once were Tories. The Lowthers may do what they please, and still retain office, and have high dignities thrust upon them, provided, however, that they will, like men of no principle, belong to him, no matter what he may do. Scotland now forms one enormous close borough, and he has made the proprietors of it his own. He clearly makes it his grand principle to attach to him, without any regard to party or character, every man who has the command of votes in Parliament.

In consequence, we see all the more notorious boroughmongers, as they are called, not only supporting, but bound to, the same Ministry. Is it from honourable community of sentiment that the Clevelands and Rutlands, the Fitzwilliams and Beauforts, now form one party? Is it from unity of creed and feeling that their troops in the Lower House, the Broughams, Lowthers, and Mannerses, the Scarletts and Somersets, display unity of action? No! We look in vain for the vote given without a consideration. They have obtained, or are to have, equal shares of dignity and emolument; and this consequence of their harmony reveals the cause.

A Ministry having such a basis never could stand in this country; the only enduring and popular one has been that which has had the balance of the borough interests against it. Such a ministry must in the nature of things be both imbecile and profligate. It must put men into office, without any regard to qualification, for the sake of votes, and this will form one cause of its imbecility. Another great cause must be found in intestine strife and animosity; in proof we may refer to the history of the Liverpool Ministry. The present Earl of Liverpool represented in the last session, that the late Earl made it a principle to draw together men of all creeds and parties. What resulted from his labours of this description? Let the answer be found in the charges and recriminations in which the members of the Liverpool Ministry indulged during the debates on the Catholic question. According to the evidence of the Duke of Wellington, Lords Eldon, Sidmouth, Plunkett, Westmoreland, Mr Peel, &c., almost every member of this Ministry in its latter days constituted a separate party. From one party it increased itself into three—the Liverpool, Wellesley or Canning, and Gren-

ville ones. Then the three multiplied in such an astonishing manner, that a separate party was found in nearly every component part of each. It necessarily followed that almost the only matter which this Ministry of all creeds and parties could agree on was this—to practise no principle, and to do nothing save what it was compelled to do. It degenerated into as imbecile a Ministry as ever scourged the country. Lord Westmoreland charged the deplorable state of Ireland in a large degree upon it. The Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel ascribed their sacrifice of the constitution to the divisions and feuds which prevailed in, or were generated by this Ministry of all creeds and parties. Similar testimony was given by most of its more prominent members.

The construction of this Ministry necessarily made it profligate as well as incapable, by divesting its members of all principle. They were so much habituated to the sacrifice of principle, that it became almost their only one to do so. When official men imbibe the belief that to retain office they may act on any creed, they are rendered capable of committing any iniquity. When this Ministry fell to pieces, it was seen how far its construction had stripped it of integrity. The part which regained office under Mr Canning displayed profligacy almost without example; and the other part has since exhibited profligacy still more dark and disgusting.

The present Ministry must therefore soon be ruined by the principle on which it stands. It must constantly have the weight of national feeling against it. It must be bound to unpopular conduct, and be continually preyed on by intestine strife and animosity; and it must be bound to imbecility and profligacy. It is now so weak that it exists merely because it has nothing to encounter in Parliament worthy the name of Opposition, and it must, from its nature, soon create there a powerful host of enemies.

Other causes may be named which will contribute to its fall. Its leading members are men of licentious private character, and this will operate strongly against it. It is destitute of tact and cleverness; in truth, it is an excessively blundering one. It excluded O'Connell from Parliament, and thereby covered itself with public contempt; the exclusion immediately produced proofs in Ireland of its consummate ignorance and blindness in removing the disabilities. It is making itself odious by waging a personal war against the press, and it is conducting this war in such a bungling, malignant manner, as must make it detested. Its Whig instrument, Sir J. Scarlett, commenced the attack on the Morning Journal on the ground that it was the private cause of the Lord Chancellor. On discovering, not only that his prosecution was the subject of universal derision on the score of its frivolous and ridiculous grounds, but that he could not gain a verdict, he changed his proceedings, made his cause the public one of the whole Ministry, and added to his case a few more alleged libels. Not content with this, he called the editor of the paper a coward, slanderer, and, as it is said, liar. The country saw in all this, mean, abominable oppression, and its indignation reached the masters of the contemptible Whig lawyer as well as himself. The Ministry has only to act in this manner, to make itself hated.

It is already feeling the consequences of its vicious construction. Deserted by the honourable part of the Tories, and bound by its bargains, it is now compelled to bring into office the Whigs. In proportion as it advances towards the latter, the less scrupulous part of the Tories recede from it. It is unpopular, and it can only seek recruits amidst unpopular men—amidst the Broughams and Huskissons, whose union with it will make it still more so. It cannot provide for even the servile and sordid party men of both sides, and in consequence it will soon find a powerful portion of them amidst its foes. The providing for a part of the Whigs will send many of the rest into opposition. We think it impossible for this Ministry to have long existence.

The Tories are daily becoming more decided in their opposition, and purging themselves of the traitorous allies, who, under the mask of support, render them impotent. The conduct of their heads in regard to the Cambridge election, proves that they most wisely will have no more to do with the half-and-half, any-side people. This alone would have very great influence in forming a proper House of Commons.

A glance at the history of the last

reign will shew what would operate powerfully in giving to the House of Commons its proper character. The leading ministers of George the Third were, like himself, thoroughly English in principle and feeling, spotless in morals, and warm supporters of religion. Living in times in which religion and morals were assailed by such powerful enemies, that their preservation seemed almost hopeless, they made England a highly religious and moral nation. This good monarch reared a race of virtuous statesmen. A virtuous court and cabinet made a virtuous aristocracy; the Church was purified by the purity of those who appointed its heads; the high morals of the court and government spread through the community; religious societies multiplied in every direction, and literature was so strongly on the side of religion, that scarcely a novel was published which did not advocate it. The Ministerial party differed almost as much from the Opposition one in morals as in political principles; its leaders were, in general, men of the highest private character; while those of the hostile one were, to a great extent, profligates in private life, or deeply tainted with scepticism.

All this necessarily produced a virtuous legislature—a House of Commons composed of men patriotic and honourable, disdaining faction, and incapable of apostasy. The same causes would again produce the same effects.

Let those who are not yet convinced of the necessity of effort, reflect well on the following facts. The British empire is now in reality governed upon what are called liberal opinions, and by the men who name themselves Liberals.

What is the history of these Liberals and their opinions? Saying nothing of what befell them during the war, these men declared that their principles would give to the republics of South America the utmost measure of felicity—an unexampled share of freedom, wealth, harmony, and prosperity; and would overwhelm this country with trade.

What is the issue? These republics are the constant prey of licentiousness and anarchy—are scourged by the most destructive of all tyrannies—are, touching freedom, prosperity, and every human good, in a far worse condition, than they were in before they gained their independence. Any additional trade they may have given to this country is an evil rather than a benefit, from the losses and bad payments which attend it.

These Liberals induced the people of this country to lend many millions of money to these republics.

What is the issue? The money is lost; the republics pay neither principal nor interest.

These Liberals successfully urged this country to embroil itself in the strife between Turkey and Greece.

What is the issue? This country has aided Russia greatly in her war against Turkey, to the grievous injury of its own trade; it has involved itself in dispute with Russia, and created the danger of general war.

These Liberals declared that their new system of governing Ireland would produce harmony, tranquillity, loyalty, and order—would convert the Catholics into subjects of the best character, and yield benefits of the first description.

What is the issue? This system, after producing animosity, strife, insubordination, convulsion, and anarchy, to an extent without example—after, according to the assertions of Ministers, placing Ireland on the brink of rebellion and civil war, has led to such an inroad on the Constitution, as has surrounded the empire with the greatest dangers. Ministers now declare that this system was one of scandalous misgovernment, and that it created such a state of things as compelled them to sacrifice the Constitution, outrage public rights, and endanger public possessions, as they have done.

These Liberals declared, that the application of their opinions would yield splendid benefits to the Shipping Interest.

What is the issue? Ever since it took effect the shipowners have been compelled to carry on a losing trade. For several years their capital has been regularly wasting; during these years the maritime power of the country has sustained a considerable numerical decline, and a very formidable moral one.

These Liberals declared that the application of their opinions would confer brilliant advantages on the Silk Trade.

What is the issue? Ever since it took effect, the Silk Trade has been in suffering; for four successive years this trade has been a stranger to prosperity, and for the greater part of the time it has been in bitter distress. The property of the masters has been wasting, and the workmen have been unable to earn a sufficiency of necessaries. It has for some time been a frightful mass of loss, bankruptcy, hunger, nakedness, and misery.

These Liberals declared that the application of their opinions would confer similar advantages on the Glove Trade, the Lace Trade, &c.

What is the issue? The same as in the Silk Trade.

These Liberals declared that the application of their opinions to these Interests and the Agricultural one, would benefit immensely the other interests of the country.

What is the issue? Ever since it took effect, the other interests have endured more or less of suffering; masters have been unable to gain profits, and labourers to earn necessaries.

These Liberals declared that the application of their opinions would increase prodigiously the comforts of the working classes.

What is the issue? It has produced such bitter sufferings amidst these classes, as they never before experienced. It has so greatly reduced wages, that when they can procure employment they cannot earn a sufficiency for their support; and to a large extent it has destroyed employment. For four successive years the labouring orders have been in infinitely more distressed and indigent circumstances, than they were ever before in for a like term since the present generation came into being. Such a mass of want and wretchedness is now to be found among them, as the oldest man living never before witnessed.

These Liberals declared, that the application of their opinions touching "scientific education," and trade, would make the body of the people highly intelligent and moral.

What is the issue? Infidelity, wickedness, vice, and crime, have increased amidst the body of the people in a most deplorable manner.

These Liberals declared, that the application of their opinions would benefit incalculably the general interests of the empire.

What is the issue? The population, as a whole, has been for nearly four years in far worse circumstances than it was ever in previously. Pauperism and want have been alarmingly increased. The revenue declines in spite of the increase of population—public morals have sustained portentous injury—public spirit is destroyed—the country has lost its veneration for its laws and institutions—the foundations of the monarchy and constitution have been taken away—the Church is in danger of overthrow—Government is no longer confided in—the lower classes are arrayed against the upper ones—the community is severed from its rulers—and the empire is surrounded with every thing which can contribute to its ruin and dismemberment.

Are we tracing the history of dunces and maniacs, of plunderers and traitors—of men labouring to produce public ruin, and to make themselves a scourge to society? Are we sketching the progress of the principles of folly and madness, confiscation and robbery, infidelity and profligacy, vice and crime—treason, convulsion, anarchy, and civil war? The questions must be answered by others; we are at any rate stating naked facts touching the men and their opinions, who now really rule the British empire. We are of course not speaking of the nominal Ministers, but of the men by whom the Ministers and the empire are in reality ruled.

Is there then no call for effort? Is CHANGE WHOLLY NEEDLESS?

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Mr Griffiths of Wellington Street is about to publish by subscription, a Manual of Art, which will contain a Critique on seventy of the principal Masters of the Old School; and also a Catalogue of upwards of two thousand of their principal

Paintings on the Continent, and in England.

In the press, the Heraldry of Crests, 18mo, containing 3500 Crests from Engravings; by the late J. P. Elvin, with the bearers' names alphabetically arranged; and Remarks, Historical and Explanatory, forming a companion to Clark's Easy Introduction to the Study of Heraldry.

Mr Hood, the author of "Whims and Oddities," has a new work in the press, entitled, "Epping Hunt." It describes the adventures of a worthy citizen, who joins the Easter Hunt; and will be illustrated with several first-rate Engravings on Wood, after the designs of Mr George Cruikshank.

Preparing for publication, under the superintendence of Mr George Don, A.L.S., a new edition of Miller's Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary, containing a complete enumeration and description of all Plants hitherto known, newly arranged according to the natural system of Jussieu, and comprising all the modern improvements and discoveries which have been made in the sciences of Botany, Horticulture, and Agriculture, to the present time.—The Work will be illustrated with plates and figures of plants,—will be published in parts, and complete in four vols. 4to.

Mr William Hasking is preparing for publication, a Popular System of Architecture, to be illustrated with Engravings, and exemplified by reference to well-known structures. It is intended as a Class or Text Book in that branch of a liberal education, and will contain an explanation of the scientific terms which form its vocabulary, and are of constant occurrence.

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In the press, Gideon, and Other Poems. By the Author of "My Early Years, for those in Early Life,"—"Jane and her Teacher,"—"George Wilson and his Friend," &c.

Portraits of the most Celebrated Beauties of all Nations; a work which promises to be of considerable interest to the admirers of female beauty, is announced for publication by Messrs Longman & Co. under the superintendence of Mr Alaric Watts. It will consist of a series of portraits of the most beautiful and celebrated women of all nations, from an early period in the history of portrait-painting to the present time, with Biographical Notices, and will comprise some of the finest specimens of Leonardo da Vinci, Raffaelle, Holbein, Georgione, Tintoretto, Titian, Sir Antonio More, Paul Veronese, Guido, Rubens, Velasquez, Vandyck, Mignard, Rembrandt, Murillo, Sir Peter Lely, Kneller, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Romney, David, Opie, Harlowe, and several of the most distinguished painters of the present day. For the sake of variety of style and costume, a chronological arrangement will be avoided, so that it is not improbable that the first number may contain portraits by Titian, Guido, Mignard, Vandyck, and Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The Life of the celebrated scholar and critic, Dr Richard Bentley, from the pen of the Very Rev. Dr Monk, Dean of Peterborough, is preparing for publication, and will appear towards the end of the present year, in one volume, in 4to. It will form a history of the University of Cambridge during a period of forty years, and will contain a vast fund of literary information.

The second volume of Colonel Napier's History of the War in the Peninsula will shortly appear.

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APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

May, 1829.

Brevet. Maj. Gen. *Sir* T. S. Beckwith, *K.C.B.* Lt. Gen. in East Indies only 23 Apr. 1829

Dr. Gds. Cor. Richardson, Lt. by purch. vice Buller, prom. 9 do.
A. Lovell, Cor. do.

6 Dr. Lt. Sheppard, Capt. by purch. vice Orme, ret. do.
Cor. Barbor, Lt. do.
W. Fitz Herbert, Cor. do.
Cor. *Hon.* W. H. Beresford, Lt. by purch. vice Musters, ret. 2 do.
C. Fitz Herbert, Cor. do.
H. F. Bonham, Cor. by purch. vice Fawkes, prom. 22 May

12 Cor. Glegg, Lt. by purch. vice Vane, ret. 30 Apr.
J. Child, Cor. do.

13 Cor. Hackett, from h. p. 18 Dr. Cor. vice Miller, 2 Dr. 23 do.
Surg. Mouat, *M.D.* from 14 F. Surg. vice Job, dead 30 do.

14 Maj. Townsend, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Baker, ret. 16 do.

16 S. Blakelock, Cor. by purch. vice Johnston, ret. 7 May

1 F. As. Surg. Brydon, from 54 F. As. Surg. vice Dillon, remov. from Service 25 Apr.

2 Capt. Waring, Maj. by purch. vice Johnstone, ret. 16 do.
Lt. Carruthers, Capt. do.
Ens. Hesse, Lt. vice Knox, dead 15 do.
—— Walton, Lt. by purch. vice Carruthers 16 do.
H. T. M'Crea, Ens. 15 do.
T. Gravatt, Ens. by purch. vice Walton, prom. 30 do.

3 G. Bridge, Ens. vice Bridges, res. 16 do.

7 Capt. Hope, from 96 F. Capt. vice Prosser, h. p. rec. diff. 2 do.

10 Staff Surg. Dawn, from h. p. Surg. vice Young, h. p. 7 May

13 C. Dunne, Ens. vice Thompson, dead 30 Apr.

14 Ens. Eustace, from 52 F. Lt. by purch. vice Pender, 62 F. 23 do.
As. Surg. M'Andrew, *M.D.* from 1 F. Surg. vice Mouat, 13 Dr. 30 do.

17 Capt. Beamish, from h. p. 31 F. Capt. vice Eccles, 47 F. 7 May

18 W. Langmead, Ens. by purch. vice Way, prom. 22 do.
W. A. T. Payne, Ens. 23 do.

19 Lt. Scott, Adj. vice Chambers, res. Adj. only 16 Apr.

22 Serj. Maj. W. Merchant Qua. Mast. vice Mansfield, ret. 9 do.

24 Capt. Kelly, Maj. by purch. vice O'Grady, prom. 14 do.
Lt. Marsh, Capt. do.
Ens. Sterling, Lt. do.
P. A. Barnard, Ens. do.

29 Ens. Hemphill, Lt. vice Bagenall, Ceylon Regt. 16 do.
F. M. Warde, Ens. do.

30 Lt. Gen. *Sir* T. Bradford, *K.C.B.* fm. 94 F. Col. vice Montgomerie, dead 18 do.

32 Capt. Palk, Maj. by purch. vice Dillon, ret. 16 do.
Lt. Markham, Capt. do.
Ens. Hill, Lt. do.
G. Weir, Ens. do.

35 Capt. Cochrane, from h. p. Glen. Fen. Inf. Paym. vice Newton, dead 2 do.

36 Maj. *Lord* G. Hervey, from 60 F. Maj. vice Campbell, h. p. rec. diff. 23 do.

45 Ens. Glendening, Lt. by purch. vice Sykes, ret. 9 do.
G. M Metcalf, Ens. do.

47 Capt. Eccles, from 17 F. Capt. vice Daly, h. p. 31 F. 7 May

48 F. Capt. Grant, from h.p. Gren. Gds. Capt. vice Wilson, 63 F. 16 April

49 Lieut. Stean, Capt. vice Danford, dead 1 do.
Capt. Leith, from h. p. Capt. vice J. Sewell, ret. 2 do.
Ens. Daniell, Lt. vice Stean 1 do.
H. G. Hart, Ens. do.
Lt. Simpson, Adj. vice Stean do.

51 Ens. Holden, from h. p. Ens. vice St Leger, res. 30 do.

56 Lt. Hogg, Capt. by purch. vice Foreman, ret. 23 do.
Ens. Bailie, Lt. do.
J. Charlewood, Ens. do.

60 *Hon.* H. L. Powys, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Fitz Herbert, cancelled 2 do.
Major *Hon.* C. Grey, from h. p. Major, pay. diff. vice *Lord* G. Hervey, 36 F. 23 do.

62 Lt. Pender, from 14 F. Capt. by purch. vice Brooke, ret. do.

63 Capt. Wilson, from 48 F. Capt. vice Walsh, 6 Dr. Gds. 16 do.

64 Ens. Barker, Lt. vice Du Pre, dead 2do.
D. W. Battley, Ens. do.
R. P. Woodyeare, Ens. by purch. vice Langmead, cancelled 22 May

65 Capt. Alves, from h. p. Capt. vice Martin, 67 F. 9 April
Lt. Wise, Capt. by purch. vice Buller, ret. 23 do.
Ens. Wyatt, Lt. do.
C. Durnford, Ens. do.
As. Surg. Lorimer, from h. p. 6 Vet. Bn. As. Surg. vice Elligott, h. p. 30 do.

67 Maj. *Hon.* H. R. Molyneux, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Lt. Col. Burslem, ret. 9 do.
Capt. Snow, Maj. do.
—— Martin, from 65 F. Capt. do.
Ens. Wybrants, Lt. by purch. vice Drew, ret. 30 do.
Hon. A. G. Stuart, Ens. do.

75 Lt. Daniell, Capt. by purch. vice Orr, ret. do.
Ens. Delancey, Lt. do.
Lord W. Beresford, Ens. do.
Ens. Doyle, from ret. full pay 1 Vet. Bn. Paym. vice Cox, h. p. 7 May

76 H. Trevelyan, Ens. by purch. vice Daniell, ret. 16 April

77 Lt. Mackenzie, from ret. full pay Sappers and Miners, Paym. vice Girling, reverts to former h. p. 24 May

80 Ens. Lettsom, Lt. by purch. vice Kellette, prom. 2 April
J. Smith, Ens. do.

83 Lt. Garstin, from Ceyl. Regt. Lt. vice Dwyer, h. p. rec. diff. 23 May

87 Paym. Drury, from 97 F. Paym. vice Sherlock, dismissed 16 April

93 Lt. Ford, from h. p. 5 F. Lt. vice Boalth, cancelled 2 do.

94 M. Gen. *Sir* J. Keane, *K.C.B.* Col. vice *Sir* T. Bradford, 30 F. 18 do.

96 Capt. Kennedy, from h. p. Capt. paying diff. vice Hope, 7 F. 2 do.

99 Capt. Mair, Maj. vice Bush. prom. 22 May
Lt. Last, Capt. do.
Ens. Warren, Lt. do.
E. M. O'Connell, Ens. do.

1 W. I. R. Capt. Carter, from h. p. Capt. paying diff. vice Trant, Sub-Insp. of Mil. in Ionian Islands 30 Apr.

Ceyl. Regt. Lt. Bagenall, from 29 F. Capt. vice Brahan, dead 16 do.
Lt. Fawkes, from h. p. Lt. paying diff. vice Garstin, 83 F. 23 May
Ens. Dwyer, from 18 F. Lt. vice Lambrecht, res. do.

Ordnance Department.

R. Art. 2d Lt. Crawford, 1st Lt. vice Grimes, ret. 12 May, 1829
R. Eng. Gent. Cadet C. E. Ford, 2d Lt. 29 Apr.
——— H. E. Allan, 2d Lt. do.

Staff.

Capt. Trant, from 1 W. I. R. Sub. Insp. of Mil. in Ionian Islands, vice Wall, h. p. rec. diff. 30 Apr. 1829

Hospital Staff.

Hosp. Assist. Foullis, from h. p. Hosp. Assist. to forces 25 April, 1829

Unattached.

To be Lieutenant-Cols. of Infantry by purchase.
Maj. O'Grady, from 24 F. 2 April, 1829
—— Buhs, from 99 F. 22 May

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.
Lt. Kellette, from 80 F. 2d April, 1829
—— Buller, from 7 Dr. Gds. 9 do.

To be Lieutenants of Infantry by purchase.
Ens. Way, from 18 F. 22 May, 1829
Cor. Fawkes, from 10 Dr. do.

The undermentioned Lieutenant, actually serving upon Full Pay in a Regiment of the Line, whose Commission is dated in the year 1809, *has accepted promotion upon Half-Pay, according to the General Order of the 27th Dec.* 1826.

To be Captains of Infantry.
Lt. Emslie, from Ceyl. Regt. 22 May, 1829

Exchanges.

Lt.-Col. *Sir* W. P. De Bathe, 53 F. rec. diff. with Lt.-Col. Considine, h. p.
——— *Sir* F. Stovin, 90 F. with Lt.-Col. *Lord* G. W. Russell, h. p. repay. diff.
Maj. Mill, 78 F. rec. diff. with Maj. Adams, h. p.
Capt. Ellis, 4 Dr. rec. diff. with Capt. Houstoun, h. p.
——— Steuart, 53 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Baldwin, h. p.
——— Macpherson, 67 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Foley, h. p.
——— J. Duval, 81 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Hort, h.p.
——— Greaves, 97 F. with Capt. Hutchison, h. p.
——— Stuart, 98 F. rec. diff. with Westmacott, h.p.
——— Powys, Coldst. Gds. rec. diff. with Capt. Knox, h. p.
——— Pickwick, 8 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Kenyon, h. p.
Lieut. Higgins, 55 F. with Lieut. Peck, h. p. Canad. Fenc.
——— Damerum, 62 F. with Lieut. Heard, h. p. 104 F.
——— Gray, 1 W. I. R. with Lieut. Irvine, h. p. 7 W. I. R.
2d Lieut. Lloyd, Rifle Brig. with Ens. *Hon.* W. F. Cowper, h. p.
——— Newton, Rifle Brig. with Cor. Belson, h. p.

Resignations and Retirements.

Colonel.
Burslem, 67 F.

Lieut.-Colonels.
Baker, 14 Dr.
Dickens, R. Eng.

Majors.
Johnstone, 2 F.
Dillon, 32 F.

Captains.
Orme, 6 Dr.
J. Sewell, 49 F.
Foreman, 56 F.
Brooke, 62 F.
Buller, 65 F.
Orr, 75 F.

Lieutenants.
Musters, 10 Dr.
Vane, 12 Dr.
Sykes, 45 F.
Grimes, R. Art.
Sheppard, h. p. 24 Dr.
Wyse, h. p. 2 F.
Garner, h. p. 8 F.
Winslow, h. p. 41 F.
Lalor, h. p. 43 F.
Rutter, h. p. 44 F.
Kelly, h. p. 60 F.
Nicholas, h. p. 71 F.
Watkins, h. p. 88 F.
Birkett, late 6 Vet. Bn.
Hester, h. p. 2 Pro. Bn. of Mil.
Platt, h. p. Cor. Rang.
Van, h. p. Unatt.
Grueber, do.
Sturgeon, do.
Shaw, do.

Cornet and Ensigns.
Johnstone, 16 Dr.
Bridge, 3 F.
St Leger, 51 F.
Daniell, 76 F.
Lambrecht, Ceyl. Regt.
Amherst, h. p. 18 Dr.
Carey, h. p. 5 F.
Wood, h. p. 58 F.

Quarter-Master.
Mansfield, 22 F.

Cancelled.

2d Lt. Fitz Herbert, 60 F.
Ens. Langmead, 64 F.

Deaths.

General.
Lord Harris, G.C.B. 73 F. Lt.-Gov. of Dumbarton Castle, Feversham 19 May 1829

Lieut.-Colonels.
Dalrymple, 30 F. 9 Jan.
Macpherson, late 4 R. Vet. Bn. Upper Canada 25 Feb.
Martin, h. p. 2 Lt. Inf. K. G. L. Hanover 4 Apr.

Major.
Cameron, late 8 R. Vet. Bn. Perth 29 Apr.

Captains.
Hon. H. St. C. Erskine, Coldst. Guards, London 21 May
Mann, 30 F. Madras Dec. 28
Danford, 49 F.
Love, 52 F. Sydney, Cape Breton 10 Feb. 1829
Kennedy, 54 F. Ellichpore 18 Nov. 1828
Hyde, 72 F.
Read, R. Staff Corps.
Snoad, h. p. 19 Dr. 23 Jan. 1829
Frost, h. p. Unatt.

Lieutenants.
Jones, 16 Dr. Meerut 8 Dec. 1828
Richmond, 11 F. Corfu 13 Mar. 1829
Humphreys, 13 F. Dinapore, Bengal 7 Nov. 1828
Boyes, 26 F. 2 Mar. 1829
Casey, 43 F. Gibraltar 9 Apr.
Drummond, h. p. R. Mar. Edinburgh 25 do.
Christian, h. p. 11 F. 17 May
Burrell, h. p. Gn. Bn. Fisherrow, N.B. 9 do.
Ferd. Ritterholm, h. p. Bruns. Inf. Hanover 11 Mar.
Estaugh, h. p. 2 Prov. Bu. of Mil. 15 Apr.
Salkeld, do. 13 Feb.
Mitchell, h. p. Newf. Fenc. 7 Apr.

Ensigns.
Thompson, 13 F
Preston, h. p. 96 F. Edinburgh 17 Apr.
M'Pherson, h. p. 101 F. 24 do.

Paymaster.
Boyd, 3 F.

Quarter-Masters.
Taggart, 13 Dr. Arnee 23 Dec. 1828
Lawrence, h. p. 5 Dr. Gds. 8 May 1829
Jenkins, h. p. 4 F.
Tait, h. p. Dumfries Fenc. Leith 6 Apr.

Commissariat Dep.
Dep. Comm. Gen. Henderson, h. p. Ireland Dec. 28

Medical Dep.
Surg. Job, 13 Dr. Leamington 28 Apr.
Purv. Hugo, h. p. Ensbury, Dorsetshire 26 Jan.
Apot. Macdonald, Corfu 4 Feb.

June, 1829.

73 F. Maj. Gen. Sir F. Adam, K.C.B. Col. vice Gen. Lord Harris, dead 22 May 1829

Garrisons.

Gen. T. Lord Lyndoch, G.C.B. Gov. of Dumbarton Castle, vice Lord Harris, dead 22 May 1829

Memorandum.

The Half-Pay of the undermentioned Officers has been cancelled, on their receiving a commuted allowance for their Commissions.

From 25th December, 1828, *inclusive.*
Ens. Cooper, Unattached.
—— Gregory, do.

From 25th March, 1829, *inclusive.*
Ens. Bramley, Unattached.

From 16th June, 1829, *inclusive.*
Lt. Fitz Maurice, 24 Dr.
—— Pritchet, 2 Prov. Bt. of Mil.
Lt. Butler, 22 F.
—— Bunworth, 44 F.
—— Christie, Unattached
Cor. D'Arcy, 13 Dr.
Ens. Hovenden, 5 F.
—— Browne, 52 F.
—— Ward, 59 F.
—— Brown, 60 F.

Deaths.

Lieutenant-General.

Griffith, Capt. of Yarmouth Castle 31 May 1829

Lieutenant-Colonel.

Hardinge, 99 F.

Majors.

Hilton, 45 F. Madras 2 Feb. 1829
Heathcote, 88 F. Newcastle, Staffordshire 5 May
Lord, late R. Inv. London 2 June

Captains.

Mann, 30 F. Madras Dec. 1828
Stewart, 89 F
Kenah, h. p. 104 F. 30 May 1829

Lieutenants.

Anson, 11 Dr. Madeira 10 May
Steward, 16 Dr. Bengal 4 Jan.
Cha. Campbell, 1 F. Edinburgh 18 May
Ford, do. Trinidad 1 April
Stirling, 3 F. at Sea 11 do.
Bishop, 5 F. Maidstone June
Osborn, 25 F. Fort D'Urban, Demarara 29 Mar.
Ward, 31 F. Portsmouth 10 June
Gilland, late 4 Royal Vet. Bat. Youal, Ireland 11 do.
Shaw, h. p. 27 F. 8 May
Rhynd, h. p. 66 F. Jersey, 13 F.
Byrne, h. p. 47. F.
Beale, h. p. 1 Prov. Bat. of Militia 14 May 1829

Ensigns and 2d Lieutenants.

Hutchins (Adj.) 13 F. (shot by a private soldier, Dinapore, Madras 1 Dec. 1828
Robbins, h. p. Unatt.
Forlong, h. p. Rifle Brigade

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced between the 1st May and 30th June, 1829, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Abbey, Robert, merchant and druggist, Glasgow.
Conochie, William, merchant, Glasgow.
Eadie and Meikleham, potters, Calton of Glasgow, and accountants in Glasgow.
Farquhar, James, horse-hirer, and spirit-dealer, Leith.
Finlayson, James, late cattle-dealer, grazier, and coal-merchant.
Gray, John, wright and cabinet-maker, Glasgow.
Hamilton, Robert, spirit-dealer, Glasgow.
Henderson, George and Co., merchants in Glasgow, and carrying on business in Para, under the firm of Henderson and Campbell, and George Henderson, merchant in Glasgow, a partner thereof.
Johnston and Bogue, merchants, Leith, and John Johnston and James Bogue, the individual partners of that company.
Kelly, William, and Kelly, William, jun., merchants in Glasgow.
Miller, John, corkcutter in Glasgow.
Neilson, William, manufacturer in Paisley.
Spence, James and George and Co. manufacturers in Dunfermliue, and George Spence, sole surviving partner of that company, as an individual.
Strathern, Hugh, muslin-manufacturer, Paisley.
Strong, Robert, sen., and dealer in fish and oil, Leith,
The Busby Cotton Company, and Thomas Lancaster, merchant, Glasgow, and Duncan M'Farlane, risiding at Busby, the individual partners of that company.
Wilson, James & George, corn-merchants, Leith.
Wotherspoon, Mathew and Co., merchants and commission agents, Glasgow, and William Easton, sole surviving partner, as an individual.
Wylie, David, grocer, Glasgow.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 27. At Penang, Mrs Wardlaw, of a daughter.

Dec. 15. At sea, on board the East India ship Calcutta, the lady of Alex. Morgan, Esq. of a son.

17. At Kandy, in Ceylon, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Lindsay, K.C.B. 78th Highlanders, of a son.

31. The lady of Lieut.-Col. Archibald Robertson, the Resident at Sattarah, Bombay Establishment, of a son.

Jan. 10. At Calcutta, Mrs Tennant, wife of Captain Tennant, Bengal Artillery, of a son.

April 21. At Drynie, Ross-shire, the lady of William Mackenzie, Esq. M.D., Hon. East India Company's M.S. of a son.

24. At Gibraltar, the Lady of Colonel Marshall of Calderhead, of a son.

May 4. At Edinburgh, the lady of David Anderson, Esq. of St Germains, of a daughter.

7. At Crosshill, Berwickshire, the lady of Major Broughton, Hon. East India Company's service, of a son.

— At Friar Bank, Jedburgh, the lady of James Grant, M. D. of a daughter.

8. At Drylaw House, the lady of Sir William F. Eliott of Stobs and Wells, Bart. of a daughter.

— At Hermitage, Leith Links, Mrs Scarth, of a daughter.

10. At Seaside Place, near Aberdour, Mrs Philp, of a daughter.

11. At London, the lady of Allan Macdonald, Esq. of a son.

— At Dublin, the Countess of Errol, of a daughter.

— At Castlecraig, the Right Hon. Lady Napier, of a daughter.

13. Mrs Hay of Hopes, of a daughter.

14. At Drummond Place, Mrs Graham Bell, of a daughter.

— Mrs Brown, 36, Drummond Place, of a daughter.

15. At Ayr, Lady Hunter Blair, of a son.

16. At Chatto, the lady of Captain Patterson, 63d regiment, of a son.

17. In Queen Street, the lady of Wm. Herries Ker, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of David Maitland Makgil, Esq. of Rankeilour, of a daughter.

18. At 10, Abercromby Place, Mrs Adolphus Ross, of a daughter.

19. At 22, Royal Circus, Mrs Fothringham Scrymsoure, of a son.

— At Balliveolan, the lady of Peter Campbell, Esq. of a son and heir.

23. At 39, Great King Street, Mrs C. C. Stewart, of a son.

27. Mrs Dauney, 14, Shandwick Place, of a daughter.

— At 15, Constitution Street, Leith, Mrs Alexander Spence, of a daughter.

— At Hope Park, Coldstream, the lady of Captain M'Laren, Berwickshire militia, of a daughter.

28. At Tewyn Rectory, Herts, Mrs Wynne, of a son.

— At Edinburgh, the lady of William Plomer, Esq. of a son.

29. At Lisburn, Mrs Jonathan Richardson, of a daughter.

31. At 62, Great King Street, Mrs Graham, of a son.

June 3. At Moffat House, Mrs Jardine, of a daughter.

4. At Skaithmuir, Mrs Turnbull, of a son.

— At Frederick Street, Mrs Rymer, of a son.

— 4. At Bryanston Square, London, the wife of Joseph Hume, Esq. M.P. of a son.

5. At his house in Lower Berkeley Street, London, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay, of a daughter.

— At 17, India Street, Mrs John Cadell, of a son.

7. At 10, Inverleith Place, Mrs George Yule, of a son.

— At his seat, Kilmory, Argyleshire, the lady of Sir John Powlett Ord, Bart. of a daughter.

— At 15, Anne Street, St. Bernards, Mrs Purves, of a daughter.

8. At 5, St Vincent Street, Mrs Dickson, of a daughter.

10. At 2, Great Stuart Street, the Lady of William Robertson, Esq. advocate, younger of Kinloch-Moidart, of twin sons.

11. At Coates Crescent, the Lady of John Lennox Kincaid, Esq. of Antermony, &c. of a daughter.

12. Mrs Robertson, 18 Charlotte Square, of a son.

— Mrs Mitchell, 33, St Bernard Crescent, of a son.

13. At Rankeilour, the Lady of Frederick L. Roy, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Dalkeith, Mrs Scott Moncrieff, of a son.

— At Ruchil, the Lady of William R. Robinson, Esq. of Clermiston, of a daughter.

14. At Montpelier Park, Burrowmuirhead, the wife of R. Scott, Esq. of a son.

— At 6, Hope Street, the Lady of W. J. Fraser, Esq. of a daughter.

— At Wormiston, Fifeshire, Mrs Lindsay, of a daughter.

16. At Edinburgh, Mrs J. Cockburn, of a son.

19. At Newtimber Place, Sussex, the Lady of Charles Gordon, jun. Esq. of a daughter.

— At Barnbarroch, Wigtonshire, the Lady of Lieut.-Col. Vans Agnew, of a daughter.

— At Balliveolan, Mrs Campbell, of a son.

20. At Shirehampton, near Bristol, the Lady of George Ballard, Esq. of a son.

21. At Springfield, near Dundee, Mrs Smith, of a son.

25. At Weems, Roxburghshire, the Lady of George Cleghorn, Esq. of a daughter.

28. At 37, George Square, the Lady of John Graham, Esq. younger of Ballagan, advocate, of a son.

Lately, At Meymensing, Bengal, the lady of John Dunbar, Esq. civil service, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Spence, Montgomery Street, of a daughter.

— At Ham, Surrey, the lady of Gordon Forbes, Esq. of a son.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 24. At the cantonment of Mhow, Captain John Brooks, of the Hon. East India Company's 2d Regiment of Light Cavalry, Bombay, second son of Benjamin Brooks, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Miss Louisa Rhind, youngest daughter of Thomas Rhind, Esq. M.D. Stirlingshire.

Dec. 10. At Calcutta, Dr Innes, civil surgeon, of Bhangulpore, to Jane Alicia, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel M'Leod, of Engineers.

31. At St Thomas's Church, Bombay, Charles Scott, Esq. eldest son of Charles Scott, Esq. 17, Moray Place, Edinburgh, to Sophia, third daughter of H. Willis, Esq. Rumford, Essex.

Jan. 6. At Calcutta, James Patterson, Esq. M.D. to Jemima, youngest daughter of G. Aitkin, Esq. Thornton, Fifeshire.

Feb. 20. At Malta, Thomas Lewis Gooch, Esq. youngest son of Sir Thomas Gooch, Bart. M.P. of Benacre Hall, Suffolk, to Anne Europa, eldest daughter of Colonel the Hon. W. H. Gardner.

April 23. At Shenley Church, Geo. Anderson, Esq. to Susan Anne, eldest daughter of Patrick Haddow, Esq. of Colney House, Herts.

30. At Calder Braes, Mr John Craig, Woodside, author of "Memorials of Affection," and editor of "The Monkland and Bothwell Talisman," to Miss Isabel Cowan, Calder Braes.

May 2. In the Island of St Vincent, John Primrose, Esq. son of the Rev. Dr Primrose, minister of Prestonpans, to Eliza, daughter of the late Isaac Arrindell, Esq. of Bequid.

5. At Tichborne, the Right Hon. Lord Dormer, of Grove Park, Warwickshire, to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Tichborne, Bart. of Tichborne, Hants.

11. At Edinburgh, Robert Allan, eldest son of John Harden, Esq. of Brathy Hall, Westmoreland, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Jas. Cleghorn, Esq. state physician in Ireland.

12. At 103, Prince's Street, Dr J. A. Robertson, to Mrs Elizabeth Kenney, daughter of Chas. Wightman, Esq.

14. At Hospitalfield, Capt. Thomas Methven, R.N. to Janet Grant, youngest daughter of the late David Hunter, Esq. of Blackness.

19. At Paris, Captain Seton, of the 5th Drag. Guards, second son of the late Sir Alex. Seton, Bart. of Abercorn, to Caroline, youngest daughter of Walter Parry Hodges, Esq.

21. At Edinburgh, Mr Robert Johnston, jun. W.S. to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Mr Joseph Johnston, Register Office.

25. At Edinburgh, David Thomson, jun. Esq. W.S. to Lilias, eldest daughter of Mr Miller, Boghall.

29. At Cauldhame, Mr William Stephenson, merchant, Dalkeith, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr Robert Fisher, merchant, Dalkeith.

June 1. At Carnsie, Captain Chas. C. Bell, of the H. E. I. Co.'s service, son of James Bell, Esq. Leith, to Henrietta, eldest daughter of John Birch, Esq.

— At No. 28, Charlotte Square, Charles Fergusson, Esq. advocate, eldest son of Sir James Fergusson of Kilkerran, Bart. to Helen, second daughter of the Right Hon. David Boyle, Lord Justice Clerk.

2. At Edinburgh, the Rev. William Menzies Keir, to Agnes, daughter of the late John Elder, Esq. one of the depute-clerks of Session.

— At Ormiston, Alexander Imlach Lamb, Esq. to Anne Margaret, only daughter of David Wight, Esq.

4. At Jedburgh, Mr William Rutherford, *tertius*, writer, to Miss Vanhegan, only daughter of the late Mr Francis Vanhegan, brewer in Melrose.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Wil. Galloway, merchant, to Jane, daughter of the late Mr Andrew Thompson, merchant, Wooler, Northumberland.

5. At Edinburgh, Mr James M'Arthur, No. 22, Pitt Street, to Helen, eldest daughter of Mr Alex. Strathy, No. 31, Dundas Street.

— At Castle Craig, Sir David Kinloch of Gilmerton, Bart. to Eleanor Hyndford, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael of Skirling, Bart.

8. At Simpson's Hotel, Queen Street, George Mercer Murray, Esq. to Dame Maria Nisbett, relict of Sir John Nisbett, Bart. of the Dean.

— At Edinburgh, Mr James Scougall, merchant, to Violet, second daughter of the late Mr Richard Smith.

— At Edgebaston church, Warwickshire, the Rev. Walter Farquhar Hook, Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, eldest son of the late Dean of Worchester, to Anna Delicia, eldest daughter of Dr John Johnstone of Gallabank, and of Monument House, Edgebaston.

— At No. 7, Forres Street, John Erskine of Venlaw, Esq. to Ann Wellwood, daughter of William Scott Moncrieff of Kirkton, Esq.

— At Meadow Place, Mr Patrick Maxwell, to Miss Maria Pringle, daughter of the late Dr Charles Orme, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

8. At Edinburgh, Mr William Galloway, son of the late Mr William Galloway, merchant in Edinburgh, to Jane, daughter of the late Mr Andrew Thompson, merchant, Wooler, Northumberland.

9. At Edinburgh, John Dick, Esq. Lauriston Place, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Thomas Johnston, Esq. advocate.

— At Logan House, Ayrshire, William Craig, Esq. of Ayr, factor to the Earl of Cassillis, to Grace Hamilton of Whitehill, only daughter of the late William Allason of Whitehill, Ayrshire.

— At Carham Church, Northumberland, Mr David Macbeth Moir, surgeon, Musselburgh, to Catherine Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Chas. Bell, Esq. late of Leith.

— At Edinburgh, John Dick, Esq. Lauriston Place, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Thomas Johnston, Esq. advocate.

— At Glasgow, Mr Robert Clarke, merchant, Edinburgh, to Margaret, daughter of Robert M'Gavin, Esq. of Tuphall, near Hamilton.

— At London, Adam Duff, Esq. third son of R. W. Duff, Esq. of Fetteresso Castle, to Eleanor, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Thomas Fraser, of Woodcott House, Oxford.

10. At Edinburgh, James Macalpine Leny, Esq. of Dalswinton, to Marion Agatha, third daughter of Robert Downie, Esq. of Appin, M.P.

12. At Edinburgh, John Thomson, Esq. accountant, Inverness, to Ann Dewar Russel, youngest daughter of the late Dr Macdonald of Springfield.

16. At Edinburgh, Mr George Duncan, junior, Hutcheson Town, Glasgow, to Helen Gray, second daughter of the late Mr Thomas Duncan, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

— At Edinburgh, James Pattison, Esq. W.S. to Isabella, youngest daughter of the late Mr John Cockburn.

— At Rose Lodge, Portobello, John C. Macdonald, M.D. to Christina, daughter of the late Charles Ritchie, Esq.

17. At Saughton, Mr John Hutchison, Kirkaldy, to Helen, daughter of Mr Robert Binnie.

18. At Craigfoodie, William Bayne, Esq. of Rires, to Catherine, youngest daughter of David Meldrum, Esq.

— At Tannadice, John Ogilvy, Esq. younger of Inchewan, to Anne Sarah, youngest daughter of Charles Ogilvy, Esq. of Tannadice.

19. At Rosefield Place, Portobello, by the Rev. Dr John Mitchell of Glasgow, J. A. M'Whirter, Esq. to Mrs M'Nish.

22. At Carberry, Thomas Scott, Esq. accomptant, to Jane, second daughter of Francis Brodie, Esq. writer to the signet.

23. At Edinburgh, John Finlay, Esq. second son of Kirkman Finlay, Esq. of Castle Toward, to Isabella, only daughter of the late Richard Hotchkis, Esq. writer to the signet.

— At London, Lord Wriothesley Russell, fourth son of the Duke of Bedford, to Elizabeth Laura Henrietta, youngest daughter of Lord William Russell.

— At Exeter, B. C. Greenhill, Esq. of Puriton, Somersetshire, to Henrietta Lavinia, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonald, F.R.S., M.R.A.S. grand-daughter of the celebrated Flora Macdonald.

— At Alva, John Hamilton Gray, Esq. only son of Robert Gray, Esq. of Carntyne, to Elizabeth Caroline, eldest daughter of James Raymond Johnstone, Esq. of Alva.

— At Glasgow, Major-Gen. Wallace Agnew of Lochryan, only son of Sir Thomas Wallace Dunlop, Bart. to Janet, daughter of William Rodger, Esq.

— At Morningside, Mr F. Oliphant, merchant, to Euphemia, second daughter of the late Mr Grieve, Newbattle.

24. At Edinburgh, Richard Reid, Esq. of the Customs, to Agnes, second daughter of William Smith, Esq. solicitor, Gayfield Square.

Lately, At the Mauritius, Captain Barclay, 99th Regiment, Aide-de-Camp to his Excellency the Hon. Sir Charles Colville, to Elise, youngest daughter of the late Marquise de Rune.

— At Battersea, Surrey, Mark Sprott, Esq. of Riddell, Roxburghshire, to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Shewell, Esq. of Clapham Common.

— At London, Lieut. W. Wallace, of the 71st regiment, (or Highland light infantry,) to Francis, daughter of the late John Elmslie, Esq. of London, and of the Island of Jamaica.

Lately, At Poona, Capt. Jas. Keith, Assist.-Ad.-Gen. H. D. A., to Mary Catherine Eliza, second daughter of the late Major Green.

DEATHS.

Oct. 20. At Macao, Graham Mackenzie, Esq. of Sincapore, partner in the firm of Messrs Graham Mackenzie & Co.

Dec. At Dum Dum, near Calcutta, Lieut. Henry Fothringham Corsar, of the Bengal Horse Artillery, second son of John Corsar, Esq. Northumberland Street, Edinburgh.

24. At Bombay, Mr Wm. Campbell Archibald, surgeon of the Upton Castle Indiaman, son of Mr John Archibald, merchant, Burntisland.

28. At Poona, Major John Snodgrass, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, second son of the late Neil Snodgrass, Esq. of Cunninghamhead.

Jan. 1. In the neighbourhood of Madras, Lieut.-Col. John Dalrymple, of his Majesty's 30th foot.

8. At the Mauritius, Montgomery Stewart, Acting-Lieutenant on board his Majesty's ship Helicon, eldest son of the Hon. Montgomerie Stewart.

March 2. At St Helena, Brevet-Captain Thomas William Boyes, of his Majesty's 26th regiment of foot.

11. At Demerara, William Johnston, Esq. surgeon, much regretted.

April 9. At Edinburgh, Mr Allan Boak, tanner, West Port, aged 80.

— At Anguilla, James Hay, Esq. late of the Customs, Anguilla.

11. Off the Cape de Verd Islands, on board the Benbow, on his way to rejoin his regiment in the East Indies, Lieut. Robert Stirling, Esq. 3d regiment, seventh son of Andrew Stirling, Esq. of Drumpellier, Lanarkshire.

12. At Philadelphia, United States, James Hamilton, Esq. of St Simons.

15. At her house, in Kinghorn, Miss Elizabeth Boswell.

21. At Ayr, Mrs Graham Campbell of Shirvan, youngest daughter of the late Robert Hunter, Esq. of Thurston.

23. At London, John Sibbald, Esq. merchant, Leith.

24. At sea, on board the Countess of Harcourt, Louisa Cecilia Evelina, youngest daughter of Major William Betram of Kerswell.

25. At Hawick, Mr Robert Douglas, sen. surgeon, aged 78.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut. John Drummond, Royal Marines, in the 74th year of his age.

— At No. 1, Orchardfield Place, Mrs Susanna Dewar, relict of Mr James Dewar, builder in Edinburgh.

26. At Ratisbon, the Rev. Jas. G. Moir, of the Scotch College of St James.

27. At Whitby, Captain Scoresby, formerly in the Greenland fishing trade.

— At St George's, Grenada, Mr James Sidey, surgeon there.

— At 28, Stafford Street, Miss Katherine Sinclair of Barrock.

— At Hatton Castle, John Duff, Esq. eldest son of Garden Duff, Esq. of Hatton.

28. At 15, Brown Square, Margaret Ritchie, wife of Mr John Stark, printer.

— At Kilchronan Manse, Argyllshire, the Rev. William Fraser, in the 77th year of his age, and 45th of his ministry.

29. At Kirkwall, Captain William Richan of Rapness, aged 86.

— At No. 31, Scotland Street, Mr William Cotton, tobacconist, much and justly regretted.

— At Bonskeid House, Miss Amelia Ochiltree.

30. At Glenshira, Argyllshire, Miss Turner, niece of the late Major-General Turner, Governor of Sierra Leone.

— At Merchant Street, Mr Alex. Deuchar, sen. late seal-engraver, Edinburgh.

— At Thomson's Place, Leith Walk, Mr Wm. Lindsay, jun. merchant in Leith.

May 1. At her father's house, Broomlands, Jane Innes, wife of James Spittal, Esq. jun. merchant, Edinburgh.

— Maria, eldest daughter of Alexander Hamil-

ton, Esq. of the Retreat, Devonshire, and of Hallerherst, Ayrshire.

1. At Rhue, Archibald Macdonald, Esq. Rhue, Arisaig.

— At Ayr, William, son of William Montgomerie, Esq. of Annick Lodge.

— At Brunstain House, Captain John Taillour, R.N.

2. At Claremont Street, Saxe Cobourg Place, Mr Andrew Wood, of the house of Wood, Small, and Company.

3. At Maryfield Place, east road to Leith, Mr William Gibb, for many years assistant librarian to the Faculty of Advocates.

— At Old Montrose, Charles Greenhill, Esq. of Fearn, in the 88th year of his age.

4. At Dalkeith, Mr Walter Smith, aged 79.

— In her 94th year, Elizabeth Hamilton M'Gill, Lady Dalrymple, widow of the Hon. Sir John Dalrymple, one of the Barons of Exchequer.

— At Whitmuirhall, Mr Robert Dunlop, merchant, Huddersfield.

5. At Edinburgh, Miss Euphemia Douglas, youngest daughter of the late Dr Christopher Douglas, physician in Kelso.

— At his house in Spring Gardens, London, Charles Lord Colchester, in the 72d year of his age.

— At Croftontober, Archibald Murray Menzies, son of Mr Geo. Cumming Menzies.

6. At Brookfield Cottage, William, youngest son of the Rev. Mr Proudfoot, minister of Avondale.

— At Port-Glasgow, Mrs Bathia Gordon, relict of John Orrok, Esq. of Orrok.

— Mrs Dalrymple, wife of Gen. Dalrymple, of York Place, Portman Square, London.

7. At Lauriston Place, Miss Ann Bonar, daughter of the late Thomson Bonar, Esq.

— At Edgeworthtown, Wm. Edgeworth, Esq. civil engineer, son of the celebrated R. L. Edgeworth, Esq.

8. Robert, son of Dr James Pitcairn, No. 9, Castle Street.

— At Faside, Mearns, Thomas Pollok, Esq. of Faside, aged 78.

9. At Fisherrow, Lieut. Ferguson Burrell.

— At Dunmore, James Campbell of Dunmore, Esq.

— At Picardy Place, Alexander Sprot, Esq. in his 83d year.

— At Hammersmith, Amelia Sibbald Scott, daughter of the late David Scott, Esq. M.P. and sister of Sir David Scott, Bart.

10. At her house, Coates Crescent, Mrs Young of Netherfield.

— At his house, London, Dr Thomas Young, F.R.S. in his 56th year.

11. At Coul, Lady Mackenzie, sen. of Coul.

— At Bandram, in the 85th year of her age, Mrs Katherine Stark, relict of John Durie, Esq. of Dunfermline.

— At Perth, the Rev. James Gray, in his 38th year.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr Crawford.

— At Lethendy, Perthshire, Mr Archibald Spottiswoode.

— At 14, Pitt Street, Mrs Peter Taylor.

14. At 8, Forth Street, Charlotte Mary, daughter of Edward Sandeman, Esq.

— At Elgin, Miss Brodie, daughter of James Brodie, Esq. of Spynie, and sister of the late James Brodie of Brodie, Esq. &c.

— At North Berwick Mains, Mr John Thomson.

— At Scrabster, in her 86th year, Mrs Isabella Dunbar, relict of Captain Thomas Dunbar of Westfield.

16. At West Bank, Portobello, Mrs Catherine Robertson, wife of Alexander Guthrie, bookseller, Edinburgh, and only daughter of the late Charles Robertson, Esq. of Kindeace.

17. At Blacklaws, in her 82d year, Frances Sommerville, relict of Mr William Muir, late farmer in Whitestrice.

— At Milnathort, Kinross-shire, Mr James Coventry, aged 95.

— At Aden, the Rev. Thomas Kyd, minister of the parish of Longside.

— At Cupar Angus, the Rev. Wm. Dunn, A.M. minister of the Relief Congregation there.

— At his seat at Bedford, West Chester County, America, the Honourable and Venerable John Jay, at the advanced age of 84 years. He held, at one period of the revolutionary war, the office of President of the Continental Congress; was the author of several of the ablest and most eloquent state papers that appeared during the contest; and throughout the whole struggle, displayed equal firmness and ability. In 1779, he was appointed minister to the Court of Spain, and at the conclusion of the war, he, in conjunction with Dr Franklin, negotiated the treaty by which the independence of America was secured. He subsequently held the offices of Ambassador to this country, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Governor of the State of New York.

18. At Warriston Crescent, Jane, only daughter of R. Rennie, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut. Charles Campbell, 1st (Royal) Regiment of Foot.

— At Rankeillor Street, William Robertson, Esq.

19. At 1, Hermitage Place, Leith Links, Mrs Annabella Farquharson, wife of Duncan Matheson, Esq. Advocate.

20. At Dundee, Mrs Helen Jobson, wife of Alexander Pitcairn, Esq. of Pratis.

— At Loch House, by Linlithgow, Mr James Thomas, writer, Edinburgh.

21. At Wards, near Montrose, Mrs Guthrie, late of Balfour.

— At Balcurrie, Fife, John Johnston, Esq. Mansfield Place, Edinburgh.

— At Ayr, Mrs Graham Campbell of Shervan, youngest daughter of the late Robert Hunter, Esq. of Thurston.

23. At Midfield, Sir John Forbes Drummond of Hawthornden, Bart. Captain in the Royal Navy.

24. At Morar House, Colonel Donald Macdonell, of the Hon. East India Company's service.

— In St James's Square, London, Captain Sinclair Erskine, second son of the Earl of Rosslyn, in the 25th year of his age.

— At 18, Drummond Place, Elizabeth Christiana, eldest daughter of Thomas Megget, W.S.

25. At Leith, in the 78th year of his age, Mr Alex. Ingram, teacher of mathematics in the High School there.

26. At York, Mrs Hall.

— At Edinburgh, in her 91st year, Mrs Elizabeth Marion Wishart, daughter of the late Rev. Dr George Wishart, one of the ministers of the Tron Church.

— At his house, Henry Place, Mr David Crawford, land surveyor.

— At Parton Manse, the Rev. James Rae, minister of that parish.

27. At St John's Hill, Edinburgh, John Mathie, only son of the late Mr John Mathie Anderson, Castle Hill, Peebles-shire.

— At Ormiston, Mr Thomas Logan, manufacturer, aged 79 years.

— At Ingliston, Mr Thomas Stevenson, senior, aged 79.

29. At No. 7, North West Circus Place, Mr William Horne.

— In George Square, Mrs Robertson, in the 90th year of her age.

31. At her house, No. 1, Nelson Street, Miss Isabell Gardner.

— At Wigton, William M'Connell, Esq. Sheriff-Substitute.

— At Melrose Cottage, the Rev. William Steele, A.M. aged 34, one of the masters of the High School of Leith.

June 2. At King's Place, Leith Walk, Duntzfelt Home, eldest daughter of Geo. Home, Esq.

— At Westmill Cottage, Mr David Jobson, sen. merchant, Dundee.

— At Plasewydd Cottage, Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Butler, aunt to the Marquis of Ormond.

3. At Hamburgh, Mrs Hercules Ross, of Wellingsbuttel, daughter of Sir Alex. Craufurd, Bart.

4. At Strawfrank, near Lanark, aged 93 years, Mr John Somerville, farmer and heritor.

— At Brighton, the Right Hon. Lord Thurlow.

— At Torrie, James Ranaldson Dickson, Esq. late of Blairhall.

— At Aberdeen, in the 63d year of her age, Jane Boyd, wife of James Kidd, D.D. Professor of Oriental Languages in the Marischal College and University, &c.

5. At Brussels, Elizabeth Dowager Countess of Arran.

6. At his house, Laurieston Place, Mr George Cowie, minister of the gospel.

7. At Whinny Rigg, near Annan, Maria, aged 6, and, on the same day, Elizabeth, aged 12 years, both daughters of John Barker, Esq. of Langshaw, in the county of Dumfries.

— At Dublin, Mr Joseph Deas, bookseller there —formerly of the firm of W. and J. Deas, of this place.

— At Auchluncart, Mrs Gordon, senior, of Park, aged 80 years.

— At 34, India Street, Mrs Elizabeth Dods, relict of John Logan, Esq. of New Edrom.

8. At Springhill, Ayrshire, Mr Thomas Finlayson, patentee of the rid plough and harrows.

— At the Manse of Falkirk, in the 76th year of his age and the 50th of his ministry, the Rev. Dr James Wilson, minister of that parish.

— At Northlands, in Sussex, the Rev. George Augustus Frederick Chichester, youngest son of the late Lord Spencer and Lady Harriet Chichester, and nephew to the Marquis of Donegal.

— At 36, Hanover Street, in the 57th year of her age, Mrs Margaret Archibald, wife of Mr John Thomson, Professor of Music, and at Carmarthen, on the 22d ult. Mrs Isabella Howell, both daughters of the late Mr William Archibald, Edinburgh.

— At London, at Lord Wallace's house, Portman square, the Dowager Viscountess Melville.

— At Woodend Cottage, Harriot Louisa, second daughter of Major Leith Hay, younger of Rannes.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Stivens, solicitor-at-law.

— At Broughton Place, John Mactavish, Esq. solicitor in Inverness, and agent for the Commercial Banking Company of Scotland there.

10. At Kennington, Alexander Sangster, Esq. London, aged 87.

11. At London, George Kinnear, Esq. advocate, youngest son of the late Thomas Kinnear, Esq. of Kinloch.

— At Cowes, Isle of Wight, Anne Eleonora, youngest daughter of Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie of Delvine, Baronet.

— At Edinburgh, Miss Elizabeth Ramsay, second daughter of Thomas Ramsay, Esq. Prince's Street.

12. At Cheltenham, the Hon. Sophia Walpole, relict of the Hon. Robert Walpole, for many years his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, at the Court of Lisbon.

— At Leith, in the 71st year of her age, Miss Margaret M'Whirter, daughter of Bailie M'Whirter, formerly of Dumfries.

13. Herbert Sutton, the son of H. H. Jones, of Llynon, Anglesey, Esq. and grandson of Robert Scott, Esq. Forth Street, Edinburgh.

— At 24, Buccleuch Place, Marion, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Parlane, Esq. surgeon in Glasgow.

14. At 18, Abercrombie Place, Amelia Gardyne, eldest daughter of Dr Hunter.

15. At Leny House, Francis Hamilton, Esq. of Bardowie and Leny, M.D.

— At Kirkaldy, Mr James Morgan, aged 75.

16. At Dunglass, Frances, youngest daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart.

17. At his house, Perth, the Rev. Wm. Brown, connected with the Associate Synod of Original Seceders.

— At Portobello, Mrs Mary Home, relict of W. Vallange, Esq. Tranent, in her 78th year.

— At Castle Mona, Isle of Man, the Hon. Amelia Anne Drummond, youngest daughter of the Right Hon. Viscount of Strathallan.

— Suddenly, at Edinburgh, Mr John Black, late merchant in Leith.

19. At Jamaica Street, Leith, Mr Thos. Thomson, late of the Edinburgh and Leith Glass Company, aged 68.

— At the Manse of Fourdon, in the 92d year of her age, Margaret Reid, widow of Mr Alexander Leslie, minister of that parish.

22. At 129, Rose Street, Mr David Thomson, surgeon.

23 At Bromley, the Lady Anne Fraser, wife of Robt. Fraser, Esq. of Torbreck, and eldest daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

— Mr H. W. Williams. This ingenious and amiable artist, whose name has so long and so justly been associated with that ever glorious Greece, the unrivalled monuments of which the happiest efforts of his pencil were employed in illustrating, died of a cancer in the stomach, under the excruciating tortures of which he had suffered, for nearly eight months previous to his decease, with a degree of fortitude and resignation altogether extraordinary. Mr Williams, we understand, was a native of Wales, as his name indeed seems to indicate; but he had been long domiciled in Scotland, his adopted country, where his name had been enrolled in the honourable catalogue of our native artists.

— At London, Mr Daniel Terry, the Performer. A severe attack of paralysis with which he was visited about a fortnight previous, had so completely debilitated his frame, that not the slightest hopes of his recovery were entertained by his medical attendants. All that medical skill could achieve was done, but without effect—nature was completely exhausted—and the unfortunate gentleman died almost without a struggle. A few minutes before his dissolution, he became so far sensible as to recognise and take leave of his family, who are plunged in the deepest affliction by this melancholy but not unexpected event. Mr Terry was about forty-seven years of age.

28. At Edinburgh, Mary-Ann, youngest daughter of Mr Roberts, elocutionist.

Lately, At Azingurth, in the East Indies, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Captain A. Smith, of the 50th Regiment Bengal Native Infantry.

— At Wallajabbad, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Dalrymple, of his Majesty's 30th Regiment.

— At Wallajabbad, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Wallace Sale, 9th Regiment of Madras Native Infantry.

— At Poona, Major John Snodgrass, 16th Regiment Native Infantry.

— At Ootacamund, Madras, Major George Ogilvie, of the 19th Regiment Native Infantry.

— At Calcutta, Captain David Miller, Commander of the Hon. Company's chartered ship, Coldstream.

— At New South Wales, W. Balcombe, Esq. Colonial Secretary.

— At her house in Berkeley Square, London, in her 80th year, Viscountess Hampden, widow of John last Viscount Hampden.

— At Castletown, Queen's County, Thomas Dun, gardener, aged 106 years. He retained the full vigour of his understanding until a few months of his death.

— In Edgefield, (S. C.) Tom, a negro man, belonging to Mrs Bacon, at the great age of 130 years.

— A few weeks after leaving Canonore for Europe, Mrs Col. Colquhoun Grant, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Colquhoun Grant, daughter of James Brodie, Esq. and Lady Margaret Duff.

— John Reeves, Esq. Joint Patentee as Printer to his Majesty for England, aged 77.

— Off Anjengo, Madras, Dr William Cochrane, of the 29th Regiment, M.N.I.

— At Southernhay, Exeter, Rear-Admiral Richard Raggett, aged 71.

— At Madras, Lieut-Colonel Henry Wallace Sale, 9th Regiment Madras Native Infantry.

— At Paris, Prince Hohenlohe, Marshal and Peer of France.

— At Madras, Major George Ogilvie, of the 17th Regiment of Native Infantry.

— At Belmont, Kent, aged 83, the Right Hon. the Lord Harris, G.C.B. General in his Majesty's Army, Colonel of the 73d Regiment of Foot, and Governor of Dumbarton Castle.

— At Thanet Place, Strand, London, James Grant, Esq. late Major 42d Highlanders.

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ELEN OF REIGH.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Have you never heard of Elen of Reigh,
The fairest flower of the north countrie?
The maid that left all maidens behind
In all that was lovely, sweet, and kind:
As sweet as the breeze o'er beds of balm,
As happy and gay as the gamesome lamb,
As light as the feather that dances on high,
As blithe as the lark in the breast of the sky,
As modest as young rose that blossoms too soon,
As mild as the breeze on a morning of June;
Her voice was the music's softest key,
And her form the comeliest symmetry.

But let bard describe her smile who can,
For that is beyond the power of man;
There never was pen that hand could frame,
Nor tongue that falter'd at maiden's name,
Could once a distant tint convey
Of its lovely and benignant ray.
You have seen the morning's folding vest
Hang dense and pale upon the east,
As if an angel's hand had strewn
The dawning's couch with the eider down,
And shrouded with a curtain gray
The cradle of the infant day?
And 'mid this orient dense and pale,
Through one small window of the veil
You have seen the sun's first radiant hue
Lightening the dells and vales of dew,
With smile that seem'd through glory's rim
From dwellings of the cherubim;
And you have thought, with holy awe,
A lovelier sight you never saw,
Scorning the heart who dared to doubt it;
Alas! you little knew about it!
At beauty's shrine you ne'er have knelt,
Nor felt the flame that I have felt;
Nor chanced the virgin smile to see
Of beauty's model, Elen of Reigh!

When sunbeams on the river blaze,
You on its glory scarce can gaze;

But when the moon's delirious beam,
In giddy splendour woos the stream,
Its mellow'd light is so refined,
'Tis like a gleam of soul and mind;
Its gentle ripple glittering by,
Like twinkle of a maiden's eye;
While all amazed at Heaven's steepness,
You gaze into its liquid deepness,
And see some beauties that excel—
Visions to dream of, not to tell—
A downward soul of living hue,
So mild, so modest, and so blue!

What am I raving of just now?
Forsooth, I scarce can say to you—
A moonlight river beaming by,
Or holy depth of virgin's eye;
Unconscious bard! What perilous dreaming!
Is nought on earth to thee beseeming,
Will nothing serve, but beauteous women?—
No, nothing else. But 'tis strange to me,
If you never heard aught of Elen of Reigh.

But whenever you breathe the breeze of balm,
Or smile at the frolics of the lamb,
Or watch the stream by the light of the moon,
Or weep for the rosebud that opes too soon,
Or when any beauty of this creation
Moves your delight or admiration,
You then may try, whatever it be,
That to compare with Elen of Reigh:
But never presume that lovely creature
Once to compare with aught in nature;
For earth has neither form nor face
Which heart can ween or eye can trace,
That once comparison can stand
With Elen the flower of fair Scotland.

'Tis said that angels are passing fair
And lovely beings;—I hope they are:
But for all their beauty of form and wing,
If lovelier than the maid I sing,
They needs must be—I cannot tell—
Something beyond all parallel;
Something admitted, not believed,
Which heart of man hath ne'er conceived;
But these are beings of mental bliss,
Not things to love, and soothe, and kiss.—
There is something dear, say as we will,
In winsome human nature still.

Elen of Reigh was the flower of our wild,
Elen of Reigh was an only child,
A motherless lamb, in childhood thrown
On bounteous Nature, and her alone;
But who can mould like that mighty dame
The mind of fervour and mounting flame,
The mind that beams with a glow intense
For fair and virtuous excellence!
Not one! though many a mighty name,
High margin'd on the lists of fame,

Has blazon'd her ripe tuition high.
The world has own'd it, and well may I!
But most of all that right had she,
The flower of our mountains, fair Elen of Reigh.

But human life is like a river—
Its brightness lasts not on for ever—
That dances from its native braes,
As pure as maidhood's early days;
But soon, with dark and sullen motion,
It rolls into its funeral ocean,
And those whose currents are the slightest,
And shortest run, are aye the brightest:
So is our life—its latest wave
Rolls dark and solemn to the grave;
And soon o'ercast was Elen's day,
And changed, as must my sportive lay.

When beauty is in its rosy prime,
There is something sacred and sublime,
To see all living worth combined
In such a lovely being's mind;
Each thing for which we would wish to live,
Each grace, each virtue Heaven can give.
Such being was Elen, if such can be;
A faith unstain'd, a conscience free,
Pure Christian love and charity,
All breathed in such a holy strain,
The hearts of men could not refrain
From wonder at what they heard and saw;
Even greatest sinners stood in awe
At seeing a form and soul unshadow'd—
A model for the walks of maidhood.

You will feel a trembling wish to know,
If such a being could e'er forego
Her onward path of heavenly aim,
To love a thing of mortal frame.
Ah! never did heart in bosom dwell,
That loved as warmly and as well,
Or with such ligaments profound
Was twined another's heart around;
But blush not—dread not, I entreat,
Nor tremble for a thing so sweet.

Not comely youth with downy chin,
Nor manhood's goodliest form, could win
One wistful look, or dew-drop sheen,
From eye so heavenly and serene.
Her love, that with her life began,
Was set on thing more pure than man—
'Twas on a virgin of like mind,
As pure, as gentle, as refined;
They in one cradle slept when young—
Were taught by the same blessed tongue;
Aye smiled each other's face to see—
Were nursed upon the self-same knee;
And the first word each tongue could frame
Was a loved playmate's cheering name.

Like two young poplars of the vale,
Like two young twin roes of the dale,

They grew; and life had no alloy,—
Their fairy path was all of joy.
They danced, they sung, they play'd, they roved,
And O how dearly as they loved!
While in that love, with reverence due,
Their God and their Redeemer too
Were twined, which made it the sincerer,
And still the holier and the dearer.

Each morning, when they woke from sleep,
They kneel'd, and pray'd with reverence deep;
Then raised their sightly forms so trim,
And sung their little morning hymn.
Then tripping joyfully and bland,
They to the school went hand in hand;
Came home as blithesome and as bright,
And slept in other's arms each night.

Sure in such sacred bonds to live,
Nature has nothing more to give.
So loved they on, and still more dear,
From day to day, from year to year;
And when their flexile forms began
To take the mould so loved by man,
They blush'd—embraced each other less,
And wept at their own loveliness,
As if their bliss was overcast,
And days of feelings pure were past.

But who can fathom or reprove
The counsels of the God of love,
Or stay the mighty hand of Him
Who dwells between the cherubim?
No man nor angel—All must be
Submiss to his supreme decree.
And so it hap'd that this fair maid,
In all her virgin charms array'd,
Just when upon the verge she stood
Of bright and seemly womanhood,
From this fair world was call'd away,
In mildest and in gentlest way.
Fair world indeed; but still akin
To much of sorrow and of sin.

Poor Elen watch'd the parting strife
Of her she loved far more than life;
The placid smile that strove to tell
To her beloved that all was well.
O many a holy thing they said,
And many a prayer together pray'd,
And many a hymn, both morn and even,
Was breathed upon the breeze of heaven,
Which Hope, on wings of sacred love,
Presented at the gates above.

The last words into ether melt,
The last squeeze of the hand is felt,
And the last breathings, long apart,
Like aspirations of the heart,
Told Elen that she now was left,
A thing of love and joy bereft—

A sapling from its parent torn,
A rose upon a widow'd thorn,
A twin roe, or bewilder'd lamb,
Reft both of sister and of dam—
How could she weather out the strife
And sorrows of this mortal life!

The last rites of funereal gloom,
The pageant heralds of the tomb,
That more in form than feeling tell
The sorrows of the last farewell,
Are all observed with decent care,
And but one soul of grief was there.
The virgin mould, so mild and meet,
Is roll'd up in its winding sheet;
Affection's yearnings form'd the rest,
The dead rose rustles on the breast,
The wrists are bound with bracelet bands,
The pallid gloves are on the hands,
And all the flowers the maid held dear
Are strew'd within her gilded bier;
A hundred sleeves with lawn are pale,
A hundred crapes wave in the gale,
And in a motley mix'd array
The funeral train winds down Glen-Reigh
Alack! how shortly thoughts were lasting
Of the grave to which they all were hasting!

The grave is open; the mourners gaze
On bones and skulls of former days;
The pall 's withdrawn—in letters sheen,
"Maria Gray—aged eighteen,"
Is read by all with heaving sighs,
And ready hands to moisten'd eyes.
Solemn and slow the bier is laid
Into its deep and narrow bed,
And the mould rattles o'er the dead!

What sound like that can be conceived?
That thunder to a soul bereaved!
When crumbling bones grate on the bier
Of all the bosom's core held dear;
'Tis like a growl of hideous wrath—
The last derisive laugh of death—
Over his victim that lies under;
The heart's last bands then rent asunder,
And no communion more to be
Till time melt in Eternity!

From that dread moment Elen's soul
Seem'd to outfly its earthly goal;
And her refined and subtile frame,
Uplifted by unearthly flame,
Seem'd soul alone—in likelihood,
A spirit made of flesh and blood—
A thing whose being and whose bliss
Were bound to better world than this.

Her face, that with new lustre beam'd,
Like features of a seraph seem'd;
A meekness, mix'd with a degree
Of fervid, wild sublimity,

Mark'd all her actions and her moods.
She sought the loveliest solitudes,
By the dingy dell or the silver spring,
Her holy hymns of the dead to sing;
For all her songs and language bland
Were of a loved and heavenly land—
A land of saints and angels fair,
And of a late dear dweller there;
But, watch'd full often, ears profane
Once heard the following solemn strain:—

MARIA GRAY. A SONG.

1.

Who says that Maria Gray is dead,
And that I in this world can see her never?
Who says she is laid in her cold death-bed,
The prey of the grave and of death for ever?
Ah! they know little of my dear maid,
Or kindness of her spirit's giver!
For every night she is by my side,
By the morning bower, or the moonlight river.

2.

Maria was bonny when she was here,
When flesh and blood was her mortal dwelling;
Her smile was sweet, and her mind was clear,
And her form all human forms excelling.
But O! if they saw Maria now,
With her looks of pathos and of feeling,
They would see a cherub's radiant brow,
To ravish'd mortal eyes unveiling.

3.

The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers—
It is all of beauty and of sweetness—
So my dear maid, in the heavenly bowers,
Excels in beauty and in meetness.
She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kemb'd my hair,
And made a breast of heaven my pillow,
And promised her God to take me there,
Before the leaf falls from the willow.

4.

Farewell, ye homes of living men!
I have no relish for your pleasures—
In the human face I nothing ken
That with my spirit's yearning measures.
I long for onward bliss to be,
A day of joy, a brighter morrow;
And from this bondage to be free,
Farewell, thou world of sin and sorrow!

O great was the wonder, and great was the dread,
Of the friends of the living, and friends of the dead;
For every evening and morning were seen
Two maidens, where only one should have been!
Still hand in hand they moved, and sung
Their hymns, on the walks they trode when young;

And one night some of the watcher train
Were said to have heard this holy strain
Wafted upon the trembling air.
It was sung by one, although two were there:—

HYMN OVER A DYING VIRGIN.

1.

O Thou whom once thy redeeming love
Brought'st down to earth from the throne above,
Stretch forth thy cup of salvation free
To a thirsty soul that longs for thee!
O Thou who left'st the realms of day,
Whose blessed head in a manger lay,
See her here prostrate before thy throne,
Who trusts in thee, and in thee alone!

2.

O Thou, who once, as thy earthly rest,
Wast cradled on a virgin's breast,
For the sake of one who held thee dear,
Extend thy love to this virgin here!
Thou Holy One, whose blood was spilt
Upon the Cross, for human guilt,
This humbled virgin's longings see,
And take her soul in peace to thee!

That very night the mysterious dame
Not home to her father's dwelling came;
Though her maidens sat in chill dismay,
And watch'd, and call'd, till the break of day.
But in the dawning, with fond regard,
They sought the bower where the song was heard,
And found her form stretch'd on the green,
The loveliest corpse that ever was seen.
She lay as in balmy sleep reposed,
While her lips and eyes were sweetly closed,
As if about to awake and speak;
For a dimpling smile was on her cheek,
And the pale rose there had a gentle glow,
Like the morning's tint on a wreath of snow.

All was so seemly and serene,
As she lay composed upon the green,
It was plain to all that no human aid,
But an angel's hand, had the body laid;
For from her form there seem'd to rise,
The sweetest odours of Paradise.
Around her temples and brow so fair,
White roses were twined in her auburn hair;
All bound with a birch and holly band,
And the book of God was in her right hand.

Farewell, ye flow'rets of sainted fame,
Ye sweetest maidens of mortal frame;
A sacred love o'er your lives presided,
And in your deaths you were not divided!
O, blessed are they who bid adieu
To this erring nature as pure as you!

Mount Benger,
July 27th, 1829.

"THE MAUVAIS PAS." A SCENE IN THE ALPS.

Illustrating a passage in the Novel of Anne of Geierstein.

Is there an individual, who has trod at all beyond the beaten track of life, who does not harbour within his mind the recollection of some incident or incidents of so eventful a nature, that it requires but the shade of an association to bring them forward from their resting-place, bright, clear, and distinct, as at the moment of their existence? We suspect there are many who, in their hours of solitude, might be seen to manifest symptoms of such reminiscences; and many who, in the busy world, and amidst the hum of men, might also be seen to start as if visions of things long gone by were again before them, and to shrink within themselves, as though spirits of olden times "were passing before their face, and causing the hair of their flesh to stand up."

It is now many years ago since an event of this character occurred to the writer of these pages. His event, however, such as it is, would, in all probability, never have been recorded on any other tablets than those of his own private thoughts, or have wandered beyond the limited circle of others, who, from natural causes, were interested in its details, had it not, within the last few days, been brought vividly before him, by a writer, whose unrivalled descriptive powers have so often given a semblance of truth to tales of fiction, and excited a thrill on the recital of perils and adventures, where no personal interests were called forth to give additional animation to the narrative. Long before they can peruse these lines, the readers of Blackwood's Magazine will, doubtless, have made themselves acquainted with Anne of Geierstein; and many a mountain traveller, accustomed to sojourn amidst the heights and depths of Alpine scenery, will have borne testimony to the splendid representation of Mont Pilate, arrayed in its gloomy panoply of "vapour, and clouds, and storms," and will have followed the daring Arthur Philipson, with breathless interest, as he wound his cautious way on the ledge of the granite precipice upreared before him: and such readers will scarcely be surprised, that a description like this should make no ordinary impression on one, who, without the slightest pretensions to the vigour and muscular activity of a hardy mountaineer of the fifteenth century, once found himself in a predicament somewhat similar, and oddly enough occasioned by a disaster akin to this, which so nearly proved fatal to the travellers from Lucerne. Believe me, Mr Editor, when, in Sir Walter Scott's 34th page, I descended from the platform on which the adventurous son bade adieu to his father, and gained with him the narrow ledge, creeping along the very brink of the precipice, days, months, and years shrunk away, and once again did I feel myself tottering on the airy pathway of the very platform, on which I also was once doomed to gaze, with feelings which time can never efface from my recollection.

It was in the year 1818 that I arrived in the village of Martigny, a few days after that memorable catastrophe, when, by the bursting of its icy mounds, the extensive Lake of Mauvoisin was, in an instant, let loose, pouring forth six hundred millions of cubic feet of water over the peaceful and fruitful valleys of the Drance, with the irresistible velocity of sixteen miles an hour, carrying before its overwhelming torrent every vestige of civilized life which stood within its impetuous reach. The whole village and its environs exhibited a dreary scene of death and desolation. The landlord, with many others of his acquaintance and kinsfolk, had been swept from their dwelling-places, or perished in their ruins. The wreck of a well-built English carriage occupied part of the inner court-yard, while the body, torn from its springs, had grounded upon a thicket in the field adjacent. The plains through which the treacherous stream was now winding its wonted course, had all the appearance of a barren desert. Luxuriant meadows were converted into reservoirs of sand and gravel; and crops nearly ripe for the sickle, were beaten down into masses of corrupting vegetation. Here and there amorphous piles of trees, beams, carts, stacks, and remnants of every description of building, were hurled against some fragment of rock, or other

natural obstacle, forming, in many cases, it was too evident, the grave-mound of human victims soddening beneath. On the door of the dilapidated inn, the following appeal was attached; but it required no document written by the hand of man to tell the tale of woe: "The floods had passed over it, and it was gone, and the place thereof was known no more."

"AMES GENEREUSES!

"Un mouvement de la grande nature vient de changer une contrée fertile et riante en un theatre de désolation et de la misère, par l'irruption du lac de Getroz, arrivée le 16 Juin 1818. Les victimes de cette catastrophe tendent leurs mains vers vous, images de la Divinité bienfaisante. Quelle occasion favorable d'exercer votre vertu favorite, et de verser des larmes de plaisir, en tarissant celles de malheur!"

It was impossible to contemplate effects consequent upon so awful a visitation, without a corresponding excitement of strong curiosity to follow the devastation to its source, and learn, from ocular inspection, the mode in which nature had carried on and completed her dreadful operations. Accordingly, having ascertained that although the regular roads, bridgeways, and pathways, were carried away, a circuitous course over the mountains was feasible to the very foot of the Glaciers of Mont Pleureur, which impended over the mouth of the lac de Getroz, a guide was secured, and with him, on the following morning, before sunrise, I found myself toiling through the pine-woods clothing the steep sides of the mountains to the east of Martigny. It is not, however, my intention to enter into details (though interesting enough in their way) unconnected with the one sole object, which, while I am now writing, hovers before me like Macbeth's dagger, to the exclusion of other things of minor import. Suffice it to say, that as the evening closed, I entered a desolate large scrambling sort of mansion, formerly, as I was given to understand, a convent belonging to some monks of La Trappe; a fact confirmed by sundry portraits of its late gloomy possessors, hung round the dark dismantled chamber in which I was to sleep. The village, of which this mansion had formed a part, had been saved almost by miracle. A strong stone bridge, with some natural embankments, gave a momentary check to the descending torrent, which instantly rose, and in another minute must have inevitably swept away all before it, when fortunately the earth on every side gave way, the ponderous buttresses of the bridge yielded, down it sunk, and gave immediate vent to the cataract. While I was looking towards the heights of Mont Pleureur, on whose crest the spires and pinnacles of the Glacier de Getroz were visible, a stranger joined the owner of the house in which I was lodged, and from their conversation I collected that he, with a companion, had that day visited the scene of action. "And you saw it," said the landlord. "I did," was the reply. "And your companion?"—"No, for we did not go the lower road," observed the traveller. "How so? did you take the upper?"—"We did," was the answer. "Comment donc? *mais le Mauvais Pas?*"—"I crossed it," replied the traveller. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the landlord; "and your companion?"—"He saw what it was, and returned." Having heard nothing of any extraordinary difficulties, I paid no great attention to this dialogue, particularly as I had the warranty of my guide that our course would be on the right bank of the river the whole way; and it was evident, that any thing like this *Mauvais Pas* of which the host and traveller spoke, was on the heights above the left bank. I therefore retired to rest, in high spirits, notwithstanding the sombre scowling looks of the monks which seemed to glance on me from their heavy black frames, ornamenting the panelled walls of the cheerless dormitory in which my pallet was stretched — quite sufficient, under other circumstances, to call up the recollection of every ghost and goblin slumbering in the mind, from the earliest traditions of nursery chronicles.

As the journey of the day promised, under the most favourable circumstances, to be not only long but fatiguing, and as some part of the road was represented to be passable for horses, by which much time and labour might be spared, a couple were hired, and another guide engaged to bring them back; and, as we quitted the hostelry at early dawn, the beams of the rising sun were just glancing

on the highest peaks of the Glaciers, at whose base our excursion was to terminate. For the first three or four hours, sometimes on the plains, at other times defiling over the heights, according to the obstacles interposed by the recent devastation, we pursued our course without any other interest, than that produced by a succession of striking objects, amidst the wildest exhibitions of mountain scenery I ever beheld. At length, we descended into a valley of considerable extent, affording a flat platform, of what had been hitherto meadow land, though now a wide plain, on whose surface, in every direction, were scattered, in wild confusion, rocks and stones, and uprooted trees of all dimensions, deposited by the torrent, which had now returned to its original channel, through which it was roaring over a bed of broken granite, forming a sort of loose and coarse shingle. This valley, though unconfined towards the west, was apparently closed in towards the east, immediately in our route, by a stupendous barrier of precipitous rock, as if a mountain, impending over the river on our right, had shot forth one of its mighty arms for the purpose of arresting the waters in their progress. On drawing nearer, however, a fissure, extending from the summit to the base, through the very heart of the rock, was perceptible, through which the river rushed in a more confined channel. It naturally occurred to me, that, unless we could pass onwards through this fissure, we had nothing for it but to return; though having, in our morning's progress, more than once forded the stream, I concluded that a similar attempt would be made in the forthcoming case, in which I was confirmed by the two guides. When, however, we drew a little nearer, I remarked, that they looked forward repeatedly with something like an anxious cast of countenance, examining here and there at the same time certain blocks of stone embedded in small pools, on which, although there was a communication with the river, the current had no effect, the communication being so far cut off, as to exclude even the slightest ripple. "The waters are higher than they were yesterday," said the one. "And are rising at this moment," replied the other, who was carefully watching the smooth side of one of these detached blocks, half filling the calm and unruffled surface of one of these diminutive lakes. And again, with scrutinizing eyes, they looked forward towards the fissure. "Shall we be able to stem the torrent in yonder spot?" I asked. "We hope so," they hastily answered; "but not a moment must be lost;" and, suiting the action to the word, the horses were spurred on to a full trot, the eyes of both being now intensely fixed on something evidently in or near the river. "Do you see a dark speck at the foot of the left hand precipice?" observed one of the guides to me. "I do."—"Monsieur," continued he, "the waters are rising rapidly, by the increased melting of the snows; and if that dark stone is covered when we reach the fissure, our passage through the torrent will be hazardous, if not impracticable." From that instant every eye was rivetted to the fragment, which, instead of becoming more marked and visible, as we shortened the intervening space, very sensibly diminished in size; and, in spite of every effort to urge the horses on, soon dwindled to a speck, and was almost immediately after, to our great mortification, entirely lost under a ripple of white foam which broke over its highest point. "Ce n'est plus nécessaire d'avancer; il faut s'arreter," said the guides; "c'est fini." The horses were accordingly reined in. We alighted, and I sat down in despair to secure what I could by sketching the magnificent scene before me; demanding, in a tone of forlorn hope, if it was indeed impossible to proceed, either by scaling the opposing barrier, or by any other circuitous route. On saying this, they again examined the margin of the river; but it gave no encouraging sign. The white foam had even ceased to break over the hidden stone; a swift blue stream was hurrying over it, and not a token of its existence remained. While I continued my sketch, I observed that they were in earnest conversation, walking to and fro, now looking back on the road we had travelled, and then casting their eyes upwards to the right; the only words which I could distinctly hear, for they were more than once repeated, being "Mais il faut avoir bonne tête—a-t-il bonne tête?" At length, one of them came up, and said, "Monsieur, il y a

un autre chemin, mais c'est dangereux—c'est un *mauvais pas!* Avez vous bonne tête." As the correctness of any answer to the conclusion of this address depended much upon divers particulars, and certain other data, which it behoved me to know, I begged him to describe a little more at large the precise nature of this *Mauvais Pas*, the ominous term recalling in an instant the words I had heard from the traveller the night before.

The result of my enquiry was very vague. That it was high amongst the mountains, and somewhat distant, there could be no doubt. That, in order to get to it, we must return, and cross the river below, where, being wider, it might still be forded, were also preliminary steps. The heights on the right were, in the next place, to be gained, and that by no very inviting path, as I could see; but these were not objections calculated to deter me from proceeding, and wherein the real difficulty consisted I could not distinctly discover. "Is, then, this *Mauvais Pas* much more steep and difficult than the ascent which you have pointed out amongst those rocks on the right?"—"Oh, no," was the reply; "it is not steep at all; it is on a dead level."—"Is it, then very fatiguing?"—"Oh, no; it is by no means fatiguing; the ascent which you see before you, is by far the most fatiguing part of the whole route."—"Is it, then, dangerous, owing to broken fragments of rock, or slippery grass?" for I had heard them mutter something about slipping. "Oh, no; it was on hard solid rock; and, as for grass, there was not a blade upon it. It required but *une bonne tête, car si on glisse, on est perdu!*" This winding up was certainly neither encouraging nor satisfactory; but having so repeatedly heard the danger of these mountain passes magnified, and their difficulties exaggerated, and the vague information above mentioned, saving and except the definitive result, being by no means in itself appalling, I expressed my readiness to try this path, if they had made up their minds to guide me. To this they consented; and preparations were instantly made; "for," added they, "the day is waning, and you will find there is much to be done."

We remounted the horses, and hastened back about a mile to a wide part of the river, which we succeeded in fording without much inconvenience; and soon after left them at a spot from whence they could be sent for at leisure. We then turned again to the eastward, and soon reached the foot of the heights on the left bank of the river, forming the barrier which had checked us on the other side. Up there we proceeded to mount, pressing onwards through brake and brier, boughs and bushes, to the summit of the ridge. During this part of the task, I endeavoured to pick up further particulars respecting the winding up of our adventure; but all I could learn was, that, in consequence of the suspension of all communication in the valleys below, by the destruction of the roads and bridges, a chamois-hunter had, since the catastrophe, passed over this path, and that some work-people, on their way to repair the bridges, finding it practicable, had done the same; but that it had never before been used as a regular communication, and certainly never would again, as none, but from sheer necessity, would ever think of taking advantage of it. But, by way of neutralising any unfavourable conclusions I might draw from these representations, they both added, that, from what they then saw of my capabilities in the art of climbing—for the road, here and there, required some trifling exertion—they were sure I should do very well, and had no reason to fear. Thus encouraged, I proceeded with confidence; and, in the course of rather more than an hour's sharp ascent, we attained a more level surface in the bosom of a thick forest of pine and underwood, fronted, as far as I could guess from occasional glimpses through gaps and intervals, by a grey dull curtain of bare rock. "We are approaching the *Mauvais Pas*," said one of the guides.—"Is it as rough as this?" said I, floundering as I was through hollows of loose stones and bushes.—"Oh, no; it is smooth as a floor," was the reply.—"In a few minutes we shall be on the *Pas*," said the other, as we began to descend on the eastern declivity of the ridge we had been mounting for the last hour. And then, for the first time, I saw below me the valleys of the Drance spread forth like a map, and that it required but half-a-dozen steps at most to have cleared

every impediment to my descending amongst them, in an infinitely shorter time than I had expended in mounting to the elevated spot from whence I looked down upon them. And then, too, for the first time, certain misgivings, as to the propriety of going further, and a shrewd guess as to the real nature of the *Mauvais Pas,* flashed across me, in one of those sudden heart-searching thrills, so perfectly defined in the single word *crebling*—a provincial term, expressing that creeping, paralyzing, twittering, palpitating sort of sensation, which a nervous person might be supposed to feel, if, in exploring a damp and dark dungeon, he placed his hand unadvisedly upon some cold and clammy substance, which his imagination might paint as something too horrible to look at.

But whatever were the force and power of these feelings, it was not now the time to let them get the mastership. It was too late to retract—I had gone too far to recede. It would have been unpardonable to have given two Swiss guides an opportunity of publishing throughout the cantons, that an Englishman had flinched, and feared to set his foot where a foreign traveller had trod the day before. On then I went, very uncomfortable, I will candidly confess, but aided and impelled, notwithstanding, by that instinctive sort of wish, common, I believe, to all people, to know the worst in extreme cases. Curiosity, too, had its share—not merely excited by the ultimate object for which I was about to venture myself in mid air, but a secret desire to see with my own eyes a pass which had so suddenly and unexpectedly assumed importance in my fate. And after all, though there were very unequivocal symptoms of something terrible in the immediate vicinage of the undefined grey skreen of rock before me, I had as yet no certainty of its appalling realities.

For a furlong or two no great change was perceptible; there was a plentiful supply of twigs and shrubs to hold by, and the path was not by any means alarming. In short, I began to shake off all uneasiness, and smile at my imaginary fears, when, on turning an angle, I came to an abrupt termination of every thing bordering on twig, bough, pathway, or greensward; and the *Mauvais Pas,* in all its fearfulness, glared upon me! For a foreground, (if that could be called a foreground, separated, as it was, by a gulf of some fathoms wide,) an unsightly facing of unbroken precipitous rock bearded me on the spot from whence I was to take my departure, jutting out sufficiently to conceal whatever might be the state of affairs on the other side, round which it was necessary to pass by a narrow ledge like a mantel-piece, on which the first guide had now placed his foot. The distance, however, was inconsiderable, at most, a few yards, after which, I fondly conjectured we might rejoin a pathway similar to that we were now quitting, and that, in fact, this short but fearful *trajet* constituted the substance and sum-total of what so richly deserved the title of the *Mauvais Pas.* "Be firm; hold fast, and keep your eye on the rock," said the guide, as I, with my heart in my mouth, stept out—"Is my foot steadily fixed?"—"It is," was the answer; and, with my eyes fixed upon the rock, as if it would have opened under my gaze, and my hands hooked like claws on the slight protuberances within reach, I stole silently and slowly towards the projection, almost without drawing a breath. Having turned this point, and still found myself proceeding, but to what degree, and whether for better or worse, I could not exactly ascertain, as I most pertinaciously continued to look upon the rock, mechanically moving foot after foot with a sort of dogged perseverance, leaving to the leading guide the pleasing task, which I most anxiously expected every moment, of assuring me that the deed was done, and congratulating me on having passed the *Mauvais Pas.* But he was silent as the grave—not a word escaped his lips; and on, and on, and on did we tread, slowly, cautiously, and hesitatingly, for about ten minutes, when I became impatient to learn the extent of our progress, and enquired whether we had nearly reached the other end. "Pas encore."—"Are we half way?"—"A peu près," were the replies. Gathering up my whole stock of presence of mind, I requested that we might pause a while, and then, as I deliberately turned my head, the whole of this extraordinary and frightful scenery revealed itself at a glance. Conceive an amphitheatre of rock forming, throughout, a bare, barren, perpendicular precipice, of I knew

not how many hundred feet in height, the two extremities diminishing in altitude as they approached the Drance, which formed the chord of this arc; that on our left constituting the barrier which had impeded our progress, and which we had just ascended. From the point where we had stepped upon the ledge, quitting the forest and underwood, this circular face of precipice commenced, continuing, without intermission, till it united itself with its corresponding headland on the right. The only communication between the two being along a ledge in the face of the precipice, varying in width from about a foot to a few inches; the surface of the said ledge, moreover, assuming the form of an inclined plane, owing to an accumulation of small particles of rock, which had, from time immemorial, shaled from the heights above, and lodged on this slightly projecting shelf. The distance, from the time taken to pass it, I guessed to be not far short of a quarter of a mile. At my foot, literally speaking, (for it required but a semiquaver of the body, or the loosening of my hold, to throw the centre of gravitation over the abyss,) were spread the valleys of the Drance, through which I could perceive the river meandering like a silver thread; but, from the height at which I looked down, its rapidity was invisible, and its hoarse brawling unheard. The silence was absolute and solemn; for, fortunately, not a zephyr fanned the air, to interfere with my precarious equilibrium.

There was no inducement for the lesser birds of the field to warble where we were, and the lammer-geyers and the eagles, if any had their eyries amidst these crags, were revelling in the banquet of desolation below. As I looked upon this awfully magnificent scene, a rapid train of thoughts succeeded each other. I felt as if I was contemplating a world I had left, and which I was never again to revisit; for it was impossible not to be keenly impressed with the idea, that something fatal might occur within the space of the next few minutes, effectually preventing my return thither as a living being. Then, again, I saw before me the forms and figures of many I had left—some a few hours, some a few weeks before. Was I to see them again or not? The question again and again repeated itself, and the oftener, perhaps, from a feeling of presumption I experienced in even whispering to myself that I decidedly should. "Si on glisse, on est perdu!" how horribly forcible and true did these words now appear,—on what a slender thread was life held! A trifling deviation in the position of a foot, and it was over. I had but to make one single step in advance, and I was in another state of existence. Such were a few of the mental feelings which suggested themselves, but others of a physical nature occurred. I had eat nothing since leaving the old convent, and the keen air on the mountains had so sharpened my appetite, that by the time I had reached the summit we had just quitted, I felt not only a good deal exhausted, but extremely hungry. But hunger, thirst, and fatigue, followed me not on the ledge. A feast would have had no charm, and miles upon a level road would have been as nothing. Every sense seemed absorbed in getting to the end; and yet, in the midst of this unenviable position, a trifling incident occurred, which actually, for the time, gave rise to something of a pleasurable sensation. About midway I espied, in a chink of the ledge, the beautiful and dazzling blossom of the little *gentiana nivalis*, and, stopping the guides while I gathered it, I expressed great satisfaction in meeting with this lovely little flower on such a lonely spot. And I could scarcely help smiling at the simplicity of these honest people, who, from that moment, whenever the difficulties increased, endeavoured to divert my attention, by pointing out or looking for another specimen. We had proceeded good part of the way, when, to my dismay, the ledge, narrow as it was, became perceptibly narrower, and, at the distance of a yard or two in advance, I observed a point where it seemed to run to nothing, interrupted by a protuberant rock. I said nothing, waiting the result in silence. The guide before me, when he reached the point, threw one foot round the projection, till it was firmly placed, and holding on the rock, then brought up the other.—What was I to do? Like Arthur Philipson's guide, Antonio, I could only say, "I was no goat-hunter, and had no wings to transport me from cliff to cliff like a raven."—"I cannot perform that feat,"

said I to the guide; "I shall miss the invisible footing on the other side, and —then!"—They were prepared for the case; one of them happened to have a short staff; this was handed forward, and formed a slight rail, while the other, stooping down, seized my foot, and placing it in his hand, answered, "Tread without apprehension, it will support you firmly as the rock itself; be steady—go on." I did so, and regained the ledge once more in safety. The possible repetition of such an exploit was not by any means to my taste, and I ventured to question the foremost guide as to the chance of its recurrence, and the difficulties yet in store. Without pretending to disguise them, he proceeded to dilate upon the portion of our peregrination still in reserve, when the other interrupted him impatiently, and in French, instead of Patois, (forgetting, in his anxiety to enjoin silence, that I understood every word he uttered,) exclaimed, "Not a word more, I entreat you. Speak not to him of danger; this is not the place to excite alarm; it is our business to cheer and animate;" and in the true spirit of his advice, he immediately pointed to a bunch of little gentians, exclaiming, "Eh, donc, qu'elles sont jolies! Regardez ces charmantes fleurs!" Long before I had accomplished half the distance, and had formed a correct opinion as to what remained in hand, the propriety of turning back had more than once suggested itself; but on looking round, the narrowness of the shelf already passed presented so revolting an appearance, that what with the risk to be incurred in the very act of turning about, and forming any thing like a *pirouette* in my present position, added to an almost insurmountable unwillingness to recede, for the reasons above mentioned, and the chance that, as it could not well be worse, the remainder might possibly be better, I decided on going on, estimating every additional inch as a valuable accession of space, with a secret proviso, however, in my own mind, that nothing on earth should induce me to return the same way, notwithstanding the declaration of the guides that they knew of no other line, unless a bridge, which was impassable yesterday, had been made passable to-day; and we knew the people were at work, for a man had gone before us with an axe over his shoulder.

Thus persevering with the speed of a tortoise or a sloth, the solemn slow movements of hand and foot forcibly reminding me of that cautious animal, we at last drew near to a more acute point in the curve of this gaunt amphitheatre, where it bent forward towards the river, and consequently we were more immediately fronted by the precipice forming the continuation of that on which we stood. By keeping my head obliquely turned inwards, I had hitherto in great measure avoided more visual communication than I wished with the bird's-eye prospect below; but there was no possibility of excluding the smooth bare frontage of rock right ahead. There it reared itself from the clods beneath to the clouds above, without outward or visible sign of fret or fissure, as far as I could judge, on which even a chamois could rest its tiny hoof; for the width of whatever ledge it might have was diminished, by the perspective view we had of it, to Euclid's true definition of a mathematical line, namely, length without breadth. At this distance of time, I have no very clear recollection of the mode of our exit, and cannot speak positively as to whether we skirted any part of this perilous wall of the Titans, or crept up through the corner of the curve by some fissure leading to the summit. I have, however, a very clear and agreeable recollection of the moment when I came in contact with a tough bough, which I welcomed and grasped as I would have welcomed and grasped the hand of the dearest friend I had upon earth, and by the help of which I, in a very few more seconds, scrambled upwards, and set my foot once more, without fear of slips or sliding, on a rough heathery surface, forming the bed of a ravine, which soon led us to an upland plateau, on which I stood as in the garden of paradise.

In talking over our adventure, one of the guides mentioned a curious circumstance that had occurred either to himself or a brother guide, I forget which, in the course of their practice. He was escorting a traveller over a rather dizzy height, when the unfortunate tourist's head failed, and he fainted on the spot. Whereupon the mountaineer, a strong muscular man, with great presence of mind, took up his charge, threw him over his shoulder, and coolly walked away with him

till he came to a place of safety, where he deposited his burden, and awaited the return of sense; "but," added he, "had such a misfortune occurred on the *Mauvais Pas*, you must have submitted to your fate; the ledge was too narrow for exertion,—we could have done nothing."

We were now not much more than a league from our original destination, a space of which, whether fair or foul, I cannot speak with much precision, so entirely was every thought and sense engrossed in the business which had occupied so large a portion of the last hour. It is merely necessary to inform the reader, that at the expiration of a given time, I stood before the ruins of a stupendous mound formed of condensed masses of snow and ice, hurled down from above by the imperceptible but gradual advancement of the great Glacier of Getroz, nursed in a gorge beneath the summit of Mont Pleureur. Not a moment passed without the fall of thundering avalanches, bounding from rock to rock, till their shattered fragments, floundering down the inclined plane of snow, finally precipitated themselves into the bed of the channel through which the emancipated Lac de Mauvoisin had, in the brief space of half an hour, rushed, after it had succeeded in corroding the excavated galleries, and blown up in an instant its icy barrier.

Seated on a knoll immediately fronting the stage on which this grand scenery was represented, we rested for some time, during which we were joined by one or two of the workmen employed in repairing the roads and bridge to which the guides had alluded; and the first question asked was, "Peut on le traverser?" No direct answer followed; it was evidently, therefore, a matter of doubt, requiring at least some discussion, during which, although the parties conversed in an under-tone, I again heard, more than once, the disagreeable repetition of "Mais, a-t-il bonne tête?" and a reference was finally made to me. It seems the bridge had been completely destroyed, but some people had that morning availed themselves of the commencement of a temporary accommodation, then in a state of preparation, and had crossed the chasm; and provided Monsieur had a *bonne tête*, there was no danger in following their example. Hesitation was out of the question; for whatever might be the possible extent of risk, in duration and degree it clearly could bear no comparison with the *Mauvais Pas*, the discomfiting sensations of which were still too fresh in my recollection to indulge a thought of encountering them a second time in the same day. I therefore decided on the bridge without more ado, *coute qui coute;* and as we descended towards the river, I had soon the pleasure of seeing it far below me, and plenty of time to make up my mind as to the best mode of ferrying myself over. Of the original arch not a vestige remained; but across two buttresses of natural rock I could distinguish something like a tight rope, at the two extremities of which little moving things, no bigger than mites, were bustling about, and now and then I could perceive one or two of these diminutive monocules venturing upon this apparently frail line of communication. A nearer view afforded no additional encouragement. At a depth of 90 feet below roared the Drance, foaming and dashing with inconceivable violence against its two adamantine abutments, which here confined the channel within a space of about 30 or 40 feet. From rock to rock, athwart the gulf, two pine poles had that morning been thrown, not yet rivetted together, but loosely resting side by side. It certainly was not half

> "As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,
> As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
> On the unsteadfast footing of a spear;"

but it was, notwithstanding, a very comfortless piece of footing to contemplate. Ye mariners of England, who think nothing of laying out on a topsail-yard to pass an earing* in a gale of wind, might have smiled at such a sight, and crossed merrily over, without the vibration of a nerve; but let it be recollected, as a balance for a landsman's fears, that these two spars were neither furnished with accommodating jack-stays, supporting foot-ropes, nor encircling gaskets, to which the outlayer might cling in case of emergence. There they rested, one end on each projecting promontory of

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* The technical term for an operation necessary in reefing topsails.

the chasm, in all their bare nakedness. In the morning, I might have paused to look before I leaped; but what were 40 or 50 feet of pine vaulting, in comparison with the protracted misery of a quarter of a mile of the *Mauvais Pas?* So forthwith committing myself to their support, on hands and knees I crawled along, and in a few minutes trode again on *terra firma*, beyond the reach of further risk, rejoicing, and, I trust, not ungrateful for the perils I had escaped.

E. S.

ODE TO THE HARP OF ZION.

By H. S. Riddell.

1.

Harp of the holy heart and hand,
  May I awake thy sacred tone,
Far 'mid this wild and lonely land,
  Where many a martyr's moss-gray stone
Remains in hallow'd light, to tell
  Where lone and low the ashes lie
Of hearts who loved thy numbers well,
  And dared for thee to die;
Exulting in the mortal pain
Which they were ne'er to feel again?

2.

When persecution's ruthless power
  Sent godless murderers abroad,
These wilds, at midnight's deepest hour,
  Have heard the hymns sung out to God,
That died away by Babel streams,
  Like wailings of the desert wind,
When exiled hearts recall'd the dreams
  Of homes far left behind,
And scenes of Zion's holy hill,
Where all thine echoes then were still.

3.

Thy strains were as eternal ties
  Of sympathy, which bound in one
The souls of those that could despise
  All influence else below the sun.
And through these solitudes, though far
  Their weary feet were doom'd to roam,
Bright glow'd thou as their polar star,
  Pointing their hopes to home,
And Him who o'er this scene of clay
Once wander'd homelessly as they.

4.

The hoary wing of ages hath
  Swept o'er this world of woe and crime,
Since slept the holy bards in death,
  That woke thy harmonies sublime:
But Time, which sheds its darkness o'er
  The pride of all created things,
Can never dim the heavenly lore
  That melted from thy strings;
Nor sever from immortal thought,
The wisdom that thy light has taught.

5.

There is a sun which cannot set,
  A power whose influence cannot die;
The hand its cunning may forget,
  And stars may fade from out the sky;
But thou shalt to the soul be known,
  As that which can a charm impart,
When all the earth-born hopes of man
  Have faded from the heart—
A boon that then can bless him more
Than all the wealth the world e'er bore.

6.

'Twas thine to wake triumphal dirge
  O'er Egypt's ocean-buried land;
And thine the lofty plaints to urge
  Of him who dwelt in Uzz's land.
And it was thine to bear abroad
  That radiance of prophetic song,
Which taught the love and truth of God
  The sons of men among;
And thine to pour in Salem's halls
That strain which every heart recalls.

7.

My early days have been upon
  The lonely mountains pass'd away;
But I have holier longings known
  Than those that grow but to decay—
Yes, I have long'd those vales to see
  Which gave thy sacred anthems birth,
On Zion's holy hill to be,
  And kneel upon its earth:
That earth which holier feet have trode
Than those that bore the Ark of God!

8.

To share one drop of Hermon dew,
  To pull one rose of Sharon's Vale,
And see the vines on Carmel's brow
  Spread their bright glories to the gale,
I'd face the desert blast, which bids
  The burning sky be wrapt in gloom,
Steer on through wind-rear'd pyramids,
  Or brave the dread Simoom,
If Heaven but will'd to bear me o'er
The waves of Jordan's hallow'd shore.

9.

And though Engedi's caverns vast,
  Far by the lone and lifeless sea,
The pilgrim's home in ages past,
  My destined dwelling place should be,
The lonely heart might have its meed,
  The soul its silent power of prayer;
And if man could be bless'd indeed,
  Could Heaven not bless him there,
And guard his orisons sublime
Mid regions of that hallow'd clime!

10.

Yet all is vain but that which wakes
  The longings that can never die,
And mortals err when will partakes
  Of aught that leads not to the sky.
No feeling of unholy strife
  Can wrest the rod from Reason's hand,
And point to after days of life
  Within a promised land;
Else he who sleeps on Pisgah lone
Had pass'd to goodly Lebanon.

11.

I've shared of hope like other men,
  I've known the joys which others knew,
And life hath had its moments when
  Thorns but remain'd where roses grew;
And he who recks of earthly fame
  May live to find its charms depart,
Or but the fading laurels claim
  To wreathe a wither'd heart;
The charm, bless'd Lyre, that springs of thee,
Must live when Time hath ceased to be.

12.

And o'er thy chords, though never more
  May fall the wonted light divine,—
Else how to wake their slumbering lore
  Had e'er essay'd this hand of mine?—
Yet shall this song with humble hope
  Plead for a guiding star from him,
Who, though yon sky its orbs should drop,
  And nature all grow dim,
Can o'er the spirit shed a ray
More bright than nature's earliest day.

13.

But not of days when words shall be
  The heart's deep truth alone—and sung
In strain bless'd as the harmony
  Of Eden when its bowers were young,
Thou now shalt sing—days when no gloom
  Shall mar the sky's immortal hue,
Spread o'er the vales of endless bloom,
  Along the vales of dew,
When weary breezes die away,
Sick with the fragrance of the day;

14.

But of the tunes of early time,
  Ere oceans had Ararat lash'd,
By which the blood-red prints of crime
  Were from the world's wide surface wash'd.
And if my wandering lore recall
  One faded image from the past,
The strains may not prove idle all
  To human hearts at last.
Thus moved by hope, with trembling hand
I touch the Harp of Judah's Land.*

* It is necessary to the understanding of this ode, to state, that it forms the introduction to a MS. work of great talent, entitled "Songs of the Ark."

ATTILA, KÖNIG DER HUNNEN. ATTILA, KING OF THE HUNS.

By F. L. Z. Werner.

Werner, although decidedly inferior to Müllner and Grillparzer, is nevertheless a very distinguished member of the New German School of Tragedy. His conception of character is vigorous, his delineation spirited; his imagination wild, vivid, creative; and, in compatriot estimation, his poetic beauties are probably enhanced by the strong tint of mysticism, which, to our commonplace insular habit of at least wishing to understand what we read, materially offuscates their brilliancy. One of his Tragedies, in which the downright horrors of Lillo's Fatal Curiosity are relieved by the ideal tone of this mystically supernatural colouring—if we may thus describe the species of fatalism whence Werner derives the crimes of his Twenty-Fourth of February—has been some time ago made known to our readers. In others of his plays, such as Die Söhne des Thals, and Das Kreuz an der Ostsee, the Sons of the Valley, and the Cross upon the Baltic, this tint becomes so overpoweringly deep a dye as to set our powers of penetration absolutely at defiance; wherefore, without presuming to question their merits, we shall humbly abstain from the attempt to give any account of those works. Attila, the subject of the present article, has enough of it to mark the character of the author's genius, without altogether perplexing the simpler-minded reader, at least in the greater part of the Tragedy; and the piece is peculiarly interesting in other respects. It appears to be a kind of *amende honorable* offered by Werner, after his conversion to Catholicism, for the heinous offence committed during his heretical condition, in beginning his dramatic career with an Historical Play in honour of Martin Luther—highly encomiastic, of course, of its hero. In Attila, to counterbalance such eulogies, the virtues and piety of the sainted Pope Leo the Great, whose intervention, it will be recollected, preserved Rome from the destructive fury of the savage Huns, are literally raised to all but divine honours; whilst with the power of miracle-working he is liberally endowed. But, to most readers, what may appear chiefly remarkable, is, the very new light in which the Hun conqueror himself is presented. Attila, whom, from our nurseries upwards, through our legendary equally as through our classical studies, we have been used to consider as the most stupidly and ruthlessly ferocious of bloody tyrants, it has lately pleased some German scholars, including Werner, to depict as a man of powerful intellect, and of the most amiable disposition, who exercises his dreadful office of the Scourge of God through motives of universal, pure, and enlightened philanthropy.

The Tragedy opens with the storming of Aquileia by Attila and his Huns. The citizens implore mercy; the Hun general, Valamir, rejects their entreaties, and bids his troops

Burn, plunder!—Such is Attila's command:
And Attila's commands are ever just!
The Huns. What Attila commands is ever just!

The Huns disperse to execute these agreeable as just commands; whilst the Aquileians, with their Christian clergy, lament their fate, and a Druid Chorus celebrates Attila's triumph—We no more know what the Druids had to do with Attila, than why the Huns should be admitted, after death, to Walhalla. Hildegunde, a Burgundian princess and amazon, now enters with a choral troop of warlike virgins, and the despairing multitude address their supplications to her, as to a future mother. Coldly and hoarsely she replies;

A future mother?—I?—Ye err, good people;
Mine is a different, weightier destiny!
I, to the Scourge of God am closely bound.
A Virgin. Oh, lady, have mercy upon their despair,
That hereafter the Gods reject not thy pray'r!

Second Virgin. Whatever their sin, whatever their guilt,
Tis atoned by the oceans of blood we have spilt!
Chorus of Virgins. Turn hither thy glances, now stiffen'd in death,
And warm them to life in humanity's breath!
Hild. From me, what would you? He the flames who kindled
Must quench them—Do you deem me Attila?
Is't mine to hinder what his rage commands?
People. Oh, then, have mercy, thou God of all Grace!
Hild. So right—Invoke your God—but dare not hope!
Superior to all Gods is Attila.
Attempt to curse him—You have my permission—
A curse weighs heavier than lead, but lights not
Upon the Scourge of God!
Mass Priest. This Attila,
In the Mediator's holy name, I curse!
A Woman. Away to death! Compassion dwells not here!
(*The Aquileians go off wailing.*)
Hild. Compassion dwells not here—No! nought save vengeance!
Oh, hear them, ye avengers of blood-guilt!
Dark Pow'rs! hear every curse 'gainst Attila,
Collecting them in one fierce lightning-flash,
To blast the audacious sinner!
Chorus of Virgins. Thou art dreadful!

A discussion now arises between the Princess and her Virgins, who would fain persuade her to resume the soft nature and occupations of women. She reminds them of her irresistible reasons for abhorring Attila, who had not only conquered and desolated her native land, killing her father, the Burgundian monarch, but had beheaded her betrothed bridegroom, Walter, who was in his power as a hostage for the fidelity of the Burgundians. This part of the dialogue is written in short trochaics. Indeed, no writer with whom we are acquainted varies his metre so incessantly as Werner. We shall, in our translations, so far imitate these changes as to give some idea of their effect. One of the Virgins says soothingly to her mistress,

Weep not!
Hild. Senseless maidens! are not
Tears a luxury, for ever
Strangled in this aching bosom?
Chorus of Virgins. Tearless woman! How terrific!

Hildegunde dwells upon the detail of her sorrows, and answers the attempts made by the Chorus to console her, by bursting out wildly and solemnly in anapæsts—

Then by night to the grove of the Druids I crept,
And devoted to vengeance his still bleeding head!
Whilst the leaves from the oaks by a whirlwind were swept,
And from heaven the stars as in terror had fled;
Renouncing compassion, and tears, and life's bloom,
To foster an anguish eternal I vow'd,
And bargain'd for vengeance to brighten the gloom!
My oath in the abyss was recorded—allow'd!
(*Hoarsely and slowly.*) From the horrid cavern
Black they rose and bloody,
Thus in yells replying,
"Attila is thine!"
Chorus of Virgins. The very life-blood freezes in my veins!
Hild. "Is thine, not ours—Thyself art ours!" So rang
Responsive midnight—I departed—calm.
First Vir. Terrible calmness! Rather let me rush
Amidst the horrors of the raging fight!
Hild. Since then I can no longer weep, or slumber,
Or joy—Murder I can—that's all—and think.

First Vir. Oh, the icy depths of thought!
Must not light's warm splendour thaw them?
Sec. Vir. Tears and slumber, who has lost them
Is the dark Power's own!
Chorus of Virgins. Woe! Woe!

Hildegunde now calmly explains, that what most annoys her in Attila, is the portion of virtue and high intellect he has received from the Gods of Light; that she strives hard to plunge him deeper in cruelty; that she defends him in battle, and sedulously tends him when wounded, lest he should die the death of honour, purposing to revenge her own and her country's wrongs, by murdering him herself, when he shall be drunk with blood and arrogance, incapable of even a late repentance, and thus be certainly doomed to eternal torments. She is interrupted by the entrance of a Hun warrior, bearing Wodan's sword, who says, with solemn pathos,

Attila comes—The Scourge of God!

We must here observe, that Werner's stage directions exceed in minuteness all we have ever met with: we shall generally take the liberty of condensing, when we do not omit them. Some, however, like the present, are indispensable, inasmuch as it is probable that neither actor nor reader could supply them. The pathos with which the Hunnish army is frequently instructed to speak, is meant, we imagine, to intimate a kind of sympathetic sense of the awfulness of Attila's assumed character of the Scourge of God—Attila enters, well accompanied, and says;

So Aquileia too is master'd—Well!
Now, Huns, for Rome! The road is clear'd.
Huns (joyfully.) To Rome!
Att. I thank you—Ye fought well.
A Warrior (looking steadfastly at Attila.) We saw the lion.
Att. Who was't first scaled the ramparts?
Many Voices. Valamir.
Att. (to Valamir, who stands at a distance.) Come hither!
Valamir (approaching.) My Commander!
Att. Heaps of gold
I might bestow, but know thee better.—Gold
Delights not either of us—Give thy hand,
My friend, brother in arms!
Val. Now am I steel!
Huns. Attila's friend!
Att. Fell many in the assault?
Val. Seven thousand—
Att. With their fathers in Walhalla
They drink, and revel at great Wodan's feast.—
Were there within the city captive Huns,
Now by our arms released?
Val. Yes.
Att. Summon them.—
(*A Warrior goes out—Attila observes Hildegunde.*)
First, art thou here?
Hild. My King!
Att. A noble girl
Art thou—still valiant in assault or battle.
(*Quite calmly and unconsciously.*)
Such was thy countryman, brave Walter.
Hild. (violently shocked, but commanding herself.) Hah!
Att. (not observing her agitation.) Deeply it grieved me, that with treachery
His fair renown he stain'd, and I, by justice,
(I had forgiven) was forced to take his life.
Hild. (unconcernedly.) 'Twas forfeited.
Att. I dearly loved the youth.
Thou knew'st him?

Hild. (*very calmly.*) As one knows the flashing lightning.
Att. Thou wilt be truer?
Hild. True to Hell's abyss.
Att. (*to Odoacer.*) My pupil, too?
Odoacer. My lord, Burgundians swear;
I swear not, but will act.
Att. A gallant boy!
Say, father Edecon, am I not rich?
Edecon. Man's rich, when to a little earth his wants
Are limited—Truth fails—save death, nought's true.

Hildegunde now asks Attila's orders for putting to death a troop of old men, women, and children, who have taken refuge in a cavern. He exclaims—

Steadfast as man art thou!—But no! Compassion
Is strength's best sanction. Thou art but a woman!
Hild. My king!
Att. The wretches shelter'd in the cave
Shall find protection. Let none injure them!
Have not their kindred fall'n ingloriously?
That is sufficient misery.
Hild. Indeed!

A deputation of citizens, led by the Mass Priest, as he is designated, come to sue for mercy. Attila, upon their own confession, convicts the Aquileians of having broken their faith to himself, and the priest of having burnt two Huns who would not kneel to the host. He in consequence rejects the prayers of the first, and orders the priest to be thrown into the flames of the blazing town. His little son, Irnak, now advances with the words—

Father, dear father, see how bright it burns!
Att. (*taking him in his arms.*) When thou'rt a man, boy, wilt thou beat these Romans?
Irnak. Aye, father.
Att. Wilt to Romans kneel, like those?
Irn. No, father, nor to thee thyself.
Att. My son
Art thou. And dost thou joy in yonder flames?
Irn. Yes—yet I know not—Mother Ospira,
Whom in her bed we laid beneath the hill
At home, she could not bear to hear poor men
Shriek so amidst the flames.
Att. (*deeply moved, aside.*) Mine Ospira!
(*Aloud.*) Cease plundering, and quench the flames! You dogs,
(*To the kneeling citizens*) for once I spare your lives, the lives of all
Who yet remain; but tempt my wrath again,
And heavily the Scourge shall fall upon you!
Citizens. God save the gracious King!
(*They rise joyfully, and hurry off.*)
A Hun (*insolently to Attila.*) Wherefore spare these?
Att. (*running his sword through him.*) That, for thine answer!
Chorus of Druids. Merciful as just
Is Wodan's sword. He who ingloriously
Has fall'n, fled, like a dastard, from the fight.
Att. (*aside, looking upon the dead body.*) Too sudden! Yet durst he, son of the dust,
Check mercy's course?—And her, too, have I wrong'd—
(*Aloud.*) Thou, Hildegunde!
Hild. My royal lord.
Att. Just now
I harshly spoke to thee—harshly to thee,
My wounds' kind leech—Forgive! Forgive me too
The punishment of thine offending people,
Thy father's death in battle—He 'gainst faith
Too recklessly had sinn'd.

Hild. Whate er thou dost
Is just, oh King. The father's injuries
Thou hast atoned in kindness to the daughter.
Att. Deeply I grieved at what on the Burgundians,
A kindred nation, I was ev'n compell'd
To execute. But they, the high Gods know it,
Too much had outraged justice. 'Tis mine office,
My heavy office 'tis, the iron Scourge,
Retributory Justice wields, to guide.
Hild. (*pointing after the citizens.*) Yet these unpunish'd?
Att. Not free men are they,
As were thy countrymen. The Romans' slaves
Are scarcely human. In Walhalla now
Thy fathers sit. But what than life more precious
Have slaves? Good maiden, thou need'st rest—retire.

Hildegunde and her virgins withdraw. The newly-enfranchised Huns are brought in, when Attila rewards the deserving, and punishes the cowardly. He next says he will sit in judgment; for which purpose he takes Wodan's sword, and asks of the Druids,—

Who is accused?
Druid. Caius, a Roman slave. (*Caius is brought forward in chains.*)
Att. (*to Caius.*) What is thy crime?
Druid. Calumnious words 'gainst thee.
Att. Slaves' words are neither praise nor calumny—
He's free. Trifles like these bring not before me.
(*Caius is unchained, and retires.*)
Druid. The warrior Cuno, who the God of gods
Blasphemed! (*Cuno is brought forward in chains.*)
Att. I know him—he is still a youth.
His mouth may have blasphemed, but in the fight
His arm did God good service.—Go; thou'rt free.
(*Cuno is unchained, and retires*)
Druid. How, the blasphemer?
Att. Priest, 'tis thou blasphem'st!
Can man, weak man, forgive, and not the Gods?
Further.
Druid. A woman of adultery guilty.
(*A young Woman brought forward in chains. Her mother follows.*)
Att. Speak, didst thou freely choose the man to whom
Thou'rt bound in wedlock?
Y. Woman. No—I was constrain'd.
Att. Constrain'd by whom?
Y. Woman. My mother.
Att. Didst thou thus?
Mother. Deny't I may not.
Att. Bring th' adulterer. (*A young Hun brought in unbound.*)
Knew'st thou the man thou hast dishonour'd? Speak.
Many Warriors. Brothers in arms they were.
Att. Slay him with cudgels,
Friendship if he profaned. Thou'rt free, young woman;
Thou ne'er wast wedded to a man thy choice
Had not preferr'd. Scourge to the Roman camp
The husband, a weak wretch, who could not win
The love of woman, to man's energy
Ever a willing tribute. Drown the mother;
For worse than murder is't to force affection,
That sportive fruit of life's exuberance.
(*Whilst he speaks, the young Woman is unbound and retires. The young Man and the Mother are chained and led off.*)
Druid. Ulfo, a youth, who has seduced a maiden.
(*A Youth in chains, and a Maiden unbound, brought forward.*)

Att. (*after looking keenly at them.*) Free him—he is seduced. The girl slay gently.
With life what should she, when life's fairest flower,
Her innocence, has wither'd?
Druid. The weak girl!
Att. Not weak—in purity's defence most strong
Is woman. She is guilty.
The Maiden (*springing upon the Youth's neck.*) Thou art saved!
Youth. Oh, let me die for her!
Att. You both are free!
Nature herself united you; ne'er part;
But with a hero-race enrich your country.
(*The Youth and Maiden, when he is unbound, go off joyfully, arm in arm.*)
Druid. Spear-hurling, Wladimir——
Att. He too accused!
Druid. Of perjury.
Att. Great Gods! (*Wladimir is brought forward in chains.*)
What! thou forsworn!
Wlad. (*kneeling and clasping Attila's knees.*) My king, my father!
Att. As my son, I loved thee,
And gladsomely beheld thy noble deeds.
But of all sins is perjury the blackest,
For in the Truth blazes eternal light.
Speak, art thou guilty?
Wlad. Yes!
Att. Come to mine arms!
(*Embraces him with great emotion, then turns to the Warriors.*)
Take him, and let wild horses tear him piecemeal.
(*Wladimir is led off; Attila looks after him with profound anguish.*)
An arduous office 'tis, to be a Judge.
Druid. A fratricide——
Att. (*starting in agitation from his seat.*) Dissolved is the tribunal!
Take this—(*Gives back Wodan's sword—aside.*) Oh! I too am a fratricide!
A Warrior (*advancing.*) Ambassadors from Rome, who——
Att. Not to-day!
War. They urgently entreat——
Att. Well—let them come. (*Warrior goes out.*)
Yes, I must punish, for I must atone!
(*Avienus and other Roman Patricians appear, and kneel before Attila.*)
Avienus. Oh! conqueror of the world——
Att. What you can say
I know—Be silent! Prating nought avails!
Say to your phantom Emperor, Attila,
In violated human nature's name,
Commands; the plunder from all nations' marrow
That Rome has suck'd and drain'd, she shall disgorge;
She, who of strength has treacherously despoil'd
The world, shall be down-trampled in the dust!—
Speak not of gifts, of tribute, or of prayers!
The Scourge of God hastens to Rome, to judge;
The next new moon sees Rome annihilated,
Sees bloody retribution for shed blood!
(*He hurries off. The Roman Ambassadors retire, confounded.*)

The Second Act transports us to Rome. The Imperial Princess Honoria, in a soliloquy, in the unusual form of a sonnet, wonders at herself for having fallen in love with Attila. She is visited by the holy Pontiff Leo, to whom, in confession, she reveals her attachment. He observes that he has long known it, and says of Attila,

'Tis guilt when man *wills* much. This Attila,
God's Scourge who is, *wills* to be merciful.

Just, merciful at once—'twere to be God;
And therefore is he guilty.

Hon. Oh such guilt——

Leo. To thee seems innocence? It will be so,
In peace if end the struggle. Love's warm glow
When didst thou first perceive?

Hon. Know I myself
How 'twas enkindled?

Leo. No, thou canst not know it! (*With sudden energy.*)
'Twas kindled when God's thought form'd Attila
And thee, and that thought's life became eternal!

Hon. Thy countenance is dazzling!

Leo. I have sinned
Deeply, unveiling mysteries! My child,
Speak thou of worldly things, that I may rest me.

Honoria now relates that she was charmed by Attila's interfering to procure for her the Principality bequeathed her by her father, and withheld by her mother and brother. In the terror caused by his menacing approach, the Court had, it seems, promised to transfer her Sovereignty to her, and to pay her Champion tribute; but had violated both promises after his retreat. She is ashamed of entertaining tender sentiments for a barbarous Heathen, whilst the Saint, in his mysterious answer, seems to approve of her love, and scarcely to regard Attila as a Heathen. Avienus joins them, upon his return from his unsuccessful mission; when Honoria eagerly questions him about Attila, and Leo about the state of affairs. He answers as if unconscious of the impending dangers which his careless replies indicate. From such discourse the Princess is summoned to attend the Imperial Court assembling for purposes of diversion. The next scene, exhibiting those Roman vices and follies, which at once drew down the wrath of the Scourge of God, and stamped with futility every attempt to resist or divert the inflictions of that wrath, we translate, as amongst Werner's happiest efforts. But as Aëtius plays a principal part in it, being indeed one of the best-drawn characters in the Tragedy, it is proper to preface his introduction with the remark, that our author considers his name, upon the authority of contemporary Latin poets, as a word of four syllables, writing it Aëtius, in which we of course follow him. The Minor Emperor Valentinian and his Court are engaged in various sports, including tennis, it should seem. Valentinian thus addresses Heraclius, the Byzantine envoy:

Even or odd?

Heraclius. Odd.

Valen. Even! Mine!—This tires me—
Is't not to-day we've warrior games?

Herac. It is.

Valen. I love the glittering helmets—but my crown
Shines far the brightest.—General!

Aetius (*without moving.*) My Lord!

Valen. What think'st thou is the value of this ruby?
(*Pointing to one in his crown.*)

Aetius. Why, I should think some myriads of pearls
Wrung from thy subjects' eyes.

Valen. How mean'st thou that?

Herac. The General banters. (*He and the Emperor play on.*)

(*The* Empress Mother *comes in conversing with* Avienus, *attended by* Honoria *and her Suite.*)

Empress. 'Tis not possible!

Avie. Great Empress——

Emp. Thou, of our Imperial Court
The Envoy, so contemptuously repulsed!

Avie. It is a Hunnish King.

Emp. I am confounded.

Herac. (*who has resigned his place to Honoria, advancing.*) Illustrious——

Emp. My son!
Herac. (*aside.*) She does not hear!
Aetius (*aside.*) She now, methinks, perceives she has play'd false.
Shall I be call'd upon to save the game?
Herac. So idle, General?
Aetius. Far from't—I'm playing.
Herac. At what?
Aetius. At Hide-and-seek.—Is not that game
Play'd in Byzantium by your Emperor?
Herac. You jest!
Aetius. Jests while away a vacant hour.
Valen. (*to whom the Empress has been earnestly whispering.*)
Be easy, gracious mother—Hast thou not
Still said the Roman Empire is eternal?
Then wherefore fear its ruin?
Emp. Empty comfort!
Valen. (*returning to the table.*) How stands the game?
Hon. The throw is thine.
Valen. I've lost! (*Throws down the dice-box impatiently.*)
Thou ever winn'st!—Come, tennis! (*Goes to the back of the stage.*)
Emp. Avienus!
Avie. Most gracious!
Emp. Urgent is our need—Give counsel.
Avie. I almost think it seems advisable
Something were done—But what?
Emp. Thou'rt first i' th' Senate.
Avie. At the Court's service.—A long serving servant.
Emp. Counsel me then.
Avie. In such distressful wars,
What can be done?—In peace—aye, that is different?
Each in his separate post then does his best,
Mending, and patching, and, if't be God's will,
All flourishes sufficiently.—But now——
Emp. Well—now?
Avie. The Hun is at our gates, again
We can but weigh what we must promise him,
What promises, when made, we must fulfil.
Emp. Speak lower—we have listeners.
Herac. (*approaching Aetius.*) Her good Grace
Appears much heated.
Aetius. Possibly with fasting.
Herac. (*slily.*) The Consul seems no bearer of good tidings.
Aetius. Appearances deceive.
Herac. 'Tis whisper'd here
Attila scarce admitted him to audience.
Aetius. That's sad.
Herac. Listen'd not——
Aetius. Most irregular.
Herac. A statesman of such worth!
Aetius. A worthy man
And broad, is Avienus. But I doubt
Attila's tent has but a narrow door,
So broad a Consul never could get in.
Herac. The Hun may in three days be here!
Aetius. What then?
Why fearest thou? He preys not upon hares!
Herac. (*offended.*) Gen'ral!
Aetius. Nor I.
Herac. Wherefore contend?
Aetius (*disdainfully.*) With thee?

Heraclius now, in the name of the Emperor of the East, allegorically invites Aëtius to seize upon the Empire of the West. He scornfully rejects the

proposal. The Empress, meanwhile, turns from Avienus with expressions of contempt for the whole Senate, and calls Heraclius to a whispering conference. Aëtius accosts Avienus—

How goes it, Consul?
Avie. Always well, thank Heaven.
Aetius. Thou seem'st so lively—Has the King of Huns
Cured all thy gouty pains?
Avie. What should one do? (*Joins the Courtiers.*)
Aetius. Is that a living creature? Surely not.
Herac. It is impossible, most gracious Lady,
Mine Emp'ror now should send an army hither.
Emp. Our last hope—gone!
Herac. Immeasurably I'm grieved——
Emp. Our brother of Byzantium for our need
Has then—but words?
Herac. Pardon me, mighty Empress;
But our bright Oriental Sun in night
Is now enshrouded, veil'd in clouds of tears
For Rome's lot, and our own.
Emp. Mere rhetoric spare me!
Herac. The East's all-powerful Emperor is himself
Enfeebled by the Huns' success. Our treas'ry
Scarce yields a wretched pay to those few troops
Who must defend our yet remaining lands;
And scarce supports the Court's magnificence.
Emp. Then no auxiliaries?
Herac. Perchance, hereafter——
Emp. If the wind changes, you, with it, will change!
Go, Greeks, ye're false!
Herac. God shield us from such guilt!
Emp. You will do nothing!
Herac. Save by our mediation,
Attempt from Rome's destruction to dissuade
The Huns. Such was my mission.
Aetius. What, mediation!
The only remedy's an arm, a head;
With these can the East's Emperor assist us?
Valen. (*hurrying forward.*) Wearisome tennis! Quick, a dance of slaves!
Emp. (*aside to him reproachfully.*) My son!
(*Valentinian, without attending to her, rejoins his Courtiers at the back of the stage, where male and female slaves dance to music during the following dialogue.*)
Hon. (*aside.*) Upon the abyss's brink they reel!

An Officer of the Pretorian Cohorts comes in.

Officer. A warrior from Ravenna.
Emp. Let him enter. (*Officer goes out.*)
(*Aside anxiously.*) What tidings will he bring!

A Young Knight comes in.

Knight. Most gracious empress—— (*Hesitating.*)
Emp. Thy countenance speaks evil.
Knight. And speaks truth.
Ravenna now is—Attila's!
Emp. (*sinks, fainting, upon a seat.*) Oh, God!
Hon. (*springing to her aid.*) My mother!
Emp. Off, girl!—Valentinian! Hear'st thou?
Ravenna's lost!
Valen. 'Tis pity—The gay town,
With all its thousand glittering steeples!—Slaves,
Play merrily to cheer me! (*Returning to the dancers.*)

Emp. (*looking after him.*) He's serene!
Herac. So young a monarch, with such strength of soul!
Aetius (*bitterly.*) Hereditarily.
Emp. How fell Ravenna?
Knight. The Prefect, ere the foe approach'd, had fled.
Emp. The shameful dastard!
Aetius. The patrician Quintus;
He cannot look on blood, but has no fellow
In basket-weaving.
Emp. (*impatiently.*) Forward with thy tale!
Knight. We other younger knights assembled men,
As best we might, and by the citizens
Were faithfully supported. We fought stoutly—
But had no general—and were defeated.
Emp. 'Tis the last town!
Knight. Six thousand bravely died;
Three thousand, with ten eagles, were made captive.
Emp. And Attila?
Knight. I saw the King of Huns
Enter Ravenna's gates. No, on the like
Mine eye ne'er gazed!
Hon. (*aside.*) Fortunate man!
Knight. Encircled
By heroes' sons, he trode the bloody path,
Calm, simple. Him to crown the sunbeams glow'd!
We, hatred-swelling, when his glance we saw,—
That glance, whilst punishing, seem'd to forgive us.
Hatred durst not approach him, no, nor love.
Childlike serene, and yet unfathomable,
He seem'd an Angel, Death's, Salvation's herald!
Hon. (*aside.*) Oh, God!
Avie. 'Tis singular! I saw him too,
But of all this nothing did I observe!
Emp. No idle talk! What were his deeds?
Knight. The Prefect,
Whom flying he had seized, he hung, with those
Who, without wounds, surrender'd; undisturb'd
He left the other citizens.
Aetius. 'Twas like him!
Emp. And thou—thou fled'st?
Knight. Not I! Before him brought
With other captives, he observed the cut
Upon my cheek and brow, received i'th' storm;
Then, calm and grave, he utter'd kindly words,
That, touching only me, were here superfluous.
The end was, Thou art free. Say to the Romans,
By next new moon I keep my word with Rome.
Herac. The next new moon?
Aetius (*significantly.*) That's in two days.
Knight. Then will he——
Emp. Away! Thou art bewitch'd.
Knight. I saw the hero. (*Retires with a bow.*)
Herac. Insolent language!
Aetius. Aye; for courtly sports
That youth's unfit. In battle, none are better.
Attila knows his men.
Emp. Lord General,
Of yore, thy counsel ever was the best.
Aetius. Of yore—was't?
Emp. (*aside.*) Overbearing!—(*Aloud.*) Aid us now!
Aetius. Remember'd now!
Emp. What's to be done?

Aetius. Oh much!
Open the gates, trim up th' old Capitol,
Train the musicians, dress the virgins, and then
To meet, adroitly, the world's conqueror
With laurel wreaths, that he may deign t' allow
Us, Romans, still to vegetate; and so on.
Emp. (*aside.*) I cannot stand it. How I hate the man!
Aetius (*to Heraclius.*) Is not the emperor dancing?
Pretorian Officer (*hurrying in.*) Flying Tuscans
Throng to the Capitol. Latium is ravaged.
The Huns despoil, destroy whate'er resists!

Roman People press in.

People. Oh, emperor, help us!
Valen. (*hurrying distressfully forward.*) Can I help myself?
Emp. (*aside to Valentinian.*) Love not thyself, my son! (*Aloud to the people.*) Children, be easy!
Go home! All will be well.
Valen. I think so too.
Play on there. (*Returns to the dancers.*)
People. God have mercy upon us!
(*They disperse, bewailing themselves.*)
Emp. Aëtius! my friend Aëtius,—
(*Aside*) That I might rather strangle him!—(*Aloud*) I own
Thou'rt not, according to thy merits, guerdon'd;
Through accident, through a deplored mistake,
To thee the general's staff was not intrusted.
Aetius (*with a bitter laugh.*) Whether I had accepted——
Emp. General,
We know that on the Catalaunian field
Rome was by thee preserved. Save her once more!
Aetius. Where *is* Rome?—In your marble palaces?
Rome *is* where Romans *are*. Where now are Romans?
The Roman for his country lived and died;
We live and die—wherefore none know!—The Roman
Went from the plough to triumphs. From defeat
We to down couches fly!—Cocles his hand
To ashes burnt; into the yawning gulf
Plunged Curtius; Brutus slew a cherish'd father;
Cato in chains died free.—Why? For the thought
For which they lived! They lived indeed, and therefore
They died!—We die, not having lived—'tis easier.
Avie. The wondrous heroes!
Aetius. Consul, think'st thou so?
Might they, perchance, as scribes have served thy turn?
Emp. The Roman people have indeed sunk low!
Aetius. Blame not the people! If degenerate,
They are but what you make them. Ev'n degen'rate,
They still are Romans. And the troops—by God!—
The troops are good and brave! At Catalaunia
The Huns perceived that I commanded Romans!
The spark sleeps in the flint; but must be waken'd
By steel, not wisps of straw.
Herac. Bold images!

* * * *

Aetius. Who here can boast of property?—A crowd
Of revelling, corrupt, and titled idlers;
Illusive lights that glitter but in swamps,
Amongst whom strength's a fable! And is this
The glorious country of the elder Romans?
Great God! when men yet call'd thee Jupiter,

Like thee Rome wielded thunderbolts—On parchment
By scribblers now pourtray'd!
Herac. So amongst us
The discontented murmur.
Aetius. Lords of the East,
Be ye content! Yours the prerogative
'Midst bad to be the worst. And shall they help you,
Like cobwebs who're by Attila destroy'd?
Much good may't do you, so I be excused!
Emp. In our necessity wilt thou forsake us?
Aetius. My laurels, earn'd with blood in many a fight,
I'm not disposed to forfeit.
Emp. Valentinian!
(*Aside to her son.*) Aëtius deserts us, and we're lost;
Go thou, sue to thy slave—I cannot do't!
Valen. Thou leave us!
Aetius. Mine ever gracious Emperor,
I take permission to my patrimony,
At fair Frascati, to retire, and there,
Like better men, will I plant cabbages,
If laurels thrive not. Attila, my playmate,
When by his royal father Mundzuch I,
A tender boy, was to Pannonia taken
As hostage for Rome's faith—to his youth's friend
Attila will not grudge a spot of earth
Where I of Rome's celebrity—may dream.
Emp. Flouted!—I must despair!
Many Courtiers. What fearful clamours!
Pretorian Officer (*rushing in.*) The Gothic Legions are in mutiny,
And claim their pay, threatening to sack the town!
Valen. (*clinging in distress to the Empress.*) Oh, mother!
Aetius (*aside.*) Glorious!

Gothic Legionaries press in tumultuously.

Goths (*authoritatively to Aetius.*) General, our pay!
Aetius. Wherefore to me?—Am I the army's chief?
A Goth. We know thee since the Catalaunian fight.
Aetius. That is forgotten.—There's your Emperor.
Goths (*surrounding Valentinian.*) Emperor, our pay!
Emp. Consul!
Avie. The treas'ry's empty.
Goths (*presenting their spears to the Emperor and Empress.*) Or pay, or death!
Emperor and Empress. Woe's me!
Aetius (*aside.*) I am avenged!
(*Aloud.*) My fellow soldiers, think ye I would lie?
A Goth. Thou knowest death!—thou ly'st not!
Aetius. Take this ring,
Shew it my treasurer, and he will give you
Pay for to-day.—'Tis of my warlike gains
The last, and leaves me naked as yourselves.
Goth. And for to-morrow?——
Aetius. Will the gracious Emperor——
Goth. Good!—Thou'rt a man!—To-morrow, if unpaid,
We set the town on fire, and join the Huns.

(*They go off tumultuously.*)

Emp. (*with painful effort, to Aetius.*) I thank thee!
Valen. Thou hast saved us!—Thou art ours!
Is it not so?
Aetius (*laughing with scarcely disguised contempt.*) Mine Emperor, the ruby,
Thy crown's bright ornament, still is it there?
Valen. He laughs—he's reconciled—he is our own!

Emp. Dare I believe it?
Aetius (*laughing aloud.*) Emperor, odd or even?
Valen. Even.
Aetius (*haughtily.*) No, odd. I've won.
Valen. He plays!—He joins us!
Emp. Indeed?—Then Rome is free!
Valen. Rejoice, ye slaves! (*Rejoins the Dancers.*)
The dance becomes more riotous—LEO *suddenly appears.*
Courtiers (*with an outcry.*) The holy Bishop Leo!
Emp. (*aside.*) Most unseasonably!

Leo addresses to the dissolute Court a longish sermon in the classical hexameter, resembling, in matter, though not in manner, Aëtius's vituperative speeches. The Bishop particularizes, as a breach of faith towards Attila, the continued detention of Honoria's inheritance, and ends by falling into the usual conversational measure, to say, as he retires,

Thus speaks the Lord!—For me, I seek my cell.
Many Courtiers. I shudder!
Emp. To such lengths is't come, Honoria,
That for thine interests the Roman realm,
Thine own ancestral house, must be destroy'd?
Hon. Oh, mother mine, I'm guiltless!
Emp. Lead the Princess
To the state-prison. There mayst thou reflect,
If Rome's eternal empire, for the sake
Of thine inheritance, should be o'erthrown.
Hon. (*kneeling to Valentinian.*) Thou, mine Imperial brother!—
Valen. (*raising her courteously.*) Gracious sister,
I love thee heartily! yet must thou go;
Such sacrifice the state demands!—(*Aside to the Empress.*) Was't right?
Hon. (*aside.*) Bloody the wounds that hands of kindred deal!
Mine Attila!—Can wounds like mine e'er heal? (*She is led off.*)
Emp. Go, serpent, at my bosom that wast rear'd,
Thou whom I ever hated, I will tame thee!
Valen. I hate her too. Why must she always win?
Pretorian Officer (*hurrying in.*) The warder on the tower announces troops
Advancing—'tis the Huns' vanguard. They flout us.
All (*except Aetius.*) Jesu Maria!
Roman and Gothic Warriors burst clamorously in.
Warriors (*tumultuously to the Emperor and Empress.*) Battle!—Give command
For instant battle!—Else we murder you!
Emp. (*loudly and pathetically.*) Rome is in danger! In your Emperor's name,
Dictator I proclaim Rome's chiefest hero,
The mightiest Aëtius; and none
Except himself, not ev'n the Emperor,
In army or in city shall bear sway!—
Give him thy sceptre, Emperor, and soon
From his true hands thou'lt gloriously receive it.
Valen. (*holding out his sceptre.*) There!
Emp. Peace!—Ye Romans, long live our Dictator!
All (*except Aetius.*) Long may he live!
Aetius (*aside, with irrepressible vehemence.*) Dictator—I?—One step,
One arduous step remains, and all is won!
(*Aloud and authoritatively, having taken the sceptre from Valentinian.*)
I am Dictator, Romans!—You'll obey!
I now seek Attila, and on the morrow,
If on the morrow he still lives, am with you;
Till then, be tranquil.—Death to mutineers!

Murmurs amongst the Warriors.

No words! I lead you to a sacred battle!
Now, Romans, are ye strong, for I am with you,
Vict'ry with us!—The Heathen Monarch falls!
—To me a precious sacrifice!—But fall
He must!

A Page (entering.) The Circus Games——

Valen. Thank God!—Farewell.

(*Hurries gaily off, followed by many Courtiers.*)

Emp. Thy meaning have I caught?

Aetius (aside.) Now, God forbid!

Herac. (aside.) He triumphs!

Emp. To my chamber follow me;
Thou too, Ambassador.

Aetius (to the Romans.) And you, begone!

Romans (as they go off.) Rome and Aëtius!

Aetius (calling after them.) Aëtius and Rome!

Emp. (leading Aetius and Heraclius forward, significantly.) Prepared although ye be for manly deeds,
'Tis woman who by wisdom best succeeds!
The serpent fattens on the tiger's spoils,
Creeping unmark'd, till round his neck she coils.

With this sweetly feminine speech her Majesty carries off the Dictator and Ambassador, and closes the Second Act.

The Third passes in Attila's camp near Rome, where the Huns are preparing to be reviewed, and Aëtius arriving, thus soliloquizes:—

Strong men select an object of desire,
A single object, staking cheerfully
Life—every thing, to gain it. Why not friendship,
That's but a toy?—Perchance a dream—at most.
If of this Hun I've dreamt, he was to me
More than all other beings; what in youth
Do we not dream?—Often in dreams I've pray'd;
Worship I therefore aught save mine own will?
And my will's object, since I've power to will,
Has been the crown of Rome, and of the world.
One only step remains; take it I must.
Therefore, were I a Devil?—No, friend Conscience!
The Devil fell, because, with will infirm,
He midway falter'd,—he had else been God!
Away, delusive jugglery of feeling!
My will is God.—The world endures but one.
If Attila will yield—'tis well! If not—
Over his corse I climb the throne!

Heraclius *comes in hurriedly and timidly.*

Herac. He's won!

Aetius. Who?

Herac. The Hun's Chamberlain. Rejoice, my friend!

Aetius (aside.) Existed friendship, were that shadow more
Than mine own fancy's vision, I were sure
Ashamed, and went away.

Herac. What mutter'st thou?

Aetius. Mine airy friend, thy story.

Herac. When I gave him
The Empress' letter, he made difficulties;
But pound by pound when I weigh'd out the gold,
Shew'd in the background posts of honour courting
His choice, it struck him that a native Roman—
(Thou know'st he's a deserter to the Huns?)

Aetius. He ever was a scoundrel—that I know.

Herac. To the Imperial house was bound in faith,
In gratitude, and such like——
Aetius (aside.) Were that aught,
Could he, whose nothingness is less than nothing,
Ev'n speak on't? No, 'tis a mere dream.—Proceed.
Herac. All is arranged. Our Chamberlain prepares,
With what the Empress sent him, the King's cup
Against the mid-day meal. Sure is the drug,
But slow. We, ere it works, are safe in Rome,
And the glad tidings shall at sunrise wake us,—
Attila's dead!
Aetius (with a shriek.) Is dead!—*(Aside, striking his breast.)* Peace, rebel, nothing!

Aëtius now threatens Heraclius with death, if Attila tastes the cup until he, Aëtius, gives the command, which command will depend upon the result of a private conference betwixt the former brothers in arms; and hurries off, when Attila's approach is announced, to strengthen himself for the interview. Attila then appears, issuing orders and instructions relative to the storming of Rome next morning, and reproving and correcting all irregularities. The leaders disperse, and young Odoacer requests permission to storm with his single division. Attila smilingly asks his old preceptor,

Mine Edecon, didst thou, in boyhood, ask
The moon from heaven?
Edecon. No. The height I measured.
Att. (to Odoacer.) And he became a hero.
Odoacer. Father, mine——
Att. In heroism are blent strength and reflection.
Edecon. Like man and wife.
Att. (sighing deeply.) No—not so. That is more.
(Sinks into meditation.)
Odoacer. Thou'rt anger'd—Hear'st not?
Att. (recollecting himself.) Aye—About thy work.
Edecon (aside.) 'Tis strange!
Att. (aside.) Like man and wife.—Oh, Ospira!

This sentimental fit lasts throughout the scene, not interfering, however, with military preparations. Attila grants his favourite's request; and, when he is gone, tells Edecon that in Odoacer they will have a worthy leader after his, Attila's, own death, an internal voice telling him that his son Irnak will not be his heir.

The next scene shews us Hildegunde embroidering, and Irnak making arrows, in Attila's tent. Attila joins them, plays with his son, and comments upon the Amazon's work, which, embodying the Empress's metaphor, represents a tiger rending a lion, and himself about to be destroyed by a serpent. After much enigmatical discussion, he says,

'Tis womanish—yet just. Why throttles he
Right's image—royal power?—Thou hast done well.

He then reverts to Hildegunde's tender nursing; and upon recovering from an agony of feeling, into which she throws him by mentioning his having slain his brother in battle, proposes to marry her, as she resembles Ospira in kindness. Hildegunde asks,

Thou lov'dst her?
Att. By her side I still was happy,
If that be love. A Bard of love who sang,
Said, 'Tis a lightning flash, that, cleft in twain,
Kindles two hearts originally one,
Uniting them in purifying flames.
Such fires I never felt for Ospira.

Nor for any one else, it should seem, unless it be Honoria, whom this Hun

Platonist has never seen. Of this shadowy rival he desires Hildegunde not to be jealous, and she, hardly concealing her horrible joy, accepts his hand. The royal party sit down upon the ground, to breakfast out of a wooden bowl, when Byzantine Ambassadors are announced, at whose head appears our friend Heraclius. Attila neither changes his position, nor interrupts his meal, during the audience, treating the Embassy with sovereign contempt. Aëtius next enters, and is received with transport by the friend of his youth. They are left alone at the request of Aëtius; who then impetuously urges Attila to renounce his designs against Rome. Attila observes that Aëtius himself had, during their early companionship, invoked him to be

Humanity's preserver, Rome's destroyer!
Then did I swear unto the Gods and thee,
My life, and all life's joys, to sacrifice,
So to humanity I might procure
Justice, and vengeance on the world's proud tyrant.
I've kept mine oath.—Through twenty arduous years
I've fought, not for myself, but for the world!
Before me flew the lightning of those Gods
Whom Roman arrogance exasperated!
To the oppress'd have I been an avenger,
A rigid judge to the degenerate,
Who view the rising or the setting sun.
What it has cost me—Let that pass!—Enough!
I am, and I remain, the Scourge of God.

* * * * *

Aetius. Renounce the dreams of boyhood! Thou and I,
We are the world. What else so terms itself
Is but our stage. Mankind are puppets—Virtue,
Duty,—they are tinsel gauds! The earth is large,
For both sufficient—What thou hast retain,
(Already thou hast much)—leave me the rest.
That, by the God within me, I must have!
Att. Mine own Aëtius, fearfully ill
Art thou!—But now no more. It is high noon,
Those Byzantines, though wretches, are my guests,
And for them is the hospitable banquet
Prepared. Partake our meal. A temperate cup,
In friendship quaff'd, will to ourselves restore us.

* * * * *

Aetius. Could I still love, it were thyself; and yet—
Smile not—thyself, too, I could murder!
Att. Boys,
We laugh'd at fears; and shall I, as a man,
Tremble at phantoms?—To the banquet, come!
Aetius (*falling at Attila's feet.*) Attila, here I lie! Clasping thy knees,
I here implore—not the world's conqueror—
My brother, on the brink of the abyss!
Another step—Eternity divides us!
To kneel thus, it is more than thousand battles,
And had I owed thee worlds, we now were quits.
By all our youthful dreams do I adjure thee,
Give me Rome's freedom, and divide the globe!

Attila remains unmoved, and leads the way to the Banquet-hall. As Aëtius is following, Heraclius joins him, and whispers,

Hast thou decided, friend?
Aetius. Give him the cup!

The next scene is in the Banquet-hall, where the Burgundian Virgins chant choral lamentations, whilst their Princess deliberates whether she shall, by suffering Attila to drink of the poisoned bowl, the mixing of which she has detected, forfeit the joy of murdering him herself upon their wedding night.

Attila soon enters with his guests—they take their places, and the Chorusses of Druids and of Virgins sing alternately during the repast. Attila presents Aëtius, as the friend of his youth, to Hildegunde, who starts up, exclaiming to herself,

Excellent!—I preserve him; he destroys
His friend—that sin I add to his account;—
Then, on the ruins of the Gods' own city,—
Ravaged by him——the wedding night——
Att. What now?
Hild. (*calmly returning.*) Nothing—'Tis sultry.
Att. Let the grape's juice cool us;
The bowl!
Aetius (*aside to Attila, with earnest and agonized affection.*) Mine Attila, give me Rome's freedom!
Att. Thou ravest!—Set down the goblet—Tremblest thou?
Chamberlain. I—ran so hastily—that——
Irnak (*shrieking.*) Oh!
Att. My boy!
Irn. My mother Ospira—methought she call'd.
Att. Thou visionary!—Music—give us music!
(*Chorus of Virgins sing plaintively to the merry sound of the horns.*)
And even in the goblet, that sparkling invites,
Resounds the dread rustling that mortals affrights,
The rustling of death's darksome wings——
Att. Be hush'd—Guests, to your welfare!
Hild. (*snatching the cup.*) Hold! 'Tis poison!
Att. (*grasping his sword.*) Poison?
Hild. Those Greeks, and he thy youth's loved friend,
Mingled it in thy wine!
Att. (*with bitter horror.*) Aëtius!
Aetius (*calmly.*) I knew th' attempt.—Thou'rt free to slay me.
Att. (*rushes on him with his drawn sword, then turns loathingly away.*) Hah!
Hild. Canst thou still hesitate?
Huns (*astonished at Attila's hesitation.*) So vile a traitor!
Irn. Father, 'twas Ospira preserved thee.
Att. Thanks.
Thou, boy, restorest me to myself.—(*To Aetius.*) Depart!
The rights of hospitality are sacred.
To-morrow, on the battle-field, I'll find thee,
And on thy head avenge—no—not myself,
But outraged human nature!—(*To the Greeks.*) You begone,
Lest my pure house your very sight profane!
Hild. (*aside.*) Curse on't!
Huns. Unpunish'd?
Att. Murmur not—I've spoken;
He dies who with their blood defiles himself!
[AETIUS *and the* GREEKS *go out in confusion,* ATTILA *addresses the* HUNS.
He was the best of all the snaky brood,
Friend of my youth, yet he my life betray'd!
The Dragon speeds to crush Rome's haughty mood;
God and down-trampled Justice be our aid!

The Fourth Act opens with Attila's night-bivouac before Rome, which is to be attacked at dawn. The Druid Chorus chant preparatory hymns; the Warriors are impatient for morning; Hildegunde, the devoted ally of the Powers of Darkness, shrinks from the coming light, even whilst panting for the blood it promises; and Attila, as usual, moralizes sentimentally. At length the sun rises; Attila receives Wodan's sword from the Druids, and harangues hi troops, ending thus:

See, from dishonour'd Rome her eagles fly!
Forward to victory—There stands our goal!
The Army (with frightfully savage pathos.) Rome! Rome! Rome!
Woe to thee, woe to thee, Rome!
Odoacer. The song of battle!
Att. Be your battle cry,
Honoria and the Scourge!
The Army. Honoria and the Scourge!
Chorus of Druids and Virgins. See Death, how he hurrying rides!
The venom'd arrow he guides!
For prey he watches the battle!
Hark! hark! to his quiver's rattle!
What roars he in yelling cry?
Misery! Misery!
(During the song, the Army marches off.)

The second scene passes in Rome upon the Aventine Hill. Upon its summit kneels Leo in episcopal array, attended by two Deacons, who support his arms, whilst he prays fervently. About the hill are the Court and the people, in penitential garb; Honoria looks on from her prison window, and a Warder from a watch-tower reports the progress of the battle. We have no room for the contemptible despair of the Court, for the enthusiasm of Honoria, and the energetic piety of the Prelate, however well painted. Suffice it to say, that when the Warder proclaims the defeat total and irremediable, Leo, as if inspired, announces his determination to meet the victorious Hun, upon condition that Honoria is instantly released and installed in her principality. He is of course obeyed.

We are now transported to the field of battle, where the first combatant we meet with, is one whom we should not have sought amidst broils and bloodshed—our broad and worthy acquaintance, Avienus. We extract his *rencontre* with Valamir for its singularity:

Avie. That thrust was false!
Val. 'Twas truly aimed!
Avie. Forbear! *(Falls.)*
Val. He's settled. Follow now the other dogs! *(Hurries off.)*
Avie. Curst chance! to die by a false thrust in quarte!
Had but the hit been regular!—You slaves,
My body I commit to God! Convey
My soul—I mean my body, to Faretri,
To my kind aunt. Crumple not so my robe. *(Dies.)*

The next duel is between Attila and the Ravenna Knight. The latter is slain, and expires, saying—

Attila! by thy hand I fall! How blest!
Att. Depart in peace! Were Rome like thee, I'd do so.

Aëtius now enters, and after a momentary struggle with his better feelings, attacks Attila. Heraclius, flying from the conquering Huns, sees the combatants, and exclaims,

Aëtius and Attila!—Here, friends,
Assist me! I will slay him from behind.
Hild. Scorpion! wouldst rob the serpent of his prey!

With these words the Amazon kills the Ambassador. Attila disarms Aëtius, but, despite Hildegunde's remonstrances, refuses to take his life, and leaves him. Aëtius stands an instant overwhelmed with shame; then, in imitation of the ancient Decii, devotes himself to the infernal deities, covers his head with his mantle, and rushes amongst the enemy. He is killed by Odoacer. All resistance is now over, but Attila's advance upon Rome is stayed by an ecclesiastical procession, ushering in our Papal Saint, borne by priests upon a sort of platform, whereon he appears in pontifical splendour, kneeling before an altar. Leo, who seems to be externally resplendent

with internal inspiration, discourses to Attila, first in the *terza rima* of the Italians, and then in an irregular lyrical measure, upon the sins of Rome, the judgments of God, and the duty of shewing mercy. He then announces the entire submission of the Imperial Court, adding, that whilst Attila is making up his mind, he will go to meditate amongst the dead bodies. He is borne off, as he was brought in, with psalm-singing. Hildegunde, to whom, as the slave of Darkness, Christianity is as intolerable as the sun's rays, and who has lain half fainting in her virgins' arms whilst Leo spoke, now starts up, draws her sword, and pursues the holy bishop to murder him. Attila remains in deep deliberation. It seems that a gigantic and terrific phantom had appeared to him during Leo's sacerdotal exhortation, and continues to overawe his spirit, and lame his arm, so long as his reflections preserve a hostile tendency; vanishing when in a *Sestina*—like Leo and Honoria, Attila has a prophetic taste for Italian measures—he determines to spare Rome. The Pope, who had, meanwhile—as we learn from the description of the Pagan Huns—been celebrating the sacrament of the Eucharist, is now recalled, and Attila consents to spare Rome upon terms, which, however humiliating, are only calculated to compel the observance of faith and justice. Leo agrees to every thing, and is going, when Hildegunde is brought in fainting. She had been struck to the earth in convulsions by the mere aspect of the sacred chalice, when about to stab the Pontiff. Attila laments her dangerous state, whereupon the Saint, touching her brow with the same miraculous vessel that had felled her, and exorcising the foul fiend that possesses her, recalls her, not only to life, but to her natural feelings. She now refuses to wed Attila, professes her aversion for him, bursts into tears, and finally declares herself sleepy. Her virgins, delighted at these favourable symptoms, lead her away to a place of rest; whilst the Hun King, who looks upon her words as delirious ravings, gives notice of his intention of marrying her in the evening, and marching against Byzantium in the morning.

The Fifth Act finds Hildegunde asleep, with her train watching her slumbers. She awakes mild and calm, but seemingly forgetful of her misfortunes. The mention of her approaching marriage with Attila revives her recollection; and in embracing one of her virgins, the sister of her affianced Walter, she discovers under her robe a blood-stained axe, the instrument of death to the object of sisterly and of bridal love. The sight exciting anew her thirst of vengeance, she falls again into vassallage to the powers of Darkness. She is attired for the nuptial ceremony, and led off to the altar.

We then return to Rome, where we find Honoria in a convent; her Empress Mother having, upon the news of Attila's proposed departure, compelled her to take the veil. Leo visits her in her cell.

Our wish has been to give specimens of the language of so important a personage in the Drama as this sainted Pope; but it has been constantly repressed, either by the—to us—incomprehensible character of his mystic strain, or by a strong sense of profaneness in mingling, as the Germans do, the most sacred subjects with the business of the stage. Of the present scene suffice it to say, that he offers to dissolve Honoria's compulsory vows; that she, who had whilst alone bitterly bewailed her lot, now freely chooses to be a nun; and that he, rejoicing in her determination, hurries her away by secret subterranean passages to Attila's tent, there to be united in all purity to the Hun King, of whose earthly union with another woman he informs her.

To that tent we ourselves precede the Holy Bishop and the Royal Nun, to witness the close of the nuptial ceremony. Many ill omens alarm the Huns, who would fain prevent or defer the marriage; but Attila only laughs at their superstitious fears. Odoacer brings word that a Roman deserter has come in with a report of the murder of the Hun captives in Rome, and of the imprisonment of Honoria. Attila disbelieves the tale of a deserter, and dismisses the assembly. Odoacer and he part with such boding words, as clearly point out in this favourite pupil the destined completer of Attila's labours. But the name of Honoria has revived Attila's Platonic passion for that princess, and he sinks into a *reverie* that some brides might not have deemed very flattering. Hildegunde, however, takes it kindly, sends Irnak to bed, and sings her bridegroom to

sleep with a lullaby, the words of which are not of a peculiarly lulling or soothing nature. We imagine Attila's abstraction prevents his understanding them, for he falls asleep under their influence. Hildegunde is then hastening away to murder Irnak, when her steps are arrested by the entrance of Leo and Honoria. His Holiness exhorts her to shun the torments of hell, but offers no other opposition to her sanguinary purposes; which she, disregarding his words, proceeds to execute, and goes into an inner tent, to begin with her step-son. Leo then reminds Honoria that she is not to reveal herself, telling her,

> Then when thy heart seems breaking with despair,
> Shall joy be born to thee;

and waking Attila, exhorts him to kill Hildegunde in order to save her soul, or at least, when it is too late for that—Irnak's murder being probably perpetrated—to preserve his own life. Attila resolutely refuses to commit a crime upon any consideration; whereupon the Prelate lauds his determination, assures him of the consequent forgiveness of his sins, and announces his immediate assassination. Attila is shocked to learn that he is not to die gloriously in battle, but consoles himself by prophesying the rise of a younger and better age—the middle ages, we presume—from his ashes. Leo now unveils Honoria, when she and Attila respectively recognising the unknown object of their mutual love, rush into each other's arms; and the good Pope observing, in the language of the Hun Bard, that one for eternity shall be made one, joins their hands,—thus solemnizing the spiritual and mysterious wedding of a Christian nun with a married heathen. What all parties say upon the occasion is far beyond our powers of translation; nor do we apprehend that the English reader would be greatly edified thereby, could it be rendered intelligible to him. Indeed, we are not without a suspicion, that a matter-of-fact disposition may for some time past have been wondering why Leo, having arrived in time, does not alarm the Huns and prevent mischief. But such business-like proceedings are none of our Saint's concerns. On the contrary, he seems to be of opinion that most works of love are to be obtained by suffering things to take their course; and of the efficacy of love, he has prodigious and mystical notions. Accordingly he spends the time in asking Attila of Honoria—

> Dost thou know her?
> *Att.* (*joyfully.*) She is Death!
> *Leo* (*to Honoria, shewing Attila.*) Know'st thou him?
> *Hon.* (*in raptures.*) Morn's balmy breath!

Then being perfectly satisfied, upon the re-entrance of Hildegunde dragging in the murdered Irnak with one hand, and brandishing her bloody axe with the other, Leo leads Honoria to one side, where they kneel, singing Hallelujahs, whilst the revengeful Burgundian kills Attila as he embraces his son's corse. The Hunnish portion of the *dramatis personæ* now rush in, with exclamations of horror and menaces of vengeance. Hildegunde calmly proclaims herself the murderess, and prevents the torments with which she is threatened by falling upon her own sword. This action rouses Leo from his private devotions, and we shall insert, at all risks, his extraordinary dialogue with the murderous suicide. Bending over her, he anxiously asks,

> Lov'st thou thy Walter?
> *Hild.* (*in convulsions.*) Who is he? The light
> And thee I curse!
> *Leo.* (*touching her brow with the chalice.*) Spirit of Night, avaunt!
> (*She sighs heavily, raises her head, and sinks again, but without convulsions.*)
> Lov'st thou thy Walter?
> *Hild.* (*faintly.*) Love him? Yes, for ever!
> *Leo.* Go to thy punishment! 'Midst hell's worst glow
> Shall love refreshingly upon thee flow!
> (*Hildegunde smiles painfully, and dies.*)

Huns. The monster dies!

Leo. (*closing her eyes and Attila's.*) Praise be to light! she loves!

Odoacer is now elected King, and declares his intention of propitiating Attila's ghost by the destruction of Rome. Leo, perfectly contented with what he has achieved, interferes no farther for the protection of the guilty court and city, but retires with Honoria, whom he dismisses to her cell, whilst he himself hastens to resume his pastoral duties. This marvellous Tragedy concludes with a sort of duet chorus, performed on the one part by the Druids and Burgundian Virgins, and on the other, by a cloud full of unseen spirits singing Hallelujah!

CHARACTER OF THE FRENCH.

The intellectual organization and character of the French, is one of the simplest and most homogeneous in Europe. Quick sensibility, superficial observation, clever thinking, and vivid passion, at once agree, and easily account for whatever we observe in the character of this people.

From quick sensibility, more or less excited by passion, should spring love of novelty and of variety. Certain it is, that Cæsar could not have more accurately characterised the French of the present day, than by the "cupidi novarum rerum" which he applied to their ancestors. It is not necessary either to vindicate or to illustrate the justice of this fundamental characteristic; it is acknowledged by the French themselves.

The rapid pursuit of novelty and of variety must as inevitably produce levity, inconstancy, and fickleness; and these circumstances are so well known in the character of the French, as not to admit of dispute.

By such elements, moreover, it is obvious that the more advanced intellectual processes must be proportionally affected. Hence observation should be superficial, careless, and irregular. Hence reasoning should be clever, shallow, and inconsistent.

It is in fact owing to this, that, in science, French works are in general less to be trusted to than English and German ones; while at the same time, owing to another faculty of French mind, they set out with and maintain incomparably higher pretensions; and that with such plausibility, that the reader goes eagerly on in expectation of great things; and it is not till he has closed the volume, that he begins to find out, first, that the work does not contain quite so much as he expected; and, next, that it would be difficult to say what precise addition he has made to his knowledge by reading it.

It is equally owing to this, that, in the arts, while French productions display resource, ingenuity, and dexterity, they at the same time shew a striking want of the sense of fitness, and are unfinished and flimsy. Such, in the cities of France, is remarkably the case with whatever regards furniture and decoration, while the productions of cookery are at once impregnated with filth, and admirably calculated to conceal it. In the country, again, with a climate superior to that of England, there is everywhere to be seen open fields, later harvests, corn full of weeds, and inferior grain.

I have said that, with this quick sensibility and clever thinking, the passions are vivid; and this leads to the portion of French character which, if not the most important, is at least the most striking.

It is evident that, under these circumstances, the gratifications of the passions will be as numerous as quick sensibility, and as ingenious as clever thinking, can procure them. All of them, however, may be reduced to the following heads: the gratifications that are inherent in this temperament itself, and those which it can derive from external sympathy and approbation—from vanity.

As to the first of these gratifications, the French derive from their own temperament the most amiable cheerfulness and gaiety, as well as love of amusement; and it is under this category that should be noticed that taste which they everywhere and so honourably shew for the elegancies of sculpture and painting.

The gratification derived from vanity is the most conspicuous of all

French indulgences. In such a temperament as the French, this involves also many corresponding consequences.

Vanity thus implies the consciousness of being observed, and it requires display and noise, theatrical confidence and pretension. Accordingly, no class of Frenchmen are exempt from these.

To take the lowest class.—Who has not, even on entering France, seen one driver of the diligence draw up his naked, dirty, and perhaps wet limbs, from the monstrous jack boots of the establishment, that another might introduce his in similar condition, while both, however, wore an embroidered jacket and an artificial queue, and had perhaps a pocketful of flour to strew over his head before entering a village, where the incessant cric-crac of his whip was sure to call out the rustic damsels?

To take a higher class.—Who ever observed two Frenchmen talk for a moment, even in the public streets, of whom each did not theatrically adjust himself so as to appear to the utmost advantage to every eye that could overlook him? This theatrical adjustment accompanies a Frenchman through life; and I verily believe, that no Frenchman, even at the foot of the gallows, or with the rope around his neck, ever forgot the previous adjustment of his toes, accompanied by a "soupir pour son amie," or "pour sa patrie."

Most English and Scottish gentlemen—(I speak not of the Irish, as they have a taste for female ugliness)—most English gentlemen, who are above being taken by superficial pretension, are aware of the almost universal ugliness of Frenchwomen;—the hard, sharp, and wrinkled face, the greenish dark complexion, the hair on the upper lip, the hoarse voice, the almost bestial expansion of the lower ribs to contain enormous viscera. Now, the combination of this with extreme vanity, elicits the most curious consequences. Instead of moderating affectation, it only inspires a *desperate* ingenuity in the invention of new fashions; for of these, this strange combination of circumstances is the real origin.*

Even the mode of walking in France has more than one relation to vanity—not merely because the rise on the toes, the writhing of the figure, and the paralytic shake of every member, are inspired by that sentiment, but because being, from a curious and accidental circumstance, the very worst mode of walking, it is vainly vaunted as the most graceful; while the women of France reprobate the natural walk of those of England as masculine or military, because in progression the foot is thrown directly forward, instead of being curiously drawn upward, &c. &c. This being a point of some interest to ladies, I beg to illustrate it at some length.

Having been acquainted with an old French gentleman in England, and being afterwards on a visit to Paris, I one day thought I saw him approaching the hotel where I happened to reside. A certain gait and air, which I had not hitherto analyzed, convinced me I was right; and I expressed my satisfaction on this account to the friend who was beside me at the time, and who similarly recognised and expected him. We were disappointed, however, as he did not call. This disappointment occurred again and again, until we began to suspect, and at last actually discovered, that there were several old gentlemen in Paris who had a similar gait and air.

This struck me as odd enough; but still no reason for it occurred to me. Going, however, one day to a considerable distance through the streets of Paris to see some troops arriving from Spain, and walking, as Englishmen generally walk, without much regard to the inequalities of the pavement, I found, on my return, that I was unaccountably fatigued. A little reflection led me to the cause of this, in the extraordinary irregularity of the Parisian pavement; for the stones being large, worn away on every side, and prominent in the middle, every step I had taken falling sometimes high and

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* The difference between French and English taste in dress is very remarkable. Even when Englishwomen take a hint from French contrivances, they endeavour to be more natural, modest, and classical. As to male dress, an English gentleman always desires his tailor to avoid the extremes of fashion; and, as his dress is grave and manly, it is generally followed throughout Europe.

sometimes low, had shook me in such a way, that though I did not much observe it at the time, its effects were very perceptible.

I now began to imagine, that all this might have something to do with the peculiar walk and air of my old friend; and, on looking more closely, I thought I could see that almost all old gentlemen, as well as old ladies, and even many young ones, had some degree of the very same peculiarity. This I now suspected to result from some contrivance on their part, to obviate the inconveniences arising from the irregularity of the pavement.

Observing now with additional care, I at once found my suspicion completely verified, and was able to detect the contrivance employed.

This commences by picking the steps. In order to do this in the best manner, it is necessary to pick only with one foot; that is, to advance always the same foot, and let the other only follow it up. If one attempt, on the contrary, to pick with both feet, it causes a considerable rotating of the body, which, in a long walk so performed, becomes fatiguing. The Parisians accordingly pick with the stronger—the right foot.

A little reflection will shew, that, in thus picking with one foot, they must not only turn the right toe proportionally in, but must turn the whole of the right side proportionally forward, and in some measure advance laterally.

Even this, however, is not enough: as the hollows between the projecting centres of the stones are considerable, and as these are generally filled with mud, it is necessary to avoid bespattering oneself. This the Parisians effect by holding the knee and ankle joints slightly bent, but rather stiff, while they spring slightly sideways, from one stone to another.

Nothing can be more amusing than this mode of progression, when one is once prepared to observe it. The reader may easily figure to himself a party setting out in this way,—all having the right leg advancing, the right toe turned in, and the right side turned forward,—all having the knee and ankle joints slightly bent, but rather stiff, and in a sort of springy state,—and all advancing, in some measure, sideways,—but, owing to the different length of limb, some seeming to hop, and others to hobble along. It is really a good deal like the walking of birds.

The effect of this habitual mode of progression is such, that, in old persons, the whole body seems irremediably twisted, and the stiffer woollen clothes of the men evidently partake of this twist; the right side of the neck of the coat is brought quite in front, and even the hat has always some corresponding, but curious and indescribable curves. So irretrievably is every thing impressed with this twist, that one would almost imagine that the clothes, if detached from the owner, would by some sort of instinct stand in the owner's attitude.

This, then, is the Parisian mode of walking, which is so highly vaunted by the French, which French vanity has converted into an exquisite accomplishment, and which all who have not had the felicity of being born in Paris, may despair of even imitating.

French dancing is equally connected with vanity. It has the mere merit of clear execution, and stands in the same relation to some Neapolitan and Andalusian dancing, that German arithmetical harmony does to graceful Italian melody. French dancing, in short, is destitute of feeling and expression. You perpetually discover in it the lateral twist and the sideway hop of their street-walking, accompanied only with a languishing bend of the neck in the opposite direction, and an affected elevation and flexure of the arm; and these, like all other attitudes, stiffly and invariably reproduced in precisely the same parts of the figure, till at last you can infallibly predict their assumption, and are disgusted by their formality and sameness. In every thing, indeed, French elegance and grace are full of mannerism.

All these, however, are the most innocent effects of vanity, which cannot be thus always gratified without interfering with the convenience, the pleasure, or the tastes of others. Vanity sometimes requires familiarity, and, while blunting the sense of propriety, it produces boasting, impertinence, indelicacy.

This, joined to preceding causes, induces the sacrifice of every thing for exhibition, and gives a character of contradictiveness to the exhibition itself. Hence, in every case, the mix-

ture of dirt and meanness with expense and splendour.

Hence the French have no idea of retirement. Hence their bedrooms are made to receive company. Hence, on ordinary occasions, the lady will dress behind the curtain of the bed, while a gentleman sitting in the room can easily tell every act she is performing; and hence, while the day of fête exhibits the walls festooned with roses and a drapery of silk, or lace thrown over the beds, the clumsy deal table may make a ludicrous contrast with the former, and the discoloured bed-linen a disgusting one with the latter.

To this cause must also be ascribed the number of restaurateurs, cafés, literary societies, institutes, libraries, and museums, as well as the splendour of their establishments, and the dirty passages and scenes you must often encounter to enter them. Hence too, even in their finest theatres, the passages to the boxes present dirty and cracked pavements of brick, and their doors are opened by a few such old women as may be seen gathering stones or weeds from a field in England.

Who, in fine, is ignorant that this vanity, if it can but gain a decoration or trifling favour, easily bribes one-fourth of the population of France to be spies over the rest, so that the porters of every house, and almost every servant in it, are in the pay of the police? The most distinguished Liberal in France, indeed, informed the writer, that every servant in his house was in that pay; and that he happened then to have learned the sum his coachman received, but that he should not change him, as he might get a worse, and had little chance of getting a better.

Vanity, in fact, is forgot in France only when the natural voracity of the people predominates. The dinner scene is one of absolute horror; and nothing is, perhaps, more ridiculous than that, while Frenchmen are astonished at the cleanliness and elegance with which Englishmen eat, a recent writer should have affected to instruct his countrymen to imitate the utter confusion, the awkwardness, and the dirtiness of a French dinner.*

It is not, however, on this occasion only that French dirtiness is remarkable. As to egesta as well as ingesta, they seem, both in speech and practice, to cultivate a familiarity with nastiness. A Frenchwoman will unscrupulously describe the state of her secretions and excretions, in such a way as to make an Englishman blush, or to shock and disgust him.

But I have done with the subject of vanity. Reflection will shew, that this sentiment cannot procure its gratification, without granting something in return. It is politeness, accordingly, which in France is the price paid for this indulgence. It thus happily produces some good effects. The lower classes in France are in consequence surprisingly polished and conversable; and the dirty carter, or the ragged porter, if a barrow-woman or basket-woman stand in his way, permitting no haste to derange the most scrupulous punctilio, will lift his cocked hat, and solicit the honour of being permitted to pass.

By some it has been said that the politeness of the French is carried at times "to excess;" while others contend, that it is far better this should be the case, than that there should exist the brutal behaviour which is often exhibited by the lowest classes in England. I should be inclined less scrupulously to agree with the latter, but for the following considerations.

The forms of politeness are intended as the signs of respectful and benevolent feeling. It is evidently worse that the sign should exist without the feeling, than the feeling without the sign. Real politeness, indeed, may be said to consist in *doing* that which forms *profess*. Now, in this respect, the English are indisputably superior: they do more, and say less. In France, on the contrary, saying is a substitute for doing; and doing is unnecessary. There is there an eternal divorce between external signs and internal feelings. Assuredly, there can be no state of manners less favourable to candour and generosity.

The same observations apply to the perpetual affectation of sentiment in France, where its reality has the slenderest possible existence.

So much for politeness as the price

* The French use of forks, napkins, &c. really requires some notice. A French gentleman, in adjusting himself at his coarse deal table and shabby cloth, does not hesi-

paid for the indulgence of vanity among men generally considered.—A similar arrangement, or tariff, is entered into between the sexes. I fear I must consider their mutual indulgence in France chiefly in this light; for, however women may be the objects of gallantry in that country, the confidence is not more remarkable than the carelessness with which they are treated in the most essential particulars.

As to food, women in England live in all respects as well as men, and the indulgence of their taste is an object of much consideration. In France, on the contrary, the husband daily walks to the restaurateur's, and regales himself as well as he can; but if meanwhile you enter his house, you may probably find his wife and children dining on a little soup made with lard and vegetables, or a few cakes toasted on the stove, and a glass of sour wine mixed with water. The house indeed contains few articles fit either for cooking or presenting a dinner. As a reward, however, for the wife's domestic duties, she is perhaps indulged with a dinner at the restaurateur's on a Sunday.

As to clothing, women in England are generally better dressed than men; and one is perpetually struck by observing, even among the lowest classes, very common-looking men accompanied by good-looking, cleanly, and well-dressed women. In France, on the contrary, one is as often surprised to see gentlemen walking arm in arm with women whom, from their sombre, but in colour strongly contrasted, and therefore dirt-concealing, woollen dresses, one takes to be their servants. As a reward also for this sort of privation, the wife is indulged with a gauze dress covered with tinsel, such as our itinerant actresses display at a fair; with which she occasionally appears at an evening party. In England, the identity of a woman of any rank may at all hours be discovered by her external appearance. In France, this is scarcely possible: she passes from the dinginess and dirtiness of a grub during the day, not through any intermediate state, but at once, to the glitter and glare of a butterfly at night.

Notwithstanding all this, the liberty of Frenchwomen is highly favourable to virtue. There is in France none of that cunning cant of male morality, the falsehood and impertinence of which are perpetual bribes to the outwitting of it. There is there none of that base scandal which is thus brought into being by men, and which every woman is ready to pour out upon each, in all its bitterness and malignity. There, the attentions of gallantry necessarily occupy the time, and consequently take the place, of licentious indulgence. There the relation of the sexes is as free as the most enlightened and the most generous could wish.

I make this declaration in face of vulgar English prejudice, not only because justice demands it, but because it is a proof, that, however severe some of the preceding strictures, they are

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tate to fix a napkin about his neck, in such a manner as to protect his clothes in front against the certainty of being bespattered by his mode of eating. An Englishman of the middle class would be ashamed of such a contrivance: for, without any particular care, he eats so as not even to stain the damask cloth with which his mahogany table is covered. The French gentleman is perpetually wiping his dirty fingers on a napkin spread out before him, and of which the beauties are not invisible to his neighbours on each side. The Englishman of the middle class requires no napkin, because his fingers are never soiled. The French gentleman, incapable of raising his left hand properly to his mouth, first hastily hacks his meat into fragments, then throws down his dirty knife on the cloth, and seizing the fork in his right hand, while his left fixes a mass of bread on his plate, he runs up each fragment against it, and having eaten these, he wipes up his plate with the bread and swallows it. An English peasant would blush at such bestiality. A French gentleman not only washes his filthy hands at table, but, after gulping a mouthful, and using it as a gargle, squirts it into the basin standing before him, and the company, who may see the charybdis or maelstrom he has made in it, and the floating filth he has discharged, and which is now whirling in its vortex. In England this practice is unknown, except to those whose taste and stomach are too strong for offence. It has been stupidly borrowed from the Oriental nations, who use no knives and forks, and where, though it has this apology, it has always excited the disgust of enlightened travellers. When dinner is over, the Englishman's carpet is as clean as before; the Frenchman's bare boards resemble those of a hog-stye. In short, in all that regards the table, the French are some centuries behind the English.

founded on the long-continued observation, and the entire conviction, of the writer.

In England, on the contrary, the condition of women is most unfavourable to virtue. Enlightened travellers universally agree, that the brevity, the coarseness, and the success of love-making, is everywhere in proportion to the restraints imposed upon it: it is shorter in England than in France, and shorter in Turkey than in England. In the former, bolts and black eunuchs; and in the latter, male cant and female scandal, are thus perpetual excitements to vice.—Nothing, indeed, but—the innate virtue of Englishwomen would resist them.

There was a time when English women laughed at the old Spanish duenna. Is it not barely possible, that Spanish women may now laugh at the stout young fellow, armed with a cane, who walks after every English woman of fashion? This is so pompous an appendage, that the innocents have all in succession found it quite indispensable; and some of them, it is now said, reluctantly occupy the prison of which they have suffered or sought the erection. I verily believe, that an English Boccaccio might make as much of the devices of our modern dames to get rid of their armed attendant, his mounting guard at one door of Waterloo or Trafalgar House, while the lady has retired by another—to take him up, however, in returning an hour or two afterwards, &c. &c. as ever that great Italian did in regard to the descendants of the Lucretias and the Virginias.—But as we said before, the—innate virtue of Englishwomen will always afford sufficient assurance of their innocence.

One final trait of French character we have yet to notice: it is the necessary consequence of some which precede.—I have said, that in France the gratifications of the passions are as numerous as quick sensibility, and as ingenious as clever thinking, can procure. But, if the love of pleasure be excessive, the desire of its means is likely to be considerable. The French are accordingly parsimonious, or rather their rapacity and their gripe is such, when added to their fickleness and inconstancy, as to account fully for that regardlessness, profligacy, want of honour, perfidy, destitution of public principle, and all of those opposite follies and crimes, which have shocked every other nation during the last forty years.

A. W.

COMPARISON OF THE MODERN WITH THE ANCIENT ROMANS.

Exaggerated notions of the moral and political grandeur of the ancient Romans have long exercised a most injurious influence over the minds of modern nations.

It is true, that the superiority of their arms and armour enabled the Romans to subdue and plunder comparatively defenceless barbarians; it is true, that the enormous disproportion of their mere physical force rendered it easy for them to overwhelm the Greeks; but it is not less true, that even the superiority and success of their arms have been exaggerated by the innumerable falsehoods of their historians. It is also certain, that these historians, by assigning to their countrymen motives of action which they never felt, and conduct which they were incapable of following, have always given the air of valour and virtue to mere cruelty and crime. Hence Roman literature has produced most unfavourable effects on the imagination, the taste, and the moral feeling of modern Europe.

It is not a little remarkable, that the very literature which has thus vindicated a system of the most dishonest and remorseless plunder, was itself one vast plagiarism from the Greeks. The coarse minds of the Romans could faintly apprehend, but were incapable of either fully feeling or strongly expressing, the simplicity, the delicacy, and the dignity of Grecian thought: they therefore merely translated or copied it. Virgil, and Terence, and Cicero, were accordingly the feeble imitators of Homer, and Menander, and Demosthenes. Their literature was thus in admirable harmony with their moral and political character.

Their fine arts corresponded. For these arts, indeed, they had no taste; but they could not resist the temptation to steal obelisks from Egypt, and statues from Greece, and marble columns from all countries, though these

they never could adapt to their architecture. In the avarice of plunder and possession, however, they crowded obelisks, statues, columns, palaces, and temples, into spaces unfit for their reception, and they imagined this accumulation to be the summit of grandeur.

The literature and arts of Italy have indeed twice been renowned; but, in both instances, they have been borrowed from the same illustrious people to whom European civilisation owes all it can boast. It was the Greeks who, on the fall of Constantinople, again introduced the arts into Italy, and gave a Grecian character to her sculpture, her painting, and her music. Rome, then, except as the plunderer of other nations, has never been more than Greece has made her.

If, from such exaggerated notions, injury has arisen to the imagination, taste, and moral feeling of modern Europe, a still greater one has flowed from the neglect to compare the modern with the ancient Roman character thus duly appreciated. It would otherwise have been seen, that just as ancient nations submitted to the arms, modern ones submitted to the art, of Rome, exchanging merely the despotism of power for that of pretension—of force for fraud.

No observation is perhaps at once more frequent and more false, than that the modern is utterly different from the ancient Roman character. The converse is true. These differ no more from each other than the character of the thief does from that of the robber. The ancient or military Roman was a brave robber; the modern or priestly Roman is a cunning and cowardly thief.

Even this trifling difference has arisen less from any change among the Romans themselves, than from the extraordinary change among the nations around them. The Gauls, the Britons, and the Germans, with an increase of wealth and all the invitations to plunder, have learnt the art of defending it; and the Roman must now cheat the civilized man, instead of plundering the savage.

But let us contrast more minutely the modern with the ancient Roman character, and we shall find that they have always had precisely the same objects in view, and have always employed precisely the same means of achieving them.

The selfishness of the ancient Romans was certainly the most striking, and I believe it will be found to be the most fundamental, trait in their character. With this were associated that sullenness, moroseness, arrogance, and insolence, which are displayed in every page of their annals.

The modern Romans (and I confine myself to these Italians as the fairest illustration) strike every traveller as a pale, dull, sullen, dissatisfied, morose, arrogant, and insolent race. The lower classes rarely speak except to beg alms, which, when offered, they tear from the giver, without taking the trouble to thank him, or shewing the slightest sign of satisfaction. The highest classes are remarkable for the same dull and dissatisfied appearance. "There is something in the sulky insolence of the Romans," says Mr Galiffe, "in their morose, ill-natured looks,—that puts one strongly in mind of what they were in the days of their prosperity."

Excessive regard for self is inseparable from disregard for others. The absence, or the extreme weakness, of individual or domestic affection, was a striking characteristic of the ancient Romans; for that is always a feeble faculty, over which others may triumph. Hence sprung the sacrifice of the sons of Brutus, and many other acts which have not been rightly understood; and hence, more easily still, the innumerable acts of inhumanity which were the means of Roman wealth, pleasure, and power.

The modern Romans have equally evinced this absence, or extreme weakness, of individual and domestic affection. I have heard of the wife of a Roman bandit, who, in the spirit of Roman virtue, stabbed her infant to the heart, to prevent its cries betraying the concealment of its father. Even the Romish religion bears hellish marks of this characteristic. It is reserved for such Christianity alone, under the sanction of "God on Earth," to mutilate male children in order to procure soprano singers for the chapel of the Pope, as well as to excite every bestial passion in those who are unmutilated, by inflicting the law of celibacy on the clergy. This law could originate only among people in whom

the domestic affections are absent or weak; and admirably has it, by insulating its agents from every foreign interest, served the purpose of modern Roman wealth, pleasure, and power, and enabled it, without compunction, to trample upon and to outrage humanity, in the inquisitional tortures and *autos da fé*, which beings thus destitute of affection could alone invent.*

Now the regard for self and disregard for others, which I have described, cannot possibly be cherished without corresponding means. It is not candour, peace, and forgiveness, but cunning, contention, and revenge, which must achieve their purpose.

Of the cunning of the ancient Romans, and of that of the modern ones, or even of Italians very generally, it is unnecessary to speak in detail. Every page of the history of the one, and every act of the life of the other, display it in the greatest perfection.

The spirit of contention and pugnacity which distinguished the ancient Romans, is a natural consequence or accompaniment of the absence of natural affection. It is unnecessary to illustrate its existence among that people in the very highest degree, or to dwell here on its consequences.

The modern Italians have lost none of the ancient characteristic. Its illustration in modern, is nearly as unnecessary as in ancient times. There is scarcely a state or town of Italy which does not hate its neighbour, and there are few Italians who are free from envy of the fame, or hostility to the interests, of their countrymen. A difference in style or in taste is a cause of the bitterest contention and the most unmitigable hatred. The Roman priesthood, in particular, literally composes a militant church.

The revengeful spirit of the ancient Romans is so well known, that it would be pedantic to quote illustrations of it.

The modern Romans are notorious for the dangerous nature of their enmity. They brood over their injuries, we are informed, "with a degree of malice of which they would not be capable, if they thought they could easily avenge them; and, as they are possessed of few ideas, that one passion which happens to take full possession of their minds, festers sooner or later into a crime."

To attain their object, these dispositions require perseverance. Unyielding determination in the ancient Romans, was naturally associated with the preceding characteristics; and it is equally unnecessary to illustrate its existence among that people, or to dwell on its consequences.

The modern Romans have as unyieldingly persevered as the ancients. If these, when Hannibal was at the gates of Rome, or the Gauls at the foot of the Capitol, abated not one jot of their demands, so neither has papal power yielded one item of its pretensions; and at this very moment it asserts the wildest of these as firmly as in the days of Gregory the Seventh.

Now the base passions I have enumerated, have been only those means of wealth, pleasure, and power, which have been equally employed by the ancient and the modern Romans.

In regard to avarice, the ancient Roman character is marked by it from the first to the last. The first Romans were an association of robbers; they never ceased to rob while a nation worth robbing was known to them, or could be reached by them: their grandeur was the result of no science or art, but of robbery and crime alone; they fell only when the plundered nations, learning from them the use of arms, were able to take their own, and to leave the robbers in their original destitution.

Substituting art for arms and fraud for force, the modern Romans have availed themselves of all the ignorance, imbecility, and superstition of mankind, to extract from them their wealth; and they have done this far more easily, and not less effectually, than their

* In the Neapolitan territory, corresponding characteristics are met with. A recent traveller tells us, that "a poor woman had expired of hunger in the middle of Toledo; and I had seen several persons of her own sex, some of them very well dressed and evidently above the vulgar, pass by the corpse as coolly and as unmoved as if it had been that of a dead dog! I cannot express how it cut me to the heart to see so much insensibility in that part of the human creation, whose softness and sympathy is our only consolation under so many afflictions! I really believe that I should have been less shocked to see *men* savagely tearing each other to pieces!"

ancestors did by the opposite means. By cunningly rendering every individual willingly tributary, they have for ages derived from many European states far greater revenues than those of their kings; and if these revenues have fallen off in one age or country, they have increased in another.

That voluptuousness, in its most extravagant excess, was peculiarly an ancient Roman vice, history testifies. It was practised by the rich at the expense of humanity, honour, and decency; and it was found by them to be the most effectual means of corrupting the poor, who eagerly sold for it their liberty. The long succession of their emperors displayed this vice in a degree that the world had never previously witnessed.

The modern Romans have been not less remarkable for voluptuous indulgence. Italy has, in this respect, been the sink of Europe; and Rome, the sink of Italy. The Popes, it is especially remarkable, are the only princes of modern times who, in this respect, have rivalled the ancient emperors—if they have not actually excelled them.

Power, by the ancient Romans, was directly attained; force was essential to their means of procuring wealth, and from that power was inseparable. By the force of arms, therefore, they subdued the nations; and they exhibited their sovereigns captive and in chains during their triumphal processions.

Incompatible as was this conduct with the spirit of Christianity, the priesthood of modern Rome has been unable to resist the native spirit even in its most extravagant acts. The Popes have placed their feet on the necks of kings, and subjected them to degradations as deep as ever the emperors inflicted.

Such have been the objects equally of modern and of ancient Roman ambition—wealth, pleasure, and power, to an excess which has involved the ruin of all around them, and which Rome has ever exercised in defiance and in contempt of honesty, decency, and humanity.

Such, in fine, is the perfect similarity of the ancient and the modern Roman character. The ancient or military Roman, as already said, was a brave robber; the modern or priestly Roman is a cunning and a cowardly thief. This comparison, therefore, establishes the point I had in view—that just as ancient nations submitted to the arms, modern ones have submitted to the art, of Rome, exchanging merely the despotism of power for that of pretension—of force for fraud.

A. W.

A SCENE OFF BERMUDA.

The evening was closing in dark and rainy, with every appearance of a gale from the westward, and the weather had become so thick and boisterous, that the Lieutenant of the watch had ordered the look-out at the mast-head down on deck. The man, on his way down, had gone into the main-top to bring away some things he had left in going aloft, and was in the act of leaving it, when he sung out,—"A sail on the weather-bow."—"What does she look like?"—"Can't rightly say, sir; she is in the middle of the thick weather to windward."—"Stay where you are a little.— Jenkins, jump forward, and see what you can make of her from the foreyard." Whilst the topman was obeying his instructions, the look-out again hailed—"She is a ship, sir, close-hauled on the same tack,—the weather clears, and I can see her now."

The wind, ever since noon, had been blowing in heavy squalls, with appalling lulls between them. One of these gusts had been so violent as to bury in the sea the lee-guns in the waist, although the brig had nothing set but her close-reefed main-topsail, and reefed foresail. It was now spending its fury, and she was beginning to roll heavily, when, with a suddenness almost incredible to one unacquainted with these latitudes, the veil of mist that had hung to windward the whole day was rent and drawn aside, and the red and level rays of the setting sun flashed at once, through a long arch of glowing clouds, on the black hull and tall spars of his Britannic Majesty's sloop, Torch. And, true enough, we were not the only spectators of this gloomy splendour; for, right in the wake of the moonlike sun, now half sunk in the sea, at the dis-

tance of a mile or more, lay a long warlike-looking craft, apparently a frigate or heavy corvette, rolling heavily and silently in the trough of the sea, with her masts, yards, and the scanty sail she had set, in strong relief against the glorious horizon.

Jenkins now hailed from the foreyard—" The strange sail is bearing up, sir." As he spoke, a flash was seen, followed, after what seemed a long interval, by the deadened report of the gun, as if it had been an echo, and the sharp half-ringing, half-hissing sound of the shot. It fell short, but close to us, and was evidently thrown from a heavy cannon, from the length of the range. Mr Splinter, the First Lieutenant, jumped from the gun he stood on—" Quartermaster, keep her away a bit"—and dived into the cabin to make his report.

Captain Deadeye was a staid, stiff-rumped, wall-eyed, old First-Lieutenantish-looking veteran, with his coat of a regular Rodney cut, broad skirts, long waist, and stand-up collar, over which dangled either a queue, or a marlinspike with a tuft of oakum at the end of it,—it would have puzzled Old Nick to say which. His lower spars were cased in tight unmentionables of what had once been white kerseymere, and long boots, the coal-skuttle tops of which served as scuppers to carry off the drainings from his coat-flaps in bad weather; he was, in fact, the " last of the sea-monsters," but, like all his tribe, as brave as steel —when put to it, as alert as a cat.

He no sooner heard Splinter's report, than he sprung up the ladder, brushing the tumbler of swizzle he had just brewed clean out of the fiddle into the lap of Mr Saveall, the purser, who had dined with him, and nearly extinguishing the said purser, by his arm striking the bowl of the pipe he was smoking, thereby forcing the shank half way down his throat.—" My glass, Wilson," to his Steward. —" She is close to, sir; you can see her plainly without it," said Mr Treenail, the second Lieutenant, from the weather nettings, where he was reconnoitring. After a long look through his starboard blinker, (his other skylight had been shut up ever since Aboukir,) Deadeye gave orders to " clear away the weather-bow gun ;" and as it was now getting too dark for flags to be seen distinctly, he desired that three lanterns might be got ready for hoisting vertically in the main-rigging.—" All ready forward there ?"—" All ready, sir."—" Then hoist away the lights, and throw a shot across her forefoot—Fire !" Bang went our carronade, but our friend to windward paid no regard to the private signal; he had shaken a reef out of his topsails, and was coming down fast upon us.

It was clear that old Blowhard had at first taken him for one of our own cruisers, and meant to *signalize* him, " all regular and ship-shape," to use his own expression ; most of us, however, thought it would have been wiser to have made sail, and widened our distance a little, in place of bothering with old-fashioned manœuvres, which might end in our catching a tartar; but the skipper had been all his life in line-of-battle ships, or heavy frigates ; and it was a tough job, under any circumstances, to persuade him of the propriety of " up-stick-and-away," as we soon felt to our cost.

The enemy, for such he evidently was, now all at once yawed, and indulged us with a sight of his teeth ; and there he was, fifteen ports of a side on his main-deck, with the due quantum of carronades on his quarter-deck and forecastle ; whilst his short lower masts, white canvass, and the tremendous hoist in his topsails, shewed him to be a heavy American frigate ; and it was equally certain that he had cleverly hooked us under his lee, within comfortable range of his long twenty-fours. To convince the most unbelieving, three jets of flame, amidst wreaths of white smoke, glanced from his main-deck ; but in this instance, the sound of the cannon was followed by a sharp crackle and a shower of splinters from the foreyard.

It was clear we had got an ugly customer—poor Jenkins now called to Treenail, who was standing forward near the gun which had been fired—" Och, sir, and its badly wounded we are here." The officer was a Patlander, as well as the seaman. " Which of you, my boy ?"—the growing seriousness of the affair in no way checking his propensity to fun,—" Which of you,—you, or the yard ?"—" Both of us, your honour ; but the yard badliest."—" The devil !—Come down, then, or get into the top, and I will have you looked after presently." The

poor fellow crawled off the yard into the foretop, as he was ordered, where he was found after the brush, badly wounded by a splinter in the breast.

Jonathan no doubt "calculated," as well he might, that this taste of his quality would be quite sufficient for a little 18-gun sloop close under his lee; but the fight was not to be so easily taken out of Deadeye, although even to his optic it was now high time to be off.

"All hands make sail, Mr Splinter; that chap is too heavy for us.—Mr Kelson," to the carpenter, "jump up and see what the foreyawl will carry. Keep her away, my man," to the seaman at the helm;—"Crack on, Mr Splinter—shake all the reefs out,—set the fore-topsail, and loose top-gallant sails;—stand by to sheet home, and see all clear to rig the booms out, if the breeze lulls."

In less than a minute we were bowling along before it; but the wind was breezing up again, and no one could say how long the wounded foreyard would carry the weight and drag of the sails. To mend the matter, Jonathan was coming up, hand over hand with the freshening breeze, under a press of canvass; it was clear that escape was next to impossible.

"Clear away the larboard guns!" I absolutely jumped off the deck with astonishment—who could have spoken it? It appeared such downright madness to show fight under the very muzzles of the guns of an enemy, half of whose broadside was sufficient to sink us. It was the captain, however, and there was nothing for it.

In an instant was heard, through the whistling of the breeze, the creaking and screaming of the carronade slides, the rattling of the carriage of the long twelve-pounder amidships, the thumping and punching of handspikes, and the dancing and jumping of Jack himself, as the guns were being shotted and run out. In a few seconds all was still again, but the rushing sound of the vessel going through the water, and of the rising gale amongst the rigging.

The men stood clustered at their quarters, their cutlasses buckled round their waists, all without jackets and waistcoats, and many with nothing but their trowsers on.

"Now, men, mind your aim; our only chance is to wing him. I will yaw the ship, and as your guns come to bear, slap it right into his bows. —Starboard your helm, my man, and bring her to the wind." As she came round, blaze went our carronades and long-gun in succession, with good-will and good aim, and down came his foretop-sail on the cap, with all the superincumbent spars and gear; the head of the top-mast had been shot away. The men instinctively cheered. "That will do; now knock off, my boys, and let us run for it. Keep her away again; make all sail."

Jonathan was for an instant paralysed by our impudence; but just as we were getting before the wind, he yawed, and let drive his whole broadside; and fearfully did it transmogrify us. Half an hour before we were as gay a little sloop as ever floated, with a crew of 120 as fine fellows as ever manned a British man-of-war. The iron-shower sped—ten of the hundred and twenty never saw the sun rise again; seventeen more were wounded, three mortally; we had eight shot between wind and water, our main-top-mast shot away as clean as a carrot, and our hull and rigging otherwise regularly cut to pieces. Another broadside succeeded; but by this time we had bore up, thanks to the loss of our after-sail; we could do nothing else; and, what was better luck still, whilst the loss of our main-top-mast paid the brig off on the one hand, the loss of head-sail in the frigate brought her as quickly to the wind on the other; thus most of her shot fell astern of us; and, before she could bear up again in chase, the squall struck her, and carried her main-top-mast overboard.

This gave us a start, crippled and bedevilled though we were; and as the night fell, we contrived to lose sight of our large friend. With breathless anxiety did we carry on through that night, expecting every lurch to send our remaining topmast by the board; but the weather moderated, and next morning the sun shone on our blood-stained decks, at anchor off the entrance to St George's harbour.

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

By the Author of "The Ayrshire Legatees," "Annals of the Parish," &c.

CHAP. V.

The conversation, the substance of which is related in the foregoing chapter, occupied the time during which we took breakfast; and when Mrs Winsom had made an end, I could not but compliment her as an observant woman.

"It's no for me," she replied, "to object to any kind of approbation; but if I had the power to observe, I have never had the authority to do, so that the things of which I may have to speak have passed before me, and passed away without hinderance, or let, or stay."

She then added, abruptly, "But the wisdom of commendation does not belong to me, so we'll leave off remarking, and I'll tell you how it came to pass. Proud Squire Retford's daughter was brought under a humiliation, and taught, that though gold was good, worth was better.

"This Squire Retford, you see, was a man of great popularity and substance; his estate was so wide that I would go far wrong were I to undertake to talk of cubits and of furlongs concerning it; and then he was a man of an ancient family—he had a scutcheon in his coat-of-arms, and a family vault to hold his ancestors. From all I heard concerning him from his servants, there were few like him in England, whether it was for wealth, pride, or pedigree. So out of the contraries of the time, just when the French were beginning their stramash, he was set up to be made a Member of Parliament. Poor man! what he would have done in Parliament has been a perplexity to me, unless it had been to get an act for the country gentlemen, and other such-like squires, to hang poachers on the next tree!—But I'll no blaspheme.

"Well, being set up on the leet for Parliamenting, he drew, and others pulled; and, what with riding of horses and drawing of chariots, and horsemen horsing on their horses, he was made a member and a ruined man. Then came borrowing money—mortgages and heritable bonds—and after another season, his lady having departed this life, he came to London, and brought with him his daughter Miss;—Oh! but she was an altered young woman! They came back to our house, and though I did every thing to make them comfortable, the old gentleman yammered from morning to night, till his daughter grew as patient as an effigy, or a tomb in Westminster Abbey. Though I coudna say I ever had a right sort of regard, I began to pity her; and as she was often left by herself, I invited her to drink tea with me, my excellent husband, Mr Winsom, being by this time no more.

"Now ye see, Mrs Retford being dead and gone, and Miss being left, by her father's Parliamentary needcessities, in a certain sense disjaskit and forlorn, she was glad on the nights of great debates, or when there was a call of the House, as it was called, to spend her evenings with me. And young Mr Melbourn dropping in at these times, he made an acquaintance, and as he was now rising in the world, he was growing courageous,—so that, to make a lang tale short, he began to speak saft words and gentle tidings to Miss Retford; and she being an abstract creature, with few friends or acquaintances, on account of her father's ruin, began to incline her ear to such effect, that when the Parliament was over, she was fain to make a downset by marrying Mr Melbourn. Her father, however, was a contumacious old man, and coudna bide the thought of his daughter taking up with a merchantable fortune. I was, however, very sorry at the marriage on Mr Melbourn's account, because I could discern that she took him for a convenience. I'll no say that all was freewill and free-gratis love on his part, more than on hers. For when his father came to be at the wedding, there was more talk about good connexions, and ancient families, than was needed to have been said of a matrimony founded and built on a right affection. Howsever, married they were, and if it wasna slanderous, I would say poor Mr Melbourn soon began to see the value of his bargain.

"For some four or five months after

the wedding I saw nothing of him; but the winter coming on, he suddenly, on a wet evening, dropped in and besought me to make him a cup of tea. I have told you he wasna a man of temptation in his appearance, for he was lean, and of a dislocated anatomy; but for all that, he had a kind and gentle look, and if his face bore no beauty, it kythed of great goodness. Twice, it may be three times, he came to see me, in that docile, though thoughtful and familiar way, and I thought, on more than one occasion, there was a something in his mind for the which he wanted sympathizing; but he declared nothing, and I could only guess, wondering how a man that all the world reputed so prosperous, should have any secret cause of discontent with his lot. But before the next summer he grew an altered man. I saw nothing of him, though I heard a great deal; he was wonderful in the newspapers, and an organ of wisdom at public meetings for the King and Constitution, and at charitable dinners for the benefit of posterity.

"In process of time, no doubt, we might have worn out of acquaintance, he having become a national ornament, while I remained the humble mistress of a lodging house here in Mortimer Street. But there was at the bottom of his heart a solid matter of sterling worth, and though there was no intercourse between us, he often sent to me lodgers who could well afford to pay, thereby testifying that he had a memorial of friendship in his heart. But not to dwell on his particular case, or to say more concerning the great bruit he made in the world, there chanced to befall, out of one of his recommendations, an accident that might have been the means of great trouble.

Chap. VI.

"I would not advise you to be of opinion," resumed Mrs Winsom, "that my apartments were always habitable to every one that applied, even when, as in September or October, they were of a necessity empty, that we might get the beautification done properly before the beginning of the next season. I tell you this, sir, with a particularity, for one day, it was the 27th day of August, all my lodgers for the time having, like other birds of passage, flown away, there came to me, rather at an indiscreet hour in the morning, an elderly gentleman from Ibbitson's Hotel, telling me that he was a stranger in London, to whom my house had been recommended by his friend and correspondent, Mr Melbourn, and requesting me to take him for a week or two.

"He was a most genteel-looking man for his years, but whether they were sixty or three-score and ten, would have been a kittle question to those who had no knowledge of the fact. I think he was between the two. It was plain to see he had come from a foreign land, his hair being no grey, but white, like a fringe of cotton on the selvages of his bald head. His eyes were quick, glancing and glimmering, lively and sharp—very much so indeed; his brow was fair, broad, and bright, with here and there a small red spot; it was, however, a brow that had not been much exposed to the temper of changeful weather; it was a genteel indoor brow, shewing a great and long trust in officiality; his cheeks were very red, but it was not a coarse weather-beaten red, nor was it a bunckled crimson, like old gentlemen given to debauch: it had but little of the port wine about it; it was pink, pleasant, and popular, such as became a man that had long been at the head of good fellowship among the better order of doctors and lawyers, and other professional intellectuals.

"The appearance of Mr Flowerfield was really most inviting; he was to a certainty, at the first glance, a man that had been in consideration. His ruffles were of delightful French cambric, but the body of his shirt was of that Glasgow duplicity for linen commonly called calico, but which every sensible and frugal woman better knows by the name of steam-factory flimsy.

"I told him that I was not just then prepared to let my apartments; but he spoke extraordinarily kindly, by which I was moved to let him have my first floor at three guineas a-week; the common price was two guineas and a half; but he made a stipulation that I was to take no other lodger into the house but himself, and his blackamoor man Jugurtha, and that I was

to make no alteration by white-washing, painting, or otherwise, while he staid.

"Considering the time of the year, and the effigy of wealth that was about the old gentleman, I thought this a godsend, that I should in thankfulness acknowledge, by accommodating him with every kind of civility. The same night his blackamoor man, Jugurtha, brought his trunk and baggage home; but Mr Flowerfield himself did not come till after breakfast next morning, being, as he said, loath to disturb such a well-regulated family as mine he was sure was, by the motherliness visible in the house.

"This was most polite of him; and I hope that every body who knows me, and with what credit to myself and comfort to my lodgers I have so long kept this house, will be in no astonishment that I should endeavour to render the situation of such a genteel man satisfactory.

"It came to pass in the course of a few days, that the morning being wet, keeping all Christian people within doors, he began to speak to me concerning his fortune and affairs.

"'Well, Mrs Winsom,' said he, 'here am I, after three and forty years' broiling in the sun of Jamaica, come home to enjoy myself among old friends, and the scenes of my youth,—and I should have the enjoyment, for I have endured many a cloud and storm since I left them. But I begin to be afraid that, although neither the world nor I have been standing still, we have not been going at the same rate, or rather that we have been moving in different directions. I had never been in this great town till the day before I called at your house, though I had seen much of the world, having traversed the Atlantic,—been a book-keeper on a sugar estate,—an overseer on another,—and the proprietor of a coffee penn, in the parish of Hanover, in Jamaica;—besides having been twice a member of the house of Assembly, and on jocose terms with his Excellency the Governor. In short, Mrs Winsom, this city of London is not what I thought it was. It's either a place for a young man of great upset, or for an old one of an ancient family. I doubt that we, of Jamaica, and the West Indies in general, are but halflin sort of folk here; and for the last two days I have just been a fish out of the water. Thanks to your kindness, and to the friendliness of old correspondents, I need not fear that I may not get every thing that's dainty and agreeable; but it's a very dull place to a man who has had authority over several gangs of niggers, and been of the same consequence in the island of Jamaica that I was.

"'With your leave, Mrs Winsom, as I am going to Scotland, to see old things and old friends, I would wish my trunks to remain with you till I come back; and really, though it may cost me something, I would be glad you would keep your rooms for me till I send you a countermand.'

"Whether it was something in the dull, drowsy, dribbling, drizzly day that had saddened my spirit, or that there was the melancholious melody of disappointment in the voice of Mr Flowerfield, I cannot tell; but what he said was not so worldly as might have been expected from a heretofore dealer and driver in the hard labour of slavery. There was in it the boom of a far-off spirit of an innocent humanity; and though he said nothing to cause the remembrance of my father's frugal hearth, and pious evening exercise, to come upon me, I thought of both as he spoke.

"'London,' he continued, 'is no place for me; I am too old for its pleasures, and too ignorant of the way to reach them; but I hope, as I have long hoped, that in the sunny village of my young days I may find a pillow and a friend. But I'll not disguise, that a few days have taught me that even this is doubtful. However, I will go and see, and the worst that can happen, after all, is to go back to Jamaica.'

"After this conversation, we made a paction that I was to keep the house for him until he came back, and that the blackamoor, Jugurtha, should be put upon board wages. Poor unchristened creature! if ever I committed a sin in my life, it was in consenting to such a simplicity; for what was to be expected of a black boy from the slavery of Jamaica, in the corruptions of London, but a colonial rebellion?

"Not, however, to dwell on what was the upshot of leaving the misguided creature to himself, in the course of two days Mr Flowerfield went off in the mail-coach for the north, I saying

to him at the eleventh hour, 'It's true that he should—had it only been for a bravery—have taken Jugurtha with him.'—'But no,' said he, 'I am going to visit simple folk and homely scenes; and it would be looked upon perhaps as a pretence, were I to be seen otherwise among them than as I have, in many a reverie, long desired to be.'

"By and by, in less than a month, Mr Flowerfield came back, an altered man. The pleasant ruby of his countenance was faded into a yellow hue—the sparkling of his little sharp blue eyes was become dim—and though his hair was similar to what it had been, there was about him a look of disease, and a cast of peevishness touched with sorrow. For all that, he was greatly rejoiced to see me, shaking my hands like an old friend, saying, 'I have come home to you again.'

"But he never let wot that he had spoken to me of what he had hoped for in his journey. I saw him, however, often sitting in a disconsolate posture. I fain would have enquired what was the matter with him, but there was no symptom of sickness to justify the inquisition. On the contrary, it was plain that the heart-ill was upon him, and that with all his fortune, his niggers, and the great man he had been with the Governor, were proofs to make him feel the nothingness of the course of his life.

"At long and last, having well noted his dejection, I one Sabbath evening spoke to him of the effectual consolations of the Rev. Mr Greatsound's preachings. 'But,' said he, 'it is not the thoughts of the world to come that molests me—it is for the world which is gone that I am so grieved. I went abroad in early life, like many of my countrymen, to make a fortune, with which I might return, and gladden the little theatre of my first pleasures and cares. Through all my endeavours and difficulties, this thought was the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, that cheered me on in the wilderness, and my heart always continued young. But it is not by the sense of my unfitness for London that I have been taught the unsubstantial nature of the phantom by which I was allured. Those scenes where I expected to find the treasure which my perseverance struggled to earn with such constancy, and for so long a period, have proved more changed than all the world. Where I expected beauty, I shuddered to find decrepitude, and many of those vices which make poverty itself almost a vice. The things that I have worshipped in the secret orisons of my heart, were all changed. The eternal face of nature, though unaltered in features, was no longer the same in complexion to me; all had suffered by the withering touch of age, or by the inconstancy of fortune; where aught of stability in character and affection could be discovered, all its pristine worth was alloyed with some base, sordid, and crawling interest!'

"In this sort of forlorn despondency did that worthy man for some time croon, knowing not in a right sense wherefore he should be so despondent. He was purposeless, and growing, if I might use the word, not sleepy, but deathy. His will was at an end—he had no intents, motive, or cause of action—but, like a weary baby, he laid his head on his sofa, or on his hand, for many an hour, fretful that sleep would not come.

Chap. VII.

"That same night after the conversation I have just told you of," said Mrs Winsom, "Jugurtha, the now corrupted creature, came home in the twilight ree with drink, his face shining like a carved mahogany head varnished, and his white eyes rolling audaciously. But as he was in the main a good-natured thing, he was more an object of derision than of anger.

"He had not well sat down at the kitchen fire, till he began to sing, in a very odd way, the song of 'Rule Britannia—Britons never will be slaves;' and every now and then he rose and rampauged through the kitchen, giving a stamp with his foot that made the whole house dirl, crying out, 'Don't care d—n for Massa—me Massa now—Massa floggee me—me floggee now Massa—Rule Britannia—Britons eber will be slave!'

"'Jugurtha,' said I, in a kind and

composing manner, 'be advised by me, and sit down soberly, and tell us what all this outstrapolousness means.'

"'Missee,' replied he, 'me free—me no black man, nigger—me Briton, me heart of oak—me drub 'em—old Massa pay me shall wage for time me come to Old England—

> Me gentleman of England,
> Dat lib from home at seas.'

"'Well, well, Jugurtha,' was my sedate observation, 'no doubt ye are a gentleman. It may be seen ye are, just by looking at ye; but what's to become of this Maroon war that we have heard so much about, and how bloodhounds were brought from Santamingo to hunt the runaway niggers? Surely ye're no turned a Maroon?'

"'No, Missee—no, Missee—me fire out de clearing-house round de door, when 'em d—n Maroon would kill Massa.'

"At this moment Mr Flowerfield, who had heard the uproar, and something of what was going on, came down stairs, and cried, 'You black rascal!'

"The sound of his voice cowed Jugurtha, the intoxicated emancipator, causing him to retire slinking towards his seat at the fire-side, rebuked and subdued. But it was only for a short duration, for the drink was in his head; he became most dreadful; starting from his seat, looking awful with his white teeth, and crying, as it were with a roar, 'Me no black rascal—me free man—my soul buckra soul.'

"'And who washed the Ethiopian?' said Mr Flowerfield, looking round the kitchen, as I thought, for some weapon to inflict law and justice for such contumacy. Jugurtha snapped his fingers at the old gentleman, who had, by this time, caught hold of the hearth-brush, and who, without saying a word, knocked him down in a most methodical manner. I thought he was murdered, and Babby thought he was dead; and so, to see such a black act as the slaying of a nigger in our house, caused us both at once to cry out in desperation, 'Murder and help—help!'

"It just then happened that the watchman, or the patrol, I'll not undertake to say which, was going his rounds, and passing our door at that critical conjuncture, and hearing our terrification of murder, knocked at the door. Babby and me, no having the presence of mind to answer, he sprung his rattle, and presently a mob gathered round the door, and broke it open like an egg-shell, so that, in the twinkling of an eye, an auld carle was amongst us, with a diver hat, a beggarly drab-coloured big coat, with an old Barcelona round his neck, a horn bouet and a club stick in one hand. He grippet Mr Flowerfield, with the other, by the throat. A siclike, but of a more juvenile nature, took hold of me—the uncircumcised Philistine! He was an Irishman—and begged my pardon in asking me to take a pleasant walk with him to the watch-house. Two others, of a like gruesome countenance, had by this time laid hands on our Babby, for she had gone demented, and was drumming with her heels, and cymballing with her knuckles, like mad. She thought Jugurtha was a murdered man, and was yelling in a fantasy, as if we were all already at the gallows-foot for the deed. Meanwhile Jugurtha, drunken ne'er-do-weel! was lying on the floor, and another of the watchmen took him by the cuff of the neck, and raising his head, and holding his lantern to his face, said, 'Poor fellow! are you dead?'—'No, but me d—n bad,' said Jugurtha, giving, at the same time, an unseemly hiccup in the watchman's face.

"'Tossicated, by the holy poker!' cried the watchman; whereupon the outrageous hands that had been laid on me and Babby were removed, and the crowd that had gathered began to laugh.

"But that night's sport was no laughing to me, for while the riot was raging in the kitchen, the street door having been left open, a gang of thieves and pocket-pickers got into the parlour, and carried off every commodity of value that was on the sideboard and mantelpiece. Among other things, I was ravished of three teaspoons, a beautiful new plated bedroom candlestick, and a most valuable conch-shell which Mr Flowerfield had given me, a curiosity from Savannah-la-Mar.

"But all this was nothing to the after come-to-pass. The watchmen, ye see, saw that me and Babby and Mr Flowerfield were in a state of perfect sobriety; and that being the case, they lifted up Jugurtha, and carried

him off to the watch-house. Oh, but Mr Flowerfield was in a true and earnest passion when the house was calm. He made a vow that he would spend a thousand doubloons to make an example, for the benefit of the other slaves, and the protection of the planters and overseers.

"To be sure, it was most natural he should think of punishing such an insurrection, especially of a nigger who had been born on his own penn of Coffeehill, and who was the natural son of the gentleman from whom he had purchased the property,—'than whom,' said Mr Flowerfield, 'was never a more humane man, or one who had clearer ideas on the danger of altering the condition of the slaves.'

"When the house was restored to its propriety, and Mr Flowerfield had finished his accustomed tosy, we all went to bed. I did not sleep well, and Babby was in a jeopardy till break of day with the nightmare. As for the old gentleman, he was like the last man, and declared that the ruin of England was evident, and that all we held here was in a bad way.—Truly he had cause to say so; for before he had well finished his breakfast next morning, in came a lawyer's claw, claiming forthwith payment of wages, at a most extortionate rate, in the name of Jugurtha, from the day of the 'black rascal's' arrival in England.

"Mr Flowerfield of course broke out into a hurricane at this, and shook the man by the lapel of his coat, for such an insult and imposition. Notwithstanding, the man calmly expounded that he had not come to take him up, but only to make a demand. This dumbfoundered Mr Flowerfield, who, being naturally very courteous, calmed, and considering that the first loss was often the least loss, he referred the demand to his friend Mr Melbourn, in the city, giving, at the same time, a genteel solatium to the man for what had happened.

"Scarcely had that man quitted the house, when, lo and behold, an officer came with a warrant to take Mr Flowerfield to the police-office, for having 'saulted and battered the ne'er-do-weel Jugurtha, and both me and Babby were obligated to be of the party to bear witness. There, after a deal of argol-bargolling to no manner of purpose, Mr Flowerfield was found guilty to stand trial, and put to the extortionate necessity of sending for two of his respectable correspondents to give bail for him.

"Never did I see a man so distressed in mind as the good old gentleman was at this legal injustice. 'The ruin of England,' said he, 'is too manifest. No nation can long stand where niggers are so encouraged to insult their masters. But the sooner I get out of it, and back to Coffeehill penn, the better.'

"Accordingly, that morning he began to prepare, and having confided the law-plea to the management of Mr Melbourn, he sailed by the packet from Falmouth in less than a month after, behaving to me, on taking his departal, in the most genteel and satisfactory manner; nor did he forget me when he got back to Jamaica, for he sent me, by one of Mr Melbourn's ships, next year, a bag of coffee beans that weighed no less than a hundred and fifteen weight, a barrel of the most beautiful raw sugar, and a lovely parrot, that could speak every word, though neither Babby nor me understood it, for it was a Spanish parrot, and conversed in no other language; and he continued his tribute of sugar and coffee regularly every year, till his death, when he remembered me in his will as 'that most kind and sensible lady Mrs Winsom, with whom he staid in Mortimer Street,' bequeathing to me a legacy of fifty guineas, to buy a ring or a silver teapot."

Chap. VIII.

Some two or three days elapsed before I had an opportunity of renewing my conversation with Mrs Winsom; but at last another wet Sunday morning came to pass, when she was kind enough to favour me with her company. After some preliminary reminiscences touching Mr Flowerfield's case and the Melbourns, she began upon a new subject.

"I'm sure," said she, "I have good cause to bear in mind, brighter and above many events, the pleasantries of a visit which Bailie Seeston

and his wife made, to view the particularities of London, during which they were lodgers with me. They came from Paisley, and were bein, thriving bodies, who had made, some years before, a power of money, by a certain beautiful pawtron silk gauze, as Mrs Seeston herself told me. They called it the Princess Elizabeth's soufflé; and the year before they thought of their jaunt, they had again been coining money by something of the same sort, which was the special encouragement that allowed them to come to London:—their business being, as the Bailie said, to take the benefit of God's blessing; adding, that a sight of the great world was good for trade, as well as for sore eyes. He was, by this time, learning to speak high English.

"Having but few fashionable acquaintance in London—for how could it be expected that Paisley folk could be overladen with siclike?—me and Mrs Seeston made ourselves most agreeable to one another;—and she was pleased to say, after observing something by ordinar about my manner, that she had an apprehension I was a lady that had seen better days.

"It would not have been discreet of me to have gainsaid ony thing detrimental to so polite a judgment—so I replied nought; but in sincerity I'll own to you, I had the day before bought another hundred in the three per cents, by the which I was more than five hundred better than when dear Mr Winsom departed this life.

"Well, you see, Mrs Seeston and me growing condisciples, and having a right understanding with one another, neither her nor the Bailie would gang a foot a-field without linking me with them,—by which I got more edification concerning the sights of London, than falls to the lot of most single women of character.

"But I should speak the truth, for in this there was a great, though a silent and inward, triumphing on my part. When the Bailie and his leddy first came to the house, it was to be seen that they intended to be mighty and grand. The mistress was civil, for she was of a blithe and warm-hearted naturality; nor could I object to the Bailie, for he too was courtly and condescending; but it was plain that they thought themselves something better than their landlady. I had seen the like pretences before, and so they were free to take the length of their tether.

"Mrs Seeston was, I must confess, not of a genteel habit of body, being short, and of a protuberant corpulency, bearing a burden of many fine things, without knowing how to wear them. She was, on the second morning after they came to town, going out to walk a-shopping in Oxford Street, in white satin shoes, had I not laid my hands upon her, and told her in a whisper, before the Bailie, what she might be thought of. She kicket them off at hearing that, and nearly faintit.

"This was the beginning of our conjunction. The Bailie—he was really a worthy body—might be a degree farther over the hill height than the mistress; but he had a guess, as he said himself, of what glamour was—aboon the lady. In short, he was slee and sleeky, with a pawkie whirly in the corner of his eye, that shewed, if he wasna a sinner, he kent what a pleasant thing sin might be.

"I'll no say he was a fat man, for he being of stature low, that might be a question; but I have had a Glasgow provost of a jimper capacity, and likewise a Dumfries dean o' guild that, in the measurement of girth, would hae buckled within his belt, to an owercome of a nail and quarter. But for all that, Bailie Seeston was a capital man—jocose, and knowing the difference between meconomy and nabalness; what he waurt upon us, in our ploys, was truly spent wi' the spirit o' hospitality.

"At the Talbot Inn at Richmond, on a Sunday, though the bill for eels, a duck with green peas, and a grosette tart, was enough to make the hair on the head of any man to stand on end, far more that of a Bailie, who is reputed to get his dainties from the common stock, he was wonderful facetious, and treated us with a bottle of claret wine on the occasion, which Mrs Seeston said, and I thought, was some trash. The Bailie himself, however, acknowledged that he had once tasted better at Lord Glasgow's, at the Halket-head, where, to be sure, every thing was of the first quality.

"It would, however, be overly long for me to summer and winter on the diversions we had thegither, going to Vauxhall, and even to see the execution of a forger; for, as Mrs Seeston

said, if it was not sae dreadful a thing as a murderer's, yet it was an edifying curiosity of its kind.

"The only drawback that I had by the Bailie and Mrs Seeston was their inordinate passion for pawtrons, especially in Ludgate Hill; where, as the lady very truly made the observe, there was more of a fine taste for the better sort of goods than even in Bond Street itself: not, however, that they were intent only about gauze and flounces; for, to say what is only true, they were diverting themselves, and but took up the shop windows in walking along, in the way of pastime.

"At last they began to turn the eyes of their understanding homeward, or, as Mrs Seeston said,—'She was beginning to be wearyiet wi' the gaieties and gallantings of London.'—So out of that weariness grew a resolve of departal. And no gentleman or leddy could behave genteeler than they did to me, on account of my helping them so well to the sights and curiosities. The Bailie gie'd me, in courtesy, a very handsome garnet-coloured piece of silk, eight yards, which I sold to Mrs Flounce, the dress-maker in Queen Anne's Street, for five and three-pence the yard; and Mrs Seeston bought me a lace bonnet, the twin of one she bought for herself;—and they paid their bill without a question,—very unlike the Scotch in general. So that, if I couldna in conscience uphold the Paisley Bailie for a courtier, I am bound to maintain he was friendly, jocose, and of a furthy liberality, that's worth mair, in a sterling point of view, than all the congees of Edinburgh—not that I have ever had cause to complain of the inhabitants of that very respectable town; for such of them as have lodged with me have always proved themselves genteel to a nicety, though some of them have been a thought hampered with scrupulosity. And here I would make an observe, which is, that the folks from the West of Scotland, who are not people of pedigree, are most liberal and genteel; whereas those from the East, and especially from Edinburgh, who are, for the most part, the offspring or the ancestors of lords and kings, are of a narrow, contracted meconomy; the cause of which, to account for, would not be easy in philosophy.

"About two years after the visit of Bailie Seeston and his leddy, I had a letter from them, telling me that they intended to be in London soon, and hoping, if my apartments were not engaged, that I would keep them for a week or two, for they would not grudge the rent, to be again so comfortable as they had been with me. By this I could guess the Bailie had made another great year; but in the course of three or four posts after, I received a line from Mrs Seeston herself, to let me know that they would not want the rooms, for the gudeman had made a great mistake in making up his accounts, by adding the year of the Lord as a sum in his profits."

A MATTER OF MOONSHINE.

The new Moon! and my pockets are penniless—destined thus to continue in poverty for at least a month to come;—yet, during this unfavourable omen of an empty pocket, I am rejoiced to recognise that heavenly sickle suspended over the door-way of the west. I have been young, and now am—by the by, what age was Æneas?—I am "senior"—oldish—yet have I never seen, unless once, when I had the jaundice, a new Moon without emotion. A new Moon is a proof of the soul's immortality, or a presumption—or at least, an analogy—these mathematics have driven in and circumscribed our moral reasoning!—it is a crescent of hope, hung out over the dusky hours of night, and doubt, and difficulty. Oh, how deep are our thoughts, and how gloomy, too—on our own immortality!—all other thoughts are but mere passing fancies in comparison. No man, woman, or child, that could think upon this subject, ever yet dared to express the full reach of that plummet which is ever and anon let down into the bottomless abyss. The renewed Moon—the renewed parent;—the first is in heaven, in her own peaceful placid heaven; and the other is enjoying in blessedness the renewal of powers and faculties which time had impaired. Yes, be it so; invisibles are made known by visibles—things of eternity are imaged out in things of time—coming events cast their shadows before—and the reparation of man is thus displayed in glorious hieroglyphic. Nor has the conversation of the new Moon been restricted to such inward visitings of the soul; she has travelled with me, and I with her, over sea and land, mountain and valley—with her I have looked upon the eastern Bramin in his first prostrations, the Hebrew in his tented deserts, and even the Scottish Border reaver in his anticipated foray; but our pleasantest communings have been in the withdrawings of my early days, in the intimations made when my bosom was young—in her announcements of futurity—of that continuance of foul or fair—of variable or settled—of cold or genial,—the symbols of which lay in the sharpness or rotundity of her points. There she still hangs, the very picture of filial affection—the new Moon with the old, dim, and decayed shell in her arms—Agrippina landing at Brundusium with the urn of Germanicus in her bosom! See how closely she embraces the departing shadow—how her arms stretch away into curvature! But it is all in vain;—a few risings and settings over, and the shadow itself shall be obliterated—"the very ruins shall have perished"—and there shall not remain a trace of that which, but a few weeks ago, shone forth in beauty and in glory from the brow of Heaven. But she is fast approaching towards the wavy line of the mountain ridge, and is diving side-foremost into another hemisphere. Farewell, then, thou soft-footed Queen of heaven!—silent and still is thy departure—the night clock, the bat, and the cushat, are consecrated to thy shrine—and all that stilly noise, and tinkling silence, which rests upon or descends from the mountain, imparts an air of heartfelt solemnity to thy exit.

The full Moon!—large, round, and jolly—in the eastern heaven—a vast foam-bell cast forth by the sport of the deep, and floating buoyantly upwards, reflecting from its rotundity the dark image and outlines of things unknown. A thin silky cloud crosses her pathway of ascent—it lies over her elongated disk like a sudden sorrow that has visited the countenance through the heart. But the momentary darkness has passed away;—clearer and more clear—smaller and more small—"beautifully less," she ascends on her azure pathway, leaving behind her the mountain haze and the horizon cloud—the milky softness of Heaven's conjunction with earth. Her triumph is now complete. "Like a bonnie blue glass," she bends her deep-set keen blue eye on all beneath;—she looks in the intensity of her glory upon river, tower, and tree—upon the palace and city—upon the vast and unfathomed ocean—upon the round and embosomed creek—upon the sleeping, the waking, and the dead—upon all that comes forth to forage or that lurks in ambush—upon the simple and inoffensive songster nestled in his bush, as well as upon the villain

fox, skulking and prowling for his prey. She looks upon the mountain land, and its hoary cairns and bonnie streams rejoice in her glory—she looks upon the valley-ground, and the dense and white mists gather upon and obliterate every distinct feature; all is sunk, like the cities of the plain, in one wide wavy sea of radiance; and over the busy walks and habitations of men, the land billows are tossed and tumbled. Here and there the spire, and tower, and rock, assume somewhat of the aspect of islands. Is it that some Druidical spell is about to encompass and to dim her glory, or that the aspect of the heavens is suddenly changed? Have the observances of Heaven been practised from time immemorial upon earth, or does this heavenly circle repeat the image of earthly practice? Thin, light, and rakish messengers detach themselves from the southern horizon, and onward they travel with accelerated speed. But the mysterious hand of enchantment has arrested their advance, and ever and anon, as they approach to the consecrated halo, they suddenly disappear—they melt into air, and are seen no more. As the Eastern worshipper prostrates himself and unshoes his feet at the threshold of the Divinity—so do these worshipping vapours put off their tread and visible footing in their more immediate approach to the temple of the Queen of Heaven.

The Moon is in her last quarter—decay hath sorely visited her full-grown strength. Her second childhood hath arrived, and all is now inverted; her very frame-work is turned upside down, and she hangs her gloomy and formless decay, in solemn indistinctness, over the mountain heads. This is the last night of the waning moon; well known to hind and matron old—that night on which evil was abroad, and mischief was accomplished—children were stolen from their cradles—cows were elf-shot at the stake, or in the field—and gambols, of an unearthly guise, were held in cave and glen—old women rode abroad on broomsticks, and Lapland was peopled with Fife witches. This is the night, or rather the morning, when churchyards were known to relent, and sheeted death walked abroad in the awful semblance of parent, lover, friend—when the nightmare pressed large and heavy on the wrestling soul, and the clammy dew sat on the brow even of vigorous manhood—when journeys undertaken at the approach of dawn, were eminently unsuccessful, and all Nature felt and owned that the Prince of Darkness had power to triumph.—Yes, this to me has often been, and still is, a night, a season of solemn, deep, and peaceful happiness—as, after having extinguished the midnight taper, I view, in the descending and dying planet, that emblem of man's glory, ambition, power, which is at once so striking and so instructive. There is even a luxury in such mournful and serious reflections, which, coming upon the back of long study, and mental exertion in particular, has a tendency to elevate rather than to depress—to solemnize into acquiescence rather than to damp into inactivity.

The seasons have their sun; and distinctly, in his progress, does he mark out and define their various aspects. The dark features of winter—the soft flush of spring—the florid tinge of summer—with the yellow radiance of autumn—are all the daughters of him who plays at bo-peep with our planet, now retreating, now advancing, in the mysterious hornpipe of planetary revolution. But the seasons have their Moon too—their own Lady Moon—who, though far less marked and distinct in her seasonal aspect, has still her shiftings, her spring, summer, autumn, and winter visitings of the shepherd's soul, who, from Ida's top, eyes "the blue vault;" or of the farmer's heart, who, from his own corn-field, "blesses the conscious light."

Is not there a Moon of spring? Let the lover say, who sees the crescent figure, soft and lovely, 'midst the ringlets of wavy light, as the gloaming melts into moonshine, and he begins to recognise his shadow along the opposite hill side. Let the fisher say, as he returns slowly and heavy loaded from his bewitching and late-protracted amusement, where the lapwing screams and flaps, and dives over head, and the stream gurgles less and less, in his mountain ascent. Let the husbandman say, as he concludes and closes up his day's labour under the kindly superintendence of a luminary, whose outgoings, from of old, have been with the tiller of the soil, and the reaper of the field.

Is not there a Moon in thy majesty,

oh, summer radiance! or art thou only hung out, in diminished splendour, over that glowing nocturnal twilight, to satisfy the Earth, that though superseded, thou art not suppressed—though dimmed, thou art not extinguished? It is true, that the sailor boy, as he whistles on the breeze, and eyes thy broad pathway of sparkling radiance along the placid deep, could dispense with thy presence. It is true, likewise, that the traveller whose utmost efforts cannot mark the point in time, or in the northern horizon, where evening twilight ends, and morning dawn begins—whose path is overspread before him with all the yellow radiance of a June night, could prosecute his journey unaided by thee. It is besides true, that the sons of Belial, in all their varied hues of evil, these lovers of darkness rather than of light, are annoyed and offended by thy presence. But it is likewise true and of verity, that thy summer visits are sweet and sacred to religion, and to friendship, and to love,—to religion, as plaided she kneels beneath thy benignant countenance to the God that created, the Saviour that re-created; to friendship, as she grapples hand to hand in the summer dusk, and pours forth the breathings of the heart; and to love, to infinite, inscrutable love, as she haunts her glens and awaits her interviews—as she feels pulse avowing to pulse, and soul commingling with soul!—Oh, Moon of the summer night, how doubly dear hast thou been, and still art, to me!—I owe thee much.

Comes not the Moon of harvest in wisdom and *providential* benevolence? Night after night, even unto the northern rising, does she not ascend on her upward pathway, at the same hour and with undiminished radiance? Shame on that wisdom, which, in the folly of its devisings, would refuse to man the solemnity and comforting of second causes—that would strip God's general arrangements of particular object, and, in the vanity of human discovery, would sink the God and elevate the man—would strip the husbandman and the labourer of harvest, of the conviction that such arrangements are not only intentional, but benevolent—that there is light in his upland and inland, in his glens, loanings, and stack-yards, because the source of all light has had regard to his needs—because the same benevolence which has sent his Sun to ripen, has likewise commissioned his Moon to secure, the fruits of harvest. Cheerful, oh delightfully cheerful, is the harvest Moon, and as distinct from all other Moons, as the season is separated from all other seasons! Is it that the necessity has again returned, and, along with this, the returning supply? Is it that the luminary which appeared lately superfluous, has now become eminently and conspicuously useful? Is it that the mighty heaven has again resumed that deep-blue dye, from which the Moon looks forth so lovely, that the hazy milkiness of a summer night, when

"The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills,"

has given place to the purity and brightness of a harvest heaven? All these circumstances have, indeed, their influence; but the prime and predominating cause is to be looked for, and to be found elsewhere—in the heart, namely, of the percipient, rather than in the objects perceived in the exulting feelings of man—now walking in the garb of accomplishment, for hope has yielded to possession, and accomplishment has succeeded to effort.

But winter, after all, is the season of Lunar supremacy. In other seasons her presence is useful—in this it is indispensable—indispensable, from the extremity of Greenland to the Mountains of the Moon—from the Isles of Japan to those of Galipago. The Sun is now ashamed, as it were, of his own impotency, and hastens to hide his head from that barren and uncheered sterility, which he has not the power to enliven. His movements on the extremity of the horizon are like the flights of the landrail,—short, curved, and far-between. But his absence is nobly relieved by the sister orb. Over a landscape of uniform brightness, she flings forth from the east her unquenchable radiance. There is one immensity of blue above—there is one intensity of white beneath. The mountains are rounded off, and rolled upon each other, as the intermediate valleys lose their breadth and extension. Were it not for the black lines which lie on the slope, and hang, as it were, in separate pencils, from the brow of the hill—from which is heard, amidst the tinkling of frosty silence, the voice of descending water;—were

it not for those markings off, and definers of distance, even distance itself would cease, and heaven and earth would appear as ever mingled into one. This assuredly is the hour, and this the season, of favours and enjoyment; the bracing efforts of the frosty air are felt, not only *on* the body, but *in* the soul,—the veriest clown and clodpole is now smart and witty. The outgoings of the breath are like the steamings of a kettle—and the distinct articulations of the voice are heard from Dan to Beersheba. The curler is still at his sport;—the sun has arisen, and the sun has set upon his contest,—a contest in which the prowess of two rival parishes is to be tried and determined;—and still you may hear the stone booming along the rink—the rap and the rattle of collision by the tee—and the sudden and frequent breakings forth of irrepressible delight—of exulting triumph. Around that dark and dense knot—twisted and twined about the tee—the skater moves in graceful circles—smooth, sliding without step,—whilst the gingerbread basket still lingers with its necessary and delicious supplies. The boy is abroad, in all his school-boy glee;—he is all eye and ear,—eye to watch the movements of the hare, as she comes—downward and downward—with frequently arrested advance—from the mountain to the kail-yard; —ear to hear, and voice to chide the bay of the house dog—which ever and anon delays or retrogrades her movements.

The lover, too, is visible in the moonshine of winter. His, however, is no obtrusive and ostentatious pathway—he walks alone beneath precipices, and under the dark shadowings of woods and mountains. She, the beloved of his heart, to whose habitation he is hastening—whilst the crisp and solid snow bears him safely over bog and fen—awaits him beneath that evergreen holly—all covered and labouring as it now is with the incumbent load. There she has listened, and from thence she has looked out, for forty minutes, and is prepared to aver that she has been detained as many hours. There is a snug warm spot beneath that close thick-leaved holly, where cold cannot penetrate—or, if it could, there are bosoms there proof against its influence—

"The cock may craw, the day may daw,"

and still that holly shade, which has now shifted from the west to the eastern side, continues true to its trust. The lovers are only thinking of parting.

All those things are true—and a thousand more that might be sung or said, on Lunar influence—on the delights, with which such lucubrations cannot fail to inspire every observer of nature. There is a purity, a refinement, as well as a delight, in such reveries;—and if any individual who has perused these recollections, shall feel at the same time a response to them in his own, he cannot fail to be satisfied. But if, from local disadvantages, or constitutional disqualification, he has never "felt what I have felt, or been where I have been"—then he will have the goodness to recollect that this is all

"A Matter of Moonshine."

COLONIAL DISCONTENT.

PART I.—LOWER CANADA.

It has been often remarked, that the rumours of popular discontent sound loudest at a distance. We believe this to be the case with respect to the dissatisfaction of our American colonies, particularly in regard to that of the two Canadas.

It was admitted last year, both by the Ministry and Parliament, that there was something diseased in the condition of these two provinces, and a Committee of the House of Commons was in consequence appointed to investigate the causes. If, however, we may judge by what has taken place since, or rather by what has not, it would seem the case was not found to be so bad or dangerous as had been apprehended.

It is true, that the governor of Upper Canada, as well as of Lower Canada, has been changed, but the change was determined upon previous to the appointment of the Committee. It cannot, therefore, be alleged, that the recall of the Earl of Dalhousie from Quebec, or the translation of Sir Peregrine Maitland to Halifax, was in consequence of any mal-administration having been discovered by the Committee, in the respective governments of these distinguished officers, especially as the former was summoned to a more splendid trust, and the latter raised to a situation esteemed the most desirable in all British North America. The fact, too, of no legislative measure having originated from the investigation, is still more conclusive. The utmost, indeed, which can be said of the labours of the Committee, amounts only to this:—Some intemperance was ascertained to exist between the English and the French population of the Lower Province, and a predilection for the Church of England was found to be stronger in one member of the government of the Upper Province, than consisted with "absolute wisdom," or could be indulged without offending the religious sentiments of a great majority of the people.

But still it cannot be denied that the progressive state of the two provinces is fast germinating changes, which must sooner or later affect the moral and political condition of the inhabitants; and the question with respect to them is, simply, whether the imperial legislature should attempt to bias these changes in any way whatever, from or to their present obvious tendency.

That tendency will be best discerned by a consideration of a few actual and indisputable circumstances.

Lower Canada contains two classes of inhabitants, as dissimilar from each other in habits, language, and usages, as those of France and England. The one consists of the descendants of the old French families by whom the colony was originally settled, and the other of the British merchants and emigrants, who claim with more than our wonted national arrogance all the superiorities and mastership, which conquest confers and conquerors exact. Without this division of the people in Lower Canada be clearly understood, it is impossible to form any correct notion of the condition of that Colony, or of the causes which irritate its discontents.

The province has now been seventy years under the British crown, and has for eight-and-thirty enjoyed the advantages of an English constitution; and yet, it may be doubted if the constitution has in any considerable degree changed the respective character of the inhabitants. The causes of this are probably manifold. It would be absurd to say that any thing like coercion has been allowed to compress the Canadians into a faction; but undoubtedly although no persecution has taken place, the English have yet borne towards them a contemptuous demeanour—in its impression, naturally calculated to make them coalesce in sentiment, without giving provocation enough to band them into enemies. In a word, the political condition of Lower Canada may be said to resemble that of England after the Norman conquest.

We have here, under other names, the Saxons and the Normans, with this difference, however, in the spirit of the government established by the conquerors,—It does not seek, like that of the Norman princes in Eng-

land, to eradicate the ancient institutions of the people, or to change the objects of their veneration, in order to promote the advantage of its own adherents and partisans.

It is the very nature of the English constitution to promote, by its working, the improvement of its subjects. But although every Englishman feels and acknowledges this, it is an effect of that knowledge and feeling to make him prefer the right rather than the expedient. Thus it often happens, even while he is conferring boons on the Canadians, he uses the most ungracious language towards them, and, on all occasions, maintains that they ought to be thankful for the good things he is forcing them to swallow.

The relationship which the acquisition of the province has produced between it and England, does not appear to be well understood. It is not, for example, recollected, that Lower Canada, according to the usual acceptation of the term, was really not a conquered country, but ceded or acquired by capitulation, upon conditions sanctioned and hallowed by treaty. The British did not obtain an unrestricted mastership and dominion, such as the Normans acquired over England, nor similar to the authority which the French in latter times have exercised over so much of Europe. On the contrary, it may be fairly said, that the acquisition was rather of the nature of a confederation with England than a conquest, inasmuch as the connexion was founded on certain stipulations as specific and vital as the articles of a national union. It probably was in some degree owing to respect for the terms of the capitulation and treaty, and to the difficulty of improving the institutions of the country without infringing on them, that the constitutional act was originally devised.

By that act the inhabitants became empowered to judge and determine for themselves as to changes in their laws and institutions; and the British legislature renounced the right, so long as the act remained unaltered, of interfering with the internal concerns of the province. But the renunciation has not been very strictly observed,—instances of interference, especially in the Canada trade act, have taken place; and these have had the effect of sowing distrust among the people, and of preventing that contentment which it is the object of all good government to promote.

Another source of discontent to the Canadian nation, as the descendants of the French affect to call themselves, is in the peculiarities of their Anglo fellow-subjects. Of all people, the British are the least disposed to amalgamate with others; too conscious of good intentions, they will not take the trouble to conciliate by the minor morality of manners; and thus it has happened that they are mingled with the Canadians as water is with oil, mixed but not incorporated.

That the different garrisons which have occupied the strongholds since the fall of Quebec have been sent from England, not more for the defence of the country than to preserve the subjugation, will probably not be disputed; at least it is not likely to be denied that, without intending it, they have uniformly acted towards the Canadians more as foreigners than as subjects of the King. This may not be imputable to them as blame, for it is an effect of discipline; but the Canadians undoubtedly feel as if there were something of scorn in it; and, in consequence, are as averse to cultivate social intercourse with the military, as the military, from not speaking their language, are seemingly anxious to avoid them. The civil settlers, it might have been thought, would have had, from their obvious interests, less restraint upon them; and theoretically this must have been the case, but practically it is otherwise; for their circumstances imposed obligations quite as restrictive as those of military habits.

The civil settlers were, for the most part, adventurers of humble education and fortune. It was natural, when such persons acquired wealth, that they should look for consideration among the government party, consisting of their own countrymen; and thus, in the arrogance of upstart wealth, there was quite enough to repulse the Canadians from seeking their society.

Religion has had also some interest in preventing that social communion between the two classes, without which no community can ever be either satisfied or well ordered.

The Canadians may be described as universally Roman Catholics; the British, though of different sects and de-

nominations, are in general Protestants. The former, averse to receive, as they deemed it, the taint of education; the latter, impatient to force it upon them. It was not till the year 1824 that the House of Assembly, the majority of which is Canadian, would permit parish-schools to be established; and even then the law only allowed their establishment to the extent that parishes might have schools at their own cost. Limited as the boon was, we have been informed by the author of that measure, that, but for the personal interest which Lord Dalhousie took in it, he was persuaded it would not have been carried into effect.

Our limits, however, do not admit of discussing the sources of the Canadian discontents in detail. It is quite sufficient to state the fact, that the inhabitants are a divided people—different in language, manners, religion, and laws—to satisfy every reflecting mind, that until their interests can be effectually blended, unanimity is not to be expected. But although their discontent is the fruit of their divisions, it has no very strong or decided influence on their feelings towards the Imperial Government; and this is one of the facts of their case which should be always recollected. His Majesty has not more faithful subjects than the Canadians, and the heart-burnings among them have reference only to their own internal circumstances. It would seem, however, when their discontent is alluded to, that nothing less than rebellion and separation from the crown is to be feared. This notion runs through all the speculations of politicians on this side of the Atlantic, and prevents the true state of what may be called the Canadian Question from being understood. Nothing in regard to a community can be more fallacious.

PART II.—UPPER CANADA.

We have read, with particular attention, the Report of the Canada Committee for 1828. Knowing something of the different parties who gave evidence upon the Committee, we were not surprised to find it so unsatisfactory; we are only surprised that there are persons who think, upon such an inconclusive document the Ministers of the Crown could have recommended to Parliament any change in the constitutional act of the provinces. That some attention is, however, necessary, admits of no question; but the causes which hasten it on, are, at least as far as Upper Canada is concerned, not once touched upon in the Report,—we might say, not once imagined. The Report, in fact, is intrinsically bad;—we do not mean the mere lucubration of the committee, but bad for the opinions placed on record in the Appendix.

The evidence of Mr James Stephen, for example, the loyal oracle of the Colonial Office, has no parallel for indiscretion in any testimony ever given by an officer of the crown, touching a great interest of the empire. If this gentleman's opinion be that of the Government, or BE WELL FOUNDED, it is quite clear that the United Kingdom ought to be no farther troubled with Canadian affairs. Mr Stephen is a worthy, honest man, with a competent share of loyal understanding, but in this matter he went beyond his depth; he does not appear to have rightly conceived what the objects were to which the enquiries of the committee were directed. Their objects were, to ascertain the best means of improving the condition of the Canadians. But he talks of them as if they were about to throw off what is often absurdly called "the yoke of England."

The opinion of Mr Stephen is, however, in opposition to fact and history. No people, as we have already said, could evince a stronger attachment, a more genuine and generous loyalty, than the Canadians did collectively, during the late war with the United States. In no country, we are well assured, is national rivalry more felt than in the Canadas, as respects the sentiments of the inhabitants towards those of the United States. Why Mr Stephen should infer that there is a predilection among them towards the Americans, is inconceivable. It cannot be from his own personal knowledge;—all he knows of the country is derived from the meagre official returns, and probably an occasional conversation, in the course of a year or two, with some member of the provincial government. We have been assured that Mr Stephen's evidence excited universal

disgust and indignation in the two provinces. What, indeed, could be thought of the chance of having grievances redressed, when a person so nearly connected with the King's government felt himself warranted to state what that gentleman has stated?

But Mr Stephen's opinion, obnoxious as it was to the feelings of the Canadians, was thought to be less the result of the exercise of his own judgment, than of representations which the Colonial Department haslong been accused of receiving too credulously. It is alleged that, as elsewhere nearer home, there is an official faction in Upper Canada, who have found it personally advantageous to represent the people as "malecontent," in order to enhance their own merit in keeping them quiet; but the members of that faction, if the epithet may be fitly applied, are not morally to blame. In all small communities, men in authority are more guided by personal considerations than by principles; and what claim could the members of a colonial government have on the munificence of the parent state, if "the difficulties they have had to contend with" were not made manifest, and "their strenuous exertions for the public good" not well cried up? We do not, therefore, impute any great degree of blame to the Canadian officials, for their natural endeavour to exalt their own importance. We only blame the credulity of those who do not discriminate the distinctive peculiarities of a small and a great society. Large communities never act simultaneously, until compressed by some great general grievance into a mass: in small ones, rivalries, friendships, domestic ties, and sympathies, cause individuals to use the language of the public, as if each of their particular cases affected the community. The remark, however, does not apply more to men in office, than to those who desire to be; but the effect of that personal feeling is, to engender an invidious species of espionage between them. It is only those, however, who are in the possession of power, that can make it be felt.

A system of espionage assumes, that there is something which ought to be watched and to be prevented; and as the existence of such a system probably did exist in Upper Canada during the administration of Sir Peregrine Maitland, it may be said that so far his government was led to act on false principles. Let us not here be misunderstood; we do not suppose there was any thing like an organized system, but only that tales to the personal disadvantage of the Anti-Ministerial party were too readily listened to. No doubt, the members of that party were as credulous in listening to tales to the prejudice of the adherents of Government, but then they had it not in their power, like them, to inflict punishment.

It is unnecessary to explain in what manner a system of espionage begets heart-burnings. It is to the public what tattle and malicious gossip are to private society, with this essential difference, however, that the tale of the slanderer is in time forgotten or refuted, whereas the report of the spy is received in secret, placed in the confidential archives of office, and referred to as a testimonial of character, in which such set of testimonials can be applied *with* effect when the occasion arises.

By the papers which have been circulated in the case of Mr Willis, it would seem, that long before that gentleman had delivered his doubts as to the Court of King's Bench in Upper Canada being legally constituted, measures, under the espionage system, had been taken to watch his personal habits and pastimes. If such a predisposition to injure really existed, or was believed to exist, it is not surprising that many of the inhabitants of the Colony should have taken his part, and that strong expressions of popular dissatisfaction at his dismissal were conveyed to the Government. But, granted that the popular dissatisfaction in his case was excited by false rumours and notions, the doubts he had raised were none lessened by his dismissal. That the Imperial Government supported the provincial administration in the alleged persecution of Mr Willis, was to be expected, but the subsequent proceedings have not been judicious; on the contrary, they have added a new and permanent grievance to the stock previously accumulated. The Canadians will now doubt if justice be administered according to law; they will doubt if justice may at all be obtained, especially in political cases, while their Judges are removable at the pleasure of a Governor, and, on this account, a declaratory

law, on the subject of Mr Willis's doubts, must still be supplied. A concession to that extent is indispensable; it may be delayed, but cannot be ultimately withheld. The independence of the Judges as claimed will then take place as a matter of course.

But it is not to the modes and principles by which the government of Upper Canada has been administered, that the unsatisfactory state of that province should be altogether ascribed. The root of the evil lies much deeper; it is amongst the constituent elements, if we may so express ourselves, of the society of the country; and much that is thought imperfect and partial in the Government, is perhaps owing less to the ruling than to the materials ruled. We shall endeavour to explain ourselves with all practicable brevity.

First, Upper Canada was originally settled, if not by paupers, by persons in necessitous circumstances—American refugees—United Empire loyalists, as they were denominated, who emigrated from the United States at the era of their independence. These persons received grants of land, many of them pensions, and some were entitled to half pay.

Second, Upon this foundation a superstructure was raised—a layer of merchant adventurers and tradesmen. By the former, in the shape of wares and merchandise, some capital was introduced into the country; and by the latter, who were paid for their labour in goods, houses and buildings of a better order than consisted with the breeding and circumstances of the inhabitants were erected. By this the country had prematurely the appearance of being settled by a class of persons superior to those who are commonly the pioneers of a colony, while in fact the reverse was the case. There was no wealth among them, little education, insomuch, that few who made money in the country thought of remaining there to spend it.

Third, Besides these two classes, there was a third, consisting of military settlers under the auspices of Government, and of emigrants from the United Kingdom and the United States.

Is it therefore to be wondered that Upper Canada is still in comparative poverty? Is it surprising, that a population so constituted should have no very clear idea of the value of many things essential to social comfort, and important in education? Is it to be doubted, that where equality of circumstances so generally prevails, there should be a taint of republicanism, especially when we reflect on the vicinity of the United States? It appears to us, that such things could not possibly have been avoided, unless Government had interposed. But Government, on the contrary, has itself countenanced the growth of equality and of republicanism, not from design certainly, but from inattention to the only legitimate principles of colonization. Instead of holding out inducements to persons of capital to go into the country, paupers only have been encouraged; and the land has been so subdivided and broken up with reserves for the crown and clergy, and small grants, that it would not be easy for a capitalist to purchase a tract for speculation sufficiently extensive to justify such an expenditure as would essentially increase its value. Not one gentleman has gone into the province with the design of forming a family establishment there, nor is there a seminary better than a parish school in the whole country.

The Canadas are not, like the West India islands, nor the slave states of the American Union, ever likely to have capital in masses employed in them to produce luxuries for the rest of the world. The manufacture of sugar, and the preparations of tobacco, are so near akin to ordinary commercial undertakings, that they are never in common parlance considered as agricultural. But all the produce, after the land has been cleared of timber, both in Upper and Lower Canada, is strictly agricultural, and cultivated, of necessity, in the rudest manner; for the farmers are of the poorest description, and from their limited wants, arising from their previous and habitual poverty, have no stimulus, beyond an occasional speculative excitement, to extend their improvements after they have supplied their wants. Were it the case, however, that capitalists could be induced to settle in the province, and to form a tenantry, the character of the province would be speedily changed. There would then be a more enlightened class, from whom the legislators and the magistrates would be supplied. The complaints so often made of the neglect of essential interests, by the

former wasting the public time in idle wrangles about abstract rights and privileges would seldom occur, and the latter would less often be accused of corruption and partiality.

But the inhabitants of Upper Canada cannot discern the utility of an aristocracy. They do not, indeed, like to see men of greater property and higher connexions than themselves, come among them, although it is the want of such a class which constitutes the foundation of almost all the grievances of which they complain in their government. So entirely are we persuaded of this, that we cannot see how the theory of the constitution could be improved—while any change in the materials of the legislature and the magistracy would be an improvement.

It has been said that during the American revolution it was discussed by Congress, in New York, whether they should declare for a republic or a monarchy, and that the question was determined for the former, because they had declaredly not the means of making a nobility. But in Upper Canada a House of Peers has been made without a peerage. The Legislative Council which answers to that branch of the legislature, instead of being constituted either by possessors or representatives of property, is accidentally less so than the Lower House. It is, accordingly, not considered by the people in any degree as a barrier between them and the executive, and hence it is regarded by them oftener with complaint than respect.

Finally, the case of the two Canadas may be stated in a few words, which will at once shew in what their dissatisfaction consists, and how it is to be removed. In Lower Canada the people are divided, and to cement that division, their language and laws must be made the same. It is a natural impossibility to establish uniformity of sentiment between two people whose opinions are not only at variance, but the medium by which they express their opinion is different. In Upper Canada, the source of dissatisfaction lies in having given an English constitution, without the materials necessary to work it. The practical remedy for the condition of the former would be the formation of a Canadian code, which, from its adoption, should be administered in the English language. The latter requires a more multiform and operose change. The means of education must be improved—the Legislative Council must be more distinctly separated from the Executive Government, and capitalists should be encouraged to go into the province, who would be willing to undertake improvements on a scale not merely adequate to produce a sufficiency for the support of the labourers, but a return for the capital employed. Upper Canada wants nothing more than a class of inhabitants whose circumstances and education would be such as to place them independent of the government, and enable them to act as a check both on the popular and the official faction. CABOT.

LETTER FROM SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS.

To the Editor of Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR,

You have frequently condescended, in your attic pages, to do me the honour to refer to some opinions of mine, but without discriminating them; and as you generally oppose them to other dogmas about which men entertain predilections and self-satisfied convictions, you expose me, perhaps unwittingly, to the operation of a prejudice. This evil I should leave to cure itself, or to the more dispassionate considerations of untaught future generations; but, Sir, as I at present meditate to comprise Scotland *in my general tour through the kingdom,* I do not wish to be excluded from its far-famed hospitalities, and from that free intercourse with its intellectual population, which will be necessary to enable me duly to celebrate the national virtues, and usefully admonish its possible vices.

On so grave a subject I must be grave, but on that account I will be very brief—for I should be sorry to occupy a space better filled by the agreeable seasoning of your ordinary correspondents.

Be it known, then, that on the subject alluded to, I teach the doctrine that all matter is essentially passive, and possesses, *per se,* no active qualities whatever.

All the powers which we witness in it, and all the effects and phenomena

which appear in it, whether in aggregations of atoms, or among atoms themselves, I ascribe to the transfer and reception of motion; while I refer varied phenomena to the facility or difficulty with which motions are transferred and received.

Material power I ascribe to some matter in some motion; and I consider, therefore, that it is the primary object of all genuine philosophy to examine and trace the special matter and special motions which produce any and every display of material power in the phenomena of the universe. When we understand the true proximate causes, we can in all cases, as we do in a few, reason *à priori* from the causes to the effects, and thereby wonderfully enlarge the bounds of knowledge.

In other words, I consider *action* and *reaction* as the general causes of all phenomena. *Action* is the *transfer* of the motion or force, or part of the motion or force, of the material agent; and *reaction* is the *reception* of the motion or force by the patient, of that motion or force which has been transferred by the agent. Of course, they must be equal; and as patients can be moved only in the direction of the motion of the agent, so all motion is evidence that there is an agent and a patient.

There can, therefore, be no principle, power, or energy, called *mutual attraction*, because bodies moving towards each other, demand agents or forces on their remote sides with reference to each other, and neither of them is on the opposite side of the other, much less as an acting agent. The notion, therefore, of any mutual attraction, is mechanically absurd in genus and species, and the cause and causes must be sought in the relative and combined situations of the bodies with reference to other bodies with which they are surrounded, or to motions in which they are involved.

Nor can there be any *mutual repulsion*, as a principle, power, or energy, *sui generis;* for bodies receding from each other, are each in power only in the opposite direction to that in which the other is moving, and therefore neither can be the cause of the motion of the other body in the *contrary* direction. This is, therefore, the introduction of another mechanical absurdity into nature by the flight of philosophical imaginations.

Again, we have no evidence of another power, *per se,* with which matter has been invested, called *inertia,* for all our experience applies only to bodies in some previous motion, or in display of force in a particular direction; and it is the overcoming of this or any previous force acting in a peculiar direction, which alone creates the notion of inertia.

I infer, therefore, that the various properties with which the fancies, or superstitions of men, have clothed matter, have no existence in nature; and that the constant assumption of them, and the reasoning upon them, serve to caricature nature, and to embarrass all enquiries after truth.

By pursuing another course, and by examining the circumstances and relations of bodies, I have in general effected satisfactory solutions of the causes of phenomena. Life, however, is so short, and nature is so complicated a labyrinth, while facts are exhibited in such constant subservience to pre-existing and fashionable theories, that my task exceeds my leisure; while, as, in some instances, I have scarcely satisfied myself, I can scarcely expect, in them at least, to satisfy others.

I will quote one instance in which my convictions are strong, and because it applies to a fact which was made the foundation of the Newtonian hypothesis of universal gravitation.

I ascribe the fall of a body towards the centre of the earth, to the earth's motions as a planet, viz. its *absolute* motion at the mean rate of about 98,000 feet per second, and its *relative* motion of rotation of 1524 feet per second at the equator.

The latter motion, taken separately, would not only confer no power on the centre, but, by it alone, the centre would be the only point of no force; and as the exterior parts might fly off by the centrifugal force, the centre of the remaining mass would accommodate itself, and shift indifferently.

But the moment a *greater* rectilinear or orbicular motion were conferred on the rotatory mass, the centre would be forced in relation to the parts of the mass by the *greater* motion; and then, in proportion to the two motions, the rotatory sides would, by balancing each other on the opposite sides of their now fixed centre, be not only prevented from flying off by

the centrifugal force of rotation, but, by the force which produced their rotatory balance, would act and react through the centre.

The truth of this theory, of the necessary mechanical effect of a greater absolute and smaller relative motion, will, of course, be demonstrated, by shewing that the actual fall of a body accords arithmetically with the motion assumed as competent to produce it.

Without the chance of doing myself justice in so brief a summary, I venture to call the attention of the thinking part of your readers to a few other of my deductions; and I have no apprehensions from a full, fair, and candid examination of them.

I consider MOTION as the life of matter, and its laws as simple consequences of combinations of matter, as they vary the facility of transferring or receiving it, either in aggregates or in atoms, while the motions of each of these are continually interchanging, and are neither increased nor diminished in general quantity.

In *aggregates*, impact renders subsequent velocity inversely as the superadded atoms; gases and fluids radiate and diffuse it as the square of the distance, while reception or reaction is as the number of atoms (as in the celestial spaces and planets.)

In *atoms*, simple or compounded, results of equal motions are as bulks and forms. Projections by any excitement, (as the percussion of aggregates, or the condensation and fixation of moving atoms,) and the subsequent mutual collisions, in otherwise void spaces, create circular orbits, or atoms existing in the condition of various gases, the expansion, *cæteris paribus*, being as the excitement; re-condensation, or fixation, is heat, animal power, and fire, while expansion, being a transfer of motion from surrounding bodies, diminishes what we call heat.

Fluidity is one degree of the expansion of the gas within interstices; vapourization another degree of expansion—and *vice versa*. *Atomic excitement* is percussion, or the fixation of previously excited atoms. *Friction* is a variety of percussion. *Resistance* is the rapid transfer and reception of motion. *Light* is a protrusion from atom to atom, by the excitement of the condensation and decomposition of atoms at the seat of flame. The *prismatic spectrum* is a decomposition of the elementary atoms in the substance and in the atmosphere. *Tones* are the separate affections of the same variety of atoms as those which produce colours. *Electricity* is the forced mechanical separation of the component atoms of the atmosphere; and its phenomena arise from the energy with which restoration is solicited, and from its being artificially affected through points. *Galvanism* is a similar separation, by other means, of condensed proportions of the same element. *Magnetism* is terrestrial galvanism. These views of the several agencies solve all cases of attraction and repulsion by simple mechanical energy.

In CELESTIAL MECHANICS, *the falling back of nodes* is the exact quantity of the circumference of the body, and is simply occasioned by the body turning *once* on its axis while it revolves around an orbit. The *progression of the line of apsides* is owing to the velocity acquired in the perihelion carrying the body to the aphelion in less time than on the opposite side of the orbit. *Elliptical orbits* arise from the varied reactions of the planets created by unequal proportions of solid and fluid in the two hemispheres. *Double tides* in twenty-four hours arise from the one tide lengthening the earth's radius, and the necessary balance of forces on both sides equally extending the opposite radius. *Rotations on axes* arise from deflection into a curvilinear orbit, and from the tangent of the orbit cutting the sphere unequally.—All of them facts, easily verified by known measures and actual quantity.

Of course, the whole is an affair of momentum, that of the centre being a uniform 98,000 feet, and that of the surface of the whole earth being some multiple of the single velocity of the equatorial circle. Now, this rotation is that of the area of the equatorial circle at its periphery, to that of all the circles which compose the surface of a sphere, or as 1 to 4. Hence the true expression for the reacting rotatory force of the surface of the whole sphere is $4 \times 1524 = 6096$. Then the fall of a body must be on all parts of the regular spherical surface, the result of these acting and reacting forces, or $\frac{98000}{6096} = 16{,}076$ feet per second, which we know is the exact mean ratio of fall all over the earth!

Of course, therefore, the distance of the sun is determined by the *known* fall of a body, and the *known* velocity of the equator, their multiple by 4 being the earth's velocity per second; for, in truth, a body falls as an integral part of the solar system, and in exact consonance with the two motions of the earth.

Of course, then, as motion of the fall is the necessary and palpable effect of the earth's own local motions, it is the local effect of a *local* cause, and no proof whatever of any principle of universal gravitation. But I have drawn many, and some very curious corollaries, followed the entire subject, and answered all objections; and for these, and other similar matters, I must refer to my *Theorems on Celestial Mechanics*, and to my *Four Dialogues on Proximate Causation*, and not afflict your general readers with more of what will appear to them as dull, as it has hitherto proved unprofitable to your very humble servant,

R. Phillips.

London, Hyde Park Row,
June 6, 1829.

IF HOPE BE DEAD.

If Hope be dead—why seek to live?
For what besides has life to give!
Love, Life, and Youth, and Beauty too,
If Hope be dead—say! what are you?
Love without Hope! It cannot be.
There is a vessel on yon sea
Becalm'd and oarless as despair,
And know—'tis hopeless Love floats there.
Life without Hope! Oh, that is not
To live, but day by day to rot
With feelings cold, and passions dead:
To wander o'er the world, and tread
Upon its beauties; and to gaze,
Quite vacant, o'er its flow'ry maze.
Oh! think, if this be Life; then say,
What lives when Hope has fled away?
Youth without Hope! An endless night,
Trees which have felt the cold spring's blight,
The lightning's flashes, and the thunder's strife,
Yet pine away a weary life
Which *older* would have sunk and died
Beneath the strokes their youth defied—
But cursed with length of days, are left
To rail at Youth of Hope bereft.
And *Beauty* too—when Hope is gone
Has lost the ray in which it shone;
And, seen without this borrow'd light,
Has lost the beam which made it bright.
Now what avail the silken hair,
The angel smile, and gentle air,
The beaming eye, and glance refined,
Faint semblance of that purer mind—
As gold dust sparkling in the sun
Points where the richer strata run?
Alas! they now just seem to be
Bestow'd to mock at misery.
They speak of days, long long gone by,
Then point to cold Reality,
And, with a death-like smile, they say,
"Oh! what are we when Hope's away!"
Thus Love, Life, Youth, and Beauty too,
When seen without Hope's bright'ning hue,
All sigh in Misery's saddest tone,
Why seek to live if Hope be gone?

THE BRITISH SETTLEMENTS IN WESTERN AFRICA.

"And of the cannibals that each other eat, the Anthropophagi,
And men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

Sir,

The public press having stated that an ambassador has been appointed to the Court of Ashantee, I am induced to trouble you with a few remarks on our possessions in a country so little known; and without attempting any fixed plan as to subjects, I shall merely give you the result of my personal observations in those unhealthy regions.

Ashantee is a powerful and barbarous country situated in the interior of Guinea, to the south-east of Cape Coast Castle, from which it is distant 180 miles. As many of your readers, doubtless, are aware, the Ashantees have at various times annoyed our different settlements on the Gold Coast. In 1823 and 1824 they defeated our forces, killed Sir C. M'Carthy, and many British officers; and such was their barbarity, that previous to killing them, they cut out their jaw-bones, with which they ornamented their war drums. Success increased their bravery to such a degree, that in June, 1824, the King of Ashantee led his forces to Cape Coast Castle, which he regularly invested, defeating those brave white soldiers whom the most dreadful of climates had spared. The small-pox breaking out in the Ashantee camp, to a degree unknown in Europe, obliged the King to relinquish his design of driving the few surviving white men into the sea, and of taking the Castle. He leisurely retreated, laying waste the country through which he passed, till he arrived at his own frontier.

"Our allies," as we dignify the various tribes of barbarians by whom Cape Coast Castle is surrounded, though they would not fight, were clamorous in their cries for assistance. Rice was purchased for them at an immense expense, from the firm of Messrs Macaulay at Sierra Leone, and distributed to them gratis. Major-General Turner, arriving on the coast, furnished them with the munitions of war, naturally concluding, as they were more powerful than their foes, that they would be enabled to defend themselves. In December, 1825, the Ashantees sent messages to the Castle, which are too disgusting to repeat; suffice it to say, they vaunted of their previous success, and threatened to come down again and annihilate every one. "Our allies" made solemn fetische, (or sacred oath and sacrifice,) collected their forces, and were loud in their declarations of presumptive victory. Arms, powder, ball, provisions, and money, were again furnished them—for in spite of the morality instilled into their minds by missionaries, they always forgot to return what had been once lent to them; and Lieutenant-Colonel Purdon left Cape Coast Castle for Accra, distant eighty miles. The Commandant put his fort in order, and all were eager in spiriting and animating the allies to the approaching contest. Whilst they received rum, they made many professions of their willingness to fight; they danced their barbarous war dances, and sung their war songs. Mock fights were represented, in which they, of course, were the annihilators of their enemies; their women crowned them with African laurels, (the long fine tufts of the Zea May's;) each tribe vied with each other in riot, singing, and vaunting. The various indecencies, customs, and rites, were performed with additional strictness, and a stranger from Europe would have thought all was animation, energy, and example. To have believed the British merchants, white soldiers were unnecessary—the forts useless—that a good cause, and brave Africans, were quite sufficient to repel the invaders of their homes. But, alas! it was something after the manner of the conversion, morality, and education of the liberated Africans at Sierra Leone,—it existed only in the minds of those whose interest it was to vaunt; for when Major Kingston, the Commandant at Accra, was desirous to make the allies useful, they refused to work, and this officer was, from his private purse, obliged to hire them to build a mud tower on which to erect a swivel gun or two. But in spite of this refusal of our allies to work in their own cause without money, a detach-

ment, arriving from Sierra Leone in the Louisa transport, enabled the British commanding officer to think of repelling the further progress of the Ashantee army, who had advanced to within twelve miles of Accra. Various were the difficulties thrown in his way; the natives would not work, or even permit themselves to be organized, without daily pay. The white troops, weary, sick, and weak, were obliged to drag the guns, carry the stores and provisions themselves; and to such a degree were they fagged, and so strong the desire, in this "weak piping time of peace," to once more smell powder, that the officers themselves personally assisted in dragging the guns and carrying the burdens which our faithful allies, in whose cause they were fighting—whose safety alone the English had in view—(for they could have shut themselves in their forts, and "laughed a siege to scorn")—refused to carry.

So pernicious is the climate of the Gold Coast, that horses will not live there; the few cattle who live are poor and weak, and not larger than a small calf, and are utterly unfit for burden. Every thing is performed by manual labour; and this labour did white men perform, whilst "our brethren" were lounging idle on their mats. So insulting were they, that the British commanding officer repeatedly thought of retreating to the forts, and leaving these savages to themselves and their fate; it was, however, too difficult to restrain a British officer from fighting when the enemy were so near. By dint of unparalleled exertion on the part of the individuals who composed the African corps, the guns, rockets, and ammunition were brought to a plain called Doodewah, about sixteen miles south-east of British Accra. It is not the intention of the writer to give a description of this affair farther than to say, that the Ashantees attacked the British with the greatest impetuosity and bravery; that in taking up a position at various parts of the day, they displayed a military knowledge and adaptation to circumstances, unknown to any other tribe of barbarians in the world; that they came to personal combat with the white soldiers, with whom they were desirous of engaging; and that the whole force, and consequently the whole country, would have been conquered by them, but for the good effect of rockets, an arm of the service they had never seen before; their superstition overcame the advantage which they had gained, and they retreated two miles, "their fetische (charm) not strong *this* time like white man's lightning,"—their own words. Not a man of our allies could be influenced to pursue them; prayers and rewards were offered in vain. Mr Wilberforce's "brothers" shewed fight against the British when urged to it; they were too busy in searching the dead for gold dust, and in cutting out the jaw-bones of the wounded to decorate their persons, to attend to the representations of those who had saved their lives, and who were anxious they should pursue their inveterate foe for their common safety. The barbarities exercised by the people amongst whom the English had resided for more than two centuries, is beyond belief. The heart of an Ashantee chief was taken out, divided, and eaten amongst the "poor black" chiefs, his jaw-bones were taken out and hung on the drums; whilst living, his ears were twisted to the back of his head, and fastened with a skewer, whilst his fingers were cut off at the joints, the flesh eaten, and the bones hung as a necklace, whilst reeking with blood, round their necks—these barbarities performed by people who had lived long with the English, had attended the schools, and whose children were at that moment attending the English school, and frequenting the church at Cape Coast Castle! All these men, too, who had seen the advantages of education and civilisation—of whom fine paragraphs had appeared in Missionary Magazines—spoke in the most exulting manner of eating the hearts of their enemies, squeezed their hands as if in the act of drenching the blood, and smacked their lips with the twang of enjoyment that Mr Buxton might be supposed to feel at a tid-bit of venison the first of the season, at one of the numerous dinners given for "our brethren in darkness" in Africa.

Whilst this scene was going on at the second of the British settlements, Accra, Cape Coast Castle, the seat of government, was in a state of danger and confusion. The Fantees, our allies, rose up in arms to resist the duties put on rum and tobacco; they knew the white men were fighting

their battles; they were stronger than the English, and they were determined to put a stop to it; "White man should sell them rum as they chose." Captain Mollan, who was sent to disperse them, found his task impossible; and the very people whom for two centuries we had protected—whose lives had just been saved—who resided under the guns of our forts, passed the night in dancing, singing, and firing muskets, daring the English to fight, using the most opprobrious epithets to the white men, over whom they asserted they had gained a victory.

In September 1826, Major-General Sir Neil Campbell arrived on the coast; he convened, in the government hall at Cape Coast Castle, the chiefs of our allies; made them most valuable presents to the amount of several hundred pounds; pointed out to them the necessity of peace with the Ashantees, and the folly of war; and ended by obtaining their consent, and that they would do all in their power to permit and forward an English officer to Coomassie, (the capital of Ashantee, distant fifteen days' journey,) to treat for peace. Our faithful allies were scarcely out of the government hall when they met together, and made solemn oath, that if any English officer presumed to go into the path, they would cut him up, and send his head to the King of Ashantee with a scornful message. Their pynims (priests and legislators) uttered their fulminations against the progress of any white man, which they sent to every part of the country where our "faithful allies" had any influence, with directions to cut off the head of the first white man who disobeyed this order. In vain did Sir Neil Campbell remonstrate, and point out how much peace was for their benefit. A powerful chief of the Assiens, named Cudjoe Chiboo—who was one of the original causes of the war, a savage whom the late Sir Charles M'Carthy extolled, and was accustomed to ask to his table, and to make magnificent presents to—took up a military position near Phip's Tower, about two miles S.S.E. of Cape Coast Castle, issued his proclamations and orders, and began to talk very loudly of confining the English to the Castle, and putting an embargo on their goods till the duties were lessened, and the English would give up all idea of peace. There were some fine light field-pieces in the Castle, soon manned by the white soldiers, which induced Cudjoe Chiboo, our "faithful ally," whom we had supplied with arms and ammunition, speedily to march.

In this state did affairs remain on the Gold Coast till 1828, when the British Government wisely determined on abandoning it; but, with the true spirit which actuates them to send an ambassador to Ashantee with L.800 per annum,—they could not abandon it without entailing on themselves expense. Cape Coast Castle is a large stone rectangular building, mounting ninety pieces of ordnance. By sea it is impregnable on account of its walls, rocky site, and the tremendous surf which sets in along the whole line of coast, and which frequently prevents landing being effected for a month. On the land side it is finely flanked by two hills, which have ordnance and are fortified; altogether, it would even sustain a siege against any regular army which could be brought against it in Africa. In the fort are large stores and magnificent warehouses—most superior apartments, fitted up in a very fine style. The general security of the Castle, its strong gates, well ironed, barred, and bolted, and every room with strong fastenings, renders it a very desirable residence for those who are obliged to live with thieving rapacious barbarians. House-rent in the town is very dear, the houses very bad, and those, too, surrounded by the mud huts of the district, the most inconceivably beastly people on the face of the earth. The Castle would therefore be a most advantageous place for the self-called merchants to reside. When this place was abandoned, the English Government, instead of making the merchants pay an annual rent for inhabiting so choice a place, it will scarcely be believed, pay them L.4000 per annum for inhabiting a noble building, which has cost John Bull so much. I know this assertion will not be believed by many, but such is the case. We have not an officer or soldier on the Gold Coast, and we pay these traders L.4000 a-year to inhabit the Castle, and make use of the munitions of war.

Twelve miles north of Cape Coast Castle is the Dutch fort of Elmina, with its dependency, St Jago D'Elmina; these are kept in repair by the commandant and one captain, two

lieutenants, one adjutant, one surgeon, and one company of soldiers; paid, clothed and fed, medicine, rations, presents to the natives, the munitions of war, and every thing found, for which only L.4000 a-year is allowed. When the Government determined on disbanding the Gold Coast establishment, they discharged the third company Royal African Corps, who were immediately engaged by the traders as servants and soldiers for two romals, or nine shillings per month; for which they are to find themselves in food, clothing, and *every thing*. Each of these men cost the Government, bounty, L.3, 3s.; daily pay, 6d.; rations, 2s.; one coat; one pair of trowsers; two pair of boots!! two pair of stockings! per annum, besides medical attendance, and comforts, such as bottled porter, wines, brandy, preserved meats, &c. &c. &c. For nine shillings per month these traders have just as good soldiers. Surely some difference should be made between the European and the useless negro! The gratitude of the negroes living under our protection has been shewn; the *fidelity* of the negro soldiers will be understood when I state, that two companies in 1827 were ordered from Cape Coast Castle to Sierra Leone; they to a man deserted. There is no necessity for soldiers at Cape Coast Castle; the natives are capable of protecting themselves, and in the event of another Ashantee war, the merchants can retire to the Castle, or be protected by any of our cruizers. They have little to lose. I have stated these traders to be "self-called merchants," for they do not possess stores larger than a huckster's shop; and was it not for the L.4000 a-year they receive from the Government, they would doubtless starve, for the greater part of their trade consisted in the articles sold to the military, who are now removed from it. The little profit they now have arises from articles sold to the natives, such as gunpowder, muskets, flints, tobacco, rum, beads, blue balls, lead and iron bars, romals, tom coffees, chilloes, abangs, Bonny blues, bejutapauts, taffetys, &c. &c. &c. for which they receive scrivelloes, ivory, gold dust, and a little palm oil.

What object can it therefore be to our Government to send an ambassador for four merchants, at an enormous salary, to Ashantee? If necessary for the good of trade, let one of the merchants go at the expense of the *large* body. But it is not necessary. The Ashantee must have the goods of Europe,—it is a matter of indifference of whom or where he purchases them, so that he gets them cheap. If the English will sell cheaper than the Dutch and Danes, who have forts as near his country as Cape Coast Castle, why, he will deal with them. It is not to be supposed an ambassador will influence him to trade with the English. Two embassies, on a large and expensive scale, have already failed, (Bowditch and Dupuis.) It may be said that *our* ambassador goes as the envoy of peace! Mr Frazer the ambassador, God save the mark! has never been in Africa; is ignorant of its trade, manners, customs, laws, and language; he will have to undergo the fever of the country, called "a seasoning,"—this nothing can prevent, and of it, with the best medical attendance, nineteen out of twenty people die. As it is most probable he will undergo this dreadful ordeal during the first six months he is in the country—it will take him three months to get strong, and three months occupy the rainy and unhealthy season—it is not unfair to suppose for a twelvemonth he will be an useless character, supported at an enormous expense by John Bull for a purpose perfectly useless. This gentleman, like many others, may have been told that Western Africa is not so bad as is represented: I therefore enclose a return—which may be useful to your numerous readers in throwing light on this desperate climate—of the gentlemen belonging to the army alone who have suffered from the climate of Western Africa.

Invalided, as the only means of saving their Lives.

Commissaries.		Medical Department.
Field.	Mylrea.	Dr's Inspector Sweeny.
Smith.	Hill, went mad.	Staff-Surgeon Pilkington.
Brackenbury.	Stafford, ditto.	——— Clarke.
Wybault.	Graham.	Dr Archibald.
Weir.		

Invalided—Continued.

Lieut.-Cols.	Findlay, R. A. Corps.	
——	Purdon, ditto.	
Major	Hengston, ditto.	
Captains.	Dowson,	R. A. C.
——	Cartwright,	R. A. C.
——	Graham,	R. A. C.
——	Frazer,	R. A. C.
Lieuts.	Jobling, went mad.	
——	Berwick,	R. A. C.
——	Patterson,	R. A. C.
——	Burrows,	R. A. C.
——	Godwin,	R. A. C.
——	King,	R. A. C.
Lieuts.	Burlton,	R.A.C.
——	Maclean,	R.A.C.
——	Landells,	R.A.C.
——	Hardy,	R.A.C.
——	Calder,	R.A.C.
——	M'Vicar, 2 W. I.	
——	Miller, R. A. C.	
——	Olphects, 2 W. I.	
——	Lardner, ditto.	
——	Nott, R. A. C.	
——	Waring, ditto.	
——	Hawkins, ditto.	
Quarter-Master Brown.		

Alphabetical List of those who have died in Western Africa, from 1824 *to* 1828.

MILITARY ONLY.

Austin, Lieut. R. N. attached to Staff.
Aitchison, Lieut. R. M. Artill. ditto.
Barrallier, Capt. R. A. Corps.
Bradley, Lt. R. N. attached to Military.
Mrs Lieut. Burlton, R. A. C. and child.
Buckle, Mr.
Clemens, Lieut. R. A. C.
Cahill, Assist.-Surgeon, R. A. C.
Campbell, Major-General Sir N.
Chisholm, Lieut.-Col. R. A. C.
Chambers, Commissary.
Cooke, Ensign, R. A. C.
Carmoody, ditto.
Cross, Volunteer, R. A. C.
Denham, Lieut.-Col.
Ellis, Mr, attached to Military.
Foss, Dr, R. A. C.
Grant, Lieut. Brigade-Major.
Gordon, Ensign.
Gordon, Lieut.
Grace, Lieut.
Giles, Dr.
Gregg, Capt. R. A. C.
Graham, Lieut. and five children.
Godwin, Lieut. R. A. C.
Green, Ensign.
Grant, Dr.
Hartley, Major, and two children.
Hughes, Lieut.
Haffman, Volunteer, R. A.
Inglis, Dr, Inspector of Hospitals.
Kelly, Capt. R. A. C.
Kennedy, Commissary.
L'Estrange, Capt. R. A. C.
Lizars, Lieut. ditto.
Lewes, Mr.
Lumley, Lieut.-Col. R. A. C.
Laing, Major, ditto.
Lizars, Mrs, and child.
Mission, three officers employed on.
M'Carthy, Brig.-Gen. Sir Charles.
Miller, Ensign, R. A. C.
Murray, Lieut. ditto.
Mollan, Capt. ditto.
Meade, Assist.-Surg. ditto.
M'Donald, Ensign, R. A. C.
Muir, Dr.
M'Arthur, Volunteer, R. A. C.
Nicholls, Lieut. 2 W. India.
Nicholl, Staff-Surgeon.
Nott, Paymaster, R. A. C.
O'Halloran, Lieut. R. A. C.
Oxley, Lieut. R. A. C.
Oxley, Ensign, ditto.
Omeara, Lieut.
Orr, Dr.
Picton, Dr.
Purdon, Volunteer, R. A. C.
Pilkington, Dr, wife.
Patterson, Assist.-Surg. R. A. C.
Robinson, Ensign, ditto.
Robertson, Lieut. ditto.
Ross, Capt. ditto.
Ryan, Assist.-Surg. ditto.
Smith, Ensign, ditto.
Stewart, Dr.
Swanzy, Lieut. R. A. C.
Schetkie, Staff-Surgeon.
Sibbald, Assist.-Surg. R. A. C.
Splaine, Lieut. ditto.
Skyrme, Volunteer, ditto.
Stapleton, Lieut. ditto.
Stapleton, Ensign, ditto.
Teddie, Dr.
Turner, Major-General.
Turner, Lieut. R. A. C.
Turners, two more.
Uniache, Lieut. R. A. C.
Wilcox, Ordnance Storekeeper.
Wilkinson, Dr.
Wyse, Ensign, R. A. C.
Wetherell, Ensign.

86	Dead.
36	Invalided.
112	Officers only.
1550	Men.
4)1662	
415—2	per annum. Military only.

I do not count missionaries or civilians, or the brave officers and men of the navy; I confine myself entirely to the military, observing of the men alone 1550 brave soldiers have died and were invalided, with ruined constitutions, out of the African corps, between the 25th December 1824, and the 24th December 1828. So numerous were the deaths in the rainy season, that there are many officers dead whose names and persons I have entirely forgotten; but if this very imperfect list can open the eyes of the public to the dangers attending Western Africa, and to the expense it occasions, I shall indeed be glad. Three centuries have nearly elapsed since our first endeavours to promote commerce and to instruct the natives of the Gold Coast; and at this present moment they are in a far greater state of barbarism than when the Portuguese first founded their factories there.

That worthy clergyman, the Rev. Mr Denny, employed two years in earnest endeavours to instruct and improve the children of the natives. At school they were promising, at church they were tolerably attentive; but no sooner were they discharged from the school, than they forgot all they had learned, and became more idle and degraded than the rest of their countrymen. There are a few mulattoes of the name of Greaves at Cape Coast, who have been regularly educated; they write very well, can read, and understand the rudiments of arithmetic—they dress in European costume, attend church, and call themselves Christians—nay, some of them have been in England, and occasionally attempt to expound the Scriptures. Were a missionary stationed at the fort, he would doubtless find it his advantage to send a fine tale to England of their faith and regular attendance at church; yet, for all this apparent devotion, these people believe in the Fetische, worship it, will not build a house or boat, or fish, or plant, or undertake any thing, without consulting it; they sacrifice fowls and goats to it, and doubtless would sacrifice human beings to it, if in their power. In the ceremony of the church service, they are so devout that when it is necessary to stand up, they always turn their chair down "to prevent the devil slipping into it." The chiefs surrounding the Gold Coast are by no means anxious that their children should attend the school, unless they are paid for it, only two, Joe Aggery and Byneh, having sent their children there. At Cape Coast, there is now no clergyman, or missionary, or schoolmaster; the instruction given to the natives emanates from the gratuitous exertions of a very active, excellent man of colour, worth a wilderness of missionaries, educated in England, of the name of Anderson.

So that the merchants (of whom there are only four) can get the L.4000 per annum from John Bull, it is all they require; they have no public spirit or enterprise amongst them. *Throughout* our possessions in Western Africa, the merchants have never been regularly brought up to that *métier*, with the exception of Messrs Macaulay and Babington at Sierra Leone, and Foster at the Gambia. One was a coachman in Yorkshire, and is accustomed to this day to say, "Domme, I'm naw jintlemon;" another a plasterer, billiard-table and eating-house keepers, carpenters, bricklayers, sergeants discharged from the late African corps, mates of slavers, little auctioneers in the colony, officers' servants brought from Europe by their masters, &c. &c. &c. It is indeed a degradation to call them merchants; they sell any thing, such as a glass of rum, a "haporth of bakky!" They have not the means of trading largely; their only chance of even living is by raising the reputation of the country, magnifying its dangers and importance, in order to influence the Government to send troops there, by which they principally live. At the Gold Coast, the merchants would not be there five years if the Government cut off their grant. A coasting vessel would perform the whole trade. Mr Spence, in a small brig, "The Ranger," trades from Cape Mount, in Lat. 6°, 45′, 0″ north, to St Pallis, 5°, 44′, and keeps a settlement, as will be mentioned, without any assistance from Government.

The Gold Coast, for which we so absurdly pay L.4000 a-year, has nothing to entitle itself to the consideration of the English Government, nor have any of our possessions in that wretched country. British blood and money have been too profusely lavished there; the grave has been opened for so many, that there is scarcely any part of the United Kingdom but what

the lamentations for sons, and brothers, and husbands, fallen there, is heard; and, to aggravate those feelings, civilisation and education are retrograding. The purpose for which the colonies in Western Africa are kept up, is the civilisation of the natives and suppression of slavery. *Slavery* still exists in all our African possessions, more especially at Sierra Leone, amongst the liberated Africans, and the rest of the idle, demoralized, vicious people of that colony. In making this assertion, I submit the following facts, and as the parties concerned are in existence, the truth can be easily ascertained:—At *Cape Coast Castle*, Lieutenant Splaine, Royal African Corps, hired a servant from his father and mother. Knowing the manner in which the white men endeavour to sink the slave into "domesticated servants," the boy was regularly hired by him at so much per month, and whenever the boy might wish to return to his home, he was permitted to do so. An agreement was regularly drawn out and signed by father, mother, and all parties. Many years previous to this, during the slave trade, the boy's grandmother had been condemned at "a palaver," by a tyrannous and unjust system called "panyaring," to perpetual slavery, for an alleged debt which was brought against her by one who, being richer, could command the voice of the "pynims," or judges. On Lieutenant Splaine leaving the Gold Coast with his servant, the pretended master (one of the country chiefs) seized the boy and his mother, heavily ironed them, paraded them through the streets of Cape Coast Castle in that state in triumph, as if deriding the power of the British to put a stop to slavery, and prohibited the boy leaving the place in consequence of being his slave! An attempt was made to influence Major-General Turner to interfere; he would not, or at any rate did it with so much indifference, that the woman was considered as a slave. This act put numerous people in a state of bondage and litigation, as they had previously been taught to consider themselves free. In 1827, a canoe came to *Freetown, Sierra Leone*, with oranges; two boys were playing near it, they were seized, gagged, placed at the bottom of the canoe, carried away, and sold for slaves. Another boy was carried away from the public market; another from the fish-market; two inveigled into a house, gagged, taken away, and sold.

These facts were proved by depositions on oath before the Governor, Mr M'Cormack, justice of peace, and member of council, and many respectable people. In the month of March in the same year, seventy-five *slaves* were publicly, and in the daytime, marched across the peninsula of Sierra Leone by an agent of the king of the opposite coast, (Bullom,) Dalla Mahammadu, and sold. By the activity of a man of colour practising as an attorney, of the name of Savage, who, with great abilities, had also considerable interest in the territory where these people were conveyed to, forty were recovered, but at an expense of L.100. If the returns of the liberated Africans introduced into the colony for the purposes of free labour and civilisation were carefully examined, with the returns of the cruizers who captured them, it would be clearly ascertained they sell each other; and making every allowance for deaths, desertion, and transfers to the West India regiments, considerably above 3000 have disappeared from the peninsula. These occurrences most frequently take place at the village of Waterloo, at the extremity of the peninsula near the Sherbroo country. They are easily transported there, and a market will readily be found with any of the principal families residing there, such as Tuckers, Caulkers, and Clevelands, or any of the numerous petty traders who traffic in the Sherbroo, Deong, Boom, and Kittam rivers, who transport them to the Gallinas, the Shebar and Foy countries, and Cape Mount, &c. &c. &c. where they are *again* sold. If the negroes captured by our ships of war, when brought to Sierra Leone, were marked with an iron, it would be found that many of them are the same slaves which our cruizers have before brought in, and who, when located on farms, are thus carried off; nor is this at all a difficult task, as no muster is ever taken of them, nor are they under any control. There is good presumptive evidence that the petty traders who affect to trade in the Sherbroo, are agents in this traffic, by which the British Government is defrauded to a considerable extent, L.10 head-money being paid for every slave captured by our ships of war. To establish a military office at Waterloo, and

Kent or York, with a salary suitable to this extra duty—to put the missionaries, schools, and farms under his surveillance—musters to be frequently taken—every one to be in their houses by a certain hour, and at their farms by another—no one to go beyond their farms without a pass, would be the only means to improve these barbarians, and stop this traffic carried on in our possessions. In *all* the villages, the liberated Africans hold themselves perfectly independent of the superintendents, work when they like, do what they choose, go where they think proper, so that they are at all times in a state of barbarism, and this leads designing people to kidnap and sell them. On the arrival of a slave vessel the negroes are landed, put into a hospital, cleansed and inoculated; they are then provided with a good black hat (of which they instantly knock the crown out, and put on so that the rims are uppermost), shirt (which they tie round their loins), and trowsers (which they throw over their shoulders). The men and women are sent to different villages to cultivate farms, when they either receive rations or allowance in money for a twelvemonth, and in numerous instances for *many years!* The boys and girls are apprenticed out, or sent to the schools. The cheapness of rice, and palm oil, and cassada, which constitute their food, and the natural indolence of savages, prevents their often doing any thing more than to erect a wretched hovel, the constructing of which occupies them a week. The nights are spent in singing and dancing, or fighting and burning houses, (particularly amongst the numerous tribes of Akkoos and Eboos,) and the days in sleep and indolence. A wife is given them, who prepares their food; and if by any chance they are induced to work, they perform but little, and that with indifference. Their farms are so wretchedly cultivated, that the same ground will seldom bear a crop more than one year, that is generally cassada, (*iatropha manihot;*) the only trouble the planter has is to put the root in the ground, nature is so luxuriant and bountiful as to save further trouble. In each village is a fine large church, where from five to six every morning prayers are read. Instead of attending to their farms at this best part of the day, the liberated Africans are very fond of attending, (not with the view of worshipping God, for they cannot understand the language the prayers are read in, but it is from idleness,) "to hear the palaver," and they think it derogates from their consequence not to be seen there. Dressing themselves, destroying the vermin on their persons, yawning, nursing their children, and talking, is their employment there. They come when they choose, go away in the midst of a prayer, and, as in every thing else, do what they choose, being under no sort of control; for the Liberated-African Department, though the best paid of any department, is the most inefficient, useless humbug in that most useless of colonies, Sierra Leone. The members of it, who receive 4, 3, 2, and L.1000 per annum, reside constantly in a state of complete idleness in Freetown, thinking only of their dinners, dignity balls, and black ladies, and know no more what is going on in the Liberated-African Department in the villages than a Cockney does. It is on the false grounds of the attendance of these savages at church that the missionaries send home such flaming accounts of the piety of the liberated Africans. The missionaries will not make use of their own senses; they wilfully deceive themselves and the public. Never was a greater falsehood penned by man than the following paragraph from a Missionary Magazine or Register:—"The attention paid during divine service, and the *solemn manner in which the people repeat the responses*, are truly gratifying." The Rev. Mr Betts, whose account of these wretched beings is far less exaggerated than the generality, describes the communicants as 100. I have known them 200. Several told the writer of this, "that they liked God Almighty's palaver, carse him give 'em wine;" and the cassada, and arrow root, brought by the settlers (maroons, Nova Scotians, and the *better* order of black people,) and the produce of the sale of which was by a missionary remitted home as the sacramental and gratuitous gift of "these poor Africans," numbers described to the writer as their "*present,*" "carse they sabbied 'em King George not all same now as time fore, (i. e. when Sir C. M'Carthy lavished the public money to such an extent on them,) 'em poor man this time," so Blackberry Tom, or Quacoe

Dabbadabba, or Bottle-beer-first, or Pickennenny Hangman, and Charles Foxes and Dukes of Wellington out of number,—"give 'em poor King George cassada this time." In spite of all the enthusiastic assertions of missionaries, these negroes reside together in the most degraded manner. When they have been lawfully married, and desire to part from their wives, either for a consideration received, or from caprice, they give their "book" (certificate of marriage) to the gentleman to whom they transfer their wives, and there the ceremony ends.

At our settlement at the Gambia, which comprises our third station, slavery also exists in the most appalling degree, since there is not an individual there of any ordinary consequence but who possesses numbers; and though, through the benevolence and activity of Lieut.-Col. Findlay, their commandant, slavery is softened down by kind treatment, still these slaves are at the absolute disposal of their masters and mistresses. During this officer's absence in England, the Alcaide or Mayor of the Gambia, in March 1827, tied up a female slave, whom he flogged to death. The commandant, Captain Frazer, Royal African Corps, a weak and ignorant man, permitted the Mayor to go at large until he found means to escape from the settlement. At the same period a man and woman, crossing the creek which separates Banjole from the continent, were carried away and sold for slaves; information was given to the Government, but nothing was done. Transfers of slaves are usual at this settlement at deaths and marriages.

Much may be done by an active and intelligent Governor. In May, 1828, a man was accessary to carrying a slave away from the Gambia. A powerful and savage king of Barra gave him shelter, presuming on the timidity and ignorance of the previous commandant. By perseverance and well-timed resolution, Lieut.-Col. Findlay succeeded in having the slave agent sent to Bathurst, the town of the settlement, whom he caused to be flogged through the public streets. Since that time the king of Barra has been on his good behaviour, and no open slavery has been carried on in that settlement.

Of the education of the boys at Sierra Leone, nothing favourable can be said; they scarcely know their letters, and can read only out of their own books. The writer accompanied a military officer to the schools, and the children appeared to read beautifully. I expressed a wish to hear them read from some other book than the Bible; my friend had been on a court-martial, and had the Articles of War in his hand, which he opened and placed before an intelligent-looking boy, who immediately began—"And when Paul spake, Felix trembled." Being in church once when the bans of a couple were proclaimed the third time, the woman started up and shrieked out, "No, no, massa, that palaver no good; me try him twelve moons, and that daddy no good." So much for their morality. It is absurd the English Government going to any expense for our settlements in Western Africa. At Sierra Leone there does not exist any necessity for soldiers. When the West India regiments were disbanded at the peace, the Government located at Sierra Leone 1300 soldiers, all young men, on pensions of 5d. per diem. Farms were provided them, which they cultivate. All the non-commissioned officers have 8d. per diem—900 of these men are yet strong, healthy men—let the merchants and overpaid Liberated-African Department form these men into a militia, (for, with the exception of the commissariat-store, *at the present even*, no armed force is necessary.) Sierra Leone, from its situation, is not capable of defence; if it were attacked, 50,000 European soldiers could not defend it—it is vulnerable at all points; there is no fortification, nor is there the possibility of erecting any. The king of the opposite coast and all the chiefs are on good terms; and were they not, they could not annoy us. At the settlement at the Gambia are located 200 soldiers; if these men were officered by the merchants, paraded every Sunday, and a musket lent them, the force would be quite sufficient to protect that settlement, and the whole would be doubly secured by a ship-of-war cruizing between Cape Verd, Lat. 14° 44′ N. and Cape Mount, 6° 45′, or to Mesurado, and which would put a stop to the Slave Trade in that quarter, particularly that carried on in the Bissagos and Sherbroo, (places where our ships of war never cruize, their object being to catch prizes, and not

stop the trade,) whilst the disbanded soldiers would secure the internal quiet of our stations.

Reverting to the original subject of this letter, which I have unintentionally lengthened, to evince to the reader how much can be done in Africa at a small expense, I beg to point out the American settlement at Cape Mesurado, under an enterprising gentleman, by name Ashman, which has not cost the country one penny. He has established a colony, a school, a missionary-house, and put a stop to the Slave Trade, and to wars contiguous to his station, at a very trifling expense to a few subscribers; whilst our West African colonies have cost the country millions. An enterprising Englishman, Mr Spence, has established colonies in the rivers Sestos and St Andrews. He has more commerce than the four poor traders at Cape Coast; he has put a stop to the Slave Trade, by purchasing from the natives the commodities of their country; yet he has not put the Government to any expense, or met any encouragement from it. Surely these examples might animate our Government to the true policy to be pursued in our relation to Western Africa, and thus the lavish expense of money and European lives would be saved, in the futile attempt to bring an idle and barbarous people to "free labour," and to become proselytes to a creed they have not the capacity to comprehend, and the language of which they cannot understand. My object in publishing this letter, is to give information of the abuses of a nearly unknown land,—to point out, from my personal observation, the true state of our possessions in Western Africa, and the lavish manner in which money is expended without any end being attained. In no instance has this ever been evinced more than in the appointment of a stranger, with a large salary, and considerable sum for outfit, to a barbarous court, whose manners and customs he has yet to learn, and the ordeal of whose pernicious climate he has yet to undergo. If it be necessary (which is to be doubted) to send an ambassador to the court of Ashantee, the object would be more likely to answer, by selecting some one seasoned to the climate, and, from his previous knowledge, who could conscientiously perform the duties of it. There are old officers in the African Corps, whose hopes, and prospects, and healths, have been blighted and ruined by that wretched climate, who, five years ago, left respectable and honourable regiments for the Ashantee war, "to seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," and who have returned from it, after five years of constant suffering, in the same rank as that in which they went, over whom promotion has been passed, their feelings wounded, and success through life injured. Surely out of these only four gentlemen, who have survived 1550 brave officers and men, one could have been found, whom it would have been but an act of justice to have bestowed it on, and whose constitution, inured to the pestiferous climate of Western Africa, would have enabled him to perform the duty; but, alas! they cannot parody—"Bless thyself, Ali, that thou art born to fight under Moorish leaders, who are distinguished by such charity as is never thought of in a Christian army."

If we regard the savage mode of living in Western Africa, it will not be credited, that for three centuries Europeans have been located there; that wealth and instruction have been lavished on the natives; that hundreds have been educated for the priesthood, and sent out to instruct their countrymen, who have not yet risen from the very rudest state of barbarism. They have been placed in situations by which ordinary exertion would have overcome their necessities, and paved the way for civilisation; but even at the present moment, there is reason to imagine, that three centuries more may elapse before the most idle, depraved barbarians attain that point and state, by which they will be able to appreciate the blessings of industry, and those wants which give rise to it. I pity the ambassador to Ashantee, who will go to a land—

> "Where he shall find
> The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind."

M.

COLONNA THE PAINTER.

A TALE OF ITALY AND THE ARTS.

Know'st thou the Land where the pale Citrons blow,
And Golden Fruits through dark green foliage glow?
O soft the breeze that breathes from that blue sky!
Still stand the Myrtles and the Laurels high.
    Know'st thou it well? O thither, Friend!
    Thither with thee, Beloved! would I wend.

Know'st thou the House? On Columns rests its Height;
Shines the Saloon; the Chambers glisten bright;
And Marble Figures stand and look at *me*—
Ah, thou poor Child! what have they done to thee!
    Know'st thou it well? O thither, Friend!
    Thither with thee, Protector! would I wend.

S. T. Coleridge, *from* Goethe.

INTRODUCTION.

After the fall of Napoleon had given peace to Europe, and insipidity to a soldier's life, I returned with my regiment to B——, and too soon discovered, that the lounging habits and quiet security of parade and garrison service were miserable substitutes for the high and stirring excitement of the bivouac, the skirmish, and the battle. I found myself gradually sinking into a state of mental atrophy, perilous alike to physical and moral health; and, after a fruitless struggle of some months with these morbid longings for old habits and associations, I determined to quit the army, and to realize the favourite day-dream of my early youth—a walk through Italy: hoping, by two years of travel and incessant intercourse with men and books, to gain a fresh hold upon life and happiness, and to repair, in some measure, those deficiencies in my education, which the premature adoption of a military life had necessarily involved.

Pausing a few days at Vienna, I formed a friendly intimacy with a young and intelligent Venetian, of the ancient senatorial house of F——i; and, on my return through Venice, after a rewarding and delightful residence of two years in various parts of Italy, I met my Vienna friend in one of the taverns of St Mark's. After a cordial greeting, he told me that he was obliged to leave Venice on the ensuing day, to take possession of an estate and villa in Lombardy, bequeathed to him by a deceased relative. The gardens, he added, covered the slope of a romantic and woody hill, which commanded a wide view over the classic shores and environs of the Lake of Garda; and the mansion, although time-worn and ruinous, contained some fine old paintings, and a store of old books and manuscripts, which had not seen the light for ages. I had already experienced the keen delight of exploring the mines of literary wealth contained in the old libraries of Italy, and I did not hesitate to accept the cordial invitation to accompany him, which closed this alluring description of his Lombard villa.

We left Venice the following morning, and, proceeding by easy journeys through Padua and Verona, we reached the villa on the evening of the third day, and installed ourselves in the least decayed apartments of the ruinous, but still imposing and spacious mansion. On the ensuing day I rose early, and hastened to examine some large fresco paintings in the saloon, which had powerfully excited my curiosity during a cursory view by lamp-light. They were admirably designed, and, from the recurrence in all of the remarkable form and features of a young man of great personal beauty, they were evidently a connected series; but, with the exception of two, the colouring and details were nearly obliterated by time and the humid air from the contiguous lake. Upon scrolls beneath the two least injured paintings were the inscriptions of *La Scoperta* and *La Vendetta;* and the incidents delineated in them were

so powerfully drawn, and so full of dramatic expression, that a novelist of moderate ingenuity would readily have constructed from them an effective romance. The picture subscribed *La Scoperta* represented the interior of an elegant saloon, decorated in Italian taste with pictures, busts, and candelabra. In the foreground was seated a young artist, in the plain garb rendered familiar to modern eyes by the portraits of Raphael and other painters of the sixteenth century; a short cloak and doublet of black cloth, and tight black pantaloons of woven silk. The form and features of this youth were eminently noble. His countenance beamed with dignity and power, and his tall figure displayed a classic symmetry and grandeur, which forcibly reminded me of that magnificent statue, the reposing Discobolus. Before him were an easel and canvass, on which was distinguishable the roughly sketched likeness of a robust and middle-aged man, sitting opposite to him in the middle-ground of the picture, and richly attired in a Spanish mantle of velvet. His sleeves were slashed and embroidered in the fashion of the period, and his belt and dagger glittered with adornments of gold and jewels; while his golden spurs, and the steel corslet which covered his ample chest, indicated a soldier of distinguished rank. In the background stood a tall and handsome youth, leaning with folded arms against the window-niche. He was attired in the splendid costume of the Venetian nobles, as represented in the portraits of Titian and Paul Veronese, and his dark eyes were fixed upon the painter and his model with an expression of intense and wondering solicitude. And truly the impassioned looks and attitudes of the individuals before him were well adapted to excite sympathy and astonishment. The young artist sat erect, his tall figure somewhat thrown back, and his right hand, holding the pencil, was resting on the elbow of his chair; while from his glowing and dilated features, intense hatred and mortal defiance blazed out upon the man whose portrait he had begun to paint. In the delineation of the broad and knitted brow, the eagle-fierceness of the full and brilliant eye, and the stern compression of the lips, the unknown artist had been wonderfully successful, and not less so in the display of very opposite emotions in the harsh and repulsive lineaments of the personage sitting for his portrait. The wild expression of every feature indicated that he had suddenly made some strange and startling discovery. His face was of a livid and deadly yellow; his small and deep-set eyes were fixed in the wide stare of terror upon the artist; and his person was half raised from his seat, while his hands convulsively clutched the elbows of the chair. In short, his look and gesture were those of a man who, while unconscious of danger, had suddenly roused a sleeping lion.

The companion picture, called *La Vendetta*, pourtrayed a widely different scene and circumstance. The locality was a deep ravine, the shelving sides of which were thickly covered with trees; and the background of this woody hollow was blocked up to a considerable height, by the leafy branches of recently hewn timber. In the right foreground were two horses, saddled and bridled, and at their feet the bleeding corpses of two men, clothed in splendid Greek costume. On the left of the painting, appeared the young Venetian nobleman before described: he was on horseback, and watching, with looks of deep interest and excitement, the issue of a mortal combat between the two prominent figures in *La Scoperta*. But here the younger man was no longer in the plain and unassuming garb of an artist. He was attired in a richly embroidered vest of scarlet and gold; white pantaloons of woven silk displayed advantageously the full and perfect contour of his limbs; while a short mantello of dark-blue velvet fell gracefully from his shoulders, and a glossy feather in his Spanish hat waved over his fine features, which told an eloquent tale of triumph and of gratified revenge.

His antagonist, a man of large and muscular proportions, was apparelled as in the other picture, excepting that he had no mantle, and was cased in back and breast armour of scaled steel. He had been just disarmed; his sword, of formidable length, had flown above his head, while a naked dagger lay on the ground under his left hand, which hung lifeless by his side: and from a gaping wound in the wrist issued a stream of blood.

The sword-point of the young painter was buried in the throat of his mailed opponent, whose livid hue and rayless eyeballs already indicated that his wound was mortal.

I was intently gazing upon these mysterious pictures when my friend entered the saloon, and in reply to my eager enquiries, informed me that the series of paintings around us pourtrayed some romantic family incidents which had occurred in the sixteenth century; and that these frescos had been designed by an able amateur artist, who was indeed the hero of this romance of Italian life, and after whom this apartment was still called the Saloon of Colonna. The late proprietor of the villa, he continued, had mentioned some years since the discovery of a manuscript in the library, which gave a detailed account of the incidents on these pictured walls, and which, if we could find it, would well reward the trouble of perusal.

My curiosity received a fresh impulse from this intelligence. Telling my friend that I would investigate his books while he visited his tenants, I proceeded after breakfast to the library; and, after some hours of fruitless search, I discovered, in a mass of worm-eaten manuscripts, an untitled, but apparently connected narrative, which forcibly arrested my attention, by the romantic charm of the incidents, the energy of the language, and the spirited criticisms on fine art with which it was interwoven. The hero of the tale was an ardent and imaginative Italian; at once a painter and an improvisatore; a man of powerful and expansive intellect; and glowing with intense enthusiasm for classic and ancient lore, and for the beautiful in art and nature. The diction of this manuscript was, like the man it pourtrayed, lofty and impassioned; and, when describing the rich landscapes of Italy, or the wonders of human art which adorn that favoured region, it occasionally rose into a sustained harmony, a rhythmical beauty and balance, of which no modern language but that of Italy is susceptible. Dipping at random through its pages, I saw with delight the name of Colonna; and, ere long, discovered an animated description of the singular scene pourtrayed in *La Scoperta*.

On my friend's return in the evening, I held up the manuscript in triumph as he approached; and, after a repast in the Colonna saloon, seasoned by anticipations of an intellectual treat, F——i, who, although a Venetian, could read his native tongue with Roman purity of accent, opened at my request the time-stained volume, and read as follows.

Chap. I.

On a bright May morning, in the year 1575, my gondola was gliding under the guns of a Turkish frigate in the harbour of Venice, when she fired a broadside in compliment to the Doge's marriage with the Adriatic. The rolling of the stately vessel gave a sudden impulse to the light vehicle in which I was then standing, to obtain a better view of the festivities around me; the unexpected and stunning report deprived me for a moment of self-possession and balance, and I was precipitated into the water. The encumbrance of a cloak rendered swimming impracticable, and, after some vain attempts to remain on the surface, I went down. When restored to consciousness, I found myself in the gondola, supported by a young man, whose dripping garments told me that I had been saved from untimely death by his courage and promptitude. "Our bath has been a cold one," said he, addressing me with a friendly and cheering smile. Too much exhausted to reply, I could only grasp his hand with silent and expressive fervour. This incident deprived the festival of all attraction; and, soon as I had regained sufficient strength, the young stranger proposed that we should return to the city for a change of dress. Still weak and exhausted, I gladly assented to his proposal, and we left the Bucentoro escorted by a thousand vessels, and saluted by the thunders of innumerable cannon, proceeding to the open sea to celebrate the high espousals.

My companion left me at the portal of my father's palace. He refused to enter it, nor would he reveal his name and residence; but he embraced me cordially, and promised an early visit. During the remainder of the day, I

could not for a moment banish the image of my unknown benefactor from my memory. It was obvious, from his accent, that he was no Venetian. His language was the purest Tuscan, and conveyed in a voice rich, deep, and impassioned, beyond any in my experience. He was attired in the dark and homely garb of a student in painting; but he was in the full bloom of youth, and his tall figure was cast in the finest mould of masculine beauty. His raven locks clustered round a lofty and capacious brow; his full dark eyes sparkled with intelligence and fire; while his fresh and finely-compressed lips indicated habits of decision and refinement, and gave a nameless charm to all he uttered. His deportment was noble, intellectual, and commanding; his step bounding and elastic; and there was an impressive and startling vehemence, a fervour and impetuosity, in every look and gesture, which made me regard him as one of a new and almost supernatural order of beings. My heart swelled with an aching and uncontrollable impatience to see him again, which quickened every pulse to feverish rapidity; my senses, however, were still confused and giddy with long immersion in the water, and I endeavoured to recruit my exhausted powers by repose. The evening found me more tranquil, and I wandered forth to view the regatta on the grand canal. These boat-races greatly contribute to form the skill and energy which distinguish the Venetian mariners. Strength, dexterity, and ardour, are indispensable to success in contending for the prizes; and the eager competition of the candidates imparts an intense interest to these festivities, which require only a Pindar to elevate them into classical importance. The entire surface of the spacious canal was foaming with the dash of oars, and resounding with the exuberant gaiety of the Venetians; while the tapestried balconies of the surrounding palaces were crowded with all the beauty and chivalry of Venice; and the glittering windows reflected the rays of the setting sun upon happy faces innumerable.

Proceeding to the place of St Mark, I paced in a contemplative mood over its surface until the day closed, and the night-breeze diffused a delicious coolness. I looked into several of the taverns under the arcades to observe the company assembled, and fancied that I discerned in one of them the generous youth who had rescued me from such imminent danger. Availing myself of Venetian privilege, I entered without unmasking, and found my conjecture verified. This tavern was the habitual resort of the artists resident in Venice, and the assembled individuals appeared to be engaged in vehement controversy.

Paul Veronese was addressing them as I entered. "Who," said he, "is most competent to pass judgment upon a work of art? Certainly the man who has accurately observed the appearances of nature, and who can determine the limits of art. I despise the dotards who contend, that a man of taste and intellect must have been a dauber of canvass, before he can decide upon the merits of a picture. The ludicrous certificate of approval which the German horse-dealers chalked upon the bronze horses of St Mark's, outweighed, in my estimation, a volume of professional cant. Trained to a sound knowledge of their trade in the studs of Germany, they felt and understood all the excellence of these magnificent works of art. They recognised at once the noble character of the animal, and even distinguished the peculiar attributes of each individual horse. The superlative excellence of their heads, and the fiery impatience of control which they exhibit, cannot be understood or conveyed by mere perseverance in drawing. No painter, who resides in the interior, can understand the merits of a sea-piece; nor can the devout Fra Bartolomeo criticise a Venus of our venerable Titian, so well as any despot of the East who owns a seraglio."

"True," replied another artist, whose full round tones and rich emphasis bespoke him a Roman; "but taste is not intuitive; nor can it be attained by merely studying the appearances of nature, and the theories of art. We must also explore the rich treasures of painting which adorn and dignify our beautiful Italy. It is not enough, however, to study a single specimen of each great master; we must patiently and repeatedly examine his progressive improvements, and his various styles. By perseverance in this process, a young artist will beneficially exercise his eye and

his judgment, and will readily distinguish the best pictures in a collection. Any degree of discipline short of this will be inadequate to raise him above the level of the mob, which followed in procession the Madonna of Cimabue, and lauded it as the *ne plus ultra* of art, because they had never seen any thing better."

The young stranger now addressed them with much animation: "I presume not to decide," said he, "how far the last speaker is correct in his opinions. The incessant noise on the piazza precludes any deliberate consideration of the subject; but so far as I could collect the subject of Maestro Paul's opinion, I understood him to insist upon the necessity of knowing the limits of art. I trust he will pardon so young an artist, for uttering sentiments at variance with his own; and that I shall not lose ground in his esteem, if I contend that every object in art is material, and that ideal forms and models of excellence are absurdities. An Aspasia and a Phryne, youthful and lovely, may be elevated into a Pallas and a Venus by an able and imaginative painter, whose excited fancy will readily improve upon his models, and invest each feature, form, and attitude, with classical and appropriate expression. But an ideal and perfectly beautiful woman, destitute of every attribute arising from climate and national peculiarities, is a phantom of the brain. And yet, how many common-place artists, who have consumed the most valuable portion of their lives in drawing from plaster-casts, call these insufferably vacant faces and forms genuine art, and affect to look down upon the master-spirits who have immortalized themselves by matchless portraits of the great men and beautiful women of their own times!"

The parties soon after separated, and Paul Veronese left the tavern, accompanied by the stranger. I followed, and observed them walking round the piazza, and pausing occasionally to listen to the melodious barcarolos, and sportive sallies of the gay Venetians. At the entrance of the Merceria, the youth saluted and left his companion, and I promptly availed myself of the opportunity to unmask and approach him. He immediately recognised me, and expressed himself gratified to observe, that my accident had been unattended with evil consequence. I repeated warmly my acknowledgements, and assured him of my ardent wish to prove my gratitude, by rendering him any service in my power. He appeared, however, rather disconcerted than pleased by these professions, and exclaimed with some vehemence, "What have I done for you, that I would not readily have attempted for the lowest of human beings? How many a wretch throws himself from a precipice into the deep, to bring up a paltry coin! I have been taught to think that exaggerated praise for the performance of a mere act of duty, has a tendency to promote vanity and cowardice; and I predict the decay of true heroism and public spirit, from the growing practice of commemorating trivial events and trivial men by statues, columns, and inscriptions."

"You may disclaim all merit," I replied; "but I cannot forget, that to save the life of a stranger, you bounded from the lofty bulwark of a frigate. I maintain, that there is something godlike in the man, who hazards his life with such generous promptitude; and I think, you cannot but admit, that gratitude is the strongest and most agreeable tie, which binds society together. Surely, then, if the fervent and enthusiastic expression of it be a failing, it is an amiable one."

He took my hand, and gave me a look of cordial sympathy, but said nothing in reply. I warmly urged him to pass the evening with me; he assented, and we proceeded in a gondola up the grand canal to my abode. During supper, the conversation was gay and spirited, but confined to generalities; and it was not until we were released from the presence of menials, that our ideas flowed with unrestrained freedom and confidence. The government and state-policy of Venice were passed in review; and my guest lauded the wisdom of the senate, in having embraced the first opportunity of concluding with honour the arduous struggle they had maintained against the formidable power of Turkey. He rejoiced that the Doge could again espouse the Adriatic sea-nymph, with all the accustomed display of pomp and power, and remarked how essential to the safety and independence of

Venice was the uninterrupted annual celebration of a festival, which fostered the pride and courage of the people.

"Our ancient bride," I replied, "has of late exhibited some ominous symptoms of caprice and inconstancy. The ceremony should have taken place two days since, but the wild goddess was restive and untameable, and insulted the old Doge, her destined spouse, by rolling the bodies of a dozen drowned wretches up the grand canal to the stairs of his palace. Pope Alexander III., who exercised some influence over the capricious fair one, is unfortunately no more; and Columbus, the hero of whom Genoa proved herself so unworthy, has explored and subdued for the princes of Castile, the genuine Amphitrite, in comparison with whom the bride of Venice is a mere nymph."

"The destinies of Venice," he observed, with a touch of sarcasm in his manner, "must be accomplished. She has reached, and probably passed, the climax of her political greatness. Other nations, in the vigour of youth, and possessing greater local advantages, have commenced their maritime career, and this proud republic must submit to decline and fall, as mightier states have done before her. Already I perceive symptoms of unsoundness in her political institutions, of declining energy and shallow policy in the conduct of her wars and negotiations. If you could not preserve by resolute defence the Isle of Cyprus, which has owned your sway for a century, you might have saved it by the easy and obvious expedient of allowing the Sultan to receive at a cheaper rate his annual supply of its delicious wines; and by refusing to shelter in the harbour of Famaugusta the Christian corsairs, who capture the beauties destined for the seraglio. The sweet island of Love is now lost for ever to the state of Venice, and its incomparable wines become every year more rare and costly throughout Italy."

The keen edge of his remarks touched me sensibly, and wounded all my pride of birth and country. This revulsion of feeling did not escape the quick perceptions of my guest: the recollection that he was speaking thus unguardedly to the son of a Venetian senator, seemed to flash upon him, and he closed the discussion by remarking, with a smile, that we were in Venice, that Venetian walls possessed the faculty of hearing, and that there would be discretion in a change of subject. I briefly assented to the necessity of being guarded in the vicinity of Venetian domestics, who were occasionally agents of the police; and, after a pause of recollection, he resumed.

"It is time," said he, "that I should speak of myself and of my object in Venice. I am a native of Florence, and a painter. Wearied and disgusted with the skeletons of Florentine art, I came here to study the flesh and blood of the Venetian school. The works of Titian realize every thing which is valuable and essential in the art of painting, and the student who does not pursue the track of this great master, will never attain high rank as a painter. In Venice, the public voice has supreme jurisdiction in matters of taste and fine art, and the artists collectively exercise little influence on public opinion. Titian fascinates all amateurs, and every artist admits his incomparable excellence in the great essential of painting, which is truth of colouring."

"I am still too much a novice in the theories of your beautiful art," I replied, "to contend this point with you; but you will pardon me if I suggest the probability that you are disgusted with the severity of the Tuscan school. Your abhorrence of the yoke you have escaped from impels you to the other extreme, and your admiration of Venetian art is heightened by contrasting the flesh and blood of Titian, with the bones and sinews of Michael Angelo. Nevertheless, I will hazard a prediction, that instead of abandoning for ever the sound principles of the Florentine school, you will eventually resume and abide by them. Our graceful Titian is the prince of colourists, but it must be admitted that his drawing seldom rises above mediocrity."

"You must excuse me," he retorted with a smile, "if I doubt whether your position can be maintained. I infer from the tendency of your remarks that you consider drawing of primary importance. I admit that drawing is essential to give truth and symmetry of proportion, and is therefore a necessary evil; but a finished picture represents the surfaces of things: surfaces are distinguishable

only by colouring, and therefore I maintain that colouring is the real object, the alpha and omega, of art. To class drawing above painting, is to prefer the scaffold to the building, the rude and early stages to the full and rich maturity of art. What are the sharp and vigorous lines of Michael Angelo but dreams and shadows, compared with the pure and exquisite vitality of a head by Titian? Any beardless tyro may, by plodding industry, produce a drawing as accurate, if not as free, as the off-hand sketches of Raffaelle; but to delineate real life with its exquisitely blended tints and demi-tints; its tender outlines, and evanescent shades of character and expression; to accomplish all this by lines and angles is impossible. It requires the magic aid of colouring, controlled by that deep and rare perception of the beautiful, that wondrous harmony of intellect and feeling, which is the immediate gift of heaven, and the proudest, highest attribute of man."

"I am by no means insensible to the charms of the Venetian school," I rejoined; "and I admit, in many respects, the force of your reasoning. It is, however, a question with me, whether the enthusiastic disciples of Titian are not in danger of pursuing the material and perishable, rather than the intellectual and permanent in painting. The glorious colouring of this great master will fade under the action of time and humidity, and betray his deficiencies in drawing; whereas the moral grandeur of Michael Angelo's frescos, which derive no aid from colour, will endure as long as the walls which they adorn. I would gladly hear you contest this point with the Roman artist who addressed Maestro Paul this evening at the tavern. I feel too much my own deficiency in technical phrase and knowledge to vindicate my opinions successfully."

"That Roman," said he, "is an intellectual and accomplished man, but he wants a painter's eye, and should rather have devoted his time and talents to literature. He has, however, pursued the fine arts professionally, and he is eloquent and resolute in the defence of his opinions: but the nature which he has studied is destitute of life and colouring; it exists only in marble and plaster, and he would rather copy the single and motionless attitude of an antique statue, than study the fine forms and eloquent features with which Italy abounds. He is, in short, a sedentary idler, who will not take the trouble to read the great book of nature, and would rather fire at a wooden eagle on a pole, than pursue the kingly bird amidst the wild scenery of the Apennines. He assumed the unwarrantable liberty of severely censuring Paul Veronese's grand picture of the 'Nuptials of Cana,' in the presence of that noble artist. He objected to the insignificant appearance of Jesus and his disciples, and to their position at the table in the middle-ground of the picture. The painter introduced them into this great work because their presence was indispensable; but he avoided giving them any prominent position, conceiving it impossible for any human artist to convey an adequate personification of our glorious Redeemer. Moreover, they were but accessary to his real object, which was to represent the busy crowd of guests, the banquet, and the architecture. In these respects the artist has been eminently successful. The painting abounds with harmony, and the incidents are told with all the life and spirit of a Spanish novel. The most prominent figures are musicians at a table in the foreground, performing a concert upon elegant instruments. Paul Veronese is leading with grace and spirit on the violin; Titian, the great ruler of harmony, is performing on the violoncello; Bassano and Tintorett, upon other instruments. They are painted with wonderful truth of character and expression; they are magnificently attired, and their personal appearance is eminently noble and dignified. Around the bride's table are assembled the most distinguished personages of the present age; all admirable portraits, and abounding with dramatic expression. The atmosphere in the background is clear and transparent, and exhibits in sharp and brilliant relief the Palladian magnificence of the architecture; while the busy foreground is enriched with a gorgeous display of vases and other materials of the banquet, adorned with chasings of splendid and classical design. The light throughout the foreground and middle distance is wonderfully natural, and clearly developes the numerous groups and figures comprehended in this colossal work. What man of sense and feeling can behold

this wondrous achievement of human art, and not long to feast his eyes upon it for ever?

"This fastidious Roman expressed also his annoyance at the inaccuracy of the costume, in Paul's fine picture of the 'Family of Darius presented to Alexander,' and lamented that so admirable a work should have been blemished by this gross anachronism. You are, doubtless, well acquainted with a painting which belongs to a branch of your family. It may be truly called the triumph of colouring; and certainly more harmony, splendour, and loveliness, never met together in one picture. To these merits must be added the truth of character which prevails in all the heads, most of which are portraits. Forget for a moment that the incident is borrowed from ancient story; imagine it the victory of a hero of the sixteenth century, and the painting becomes, in all respects, a masterpiece. The architecture, in the background, gives a tone to the whole; but it required the delicate outlines and the exquisite perception of harmonious colouring which distinguish Paul Veronese, to give relief and contrast to the figures and draperies on so light a ground. The pyramidal group, formed by an old man, and four female figures, is superlatively lovely; the countenances wonderfully expressive, and sparkling with animation. The head of Alexander is beautiful, but deficient in masculine firmness, and more adapted to charm the softer sex than to awe the world; while Parmenio has a magnificent head, which is finely contrasted with the more feminine graces of the royal conqueror, and his yellow drapery is admirably folded and coloured. How exquisitely finished, too, is the long and beautifully braided flaxen hair of the Persian Princesses! And what a host of figures in this noble picture, most of them the size of life, as in the 'Nuptials of Cana!' Certainly, this painting is nearly unrivalled in close fidelity to nature; and in the truth and splendour of its colouring, it yields only to that triumphant specimen of Venetian art in the Scuola della Carità, Titian's 'Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple.' These two pictures will long maintain their glorious supremacy, and will probably never be surpassed. Violation of costume is, in fact, only a defect in the eyes of antiquarians. The great mass of society overlook it, and care only for what gratifies the eye and the imagination. Nevertheless I would recommend to artists generally the avoidance of subjects borrowed from ancient history. It is far easier to excel in the folds and colouring of modern drapery, than to delineate the light garb and native elegance of Grecian forms. Nor could any painters, but those who lived in the times of Pericles and Aspasia, do justice to those most classical and graceful of all subjects. Oh! how I burn with impatient ardour to behold the storied isles and continent of Greece! Their ancient splendour is no more, but their pure and temperate clime still developes the noblest specimens of the human race."

"Had our acquaintance commenced some years sooner," said I, interrupting him, "I could have gratified your wish. I accompanied my father, who went to Greece on a mission from the republic, and I remained three years on the classic soil of Homer and Sophocles. I was too young to make the most of my opportunities, but I succeeded in my attempts to master the modern language, and at the same time greatly improved my knowledge of ancient Greek."

At these words my companion started impetuously from his chair, and strained me in a vehement embrace.

"Oh! rare and fortunate incident!" he exclaimed; "you are the companion I have so long and vainly sought. A man so distinguished by nobility of mind and person, and yet so young, it has never been my good fortune to meet with. You will, you must be, the chosen friend of my soul!"

I could not but suspect that some mystery was involved in this abrupt and somewhat premature tender of his friendship; but I returned his embrace with grateful ardour. It was impossible to resist the contagion of his impassioned and headlong feelings. I trembled with emotion, and vainly endeavoured to express in connected language how greatly I valued his good opinion. It was midnight when he left me, promising a long and early visit on the succeeding day.

I retired to bed in a state of excitement which banished sleep. To subdue the vivid impression made upon me by the events of the day and even-

ing was impossible. I had, perhaps, too unwarily, given a pledge of fervent and enduring friendship to a man whose name and connexions were a mystery, and of whose character and previous life my ignorance was absolute: but the singular charm of his language and deportment was even enhanced by the obscurity which enveloped him, and I yielded unresistingly to the spell in which he had bound me.

I had never yet beheld the man whose tastes and pursuits assimilated so entirely with my own. He was, however, incomparably my superior in natural and acquired advantages. He possessed more variety, more fulness and accuracy, of knowledge; and he displayed a vigour and opulence of language which often rose with the occasion into the lofty and impassioned eloquence of poetry. His soul was more expanded and liberal than mine; but at the same time more uncontrolled, rash, and intemperate. He had doubtless those defects, which, in Italy, often accompany an ardent and impetuous character; and, under strong provocation, he would not hesitate probably to inflict an unsparing and formidable revenge: but surely a generous heart and a commanding intellect will redeem many failings, and even palliate those desperate alternatives to which men of noble nature and of pure intention are sometimes impelled by the defects of our social institutions.

Chap. II.

At an early hour on the following morning I heard the emphatic tread of the young painter in the corridor. In a moment he entered my apartment, and his appearance renewed in some degree my emotion. "Our feelings had too much of lyric riot in them last night," said he smiling; "such excitement is exhausting, and cannot be long sustained without approximation to fever. I shall never learn moderation in my attachments, but I am resolved to lower the expression of them to a more temperate standard; and with this object I will, if agreeable to you, endeavour to create occupation for our intellects as well as our feelings."

He then enquired if I had practised drawing, and to what extent. I told him that I had been in the habit of sketching the fine lake and mountain scenery of Lombardy; but that my ambition was to draw the human figure from living models, which I regarded as the only avenue by which any degree of excellence could be attained.

"If you will accept of my assistance," he replied, "we can immediately commence a course of elementary studies of the human figure, after which," added he sportively, "you may employ me as a model. In return for my instructions in painting, you must promote my ardent wish to attain a competent knowledge of modern Greek. I have a sacred duty to perform in one of the Greek islands, and shall proceed there in the ensuing autumn."

"We cannot effectually realize your suggestion," I rejoined, "unless we abandon for a while the riot and revelry of Venice. My father is at present in Dalmatia, and I am pledged to pass the summer in the country with my excellent and respected mother, who is preparing for departure, and will probably quit Venice at the close of the present week. The villa we inhabit during the summer heats is in the most charming district of Lombardy, and near the spot where the rapid Mincio receives the pure waters of the lake of Garda. You must accompany me to this earthly paradise, where we can enjoy the cool breezes from the lake and mountains, and explore the bright scenery of its classic shores and the peninsula of Sirmio, sung in glowing verse by Catullus. There we can repose under the dark umbrage of orange and myrtle groves, drink deep of the beauties of Pindar, and bind our temples with wreaths of laurel. But I have not yet introduced you to my mother. She is aware that a stranger saved me from a watery death in the harbour, and will welcome gratefully the preserver of her only son. She has a fine taste for pictures, and is an enthusiastic admirer of beautiful Madonnas. If you will paint one for her private chapel, and subdue in some measure the impetuous ardour of your deportment in her presence, she will receive and cherish you as a son."

While thus addressing him, I perceived a sudden contraction of his fine features, indicative of strong internal emotion, the mystery of which was not developed for a considerable period after this conversation. At length he approached me, and with a look of intense interest enquired how near my father's villa was to Peschiera on the lake of Garda. "Within a league of it," I replied. Again he paced the apartment in silent abstraction, when suddenly his eagle-eye was lighted up with more than its wonted fire, and he exclaimed with animation, "Agreed! I will accompany you to Lombardy, and should I prove acceptable to your mother as a guest, I will paint a Madonna for her chapel. On my discretion, and my respect for her habits and feelings, you may rely."

On the succeeding day I introduced him to my mother. The elegant freedom of his address, and the spirit and originality of his conversation, made an immediate and favourable impression upon my beloved parent; and she afterwards acknowledged to me that, independently of his noble exterior, and his powerful claim upon her gratitude, she had never been so strongly prepossessed. It was on this occasion that he named himself Colonna. Since his refusal to reveal his name on the first day of our acquaintance, I had never repeated the enquiry. Subsequently, however, I discovered that this appellation had been assumed under circumstances of a disastrous and compulsory nature. After his interview with my mother, I accompanied him to his abode, where I was gratified with a view of the paintings and sketches which he had executed in Venice. His figures were fresh and masterly; his colouring had all the brilliant glow of the Venetian painters, while his bold and beautiful designs betrayed, as I had anticipated, the accurate drawing of the Tuscan school. His studies were from the antique, and from Italian life: naked figures, or with little drapery; female heads abounding with expression and loveliness; arms and legs, backs and busts; naked boys, bathing, running, and wrestling. He intimated that he had never yet painted for emolument, nor for the gratification of others; and added, carelessly, "what farther concerns me shall be revealed to you in our hours of leisure by the lake of Garda."

On the appointed morning we quitted Venice. Our bark issued from the grand canal at an early hour, glided silently over the smooth surface of the laguna, and approached the entrance of the Brenta. The sun was rising in veiled and purple majesty through the soft mists of a summer morning, and the towers and churches of Venice appeared floating in thin vapour. Colonna ascended the deck, and, folding his arms, gazed with evident emotion on the "City of Palaces," until it disappeared behind a bank of fog. His chest heaved with some powerful sympathy, and, for a moment, tears suffused his eyes and veiled their brightness. His manner implied, I thought, some painful recollections, or a presentiment that he should never behold Venice again. To me our departure was a source of relief and enjoyment. In the winter season Venice is a cheerful and desirable abode, because the population is dense, and the local peculiarities contribute greatly to promote public and private festivity: but, during the heats of summer and the exhalations of autumn, no place is more offensive and pestilential.

At Padua we separated from my mother, who proceeded with her domestics by the direct road to Peschiera, while Colonna and I made a deviation to Vicenza, whither we journeyed on foot; a mode of travelling the most favourable to colloquial enjoyment, and to an accurate and comprehensive view of the country. We found the numerous edifices of Palladio in Vicenza and its vicinity in many respects unworthy of that noble architect: many of them are indeed remodelled fronts of old houses, in which the pure taste of the artist was warped by the want of capability in the original elevations. The palaces built after his designs are deficient in extent and variety, and may be termed experimental models, rather than effective illustrations of his chaste and classical conceptions. In his triumphal arch at the entrance of the Campo Marzo we found much to admire, and not less in his beautiful bridge which spans the Bacchiglione. How bold, and light, and elegant the arch, like the daring leap of a youthful amazon! And how cheerful the open balustrade, through which the clear and sparkling waters are seen rolling their rapid course to the adjacent city!

It is in Venice that the fine genius of Palladio developes all its supremacy. The Cornaro palace on the grand canal, and the unfinished convent of La Carità, are splendid efforts of pure taste in design and decoration; and as perfect in execution and finish as if cast in a mould. His churches too, especially that glorious edifice, Al Redentore—how simple in design, and yet how beautifully effective and harmonious in proportion and outline!

We proceeded on the following morning to Verona, which excited a stronger interest than Vicenza by its classical associations and striking position on the river Adige, a lively daughter of the Alps. Rushing from her mountain bed, she urges her rapid and devious course through the city, dividing it into two portions, connected by the bridge of Scaliger. This fine edifice rises on bold arches, wider, and more heroic, and more scientific, than that of the Rialto, the wonder of Venice, which is indeed no bridge, but a huge and inconvenient staircase.

Pursuing as we journeyed onward the subject of architecture, I commented on the insignificant appearance of the temples of Pantheism, when compared with the majestic cathedrals for which the Christian world is indebted to the barbarians of the middle ages.

"The Greeks and Romans," observed Colonna, "erected a temple to each individual of their numerous deities. These buildings were consequently of limited extent, and their columns of corresponding proportions. The citizens sacrificed singly to the Gods, or attended public festivals, comprehending large masses of the people; in which event the officiating priest or priestess entered the temple, and the assembled votaries were grouped without. In our churches, on the contrary, the population of a city is often congregated for hours; and how magnificently adapted for this object is the vast and solemn interior of a Gothic cathedral, in which the voice of the priest reverberates like thunder, and the chorus of the people rises like a mountain-gust, praising the great Father of all, and rousing the affrighted conscience of the infidel; while the mighty organ, the tyrant of music, rages like a hurricane, and rolls his deep floods of sound in sublime accompaniment! How grand were the conceptions of the rational barbarians to whom Europe is indebted for these vast and noble structures! And how immeasurably they surpass, for all meditative and devotional objects, the modern application of Greek and Roman temples, on an enlarged scale, to the purposes of Christian worship! Had any necessity existed to borrow designs from these sources, we should rather have modelled our churches from their theatres, the plan of which is admirably fitted for oratorical purposes, and for the accommodation of numbers."

We accomplished the last portion of our journey during a night of superlative beauty. A brilliant and nearly full moon glided with us through long avenues of lofty elms, linked together by the clustering tendrils of vines, festooned from tree to tree, and at this season prodigal of foliage. The coruscations of distant lightning shot through the clear darkness of Italian night; the moon and evening star, and Sirius and Orion, soared above us in pure ether, and seemed to approach our sphere like guardian spirits. The cool breezes which usher in the dawn now began to whisper through the foliage; a light vapour arose in the east; and the soft radiance of the first sunbeams faintly illumined the horizon as we arrived at our destination. Here the romantic lake of Garda lay expanded before us; its broad surface ruffled by the mountain breeze, and gleaming like silver in the moonlight. The waves were heaving in broken and foaming masses, and reverberated along the rocky shores, finely illustrating the accuracy of Virgil's descriptive line:

"Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens marino."

I retired immediately to rest, not having slept for the preceding twenty-four hours; while Colonna preferred a morning walk, and wandered out to view the environs. In the course of the day we completed our domestic arrangements. My friend occupied a saloon on the north side of the villa, which commanded an extensive prospect, a light favourable for painting, and private egress into the open country; an accommodation which he requested, that his rambling and irregular habits might occasion no inconvenience to the other inmates of the mansion.

After a few days had been devoted to excursions upon and around the

lake, and over the picturesque hills as far as Brescia, we commenced a more useful and methodical distribution of our time. Colonna began and completed the sketch of a Madonna for my mother, that he might work upon it at his leisure; and we read together the Greek poets and historians: nor did I forget to avail myself of my friend's proffered assistance to improve my knowledge of drawing and design. Under his masterly guidance I persevered in drawing geometrical figures until I could trace them with quickness, freedom, and accuracy. He then annoyed me for a brief interval with skeletons and anatomical subjects, directing my attention to the articulation of the joints and the insertion of the muscles; after which I proceeded to copy his fine studies of human limbs, both round and muscular, and in the various attitudes of action and repose. Finally, I began to sketch from living models, and was pursuing my object with ardour and success, when a tragical event severed me for a considerable period from my beloved tutor and friend.

It had been arranged between us that each should, in his habits, be perfectly uncontrolled, and independent of the other. Our excursions were alternately separate, and in company, and Colonna was often absent from the villa for one or more days and nights, without exciting observation or surprise.

He delighted in ranging over the green pastures of Lombardy, hedged in by lofty trees, festooned with vines, and irrigated by transparent streams innumerable. The young Tuscan had never before seen nature in a garb so lovely and inviting; he wandered through the picturesque villages which margin or overhang the lake of Garda, sojourned with the peasantry, and sketched their figures and costume. From these rambles he would often return at sunset over the lake in a small bark, crowned like a youthful Bacchus with vine leaves and ivy, and singing wild Dithirambics to his guitar, while the surrounding villagers, by whom he was idolized, followed him in their boats with shouts of joy and festivity.

During the cool nights which, in this hilly region, temper the sickly heat of an Italian summer, we often wandered along the breezy shores of our classic Benacus, or sought refreshment in its dark blue waters. Colonna was an adept in the delightful exercise of swimming, and his instructions soon imparted to me the requisite skill and self-possession. We plunged from the marble terraces of the villa into the delicious element, cleaving its moonlit waves, and sporting over its wide surface like water-gods.

The Madonna for my mother was finished in August. The artist had selected the incident of the flight into Egypt, and the mother of Jesus was reposing in deep shade, under the giant arms and dense foliage of a maple tree. In the middle distance, a few ilex and cypress trees were effectively and naturally distributed. The background was mountain scenery; and from a lofty cliff a river was precipitated, in a bold and picturesque fall. The waters rebounded from the gulf below in silver spray, and flowed through a verdant level into a tranquil and beautiful lake. The most romantic features of the wilderness around the lake of Garda were faithfully and beautifully introduced; and the brilliant rays of a sun approaching the horizon, threw a flood of gold over rock, and wood, and water. The Madonna was a young and lovely woman, giving nourishment to her first-born son, and bending over her pleasing task with delighted attention. The head of the Virgin was after a sketch from life, but developed and elevated in character, and invested with a breathing tenderness, a hallowed innocence and purity of expression, which at once thrilled and saddened the beholder. The boy was a model of infantine beauty; he supported himself with one little hand on his mother's breast, which was partially veiled with red drapery, and he had raised his cherub head and glossy curls from the sweet fount of life, to look with bright and earnest gaze upon the glowing landscape. The luxuriant brown hair of the Madonna was confined in a net, from which a few locks had strayed over her brow and cheek; and her blue mantle flowed with modest grace over her fine person, revealing, through its light and well-distributed folds, the graceful and easy position of the limbs. The eyes of both were radiantly bright, and in the large, well-opened orbs of the infant Saviour, the painter had introduced a something never seen in

life,—a premature and pathetic seriousness,—awfully indicative of his high and hallowed destiny. Above the stately plane-tree were soaring three angels of more than Grecian beauty; and their features, in which a sacred innocence of look was blended with feminine grace and softness, reminded me powerfully of that exquisite design in Raffaelle's pictorial Bible,—the "three angels before Abraham's threshold."

In the middle-distance the ass was grazing, and Joseph, whose features the artist had borrowed from the well-chiselled head of an old peasant, stood leaning on his staff, like a faithful servant who has succeeded in rescuing from imminent peril the treasure intrusted to him. The picture was upright, and on a large scale; the Madonna and Bambino were painted the size of life, and the rich colouring of the heads and draperies was finely relieved by the local tints and highly finished bark and leafage of the plane-tree, behind which the immense landscape receded in wide and brilliant perspective.

My mother was inexpressibly delighted with this valuable token of his regard, and her affection for the highly gifted painter became truly maternal.

About this period I remarked a mysterious change in the looks and habits of Colonna. His prompt and flowing language gave place to a moody and oppressive silence; his deportment was occasionally more abrupt and impassioned; and his eloquent features betrayed some hidden source of grief and perplexity. The increased duration and frequency of his rambles from the villa excited at length my attention and remonstrance. In justification, he pleaded, as before, that he was a man of itinerant habits, and too mercurial in temperament to remain long in any place. This explanation had now, however, ceased to be satisfactory. Our intercourse was obviously less cordial and incessant. He had of late rarely sought my society in his excursions, and this circumstance, in connexion with his altered look and manner, made me suspect some change in his feelings towards me. I determined to solve a mystery so painful and embarrassing, and succeeded ere long in obtaining his confession, during a still and beautiful night, a large portion of which we passed together in a myrtle arbour, which crowned a cool eminence in the villa gardens. We had passed some hours in this delicious solitude, enjoying the pure night-breeze, and admiring the soft and silver tints diffused by an Italian moon over the lake and landscape. Our spirits were elevated by wine, and song, and conversation; and our hearts communed together, and expanded into more than usual freedom and confidence. I described to him the fair objects of several fleeting attachments, and acknowledged that my experience of female excellence had never yet realized the expectations I had formed. "I anticipated from you, however," I continued, "some illustrations of that wayward thing, the human heart. A youth so ardent in feeling, and so adorned by nature and education, must necessarily have had no limited experience of the tender passion; and surely some of the beautiful heads in your portfolio have been sketched from life, and *con amore*."

"I do not willingly," he replied, "enter upon acknowledgments of this nature. They tend to excite feelings of envy, and sometimes expose the warmest friendship to a severe test. We have now, however, enjoyed abundant opportunity to study the lights, and shades, and inmost recesses of our respective characters, and as you have made me your father-confessor, I shall no longer hesitate to repose in you a responsive and unbounded confidence. Know, then, that I love, with all the enthusiasm of a first passion, the most beautiful woman of her time—that she is the only daughter of the proudest senator in Venice—that she is no stranger to your family, and now resides within a league of us. Her name is Laura Foscari; and she is, alas! the destined and unwilling bride of the opulent Ercole Barozzo, governor of Candia."

At this unexpected intelligence, I almost started on my feet with astonishment. My consternation was too great for utterance, and I listened with breathless and eager attention.

"We became acquainted," he continued, "by a singular accident. I had long admired her as the most lovely woman in Venice. Her head has all the beauty of a fine antique,

lighted up by dark eyes of radiant lustre, and heightened by a smile of magic power and sweetness. I have more than once sketched her unrivalled features when she was kneeling at church, and her fine eyes were upraised in devotional rapture. In public places, and at mass, I had frequently seen her, and our eyes had so often met, that she could not but learn from mine how fervently I admired her. My endeavours to obtain an introduction as an artist to her father and brothers had been unsuccessful, and at length I was indebted to a fortunate incident for an opportunity of conversing with her unobserved. One evening near the close of the last Carnival, I saw her enter with her friends the place of St Mark, near the new church of San Geminiano. She wore only a half-mask, and her graceful mien and fine person could not be disguised. My mask and domino were similar to those of her youngest brother, who resembled me also somewhat in person. The imperfect light and the confusion of the assembled crowd separated her from her party; and while endeavouring to rejoin them, she approached me, mistook me for her brother, put her arm within mine, and with charming vivacity, whispered in my ear some comments on the motley groups around us. You will readily conjecture that I promptly availed myself of the brief and golden opportunity. I glanced rapidly around, and finding that we were unobserved, I partially raised my mask. She had so often observed me gazing upon her with undisguised and rapturous admiration, that she recognised me at once, and tacitly acknowledged it by a blush which suffused every visible feature with crimson. In glowing and beautiful confusion she attempted to withdraw her arm, but I retained it firmly, and in low but emphatic tones, I told her that I had long loved her with sincerity and ardour; that I could fairly boast of constancy and discretion, of education and refinement; that no man so well understood her value, or would encounter and endure so much to win her affections. All this and more I poured into her ear with rapid and glowing diction, and with the impassioned gesture which is natural to me. Timid and irresolute, she accompanied me some paces, paused, and in trembling emotion again attempted to withdraw her arm, but was still urged forward by my impetuosity. At length, by a sudden effort, she escaped; but, as she quitted me, whispered with bewitching hesitation and timidity—'*To-morrow morning, at Santi Giovanni e Paolo.*' Soon as these words fell on my delighted ear, I plunged into the crowd of masks, in token of my discretion and prompt obedience to her will. The emotion excited by this early and unexpected proof of sympathy, was so rapturous and overwhelming, that I abandoned myself to all the extravagance of sudden bliss. I flew on wings of ecstasy along the streets, bounded over the stairs of the Rialto, and reached my abode in a state of mind bordering on delirium. During that interminable but delicious night, I neither sought, nor wished for repose. I felt as if I had never known sleep—as if I should never sleep again; and, when my waking dreams occasionally yielded to brief and agitated slumber, my excited and buoyant feelings called up a flitting train of images not less vivid and enchanting.

"Long before the commencement of the early mass, I had reached the church indicated by the beauteous Laura. I was the first to enter it, and I waited her arrival with an impatience which no words can describe. Never had the celebration of the mass appeared to me so wearisome and monotonous; and, in hopes to subdue in some measure the wild agitation which chafed me, I withdrew the curtain which veiled Titian's divine picture of Pietro Martire, in which the saint lies wounded and dying before his assassin. The companion of the prostrate Pietro is endeavouring to escape a similar fate; and two angels, whose features are not Italian but Greek, are soaring amidst the foliage, environed with a heavenly lustre, which throws its bright effulgence over the foreground of the immense landscape. What a masterpiece! How full of animation and contrast! What rich and lively local tints in the slender and graceful stems of the lofty chestnuts, which are painted the size of nature! And how naturally the glorious landscape fades into the blue and distant mountains! The half-naked mur-

derer has all the ferocity of a mountain bandit, in figure, attitude, and menace; while the wounded saint exhibits in his pale and collapsed features the dying agony of a good man, blended with a consciousness that he has achieved the rewarding glories of martyrdom.

But no masterpiece could allay the glowing tumults of my soul, and again I paced the church with feverish impatience. At length the peerless Laura entered, and, alas, poor Titian! the charms of thy creative pencil withered as she approached—the vivid splendours of thy colouring faded before the paramount beauties of nature! She was attired in the picturesque garb and head-dress of Venice, her veil was raised, and her fine countenance, radiant with beauty and intelligence, imparted life, dignity, and lustre to every surrounding object.

"She was accompanied by her mother, and after prostration before the altar, they retired to their devotions in the body of the church. I stood in a position which enabled me to observe every look and gesture, and it did not escape me that Laura, while kneeling, cast a look of supplication towards heaven, and sighed deeply. She soon became conscious of my presence; and rising, she took a chair, and fixed upon me a look so deeply penetrative, so fraught with tender meaning, and yet so timidly, so truly modest, that every chord of feeling in my frame was thrilled with sudden transport. To uninterested observers her deportment was tranquil, but ere long I could discern tokens of deep and anxious thought clouding her lovely face. Her lips quivered as if in sympathy with some inward feeling of doubt and apprehension, which at length subsided, and her angelic features were suddenly irradiated with a tender and enchanting smile. She then read for some time in her book, and marked a place in it with a card, to which, by an expressive glance, she directed my attention. The mass was concluded, the congregation quitted the church, and I availed myself of the crowded portal to approach and take the card, which she conveyed to me unperceived. I hastened from the spot, and seized the first opportunity to read these words—'*Two hours after midnight, at the postern near the canal.*' The card said no more; but, to a lover, it spoke volumes.

"These magic words, and the enchantress who had penned them, absorbed every thought and feeling throughout the never-ending day. In the evening, I passed and repassed the Foscari palace, until the shape and position of every door and window were engraven on my memory. I provided myself with weapons, ordered my gondoliére to hold himself in readiness, and at midnight I proceeded to the Piazza near Maria Formosa. Enveloped in my mantle, I traversed the pavement with feverish impetuosity for two hours, which appeared like ages. The course of nature seemed to stagnate, and the constellations to pause in their career, as if in mockery of my feelings. I walked with increased rapidity, and even vaulted into the air with childish eagerness as if to grasp the heavenly bodies, and accelerate their lingering progress. At length the last quarter struck. I hastened through the silent and deserted streets, and strode over the bridges with a bound as vehement as if I would have spurned them from under me. I soon arrived at the appointed postern, and waited, all eye and ear, in a contiguous angle of the wall. Ere long the door was gently opened, and I heard the music of an angel's voice, bidding me enter with noiseless steps, and beware of rousing her brothers, whose violence would endanger my life. In obedient silence I followed her up a dark staircase into a saloon adjoining the grand canal, and dimly lighted by a single lamp. The enchanting Laura was attired in a white robe of elegant simplicity, well fitted to display the perfect symmetry and luxuriant fulness of her incomparable shape. Her head was uncovered, and her waving tresses floated in rich profusion over her shoulders and bosom. Thus unadorned, her beauty was so dazzling and celestial, that I could have knelt and worshipped her as the Aphrodite of the Adriatic Paphos. I gazed upon her until I became giddy with admiration and rapture. Yielding to an irresistible impulse, I lost all discretion—folded the lovely creature in my embrace—and impressed a fervent kiss upon her coral lips.

"'Unhand me, daring youth!' she

exclaimed, her fine features flashing with indignant eloquence as she repulsed me. 'Remember that I am Foscari's daughter, and do me the justice to believe, that I have not unadvisedly received you at an hour so unseemly. I was impelled to this step not only by the regard due to your personal safety, but by my implicit confidence in the honour of a cavalier. Think not, rash youth! that a Foscari would condescend, like Bianca Capello, to an obscure stranger. I know that you are not what you would seem. I know that 'Colonna the painter' is but the outward shell which hides the pearl and pride of the Florentine nobility. I have a friend in Venice who is in confidential intercourse by letter with your aunt Veronica, and from her I heard in secrecy that the study of painting was not your primary object in Venice, but assumed only to mask some more important purpose.'

"Mortified by the indiscretion of my aunt, and sensible of the fatal consequences it might involve, I soon recovered some degree of self-control, and apologized to the still offended Laura for the inconsiderate freedom in which I had indulged. I then disclosed to her some particulars of my previous history, and expressed, in ardent and grateful terms, my sense of the flattering distinction conferred upon me by the loveliest woman in Venice.

"'Ah, Montalto!' she replied, with glowing cheeks, and a look of enchanting tenderness, 'you know not the dreadful risk to which my wish to become better acquainted with your merits exposes me. I am watched with jealous and unceasing vigilance by an ambitious father, whose sole object is the aggrandizement of his sons; and to the accomplishment of this purpose he will not hesitate to sacrifice an only and affectionate daughter. Destined to become the unwilling bride of heartless opulence, or to the living sepulture of a convent, and formed, by an affectionate mother, for every social and domestic relation, there have been moments when I wished it had pleased Heaven to cast my lot in free and humble mediocrity. My affections were then unappropriated——'

"She paused, in blushing and beautiful embarrassment, but soon resumed: —'It would be affectation to deny that they are no longer so. I must have been more than woman to have remarked, without some responsive feeling, the obvious regard'—— Here she paused anew, the rose of sweet confusion dyed her cheek more deeply than before, and after a momentary struggle, she continued, with averted looks: 'The heroic cast and expression of your features, and the unembarrassed ease and elegance of your deportment, bore the genuine stamp of nobility by descent and education. The instinctive discrimination peculiar to woman is often more accurate in its conclusions than the boasted experience of man. Appearances taught me to suspect, that your homely garb and professional pursuit were a delusion; and I heard with more pleasure than surprise that my conjecture was well founded.'

"Such, my Angelo! was the ingenuous and flattering avowal of the transcendent Laura Foscari, the pride of Venice, and paragon of her sex. No words can pourtray the boundless gratitude and affection with which she inspired me; nor will I attempt to describe the enchanting grace and varied intelligence of her conversation during the brief and delightful hour I remained with her. Too soon the breezes which announce the dawn shook the windows of the saloon; a luminous streak bordered the eastern sky; and Laura, starting suddenly from her chair, bade me begone.

"Thus terminated my first interview with this high-minded and incomparable woman. To-morrow, should no obstacle intervene, I will resume my narrative, and, at the same time, impart to you some particulars of my family and early life."

We then returned to the villa, and separated for the night.

Chap. III.

If the opening of Colonna's confession had excited surprise and emotion, the incidents detailed in his interesting narrative were a fertile source of anxiety and dismay. The veil of mystery was indeed raised, but the scene disclosed was haunted by menacing appearances; and I looked forward to the future with indescribable solicitude. The vehemence of Colonna's passions was alarming, and his impetuosity would too probably betray him into formidable peril. After mature consideration, however, I determined to rest my hopes of a happy termination to these difficulties upon his clear intellect, and his noble and generous heart. I mentally renewed my vow of everlasting friendship, and pledged myself to assist and defend him to the uttermost, under all circumstances of difficulty and peril.

On the following day we were surprised by an unwelcome visit from the brothers and destined husband of Laura. She had previously accompanied her mother more than once in a morning visit to our villa; but I had never surmised sympathy, nor even acquaintance, between her and Colonna, so skilfully did they preserve appearances. When he spoke of her, it was invariably in the language of an artist. He admired the rare and absolute symmetry of her face and form, in which she surpassed every woman he had seen. He even remarked, with well-assumed professional enthusiasm, how much it was to be regretted that her rank and education precluded the possibility of her benefiting the arts as a model. He deemed the proportions of her figure as admirable as those of the Grecian Venus at Florence; and her head, arms, and hands, as greatly superior. On farther retrospection, I recollected to have observed a richer glow on the cheek of Laura, whenever the lute of Colonna vibrated from the villa-gardens; or, when his thrilling and seductive voice sang some tender aria to the guitar.

The younger Foscari was fascinated by the appearance and conversation of Colonna, and expressed a wish to see his paintings. The party proceeded to his saloon, and readily acknowledged his fine taste, and evident promise of high excellence. Barozzo alone, a man of large stature, of haughty deportment, and of a repulsive and sinister aspect, assumed the critic; and betrayed, by his uncouth remarks, an utter ignorance of fine art. Colonna, however, with admirable self-possession, preserved the unassuming deportment of a young artist, ambitious of patronage; spoke of the extreme difficulty of attaining excellence in his profession, and gravely complimented Barozzo upon the accuracy of his judgment. The haughty senator was gratified and won by an admission so flattering to his pride; and condescended to request that Colonna would paint the portraits of his bride and himself. The young painter bit his lip as he bowed his acknowledgments; but expressed his high sense of the honour conferred, and his conviction that the portraits, if successful, would powerfully recommend him to the nobles of Venice, and prove a certain avenue to fame and fortune. It was agreed that on an early day Colonna should proceed with the requisite materials to the villa Foscari, and commence the portrait of Laura; after which, the cavaliers mounted their horses, and returned home.

To prevent a similar interruption on the succeeding day from any other quarter, I agreed with Colonna to rise with the sun, and proceed over the lake into the mountains, with provisions for the day. We met at early dawn; and the birds were carolling their morning hymn, as, with expanded sail, our bark bounded lightly across the lake. Ere long we saw the god of day, peeping with golden brow above the ridge of Monte Baldo; then, majestically advancing over the mountains near Verona, he poured a flood of bright and glowing beauty over the immense landscape. The water was partially concealed by the vapours of morning, and mists of purple hue floated like regal canopies above the cliffs, while a light breeze, rippling the centre of the lake, dispersed its tranquil slumber, and roused it into life and beauty. The peninsula of Sirmio lay basking in sunny radiance before us; and the mountains beyond displayed the grandeur of their im-

measurable outline, varied by prominent and rugged masses, which were piled up in chaos like Ossa on Pelion. The eastern sky was robed in vapours of rosy tint, light clouds of pearly lustre floated in tranquil beauty through the heavens; and the Alpine eagles were careering in joyous and sweeping circles amid the pure ether.

Certainly the lake of Garda displays a rare combination of the beautiful and sublime. The shores abound in the wild and majestic, in variety and beauty of local tints, and picturesque vicissitudes of light and shade; while the olive-crowned Sirmio, like the island-realm of a Calypso, reposes in regal pride upon the waters, and seems to hold in vassalage the opposite shores, and amphitheatre of mountains.

There have been some days in my existence which will ever be dear to my memory, and this was one of them. It was a cool and delicious morning in the beginning of October; my senses were refreshed with sleep; I was awake to the holy and calm influences of nature; and I anticipated the promised narrative of Colonna's early life with a lively interest which imparted new zest to every feeling, and new beauty to the glowing landscape. It was still early when we landed under the cliff, and availed ourselves of the dewy freshness of the morning to ascend a rugged path, which conducted us to a sequestered grove of beech and chestnut. From a crevice in the base of a rock feathered with flowering creepers, issued a limpid spring, which, after dispensing coolness and verdure to the grove, rolled onward with mild and soothing murmurs to the lower levels. Plunging our wine-flasks into the pure element where it burst into life from the parent-rock, we extended ourselves on the soft grass, and dismissed our boatmen, with orders to return at sunset. I then reminded Colonna of his promise to reveal to me some particulars of his early fortunes; and after a pause, during which his features were slightly convulsed, as if by painful recollections, he thus began:

"I am the sole survivor of one of the most illustrious families in Florence. My father was Leone di Montalto; and my mother was of the persecuted and noble race of the Albizi. They are both deceased; and I remain a solitary mourner, their first and only child. My mother died the day after my birth, and my father grieved for her long and sincerely; but the lapse of years, and frequent absences from Florence in the naval service of the state, healed his wounded spirit; and in an evil hour he became deeply enamoured of Isabella, third daughter of Cosmo de' Medici, the tyrant of unhappy Florence. She was the wife of Paul Orsini, the Roman, who, without any formal repudiation, had abandoned her, and resided entirely in Rome. This extraordinary woman was distinguished throughout Italy for personal beauty and rare intellectual accomplishment. Her conversation not only sparkled with wit, grace, and vivacity, but was full of knowledge and originality; and her great natural powers had been so highly cultivated, that she conversed with fluency in French, Spanish, and even in Latin. She performed with skill on various instruments—sang like a Siren, and was an admirable improvisatrice. Thus highly gifted and adorned by nature and education, she was the idol of Cosmo, and ruled his court like a presiding goddess. Her time and her affections being unoccupied, she did not discourage the attentions of my father, who was one of the most elegant and accomplished men of his time; and blended the grace of a courtier with the free and gallant bearing of a distinguished commander. The dormant sensibilities of Isabella were soon awakened by the enthusiastic fervour of his attachment; and their secret intelligence had subsisted some time, when it was discovered by the jealous and vindictive Cosmo. My unfortunate parent was immediately arrested and imprisoned, but effected his escape, fled to Venice, and from thence to the Levant. His estates were confiscated under the pretext of treasonable practices; and I found a refuge and a home under the roof of my widowed aunt, Veronica Della Torre.

The heartless and meretricious Isabella relinquished my father without a sigh, or a struggle to save him, and consoled herself with court-pageantry, and a succession of new lovers, many of whom were sacrificed by her cunning and ruthless father. As a selfish voluptuary, and the destroyer of

his country's liberty, Cosmo has been compared with Augustus; but in gratuitous and deliberate cruelty, he far surpasses his prototype.

"I was indebted to neglect and accident for the best of all educations. My father loved and cherished me; but his domestic calamity, his frequent absences from Florence, and, subsequently, his pursuit of Isabella, interfered with the customary course of education, and saved me from the despotism of a regular tutor, and from the debasing tyranny, the selfish and vulgar profligacy of those institutions of monkery, called public academies.

"It was surely the intention of Providence, that the faculties of early life should not be strained by labours hostile to the healthful growth of mind and body; and that the heart, the senses, and the principles, should alone be tutored in the first ten years of life. And yet how egregiously has the folly of the creature perverted the benevolent purpose of the Creator! With thoughtless, heartless, indifference he commits his tender offspring, to the crushing tyranny of pedants and task-masters, who rack and stupify the imperfect brain, by vain attempts to convey dead languages through a dead medium; and inflict upon their helpless pupils the occult mysteries of grammar, which is the philosophy of language, and intelligible only to ripened faculties. Ask the youth who has toiled in prostration of spirit through the joyless years of school-existence in the preparatory seminaries of Italy—bid him look back upon his tedious pilgrimage, and weigh the scanty knowledge he has won against the abundant miseries he has endured from the harsh discipline of monkish tutors, and the selfish brutality of senior class-fellows! His pride may prompt him to deny; but in honesty and fairness, he must admit, that the established system of education is radically vicious; that his attainments are meagre and superficial; that his knowledge of the world is selfishness and cunning; and that to rise above the herd of slaves and dunces, he must give himself a second and widely different education; more liberal, comprehensive, and practical.

"It was my happier fate to enjoy, until the age of ten, unbounded liberty. I associated with boys of my own age, selecting for frequent intercourse those most distinguished by strength of body, resource of mind, and a lofty and determined spirit. I disdained to be outdone in feats of bodily activity, and persevered with inflexible ardour until I surpassed all my competitors in running, wrestling, and swimming, and in every species of juvenile and daring exploit.

"From my aunt, who was an accomplished and high-minded woman, I learned to read and write, and gained with ease and pleasure a more than elementary knowledge of history; and when I had attained the age of twelve, my father, who was an able and distinguished commander, took me for three years on board his galley, in frequent cruises against the Corsairs. These voyages had a powerful and salutary influence upon my habits and character. The daily contemplation of the world of waters expanded and exalted my imagination, while the enlightened converse and daily instructions of my noble father, the regular discipline observed on board the galley, and occasional exposure to danger in tempests, or in contact with an enemy, induced energy and concentration of thought, decision and promptitude in action, contempt of fatigue and hardship, and a degree of self-possession which no common dangers could either daunt or disconcert.

"At the age of fifteen I returned to Florence, abandoned all boyish pursuits, and commenced a more regular and elaborate course of education. I had accumulated a store of ideas and associations which enabled me to apply my faculties with facility to every desirable attainment. The transition from material objects to the world of spirits, is natural and easy. I had already investigated with deep interest the histories of Greece and Rome; I now studied with ardour and success the languages of those high-minded nations; and, ere long, perused with insatiable delight, the pages of those master-spirits whose glorious names blaze like constellations through the dark night of antiquity.

"My early and ruling passion for the liberal arts, and especially for painting and architecture, induced me to seek the instructions of Giorgio Vasari. As an artist, he had never produced an original design, but he was an able teacher; and, notwithstanding his prejudices, he was unquestionably a man

of refined taste and extensive knowledge. The garrulous old painter was delighted with the glow of my enthusiasm, and failed not to fan the flame with abundant encouragement.

"My indulgent father was induced, by the exuberant praises of Vasari, to permit my devotion of some hours daily to his instructions; but the year before his imprisonment and flight, he took the precaution to introduce me to a literary circle, eminent for clearness of intellect, and a sound and liberal philosophy. Intercourse with men of this class modified, in a considerable degree, my habits and opinions, but it could not for a moment weaken my devotion to that sublime art which has ennobled modern Italy, and raised it from prostration and contempt, to moral dignity and grandeur.

"Several years elapsed after my father's escape, without bringing us any intelligence of his fate. This mysterious silence was a source of intense anxiety. Florence was hateful to me, and my impatience to rejoin my beloved parent became at length too vehement to be controlled any longer by the remonstrances of my aunt. I keenly felt all the injustice exercised by the tyrannous and reckless Cosmo against my family, and my departure was accelerated by the intimation from a friend at court, that my proceedings were watched by the secret agents of the usurper, and that any unguarded expression of political discontent, would be the signal of my incarceration, and, too probably, of banishment or death. I quitted Florence unobserved, changed my name, and proceeded to Venice, intending, while I pursued my enquiries after my father, to study the works of Titian, and to avail myself of the instructions of Tintorett and Paul Veronese. The latter honoured me with his friendship, and the venerable Titian encouraged me to visit him. I succeeded in my endeavours to cheer, with poetry and music, the declining spirits of the benevolent old man. He became attached to me, and finding that I had a painter's eye, he imparted to me some invaluable secrets of his art, a compliment the more gratifying and important, because it opened to me a source of honourable and independent provision, in case my paternal estate should never be restored to me.

"Last autumn I received intelligence from Florence that my father had entered the service of your republic on his arrival in the Levant, and had received the appointment of Captain in the garrison of Candia, under General Malatesta, a Florentine, whose son had been assassinated by order of Cosmo, on the discovery of an intrigue between this youth and his eldest daughter, Maria de' Medici. Nor did the hapless female escape the vengeance of her cruel parent. Her death was premature, and attended with circumstances which amounted to the clearest evidence that she was poisoned by her monstrous and unnatural parent. I had completed my preparations for departure, and waited only a change of wind to sail for Candia, when I received from my aunt the heart-rending communication that my father had shared the fate of young Malatesta, and been assassinated some years since, at the instigation of the ferocious Cosmo. This intelligence fell upon my soul like a thunderbolt. The wound which my beloved father's disappearance had inflicted on my happiness, opened anew, and my lacerated heart bled at every pore. I vowed implacable hatred and deadly vengeance against the prime mover, and every subordinate agent in this atrocious murder of my noble parent. He was a great and admirable man, and I shall never cease to venerate his memory, and lament his untimely death. For many months, life was an intolerable burden to me, and I endured existence only in the hope of avenging him, and of rioting in the blood of his base assassins. The cruel instigator, Cosmo, was, alas! equally beyond the reach of my personal defiance, and of my dagger. Hedged round by guards and minions, and compelled by his infirmities to seclude himself within the recesses of his palace, every attempt to approach him would have been vain, and my youthful and unenjoyed existence would have been sacrificed without an equivalent. Nor have I yet been able to trace the agents of his bloody will; but my investigations have been vigilant and unceasing, and revenge, although delayed, is ripening over their heads."

Here the noble youth was checked in his narrative by a sudden burst of agony, which defied all disguise and control. Tears rolled in rapid succession down his cheeks, and his man-

ly chest heaved with the audible sobs of bitter and deeply-seated anguish. Springing hastily from the turf, he threw himself on the margin of the stream, and immersed his face in its pure waters, to cool the fever of his burning cheeks. Surely there is no sorrow like the sorrow of a resolute and high-minded man. The sobs of woman in affliction awake our tenderest sympathies, but they do not shake our souls like the audible anguish of man. To see the iron frame of such a being as Colonna, heaving with loud and convulsive agony, was so truly appalling, that no time will erase the deep impression from my memory.

I respected his grief too much to interrupt it by premature attempts at consolation; but when he arose, I embraced him in silent sympathy, and endeavoured to direct the current of his thoughts from the bitter past, to a brighter future. I spoke of the advanced age and broken constitution of the licentious Cosmo, and inferred, from the mild and amiable character of his son, a speedy restoration to rank and property. I dwelt upon his own pre-eminence in strength of mind, and in every natural and acquired advantage; and I predicted, that, in defiance of adverse circumstances, he would, by his own unassisted efforts, accomplish a high and brilliant destiny. I proposed to obtain for him, through my father's influence, a naval command in the service of Venice, or a powerful recommendation to the valiant Genoese, Giovanni Doria.

He thanked me, with a look full of eloquent meaning, but made no comment on my proposal. After a brief pause, he subdued his emotion, and exclaimed, with a melancholy smile, —"Happy Venetians and Genoese! *Your* liberties have not been basely destroyed by an individual family, as those of Tuscany by the Medici. Your glorious republics adorn the east and west of Italy with splendid achievements, while Florence, once the pride and glory of our country, lies prostrate in mourning and in slavery, betrayed and manacled by her unnatural sons!"

I availed myself of this apostrophe to make some comments upon the history of these distinguished republics, and insensibly drew Colonna into a discussion which was prolonged until the increasing heat made us sensible of the want of refreshment. The sun had reached the meridian, and the centre of the lake below, still fretted by the mountain breeze, was seething and glittering in the sun-beams, like a huge cauldron of melted silver, while the smooth and crystal surface near its shores reflected, like a mirror, projecting and receding cliffs of every form and elevation, crowned with venerable trees, and fringed with gay varieties of vegetable ornament. The timid and transparent lizards darted playfully around us, and golden beetles buzzed on heavy wings in the foliage above, while the light grasshoppers chirped their multitudinous chorus of delight, and myriads of gay and glittering insects held their jubilee in the burning atmosphere. Amidst this universal carnival of nature, we reclined in deep shade, soothed by the tinkling music of the stream, and enjoying the dewy freshness which exhaled from its translucent waters. The inspiring juice of the Cyprus grape, and a light repast, rapidly recruited the strength and spirits of Colonna. Bounding vigorously from the green turf, he gazed with delight through the aged stems upon the bright landscape, and exclaimed, with glowing enthusiasm, —"All-bounteous Providence! Creator of the glorious sun and teeming earth! how supremely blest were thy creatures, did they not embitter so much good by crime and folly!"

After a brief pause of rapturous contemplation, we resumed our wine-flasks, our cheerfulness rose into exhilaration, and we reposed like silvan deities in the green shade, enjoying the elasticity and freshness of youthful existence, forgetful of the past, and regardless of the future. But this day-dream was too delightful to last. I recollected that I had not heard the sequel of Colonna's adventures in Venice, and I broke the spell by whispering in his ear the name of "Laura."

"Alas!" he replied, with visible emotion, "I fear this incomparable woman will never be mine, unless miracle or magic should interpose to vanquish the many obstacles to our union. Our interviews in Venice were attended with such imminent hazard of discovery, as to render them brief and of rare occurrence. My adored Laura was in the morning of life, and with the creative imagination of early youth, she cherished sanguine hopes that the

death of the infirm Cosmo would, ere long, enable me to resume rank and property, and to demand her openly of her father. Until then, my resources were merely adequate to my personal support, being limited to a small maternal estate, left under the friendly guardianship of my aunt.

"Nevertheless, plans of elopement were frequently discussed, and I vehemently urged her to become mine, and to accompany me to Greece, from whence, after I had accomplished a momentous object, we could embark for Marseilles, and proceed to Paris, where my skill as a painter, in addition to my maternal estate, would preserve us from indigence. As she did not peremptorily forbid me to expect her consent to this scheme, I ventured to build upon it; but when my preparations for flight were completed, her resolution failed, and I discovered, in the deeply-rooted attachment of Laura to her mother, an insuperable obstacle to the accomplishment of my purpose. For this kind and indulgent parent, her affection was all but idolatrous; and when she told me, with tearful eyes and throbbing bosom, that her beloved mother was in precarious health, that she was entirely dependent on her only daughter for earthly happiness, and that the loss of that daughter would destroy her, I must have been dead to every generous and disinterested feeling, had I not complied with her earnest entreaty, that we should await a more favourable course of events.

"Meanwhile, the distinguished beauty and numberless graces of Laura attracted many suitors. Some of these were not ineligible, and one of them especially, young Contarini, whose passion for her was ardent, almost to frenzy, was a man of noble qualities, of prepossessing exterior, and of equal rank, but, as you well know, too moderately endowed with the gifts of fortune. Every proposal was, however, promptly rejected by the ambitious Foscari, who, like a cold and calculating trader, measured the merits of each suitor by the extent of his possessions. At length, after the conclusion of the war with Turkey in the spring, arrived from Greece the governor of Candia, Ercole Barozzo, whose splendid establishment and lavish expenditure attracted universal attention. His originally large possessions had been swelled into princely opulence by clandestine traffic with the enemy, and by every species of cruelty and exaction. His wife and two infant sons had fallen victims to the plague in the Levant; and being desirous of children to inherit his vast possessions, he surveyed the fair daughters of Venice, and was quickly fascinated by the superlative beauty of Laura Foscari, who shone unrivalled in a city distinguished for the beauty of the softer sex. Barozzo was not a suitor to be rejected by her sordid father; and, without any appeal to his daughter's inclinations, her hand was promised to a man of more than twice her age, forbidding in his exterior, coarse and revolting in his manners, and utterly destitute of redeeming qualities. I had determined, before my acquaintance with you commenced, to make occasional visits during the summer to Peschiera, and I hesitated to accept your proposal, from an apprehension that it would impede my interviews with Laura. On farther consideration, however, I perceived that my abode under your roof would not be incompatible with nocturnal visits to the Villa Foscari, and I became your guest. My interviews with Laura have been more frequent in this quiet and rural district, than in the narrow streets and numerous obstacles of Venice. The wide extent of her father's garden enables me to scale the wall unperceived, and to reach a garden saloon communicating by a covered trellice walk with the villa. Laura's abhorrence of the presuming and insolent Barozzo has proved a powerful auxiliary to my renewed entreaties, that she would fly with me from the miseries which menace her, and I have recently succeeded in obtaining her reluctant consent to accompany me to Genoa, and from thence to Greece. A fortnight hence is appointed for the celebration of her marriage to the wretch who basely wooes her, with a consciousness of her unqualified antipathy to his person and character. If the strong attachment of Laura to her mother does not again baffle my hopes, we shall effect our escape three days before the one appointed for her marriage with Barozzo; but I can discern too well, through her invincible dejection, that she is still balancing the dreadful alternatives, of a marriage abhorrent to her

feelings, and the abandonment of her mother."

Such was the tale of Colonna's brief, but trying, and calamitous career. Deeply as I lamented his approaching departure, I felt too much interested in his success to withhold my active co-operation, and I pledged myself to promote his views as far as I could, without openly compromising myself with the Foscari family; but I entreated him to relinquish his design of painting the portraits of Laura and Barozzo, from an apprehension that a lover so fervent and demonstrative would, in some unguarded moment, excite suspicion, and frustrate the accomplishment of his ultimate views. He thanked me for the ready zeal with which I had entered into his feelings, and assured me, that he had no intention of proceeding beyond the outlines of the governor's portrait; but that, as a lover and an artist, he could not deny himself the gratification of pourtraying the matchless form and features of the woman he adored.

The day was declining when we quitted our cool retreat to ascend the mountain behind us, and inhale the pure breezes which played around its summit. We gazed with long and lingering delight upon the bright landscapes of Lombardy, as they glowed beneath us in the parting sun-beams, and the shades of night were fast falling around us when we crossed the lake, on our return to the villa.

Chap. IV.

Early on the following morning, the younger brother of Laura called to request the promised attendance of Colonna at the Villa Foscari, and I determined to accompany him, hoping, by my presence, to remind the young painter of the necessity of exercising a vigilant control over his feelings. The precaution was, however, unnecessary. He sustained, with singular self-mastery, the demeanour of an artist and a stranger; and appeared, while sketching the form and features of his lovely mistress, to have no other object than to seize the most important and characteristic peculiarities of his model. He requested that she would occasionally walk round the saloon, and freely indulge in familiar converse with her friends, as if no artist were present. His object was, he added, to accomplish, not a tame and lifeless copy, but a portrait, stamped with those peculiar attributes and graces which are best elicited by a free and unconstrained movement of limb and feature.

Thus admirably did he mask the lover, and assume the look and language of an artist ambitious to recommend himself to opulent employers.

The sensitive and unhappy Laura had less command over her feelings, and I could occasionally observe a furtive glance of sympathy beaming from her dark and humid eye upon the elegant painter; but when she addressed him, it was with the air and language of condescension to one whose services might be purchased; thus endeavouring to disguise the strong and almost irrepressible emotion which quivered beneath the surface.

Her mother never quitted her during the sitting; Barozzo and the Foscari visited the saloon occasionally; and I remained to control the lover, and, at the same time, to improve myself by observing the artist. The fine lineaments of Laura were too deeply engraven on the heart of Colonna to render frequent sittings essential; and, in compliance with my remonstrances, he abridged them as much as possible. After the second sitting, he told her that he should not again require her presence until he had completed the portrait, when some finishing detail might be requisite. He devoted a large portion of the five following days to a task so soothing to his feelings; and, on the morning of the sixth day, astonished the assembled family by producing a highly-finished and admirable resemblance.

The charming subject of his portrait was painted the size of life, and attired in a light morning robe of green silk. The full and elegant symmetry of her form was indicated through the graceful folds, which fell around her like the richest sculpture. She stood in a contemplative attitude, leaning, like some heavenly muse, upon a golden tripod of chaste and classical design. High intelligence adorned with its imperishable beauty her fair and lofty forehead. Her large dark eyes,

which beamed through their long fringes with soft and melting lustre, were gazing as if into futurity, and their tender and eloquent expression went to the soul of the observer. The finely moulded oval of her cheek glowed with the roseate hues of life, and the pearly lustre of the neck and arms were surpassed only by the clear and brilliant fairness of the lovely original, while in the beautifully curved lips, Colonna had introduced a slight compression, indicative of that heroic firmness in the character of Laura, which had not escaped his penetration, but did not, until a later period, fully develope itself.

The scene was a garden saloon, and through an open window an extensive view over the lake of Garda arrested, with magic power, the eye of every beholder. Sirmio appeared like a woody island in the middle distance, and beyond the lake rose an amphitheatre of mountains, surmounted by the distant summits of the Tyrolese Alps. There was in this admirable portrait all the charm and witchery of life. It possessed much of the dignity, and ease, and harmonious colouring of Titian; and the exquisite blending and management of the tints betrayed the favourite pupil of Paul Veronese, whom indeed he surpassed in the natural folding and classical distribution of draperies, and fully equalled in the force of light and shade, which makes the portraits of that able master appear to stand out from the canvass.

The next day was devoted to the finishing of some details in the portrait of Laura; and on the succeeding morning I accompanied Colonna to the apartment of Barozzo, who was desirous that his portrait should be completed before his marriage. The artist fixed upon the haughty governor the firm gaze of his dark and piercing eye, and proceeded to pencil the outlines of his stern and massive features. After the lapse of a few minutes, he remarked to Barozzo, that he had never seen a countenance, the character of which he found so difficult to trace to its primitive elements. "The lineaments of mature age," he continued, "are hard and inflexible, and when the eloquent play and pliancy of youthful feelings have left the features, it is impossible, without frequent intercourse, to detect the peculiarities and secret recesses of character with sufficient accuracy to give force and truth to a portrait." He conceived that to accomplish the perfect delineation of a man of middle age and of distinguished rank, a painter should not only share his society, but know the history of his life, and study the lights and shades of his character. It was thus that Raffaelle succeeded in conveying to the portraits of Julius II., Leo X., and their Cardinals, such intellectual dignity, such truth and grandeur of expression. He doubted, nevertheless, whether any artist could achieve a perfect portrait of a man of high station if he did not rise above his employer, not only in imaginative powers, but in strength of mind and penetration into character.

The riveted and searching looks which from time to time accompanied this singular and equivocal strain of compliment, appeared greatly to perplex and annoy the haughty Barozzo. His tawny visage was dyed with the dusky red of some strong inward emotion, which I was eager but unable to interpret. This suffusion was soon succeeded by an ashy paleness, and suddenly he quitted his chair, and walked to the window.

During this ominous and unaccountable interruption, I gave Colonna a warning glance. He composed his excited features into tranquillity; and after a long pause, of which I endeavoured to disguise the embarrassment by some comments on the Venetian school of painting, Barozzo returned from the window and resumed his seat. Colonna seized his pencil, and proceeded to sketch the outline of the governor's figure, during which process I observed in his looks nothing beyond the earnest gaze of a portrait-painter. For some time Barozzo avoided the encounter; but at length, as if controlled by some secret and irresistible fascination, his eyes again met those of the young artist. The effect of this collision was mysterious and startling. The brilliant orbs of Colonna gradually assumed a stern and indignant expression, and darted their searching beams upon the governor, as if to pierce the inmost recesses of his soul. The dull grey eyes of the again agitated Barozzo quailed and fell under this intolerable scrutiny; his sallow visage was suffused with a ghastly yellow; again he glanced in

terror at the artist, and then half-rose from his chair in undisguised consternation. Controlling, however, with sudden effort his agitation, he resumed his seat, and, with averted looks and seeming indifference, enquired if Colonna had resided long in Venice. The painter filled his brush, and answered carelessly, that he had lived there a few months.

"Your accent is Tuscan," continued Barozzo. "Are you a native of Florence?"

"I am," replied the painter, seemingly intent upon his employment.

"Do your parents reside there?" resumed the other, with rising emphasis.

"Parents!" exclaimed Colonna, with a keen glance at the inquisitive governor; "I have none! They are dead!"

"Who and what was your father?" demanded Barozzo imperiously.

This enquiry, and its peremptory tone, exhausted the patience of Colonna. Dashing the paint out of his brush, he fixed a look of startling fierceness on Barozzo, and answered, with marked and bitter emphasis,—"He was a sword-cutler, and made excellent blades."

At this critical moment Laura entered the room with her mother, to observe the progress of Barozzo's portrait. Casting a hasty glance at the imperfect sketch, she remarked that it did not at all realize her expectations. The painter replied, that he should have succeeded better if he had enjoyed the honour of a longer acquaintance with the governor. "It is immaterial," exclaimed Barozzo, who had fully regained his self-possession. "We shall, ere long, become better known to each other, and you may finish my portrait at Venice in the course of the ensuing winter."

"As your excellency pleases," replied Colonna, and removed the canvass from the easel. The ladies now quitted the saloon with the governor; and, soon as the door was closed, the artist defaced the ill-fated portrait with a blow of his fist, packed up his drawing materials for removal, and accompanied me home.

Conceiving that the portentous agitation of Barozzo had grown out of some incipient feelings of jealousy and suspicion, I remonstrated with Colonna, during our walk, on the gratuitous imprudence of his deportment, and pointed out the personal danger he had incurred by thus taunting a man so powerful and irritable as the governor of Candia. I urged him to accelerate his flight, and, meanwhile, never to leave the villa unarmed.

In reply, however, he expressed his conviction that the sudden change of countenance and colour in Barozzo did not originate in jealousy, and that a man so imperious and overbearing would have betrayed this spirit-stirring passion in a manner widely different. "No, Pisani!" he continued, in a voice quivering with emotion; "my suspicions go farther. The springs of this man's actions lie deep, and a prophetic spirit tells me that he is not innocent of my noble father's murder. Until this morning, he deigned not to bestow more than a superficial glance upon the features of an obscure artist in homely apparel, but when our eyes met, in keen and unavoidable collision, the resemblance I bear to my deceased parent flashed upon his guilty soul; and from his sudden and uncontrollable emotion, I cannot but infer his participation in the crimes of Cosmo. Inference, you will say, is no proof; but it gives me a clew which I will track until I reach conviction. It is the intention of Laura, who cannot resolve to quit her mother, to retard for a considerable period the celebration of her marriage, by feigned paroxysms of indisposition. I will avail myself of this delay to bring home to Barozzo the evidence of his guilt, and defy him to mortal combat; or, should he shrink from it, I will treat him as a savage and noxious animal, and hunt him to the death."

I could not but admit that there was some ground for the suspicions of Colonna; but, from an apprehension of rousing his whirlwind passions into premature activity, I concealed from him my knowledge that, before the departure of Barozzo for Candia, he had passed some weeks at Florence, where his congenial disposition had powerfully recommended him to the good graces of Cosmo. They were in habits of daily intercourse, and Barozzo was not the man who would, from honourable feeling, decline to forward the murderous views of the implacable ruler of Tuscany.

From this eventful day Colonna was an altered man. Revenge became the

ruling passion of his soul; and while he awaited with gnawing impatience the long-expected letters from his friends in Florence and Candia, he seemed to find no relief from the feverish rage which fired his blood, and wasted his fine form, but in the bodily fatigue of daily and nightly rambles in the mountains.

It was the design of Laura to assume the appearance of sudden and violent illness on the day before her intended marriage, and to sustain the deception, by occasional relapses, for months, or even years, should the governor's patience endure so long. But the probability was, that a man, advancing towards the autumn of life, and determined to marry, would rather recede from his engagement and seek another mate, than run the risk of such indefinite delay. The spirit and address of Laura Foscari were fully equal to the deep game she had determined to play. She purposed to assist the deception by staining her fair face with an artificial and sickly hue; and she found an effective auxiliary in her mother, who thought the brutal Barozzo utterly unworthy to win and wear so bright a jewel as her angelic daughter. These expedients were, however, rendered unnecessary by the bloody catastrophes which were now at hand.

Three days before the appointed celebration of the marriage, I was reading, near midnight, in my chamber, when Colonna entered, with vehement and hasty strides. His large eyes glittered with terrific energy; his forehead streamed with perspiration; his dress and hair were in wild disorder, and his hands were dyed with blood. He said not a word, but paced the apartment for some time with rapidity. His deportment was that of a man whose rage had risen above his control, and overwhelmed all power of articulation. I awaited in silent and wondering sympathy the termination of emotions so tempestuous. At length, seating himself opposite to me, he struck the table vehemently with his clenched hand, and after some vain attempts to speak, exclaimed, in hoarse and hurried tones, which gave an appalling force to his expressions—"Pisani! all doubt is at an end—I have this night obtained conclusive evidence of Barozzo's guilt. I have sworn to avenge my noble father's wrongs in the traitor's blood—and to-morrow he must face me in fair combat, or feel my dagger in his craven heart. The alternative will hinge upon your friendly agency—but of that hereafter. —About three hours since I reached the heights beyond the lake. Exhausted with a long and toilsome ramble, I threw myself beneath our favourite beech, and was soon lulled by the rippling waters into brief and agitated slumber. My sleep was haunted by a succession of fearful forms and painful incidents, which at length assumed a shape distinctly and horribly significant. Methought I lay upon the summit of a cliff, close to the sloping brink, and gazed into a gulf too deep and dark for human eye to fathom. Suddenly the immense void was illumined by sheets of vivid lightning—a monstrous peal of thunder broke upon my ear—and a colossal form, lengthened and scaly as a serpent, rose like the demon of the storm, approached the edge of the precipice, and brought his horrid visage to the level of mine. Again the lightning flashed, and I distinguished the assassin features of Barozzo, expanded into horrible and revolting magnitude. Eyes, lurid and menacing as meteors, glared upon me with a malignant scowl, and huge lips, parted in a fiendish grin, disclosed an array of fangs, pointed and glittering as poniards. He extended two gaunt and bony hands, stained, methought, with my father's blood, and tried to seize and drag me into the gulf. While writhing to escape the monster's grasp, the thunder again rolled through the abyss; the cliff beneath me reeled from its foundations, the brink began to crumble, and my destruction appeared inevitable—when, suddenly, the strains of sweet and solemn music floated round me—the demon vanished, and I beheld the pale phantom of my murdered father, extending towards me his protecting arms. At this moment of intense excitement, the spell which bound me was dissolved—I awoke, and saw by the brilliant moonlight a tall figure, enveloped in a mantle, approaching me in stealthy silence. Gazing more intently, I discovered a dagger in his grasp. In an instant I was on my feet—the figure rushed forward, but ere he could reach me, I stood behind the tree, and thus gained time to level a pistol at his

head. Seeing me thus prepared, the villain retreated hastily, but escaped not the bullet, which my unerring weapon buried in his back. He reeled and fell; and his life-blood was ebbing fast, when I stooped to examine his features. Raising the slouched hat which concealed his face, I immediately recognised a handsome Greek, attached to the retinue of Barozzo. I had occasionally seen this man in a tavern at Peschiera. His demeanour was fierce and repulsive, but my eagerness to learn some particulars of my father's untimely death in Candia, prompted me to cultivate his acquaintance, and I played with him the game of Morra, forgave his losses, and paid for his wine. Whether the remembrance of this kindness excited his compunction, or whether he wished to atone for his past offences, I know not, but he thus addressed me in broken accents.

"'Son of Montalto! a just retribution has overtaken me. My necessities sold me to the savage Barozzo. *He* hired the dagger which pierced thy noble father, and the same weapon would have destroyed thee, had not thy better fortune interposed. Listen to the counsel of a dying man. Beware of Barozzo! He has a long grasp, and will not spare thy young life. Fly, without delay, or thy destruction is inevitable!'

"Here his voice failed him; a convulsive tremor shook his frame; he became motionless, and apparently lifeless. But Greeks are cunning to a proverb, and as it was of vital moment to conceal from the governor the failure of his murderous design, I struck the assassin's dagger deep into his heart, and rolled him down the slope of a contiguous ravine. I now recollected that Barozzo had twenty Greek bloodhounds carousing in the taverns of Peschiera, and thinking it too probable that he had commissioned more than one of them to hunt me down, I crossed the lake to devise with you the means to detach this demon from his myrmidons, and force him into single combat. I have bound myself by all that is most sacred to destroy him, or to perish in the attempt; and should no fair and open avenue to vengeance offer, I will stab him at Foscari's table, or even rend him limb from limb at Laura's feet. And now, my Angelo! I conjure you by our bond of friendship, by every generous feeling in your nature, to lend me that aid, without which I shall be driven to the desperate and ignoble alternative of assassination. You know well that it would be in vain to summon the Governor of Candia to a personal encounter. He is a veteran soldier of established reputation, and he knows that he need not fight to maintain it; nor will a man who has reached the summit of opulence and distinction descend from his vantage-ground, and risk the loss of so much earthly good in mortal combat, with the proscribed and desperate son of Montalto."

To this tale of visionary and real horrors, heightened and dramatised by the indignant eloquence of Colonna, I listened with intense interest, and my abhorrence of the monstrous cruelty of Barozzo swelled into active sympathy, and a firm resolve to second, at all hazards, the just vengeance of this noble and deeply injured youth. I felt also the necessity of immediate interference to save his life. The governor was evidently fearful of the retribution so justly due to his unparalleled atrocity, and he had, moreover, been galled to the quick by the taunting deportment of the young artist while sitting for his portrait. He would soon suspect the failure of his first attempt upon the life of Colonna, and would inevitably follow up his base design, by employing the numerous daggers in his pay. The hatred of the young Florentine was deadly and implacable, and his determination to sacrifice this mortal foe of his family, spurned all control and raged like a tempest; but his impetuosity would prevent the accomplishment of his object, and too probably betray him into the toils of his cool and crafty enemy, who never quitted the villa Foscari without one or more well-armed attendants. From an affectation, too, of military display, or probably from a consciousness that he had many personal enemies, the governor wore at all times a corslet of scaled armour, composed of the light, well-tempered Spanish steel, which resists the point of sword or dagger. Had I wished to save the life of this lawless pander to the cruelty of Cosmo, I saw no expedient which would not expose my valued friend to imminent and deadly peril; and could I

for a moment hesitate between the chivalrous, the princely Colonna, so unrivalled in form and feature, so elevated and pure in sentiment, so eminently fitted, by his high intelligence, his glowing diction, and his kindling, all-impelling energies, to rouse a better, higher, nobler spirit, in all who came within the sphere of his activity—could I pause an instant between this first of nature's nobles and the base Barozzo, who, inaccessible to pity, and fortified against all compunction by years of crime, had, unprovoked, and with the malice of a demon, destroyed the best and bravest of the sons of Florence?

With prompt and ardent enthusiasm, I assured him of my devotion to his cause, and unfolded to him a stratagem, which my knowledge of the surrounding country, and of the habits of Barozzo, had readily suggested. During the frequent absence of Colonna, I had occasionally joined the governor in his equestrian excursions, and from neighbourly feeling to the senator Foscari, had escorted his guest to the most picturesque scenery of this romantic district. His rides were daily, and at the same hour. I proposed to join him as usual, and to lead him into a narrow and unfrequented defile in the mountains, which rises from the lake about three leagues from Peschiera. Colonna might there await and force him into personal encounter, while I would act as umpire, and prevent any interference from the Greek escort of the wary chieftain. At this proposal Colonna eagerly approached, and embraced me with grateful rapture. His dark eye kindled with its wonted fire; his pallid cheeks were flushed; the settled gloom, which had so long clouded his fine features, vanished like mists before the sun, and was succeeded by a radiant and exulting energy, eloquently expressive of his conviction that the hope on which he had lived so long, the hope of just revenge, would now be realized.

I urged him to seek, in immediate repose, the restoration of his exhausted strength, and undertook to provide him with a managed horse, armour, and weapons, which should place him upon a level with his mailed and well-mounted antagonist. Horse and armour, however, he promptly declined. He would find an expedient, he said, to compel Barozzo to fight him foot to foot, and he pledged himself to find a way with a good weapon through the scaly corslet of his serpent foe. He requested only a straight two-edged sword, of well-tried temper; and a woodman's axe, the purpose of which he did not explain. He then left me, to plunge into the lake, and to find in its pure and bracing waters that refreshment which, he said, it would be a vain attempt to obtain in sleep, while I proceeded to my father's armoury, and selected from the numerous weapons which adorned it, a long and powerful two-edged blade, which he had brought from the Levant. This sword was black from hilt to point, and destitute of ornament, except some golden hieroglyphics near the guard; but I knew that it had stood the brunt of several stirring campaigns, without material injury to its admirable edge and temper.

After a short and unrefreshing slumber, I arose with the sun, and hastened, with the sword and woodman's axe, to the saloon of Colonna. His garb was usually plain, almost to homeliness, and chosen probably with a view to the better concealment of his rank; but for this day of vengeance, he had donned the princely costume of the Tuscan nobles. A rich vest of embroidered scarlet, and pantaloons of woven silk were closely fitted to his noble person, which, I have said before, was fashioned in the choicest mould of manly beauty, and now, so worthily adorned, displayed in all its high perfection that faultless union of symmetry and strength, so rarely seen in life; equalling, indeed, the Vatican Antinous in classic elegance of form, but far surpassing that fine statue in stature and heroic character of look and bearing. A mantle of the richest velvet hung from his well-formed shoulders, while a nodding plume adorned his Spanish hat and shaded his dark eyes, which lighted up as they beheld me with bright and eager flashes of impatience.

"Thou art indeed the 'pearl and pride of Florence,' my Colonna!" I exclaimed, in irrepressible admiration, applying, as I approached him, the poetical simile of his Laura.

Regardless of the compliment, he grasped the unpretending weapon I held out to him, and plucked it from the scabbard.[1] Tracing at a glance its

Oriental pedigree, he doubled the strong blade with ease, until the point touched and rebounded from the guard, and then severed with its unyielding edge, an iron nail projecting from the wall. "This plain old weapon," said he, with an exulting smile, "is worth a dukedom. 'Twill pierce a panoply of Milan steel, and I pledge myself to make it search the vitals of this ruffian governor. But these are words, Pisani; and words, the Roman proverb says, are feminine, while deeds alone are masculine. Farewell then, till we meet in the defile. It is essential to my purpose that I reach the ground some hours before Barozzo."

He then embraced me cordially, concealed the axe beneath his mantle, and departed for the mountains, intending to cross the lake to a point not distant from the scene of action. At an early hour I mounted my horse, and rode towards the Villa Foscari. In the vicinity of Peschiera I descried the governor proceeding on his daily morning excursion to the mountains. I had hitherto rarely seen him with more than one attendant, but he was now closely followed by two well-mounted Greeks of lofty stature, attired in the gorgeous costume of the Levant, and armed with scymitar and dagger. The square and athletic person of their chief was arrayed in the splendid garb of a military commander of distinguished rank. His ample chest was covered with a corslet of light scale-armour, which yielded to every motion of his frame, and was partially concealed by a broad sash, and a capacious velvet mantle. A sword of unusual length hung from his belt, whence also projected the handle of a poniard, which blazed with jewels of great lustre and value. At the age of forty-two, Barozzo was still in the full vigour of manhood, and the martial ease and energy of his movements, indicated that he would find full occupation for the quick eye and unrivalled skill of the comparatively unarmed Colonna.

The governor saluted me as usual, and after some remarks upon the beauty of the surrounding scenery, he carelessly enquired where my friend the painter was. I replied, that he was gone up the lake in his bark, and described him as an itinerant personage, who delighted in ranging over the Brescian mountains, where he passed a considerable portion of his time in sketching, and was but an occasional inmate of my father's villa. The governor made no comment, and resumed his observations on the wild mountain-scenery to which we were approaching. I enquired if he had yet discovered in his rides a defile of singular and romantic beauty, the avenue to which, from the main-road, was concealed by a grove of beech. He replied in the negative, and assented to my proposal that we should explore it. A ride of two hours brought us to the secluded entrance of this picturesque ravine, and we descended into its deep and silent recesses. The road was stony, rugged, and unfrequented; and, except at intervals, admitted only two horsemen abreast. The mountains on each side rose with bold abruptness, and their mossy surfaces were dotted with perennial oaks and lofty oeeches, which threw their arched and interwoven branches across the chasm, and intercepted agreeably the glare and heat of the morning sun. We had proceeded about a league along this still and dusky hollow, when we distinguished the sound of a woodman's axe, and the sharp report of its sonorous echo from the opposite cliffs. We soon reached the spot above which the labourer was employed, but the profusion of foliage and underwood entirely screened the person of the woodman, whose axe continued to descend with unabated energy. We had advanced about a hundred paces beyond this point, when our course was arrested by a groaning and mighty crash, succeeded by a stunning shock, which shook the ravine like an earthquake, and was re-echoed in deep, long mutterings by the adjacent rocks. Tranquillizing our startled coursers, we looked around and beheld a colossal beech, lying in the narrow pathway, which it filled up like a rampart. The Greeks, who had loitered to discern, if possible, the person of the vigorous woodman, were intercepted by the fallen giant of the mountain, but had escaped injury, as we could perceive them in their saddles through the foliage.

Startled by the ominous appearance of this incident, the governor immediately rode back, and bade his attendants dismount and lead their horses over a sheep-path which rose on the mountain slope, above the le-

vel of the fallen tree, while he would ride on slowly until they rejoined him. Execrating the peasant who had thus annoyed him, he turned his courser's head, and we proceeded at a slow pace to the now contiguous spot which I had described to Colonna as best suited to his purpose. Here the base of an enormous cliff projected like a rampart into the defile, and sloped abruptly into two right angles, connected by a level line of nearly perpendicular rock, which rose in castellated grandeur to a towering height. The numerous crevices and hollows were fringed with dazzling heath-flowers and luxuriant creepers, between which the bare black surface of the rock frowned on the passing gazer, like the ruined stronghold of some mountain robber. We now turned the first angle of the cliff, looking upward as we rode at the majestic front of this singular work of nature. Still gazing, we had proceeded about fifty paces, and the governor was remarking, that the level and lofty summit would make a commanding military station, when suddenly our coursers halted, and looking down we saw before us the tall and kingly figure of Colonna, standing like an apparition in the pathway. His right hand rested on his unsheathed sword, and his attitude was that of careless and assured composure; but in his gathered brow, and in the boding glitter of his eye, I could discern the deadly purpose of the forest lion, about to spring upon his prey, and fully confident in his own powers and resources. At this sudden encounter of Montalto's son, who seemed to start with spectral abruptness from the ground beneath us, Barozzo shook in his saddle as if he had seen an accusing spirit. For a moment the blood left his face, his breath shortened, and his chest heaved with strong internal emotion, but his iron features soon regained their wonted character of intrepidity. He then darted upon me a keen look of enquiry and suspicion; before, however, he had time to speak, Colonna was upon him. Rapidly advancing, he seized the bridle of his horse, and thus addressed him:—"Barozzo! the measure of thy crimes is full, and retribution is at hand! Colonna the painter is no more, but the son of Montalto has escaped thy dagger, and demands atonement for his father's blood. Dismount, assassin! and defend thy worthless life!"

The deep and startling grandeur of Colonna's voice, and the implacable hostility which flashed from his fierce eyeballs, shook the firm sinews of the guilty governor, and again his swarthy lineaments were blanched with terror. By a sudden and powerful effort, however, he regained self-mastery, and gathering into his grim features all the pride and insolence of his soul, he darted upon his youthful enemy a sneer of contempt. "Presuming vagrant!" he shouted, in accents hoarse with wrath, "dare to impede my progress, and my retinue, which is at hand, shall scatter thy limbs on the highway!"

Still firmly grasping the bridle, Colonna eyed him for a moment with quiet scorn, and then he smiled—briefly indeed, but with a stinging mockery, a hot and withering scorn of eye and lip, that seared the haughty chieftain to the brain. Writhing with sudden frenzy, he spurred his mettled charger, and endeavoured to ride down his opponent; but the generous animal, true to the better instincts of a nature nobler than his master's, refused to advance, and plunged and demi-volted with a violence which would have unseated a less experienced rider. At this moment, the heavy trampling of approaching horses rolled in doubling echoes through the ravine. Encouraged by the welcome sound, Barozzo attempted to draw his sword, but before the plunging of his horse would allow him to reach the hilt, the vigilant Colonna smote him on the cheek with his sheathed weapon. Then relinquishing the bridle, and stepping lightly sideways, he struck the horse's flank, and the startled animal, straining every sinew, bounded away like a ball, and quickly disappeared round the second angle of the cliff, followed by the loud laugh of the exulting Colonna, whose fierce ha! ha! re-echoed through the rocky hollow like a trumpet-call. Meanwhile the Greeks, who had turned the first angle in time to behold the termination of the struggle, drew their sabres, and pushing their horses into a gallop, rushed down upon us like infuriated tigers. Anticipating their attack, I was not unprepared to aid my gallant friend in this emergency; but all assistance was super-

fluous to one so fertile in resources. He turned with graceful promptitude upon the savage Cretans, and before their powerful steeds could measure the short intervening distance, his sword was firmly set between his teeth, and two pistols appeared with magical abruptness in his grasp. Levelled by an eye which never failed, these weapons lodged a bullet in the breast of each approaching Greek. The colossal riders reeled in their saddles; their sabres quivered in their weakened grasp, and reclining for support upon the necks of their startled horses, they successively passed us, and turned the angle beyond which their chief had disappeared. Colonna now threw down his pistols, and exclaimed exultingly, "Now is the crowning hour, my Angelo! follow me, and you shall find the scaly monster of my dream caught in a trap from which no human power can free him."

I rode by his side in wondering anticipation, and when we had passed the angle, I beheld a scene which still remains engraven on my memory. The defile here expanded into an irregular oval, the extremity of which was blocked up by a dense and impervious mass of young beech and poplar, rising above thrice the height of a tall man, and levelled that morning by the ponderous axe of the indefatigable Colonna. The courser of Barozzo had plunged deep into the leafy labyrinth, and the unhorsed governor, entangled by his velvet drapery, was endeavouring to extricate himself from the forked and intersecting branches, while the horses of the Greeks stood panting in the shade, near the bleeding bodies of their fallen masters, and the noble brutes snorted with horror, and shook in every joint, as with lowered necks and flaming eyes, they snuffed the blood of the expiring wretches.

As we approached the governor, he succeeded in releasing himself by cutting his rich mantle into shreds with his dagger. Stepping out of his leafy toils, he stood before us like a wild beast caught in a hunter's trap, foaming, furious, and breathless, but evidently dismayed by the sudden and irremediable loss of his armed followers. Divested of the drapery which had served the double purpose of concealment and display, we observed that he was accoutred in back and breast proof armour, of the light steel scales I have before described. He looked the very serpent of Colonna's dream, and the malignant scowl of his small and snaky eyes gave singular force to the resemblance. His generous enemy allowed him time to recover from the fatigue of disentangling himself, and then approached him. "Barozzo!" said he, "last night I shot thy cowardly assassin. In dying penitence he called himself *thy* agent in the murder of my noble parent, and bade me shun the daggers of thy savage Cretans. But Montalto's son would risk a thousand lives to gain his just revenge, and again he warns thee to defend thy life. Pisani shall be umpire of the combat, and his time-honoured name is pledge enough that no foul play is meant thee."

The governor, who had now recovered breath and self-possession, folded his arms, and met the stern defiance of his youthful foe with a look of contemptuous indifference. Not deigning a reply, he addressed himself to me in tones of angry expostulation, and expressed his indignant surprise that a son of the Senator Pisani should thus lend himself to the designs of a young vagrant, who was destined to grace the benches of a galley. My reply was anticipated by the fiery Colonna, whose sword flashed with lightning quickness from the scabbard, while his haughty lip curled up with unutterable scorn.

"Remorseless villain!" he shouted, in a voice of appalling wrath, "I know a venom yet shall sting thy recreant spirit into action. Know, Ercole Barozzo! that Foscari's daughter was wooed and won by *me*—plighted her troth to *me*—long ere she saw thy truculent and yellow visage. Nay, more, she would ere this have fled with me from Lombardy, had not higher duties staid our mutual purpose."

The governor, although a renowned and fearless soldier in earlier life, had betrayed a terror on the first view of Colonna, and a reluctance to engage with him in single-handed conflict, which I had referred to the depressing action of a diseased conscience, or to the increased love of life generated by his prosperous condition; but a taunt like this was beyond all human endurance; it stung him to the very soul, and roused his lazy valour into life and fury. His sinews stiffened

with rage, and his widely opened eyes glared upon Colonna like those of a tigress at bay, while his teeth remained firmly clenched, and inaudible maledictions quivered on his working lips. Tearing his formidable sword from its sheath, he rushed like one delirious upon his smiling adversary, and their blades met with a clash which told the deadly rancour of the combatants.

I now witnessed a conflict unparalleled for intense and eager thirst of blood. It was truly the death grapple of the lion and the serpent. The noble and generous Colonna, pursuing his just revenge, and trusting, like the kingly animal, to native strength and courage, sought no unfair advantage; while the crafty Barozzo, huge in body, tortuous in mind, and scaled with impenetrable steel, well personified the reptile of Colonna's vision. Although a practised and wary swordsman, he did not wield his weapon like Colonna, who, with equal skill in stratagem and feint, was unrivalled in that lightning-quickness, and ready sympathy of eye and hand, for which the Italians are pre-eminent amongst the swordsmen of Europe; but the courage and self-possession of the governor had been exercised in frequent conflicts with the Moslem; his sinews were strung with martial toil and daily exercise; and his well-mailed person presented so little vulnerable surface as greatly to protract and facilitate his defence. He soon learned, however, to respect the formidable skill, and untiring arm of his young opponent, whose weapon played with a motion so rapid and incessant, that he seemed to parry and thrust at the same instant; and had not the large and powerful hand of Barozzo retained a firm grasp of his hilt, he would have been disarmed at the first onset. After a few passes, Colonna's point struck the centre of the governor's corslet with a force which made the scales sink deep beneath the pressure, but the tempered steel resisted this and many other well-directed hits. The conflict proceeded with unabated fierceness, and for a period which would have utterly exhausted men of ordinary lungs and sinews, when Barozzo, finding all his lunges ineffective, and fearing premature exhaustion, endeavoured to sustain and collect his powers by remaining on the defensive; but it was now too late. His sword was irrecoverably entangled in the whirlwind involutions of Colonna's weapon—his hold began to relax—and he saw the moment rapidly approaching when he should be disarmed, and at the mercy of an unappeasable foe. Despairing of success, thirsting for revenge, and regardless of the laws of fair and open combat, he suddenly drew his long dagger, dropped on one knee, and made a thrust which would have proved fatal to a less vigilant adversary. But Colonna had anticipated the possibility of this base attempt from one so destitute of all chivalrous feeling, and his quick eye observed and met the movement. Stepping lightly back, he whirled his keen edged blade with a force which cut deep into Barozzo's wrist. The dagger dropped from his palsied grasp, and, at the same instant, his sword flew above his head. Colonna, having disarmed his treacherous enemy while still kneeling, disdained to follow up his advantage, and coolly said to him, "That trick was worthy of you, governor! but your murderous game is nearly up. Resume your sword, and clutch the guard more firmly, or in three passes more you will be food for vultures!"

Barozzo, who had started from the ground, and now stood foaming at the mouth like a chafed panther, said nothing in reply, but seized his sword, and rushed upon his generous adversary with desperate but unavailing ferocity. I could now perceive that Colonna pressed him more hotly than before, and that his point no longer sought the corslet, but the throat of Barozzo, where indeed alone he was mortally vulnerable, and where, ere long, the death stroke reached him. A few passes had been exchanged without a hit, when suddenly Barozzo's sword again flew from his grasp, and long before it reached the ground, Colonna's point was buried in his throat. The thrust was mortal. The steel had severed the duct of life; the hot blood bubbled out in streams; and the huge Barozzo staggered, reeled, and fell upon his back. A bloody froth now gathered round his lips, which worked with agony and rage; the life-blood ebbed apace, and soon the trunk and limbs of the colossal chieftain were stiffened in death. But even in death the dominant passions of his soul were strongly written in his

livid features. His glazed and sunken eyes still glared with fiend-like and collected malice on his conqueror, and every lineament was inwrought with reckless and insatiable ferocity.

Colonna gazed awhile in solemn and impressive silence upon the foe he had destroyed. His broad forehead darkened with deep thought, and his eyes saddened with painful recollections of the beloved parent whose untimely death he had so well avenged. Soon, however, his noble features brightened with a fervent look of mingled filial piety and exultation. He wiped his reeking blade upon the remnants of Barozzo's mantle, and we retraced our steps. Colonna ascended a sheep path, and crossed the mountain to regain his boat, while I returned by a circuitous road to the villa, leaving the governor of Candia and his retinue to the vultures of the Apennine, which, with unerring ken, had seen or scented the dead Greeks, and were already sailing in wide eddies, high above the scene of blood. * * * * * * * * * * * *

Here my friend, who had with difficulty pursued his way through the mouldy pages of the decayed manuscript, was compelled to make a final pause. The long action of time and damp had nearly obliterated the remainder of the narrative, and glimpses only of romantic perils by sea and land were occasionally discernible. We were obliged to suspend all farther gratification of our curiosity until our return to Venice, where we hoped by a chemical process to succeed in restoring to a more legible tint the pale characters of this interesting manuscript.

THE RUINED NUNNERY. BY DELTA.

I.

'Twas a tempestuous eve; the rains,
Over the mountains and the plains,
    Pour'd down with ceaseless noise;
The forest depths were in a roar;
The sea came foaming to the shore,
And through the rocky caverns hoar,
    Howl'd with a giant's voice.

II.

At length the winds began to still,
As Hesper crown'd the southern hill:
    The rains began to cease;
Night's star-bestudded map unfurl'd;
Up from the earth the black clouds curl'd;
And the white moon rose o'er the world,
    As 'twere to herald Peace.

III.

Lull'd was the turmoil on the shore,
While the fierce rack that, just before,
    With tempest laden deep,
Swept through the sad and sullen sky,
Grew bright, and, in serenity,
Beneath the quiet moon's calm eye,
    Appear'd to fall asleep.

IV.

The green trees twinkled in the vale;
Pure was the radiance—pure and pale,
    With beauty silvering o'er
The verdant lawn, and lapsing rill;
There was a silence on the hill;
Hush'd were the winds; and all grew still,
    Except the river's roar.

V.

Leaving the fireside's circling talk,
'Twas then my solitary walk
Amid the fields I took,
To where a ruin'd convent stood,
As 'twere the abode of solitude,
Left, mid the relics of its wood,
To stockdove and to rook.

VI.

Lorn was the scene and desolate;
Rank weeds o'ergrew its mouldering gate;
I clombe its fragile stair;
The moonbeams, piercing through the gloom
Of each untenanted lone room,
Where erst the censer shed perfume,
Shew'd only ruin there!

VII.

Pleased with the prospect,—pleased, yet pain'd,—
The summit of the walls I gain'd,
And leant me there alone,
Beneath the solitary sky;
While, in the moon's pale argentry,
As woke the wild bird's fitful cry,
The dewy wallflowers shone.

VIII.

The jes'mine seem'd alive with bees;
Blossoms were on the cultured trees,
That now were gnarl'd and wild;
And rose Devotion from each cell,
Where holy Nun, at sound of bell,
Did daily kneel, and worship well
The Mother and her Child.

IX.

How came they there, these lovely forms?—
Was it to shield them from the storms
Of this unquiet earth,
That from its sinful crowds they fled?
Or, warn'd by Conscience, did the dread
Of Judgment o'er each guilty head,
To Penitence give birth?

X.

These questions who may answer?—Lo!
With eyes of thought, and cheek of woe,
That pale and sighing maid,
Devoutly kneeling at the shrine—
Her true love, bound for Palestine,
Sank with his warriors in the brine,
To sudden death betray'd.

XI.

Life's day for her had found its close:—
Straight from her brow she pluck'd the rose;
And from her cheek the bloom
Faded, like tints from autumn flowers,
When over earth the tempest lours,
And rude winds leave the saddening bowers
To Winter's sullen gloom.

XII.

And lo! that other by her side,
Hopeful so soon to be a bride;
  Blue eyes and auburn hair,
That might have chain'd all human hearts,
Were vain—her fickle knight departs,—
Her soul's deep-cherish'd visions thwarts,—
  And leaves her to despair.

XIII.

With indignation and amaze,
She saw her rival, heard the praise,
  Once deem'd her own, bestow'd
On stranger charms; and she could not—
Forlorn, forsaken, and forgot—
Uphold the burden of her lot,
  But to its misery bow'd.

XIV.

Then, in her solitary cell,
It yielded painful joy to dwell
  On raptures that had been;
Her full heart to her throat would rise,
While she would turn her tearful eyes
From changeful earth, to changeless skies,
  All cloudless and serene.

XV.

A third—around her, one by one,
Like vernal flowers in summer's sun,
  Those whom she loved had fled;
So, bowing to her cheerless fate,—
Home left unto her desolate—
Her pilgrim step sought out this gate,
  To commune with the dead.

XVI.

There Recollection's sunlight streams;
And, in the silence of her dreams,
  She hears their voices still—
Hears the blue rill amid its flowers,
As erst she heard in Childhood's hours,
Strays with them through the garden bowers,
  And climbs her native hill.

XVII.

A fourth—her black and midnight eyes—
Wherein the abyss of passion lies—
  Silently burn; but she
Loved whom her kindred sanction'd not:
He fell—she sought the bloody spot—
And, to forget and be forgot,
  Was hither doom'd to flee.

XVIII.

Yes, far more dear was he, though dead,
Than all yet living things; she fled
  A world which gave but pain,
Heroic constancy to prove;
And, nursing for his sake, a love,
Which nought could change, and none could move,
  Disdain'd to love again.

XIX.

Yes! there she strove to yield her soul
Unto Religion's calm control;
But Memory's charms outlast
Long years of solitude and gloom;
And oft his image, from the tomb,
To bless her came, in Beauty's bloom,
When hours of prayer were past.

XX.

Thoughts sad and strange came thronging fast;
As, through the pale and peopled past,
Keen Fancy clove her way;
The scene around me changed, and bright
Lay pile and garden on my sight,
As once they shone in summer light,
Ere yet they knew decay.

XXI.

Dreams—fancies—visions—such are these;
Yet on the musing mind may seize,
When, on an eve like this
On which I write, through far-past things
Her flight lone Meditation wings,
And to the dallying spirit brings
Pictures of bale or bliss.

XXII.

And ye, grey convent walls, taught well,
That onward years shall only swell
The catalogue of change;
Yea, while we look around, and scan
What happen'd in our own brief span,
Things, which occurr'd since life began,
Even to ourselves, seem strange.

XXIII.

Then, what is life?—'tis like a flower
That blossoms through one sunny hour;
A bright illusive dream;
A wave that melts upon the shore;
A lightning flash that straight is o'er;
A phantom seen—then seen no more—
A bubble on the stream!

XXIV.

Look on the churchyard's yellow skull—
Is not the contemplation full
Of serious thought and deep?
'Tis ownerless—but yet ere fled
The spirit, Love upheld that head,
And friends hung round a dying bed,
To hide their eyes, and weep.

XXV.

Thus generations pass away—
'Tis renovation and decay—
'Tis childhood and old age;—
Like figures in the wizard's glass,
In long succession on we pass,
Act our brief parts—and then, alas!
Are swept from off the stage!

Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XLVI.

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

PHOC. *ap. Ath.*

[*This is a distich by wise old Phocylides,*
An ancient who wrote crabbed 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. Amb.*

Sederunt.—CHRISTOPHER NORTH, Esq.; TIMOTHY TICKLER, Esq.; THE SHEPHERD; PETER MACRABIN, Esq.; Rev. Dr WODROW.

NORTH.

IT is very well for old fellows like you and me, Timotheus, to croon away in this fashion—the burden of our song being, in sum and substance, no more than poor Vinny Bourne's

"Sunt res humanæ flebile ludibrium"—

But here is the Doctor, honest man, with two strapping younkers on his hands—what is he to do with them?

MACRABIN.

A practical question, my cock, and one not to be answered with an *ochone.*

TICKLER.

Pass the bottle, Kit.

WODROW.

Aye, aye, Mr North—there's the rub—what's to be done wi' them? There's Jemmy has won I kenna how mony prizes, and noo the Natural class is over, it really comes to be a matter o' downright necessity for me to determine on something. He's not indisposed for the ministry, that I allow; but Tammus is only a year and a half behint him, and he's very delicate. Tam always was a weakly thing in the body, from his vera cradle, as I may say—he's just keen for the kirk again—And now, ye see, Mr North, the case is this. I was tutor to Sir John, uncle to the present Sir John, and that was the way I got the presentation; and I dinna doubt, that if I had a son a preacher, and weel spoken of, belyve, as years are wearing awa' wi' us a', hech, sirs! Sir John, I daur say, would not be indisposed to let him come in as assistant and successor. I have no positive promise, sir, but I think I have reason to consider this as pretty certain.

NORTH.

No doubt at all, Doctor.

WODROW.

But then, Mr North, there's the question again—if they baith gaed to the Hall, and were licensed in due season, which o' them would get the place? and what might come o' the other?

SHEPHERD.

Aye, Doctor, there's mony an ill tredd; but a black coat without the bands is the very puirest o' the haill tot.

MACRABIN.

A doubtful case—and a deep—nor to be settled without all due appliances and means.

TICKLER.

How many chalders did the last augmentation come to, Doctor?

WODROW.

Why, Mr Tickler, I certainly thought I was entitled to sixteen chalder, and Mr Jeemes Moncrieff—(I beg pardon, I mean Lord Moncrieff—but he was then only Mr Jeemes—, for it was in Sir Harry's time, honest man)—Lord Moncrieff, he was clearly of that opinion: and indeed Lord Pitmilly took notice of one circumstance that one would have thought might have satisfied any unprejudeezed understanding, namely, ye see, sir, that Mr Blackie, of Middlecairny, the very next incumbent, sir, wi' a considerably smaller parish, a population decidedly inferior in amount, sir, and, comparatively speaking, no style necessary to be supported—for there's no resident proprietor in Middlecairny aboon the degree of a bonnet-laird, as we say—Mr Blackie, sir, as Lord Pitmilly observed, had fourteen chalder, and a glebe of thirty acres, all fine arable. But ye see, sir, in the Teind Court noo-a-days, business is often run through in a very hurried ramshakely fashion—I believe that's allowed. I would misca' no man, nor no court, sir, with my will—but really when the haill fifeteen are together, there's such a crushing and bustle that the most important affairs are occasionally, as it were, treated in a very lightly go-the-by sort of a fashion, sir. It's owre true.

TICKLER.

What did they give ye, Doctor?—Pass the bottle, Hogg.

WODROW.

Very excellent good claret wine, indeed, Mr North!—hem!—hem!—And then, as I was saying, Lord Craigie he remarked—he was always a sound-headed man that—that it consisted with his knowledge, that a minister in so large a parish as Betherellstane, aboundin' in sic a respectable circle o' families, boud to and must have charges to meet entirely beyond what could fall on the incumbent of Middlecairny, where all the land is the Duke's, as you know, an be not a few little portioners on the Blae Burn-side. And then Lord Balgray, honest gentleman—Mr Dauvid Williamson that was—he aye likes his joke; he said, quo' he, he didna pretend to be ony great critic as to sermons, but he could answer for ae thing, that there was ne'er a minister in the Carse gied a better dinner than the Minister o' Betherellstane—ha! ha! ha!—and then Lord Meadowbank, the young man that noo is, he jogget his neighbour and leugh—and my Lord President he leugh, and Justice Clerk he grunted too, and blew himself up and hotched again—and Lord Gillies he flung himself back in his chair, and winked his een, and then fixed them on the roof, and then he yawnit before the haill fifeteen—ance, twice, thrice, as if he was ettled to rive his very jaw off—and Lord Corehouse there he sat up as stiff and prim as a poker, his round gleg een twinkle-twinklin' back and forrit, and his face and lips as plaucid as a print o' butter—and then——

TICKLER.

The interlocutor, Doctor—the interlocutor.

MACRABIN.

I *am* astonished at your proceedings, Mr Tickler. Sir, we have not yet heard the statement of the other side of the bar. I appeal to Mr North, if we can expect to come to a fair view of this question—this very delicate, I must say, and important question, unless my reverend father on my right be permitted to go on *seriatim*—step by step.

TICKLER.

O, a thousand pardons—I meant nothing of the kind—perge, Doctor.

SHEPHERD.

What is the stipend, Doctor Wodrow?—and, I'm saying, help yoursell, hinny.

WODROW.

Exceeding delicate claret wine, certainly!—hem.—Weel, gentlemen, ye may think it does not set the like o' us to be compleenin about sic like things, but I've a sair pinch to gar the tway ends meet sometimes, that I promise ye—

What wi' my wife's wee black beukie, and the tax-loons, sirs, and the tailor and shoemaker, and Mr Albert Cay's account—for I maun aye hae a bottle of good port and sherry i' the Manse—we could never thole to want that—and the tway callants in by at the College here a' winter—though I'm sure I would never even them to ony thing like an extravagance—really, Mr Hogg, what wi' ae thing and anither, sma' and great—and I must observe, by the by, that I think it's a sin to gar Ministers' sons pay fees at ony University.

MACRABIN.

I quite agree wi' you as to the fees, Doctor. Why not try an overture?

HOGG.

But the stipend—the stipend?

WODROW.

Aye, true, I forgot that. Well, Mr Hogg, would ye believe it? they gave me after all only twelve chalder, and my glebe is a mere kail-yard to the like of Middlecairny—no aboon eighteen acre—and weet, plashy dirt of ground, the maist feck o't—wadna bring ten shillings an acre, as I shall answer.

NORTH.

There is nothing that surprises me more than the successful manner in which our Scotch Clergy contend against fortune—the *res angusta domi*, I mean—in bringing up their families. Look to what walk of life you will, not only here at home, but all over the colonies, and indeed I might say in England itself too, and you shall find no class more honourably represented than the bairns of the Manse.

WODROW.

It's very true, Mr North. We hae a hard tussle, but the event shows, under God's good blessing, that it's no spurring the dead horse. Weel, wha kens what my tway lads may come to yet? I'm sometimes thinking o' breeding Jeemes to the Bar—but they've been raising the fees sairly of late—and I'm teld it's a lang time ere amaist ony o' them can win their bread, do as they will.

TICKLER.

The raising of the fees of admittance was considered necessary, Doctor, because my own body, the W.S.'s, had raised theirs. In particular cases, the change will, no doubt, operate to the disadvantage of the Bar and the public; but, on the whole, it would not have done to have the Bar cheaper of entrance than the inferior branch of the law, as Mr Macrabin here would call it.

NORTH.

God knows, they are both far enough below what you and I can remember them.

TICKLER.

Yes, truly. Nothing can stop that. We are but following here, as every where else, in the footsteps of our neighbours. The English Bar is degenerating *à vue d'œil*—wofully—sinking fast, fast into a mere trade. Did you read some capital paragraphs on that head in the Standard lately?

NORTH.

I read every thing that is in The Standard. That paper, sirs, is an honour to the country,—the ablest that I ever remember to have seen—and, I think, as upright as able. The command of knowledge, deep, accurate, and pat as pancakes, on every topic that turns up, is truly surprising;—the strong, plain, masculine English of the Doctor's style, presents as great a contrast to the usual vein of our leading-article-mongers, as a pillar in Westminster Abbey does to a plaster pilaster in Regent-street. I read the passages you mention with great interest—and, remembering the days of my youth, when I hung out for a season in the Temple Gardens, with considerable pain. But, as you say, we have the same work going on before our own eyes here in the Parliament House.

TICKLER.

Plenty of clever working Attorneys among the rising brood of Advocates—but devil a one—beg your pardon, Doctor—not one that I have heard of, of the real old cut—uniting the range of the scholar with the tact of the pleader. The people of my own old calling tell me they gain little or nothing now-a-days by consultations, and only a mouthpiece for their own memorials when the affair comes into Court—hence the system they are adopting. I hear,

Macrabin, that it is quite the custom for an Agent to clap a gown on the back of one of his apprentices, or clerks, and so walk him into the Parliament House, to do his business, upon a private understanding as to the *quantulum* of fees.

MACRABIN.

So they say—God knows.

NORTH.

This won't go on long without telling visibly on the character of the profession. Come some really great case—such a one as the Douglas cause, now—and where should we be? Cranstoun, Moncrieff, Fullarton, are all on the Bench—John More must be so forthwith—Jeffrey, with all his talents and eloquence, is no lawyer to speak of—but he'll be on the Bench too—and, in fact, upon my word, I don't know where one would look.

TICKLER.

Macrabin, confound ye, ye don't read enough, man; if you did, you might fit yourself for any thing in three years.

MACRABIN.

Pass the Bourdeaux. If I had a son old enough, I should prefer making him a W.S., I admit.

NORTH.

Why, go where one may, they certainly seem to be getting the soil of old Mother Caledonia into their clutches. By Jupiter! in fifty years more, if this goes on, the doers will have uprooted the *Terrarum Domini.*

MACRABIN.

And small the scaith. A poor set. Totally devoid of all real pride and independence of spirit. Only look at our county representation—Had those lads been chosen by free-hearted electors—had they had the fear of a day of reckoning with honest men before their eyes, would they have dared, think ye, to wheel round as they did, at the first tap of the Duke's drum? I think there were forty-one sheer rats—and rats "yard-long-tailed," *ut Homerice loquar*—among our beautiful forty-five.

SHEPHERD.

That has aye been a sair number for auld Scotland. Weel, weel, what signifies speaking? The writer's son, Peter, will be just sic another laird as the right heir wad hae been. It's wonderfu' how easily folk tak to that trade !

TICKLER.

I ascribe the evil—for, begging the Shepherd's pardon, it is, and will be found to be, a great evil—I ascribe it mainly to the Union. That accursed measure has done Scotland no good—I know it is the fashion to talk and write quite otherwise, even among those who pass with others, and perhaps with themselves, for the *Scotissimi Scotorum*—But such is my belief, and I have watched the operation of the affair much longer than any of those that now-a-days lift up tongue and pen in its laudation.

NORTH.

Why, the Union has certainly done us much harm—but does not the good overbalance that,—candidly now?—Capital introduced—Trade encouraged—But you know the whole story as well as I, Timothy.

TICKLER.

Peradventure. Capital introduced? when? how?—I know of no English capital worth talking about, that ever was introduced into Scotland, except indeed by Scotsmen, who made fortunes in the south, and then came home again. But they might, and would have done all that, though there had been no Union. Then as to trade—why, the English did every thing to prevent our having any access to a colonial market. Need I refer to the black and bloody tale of Darien? And then, only look to the whole management of Our Colonial Empire—I say *our*, for *ours* it is—British, not English.—Have not our neighbours studiously and diligently acted *ab ovo* on the principle of their being not British, but English? Look at their laws—their church establishments—where they have any. Why, even in the army and navy—don't I remember, only thirty years ago, I believe later, it was the law of the land, that every gentleman, on receiving the King of Great Britain's commission, should

qualify by taking the sacrament according to the ritual of the Church of England? Could insult—could injustice be more glaring?

NORTH.

That's done away with, however.

TICKLER.

Aye; not, however, out of any growing liberality as to Old Scotland—but only out of that growing indifference to every thing connected with churches in general, in other words, to the Christian Religion, which may be traced as palpably in almost every other department of recent legislation. Trade encouraged, indeed! why, look to the Bank of England—founded in the teeth of all the English prejudices of the time by an immortal Scotsman—Is it not to this hour a standing order with that National Establishment, that no Scotsman shall be employed within its walls—none—from the Chairman's seat to the Porter's—*We*, and we only, are excluded from all and every thing.

NORTH.

And good enough reason why. They know if we got our nose once in, we would soon draw our tails after us. They have but to look over the way to the India House, where we went in like the acorn and have grown like the oak, till now we fill the whole concern at home and abroad, and the birds of the air do nestle in our pleasant boughs—Gangetic and Ultra-gangetic. But that's the way everywhere. In spite of their laws, we have taken two-thirds of all the colonies, rump and stump, to ourselves.

TICKLER.

Why, in truth, we need hardly pretend that we have not had—by hook or by crook, no matter—our own share of the fat things. India—army, navy, council, bench, and direction, are pretty well ours. In the West Indies we are the drivers almost universally, and our planters are at least half and half.—Nova Scotia—the name speaks for itself—and as for Canada, why it's as Scotch as Lochaber—whatever of it is not French, I mean—Even omitting our friend John Galt, have not we *hodie* our Bishop Macdonell for the Papists—our Archdeacon Strachan for the Episcopals—and our Tiger Dunlop for the Presbyterians? and 'tis the same, I believe, all downwards.

NORTH.

If there were one public department in which *a priori* one might have expected to find Scotland poorly put off, I think it will be admitted that was the Admiralty. Well, look to the result. Lord Melville—Sir George Clerk—Sir George Cockburn—three Scotchmen out of the five—

MACRABIN.

You may almost count Lord Castlereagh too, for 'tis well known the present high and mighty Lord Londonderry's grandfather was a packman callant from the Isle of Bute.

TICKLER.

I believe from Saltcoats—which modern men or monkeys name Ardrossan. But what's all this to the purpose? Had there been no Union, hang it, we should have had a swapping Admiralty long ago of our own here at Leith.

WODROW.

Well, sirs, the Irishers seem to be keen set on having back their own Parliament, and if that act be dung owre, wha can tell? maybe ours may follow the same gait!

MACRABIN.

I doubt that. The Irish loons will get whatever they like to ask for—*Experientia docet*—But we have no agitators—no O'Connell—Heaven bless the mark, that we should have come to bemoan that loss!

TICKLER.

The evil—for it is an evil, I say—is of much longer standing in our case—our spirit has been worked out of us long ago—we are a province, and a contented province—*quà* such—yet, as the Doctor says, there's no telling what may turn up among the marvels of such a period as is, and is to be; and one thing I can answer for, that if I live to see the Irish Union repealed, there shall be at least a tussle for knocking over our own abomination too.

MACRABIN.

You'll make Maga speak out, Mr Timothy?

TICKLER.

That she shall, *Christophero volente*—but that's not all—I am rich enough, Peter, not to be pinched for buying half-a-dozen Cornish boroughs—and, by Jupiter, I will purchase them—and I will sit myself, and cause younger men to sit likewise—You, Macrabin, will you be one of the Southside Members?

SHEPHERD.

I hae nae objections for ane.

MACRABIN.

The salary?

WODROW.

Hootawa, hootawa! ha! ha! ha!—Advocate, ye had him there!

TICKLER.

To be serious, my friends; in losing our independent Parliament we lost every thing that made this nation a nation, and we have been countyfying ever since. But what made the business twenty times worse than it would otherwise have been, was, that the Union took place between us and a much larger and wealthier kingdom. It was bad enough to deprive us of our own nobility and upper gentry, as residents, for the best part of the year—the most of them all but entirely—that was bad enough. It was bad enough to shut out all our young men from the chances of distinction in public life, excepting those few, very few, who were likely to find access to such distinction in the south. All this was bad enough—but the worst remains behind. Our *magnates* have been Englified in all their notions, and that to their own ruin, and to ours.

NORTH.

A few great families—What matter, my dear Timotheus?

TICKLER.

Considerable matter, sir. They soon lost all conceit of their home and its fashions—and mark the consequences downwards—for downwards the base infection was not slow to creep. Hence, I say, a scorn and contempt gradually engendered among the Scottish gentry for the Scottish Church—there's to begin with. What laird, even of a paltry thousand a-year, breeds his second or third son to the kirk now-a-days? Let Dr Wodrow answer.

WODROW.

There was Sir Harry, honest man—and——

TICKLER.

Aye, and there's yourself, Doctor—and it would be easy to name a dozen more perhaps—but what are these out of a thousand? In fact, there is no denying it—the Church in Scotland has come to be all but exclusively a plebeian profession. Hence it has lost influence with the upper classes of society, and has its strength, except perhaps in the west country, almost entirely among the middling order—the burgesses and farmers. The gentry are Episcopalian on the whole.

WODROW.

Wae's me! it's owre true a tale.

TICKLER.

As for the nobility—we all know the King has rarely been able even to find a poor Presbyterian Lord to send down as his Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Kirk. Even the great families that took the lead in the establishment of the Reformed Kirk—and, by the by, took the lead also in the plunder of her Catholic dam—even they have deserted the Blue Banner, to a Coronet.

WODROW.

It's a' true, Mr Tickler. It's a' true.

TICKLER.

The Quarterly bragged some time ago, that two-thirds of the land in Scotland are held by members of the Episcopalian Church. I was nettled when I read the insolent vaunt, and consulted various persons, likely to be well informed as to various districts of the country; and, confound him! I had reason to suspect that the Laureate was not far out in his reckoning for once.

WODROW.

This accounts for the shameful appearance we made lately as a Christian and

Protestant nation. Wha, that kend the Scotland of our grandsires, wad hae expected the Papist Bill to be carried with hardly a voice lifted up against it?—I'm no forgetting what you, Mr North, did in your ain way—and you, too, Mr Macrabin, in yours. Oh, sirs!

TICKLER.

It will account for many blots besides that, Doctor, on what was once, as a Scottish bard sung—

> "Ane gallant scutcheon fair and braid, to flee
> Upon the borders of the Northern sea—
> Ane glorious shield of chivalry but mate,
> Ane maiden banner non-contaminate."

So quoth old Struan—your chieftain, by the by, Macrabin.

MACRABIN.

Agnosco—one of the

> "Magnanimi heroes nati Toryoribus annis."

NORTH.

Well, I think, for my part, the Kirk has gained as much by the Church as she has lost. That great establishment has borne the other in countenance throughout—and but for her solid weight overawing our squirearchy as well as her own, I believe John Knox's foundation might have had a third shake before now.

TICKLER.

All that good might have been, and would have been, and more of it also, had there been no Union. I protest I can see no purpose that will bear being even named that has been really answered by this detestable measure, save and except that the Ministers of England have thereby been enabled to rule the roast more easily to themselves—at less expense of brains and bother, in short. It comes all to that.

NORTH.

Well, and don't we all know that they are an overworked set of men, even as things are?

TICKLER.

I know no such thing. They are a most egregiously underworked body of asses. No doubt the body occasionally boasts an overworked head—a Pitt—a Castlereagh—a Canning—a Wellington. But that comes of nothing but the silly vanity, or the grasping ambition, of the said head.

NORTH.

As for example—Castlereagh.

TICKLER.

My Lord Castlereagh, honoured be his name, worked himself to death,—of that there is no doubt; and to my regret of the occurrence there is no bound.—But he did so, simply because his ambition was unbridled, and he preferred any overworking to the possible consequences of introducing more men of calibre equal to real work into the cabinet which people so absurdly used to call Lord Liverpool's. For instance, he had had lessons enough of what it was to have a Canning cheek-for-jole with him——

NORTH.

Yes, indeed——

TICKLER.

Mr Canning himself, poor man, died of vanity—in two ways. First of all, he fancied that no man in England could do any thing *well* in any department but himself,—he would not trust any of the rest of his crew—and it must be owned they were a sweet set—with even a common letter. I only wonder he did not take the Laureatship to himself too.—He wrote every scrap himself, and re- and re- and re-wrote it, till he wrought himself into a nervous habit of body, that made it all but certain that a violent shock of any kind would overturn him. And the shock came with a vengeance—he found himself spurned and insulted by the Aristocracy of England—his blood boiled, his heart rattled—and he tried a thousand remedies, some better and some worse—and George Canning died. The Duke of Wellington has no nerves,

and, I dare say, no vanity; but he has some ambition, it is commonly allowed, and no matter what the reason may be, such is the fact, he at this moment is doing all the work of the country. We shall see how he stands it. I confess he is not likely to be beat up so soon as either of his predecessors. Well, there are overworked men for you; but where is the overworked body of men? Is Lord Lyndhurst overworked?

MACRABIN.

He looks nothing like it: he has the air of a most degagee lord. I say *Lord*, for certainly there is not a man in the house on whom Nature has set a plainer mark of nobility.

TICKLER.

A good acute head, as I remember. Well, who else is overworked.—Peel?

MACRABIN.

He has not brains enough to be turned.

TICKLER.

Go over all the official squadron, and if you don't find them a sleek, fatheaded, cob-trotting, good-dinner-eating, ball-going, cheery-faced, broad-hipped assortment of gentlemen—all I shall say, my dear, is, that they don't much resemble any of the sets that I remember in their august places. Never was such quackery, my friend. Any well-employed doctor or lawyer goes through more real tearing fatigue, bodily and mental, in a year, than would serve the best of official folk, bating Premiers, if you will, for the Siege of Troy.

NORTH.

Well, take all this. As to the present set in particular, I am free to admit that it would be an unchristian thing to look for caracoles from a team of cart-horses. It must serve us to hear the driver's whip whistle, and their bells, poor dumb things, jingle, as they urge on the ponderous machine.

TICKLER.

You are out—it would stop, if the waggoner himself did not push like to break his back behind, as well as skelping away at them before.

NORTH.

Well, well.—But what has all this to do with the Scotch Union and the prophecies of Lord Belhaven?

TICKLER.

Bide a wee, Kit—we're coming to that belyve.—But I think the Doctor here's getting shy of the claret.

WODROW.

Aye, indeed, Mr North; a body's stomach, that's used to whisky toddy for the most part, or port, at least, finds the like o' this rather cauld in the upshot.

SHEPHERD.

I've been scunnerin' at it, too, this half-hour. Come, Doctor, we'se hae a bowl. (*Rings; enter* AMBROSE, *and catching the* SHEPHERD'S *glance, exit instanter.*) Now we'll soon be provided—My certie, it's easier to get back the Punch than the Parliament!

TICKLER.

Fear nothing. They will either be beaten into giving up both the Unions, or into doing what I honestly confess I should consider as nearly as good—perhaps, after the lapse of three generations, in our own case, on the whole, the better thing of the twain.

SHEPHERD.

And what's that? (*Enter Punch.*)—Noo, Doctor Wodrow, in wi' your glass—the meikle big ane o' the three—this will gar your inside lowp.—And what's your projec, Mr Tickler, I was spearin?

TICKLER.

A very simple project. Let them keep one session of Parliament here and two in Dublin for every three that they hold in Westminster, and the Devil's in it——

WODROW.

Hoot fie, Southside—and you an Elder!——

TICKLER.

Peccavi!—give me a tumbler of your punch for sconce.—Well, I say, the

mischief's in it, if the two Sister Capitals do not take a spring to astonish the world—aye, and the Sister Kingdoms, too. Why, even the King's bit jaunt did more good than I can tell—It was *elixir vitæ* to us all for a twelvemonth—and had not Lord Castlereagh gone off just then, and the liberal reign begun in earnest, it's my fancy we should have been speaking of that fortnight to this day. But the ne'erdoweels spoiled all with their conundrums.

NORTH.

And that was his Grace of Wellington's own opinion *once*.

MACRABIN.

Granting all other obstacles were overcome—how do you propose to carry on the machinery of government? Where are to be the public offices here in Auld Reekie? Where are we to lodge the Ministers? And how are all the Members of the two Houses and their families to be put up?

TICKLER.

Never fear; where the carcass is, thither will the eagles gather fast enough. The King has no house in London, nor has had this many a day, by half so comfortable, as well as magnificent, as the Baron of Ballendean could turn out old Holyrood at three months' notice. The great lords and dukes—there's not so many of them after all—would be very well contented with such dwellings as bankrupt Writers to the Signet are in the habit of erecting for their own accommodation in Moray Place and elsewhere,—shoving the Septentrionic Jurisconsults back to their proper quarters in the Old Town;—the Assembly Rooms would do very well for the Treasury;—in short, the deuce a fear but we would find room for them all.

MACRABIN.

The mere clerkage, man, hundreds, perhaps thousands of them, how would you bring them down, and where would you stow them?

TICKLER.

Contract with the United Kingdom, to be sure,—fetch them all down in two or three voyages, at two pounds a-bottom; and there's the Castle Barracks, I would board and lodge the tinklers there, better than ever they were in their dirty lives before, at seven and sixpence a-week.

SHEPHERD.

As for the Whigs, I suppose billets on Dr Knox, and others in and about Surgeon Square, would owrecome every difficulty.

TICKLER.

My eye! what a reformation one such session would bring about among our vain, silly, doomed and doited gentry!

MACRABIN.

Purification of domestic morals, I presume—a new sense of divine truth awakened.

TICKLER.

Havers—havers.—But I'll tell you what there would be. Our gentry have been ruined *thus:* Our nobility being wiled away (to all substantial purposes) by the Southron, the lairds have been left to themselves, and, no examples of really great wealth being before their eyes to overawe them, they have all, forsooth, entered into a deliberate system of competition with each other in point of show and expense. One laird has L.3000 a-year, we shall say—and how few Scottish lairds ever had any such rental, we all know; he has such and such an house, and such and such an establishment, and gives such and such entertainments. Next parish glorifies itself in a brother squire of L.2000 a-year, but with quite as long a pedigree. It immediately ensues, that he claps a back jam to his old house, in order that it may be as big as his neighbour's, and peradventure he erects a pepperbox at each angle, and *points* his staircase window, and battlements his garrets—behold *the castle* or *the priory*—Then comes the butler and the under-butler—how could he do without them?—and a suitable train of coxcombs in blue and crimson—and then comes company to admire all this—and then crack goes the champagne—and then comes pay-day—and then in goes the Laird to Edinburgh, to crack over his affairs with his excellent and right trusty friends Messrs Bondison and Macrichaye,—and so another year goes off—and another—and the Laird's sons are getting up—and an election is at hand—and Lord So-and-so's in the Admiralty—or Mr So-and-so's in the East In-

dia Direction—or General So-and-so is a great friend of Lord Fitzroy, or some other great gun at the Horse-Guards—and the County Collector has had a touch of palsy lately—and the young Laird has settled in his own mind, that in case of Bell, or L'Amy, or Clephane going to the Bench, it would be no bad thing to have even so small a matter as a Sheriffship, aye and until the old Laird be gathered unto his grandfathers. Do you smoke them, Doctor?

WODROW.

There is no soundness in them. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!

TICKLER.

This species of folly is comparatively unknown in the south. The spectacle of princely magnificence, obviously unattainable and inimitable, being constantly before smaller people's eyes, they begin to let their vanity run in another and a more wholesome channel; and pique themselves, in fact, on a systematic modesty and moderation. Any body that has ever spent a summer in Yorkshire, will back me throughout, I am certain. A man with 8 or L.10,000 a-year of good fat land, all in a ring-fence, in the West Riding, lives in every respect more plainly than e'er a proud Scotsman with a *nominal* L.3000 of rental even, from Dan to Beersheba.

WODROW.

And you are seriously of opinion that the splendour of the great Englishers would dazzle our Lairds' een, so that they would see clearly the propriety of living within their means?

TICKLER.

It would help, I think, and help not a little—even that. But this is not the effective style of operation I contemplate. Look, after all, to the situation of the Scotch magnates in their dear South. Their pedigrees are among the finest in Europe—that is admitted—those of the English peerage, taken as a body, are among the poorest in Europe—

NORTH.

I admit that—it has been the policy of most recent ministers to degrade the peerage; and if they had had the power of making new peers in Scotland, we may easily guess what they would have done here in that way also, when we look at their Baronetage.

TICKLER.

Yes, yes—nevertheless, the fact is certain, that the English nobility turn up their noses at the Scotch. Nothing under a Duke is admitted as of right among the haute noblesse there. Our Earls and all downwards are practically considered as belonging to an inferior order—something half way, perhaps, between the English title of the same sound and an Irish one.

MACRABIN.

I have even known a Scotch Duke sneered at as a questionable sort of animal.

NORTH.

Aye,—Brummell cut a certain worthy old friend of ours in St James's Street—having the preceding autumn spent six weeks at Dunkeld and Blair, shooting deer and supping Athole-brose all the time like a hero.

MACRABIN.

Money—money—money.

TICKLER.

Chiefly so—but not entirely. Two things are necessary—or at least one or other of the two—close connexion with some of the real grandees of England, who intermarry *à la Banyan*—or enormous wealth.

MACRABIN.

That last will cover all defects. Thanks to Mr Pitt,

NORTH.

Thanks rather to the necessities of Mr Pitt's time. Had he not extended the peerage as he did, the accursed proud little knot of stinking Whigs would have had every thing their own way. Charley Fox would have been Mogul, and England would have been revolutionized as sure as the Bastile was overthrown.

TICKLER.

Yes, yes—But Pitt could not achieve that necessary good without the accompaniment of great, and, I fear, lasting evil. The peerage of England has

been thoroughly degraded. Money buys boroughs, and boroughs may command any thing under a dukedom; and a peerage bottomed on pounds, shillings, and pence, can do things that a true nobility durst not think of.

MACRABIN.

Rat, for example—*rat.*

TICKLER.

Thou hast said it. This degraded *order,* however, tramples on the Scottish peerage, who are base enough to prefer such usage to remaining as princes of the land here at home. And what I was coming to is this—that were Parliament held here now and then, these peers of ours would find themselves, now and then, in possession of precedence as to rank over their habitual despisers; they would, moreover, find themselves now and then able to display more magnificence than these. Here they would have their fine places, for example; and having their estates at hand, they would be able to live much better every way than they ever can afford to do four hundred miles away. After all, they would be the cocks of the walk here;—and what between the sense of self-respect thus re-awakened among them, and the sobering influences already alluded to operating on the order just below them, I do not think it too much to say, that great good would and must be produced.

NORTH.

Why, perhaps, if they knew that Edinburgh was to be *the* capital once every three, four, or even five years, they might learn to content themselves with that, and lie by in the interim. Any thing that should tend to keep them out of London would unquestionably be beneficial.

TICKLER.

Aye—and not to Scotland, or to Ireland alone, but to England herself. What is London to grow to? When James the Sixth went up, the population of London was about what that of Edinburgh is now—not more. In two centuries it has risen from 150,000 to 1,400,000 at the least. Is that to go on *ad infinitum?* Can it go on without destroying the country? Can it go on without sapping the strength of the provinces? Can it go on without causing some consummating convulsion in the great Babylon itself? I consider that the indifference with which Parliament after Parliament goes on contemplating this ruinous growth, is a phenomenon of absurdity—of insanity. And I know of no method by which the evil can be checked, except by throwing the weight of government and fashion, *perforce,* occasionally, into the scales of Dublin and Edinburgh.

MACRABIN.

A young and active Sovereign might take the hint.

TICKLER.

I expect no absurdities. It would be as ridiculous to transplant his present Majesty, God bless him! to the North, as it would be to remove me from beneath the shadow of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, to a snug villa in the Alpha Road.—(I think I have heard the name of such an abomination.)

NORTH.

Situated close to the Paddington Canal, and sung repeatedly by Signor Le Hunto, Gloria di Cocagna.

MACRABIN.

As was also the Zeta *rod,* I believe.

TICKLER.

From a kingdom, we have already sunk into a province; let the thing go on much longer, and from a province we shall fall to a colony—one of "the dominions thereunto belonging!" They are knocking our old entail law to pieces as fast as they can, and the English capitalists and our Glossins between them, will, before many days pass, have the soil to themselves—unless something be done—and I for one shall do *mon possible.*

MACRABIN.

Trecenti juravimus.

SHEPHERD.

Weel, if the gentry lose the land, the Highland anes at ony rate, it will only be the Lord's righteous judgment on them for having dispossessed the people before them. Ah! wae's me—I hear the Duke of Hamilton's cottars are a'

gaun away, man and mither's son, frae the Isle o' Arran. Pity on us! was there a bonnier sight in the warld, than to sail by yon green shores on a braw summer's evening, and see the smoke risin' frae the puir bodies' bit shielings, ilk ane wi' its peatstack and its twa three auld donnerd pines, or saughs, or elms, sugh—sughin' owre the thack in the gloamin' breeze?

NORTH.

By the bye, I have a letter this morning from a friend of mine now in Upper Canada. He was rowed down the St Lawrence lately, for several days on end, by a set of strapping fellows, all born in that country, and yet hardly one of whom could speak a word of any tongue but the Gaelic. They sung heaps of our old Highland oar-songs, he says, and capitally well, in the true Hebridean fashion; and they had others of their own, Gaelic too, some of which my friend noted down, both words and music. He has sent me a translation of one of their ditties—shall I try how it will croon?

OMNES.

O, by all means—by all means.

NORTH.

Very well, ye'll easily catch the air, and be sure you tip me vigour at the chorus. [*Chants.*

CANADIAN BOAT-SONG—(*from the Gaelic.*)

Listen to me, as when ye heard our father
Sing long ago the song of other shores—
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather
All your deep voices, as ye pull your oars:

CHORUS.

Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,
Where 'tween the dark hills creeps the small clear stream,
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

When the bold kindred, in the time long-vanish'd,
Conquer'd the soil and fortified the keep,—
No seer foretold the children would be banish'd,
That a degenerate Lord might boast his sheep:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

Come foreign rage—let Discord burst in slaughter!
O then for clansman true, and stern claymore—
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic roar:
Fair these broad meads—these hoary woods are grand;
But we are exiles from our fathers' land.

SHEPHERD.

Hech me! that's really a very affectin' thing, now.—Weel, Doctor, what say you? Another bowl?

WODROW.

Weel, Mr Hogg, if ye will have it—but really the evening's advancing—and, wi' a' your wise discourse, friends, ye've given me very little light yet about my tway callants.

TICKLER.

Doctor Wodrow, there's nothing for it but colonization. Wilmot Horton for ever, say I. If I were a stout carle like you, with a parcel of strapping olive plants rising about my table, by the Ghost of Nebuchadnezzar I would roup off, turn every thing into cash, and make interest with Peel for a few thousand square miles of improvable land somewhere in Australia. I'll be hanged if I would not.

WODROW.

I'm owre auld, Mr Tickler, I'm owre auld.

TICKLER.

You! you're not sixty—here am I, seventy-six come Candlemas, and it would take but little to persuade me to join your venture. What say you, North? could we move you to such a tramp?

NORTH.

Why, I've been thinking of the like already. Let political affairs go on here in their present course for another Session or so, and Great Britain will be no place for the like of us to leave our bones in. We may as well lie by a little while longer, and then, by Jupiter, and then—if nothing turns up—why, the best thing we can do will, I devoutly believe, be to pack up bag and baggage, and endeavour to found a free and Christian state somewhere of our own.

SHEPHERD.

I'll gang wi' ye, sir,—I'll be ready at half a year's notice—gin ye'll gie me a grand estate or a good post.

NORTH.

Done! you shall choose for yourself, James.

SHEPHERD.

Na, na! I'll be weel content wi' ony thing ye appoint.—And you, Macrabin, will ye bear to stand at the pier o' Leith, and see us a' sailing awa'?

MACRABIN.

Not I, indeed. I have made up my mind to be your Chief-Justice, Judge Admiral, and Lord High Chancellor, all in one.

TICKLER.

As I am the Senior, and also the chief capitalist, I intend to be Governor, or Cacique, or whatever else we may fix on for title.—You, North, shall be my First Lord of the Treasury; and honest Mullion my Secretary of State. Odoherty will be forthcoming for Commander-in-Chief. I shall offer the Admiralty to Basil Hall, I think.—He is certainly the most courageous Argonaut going, for he has stereotyped the first edition of his book—and on the whole, I consider this compliment as due to him. You, Macrabin, as you judiciously propose, shall have the law arrangements on your shoulders—you shall be at once our Solon and our Sugden—

MACRABIN.

Your Justinian and your Justice Clerk—

TICKLER.

Our Rhadamanthus and our Rae—

MACRABIN.

Your Lycurgus, your Lyndhurst, and your L'Amy—(*hear.*)

TICKLER.

Our Plato, our Plunkett, and our Pitmilly—(*hear.*)

MACRABIN.

Your Cato, your Coke, and your Keay—(*hear, hear.*)

TICKLER.

Our Meadowbank, our Minos, and our Macniell—(*hear.*)

MACRABIN.

Your Draco, your Demosthenes, and your Dickson—(*hear, hear.*)

SHEPHERD.

Our Halkerstone, our Houp, and our Hangie—(*hear, hear, hear.*)

OMNES.

Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!

TICKLER.

By the way, Doctor, we've been forgetting the Church Establishment. Of course you'll be our Bishop?

WODROW.

Me a Bishop, Mr Tickler!—I'm a *Calvinist* to the back-bane—Presbyterian pawrity for me wherever I gang.

MACRABIN.

I have a more solid objection. The Scripture has ruled that a Bishop must be the husband of only one wife, and I submit that such a character would be wholly out of place in a new settlement, such as we are about to organize. I am therefore inclined, as Amicus Curiæ, to suggest that we should adhere to the Presbyterian model; in which case, our worthy friend here might comply with the spirit of our Patriarchal Institutions, and have just as many Mrs Pawrity-Wodrows as he might happen to find convenient under existing circumstances.

SHEPHERD.

Aye, man? and how mony Mrs Macrabins is there to be o' them?

MACRABIN.

Hogg—The answer to that question is still in the womb of time. As well might I ask how many Mrs Hoggs, Mrs Ticklers, or Mrs Norths.—Such enquiries, Hogg, at the present stage of this business, must be considered as rash, premature, and irrelevant. But sure I am, (*rising*) that, sitting there as you do, you can have no doubt with regard to the principle, gentlemen, the broad, the just, the liberal, and the salutary principle, on which I have ventured to bottom the hingeing and cardinal features of this case! No, Hogg, is it to be endured that we, a patriòtic band, fleeing to the uttermost parts of the earth, in order that we may no longer be the witnesses of the political, the moral, and the religious degradation, insecurity, and oppression of a once proud, and virtuous, and truly Protestant country—is it to be borne, I say, and I repeat, that we, my Luds,—that we, the heroic victims of this tyranny, the noble eschewers of this abomination, the self-exiled confessors of the great and holy cause of British Protestantism—is it to be endured even for a moment, that we, my Luds, should be held bound to carry with us into those new, wide, and virgin regions, over which we seem destined to diffuse and establish the great principles of light, and law, and liberty,—is it to be endured, my Luds, that we should hamper our wings in this great, gallant and glorious excursion, with any of those most inapplicable impediments and most unsuitable entanglements, which, rendered necessary in old thickly peopled territories by the inevitable march of circumstances, and sanctioned accordingly in such territories by the denunciations at once of the press, the pulpit, and the pillory, could under other circumstances be attended with no consequence but that of hampering the infant movements of the social principle in a manner alike impertinent, my Luds, impolitic, and unpleasant?—(*Hear, hear!*)—No, sir, far from us be such narrow, illiberal, and unphilosophical bigotry! Let us not assimilate ourselves in our minds' eyes to the poor haltered mill-horses, who stump their eternal round within the never-varying circle of outworn formalities! Let us, O my Hogg, take a wider, a nobler, and a more aërial range in our aspirations!—(*Hear, hear!*)—Let us dwell rather on the great precursors and founders of the existing societies now degrading and degraded, within the ancient hemisphere of this terrestrial globe—Let us assimilate ourselves rather to the Patriarchs of old—(*Hear, hear, hear!*)—Let us go forth into the wilderness of the New World, able and willing to exert all our faculties in the noble task of founding a wise, a free, an independent, a moral, a just, an obedient, and a populous nation.—(*Hear, hear!*)—Let the people grow, and let the rulers thereof abound and flourish.—(*Hear, hear, hear!*)—Let us spread ourselves in a full and fertilizing stream, from the borders of the great river, even the river TICKLER—unto the wilderness of WODROW on the right hand, and unto the huge cedar-clad mountains of the MACRABINIAN chain upon the left!—(*Hear, hear.*)—Let our Shepherd bequeath his name and his blood to all the dwellers in a valley like unto the valley of Egypt.—Yea, let the HOGGS of that land be as numerous as the Howtowdies of this! And let NORTHOPOLIS extend her walls

and her towers, until Imperial Rome, in comparison to her, be voted a rat-hole, Nineveh a nook, Babylon a baby-house, and Pekin the paltriest pile of the Pigmies! In a word, I, like this reverend and revered father, am opposed *Mordicus* to the adoption of the Episcopalian ritual and discipline in the infant state. In its application to our meditated polity, I foresee a long concatenation of insuperable and even disgusting evils; I say with our Wodrow—

"Let Love be liberty, and Nature law!"—(*hear, hear, hear.*)

And I beg leave to propose a health to the Wives and Sweethearts of the Colonists of New St Kit's—(*three times three.*)

TICKLER.

I hereby give my sanction to that name. New St Kit's, let it be.

NORTH.

Thank ye—well, I think we have settled most other things pretty decently—Where are we to get the cash?

TICKLER.

Cash? Pooh, pooh! Cash, Corn, and Catholics—all shall be forthcoming. Why, I don't wish to take things at a high estimate; but, surely, what with my land and *lands* in the West Country, my stock here, in France, and in the United States—North's plum—and what the rest of you may scrape together, we may count one way or another on some—let me see—some millions—or so. Not enough, you will say?—well, it will make a beginning, however, and when once we're afloat, no fears—we shall have constant accessions. Protestant capital will soon pour in upon us.

MACRABIN.

I look much to the influence of the liberal laws I shall take care to establish. I shall give every encouragement to new comers, I promise you—and what with London Bankers, and Edinburgh Writers-to-the-Signet, and other accidental contributors, I think our Magazine is, in fact, like to be troubled with a "press of matter."

TICKLER.

According to the recent averages, we may count on, at least, one of each of these classes of *emigrés* yearly—They'll certainly prefer New St Kit's to the United States, or even to *La Belle France.*

WODROW.

I thought you had wished an exclusively moral population—now really, gentlemen, fugitive bankers—swindling doers—people that, in fact, can't well, when detected thoroughly, be allowed to remain even among the Whigs of the old country—with submission, I can't but have my doubts how these folk would amalgamate.

TICKLER.

Be not over curious. Our motto must be, *quoad* capital, *All's fish that comes to the net*—Come pike—come gudgeon!

MACRABIN.

Remember the origin of Rome, Doctor—the brazen wolf, the Horatii and Curiatii, Bos locutus est, the Sabine ladies, and other points of learning. Come, fill your glasses—tingle-lingle-ling—hear ye the music o' the spoon, Doctor?

SHEPHERD (*sings, accompanied by* MACRABIN *on the Trombone.*)

Let them cant about Adam and Eve—frae my saul
I'm mair gien to lamenting Beëlzebub's fall.
Though the beasts were a' tame, and the streams were a' clear,
And the bowers were in blossom a' through the lang year—
Our ain warld wad serve me for an Eden atweel,
An it werena for fear o' the Meikle Black Deil.
Chorus—"*Our ain warld,*" &c.

I was born to a lairdship on sweet Teviot side,
My hills they are green, and my holms they are wide,
I hae ewes by the hundred, and kye by the score,
And there's meal, and there's maut, and there's whisky galore—
And this warld wad serve me for an Eden atweel,
An it werena for fear o' the Meikle Black Deil.
Chorus—"*Our ain warld,*" &c.

There is Jenny, jimp Jenny—and blythe bonny Kate,
There is Susan the slee—and there's Bauby the blate,
There is Jessy, my darling, that kaims back her hair,
And wee frighten'd Meg, that I met at the fair—
And this warld would serve me for an Eden atweel,
An it were na for fear o' the Meikle Black Deil.

CHORUS—" *Our ain warld,*" &c.

WODROW.

O fie—O fie—Mr Hogg! Mr Hogg! Mr Hogg!— (*Exit.*)

MACRABIN.

Come, now, the old cock's off at last—Let's have in the cigars, and begin work seriously.— (*Left smoking.*)

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13 Cor. Gethen, Lt. vice Sugden, dead 25 July 1828
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Ens. Forde, Lt. by purch. vice Considine, 34 F. 25 June

43 H. S. Kerr, Ens. 25 June, 1829
46 Lt. Varlo, Capt. by purch. vice Berkeley, ret. 28 May
Ens. Fisher, Lt. do.
W. Peacock, Ens. do.
48 Lt. M'Cleverty, Capt. by purch. vice Grant, ret. 21 do.
Ens. Roebuck, Lt. by purch. do.
J. W. Smith, from h. p. Unatt. Ens. do.
51 Lt. Dickson, from 2 F. Lt. vice Walsh, h. p. 6 F. do.
Surg. Ricketts, from h. p. 33 F. Surg. vice Shekelton, h. p. 14 do.
52 Lt. Hill, Capt. vice Love, dead do.
Ens. Forrester, Lt. do.
G. Hall, Ens. do.
Hon. J. Forbes, Ens. by purch. vice Eustace, 14 F. 28 do.
Lt. Swan, Adj. vice Bentham, res. Adj. only 18 June
53 J. Scott, Ens. by purch. vice Doyle, prom. 10 July
54 Lt. Burton, Capt. by purch. vice Abbott ret. 21 May
Ens. Parr, Lt. do.
L. E. Wood, Ens. do.
59 A. De W. Richardson, Ens. vice Hennessey, res. 26 Aug. 1828
60 2d Lt. Bruere, 1st Lt. vice Neynoe, ret. 14 May 1829
H. W. Ellis, 2d Lt. by purch. do.
Hon. G. Byng, 2d Lt. vice *Lord* E. Thynne, 7 F. 25 June
61 Gent. Cadet J. Douglas, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Blair, ret. 18 do.
H. Kelty, Ens. by purch. vice Douglas, 79 F. 25 do.
62 Lt. Conry, from h. p. 52 F. Lt. vice O'Brien, R. Staff Corps do.
Ens. Ellis, Lt. by purch. vice Lord Wallscourt, prom. 17 do.
H. Jervis, Ens. do.
Maj. Reed, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Smyth, ret. 25 do.
Capt. Parker, Maj. do.
Lt. Burges, Capt. do.
Ens. Campbell, Lt. do.
W. A. Pender, Ens. do.
63 J. P. Jones, Ens. vice Lord, 88 F. 14 May
65 Lt. Bates, Adj. vice Young do.
66 Cor. Dickenson, from 3 Dr. Gds. Ens. vice Coltman, h. p. Unatt. 21 do.
67 Ens. and Adj. T. J. Deverell, rank of Lt. 25 June
Ens. *Hon.* A. Craven, from 28 F. Ens. vice Robbins, 3 F. 18 do.
72 Lt. Chisholm, Capt. vice Hyde, dead 14 May
Ens. Duthie, Lt. do.
E. J. F. Kelso, Ens. do.
75 Ens. Graham, from 17 F. Ens. vice Lord W. Beresford, 43 F. 25 June
78 A. W. Browne, Ens. by purch. vice Ruxton, ret. 28 May
79 Ens. Fitz Gerald, Lt. by purch. vice Newhouse, ret. 25 June
—— Douglas, from 61 F. Ens. do.
81 Serg. Maj. J. Patterson, Qua. Mast. vice Roberts, full p. do.
85 Ens. Mundy, Lt. by purch. vice Keats, prom. 5 July
E. Humphrys, Ens. do.
Ens. Belcher, Lt. by purch. vice Harris, ret. 6 do.
G. Tennant, Ens. do.
88 Capt. O'Hara, Maj. vice Heathcote, dead 14 May
Lt. Rutherford, Capt. do.
Ens. Knox, Lt. do.
—— Lord, from 63 F. Ens. do.
91 Assist. Surg. Callander, fm 45 F. Assist. Surg. vice Robertson, h. p. 45 F. 25 June
92 Ens. Duff, Lt. by purch. vice Sawbridge, prom. 30 do.
A. T. Duff, Ens. vice Galwey, ret. 4 do.
Gent. Cadet A. Gerard, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. by purch. vice Morison, ret. 5 do.
J. J. D. H. M'Donald, Ens. 30 do.
94 Capt. Fisk, from h. p. Paym. vice Lukin, former h. p. 14 May, 1829
96 Gent. Cadet M. R. Campbell, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice O'Brien, 7 F. 2 July
97 Gent. Cadet R. A. Jones, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. vice Price, res. 25 June
98 Capt. During, from h. p. Cav. Staff Corps, Capt. vice Harvey, ret. 28 May
Maj. Gen. Hinde, Col. vice Lt. Gen. Conran, dead do.
99 Maj. Johnston, Lt. Col. vice Hardinge, dead 11 June
Capt. Jackson, Maj. do.
Lt. Campbell, Capt. do.
Ens. and Adj. Day, rank of Lt. do.
S. B. D. Anderton, Ens. do.
Rif. Brig. Assist. Surg. Fryer, from 46 F. Assist. Surg. vice Branley, res. do.
Lt. Beckwith, Adj. vice Dewy, res. Adj. only 18 do.
Ens. Kerr, from h. p. 2d Lt. vice Cowper, canc. 2 July
R. S. Corps Lt. O'Brien, from 62 F. Lt. vice Ridge, 13 Dr. 14 May
Capt. Jackson, from h. p. Staff Corps, Capt. vice Read, dead 4 June
1 W. I. R. Capt. Artillery, from h. p. Capt. vice Carter, ret. do.
Lt. Clarke, from h. p. R. York Rang. Lt. vice Irvine, canc. 2 July
Ceyl. Rif. R. Lt. Lawder, from h. p. 32 F. Lt. vice Emslie, prom. 22 do.
R. Af. C. Hosp. Assist. Foulis, Assist. Surg. vice Meade, dead 4 June

Garrison.

Lt. Gen. Hawker, Capt. of Yarmouth Castle, vice Lt. Gen. Griffiths, dead 22 July 1829

Ordnance Department.

R. Art. Capt. Charleton, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt. vice Chapman, h. p. 2 June 1829
2d Lt. Cleeve, 1st. Lt. vice Bayley, h. p. 20 June 1829
2d Capt. Stopford, Capt. vice Bourchier 26 do.
Capt. Kendall, from Unat. h. p. 2d Capt. do.
G. L. Fitz Maurice, 2d As. Surg. vice Lambert, res. 1 July
R. Eng. Capt. Graydon, Lt. Col. vice Dickens, ret. 22 May
2d Capt. Ord, Capt. do.
1st Lt. Battersbee, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Nelson, 1st Lt. do.
Gent. Cadet A. Ryder, 2d Lt. 1 June

Staff.

Capt. Woodgate, from h. p. 20 Dr. Paym. of a Rec. Dist. vice Colberg, h. p. 25 June 1829

Hospital Staff.

Apoth. Middleton, from h. p. Apoth. to Forces, vice Macdonald, dead 28 June 1829

Unattached.

To be Lieutenant-Col. of Infantry by purchase.

Lieut. and Capt. Des Voeux, from 3d F. Gds. 3 July 1829

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lieut. Cuthbert, from 15 F. 28 May 1829
—— J. *Lord* Wallscourt, from 62 F. 17 June
—— Sawbridge, from 92 F. 30 do.
—— Vyner, from 1st Life Gds. 4 do.
—— Keats, from 85 F. 5 July

To be Lieutenant of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. Doyle, from 53 F. 10 July 1829

The undermentioned Lieutenant, actually serving upon Full Pay in a Regiment of the Line, whose Commission is dated in the year 1805, has accepted promotion upon Half-Pay, according to the General Order of the 27th Dec. 1826.

To be Captain of Infantry.

Lieut. Webb, from 41 F. 3 July 1819

The undermentioned Officer of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, having Brevet Rank superior to his Regimental Commission, has been granted Promotion on Half-Pay.

Brevet Maj. Bourchier, Maj. 26 June 1829

Exchanges.

Col. Clifton, 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lt. Col. Somerset, h. p.
Lt. Col. Steele, Coldst. Gds. with Lt. Col. Arden, h. p.
—— Charlewood, Gr. Gds. with Lt. Col. Beauchamp, h. p.
—— Wade, 98 F. with Maj. Hopkins, h. p.
Major Leslie, 6 F. with Maj. Rogers, h. p.
—— Bishop, 40 F. rec. diff. with Maj. Fraser, h.p.
—— Onslow, 88 F. rec. diff. with Maj. Eden, h. p.
Capt. Purcell, 46 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Berkeley, h. p.
—— Williamson, 73 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Eyre, h. p.
—— Croasdaile, 98 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Harvey, h. p. Coldst. Gds.
—— Molloy, Rifle Brig. rec. diff. with Capt. Maister, h. p.
—— Tedlie, 69 F. rec. diff. with Capt. W. N. Hill, h. p.
—— Hume, 75 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Keats, h. p.
Lieut. Rallet, 4 Dr. Gds. with Lieut. Colquhoun, 33 F.
—— Steuart, 5 Dr. Gds. with Lt. Bolton, 13 Dr.
—— Young, 65 F. with Lt. Taylor, h. p. 90 F.
—— Fergusson, 75 F. with Lt. King, h. p. 8 F. repaying diff.
—— Croly, 60 F. with Lt. Armstrong, 63 F.
—— Little, 53 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Doyle, h. p.
—— Delamain, 67 F. rec. diff. with Lt. A. *Visc.*
—— Fincastle, h. p. 60 F.
—— Belstead, 85 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Knox, h. p. 89 F.
Ens. J. A. Campbell, 91 F. with 2d Lt. O'Callaghan, h. p. 21 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-General.

Raymond.

Colonel.

Hamilton, Coldst. Gds.

Lieut.-Colonel.

Arden, Coldst. Gds.

Captains.

Broadhead, 7 Dr.
Methold, 14 Dr.
Anstruther, Gren. Gds.
Fraser, 3 F. Gds.
Beamish, 17 F.
Nicholls, 28 F.
Grant, 48 F.
Abbott, 54 F.
Harvey, 98 F.
Carter, 1 W. I. R.
Mears, h. p. 60 F.
Fisher, h. p. York Chass.
Leard, h. p. Unatt.

Lieutenants.

Collingwood, 4 Dr. Gds.
Every, 28 F.
Neynoe, 60 F.
Shaw, h. p. Rifle Brig.

Ensigns.

Ness, 18 F.
Congreve, 43 F.
Hennessey, 59 F.
Ruxton, 78 F.
Morrison, 92 F.

Dep. Assist. Com. General.

Dep. As. Com. Gen. Ryrie.

Paymaster.

Grant, 1 F.

Medical Dep.

As. Surg. Emslie, Gren. Gds.
——— Bramley, Rifle Brig.
2d As. Surg. Lambert, Ord. Med. Dep.

Cancelled.

Lt. Irvine, 1 W. I. R.
2d Lt. *Hon.* W. F. Cowper, Rifle Brig.

Cashiered.

Surg. Gowen, 33 F.

Deaths.

Lieut.-General.

Conran, Col. of 98 F. Epping 17 July 1829

Lieut.-Colonels.

Macdonald, h. p. Malta Regt. (previously of 92 F.) Edinburgh 19 June 1829
Raban, E. I. Comp. Serv. 8 July

Major.

Fitz Gerald, late 5 Vet. Bn. Limerick 11 May 1829

Captains.

Gapper, R. Art. Bristol 10 July 1829
Cupples, Royal Mar. Compton, Plymouth 27 June 1829
Smith, h. p. 6 F. 17 do.
Millward, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn.

Lieutenants.

Williams, 7 F. Malta 6 May 1829
D. H. M'Kay, 33 F. Fort Augusta, Jamaica 22 Apr.
Ommaney, R. Art. Port Royal, Jamaica 21 May
Parker, h. p. 62 F. 1 July
Mollan, h. p. 81 F. Monaghan May
Hall, h. p. 82 F. 4 July
Baring, h. p. 6 L. Bn. K. G. L. Linneburg 14 May

Ensign.

Twopeny, h. p. 31 F. Rennis 28 March 1829
Power, h. p. 60 F. 20 Dec. 1828

Quarter-Master.

Varley, ret. full pay, R. Horse Gds. Halifax, Yorkshire 22 June 1829

Medical Dep.

Surg. Campbell, 2 F. Cape of Good Hope 17 April 1829
As. Surg. Thompson, 92 F. Fermoy 22 June

Provost Marshal General.

John Hicks.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENLGISH BANKRUPTCIES, announced from the 22d o June, to the 22d of July, 1829, extracted from the London Gazette.

Anderson, G. Great St Thomas Apostle, surgeon
Anderson, J. West Smithfield, bookseller.
Adams, J. Bury St Edmunds, grocer.
Aldred, E. Milk-street, warehouseman.
Atkinson, G. jun. Sculcoates, grocer.
Aurgers, G. White Conduit-street, wine-merchant
Barker, J. Holborn, straw-hat manufacturer.
Briscoe, H. Denton, shopkeeper.
Banks, J. Lothbury, auctioneer.
Butcher, C. Rotherham, victualler.
Brattle, T. Maidstone, tailor.
Bennett, T. P. Union-court, Broad-street, merchant.
Bradbridge, W. F. Liverpool, linen-draper.
Bower, J. Petworth, scrivener.
Baden, R. Burford, innkeeper.
Brown, T. Bell-yard, plumber.
Blagbrough, T. Keighley, linen-draper.
Burton, J. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer.
Brogden, J. Bradford, wool-stapler.
Bainbridge, R. Chesterfield, scrivener.
Charles, M. and T. Burrows, Duke-street, tailors.
Clarke, J. Regent-street, linen-draper.
Christy, W. M. Stanhope-street, cheesemonger.
Cooke, H. Northampton, watchmaker.
Clarkson, A. Hounslow, coach-master.

Cleveland, W. Gravel-lane, Southwark, innkeeper.
Cochrane, W. Lima, South America, and Robertson John Parish, London, merchants.
Creswell, J. Manchester, cabinet-maker.
Cantle, B. Tilley-street, basket-maker.
Clark, J. Southwark and Walworth, coal-merchant.
Cook, S. and S. M. Oliver, Alie-street, upholsterers.
Cottingham, E. Bexley, surgeon.
Cooke, H. Nottingham, watchmaker.
Davenport, J. Birmingham, victualler.
Dye, C. High-street, Mary-le-bone, coach-maker.
Davies, G. Dover-place, New Kent-road, carpenter.
Dawson, T. Sunderland, grocer.
Dawson, D. Gainsborough, mercer.
Dunn, W. Hatton-garden, perfumer.
Dixon, G. and H. Anderson, Bishop-Auckland, wine-merchants.
Dingley, S. Warwick, builder.
Davenport, A. N. Preshentle, nurseryman.
Eastman, J. and J. Streatham, wheelwrights.
Escudier, Albemarle-street, hotel-keeper.
Ereeman, W. H. Prince's-street, composition ornament-maker.
Esdaile, J. hat-manufacturer.
Easterbrook, R. St Stephens, Barnwell, clay-merchant.
Edwards, W. W. Fleet-street, bootmaker.
Erwood, A. Brownlow-street, billiard-table manufacturer.
Everill, T. Worcester, straw-hat manufacturer.
Esam, E. and J. Cheapside, linen-drapers.
Floud, T. Exeter, banker.
Fearn, D. Vere-street, carpet warehouseman.
Ferguson, R. Leek, draper.
Fletcher, E. Upper Clapton, spinster.
Fox, R. Quorndon, baker.
Firth, J. and R. Sheepridge, fancy manufacturers.
Fuller, W. Pimlico, builder.
Fortunato, A. P. Liverpool, merchant.
Gould, J. Litchfield, timber-merchant.
Gilbert, J. High-street, Southwark, hosier.
Gardener, J. Cirencester, baker.
Gates, E. and W. Cornefield, Northampton, drapers.
Grindrod, J. Leeds, cheese-factor.
Higgins, W. Shiffnall, draper.
Hallam, H. Salford, tallow-chandler.
Herring, H. Burnham, Westgate, shopkeeper.
Hindley, W. C. Boston, draper.
Hewett, G. Reading, corn-factor.
Harrison, W. Saddleworth, woollen-cloth manufacturer.
Hill, W. Cirencester, coal-merchant.
Hallam, H. and J. Taylor, Salford, tallow-chandlers.
Halentz, S. and J. Baker, St James's-street, dealers in ready-made linen.
Hall, T. Basinghall-street, Blackwellhall, factor.
Hummerton, G. Epping, shoemaker.
Higgs, J. S. Exeter, woollen-draper.
Jonas, W. Brecon, innkeeper.
Jones, J. Tottenham-court-road, hat manufacturer.
Isles, N. R. New Sarum, linen-draper.
Jones, J. Liverpool, bricklayer.
James, J. Lombard-street, bill-broker.
Kirkman, J. Cockney-moor, and Manchester, manufacturer.
Kelshaw, T. Liverpool, merchant.
Knowles, H. Hand-cross, Cuckfield, common carrier.
Leicester, O. Liverpool, wine-merchant.
Longhurst, J. Reigate, ironmonger.
Loft, G. Woodbridge, corn-merchant.
Lee, S. Church-row, Newington, master-mariner.
Lancaster, C. Old Accrington, cotton-manufacturer.
Lloyd, J. King's place, Commercial-road, hop-seller.
Mahony, J. Watling-street, builder.
Mather, P. Manchester, publican.
Martin, T. Croydon, linen-draper.
Musgrave, T. Sudbury, tailor.
Mitchell, E. Mincing-lane, broker.
Martin, J. Walcot, straw-hat manufacturer.
Mott, R. Newington causeway, tailor.
Mutlow, E. Leominster, linen-draper.
Millet, E. Fleet-street, coffeehouse-keeper.
More, R. Shadwell and Underwood, distiller.
Major, R. Frome-Selwood, wool-stapler.
Marshall, S. Chesterfield, scrivener.
Norton, W. Uxbridge, timber-merchant.
Newton, R. and W. Tasset, King-street, Commercial-road, Whitechapel, shipowners.
Norris, J. Uttoxeter, draper.
Nevett, M. and W. Liverpool, brokers.
Norbrook, W. Fish-street-hill, victualler.
Phillips, N. Exeter, dealer.
Plenty, W. West Smithfield, ironfounder.
Pape, W. Northampton square, tailor.
Parry, J. J. Madnesfield, boarding-housekeeper.
Powell, T. Cheltenham, innkeeper.
Page, E. M. jun. and J. Anthony, Bristol, commission-agents.
Pidgeon, J. Great Yarmouth, boatbuilder.
Prettyman, R. S. Regent-circus, linen-draper.
Pierson, J. Bolton-le-Moors, linen-draper.
Peacock, R. St Paul's Churchyard, merchant.
Russell, J. Keswick, mercer.
Ridley, R. Brighton, hat-maker.
Rowbotham, I. Great Surrey-street, hat-manufacturer.
Sharp, W. Bermondsey-street, Southwark, carrier
Stokes, G. Frome-Selwood, clothier.
Stephens, E. Merthyr-Tydvil, shopkeeper.
Shuttleworth, G. Wilmslow, victualler.
Stinton, F. Droitwich, tailor.
Simonds, J. Wangford, innholder.
Stone, R. W. and F. J. Bath, coach-makers.
Shepherd, L. New Malton, yeoman.
Saunders, J. Fleet-market, licensed victualler.
Sturley, H. T. Aylesham, linen-draper.
Southgate, J. S. Wells-next-the-Sea, ship-owner.
Stephenson, T. Lime-street, merchant.
Stevens, J. Birmingham, grocer.
Smith, C. Phœnix-wharf, coal-merchant.
Stonehouse, J. Mincing-lane, and Clapham, wine-merchant.
Sutton, H. H. Upper Thames-street and Kennington, coal-merchant.
Smales, T. W. Aldersgate-street, stationer and printer.
Smith, E. Liverpool, butcher and victualler.
Topping, J. Liverpool, boot-maker.
Twemlow, J. Hatherton, maltster.
Tyrell, E. Brownlow-street, victualler.
Tucker, W. G. Exeter, watchmaker.
Thorpe, G. and T. Red-lion-street, Clerkenwell, glass-benders.
Westray, R. Stockport, grocer.
Wheeler, J. Pershore, corn-dealer.
Walmsley, J. Hammersmith, victualler.
White, A. and W. Metcalf, Lamb's Conduit-street, linen-draper.
Wyatt, J. Plymouth, rope-maker.
White, R. jun. Blakeney, tanner.
Williams, . Manchester, chemist.
Williams, J. Holborn, Fleet-street, and Skinner-street, boot-maker.
Wellevise, M. Crescent-place, Blackfriars, milliner.
Wright, D. Chapel-place, Vere-street, tailor.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced from the 1st to 31st July 1829, extracted from the Edinburgh Gazette.

Allan and Sampson, ironmongers, Aberdeen.
Blackie, David and Robert, writers and shipowners in Edinburgh, and David Blackie, printer and publisher, and shipowner, and Robert Blackie, shipowner in Edinburgh.
Buchanan, Alexander, box-manufacturer and merchant in Cumnock.
Chalmers, Andrew, formerly builder in Edinburgh, now residing in Dundee.
Davidson, Peter, flesher and cattle dealer in Aberdeen.
Geddes, William, vintner in Inverness.
Grant, James, of Burnthall, Berwickshire.
Henry and Paterson, drapers, Dumfries, and

George, Henry, and James Paterson, as individuals.
Henry and Armstrong, merchants, Edinburgh, and George, Henry, and George Armstrong, as individuals.
Jack, Peter, writer, builder, and merchant, Paisley.
Landels, Adam, wright, and lately auctioneer and appraiser, Edinburgh.
Langmuir, John, grain merchant, Glasgow.
Love, John, and Co. hat-makers, Glasgow, and John Love, sole partner, as an individual.
Lowden, William, manufacturer, Hilltown of Dundee.
M'Dougal, Alexander, wine and spirit merchant, Edinburgh.
Nimmo, John, grocer, Gallowgate, Glasgow.
Pattison, Thomas, agent and merchant, Leith.
Sellar, William, merchant in Peterhead.
Smart, Thomas, ironmonger and merchant, Alyth Perthshire.
Smith, James, of Jerburgh, and Smith, John, of Kirkcomrel, cattle dealers.
Thomson, Thomas, and Co. carpet-manufacturers in Kilmarnock, and Thomson, Thomas, the sole partner, as an individual.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

April 27. At Kingston, Jamaica, the lady of Stewart West, of a daughter.

June 18. At Derry, the lady of Major Wilson, 77th Regiment, of a daughter.

22. At No. 3, Upper Portland Place, London, the lady of Henry St George Tucker, Esq. of a daughter.

23. At Kersiebank House, the lady of Henry M. Ball, Esq. of a daughter.

26. At Outerston, Mrs Hunter, of a daughter.

27. At No. 82, South Bridge Street, Mrs Nicol, of a daughter.

28. At London, Mrs J. G. Simpson, of a son.

30. At Geneva, Mrs Younger, jun., of Craigielands, Dumfries-shire, of a daughter.

July 1. In St Bernard's Crescent, Mrs James Campbell, of a daughter.

5. At No. 3, Drummond Place, Mrs Arthur Cambpell, of a daughter.

9. At Forss, the lady of James Sinclair, Esq. of Forss, of a son and heir.

— At Stenton Manse, East Lothian, Mrs Logan, of a son.

— At Distillery Park, Haddington, Mrs Dunlop, of a son.

11. At Smith's Place, Leith Walk, Mrs William Miller, of a son.

12. At No. 1, Drummond Place, Mrs Paul, of a daughter.

— At No. 14, Claremont Crescent, Mrs James Borthwick, of a daughter.

13. At Farme, the lady of Hugh Mossman, Esq. of Auchtyfardle, of a son.

14. At Westport, Ireland, the Marchioness of Sligo, of a daughter.

— In Grosvenor Square, London, the Countess of Cawdor, of a son.

15. At Pitcullen Bank, near Perth, Mrs W. Peddie, of a son.

16. At Wigthorpe, the lady of Sir Thomas Woollaston White, Bart. of a daughter.

17. At Hillhousefield House, Mrs Alexander Boyd, of a daughter.

18. At Craigflower, the Hon. Mrs Colville, of a daughter.

— At 10, Hill Square, Mrs Mullo, of a son.

19. At Restalrig, Mrs Ogilvie, of a daughter.

21. At Arrochar, Mrs Murrich, of a son.

23. At Rickarton, the lady of R. R. Hepburn. Esq. of a daughter.

— At Lugton, Dalkeith, the wife of Captain Robert Tait, R.N. of a son.

— At the Earl of Harrowby's, Sandon, Staffordshire, the Lady Georgiana Stuart Wortley, of a son.

25. At Edinburgh, the Lady of S. H. Marshall, Esq. of a daughter.

— At 8, Doune Terrace, Mrs James Steuart, of a son.

28. At Woodhall Park, Herts, the lady of the Hon. A. Leslie Melville, advocate, of a son.

— Mrs Blaikie, Windsor Street, of a daughter.

— At No. 32, India Street, the wife of Andrew Murray, jun. Esq. advocate, of a son.

— At Spring Gardens, Musselburgh, Mrs Chas. Gray, of a daughter.

29. At Amisfield, Lady Elcho, of a daughter.

Lately. At Charleston Cottage, Fife, Mrs W. B. Mackean, of a daughter.

— At Montague House, Portman Square, London, the Hon. Mrs Henry Montague, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

June 3. At Naples, Mr George Craik, saddler, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr James Carter, saddler, Earlston, Berwickshire.

18. At Edinburgh, Mr William Crouch, merchant, to Jane, second daughter of the late Mr Pratt, Edinburgh.

29. At London, Sheffield Grace, Esq. second son of the late Richard Grace of Boley, Esq. M.P. to Harriet Georgina, second daughter of Lieut.-General Sir John Hamilton, Bart.

30. At Valleyfield Farm, the Rev. James Drummond, minister of Forgandenny, to Elizabeth Preston, eldest daughter of Mr William Hogg, Valleyfield Farm.

July 3. At Bridgend, John Tait, Esq. Dalkeith House, to Mary, eldest daughter of the deceased John Ronaldson, Esq. Sauchland.

— At Glasgow, John Anderson, Esq. formerly of Calcutta, to Jane Dennistoun, second daughter of the late George Yuille, Esq. of Cardross Park, Dumbartonshire.

— At No. 108, George Street, Edinburgh, Mr Turnbull, Frederick Street, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late Walter Turnbull, Esq. Melrose.

6. At Kingston Church, near Portsmouth, Captain Edwin Rich, R.N. son of the late Sir Charles Rich, Bart. of Shirley House, Hants, to Sophia, youngest daughter of Captain G. F. Angelo, of Hill, Southampton.

— At Dundee, Alexander Millar, Esq. writer there, to Margaret M. daughter of the late Captain Cabal, Dundee.

7. At Granton, Hercules James Robertson, Esq. advocate, to Anne Williamina, daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Hope, Lord President of the Court of Session.

8. At Dunbar, Mr John Ferme, agent to the British Linen Company, Haddington, to Mary, only daughter of Mr James Purves, Dunbar.

9. James Edmond, Esq. advocate, Aberdeen, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. Professor Paul, of King's College, there.

13. At Myrtlebank, near Edinburgh, Andrew Bayne, Esq. writer, Edinburgh, to Mary Dinwiddie, daughter of John Blackwood, Esq. of the Customs, Leith.

— At Torhousemuir, Wigtonshire, W. Cowan, jun. Esq. banker, Ayr, to Anne Jane, second daughter of Major M'Haffie, formerly of the 21st regiment of foot.

14. At Aberdeen, Alexander Glennie, Esq. of Maybank, to Mary, second daughter of the late Professor John Stuart, of Marischal College.

— At Neilsland, the Rev. Gavin Lang, minister of the Scotch Church, Shelbourne, Nova Scotia, to Anna Robertson, daughter of J. Marshall, Esq.

— At London, Robert, youngest son of the late George Sandilands, Esq. of Nuthill, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Sir Charles Style, Bart. of Wateringbury, Kent.

15. At No. 20, Windsor Street, Alexander Earle Monteith, Esq. advocate, to Emma, second daughter of the late Richard Clay, Esq. of London.

16. At Newtonhill, Glasgow, Robert Ellis, Esq. W. S. to Margaret, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Mitchell, Anderston.

— At Jedburgh, David Brown, Esq. of Rawflat, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Robert Shortreed, Esq.

20. At Dalkeith, Robert Ainslie, Esq. Cousland, to Hannah, only daughter of Mr C. Wheatley.

20. At 50, Great King Street, David M'Farlan, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late J. J. Hogg, Esq. of Calcutta.

21. At Wimbledon, Alexander A. Park, second son of the Hon. Justice Park, to Mary Frances, daughter of the late George Brown, Esq. London.

— In Portman Square, London, the Hon. Edward Petre, to the Hon. Laura Maria Stafford Jerningham, fourth daughter of Lord Stafford.

— At No. 4, Archibald Place, Mr William Kirk, of London, to Ann, daughter of the late Ralph Richardson, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.

— At John's Place, Leith Links, James Thomas Murray, Esq. W. S. to Mary, daughter of William Goddard, Esq. merchant, Leith.

22. At Begbie, East Lothian, Mr James Burnet, Aberlady, to Eliza, second daughter of Mr Alex. Ainslie, Begbie.

— At No. 2, Gilmore Place, Mr Robert M'Farlane Richmond, merchant, Glasgow, to Eliza, only daughter of the late Mr James Booth, Floetbeck, Hamburgh; and at the same time, Mr James Godfy Booth, merchant, Hamburgh, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Mr Joseph Thomson, Edinburgh.

24. At 2, Graham Street, Mr David Fortune, merchant, to Jessie Coventry, daughter of the late William Scott, Esq.

27. At No. 3, Salisbury Place, Edinburgh, Alex. Littlejohn, Esq. to Alison, only daughter of Captain Clephane, R. N.

28. At Holland Place, Glasgow, Gavin Walker, Esq. Glasgow, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late William Glen, Esq. of Forgan Hall, Stirlingshire.

— At Monkland House, John Montgomerie, Esq. 76th regiment, to Miss Hamilton, of Broomfield.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Robert M'Gill, minister of the Church at Niagara, Upper Canada, to Catharine, youngest daughter of the late Mr William Maclimont, of Portpatrick.

— At Monkland-house, by the Rev. Mr Almond, John Montgomerie, Esq. of Barnahill, Lieut. 76th Regt., to Ellen, only daughter of the late James Hamilton, Esq. younger of Broomfield.

30. At Hackney, near London, F. P. Robinson, Esq. surgeon, to Jane Wood Robinson, daughter of the late W. Robinson, Esq. London.

— At Edinburgh, the Rev. Alexander Duff, to Anne Scott, second daughter of the late William Drysdale, Esq. Lothian Street.

31. At the Governor's house, Castle, Edinburgh, Leonard, eldest son of Leonard Currie, Esq. of Great Cumberland Place, to Caroline Christina, fourth daughter of Lieutenant-General Hay.

— At Inverleith Road, John Gordon, Esq. late Major of the 2d regiment, to Jessie Sceales, relict of John Drysdale, Esq. of Viewfield.

Lately. At Tripoli, in the Royal British Consulate, Thos. Wood, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul at Bengazi, to Emma Maria, second daughter of Colonel Warrington, his Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul-General to the Regency at Tripoli, and widow of Major Alexander Gordon Laing.

— At Paston Church, Northamptonshire, J. Madan Maitland, Esq. of Alwalton, Hants, eldest son of General Maitland, of Bryanston Square, London, to Harriet Rawlins, eldest daughter of the Rev. Joseph Pratt, rector of Paston.

— At Dublin, the Rev. Robert Packenham, son of Admiral the Hon. Sir T. Packenham, to Harriet Maria, youngest daughter of the late Right Hon. Dennis Browne, M.P.

— At London, Lord Bingham, to the Lady Anne Brudenell, youngest daughter of the Earl of Cardigan.

DEATHS.

Jan. At Nagpore, in the East Indies, Mary Anne Gilchrist, relict of Lieut.-Gen. Hogg, and eldest daughter of John Borthwick Gilchrist, Esq. LL.D.

11. At Cox's River, in New South Wales, Jane, wife of Lieut. G. H. Kirkley, of his Majesty's 39th regiment.

25. At Cawnpore, Lieut. Edward Aust. M'Murdo, 33d regiment, native infantry, Bengal.

March 5. At Bhoog, in the kingdom of Cutch, Mrs Gray, wife of the Rev. James Gray, one of the chaplains to the Hon. East India Company, on the Bombay establishment.

21. At Port Royal, Jamaica, Commander Alexander Robertson, R. N.

April 7. At Stewiach, Nova Scotia, the Rev. Hugh Graham, minister of that congregation, in the 71st year of his age, and 48th of his ministry.

May 20. In St Vincent, aged 81, Daniel Macdowall, Esq.

June. At sea, on his passage home from St Domingo, George Hay M'Dougall, Esq. Lieutenant, R. N. son of the late Patrick M'Dougall, Esq. of Gallanach.

4. At Crayfish Estate, Grenada, James Simpson Rea, Esq. son of the late John Harvey, Esq. of Castlesemple.

14. Drowned at London, Archibald Dow, mate of the brig Skene of Leith, third son of Mr James Dow, of the Customs, Grangemouth.

17. At Madeira, Thomas Muir, M. D. F. R. S. eldest son of Thomas Muir, Esq. of Muirpark.

18. At 59, South Bridge, aged three years and four months, Thomas, and on the 30th, aged twelve months, Robert, sons of Thomas Ewing, teacher, Edinburgh.

19. At Greenhill, near Edinburgh, in his 4th year, Robert Hay, the second son, and on the 27th, in her sixth year, Elizabeth, the second daughter of George Forbes, Esq.

— At Edinburgh, Lieut.-Colonel Ronald Macdonald, C.B. late of the 92d Regiment.

22. At Bromley, the Lady Anne Fraser, wife of Robert Fraser, Esq. of Torbreck, and eldest daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale.

— At Greenlawhill, Mr Robert Holden, merchant, Arbroath, aged 75 years.

— At Fermoy, Ireland, Charles Thomson, Esq. assistant surgeon of the 92d Regiment.

23. At Cockston, Mrs Kirkaldy, relict of George Kirkaldy, Esq.

24. At his seat, Ravensdale Park, the Viscount Clermont. The Viscount dying without an heir, the titles become extinct.

25. At Kelso, Mary Montagu Ewart, wife of Mr James Turnbull, merchant there, and daughter of the late Mr Ewart, saddler, Edinburgh.

26. At 2, Glocester Place, Miss Wortlie Stewart, third daughter of the late Charles Stewart, Esq. Commander of the Hon. East India Company's ship Airly Castle.

— At Musselburgh, Miss Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the late Alexander Campbell, Esq. merchant, Glasgow, and sister of Thomas Campbell, Esq. author of "The Pleasures of Hope."

— At 4, Antigua Street, Miss Margaret Cunningham.

27. At Canonmills House, James Eyre, Esq.

— At Jedburgh, Richard Mein, M.D.

— At Sands, Jamima Robertson, and, on the 28th, Thomas, the two youngest children of Laurence Johnson, Esq. of Sands.

28. Mary Ann, youngest daughter of Mr W. Roberts, elocutionist.

— At Perth, John Bannerman, Esq. distiller, Tullibardine.

— At 166, High Street, Mr James Edington, hair-merchant.

— At London, Mrs Campbell, widow of Col. Campbell, Governor of Bermuda, formerly Sub-Preceptress and afterwards Woman of the Bed-Chamber to her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte.

29. At St Roque, Eleanor Dundas Bruce, daughter of Thomas Bruce, Esq. of Arnot.

— At Brechin, Capt. Joseph Rickard, of the 29th Regiment, Madras Native Infantry.

30. At the seat of her son-in-law, Edward Cludde, Esq. of Wrockwardine, Shropshire, Eliza Anne, wife of Lieut.-General Sir William Cockburn, Bart.

— At Lauriston Place, James Hutton, youngest son of Thomas Crichton, Esq.

July 1. At Dalkeith, Mr Wm. Ballantyne, student of medicine, aged 19 years, son of Mr Ballantyne, nursery and seedsman there.

— At Bridgehouse, Margaret, second daughter of John Wadrrop, Esq. of Strathavon, banker in Edinburgh.

2. At Burntisland, Lieut. Andrew Cheape, R.N. in the 75th year of his age.

3. At Dunfermline, Dr John Spence, surgeon in the Royal Navy.

— At 1, Ann Street, St Bernard's, Miss Elizabeth Black, daughter of the late Rev. David Black, minister of Lady Yester's parish, Edinburgh.

3. At Muirtown House, Inverness-shire, Mrs Duff of Muirtown.

4. At Perth, Anne, wife of Mr George Condie, writer.

6. At 1, Queen's Place, Leith Walk, George Forrester, Esq. late Surveyor-General of Customs.

— At London, in the 81st year of her age, Anna Maria, daughter of Jonathan Shipley, late Bishop of St Asaph, and widow of Sir William Jones.

— At London, Mr Thomas Underwood, bookseller, Fleet Street.

— At Sandal, John Williamson, Captain and Adjutant of the late Roxburghshire Light Dragoons, and also Adjutant in the Roxburghshire Local Militia, aged 72.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Alex. Black, late land-surveyor of the Customs, Dundee, aged 85 years.

— At her house, Buccleuch Place, Mrs Janet Douglas, relict of Sm. Fraser of Ford, Esq. W.S.

7. Suddenly, at Jedburgh, Robert Shortreed, Esq. Sheriff-substitute of Roxburghshire.

— At Cowes, Isle of Wight, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Sir Alex. Muir Mackenzie, Bart.

— At Stirling, Mr J. Duncan, writer, Stirling.

— At Pernambuco, Brazil, William Pelly, Esq. of the house of Messrs Roberts, Pelly, and Co. there.

8. At Edinburgh, at the house of Mr Grieve, her brother-in-law, London Street, Miss C. Maclean.

— At Boyle Farm, Surrey, Lord Henry Fitzgerald. His Lordship was brother to the late Duke of Leinster.

10. At Mr Thomas Cleghorn's, Jumhouse, Miss Jane R. Cleghorn, aged 75 years.

— At his father's house, Muirycrook, Ensie, Mr James Reid, writer, Leith.

— Thomas Shelton, Esq. Coroner for the City of London and Borough of Southwark, and upwards of forty years Clerk of the Arraigns at the Old Bailey.

11. At Canonmills, Mr Alex. Ritchie.

— At Williamfield, Portobello, Robt. M'Intosh, Esq. of Williamfield, aged 73 year.

— At Errol Manse, David James, eldest son of the Rev. James Grierson.

12. At Twickenham, Nannett Henrietta, wife of Dr Probyn, and eldest daughter of Henry Erskine Johnston, Esq. of theatrical celebrity.

— At Sylvan Place, Meadows, John Edington, Esq. merchant, Prince's Street.

— At Edinburgh, Mr William Stewart, ironmonger, Leith Street.

13. At Jedburgh, James Smith, Esq.

14. At Rhinmuir, W. Pollok, Esq. Rhinmuir.

— At Aberdeen, in the 87th year of his age, Robert Hamilton, LL.D. Professor of Mathematics in Marischal College, in which he filled a Professor's chair for fifty years. Dr Hamilton was son of Gavin Hamilton, an eminent bookseller of highly respectable character in Edinburgh, and grandson of Principal Hamilton, a name well known, and deservedly esteemed, in the annals of the Church of Scotland.—Having early devoted himself to general Literature, and more especially to Mathematical Science, Dr Hamilton's acknowledged and distinguished proficiency in that and kindred departments, procured him, in 1769, the important and respectable situation of Rector in the Academy of Perth. The duties of this office he discharged to the entire satisfaction of the public, and with honour to himself, till 1779, when he obtained a Professor's chair in Marischal College. For a period of well nigh fifty years Dr Hamilton sustained the undivided labour of teaching the mathematical classes; but in session 1814, he engaged a regular assistant, whom within a few years (viz. 1817) he had the satisfaction of seeing associated with himself as his assistant and successor in the mathematical chair, an arrangement which Dr Hamilton ever acknowledged as having been highly conducive to his comfort. From the time of his ceasing to officiate in the class, till his death, Dr Hamilton lived in much retirement in the bosom of his family; far, however, from withdrawing himself from College business, in which he continued to take a lively interest, or from those speculations of a deeper and wider interest, which had long engaged his acute understanding, and his benevolent heart.—In both his professional, and his public capacity, as a citizen Dr Hamilton will be long remembered with respect and high estimation.

14. At Edinburgh, Archibald Grahame Campbell, Esq. of Shirvan.

— At her house, Bernard Street, Leith, in the 86th year of her age, Mrs Rebecca Tod, relict of Mr Thos. Stoddart, senior, late merchant, Leith.

15. At her house, No. 44, Howe Street, Miss Janet Brandon.

15 At Reid's Court, Canongate, Miss Margaret Walker.

— At Kirkaldy, Thomas Smith, son of the late Mr John Smith, shipowner, Largo, Fife.

— At Baldock, in Hertfordshire, the Rev. C. Anderson, minister of Closeburn.

— At Teignmouth, of a decline, Georgiana Beckwith, youngest daughter of Wm. Gilchrist, Esq. of Antigua.

— At No. 12, Comely Bank, Captain Thomas M'Leroth, late of his Majesty's 63d Regt. of Foot.

16. At St Roque, near Edinburgh, Alexander Colvin, eldest son of William Ainslie, Esq. of Calcutta.

18. At Castle Douglas, William Gillespie, Esq. writer there.

19. At Lilybank, Robert Mungal, Esq. in the 86th year of his age.

22. At Bandirran, Miss Drummond of Cairdrum.

— At Montrose, Mr George Sievwright of Edinburgh, in the 29th year of his age.

23. At Muirhead, Cathcart, Dr Lockhart Muirhead, Professor of Natural History in the University of Glasgow.

— At Penston, East Lothian, Andrew Cuthbertson, Esq.

25. At Funtington, Sussex, Mrs Douglas, wife of Sholto Douglas, Esq. late Consul at Tangier.

— At Killichonate, near Fort William, Mrs MacDonell, senior, at the advanced age of 90. This old lady was the last survivor of the children of MacDonell of Keppoch, who died at Culloden, and who is commemorated as the only man who displayed on that bloody field conduct worthy of the gallant name which he bore. Continuing in the full enjoyment of her faculties to the last, Mrs MacDonell retained a perfect recollection of those troublous times.

28. At No. 16, Minto Street, Newington, George Langlas Cameron, Esq. grandson of the late Donald Cameron, Esq. of Edinburgh.

Lately, Of the fever, on his passage from Sierra Leone, James, son of the late Mr James Glasgow, merchant, Leith.

— At Liverpool, John M'Cartney, M.D. many years senior physician to the Liverpool Infirmary.

— At her residence, near Lydd, Kent, Mrs Murray, aged 86, widow of General Murray.

— At his house, Lawnmarket, Mr John Fettes, late session-clerk, aged 76 years.

— At Sydney, New South Wales, Mr John Thomson, son of the late Mr John Thomson, Links, Burntisland, Fifeshire.

— In the Island of St Kitts, Edward James, Esq. barrister at law.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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PART II.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.*

We owe some apology to our readers for having permitted five numbers of this collection to appear without bestowing any formal notice, either on the scope and spirit of the design, or the character of the execution. In regard to an undertaking of such magnitude, however, we were disposed to wait until we had before us something more than a simple specimen or two—for it is an easy matter to produce a startling effect at starting—while nothing can be more difficult than to sustain the interest and influence of a real *Miscellany.* The volumes now accumulated on our table, appear to furnish a tolerable pledge that this is not one of those rash enterprises in which great booksellers so often find the means of temporary dazzle and ultimate misfortune. We perceive that the radical and fatal errors of many ambitious publishers has been avoided—in a word, that the *Family Library* is a miscellany superintended throughout by persons well acquainted with the whole field of literature, and seriously bent upon supplying what has been felt practically as a great want in the literature of our own time and country, under a sense that their own characters are at stake, no less than the pecuniary interests of their employer—and, above all, that the dearest interests of society must either be signally promoted, or lamentably injured, by those who possess the control over such an engine as circumstances have placed in their hands. Appreciating, then, the vast importance of such a scheme, if conducted at once with suitable skill and knowledge, and under the influence of salutary principles, moral, political, and religious—and recognising in these fine specimens the exertions of various and able hands, all working with one guiding object in view, and under an efficient management, we can no longer refuse to say heartily, in the agricultural language of the season, "*speed the work.*"

It will not do now-a-days to dispute about the propriety of educating the people. Here, in Scotland, any argument on that head would have been voted sheer nonsense any time these two hundred years at the least—and the universal consent of all thinking men of all parties in England, seems at length to have been spoken out to the same effect. The only practical question touches the character, tone, and tendency of the education that is demanded, and that must be given—and a most momentous question that is.

We may, perhaps, be mistaken, but it is our firm opinion and belief, that this empire is approaching another great political crisis. The very party names that have so long been household words among us, are passing into desuetude; every thing announces the time, and we think the not distant time, when two parties, and two only, shall be seen dividing the land between them—the *Conservative* and the *Revolutionary.* In the monarchy we have the prospect of short reigns and long minorities, exactly when it would apparently have been most necessary that the sceptre should be swayed with a firm hand, and on one consistent system of principles. The House of Lords has lost

* Murray. London, 1829.

more of its influence by the mean subserviency of one short session, than the boldest prophet of evil could have augured from the course of an abandoned age. The House of Commons —the very name begins to stink in the nostrils; and unless the people receive ere long the constitutional opportunity of punishing the present men, they will find the means of essentially modifying the present system. However it may end—we think no reasonable person can doubt the approach of a convulsion. That convulsion, it is our hope and prayer, may end in reinvigorating every principle of government which our fathers were used to revere—But it may find another termination; and in which way it will end, must needs depend, under the control of God's providence, on one very simple fact, namely, with which of the two contending parties the great mass of intelligence shall be found in alliance when the hour of trial comes. Amidst such circumstances, awful is the responsibility under which all that possess the means of influencing and directing the minds of multitudes of their fellow-citizens are placed. We trust that, notwithstanding some occasional levities, we have not shewn ourselves insensible to the large share of this responsibility which has devolved on ourselves; and when we see others voluntarily coming forward, under skies far darker than witnessed the commencement of our own career, to assume a burden not less heavy than ours, we consider it at once our duty and our pleasure to do whatever in us lies towards their encouragement. When we began, there were few to do by us as we are now endeavouring to do by others; and they that could have served us the most essentially, and who on every generous principle ought to have been the most anxious to serve us, were at the best silent. But let that pass.

We are very far from accusing the Whig leaders of recent times of having systematically, and in good earnest, embraced the cause of revolution. The disappointed ambition of individuals has sometimes taken that turn; and how nearly he whose name the party still adheres to escaped the gulf of *treason* at one momentous period, the historian of the next age, of whatever party he may be, will be compelled to bear witness. But the charge which all coming times will lay to the Whig leaders of this time, as a body, is that of having *paltered* with revolutionary principles for purposes exclusively their own. Being, as they perceived, excluded from all feasible hope of place and power, *regnante Georgio tertio*, they did not hesitate to endanger the constitution itself, rather than permit their personal enemies and conquerors to have the glory of guiding an undivided nation through the severest storm that has as yet shaken our national existence. Their speeches in Parliament remain on record against them—the voice of their press was still more audacious—and no wonder; for the immediate directors of that engine were, many of them, what few of their Parliamentary chiefs were, *sincere.* However, so long as George III. or rather so long as the principles of George III. remained in apparent stability, the language of the Whigs, in all departments, was quasi-revolutionary. The most selfish knot of autocrats that ever merited the suspicion of a free nation, continued during more than thirty years to play this false game—false alike to the perilled constitution on the one side, and to the deceived people on the other. A gleam of prosperity suffices to unmask them. No sooner does Mr Canning invite them to a share of the spoil, on condition of leaving the lion's lot to *him* —to him whom they had all along denounced, and with reason, as the bitterest and ablest enemy of their persons and principles—no sooner does the diseased and debased ambition of their arch-tormentor open to them one vista of the paradise of *post,* than we see them bending every effort to disentangle themselves of the ties which their recklessness had twisted around them—straining muscle and nerve, like so many Penelopes, to undo, during the eclipse of Toryism, (which they took for its extinction,) the web of political falsehood which they had woven during its day of effulgence. The events of the two last years have been on the whole disastrous—they have, however, served one good purpose—they have exposed the Whigs to the Radicals. There never was a time when any Tory publication treated the mass of the people with the tithe of the insolence which now runs through every page of the most authoritative organs of Whiggery—we

allude particularly to the Edinburgh Review, and the Times paper—the former the camel-knee d flatterer of a most corrupt oligarchy, the latter the most boisterous of all the trumpeters of a sheer military dictatorship.

These circumstances have sufficiently illustrated the honesty and simplicity of purpose of the Whig chiefs; and they have, we believe, told already, as every good citizen would wish them to tell, upon the authority and influence of those literary organs of theirs which had been in operation during the period of their hopelessness. But there is another set of organs more recently established, and therefore far less obviously stained with the traces of double-dealing, towards which, in our humble opinion, the exposed falsehood of the party should equally indispose every sincere mind—we mean their sets of *histories*, biographies, and separate scientific tracts, for the people.

That a great deal of evil or of good may be done by newspapers, magazines, reviews, and encyclopedias, we all know; but the extent to which separate books may be made the instruments either of strengthening or corrupting the public mind is another affair. There is a period at which we all thirst for facts—facts—facts; and it so happens that this is also the time in which we are most open to the infusion of opinions. Never could the arch serpent himself have devised a more cunning scheme than that of attacking systematically the principles of moral and religious truth, and political wisdom throughout a nation, by means of a series of publications pretending to convey merely elements of historical and scientific knowledge. Never was there a scheme of evil, which, if fairly set afoot, ought to have arrayed against it in more uncompromising hostility all the friends of social order, by whatever minor differences of sect and opinion divided. That such a scheme has been organized, *eo animo*, in this country, we do not assert: but we do assert, that a scheme capable of being easily and efficaciously turned to such purposes has been established among us; and we assert further, and herein we defy contradiction, that such a scheme with such capacities, has been established among us by individuals, whose conduct generally—above all, whose conduct in respect of the press—renders it impossible that any lover of the Christian religion and the British Constitution should regard them otherwise than with distrust. "Let me have the making of a people's ballads," said a profound statesman, "and make their laws who will." The age of broadsheets has gone, and that of cheap books has come: and are we to sit quietly by, while the manufacture of these is attempted to be engrossed by the same persons who have already exhibited, in every walk of literary exertion wherewith they have chanced to meddle, the power and the will of serving any purposes of their own at any cost?

Some day or other we shall assuredly write a long article upon the faults and follies of the modern Tories. Their natural enemies never will attack them on the true points—but we shall; and one of the chief topics must unquestionably be their abominable sluggishness. It is very right that the defensive party should be quiescent in comparison with the offensive; but it is one thing to avoid making unnecessary noise and shew, and another, and a very different thing, to shrink, as long as it is possible to do so, from every necessary exertion. Such, on a thousand points of the most serious importance, has been the rule of their tactics in our own time; and the nation, as well as the party, have ere now tasted the bitter fruits of this perverseness. They have permitted the enemy to take the initiative in fifty measures, of which the propriety, nay, the necessity, was known to themselves at least as early as to any others! At the commencement of this century, there was not one man of literary eminence in Great Britain, who did not feel the need of some reviving stimulus in the field of criticism; yet we all know how long the Edinburgh Review was allowed to spread its roots, before the friends of their country were roused to counteract it by establishing a rival journal, employing equal talent and far superior learning on the other side of every great question of the time. Then there came the scheme of an University in London. It consists with our knowledge, that the necessity of furnishing the means of some more regular education to the youth of the metropolis was pointed out, and a complete plan for the accomplishment of this purpose

drawn up and submitted to the heads both of the Government and the Church by a *Tory*, years before any such design had been hinted at by any Whig in England. It was impossible, however, to move the guardians of our constitution in church and state to the slightest exertion in this matter, until Mr Brougham had shewn them his Gower-street machinery in active operation; and even to this hour we do not believe that much progress has been made in the organization of King's College. Then came the cheap-book system—the apparatus of pocket libraries and miscellanies. We are assured, that five years ago, an attempt was made to institute a society in London, for the purpose of publishing a series of works of this order, under the control of persons recognised as possessing, along with every literary and scientific qualification, the thorough confidence of the heads of both the Church, and the Law, and the Government. This proposal, too, was received with languid and listless approbation; the hearts of the projectors sunk, and the enemy had started, or was about to start, not less than four separate engines of this class, before the Tory *vis inertiæ* was effectually stirred—and THE FAMILY LIBRARY made its first appearance.

On the other hand, it is consolatory to observe, that slow as the Tories are about meddling with any thing new, they have very seldom overcome this initiatory reluctance, without overtaking, almost at a bound, those whose motions they ought to have anticipated. The King's College appears as yet to furnish an exception. We hope it will soon cease to do so. But the rule was never more clearly and triumphantly exemplified than in the rapid and decisive success of the first *Tory* series of cheap books.

Nothing could be further from our wish than to see the Tories condescending to write party pamphlets under the pretext of furnishing the people, and especially the young people, of this country, with a series of histories, biographies, and elementary scientific treatises. The volumes before us do not betray the most remote intention of any thing of the kind: on the contrary, they exhibit a spirit of calm and impartial fairness which has commanded the eulogy of the Whigs themselves, from Caithness to Cornwall. What we desire is, not to see an engine of this kind operating strenuously on our side of the question, but that we should see all engines of this kind prevented from operating against us throughout the land—a fair field here, as everywhere else, and no favour. We are now pretty well assured that the managers of this new machinery, of whatever party, will perceive the necessity of attending strictly to the avowed objects of their respective undertakings. After this example, the attempt to convert popular histories into the vehicles of popular delusion and deceit, would hardly have much chance to be tolerated, whether by Tory, by Whig, or by Radical.

If the main object in beginning with a history of Napoleon Buonaparte was to destroy at once all suspicion of vulgar views of partisanship in the conduct of the series, the choice was judicious. It was taken for granted that a life of the Imperial Adventurer, issuing from such a quarter, must, of course, be a tissue of vituperation. On the contrary, this little book has been lauded by all parties equally, and most justly, for the tone of grave and generous candour which it maintains throughout. It would be idle in us *now* to expatiate on a work which has been largely quoted and warmly commended in, we think, every newspaper printed in this country, and in half the Continental journals besides—which has already been reprinted in America, and translated into at least three foreign languages in the short space of three months. It is, in truth, a masterly epitome of all that has been *proved* to be true concerning the career of the most extraordinary man of the last thousand years—and, as there existed no previous epitome at all of this story in the English language, its success would, no doubt, have been great, even had its execution been far below the mark that has been aimed at and reached. We never met with more solid information compressed within so small a space; and yet the brevity of the style never runs into obscurity. On the contrary, we should be much at a loss to point out such another specimen of narrative clearness in the whole range of contemporary literature. The arrangement throughout is strictly *chronological*, and yet, with such practised skill have the parts been put together,

that we do not remember experiencing the jolt of one harsh transition from the first page to the last. The whole-length details of the story were, of course, out of the question—yet the language is often as picturesque as it is uniform and concise; and, on the whole, we doubt whether a more *lively* impression of the man and his *deeds* will ever be conveyed in any work of six times the length, or of a hundred times the pretension. If the author will be at the pains to interweave, in successive editions, such new illustrations and anecdotes as are likely to be furnished by the fast-following *Memoirs* of the French press, this text will stand its ground—*for our time.* Some of the numerous engravings introduced are of great merit, especially three after the designs of George Cruikshank; but, laying these embellishments out of the question, two volumes so rich in information and interest, so sure to be devoured by youth, and so worthy to be consulted by the maturest reader—price ten shillings—would constitute certainly one of the cheapest of all possible cheap books. Whoever the writer may be, he is a thorough master of his craft; and if diligence to collect materials, sagacity and sensibility to appreciate them, and the command of style equally remarkable for strength and elasticity, be sufficient to ensure success in Biography—the Family Library cannot employ his pen too frequently in this most delightful, and, perhaps, most instructive of its departments.

Of a work already so widely known it would be ridiculous to multiply specimens in these pages; but one passage will be complained of by no one: "Nunc legant qui nunquam legebant, quique legebant nunc legant." We have readers in regions to which even the cheapest *books* do not easily find their way—and in many an Indian cantonment the striking paragraphs which follow will be perused for the first time on *our* page. After narrating the arrival of Napoleon in the island of Elba, in company with the Austrian and English Commissioners, Baron Kohler and Sir Neil Campbell, the biographer proceeds thus:—

"He continued for some time to treat both of these gentlemen with every mark of distinction, and even cordiality: made them the companions of his table and excursions; and conversed with apparent openness and candour on the past, the present, and the future. 'There is but one people in the world,' said he to Colonel Campbell—'the English—the rest are only so many populaces. I tried to raise the French to your level of sentiment, and, failing to do so, fell of course. I am now politically dead to Europe. Let me do what I can for Elba. . . . . It must be confessed,' said he, having climbed the hill above Ferraio, from whence he could look down on the whole of his territory, as on a map—'it must be confessed,' said the Emperor, smiling, 'that my island is very small.'

"The island, however, was his; and, as on the eye itself, a very small object near at hand fills a much greater space than the largest which is distant, so, in the mind of Napoleon, that was always of most importance in which his personal interests happened for the time to be most concerned. The island—mountainous and rocky, for the most part barren, and of a circumference not beyond sixty miles—was his; and the Emperor forthwith devoted to Elba the same anxious care and industry which had sufficed for the whole affairs of France, and the superintendence and control of half Europe besides. He, in less than three weeks, had explored every corner of the island, and projected more improvements of all sorts than would have occupied a long life-time to complete. He even extended his empire by sending some dozen or two of his soldiers to take possession of a small adjacent islet, hitherto left unoccupied for fear of corsairs. He established four different residences at different corners of Elba, and was continually in motion from one to another of them. Wherever he was, in houses neither so large nor so well furnished as many English gentlemen are used to inhabit, all the etiquettes of the Tuileries were, as far as possible, adhered to; and Napoleon's eight or nine hundred veterans were reviewed as frequently and formally as if they had been the army of Austerlitz or of Moscow. His presence gave a new stimulus to the trade and industry of the islanders; the small port of Ferraio was crowded with vessels from the opposite coasts of Italy; and such was still the power of his name, that the new flag of Elba, (covered with Napoleon's *bees*) traversed with impunity the seas most infested with the Moorish pirates.

"Buonaparte's eagerness as to architectural and other improvements was, ere long, however, checked in a manner suf-

ficiently new to him—namely, by the want of money. The taxes of the island were summarily increased; but this gave rise to discontent among the Elbese, without replenishing at all adequately the Emperor's exchequer. Had the French government paid his pension in advance, or at least quarterly, as it fell due, even that would have borne a slender proportion to the demands of his magnificent imagination. But Napoleon received no money whatever from the Bourbon court; and his complaints on this head were unjustly, and unwisely, neglected. These new troubles embittered the spirit of Buonaparte; and, the first excitement of novelty being over, he sank into a state of comparative indolence, and apparently of listless dejection; from which, however, he was, ere long, to be roused effectually, by the course of events in that great kingdom, almost in sight of whose shores he had been most injudiciously permitted to preserve the shadow of sovereign state.

"Louis XVIII., advanced in years, gross and infirm in person, and devoted to the luxuries of the table, was, in spite of considerable talents and accomplishments, and a sincere desire to conciliate the affections, by promoting the interests of all orders of his people, but ill adapted for occupying, in such trying times, the throne which, even amidst all the blaze of genius and victory, Napoleon had at best found uneasy and insecure.* The King himself was, perhaps, less unpopular than almost any other member of his family; but it was his fatal misfortune, that while, on the whole, every day increased the bitterness of those who had never been sincerely his friends, it tended to chill the affections of the royalists who had partaken his exile, or laboured, ere success was probable, for his return.

"Louis had been called to the throne by the French senate, in a decree which at the same time declared the legislative constitution as composed of a hereditary sovereign and two houses of assembly, to be fixed and unchangeable; which confirmed the rights of all who had obtained property in consequence of the events of the Revolution, and the titles and orders conferred by Buonaparte; in a word, which summoned the Bourbon to ascend the throne of Napoleon—on condition that he should preserve that political system which Napoleon had violated. Louis, however, though he proceeded to France on this invitation, did not hesitate to date his first act in the twentieth year of his reign; and though he issued a charter, conferring, as from his own free will, every privilege which the senate claimed for themselves and the nation, this mode of commencement could not fail to give deep offence to those, not originally of his party, who had consented to his recall. These men saw, in such assumptions, the traces of those old doctrines of *divine right*, which they had through life abhorred and combated; and asked why, if all their privileges were but the gifts of the King, they might not, on any tempting opportunity, be withdrawn by the same authority? They, whose possessions and titles had all been won since the death of Louis XVI., were startled when they found, that according to the royal doctrine, there had been no legitimate government all that while in France. The exiled nobles, meanwhile, were naturally the personal friends and companions of the restored princes: their illustrious names, and we must add, their superior manners, could not fail to excite unpleasant feelings among the new-made dukes and counts of Napoleon. Among themselves it was no wonder that expectations were cherished, and even avowed, of recovering gradually, if not rapidly, the estates of which the Revolution had deprived them. The churchmen, who had never gone heartily into Napoleon's ecclesiastical arrangements, sided, of course, with these impoverished and haughty lords; and, in a word, the first tumult of the restoration being over, the troops of the Allies withdrawn, and the memory of recent sufferings and disasters beginning to wax dim amidst the vainest and most volatile of nations, there were abundant elements of discontent afloat among all those classes who had originally approved of, or profited by, the revolution of 1792.

"Of these the most powerful and dangerous remains to be noticed; and, indeed, had the Bourbons adopted judicious measures concerning *the army*, it is very probable that the alarms of the other classes now alluded to, might have ere long subsided. The Allies, in the moment of universal delight and conciliation, restored at once, and without stipulation,

* When the King first came to Paris, there appeared a caricature representing an eagle flying away from the Tuileries, and a brood of porkers entering the gate; and his Majesty was commonly called by the rabble, not Louis *dix huit*, but Louis *Cochon*, (the pig,) or Louis *des huitres*, (of the oysters.)

the whole of the prisoners who had fallen into their hands during the war. At least 150,000 veteran soldiers of Buonaparte were thus poured into France ere Louis was well seated on the throne; men, the greater part of whom had witnessed nothing of the late disastrous campaigns; who had sustained themselves in their exile by brooding over the earlier victories in which themselves had had a part; and who now, returning fresh and vigorous to their native soil, had but one answer to every tale of misfortune which met them: 'These things could never have happened had we been here.'

"The Allies, in their anxiety to procure for Louis XVIII. a warm reception among the French, had been led into other mistakes, which all tended to the same issue. They had (with some exceptions on the part of Prussia) left the pictures and statues, the trophies of Napoleon's conquests, untouched in the Louvre—they had not even disturbed the monuments erected in commemoration of their own disgraces. These instances of forbearance were now attributed by the fierce and haughty soldiery of Buonaparte to the lingering influence of that terror which their own arms, under his guidance, had been accustomed to inspire. Lastly, the concessions to Napoleon himself of his imperial title, and an independent sovereignty almost within view of France, were interpreted in the same fashion by these habitual worshippers of his renown. The restored king, on his part, was anxious about nothing so much as to conciliate the affections of the army. With this view he kept together bands which, long accustomed to all the license of warfare, would hardly have submitted to peace even under Napoleon himself. Even the Imperial Guard, those chosen and devoted children of the Emperor, were maintained entire on their old establishment; the Legion of Honour was continued as before; the war ministry was given to Soult, the ablest, in common estimation, of Buonaparte's surviving marshals; and the other officers of that high rank were loaded with every mark of royal consideration. But these arrangements only swelled the presumption of those whose attachment they were meant to secure. It was hardly possible that the King of France should have given no military appointments among the nobles who had partaken his exile. He gave them so few, that they, as a body, began to murmur ere the reign was a month old: but he gave enough to call up insolent reclamations among those proud legionaries, who, in every royalist, beheld an emblem of the temporary humiliation of their own caste. When, without dissolving or weakening the Imperial (now *Royal*) Guard, he formed a body of household troops, composed of *gentlemen*, and intrusted them with the immediate attendance on his person and court, this was considered as a heinous insult; and when the King bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honour on persons who would have much preferred that of St Louis, the only comment that obtained among the warriors of Austerlitz and Friedland was, that which ascribed to the Bourbons a settled design of degrading the decoration which they had purchased with their blood.

"In a word, the French soldiery remained cantoned in the country in a temper stern, gloomy, and sullen; jealous of the Prince whose bread they were eating; eager to wipe out the memory of recent disasters in new victories; and cherishing more and more deeply the notion (not perhaps unfounded) that had Napoleon not been betrayed at home, no foreigners could ever have hurled him from his throne. Nor could such sentiments fail to be partaken, more or less, by the officers of every rank who had served under Buonaparte. They felt, almost universally, that it must be the policy of the Bourbons to promote, as far as possible, others rather than themselves. And even as to those of the very highest class—could any peaceful honours compensate, to such spirits as Ney and Soult, for a revolution, that for ever shrouded in darkness the glittering prizes on which Napoleon had encouraged them to speculate? Were the comrades of Murat and Bernadotte to sit down in contentment as peers of France, among the Montmorencies and the Rohans, who considered them at the best as lowborn intruders, and scorned, in private society, to acknowledge them as members of their order? If we take into account the numerous personal adherents whom the Imperial government, with all the faults of its chiefs, must have possessed—and the political humiliation of France in the eyes of all Europe, as well as of the French people themselves, immediately connected with the disappearance of Napoleon—we shall have some faint conception of that mass of multifarious griefs and resentments, in the midst of which the unwieldy and inactive Louis occupied, ere long, a most unenviable throne—and on which the eagle-eyed Exile of Elba gazed with reviving hope, even before the summer of 1814 had reached its close."

The above is a fair specimen of the

compact narrative and sagacious remarks of the author. The story deepens into more and more intense interest as it approaches the close; but we must content ourselves with quoting the concluding paragraphs.

"Napoleon confessed more than once at Longwood, that he owed his downfall to nothing but the extravagance of his own errors. 'It must be owned,' said he, 'that fortune spoiled me. Ere I was thirty years of age, I found myself invested with great power, and the mover of great events.' No one, indeed, can hope to judge him fairly, either in the brilliancy of his day, or the troubled darkness of his evening, who does not task imagination to conceive the natural effects, on a temperament and genius so fiery and daring, of that almost instantaneous transition from poverty and obscurity to the summit of fame, fortune, and power. The blaze which dazzled other men's eyes, had fatal influence on his. He began to believe that there was something superhuman in his own faculties, and that he was privileged to deny that any laws were made for him. Obligations by which he expected all besides to be fettered, he considered himself entitled to snap and trample. He became a deity to himself; and expected mankind not merely to submit to, but to admire and reverence, the actions of a demon. Well says the Poet,

"'Oh! more or less than man—in high or low,
Battling with nations, flying from the field;
Now making monarchs' necks thy footstool, now
More than thy meanest soldier taught to yield;
An empire thou couldst crush, command, rebuild,
But govern not thy pettiest passion, nor,
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,
Look through thine own—nor curb the lust of war,
Nor learn that tempted fate will leave the loftiest star.'

"His heart was naturally cold. His school-companion, who was afterwards his secretary, M. de Bourienne, confesses that, even in the spring of youth, he was very little disposed to form friendships. To say that he was incapable of such feelings, or that he really never had a friend, would be to deny to him any part in the nature and destiny of his species. —No one ever dared to be altogether alone in the world.—But we doubt if any man ever passed through life, sympathizing so slightly with mankind; and the most wonderful part of his story is, the intensity of sway which he exerted over the minds of those in whom he so seldom permitted himself to contemplate any thing more than the tools of his own ambition. So great a spirit must have had glimpses of whatever adorns and dignifies the character of man. But with him the feelings which bind love played only on the surface—leaving the abyss of selfishness untouched. His one instrument of power was genius; hence his influence was greatest amongst those who had little access to observe, closely and leisurely, the minutenesses of his personal character and demeanour. The exceptions to this rule were very few.

"Pride and vanity were strangely mingled in his composition. Who does not pity the noble chamberlain that confesses his blood to have run cold when he heard Napoleon—seated at dinner at Dresden among a circle of crowned heads—begin a story with, *when I was a lieutenant in the regiment of La Fere?* Who does not pity Napoleon when he is heard speaking of some decorations in the Tuileries, as having taken place 'in the time of the king, my uncle?'*

"This last weakness was the main engine of his overthrow. When he condescended to mimic all the established etiquettes of feudal monarchy—when he coined titles, and lavished stars, and sought to melt his family into the small circle of hereditary princes—he adopted the surest means which could have been devised for alienating from himself the affections of all the men of the revolution, the army alone excepted, and for reanimating the hopes and exertions of the Bourbonists. It is clear that thenceforth he leaned almost wholly on the soldiery. No civil changes could after this affect his real position. Oaths and vows, charters and concessions, all were alike in vain. When the army was humbled and weakened in 1814, he fell from his throne, without one voice being lifted up in his favour. The army was no sooner strengthened, and re-encouraged, than it recalled him. He reascended the giddy height, with the daring step of a hero, and professed his desire to scatter from it nothing but justice and mercy. But no man trusted his words. His army was ruined at Waterloo; and the brief day of the second reign passed, without a twilight, into midnight.

"We are not yet far enough from Buonaparte to estimate the effects of his career. He recast the art of war; and was conquered in the end by men who had caught wisdom and inspiration from his own campaigns. He gave both permanency and breadth to the influence of the French Revolution. His reign, short as

* Louis XVI.!

it was, was sufficient to make it impossible that the offensive privileges of *caste* should ever be revived in France; and, this iniquity being once removed, there could be little doubt that such a nation would gradually acquire possession of a body of institutions worthy of its intelligence. Napoleon was as essentially, and irreclaimably, a despot, as a warrior; but his successor, whether a Bourbon or a Buonaparte, was likely to be a constitutional sovereign. The tyranny of a meaner hand would not have been endured after that precedent.

"On Europe at large he has left traces of his empire, not less marked or important. He broke down the barriers everywhere of custom and prejudice; and revolutionized the spirit of the Continent. His successes, and his double downfall, taught absolute princes their weakness, and injured nations their strength. Such hurricanes of passion as the French Revolution—such sweeping scourges of mankind as Napoleon Buonaparte—are not permitted, but as the avengers of great evils, and the harbingers of great good. Of the influence of both, as regards the Continent, it may be safely said—that even now we have seen only 'the beginning of the end.' The reigning sovereigns of Europe are, with rare exceptions, benevolent and humane men; and their subjects, no less than they, ought to remember the lesson of all history—that violent and sudden changes, in the structure of social and political order, have never yet occurred, without inflicting utter misery upon at least one generation.

"It was England that fought the great battle throughout, on the same principle, without flinching; and, but for her perseverance, all the rest would have struggled in vain. It is to be hoped that the British nation will continue to see, and to reverence, in the contest and in its result, the immeasurable advantages which the sober strength of a free but fixed constitution possesses over the mad energies of anarchy on the one hand, and, on the other, over all that despotic selfishness can effect, even under the guidance of the most consummate genius."

The second work included in this collection is a Life of Alexander the Great, written by the Reverend John Williams, (of Balliol College, Oxford,) the well-known founder and head of the New Edinburgh Academy, and written in a manner worthy of his high scholastic reputation. The Rector has no need of our testimony to the depth of his classical learning, or to his soundness and vigour of understanding,—without which no man ever was or will be an eminently successful teacher of youth. He has displayed felicitously in this volume both the natural and acquired endowments of his mind—filled a blank in the historical library—furnished the schoolmaster, and also the schoolboy, whether at home or abroad, with a capital manual—and, in a word, given every citizen of Modern Athens new reason for rejoicing in the knowledge that he is once more established among us. He has brought a shrewd understanding of the nineteenth century, and all the lights of recent European reading, together with not a little Asiatic lore, both curious and instructive, to bear upon the life and actions of the immortal Macedonian; and unless there should be some unlooked-for burst of light from Oriental sources, there will never, in as far as we can see, be the smallest occasion for writing this story over again. We think the narrative might be even more compressed; and we are sure the author could amend the style in the course of a careful revision. The language is full of muscle and vigour; but there is a considerable deficiency of ease and grace, which indeed are seldom acquired by any one without much more practice in writing than the professional labours of Mr Williams can be supposed to have left room for. Burns said of his friend William Nicoll, one day, when that worthy High-School master was walking somewhat in advance of the poet—"He has a strong inknee'd sort of a soul." If we might venture to employ a similar sort of metaphor on this occasion, we should say that the Rector of the New Edinburgh Academy "has a strong bandy-legged sort of style." We present, as a specimen, his account of the education of his hero,—a part of the subject which he may be expected to treat *con amore.*

"Nothing certain is known respecting the infancy and childhood of Alexander. The letter which Philip is supposed to have written to Aristotle on the birth of the prince, is, I fear, a forgery. For it is rather incompatible with the fact, that Aristotle did not take the immediate charge of his duties until his pupil had attained his fifteenth year. But as the philosopher's father had been the favour-

ite physician in the Macedonian court, it is not unlikely that even the earlier years of the prince were under the superintendence of his great preceptor, and that his primary education was conducted according to his suggestions. If such was the case, we can easily deduce the principles on which both the earlier and more mature education of Alexander was conducted, from Aristotle's Treatise on Politics, where they are developed.

" He divides a regular course of education into three parts. The first comprises the period from the birth to the completion of the seventh year. The second from the commencement of the eighth to the completion of the eighteenth year, and the third from the eighteenth to the twenty-first.

" According to Aristotle, more care should be taken of the body than of the mind for the first seven years: strict attention to diet be enforced, and the infant from his infancy habituated to bear cold. This habit is attainable either by cold bathing or light clothing. The eye and ear of the child should be most watchfully and severely guarded against contamination of every kind, and unrestrained communication with servants be strictly prevented. Even his amusements should be under due regulation, and rendered as interesting and intellectual as possible.

" It must always remain doubtful, how far Olympias would allow such excellent precepts to be put in execution. But it is recorded that Leonnatus, the governor of the young prince, was an austere man, of great severity of manner, and not likely to relax any adopted rules. He was also a relation of Olympias, and as such might doubtless enforce a system upon which no stranger would be allowed to act. The great strength, agility, and hardy habits of Alexander, are the best proofs that this part of his education was not neglected, and his lasting affection for his noble nurse Lannice, the daughter of Dropidas, proves also that it was conducted with gentleness and affection.

" The intellectual education of Alexander would, on Aristotle's plan, commence with his eighth year. About this period of his life, Lysimachus, an Acarnanian, was appointed his preceptor. Plutarch gives him an unfavourable character, and insinuates that he was more desirous to ingratiate himself with the royal family, than effectually to discharge the duties of his office. It was his delight to call Philip, Peleus; Alexander Achilles, and to claim for himself the honorary name of Phœnix. Early impressions are the strongest, and even the pedantic allusions of the Acarnanian might render the young prince more eager to imitate his Homeric model.

" Aristotle mentions four principal branches of education as belonging to the first part of the middle period. These are literature, gymnastics, music, and painting, of which writing formed a subordinate branch. As the treatise on politics was left in an unfinished state, we have no means of defining what was comprehended under his general term literature; but commencing with reading and the principles of grammar, it apparently included composition in verse and prose, and the study of the historians and poets of Greece. During this period the lighter gymnastics alone were to be introduced, and especially such exercises as are best calculated to promote gracefulness of manner and personal activity. Aristotle had strong objections to the more violent exertions of the gymnasium during early life, as he considered them injurious to the growth of the body, and to the future strength of the adult. In proof of this he adduces the conclusive fact, that, in the long list of Olympic victors, only two, or, at most, three instances had occurred in which the same person had proved victor in youth and in manhood. Premature training and over-exertion he, therefore, regarded as injurious to the constitution.

" Not only the theory of painting, but also a certain skill in handling the pencil, was to be acquired. Aristotle regarded this elegant art as peculiarly conducing to create a habit of order and arrangement, and to impress the mind with a feeling of the beautiful.

" Music both in theory and practice, vocal and instrumental, was considered by him as a necessary part of education, on account of the soothing and purifying effects of simple melodies, and because men, wearied with more serious pursuits, require an elegant and innocent recreation. By way of illustration, he adds that music is to the man what the rattle is to the child. Such were the studies that occupied the attention of the youthful Alexander between the seventh and fourteenth year of his age. When he was in his eleventh year, Demosthenes, Æschines, and eight other leading Athenians, visited his father's court as ambassadors, and Philip was so proud of the proficiency of his son, that he ventured to exhibit him before these arbiters of taste. The young prince gave specimens of his skill in playing on the harp, in declamation, and in reciting a dramatic dialogue with one of his youthful compa-

nions. But if we can believe Æschines, Demosthenes was particularly severe on the false accents and Dorian intonations of the noble boy.

"In his fifteenth year he was placed under the immediate tuition of the great philosopher, according to whose advice I have supposed his earlier education to have been conducted. In the year B. C. 342, Aristotle joined his illustrious pupil, and did not finally quit him until he passed over into Asia.

"The master was worthy of his pupil, and the pupil of his master. The mental stores of Aristotle were vast, and all arranged with admirable accuracy and judgment. His style of speaking and writing pure, clear, and precise; and his industry in accumulating particular facts, only equalled by his sagacity in drawing general inferences. Alexander was gifted with great quickness of apprehension, an insatiable desire of knowledge, and an ambition not to be satisfied with the second place in any pursuit.

"Such a pupil under such a master must soon have acquired a sufficient knowledge of those branches described before, as occupying the middle period of education. He would then enter on the final course intended for the completion of his literary studies. This comprehended what Aristotle calls Matheses, and included the branches of human learning arranged at present under the general term mathematics. To these, as far as they could be scientifically treated, were added moral philosophy, logic, rhetoric, the art of poetry, the theory of political government, and the more evident principles of natural philosophy. On these subjects we still possess treatises written by Aristotle, in the first place most probably for the use of his pupil, and afterwards published for the public benefit.

* * * *

"But the great object of Aristotle was to render his pupil an accomplished statesman, and to qualify him to govern with wisdom, firmness, and justice, the great empire destined to be inherited and acquired by him. It was his province to impress deeply upon his mind the truths of moral philosophy, to habituate him to practise its precepts, to store his mind with historical facts, to teach him how to draw useful inferences from them, and to explain the means best calculated to promote the improvement and increase the stability of empires.

"It is difficult to say what were the religious opinions inculcated by Aristotle on his pupil's mind. In their effects they were decided and tolerant. We may therefore conclude that they were the same as are expressed by Aristotle, who maintained the universality of the Deity, and the manifestation of his power and will under various forms in various countries.

"As in modern, so in ancient times, great differences of opinion prevailed on the subject of education. Some directed their attention principally to the conduct of the intellect, others to the formation of moral feelings and habits, and a third party appeared more anxious to improve the carriage and strengthen the body by healthful exercise than to enlighten the mind. Aristotle's plan was to unite the three systems, and to make them cooperate in the formation of the perfect character, called in Greek, the *καλος και αγαθος*. In truth, no talents can compensate for the want of moral worth; and good intentions, separated from talents, often inflict the deepest injuries, while their possessor wishes to confer the greatest benefits on mankind. Nor can it be doubted, that a sound constitution, elegance of manner, and gracefulness of person, are most useful auxiliaries in carrying into effect measures emanating from virtuous principles, and conducted by superior talents.

"It is not to be supposed that Aristotle wished to instruct his pupil deeply in all the above-mentioned branches of education. He expressly states, that the liberally-educated man, or the perfect gentleman, should not be profoundly scientific, because a course of general knowledge, and what we call polite literature, is more beneficial to the mind than a complete proficiency in one or more sciences; a proficiency not to be acquired without a disproportionate sacrifice of time and labour.

"It was also one of Aristotle's maxims that the education should vary according to the destination of the pupil in future life; that is, supposing him to be a gentleman, whether he was to devote himself to a life of action, or of contemplation. Whether he was to engage in the busy scenes of the world, and plunge amidst the contentions and struggles of political warfare, or to live apart from active life in philosophic enjoyments and contemplative retirement. Although the philosopher gave the preference to the latter mode of living, he well knew that his pupil must be prepared for the former; for the throne of Macedonia could not be retained by a monarch devoted to elegant ease, literary pursuits, and refined enjoyments. The successor

of Philip ought to possess the power of reasoning accurately, acting decisively, and expressing his ideas with perspicuity, elegance, and energy."

The geography and chronology of Alexander's campaigns have received a flood of new light from Mr Williams's labours, and the whole story is told in a manner alike calculated to gratify the curiosity and stimulate the reflection of the youthful reader.

We, who now hold the pen, do not pretend to be deeply skilled in the mysteries of the fine arts—although we have long been numbered among the members of the Athenian Dilettanti. We shall not, therefore, enter upon any account of No. IV. of the Family Library, which is the first volume of "Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," (to be completed in three volumes,) by Allan Cunningham. All that we can answer for is, that the biographies included in this first volume are very interesting reading—the result apparently of much diligence—abounding certainly in masculine views and opinions, shrewd, terse common sense, and last, not least to our taste, in quiet graphic humour. The poet peeps out, as is fair and proper, here and there; but, on the whole, the style presents, in its subdued and compact simplicity, a striking and laudable contrast to the so often prolix and over-adorned prose of Mr Cunningham's romances. He may depend upon it that he has hit the right key here; and we earnestly recommend to him, in the prosecution of his task, to act on the advice which Dr Johnson once bestowed on a young Cantabrigian author, who had submitted a MS. to his inspection: "Read your book carefully over a month or two hence," quoth the Doctor, "and whenever you come to a passage which strikes you as particularly fine, score it out." The steel engravings of Hogarth and Reynolds in this volume are exquisitely beautiful, and themselves well worth the five shillings it costs. As for the woodcuts, we can only express our humble suspicion, that that of "the Harlot's Progress," Scene II., which ought *not* to have been given for another reason, is the only one which reflects any sort of credit on the artist. Mere outlines on steel would cost less, and be far more satisfactory, than such attempts to convey the effect of finished paintings by the tools of the box-cutter.

We come now to the fifth Number of this collection—the last that has been put forth—and we think the best—being the first volume of "The History of the Jews," (to be completed in three volumes,) by the Rev. H. H. Milman. This is by far the most important subject which has as yet been opened in the Family Library—and the editors have been most fortunate in engaging on it the pen of a scholar, both classical and scriptural, and so elegant and powerful a writer, as the Poetry Professor. We shall not pretend to criticise in detail a work, of which only one-third part is before us; but we hazard nothing in saying, that high as Mr Milman's reputation has for some years been, it will at once be more than doubled by this volume. *Ars est celare artem*—and rarely has profound research been disguised under a more charming appearance of easy and rapid eloquence. Subjects familiar to us from infancy are treated so as to possess all the interest of novelty—questions, which have exercised the wits of controversialists through a long succession of ages, are presented with a simplicity and clearness calculated to captivate the youngest reader—the whole narrative finding space for the richest detail, and yet condensed into most pregnant brevity, breathes at once the warm imagination of a poet, the piety of a ripe and sober divine, and the expansive liberality of a philosophical understanding. Few theological works of this order (if it be completed as it is begun) have appeared either in ours or in any other language. To the Christian reader of every age and sex—and we may add of every sect—it will be a source of the purest delight, instruction, and comfort; and of the infidels who open it merely that they may not remain in ignorance of a work placed by general consent in the rank of an English classic, is there not every reason to hope that many will lay it down in a far different mood?

This first volume brings down the history of the Hebrew people to the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, in the year before Christ 587. The second volume, we presume, includes the period between that calamity and the final catastrophe of the

Holy City under Titus; the third, the history of the dispersion to the present time. A subject so pregnant with every element of interest, the world could not produce—and high indeed will be the reward of this writer, if he be spared to the completion of the task.

"The Jews," he says, "without reference to their religious belief, are among the most remarkable people in the annals of mankind. Sprung from one stock, they pass the infancy of their nation in a state of servitude in a foreign country, where, nevertheless, they increase so rapidly, as to appear on a sudden the fierce and irresistible conquerors of their native valleys in Palestine. There they settle down under a form of government and code of laws totally unlike those of any other rude or civilized community. They sustain a long and doubtful conflict, sometimes enslaved, sometimes victorious, with the neighbouring tribes. At length, united under one monarchy, they gradually rise to the rank of a powerful, opulent, and commercial people. Subsequently weakened by internal discord, they are overwhelmed by the vast monarchies which arose on the banks of the Euphrates, and transplanted into a foreign region. They are partially restored, by the generosity or policy of the Eastern sovereigns, to their native land. They are engaged in wars of the most romantic gallantry, in assertion of their independence, against the Syro-Grecian successors of Alexander. Under Herod, they rise to a second era of splendour, as a dependent kingdom of Rome: finally, they make the last desperate resistance to the universal dominion of the Cæsars. Scattered from that period over the face of the earth—hated, scorned, and oppressed, they subsist, a numerous and often a thriving people; and in all the changes of manners and opinions retain their ancient institutions, their national character, and their indelible hope of restoration to grandeur and happiness in their native land. Thus the history of this, perhaps the only unmingled race, which can boast of high antiquity, leads us through every gradation of society, and brings us into contact with almost every nation which commands our interest in the ancient world; the migratory pastoral population of Asia; Egypt, the mysterious parent of arts, science, and legislation; the Arabian Desert; the Hebrew theocracy under the form of a federative agricultural republic, their kingdom powerful in war and splendid in peace; Babylon, in its magnificence and downfall; Grecian arts and luxury endeavouring to force an unnatural refinement within the pale of the rigid Mosaic institutions; Roman arms waging an exterminating war with the independence even of the smallest states; it descends, at length, to all the changes in the social state of the modern European and Asiatic nations.

"The religious history of this people is no less singular. In the narrow slip of land inhabited by their tribes, the worship of one Almighty Creator of the Universe subsisted, as in its only sanctuary. In every stage of society, under the pastoral tent of Abraham, and in the sumptuous temple of Solomon, the same creed maintains its inviolable simplicity. During their long intercourse with foreign nations in Egypt and Babylon, though the primitive habits and character of the Hebrew nation were greatly modified, and perhaps some theological notions engrafted on their original tenets, this primary distinction still remains; after several periods of almost total apostasy, it revives in all its vigour. Nor is this merely a sublime speculative tenet,—it is the basis of their civil constitution, and their national character. As there is but one Almighty God, so there is but one people under his especial protection, the descendants of Abraham. Hence their civil and religious history are inseparable. The God of the chosen people is their temporal as well as spiritual sovereign; he is not merely their legislator, but also the administrator of their laws. Their land is his gift, held from him, as from a feudal liege-lord, on certain conditions. He is their leader in war, their counsellor in peace. Their happiness or adversity, national as well as individual, depends solely and immediately on their maintenance or neglect of the divine institutions. Such was the common popular religion of the Jews, as it appears in all their records, in their law, their history, their poetry, and their moral philosophy. Hence, to the mere speculative enquirer, the study of the human race presents no phenomenon so singular as the character of this extraordinary people; to the Christian, no chapter in the history of mankind can be more instructive or important, than that which contains the rise, progress, and downfall of his religious ancestors."

We must gratify our readers with some larger specimens of this masterly work; but it is no easy matter to select where any one chapter would be sufficiently acceptable. Perhaps we need not look farther than the following general reflections on the state of society described in the *Patriarchal* history.

"Mankind appears in its infancy, gradually extending its occupancy over regions, either entirely unappropriated, or as yet so recently and thinly peopled, as to admit, without resistance, the new swarms of settlers, which seem to spread from the birthplace of the human race, the plains of Central Asia. They are peaceful pastoral nomads, travelling on their camels, the ass the only other beast of burden; the horse appears to have been unknown—fortunately, perhaps, for themselves and their neighbours—for the possession of that animal seems fatal to habits of peace. The nomads, who are horsemen, are almost always marauders. The power of sweeping rapidly over a wide district, and retreating as speedily, offers irresistible temptation to a people of roaming and unsettled habits. But the unenterprising shepherds, from whom the Hebrew tribe descended, move onward as their convenience or necessity require, or as richer pastures attract their notice. Wherever they settle, they sink wells, and thus render unpeopled districts habitable. It is still more curious to observe how the progress of improvement is incidentally betrayed in the summary account of the ancient record. Abraham finds no impediment to his settling wherever fertile pastures invite him to pitch his camp. It is only a place of burial, in which he thinks of securing a proprietary right. Jacob, on the contrary, purchases a field to pitch his tent. When Abraham is exposed to famine, he appears to have had no means of supply but to go down himself to Egypt. In the time of Jacob, a regular traffic in corn existed between the two countries, and caravansaries were established on the way. Trading caravans had likewise begun to traverse the Arabian deserts, with the spices and other products of the East, and with slaves, which they imported into Egypt. Among the simpler nomads of Mesopotamia, wages in money were unknown; among the richer Phœnician tribes, gold and silver were already current. It has been the opinion of some learned men that Abraham paid the money for his bargain by weight, Jacob in pieces, rudely coined or stamped. When Abraham receives the celestial strangers, with true Arabian hospitality he kills the calf with his own hands, but has nothing more generous to offer than the Scythian beverage of milk; yet the more civilized native tribes seem, by the offering of Melchisedek, to have had wine at their command. Isaac, become more wealthy, and having commenced the tillage of the soil, had acquired a taste for savoury meats, and had wine for his ordinary use. The tillage of Isaac bespeaks the richness of a virgin soil, as yet unbroken by the plough—it returned an hundred for one. These primitive societies were constituted in the most simple and inartificial manner. The parental authority, and that of the head of the tribe, was supreme and without appeal—Esau so far respects even his blind and feeble father, as to postpone the gratification of his revenge till the death of Jacob. Afterwards the brothers who conspire against Joseph, though some of them had already dipped their hands in blood, dare not perpetrate their crime openly. When they return from Egypt to fetch Benjamin, in order to redeem one of their company, left in apparent danger of his life, they are obliged to obtain the consent of Jacob, and do not think of carrying him off by force. Reuben, indeed, leaves his own sons as hostages, under an express covenant that they are to be put to death if he does not bring Benjamin back. The father seems to have possessed the power of transferring the right of primogeniture to a younger son. This was perhaps the effect of Isaac's blessing; Jacob seems to have done the same, and disinherited the three elder sons of Leah. The desire of offspring, and the pride of becoming the ancestor of a great people, with the attendant disgrace of barrenness, however in some degree common to human nature, and not unknown in thickly-peopled countries, yet as the one predominant and absorbing passion (for such it is in the patriarchal history) belongs more properly to a period, when the earth still offered ample room for each tribe to extend its boundaries without encroaching on the possessions of its neighbour.

"These incidents, in themselves trifling, are not without interest, both as illustrative of human manners, and as tending to shew that the record from which they are drawn was itself derived from contemporary traditions, which it has represented with scrupulous fidelity. Even the characters of the different personages are singularly in unison with the state of society described. There is the hunter, the migratory herdsman, and the incipient husbandman. The quiet and easy Isaac adapts himself to the more fixed and sedentary occupation of tillage. Esau the hunter is reckless, daring, and improvident. Jacob the herdsman, cautious, observant, subtle, and timid. Esau excels in one great virtue of uncivilized life, bravery; Jacob in another which is not less highly appreciated, craft. Even in Abraham we do not find that nice and

lofty sense of veracity which distinguishes a state of society where the point of honour has acquired great influence. It is singular that this accurate delineation of primitive manners, and the discrimination of individual character in each successive patriarch, with all the imperfections and vices, as well of the social state as of the particular disposition, although so conclusive an evidence to the honesty of the narrative, has caused the greatest perplexity to many pious minds, and as great triumph to the adversaries of revealed religion. The object of this work is strictly historical, not theological; yet a few observations may be ventured on this point, considering its important bearing on the manner in which Jewish history ought to be written and read. Some will not read the most ancient and curious history in the world, because it is in the Bible; others read it in the Bible with a kind of pious awe, which prevents them from comprehending its real spirit. The latter look on the distinguished characters in the Mosaic annals as a kind of sacred beings, scarcely allied to human nature. Their intercourse with the Divinity invests them with a mysterious sanctity, which is expected to extend to all their actions. Hence, when they find the same passions at work, the ordinary feelings and vices of human nature prevalent both among the ancestors of the chosen people, and the chosen people themselves, they are confounded and distressed. Writers unfriendly to revealed religion, starting with the same notion, that the Mosaic narrative is uniformly exemplary, not historical, have enlarged with malicious triumph on the delinquencies of the patriarchs and their descendants. Perplexity and triumph surely equally groundless! Had the avowed design of the intercourse of God with the patriarchs been their own unimpeachable perfection; had that of the Jewish polity been the establishment of a divine Utopia, advanced to premature civilisation, and overleaping at once those centuries of slow improvement, through which the rest of mankind were to pass, then it might have been difficult to give a reasonable account of the manifest failure. So far from this being the case, an ulterior purpose is evident throughout. The patriarchs and their descendants are the depositories of certain great religious truths, the unity, omnipotence, and providence of God, not solely for their own use and advantage, but as conservators for the future universal benefit of mankind. Hence, provided the great end, the preservation of those truths, was eventually obtained, human affairs took their ordinary course; the common passions and motives of mankind were left in undisturbed operation. Superior in one respect alone, the ancestors of the Jews, and the Jews themselves, were not beyond their age or country, in acquirements, in knowledge, or even in morals; as far as morals are modified by usage and opinion. They were polygamists, like the rest of the Eastern world; they acquired the virtues and the vices of each state of society through which they passed. Higher and purer notions of the Deity, though they tend to promote and improve, by no means necessarily enforce moral perfection; their influence will be regulated by the social state of the age in which they are promulgated, and the bias of the individual character to which they are addressed. Neither the actual interposition of the Almighty in favour of an individual or nation, nor his employment of them as instruments for certain important purposes, stamps the seal of divine approbation on all their actions; in some cases, as in the deception practised by Jacob on his father, the worst part of their character manifestly contributes to the purpose of God: still the nature of the action is not altered; it is to be judged by its motive, not by its undesigned consequence. Allowance, therefore, being always made for their age and social state, the patriarchs, kings, and other Hebrew worthies, are amenable to the same verdict which would be passed on the eminent men of Greece or Rome. Excepting where they act under the express commandment of God, they have no exemption from the judgment of posterity; and on the same principle, while God is on the scene, the historian will write with caution and reverence; while man, with freedom, justice, and impartiality."

We shall conclude with quoting a considerable part of the chapter which Mr Milman devotes to the institutions of the chosen race, religious and political, as finally established at the momentous epoch, "when the tall and sumptuous pavilion rose in the midst of the coarse and lowly tents of the people, and their God seemed immediately to take possession of the structure devoted to his honour—when the cloud for the first time rested visibly on the tabernacle." After describing at some length the effects of the broad line of demarcation drawn between the worshippers of the one true God, *as such*, and their polytheistic neighbours,

and the severe rites by which this radical distinction was, on certain occasions, enforced, Mr Milman proceeds to observe, that nevertheless "a rude and uncivilized horde," which words are certainly well applied to the multitude whom Moses guided, were not expected to attain that pure and exalted spirituality of religion which has never been known except among an enlightened and reasoning people.

"Their new religion," says our author, "ministered continual excitement. A splendid ceremonial dazzled their senses, perpetual sacrifices enlivened their faith, frequent commemorative festivals not merely let loose their gay and joyous spirits, but reminded them of all the surprising and marvellous events of their national history. From some of their prepossessions and habits they were estranged by degrees, not rent with unnecessary violence. The tabernacle preserved the form of the more solid and gigantic structures of Egypt; their priesthood were attired in dresses as costly, in many respects similar; their ablutions were as frequent; the exclusion of the daylight probably originated in subterranean temples hewn out of the solid rock, like those of Ipsambul and the cave temples of India; the use of incense seems to have been common in every kind of religious worship. Above all, the great universal rite of sacrifice was regulated with the utmost precision. It is unnecessary to enter into all these minute particulars, still less into the remote and typical meaning of the Jewish sacrificial law. Suffice it to say, that sacrifices were either national or individual. Every morning and every evening the smoke from the great brazen altar of burnt offerings ascended in the name of the whole people—on the Sabbath, two animals instead of one were slain. From particular sacrifices or offerings, no one, not even the poorest, was excluded. A regular scale of oblations was made, and the altar of the common God of Israel rejected not the small measure of flour which the meanest might offer. The sacrifices were partly propitiatory, that is, voluntary acts of reverence, in order to secure the favour of God to the devout worshipper: partly eucharistic, or expressive of gratitude for the divine blessings. Of this nature were the first fruits. The Israelite might not reap the abundant harvest, with which God blessed his fertile fields, or gather in the vintage, which empurpled the rocky hill-side, without first making an oblation of thanksgiving to the gracious Being, who had placed him in the land flowing with milk and honey. Lastly, they were piacular or expiatory; every sin either of the nation or the individual, whether a sin committed in ignorance, or from wilful guilt, had its appointed atonement; and on the performance of this condition the priest had the power of declaring the offender free from the punishment due to his crime. One day in the year, the tenth day of the seventh month, was set apart for the solemn rite of national expiation. First a bullock was to be slain, and the blood sprinkled, not only in the customary places, but within the Holy of Holies itself. Then two goats were to be chosen, lots cast upon them; the one that was assigned to the Lord was to be sacrificed; the other, on whose head the sins of the whole people were heaped by the imprecation of the high priest, was taken beyond the camp and sent into the desert to Azazel, the spirit of evil, to whom Hebrew belief assigned the waste and howling wilderness as his earthly dwelling. An awful example confirmed the unalterable authority of the sacrificial ritual. At the first great sacrifice, after the consecration of the priesthood, on the renewal of the national covenant with the Deity, fire flashed down from heaven and consumed the burnt-offerings. But Nadab and Abihu, the sons of Aaron, kindled their censers with fire, obtained from some less pure and hallowed source; and, having thus acted without command, were struck dead for their offence.

"The ordinary festivals of the Jewish nation were of a gayer and more cheerful character. Every seventh day was the Sabbath: labour ceased throughout the whole land, the slave and the stranger, even the beast of labour or burden, were permitted to enjoy the period of ease and recreation: while the double sanction, on which the observance of the day rested, reminded every faithful Israelite of his God, under his twofold character of Creator and Deliverer. All creation should rest, because on that day the Creator rested; Israel more particularly, because on that day they rested from their bondage in Egypt. In later times, as well as a day of grateful recollection, it became one of public instruction in the principles of the law, and of social equality among all classes. Rich and poor, young and old, master and slave, met before the gate of the city, and indulged in innocent mirth, or in the pleasures of friendly intercourse.

"The new moon of the seventh month was appointed as the Feast of Trumpets; it was in fact the beginning of the old Hebrew, and remained that of the civil year. The new moon, or the first day of the lunar month, was not commanded by positive precept, but recognized as a festival

of established usage. But if those weekly or monthly meetings contributed to the maintenance of the religion, and to the cheerfulness and kindly brotherhood among the separate communities, the three great national festivals advanced those important ends in a far higher degree. Three times a-year all the tribes assembled wherever the tabernacle of God was fixed; all the males, for the legislator carefully guarded against any dangers which might arise from a promiscuous assemblage of both sexes; besides that the women were ill qualified to bear the fatigue of journeys from the remote parts of the land, and the household offices were not to be neglected. This regulation was a master-stroke of policy, to preserve the bond of union indissoluble among the twelve federal republics, which formed the early state. Its importance may be estimated from the single fact, that, on the revolt of the ten tribes, Jeroboam did not consider his throne secure as long as the whole people assembled at the capital; and appointed Dan and Bethel, where he set up his emblematic calves, as the places of religious union for his own subjects. The first and greatest of these festivals, the Passover, or rather the first full moon after the commencement of the religious year, was as it were the birthday of the nation, the day of their deliverance from Egypt, when the angel of death passed over their dwellings. The festival lasted seven days, and every ceremony recalled the awful scene of their deliverance. On the first evening they tasted the bitter herb, emblematic of the bitterness of slavery: they partook of the sacrifice, with their loins girded, as ready for their flight: they ate only unleavened bread, the bread of slavery, prepared in the hurry and confusion of their departure. During the fifty days, which elapsed after the Passover, the harvest was gathered in, and the Pentecost, the national harvest home, summoned the people to commemorate the delivery of the law and the formation of the covenant, by which they became the tenants of the luxuriant soil, the abundance of which they had been storing up. The gladness was to be as general as the blessing. *Thou shalt rejoice before the Lord thy God, thou and thy son, and thy daughter, and thy man servant, and thy maid servant, and the Levite that is within thy gates, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow.* The third of these feasts, that of tabernacles, took place in autumn, at the end of the vintage, in all southern climates the great time of rejoicing and merriment. If more exquisite music and more graceful dances accompanied the gathering in of the grapes on the banks of the Cephisus; the tabret, the viol, and the harp, which sounded among the vineyards of Heshbon and Eleale, were not wanting in sweetness and gaiety; and instead of the frantic riot of satyrs and bacchanals, the rejoicing was chastened by the solemn religious recollections with which it was associated, in a manner remarkably pleasing and picturesque. The branches of trees were woven together in rude imitation of the tents in which the Israelites dwelt in the desert, and within these green bowers the whole people passed the week of festivity. Yet however admirably calculated these periodical solemnities for the maintenance of religion and national unity, they were better adapted for the inhabitants of one of the oases in the desert, or a lonely island in the midst of the ocean, than a nation environed on all sides by warlike, enterprising, and inveterate enemies. At each of these festivals, the frontiers were unguarded, the garrisons deserted, the country left entirely open to the sudden inroad of the neighbouring tribes. This was not unforeseen by the lawgiver, but how was it provided against? by an assurance of divine protection, which was to repress all the hostility and ambition of their adversaries. *I will cast out the nations before thee, and enlarge thy border; neither shall any man desire thy land when thou shalt go up to appear before the Lord three times in every year.* The sabbatic year was another remarkable instance of departure from every rule of political wisdom, in reliance on divine Providence. The whole land was to lie fallow, the whole people was given up to legalized idleness. All danger of famine was to be prevented by the supernaturally abundant harvest of the sixth year; but it is even more remarkable, that serious evils did not ensue from this check on the national industry. At the end of seven periods of seven years, for that number ran through the whole of the Hebrew institutions, the jubilee was appointed. All the estates were to revert to their original owners, all burdens and alienations ceased, and the whole land returned to the same state in which it stood at the first partition. A singular Agrarian law, which maintained the general equality, and effectually prevented the accumulation of large masses of property in one family, to the danger of the national independence, and the establishment of a great landed oligarchy.

"Such was the religious constitution of the Hebrew nation. But if the lawgiver, educated in all the wisdom of the

Egyptians, departed most widely from the spirit of Egyptian polytheism in the fundamental principle of his religious institutes, the political basis of his state was not less opposite to that established in the kingdom of the Pharaohs. The first, and certainly the most successful legislator of antiquity, who assumed the welfare of the whole community as the end of his constitution, Moses annihilated at once the artificial and tyrannical distinction of castes, and established political equality as the fundamental principle of the state. The whole nation was one great caste, that of husbandmen cultivating their own property. Even the single privileged class, that of Levi, stood on a totally different footing from the sacerdotal aristocracy of Egypt. With a wise originality, Moses retained all that was really useful, and indeed, under the circumstances of the age and people, absolutely necessary, in a priestly order, and rejected all that might endanger the liberties of the people, through their exorbitant wealth or power. In a constitution, founded on a religious basis, sacred functionaries set apart from the mass of the people were indispensable; where the state was governed by a written law, minute and multifarious in its provisions, conservators and occasional expositors of the law were equally requisite; a people at first engaged in ferocious warfare, afterwards engrossed by agricultural labours, without an exempt order, which should devote itself to higher and more intellectual studies, would soon have degenerated into ignorance and barbarism. Besides the officiating priesthood, the Levitical class furnished the greater number of the judges, the scribes, the genealogists and registers of the tribes, the keepers of the records, the geometricians, the superintendents of weights and measures; and Michaelis thinks, from the judgment in cases of leprosy being assigned to them, the physicians. Their influence depended rather on their civil than their ecclesiastical functions. They were not, strictly speaking, religious teachers; they were bound to read the whole law once in seven years before the people; but in other respects their priestly duties consisted only in attendance in the tabernacle or the temple in their appointed courses. There were no private religious rites in which they were called on to officiate. Circumcision was performed without their presence, marriage was a civil contract, from funerals they were interdicted. They were not mingled up with the body of the people; they dwelt in their own separate cities. Their wealth was ample, but not enormous. Instead of the portion in the conquered land, to which they had a claim, as one of the twelve tribes, a tenth of the whole produce was assigned for their maintenance, with forty-eight cities, situated in different parts of the territory, and a small domain surrounding each. These were the possessions of the whole tribe of Levi. The officiating priesthood received other contributions, portions of the sacrifices, the redemption of the first born, the first fruits, and every thing devoted by vow; yet most of these last were probably laid up in the public religious treasury, and defrayed the expenses of the rich and costly worship, the repair and ornament of the tabernacle, the vestments of the priests, the public sacrifices, the perpetual oil and incense. The half-shekel poll-tax was, we conceive, only once levied by Moses, and not established as a permanent tax till after the captivity. Such were the station, the revenue, and the important duties assigned to his own tribe by the Hebrew legislator, a tribe, as one of the least numerous, most fitly chosen for these purposes. On the departure from Egypt, the first-born of each family were designated for these sacred duties; but the difficulties and inconveniences which would have attended the collecting together the representatives of every family into one class, the jealousies which might have arisen from assigning so great a distinction to primogeniture, and many other obvious objections, shew that the substitution of a single tribe was at once a more simple and a more effective measure. The superiority of Moses in all other respects to the pride of family, particularly where hereditary honours were so highly appreciated, is among the most remarkable features in his character. The example of Egypt, and of all the neighbouring nations, would have led him to establish an hereditary monarchy in his own line, connected and supported, as it might have been, by the sacerdotal order; but though he made over the high-priesthood to the descendants of his brother Aaron, his own sons remained without distinction, and his descendants sank into insignificance. While he anticipated the probability that his republic would assume hereafter a monarchical form, he designated no permanent head of the state, either hereditary or elective. Joshua was appointed as military leader to achieve the conquest, and for this purpose succeeded to the supreme authority. But God was the only king, the law his only vicegerent.

"Did Moses appoint a national senate? if so, what was its duration, its constitution, and its powers? No question in Jew-

ish history is more obscure. At the delivery of the law on Mount Sinai, Moses was attended by seventy elders; during a rebellion in the wilderness (Numb. xi.) he established a great council of the same number. This latter the Jewish writers suppose to have been a permanent body, and from thence derive their great Sanhedrim, which took so important a part in public affairs after the captivity. But this senate of seventy is not once distinctly named in the whole intervening course of Hebrew history. Joshua twice assembled a sort of diet or parliament, consisting of elders, heads of families, judges, and officers, who seem to have represented all Israel. On other occasions the same sort of national council seems to have met in great emergencies. But most probably neither the constitution, nor the powers, nor the members of this assembly, were strictly limited. Moses left the internal government of the tribes as he found it. Each tribe had its acknowledged aristocracy and acknowledged chieftain, and governed its own affairs as a separate republic. The chieftain was the hereditary head of the whole tribe, the aristocracy the heads of the different families; these with the judges, and perhaps the shoterim, the scribes or genealogists, officers of great importance in each tribe, constituted the provincial assembly. No doubt the national assembly consisted of delegates from the provincial ones; but how they were appointed, and by whom, does not appear. In short, in the early ages of the Hebrew nation, the public assemblies were more like those of our German ancestors, or a meeting of independent septs or clans, where general respect for birth, age, or wisdom, designated those who should appear, and those who should take a lead, than the senate of a regular government, in which the right to a seat and to suffrage is defined by positive law. The ratification of all great public decrees by the general voice of the people (the congregation), seems invariably to have been demanded, particularly during their encampment in the desert. This was given, as indeed it could not well be otherwise, by acclamation. Thus in the ancient Hebrew constitution we find a rude convention of estates, provincial parliaments, and popular assemblies; but that their meetings should be of rare occurrence, followed from the nature of the constitution. The state possessed no legislative power; in peace, unless on very extraordinary occasions, they had no business to transact; there was no public revenue except that of the religious treasury; their wars, till the time of the kings, were mostly defensive. The invaded tribe summoned the nation to its assistance; no deliberation was necessary; the militia, that is, all who could bear arms, were bound to march to the defence of their brethren. Such was the law: we shall see hereafter that the separate tribes did not always preserve this close union in their wars; and, but for the indissoluble bond of their religion, the confederacy was in perpetual danger of falling to pieces.

"The judges or prefects, appointed according to the advice of Jethro, seem to have given place to municipal administrators of the law in each of the cities. The superior education and intelligence of the Levitical order pointed them out as best fitted for these offices, which were usually intrusted, by general consent, to their charge. Of their numbers, or mode of nomination, we know nothing certain. They held their sittings, after the usual Oriental custom, in the gates of the cities.

"The people were all free, and, excepting this acknowledged subordination to the heads of their families and of their tribes, entirely equal. Slavery, universal in the ancient world, was recognised by the Mosaic institutions; but of all the ancient lawgivers, Moses alone endeavoured to mitigate its evils. His regulations always remind the Israelites, that they themselves were formerly bond slaves in Egypt. The free-born Hebrew might be reduced to slavery, either by his own consent, or in condemnation as an insolvent debtor, or as a thief unable to make restitution. In either case he became free at the end of seven years' service. If he refused to accept his manumission, he might remain in servitude. But to prevent any fraudulent or compulsory renunciation of this right, the ceremony of reconsigning himself to bondage was public; he appeared before the magistrate, his ear was bored, and he was thus judicially delivered back to his master; but even this servitude expired at the Jubilee, when the free-born Hebrew returned into the possession of his patrimonial estate. The law expressly abhorred the condemnation of an Israelite to perpetual servitude. As a punishment for debt, slavery, at least under its mitigated form, may be considered as merciful to the sufferer, and certainly more advantageous to the creditor and to the public, than imprisonment. The Israelite sold to a stranger might at any time be redeemed by his kindred on payment of the value of the service that remained due. He who became a slave, being already married, recovered the freedom

of his wife and family as well as his own; he who married a fellow slave, left her and her children as the property of his master. The discharged slave was not to be cast forth upon society naked and destitute; he was to be decently clothed, and liberally furnished 'out of the flock, and out of the floor, and out of the winepress.'

"A parent in extreme distress might sell his children; if male, of course the slave recovered his freedom at the usual time—if female, the law took her under its especial protection. By a mitigation of the original statute, in ordinary cases, she regained her freedom at the end of the seven years. But if the master took her himself, or gave her to his son, as an inferior wife, she was to receive the full conjugal rights of her station; if denied them, she recovered her freedom. If he did not marry her, she might be redeemed, but on no account was to be trafficked away into a foreign land.

"After all, slavery is too harsh a term to apply to this temporary hiring, in which, though the master might inflict blows, he was amenable to justice if the slave died under his hands, or within two days, from the consequence of the beating: if maimed or mutilated, the slave recovered his freedom. The law went farther, and positively enjoined kindness and lenity: 'Thou shalt not rule over him with rigour, but thou shalt fear the Lord.'

"The condition of foreign slaves was less favourable; whether captives taken in war, purchased, or born in the family, their servitude was perpetual. Yet they too partook of those indulgences which, in a spirit very different from that which bestowed on the wretched slaves in Rome the mock honours of their disorderly Saturnalia, the Jewish law secured for the slave, as well as for the poor, the orphan, the widow, and the stranger. The Sabbath was to them a day of rest; on the three great festivals they partook of the banquets which were made on those occasions. All that grew spontaneously during the sabbatical year belonged to them, in common with the poor. Besides these special provisions, injunctions perpetually occur in the Mosaic code which enforce kindness, compassion, and charity, not merely towards the native poor, but to the stranger. Far from that jealous inhospitality and hatred of mankind of which the later Jews were not altogether unjustly accused, the stranger, unless a Canaanite, might become naturalized, or, if he resided in the land without being incorporated with the people, he was not excluded from the protection of the law. He was invited to the public rejoicings; he was to be a witness and partaker in the bounties of the God who blessed the land.

"Such were the political divisions among the Hebrew people, but over all classes alike the supreme and impartial law exercised its vigilant superintendence. It took under its charge the morals, the health, as well as the persons and the property, of the whole people. It entered into the domestic circle, and regulated all the reciprocal duties of parent and child, husband and wife, as well as of master and servant. Among the nomad tribes, from which the Hebrews descended, the father was an arbitrary sovereign in his family, as under the Roman law, with the power of life and death. Moses, while he maintained the dignity and salutary control, limited the abuse, of the parental authority. From the earliest period the child was under the protection of the law. Abortion and infanticide were not specifically forbidden, but unknown among the Jews. Josephus, appealing in honest pride to the practice of his countrymen, reproaches other nations with these cruelties. The father was enjoined to instruct his children in all the memorable events and sacred usages of the land. In extreme indigence, we have seen, the sale of the children as slaves was permitted, but only in the same cases, and under the same conditions, that the parent might sell himself, to escape starvation, and for a limited period. The father had no power of disinheriting his sons; the first-born received by law two portions, the rest shared equally. On the other hand, the Decalogue enforced obedience and respect to parents under the strongest sanctions. To strike or to curse a parent, was a capital offence. On parricide, the law, as if, like that of the Romans, it refused to contemplate its possibility, preserved a sacred silence. Though the power of life and death was not left to the caprice or passion of the parent, the incorrigible son might be denounced before the elders of the city, and, if convicted, suffered death. It is remarkable that the father and mother were to concur in the accusation; a most wise precaution where polygamy, the fruitful source of domestic dissension and jealousy, prevailed.

"The chastity of females was guarded by statutes, which, however severe and cruel according to modern notions, were wise and merciful in that state of society. Poems and Travels have familiarized us with the horrible atrocities committed by the blind jealousy of Eastern husbands.

By substituting a judicial process for the wild and hurried justice of the offended party, the guilty suffered a death probably less inhuman; the innocent might escape. The convicted adulterer and adulteress were stoned to death. Even the incontinence of a female before marriage, if detected at the time of her nuptials, which was almost inevitable, underwent the same penalty with that of the adulteress. Where the case was not clear, the female suspected of infidelity might be summoned to a most awful ordeal. She was to be acquitted or condemned by God himself, whose actual interposition was promised by his daring lawgiver. The woman was led forth from her own dwelling into the court of the Lord's house. In that solemn place she first made an offering of execration; not intreating mercy, but imprecating the divine vengeance, if she should be guilty. The priest then took some of the holy water, and mingled it with some of the holy earth: as he placed the bowl of bitter ingredients in her hand, he took off the veil in which she was accustomed to conceal herself from the eyes of man, and left her exposed to the public gaze: her hair was loosened, and the dreadful form of imprecation recited. If innocent, the water was harmless; if guilty, the Lord would make her a curse and an oath among the people: she was to be smitten at once with a horrid disease; *her thigh was to rot, her belly to swell.* To this adjuration of the great all-seeing God, the woman was to reply *Amen, Amen.* A solemn pause ensued, during which the priest wrote down all the curses, and washed them out again with the water. She was then to drink the water, if she dared; but what guilty woman, if she had courage to confront, would have the command of countenance, the firmness and resolution to go through all this slow, searching, and terrific process, and finally expose herself to shame and agony far worse than death? No doubt cases where this trial was undergone were rare; yet the confidence of the legislator in the divine interference can hardly be questioned; for had such an institution fallen into contempt by its failure in any one instance, his whole law and religion would have been shaken to its foundation.

"Marriages were contracted by parents in behalf of their children. A dowery or purchase-money was usually given by the bridegroom. Polygamy was permitted rather than encouraged; the law did not directly interfere with the immemorial usage, but, by insisting on each wife or concubine receiving her full conjugal rights, prevented even the most wealthy from establishing those vast harems which are fatal to the happiness, and eventually to the population, of a country. The degrees of relationship, between which marriage was forbidden, were defined with singular minuteness. The leading principle of these enactments was to prohibit marriage between those parties among whom, by the usage of their society, early and frequent intimacy was unavoidable, and might lead to abuse.

"Having thus secured the domestic happiness of his people, or at least moderated, as far as the times would allow, those lawless and inordinate passions which overbear the natural tenderness of domestic instinct and the attachment between the sexes—guarded the father from the disobedience of the son, the son from the capricious tyranny of the father—secured the wife from being the victim of every savage fit of jealousy, while he sternly repressed the crime of conjugal infidelity, the lawgiver proceeded, with the same care and discretion, to provide for the general health of the people. With this view he regulated their diet, enforced cleanliness, took precautions against the most prevalent diseases, and left the rest, as he safely might, to the genial climate of the country, the wholesome exercise of husbandry, and the cheerful relaxations afforded by the religion. The health of the people was a chief, if not the only object of the distinction between clean and unclean beasts, and the prohibition against eating the blood of any animal. All coarse, hard, and indigestible food is doubly dangerous in warm climates. The general feeling of mankind has ordinarily abstained from most of the animals proscribed by the Mosaic law, excepting sometimes the camel, the hare, and the swine. The flesh of the camel is vapid and heavy; the wholesomeness of the hare is questioned by Hippocrates; that of the swine in southern countries tends to produce cutaneous maladies, the diseases to which the Jews were peculiarly liable; besides that the animal, being usually left in the East to its own filthy habits, is not merely unwholesome, but disgusting; it is the scavenger of the towns. Of the birds, those of prey were forbidden; of fish, those without fins or scales. The prohibition of blood (besides its acknowledged unwholesomeness, and in some instances fatal effects) perhaps pointed at the custom of some savage tribes, which, like the Abyssinians, fed upon flesh torn warm from the animal, and almost quivering with life. This disgusting practice may have been interdicted, not mere-

ly as unwholesome, but as promoting that ferocity of manners which it was the first object of the lawgiver to discourage.

"Cleanliness, equally important to health with wholesome diet, was maintained by the injunction of frequent ablutions, particularly after touching a dead body, or any thing which might possibly be putrid; by regulations concerning female disorders, and the intercourse between the sexes; provisions which seem minute and indelicate to modern ideas, but were doubtless intended to correct unseemly or unhealthful practices, either of the Hebrew people or of neighbouring tribes. The leprosy was the dreadful scourge which excited the greatest apprehension. The nature of this loathsome disease is sufficiently indicated by the expressive description—*a leper as white as snow.* In its worst stage the whole flesh rotted, the extremities dropt off, till at last mortification ensued, and put an end to the sufferings of the miserable outcast; for as the disease was highly infectious, the unhappy victim was immediately shunned, and looked on with universal abhorrence. The strict quarantine established by Moses provided for the security of the community, not without merciful regard to the sufferer. The inspection of the infected was committed to the Levites; the symptoms of the two kinds of disorder accurately pointed out; the period of seclusion defined; while all, if really cured, were certain of re-admission into the community, none were re-admitted until perfectly cured. Clothes, and even houses which might retain the infection, were to be destroyed without scruple; though it does not seem quite clear whether the plague, which lurked in the plaster of houses, was the same leprosy which might become contagious, or a kind of mildew or worm, which might breed some other destructive malady.

"Human life, in all rude and barbarous tribes, is of cheap account; blood is shed on the least provocation; open or secret assassination is a common occurrence. The Hebrew penal law enforced the highest respect for the life of man. Murder ranked with high treason, (*i. e.* idolatry, blasphemy,) striking a father, adultery, and unnatural lust, to a capital crime: the law demanded blood for blood. But it transferred the exaction of a penalty from private revenge, and committed it to the judicial authority. To effect this, it had to struggle with an inveterate though barbarous usage, which still prevails among the Arabian tribes. By a point of honour, as rigorous as that of modern duelling, the nearest of kin is bound to revenge the death of his relation: he is his Goel or blood-avenger. He makes no enquiry; he allows no pause; whether the deceased has been slain on provocation, by accident, or of deliberate malice, death can only be atoned by the blood of the homicide. To mitigate the evils of an usage too firmly established to be rooted out, Moses appointed certain cities of refuge, conveniently situated. If the homicide could escape to one of these, he was safe till a judicial investigation took place. If the crime was deliberate murder, he was surrendered to the Goel; if justifiable or accidental homicide, he was bound to reside within the sanctuary for a certain period: should he leave it, and expose himself to the revenge of his pursuers, he did so at his own peril, and might be put to death. Where a murder was committed, of which the perpetrator was undetected, the nearest city was commanded to make an offering of atonement. With the same jealous regard for human life, a strict police regulation enacted that the terrace on the top of every house should have a parapet. In one case inexcusable carelessness, which caused death, was capitally punished. If an ox gored a man, so that he died, the beast was put to death; if the owner had been warned, he also suffered the same penalty; but in this case his life might be redeemed at a certain price.

"While the law was thus rigorous with regard to human life, against the crime of theft it was remarkably lenient. Man-stealing, as the kidnapped person could only be sold to foreigners, inflicted political death, and was therefore a capital offence; but the ordinary punishment of theft was restitution. Here personal slavery was a direct advantage, as it empowered the law to exact the proper punishment without touching the life. No man was so poor that he could not make restitution; because the labour of a slave being of higher value than his maintenance, his person could be sold, either to satisfy a creditor, or to make compensation for a theft.

"In all the foregoing statutes we see the legislator constantly, yet discreetly, mitigating the usages of a barbarous people. There are some minor provisions to which it is difficult to assign any object, except that of softening the ferocity of manners, and promoting gentleness and humanity. Kindness to domestic animals—the prohibition to employ beasts of unequal strength, the ox and the ass, on the same labour (unless this

is to be classed with those singular statutes, of which we have no very satisfactory explanation, which forbade wearing garments of mixed materials, or sowing mixed seeds)—the prohibition to seethe a kid in its mother's milk (though this likewise is supposed by Spencer to be aimed at a religious usage)—or to take the young of birds and the dam together. Towards all their fellow-creatures the same kindly conduct was enjoined on the Hebrew people, both by general precept and by particular statute. The mildness of their slave-law has been often contrasted, to their advantage, with that of those ancient nations which made the loudest boast of their freedom and civilisation. The provisions for the poor were equally gentle and considerate; the gleanings of every harvest field were left to the fatherless and widow; the owner might not go over it a second time: the home of the poor man was sacred; his garment, if pledged, was to be restored at nightfall. Even towards the stranger oppression was forbidden; if indigent, he shared in all the privileges reserved for the native poor.

"The general war law, considering the age, was not deficient in lenity. War was to be declared in form. The inhabitants of a city, which made resistance, might be put to the sword; that is, the males; but only after it had been summoned to surrender. Fruit-trees were not to be destroyed during a siege. The conduct towards female captives deserves particular notice. The beautiful slave might not be hurried, as was the case during those ages falsely called heroic, in the agony of sorrow, perhaps reeking with the blood of her murdered relatives, to the bed of the conqueror. She was allowed a month for decent sorrow: if after that she became the wife of her master, he might not capriciously abandon her, and sell her to another; she might claim her freedom as the price of her humiliation.

"To the generally humane character of the Mosaic legislation there appears one great exception, the sanguinary and relentless conduct enjoined against the seven Canaanitish nations. Towards them mercy was a crime—extermination a duty. It is indeed probable that this war law, cruel as it seems, was not in the least more barbarous than that of the surrounding nations, more particularly the Canaanites themselves. In this the Hebrews were only not superior to their age. Many incidents in the Jewish history shew the horrid atrocities of warfare in Palestine. The mutilation of distinguished captives, and the torture of prisoners in cold blood, were the usual consequences of victory. Adonibezek, one of the native kings, acknowledges that seventy kings, with their thumbs and toes cut off, had gathered their meat under his table. The invasion and conquest once determined, no alternative remained but to extirpate or be extirpated. The dangers and evils to which the Hebrew tribes were subsequently exposed by the weakness or humanity which induced them to suspend their work of extermination, before it had been fully completed, clearly shew the political wisdom by which those measures were dictated; cruel as they were, the war once commenced, they were inevitable. Their right to invade and take possession of Palestine depended solely on their divine commission, and their grant from the Sovereign Lord of heaven and earth; for any other right—deduced from the possession of the patriarchs, who never were owners of more than the sepulchres they purchased, and, if they had any better title, had forfeited it by the abeyance of many centuries—is untenable and preposterous. Almighty Providence determined to extirpate a race of bloody, licentious, and barbarous idolaters, and replace them by a people of milder manners and purer religion. Instead of the earthquake, the famine, or the pestilence, the ferocious valour of this yet uncivilised people was allowed free scope. The war, in which the Hebrew tribes were embarked, was stripped of none of its customary horrors and atrocities; nor was it till these savage and unrelenting passions had fulfilled their task, that the influence of their milder institutions was to soften and humanize the national character. Such was the scheme, which, if not really authorized by the Supreme Being, must have been created within the daring and comprehensive mind of the Hebrew legislator. He undertook to lead a people through a long and dreadful career of bloodshed and massacre. The conquest once achieved, they were to settle down into a nation of peaceful husbandmen, under a mild and equal constitution. Up to a certain point they were to be trained in the worst possible discipline for peaceful citizens; to encourage every disposition opposite to those inculcated by the general spirit of the law. Their ambition was inflamed; military habits formed; the love of restless enterprize fostered; the habit of subsisting upon plunder encouraged. The people, who were to be merciful to the meanest beast, were to mutilate the noblest animal, the horse,

wherever they met it; those who were not to exercise any oppression whatever towards a stranger of another race, an Edomite, or even towards their ancient enemy—an Egyptian; on the capture of a Canaanitish city, were to put man, woman, and child to the sword. Their enemies were designated; appointed limits fixed to their conquests; beyond a certain boundary the ambitious invasion, which before was a virtue, became a crime. The whole victorious nation was suddenly to pause in its career. Thus far they were to be like hordes of Tartars, Scythians, or Huns, bursting irresistibly from their deserts, and sweeping away every vestige of human life; at a given point their arms were to fall from their hands, the thirst of conquest subside; and a great unambitious agricultural republic—with a simple religion, an equal administration of justice, a thriving and industrious population, brotherly harmony and mutual good-will between all ranks, domestic virtues, purity of morals, gentleness of manners—was to arise in the midst of the desolation their arms had made, and under the very roofs—in the vineyards and corn-fields—which they had obtained by merciless violence.

"The sanction on which the Hebrew law was founded, is, if possible, more extraordinary. The lawgiver, educated in Egypt, where the immortality of the soul, under some form, most likely that of the metempsychosis or transmigration of the soul, entered into the popular belief; nevertheless maintained a profound silence on that fundamental article, if not of political, at least of religious legislation—rewards and punishments in another life. He substituted temporal chastisements and temporal blessings. On the violation of the constitution, followed inevitably blighted harvests, famine, pestilence, barrenness among their women, defeat, captivity; on its maintenance, abundance, health, fruitfulness, victory, independence. How singularly the event verified the bold prediction of the legislator—how invariably apostasy led to adversity—repentance and reformation to prosperity—will abundantly appear during the course of the following history."

And well indeed has our author redeemed this promise. The skill and taste with which he introduces into the web of his text, wherever occasion offers, the words of Holy Writ—the splendid poetry of the prophets which he continually brings to bear on the narrative of events—the sober deep devotion of spirit in which the whole work is executed: upon these, and many other excellences, we doubt not the completion of Mr Milman's task will give us a more suitable opportunity of dwelling.

On the whole, we are inclined to think we have said and cited enough to call the serious attention of our readers to *The Family Library.* Parents, guardians, and masters, have many sacred duties to perform to their children and dependents; and we know of none more weighty than the obligation to watch over the food which is presented to the juvenile understanding. In this series, instruction and entertainment are combined throughout, and old and young, rich and poor, will alike find their tastes and capacities consulted.

A PROSE ESSAY ON PROSING.

BY A PROSER.

"Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."

VIRGIL.

Who is there, from Horace downwards, that has not, at some time in his life, been tormented by a Proser? Yet how hard to say in what prosing consists! I tremble while I touch so awful a subject, lest a creeping contagion should spread itself over my brain, muddle my ink, and overcloud my paper; and lest, while I discourse upon prosing and prosers, my reader should exclaim—"Good heavens, how he proses!"

Prosing is to utterance (either by word of mouth, or by word of pen) what ennui is to the mind. It can only be described by negatives. It is *not* pleasing, it is *not* entertaining, it is *not* endurable. Who shall say what it *is*, seeing that it hath as many shapes as slippery Proteus, and that each man

has his own particular idea of it? Truly, we must twist a rope of sand, before we can bind the monster, and make him sit for his picture. Nevertheless, whatever it may be, and however impossible we may find it to "pencil off its likeness," it is instantly *felt*. It hath a torpedo touch. It is a word of that unspeakable and indefinite horror, that to apply it to the conversation of man or woman, claps an extinguisher upon every excellent quality which he or she may possess. "He is a very good man—but he proses!" Who, after hearing this, would wish to know any more of him? To accuse an author of prosing is to tie lead round his neck,

"And deeper than did ever plummet sound
To drown his book."

To denounce a speaker as prosy, whether in the senate or the club-room, gives him at once his coup-de-grace. To proclaim, by one fatal yawn, that a play is prosy, is to damn it at once. As for a prosy poem, it is a Lusus Naturæ, that must be suffocated as soon as it sees the light. Prosy sermons alone may be allowed—as soporifics. But my business chiefly is with conversational Prosers. To number all their tribes is beyond the power of man, unendowed with the Homeric brazen throat. I must, therefore, content myself with enumerating a few which have fallen under my own particular observation.—And first upon my list I find the Fierce Proser. Strange to say, the Fierce Proser is generally of the female sex. She is of a certain age, and mostly of a spare habit of body. She sits forward and upright in her chair, and fixes her round grey eyes fell upon you. There is no escape. A dark eye, in the tempest of passion, may flash lightnings, beneath which one's looks may shrink and cower; but a round grey eye hath ever a cold and cruel light, which exercises a sort of rattlesnake fascination over its victim. You cannot look away from it; you cannot forget it; you cannot even send your thoughts on other errands, while its sorcery is upon you. On goes the Proser, relentless in her purpose, telling perhaps of some passage in the life of her great aunt, or lengthily detailing her peculiar method of pickling cabbage, or laying down the law on men and manners; and attend you *must*. One careless nod concentrates the round grey eyes into intenser fierceness. There they are—ever upon you! Were you to shut your own, you would see them through your eyelids. At length a most extraordinary feeling takes possession of your whole soul and body. You are converted into a listening statue, as stiff as the speaking one to which you sit opposite. Her words fall, with painful distinctness, not only on the ear, but, like palpable substances, on the mind. You are become one act of attention. You hear with your eyes, mouth, and limbs. But the worst is, that, when at length you are released from this tyranny, you cannot, for hours, shake off its effects. A day's ploughing would have fatigued you less, and at any rate would have procured you the appetite which this constraint hath banished. Your arms and legs ache most rheumatically, and after vainly trying how far the open air, and jumping over a hedge or two, can advance your cure, and restore you to the dignity of freedom, you heave a fathomless sigh on still seeing before you the ghost of the grey eyes—on still hearing the echo of a sharp voice flying round your head with fragments of apophthegms, and scraps of oracular dignity.

Very different from this dragon of prosing is the Gentle Proser—an example of which order I shall also select from amongst my acquaintance of the female sex. The grand mark of distinction between a person of this character, and one of the foregoing, is, that she will talk on contentedly whether you listen or not. Her mild hazle eyes do not exact attention; they only supplicate for it. The Gentle Proser may be loved;—the Fierce Proser never. And here a vision rises before my inward eye of thee, Cecilia Cecil; thou gentlest of God's creatures, who never couldst, by deed, word, or look, ruffle the softest plumage of any human being's self-tranquillity. Thou, whom the state of widowhood so peculiarly becomes, with thy half quaker-like, half nun-like garment, with trim waist, and the soft parted hair enriching thy delicate yet matronly countenance; the thought of thee (to use Wordsworth's language) "doth breed in me perpetual benedictions;" for I bless Heaven, that I knew thee before I had heard thou wast

a Proser. If I had been told this, I might have shunned thee; now, I almost forgive all prosers for thy sake! Painting from thee, I will proceed with my picture. The Gentle Proser discourseth on gentle themes—her herb-garden—her poultry-yard of Dutch neatness—the virtues of some dear friend whom she has loved even from her school-days—the celebrated beauties whom she admired in her girlhood; and into these quiet matters she puts a pretty passion of her own, enforcing the merest trifles with a sweet earnestness, and assuring you of what you never doubted, with an exuberant zeal. All this, you will say, may have its charms. *Mais toujours perdrix* ——! The continuity of it groweth wearisome. At first, you admire the pretty play of countenance and mock knitting of the brow, the musical voice, the simple-minded discourse; but, by degrees, unconsciously your eyes grow more and more unto the ground, or (if at dinner) unto your plate; your voice ceases to give even monosyllabic evidence of your attention; a sort of waking-sleep comes over you; the latchet of your ear is closed, and words no longer find their way into the mind; they become as external things—so that if the dear lady were to ask you, "Whereabouts was I?" you could only start and look foolish. And what doth she? To be affronted is not within the compass of her powers: That she should feel hurt is also physically impossible, for she

> "Neither knows, nor dreams that any know,
> The doctrine of ill-doing."

She turns to her neighbour on the other hand, and continues her gentle oration. Failing to obtain a hearing in this quarter, she leans a little forward, and quietly watches the eye of the person opposite to her, until she has caught a wandering glance—then she will proceed with renewed encouragement; but should no eye, within the conversational distance prescribed by good breeding, reply to hers, the kind creature will finish her story to herself, trusting, I suppose, that amongst the party present some lurking auditor may still be gratified or instructed.

The Dull Proser requires no very exact portraiture, being a household animal so familiar to all, that I need only observe that this genus comprehends many subordinate varieties—such as the Proser in Truisms, who will candidly confess that "Patience is a virtue;" who, in short, would be invaluable as an everlasting machine for supplying Great Britain with school-copies;—the Proser in Queries, that little crooked note of interrogation, which will pick the locks of our very strong-box, worm itself into our cupboards, and extract the marrow from our mutton-bones;—the Proser in Genealogies;—the Know-every-body Proser, who, if any person be mentioned, is eternally sure to have been once acquainted with his or her great-aunt, or fifth cousin.

Leaving these sketches to be filled up by my readers, according to their several experience, I will proceed to the Lively Proser. Let no one start at the paradox of the Lively Proser. My subject deals in paradoxes. Can any two things (in spite of Wordsworth's essay to prove their identity) be more antithetical than Prose and Poetry? Yet poetry, it is confessed, may occasionally be prosy. Prosing may be wise, may be learned, may be gorgeously attired, yet still be prosing. I go farther: I assert that prosing may be lively. I do not speak of the "gentle dulness" which "ever loves a joke," but of real, brisk, mercurial prosing. Does any one doubt that such a thing exists? Let me ask him, what were a pretty woman's talk without her eyes and teeth? What will it be called thirty years hence, when eyes shall have lost their lustre, and teeth deserted their station? I grant that the real liveliness of intellect can never become prosy—even as a diamond can never grow dim with age—but there is a spurious sort of liveliness, "begot of youth, of folly bred," the mere effusion of animal spirits, which, like the pearl, turns to an autumnal yellow with the lapse of time. A naturally common character, embroidered by the nimbleness of youth with a vivacious pretence of talent, must betray at last the threadbare ground whereon the richer material was worked; just as an emblazoned cushion, often sate upon, is at length worn down to the unsightly and original canvass. Even genuine talent itself, if only bestowed by nature in a moderate degree, will not always res-

cue its possessor from the charge of prosing. Pope called Colley Cibber, who had undoubted cleverness, a "lively dunce;" and although it is certainly better to be a lively dunce than a dull philosopher, yet whoever reads the autobiography of Cibber must confess, that vivacity sometimes may be almost as tedious as dulness. Indeed, I know not but that, in the end, gravity with an inadequate object, is less fatiguing to the mind than liveliness without any object at all. If the former should make us exclaim, "O serious vanity!" the latter will also force from us the ejaculation, "O heavy lightness!" All the faults of Cibber's style are exaggerated to an unbearable degree in that of his daughter, Charlotte Chark, the unfortunate authoress, whose memoirs will exemplify, beyond all others, the possible union of levity and dulness. The father's quicksilver became lead in the second generation, and thus manifested its real nature and tendency. Nothing can be truer than the poet's assertion, that

> "Eternal smiles an emptiness betray,
> As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

Many of our later *milites emeriti* of the stage, in turning autobiographers, have become as wearisome as the old comedian, from the perpetual effort to be gay; and we feel, when we rise from their pages, as if we had been eating froth with laborious assiduity. Who has not felt the fatigue of being in the company of a merry man—one, whose established character for vivacity and wit has brought him to the fearful pass of always endeavouring to keep bright the reputation he has gained;—one, who is so convinced that

> "To have done, is to hang
> Quite out of fashion,"

that, being more avaricious of time than Titus himself, he would inwardly exclaim, "I have lost a moment!" if he should permit a fraction of time to pass unenriched by a good saying;—one, who looks not upon the words he hears as the vehicles of sense and meaning, but as so many pegs on which to hang his twisted quotation, or portentous pun? Doth not such a man prose? —Yea, is there not prosing in the court of Momus? Did my reader ever meet with a Hop-step-and-jump Proser? Such an one I knew—a man "well stricken in the fifties"—a man of substantiality and worth. He had made a fortune in India; but, strange to say, had brought back his health as safely as his rupees to enjoyable old England. You could not look at him without pronouncing him a tower of strength. He was six feet high, and weighed eighteen stone, yet he neither looked tall nor fat, so equally was his bulk diffused, so happily did his height and breadth mutually neutralize one another. He had a fine benevolent head, and a kind heart, with a touch of the hot regions in his temper. Doubtless he was a man of sense and business, or he never could have gathered so much money together,—yet in his talk he was so incoherent and entangled, that most men would have pronounced him an idiot or a madman. There was no rudder to his thoughts; the gale of his ideas was always shifting, and his mind was driven at random under the ever-varying impulse. —Rogers says, in his Pleasures of Memory,—

> "Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
> Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;
> Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
> Each stamps its image as the other flies."

My friend seemed expressly made to demonstrate the truth of this theory. The chain which linked his thoughts was indeed a *hidden* one; his associations lay too deep for mortal sight. If you chanced to awake a single idea in his brain, in good sooth what myriads did arise! The exploit was perilous; for you might as soon have put a train of gunpowder to sleep after once firing it, as have lulled them into repose again. Each also "stamp'd its image as the other fled," but an image as different from its predecessor as the head of Louis the Eighteenth from that of Napoleon. The last idea of the series, if ever there was a last, might possibly revert to the first, like a ship that had sailed round the world, by the very vastness of the circuit his mind had run. All this might have been borne—in silence—but the excellent man (in this only an Egyptian task-master) peremptorily required

that your mind should keep pace with his, and that you should supply a running, or rather a galloping, commentary upon the very obscurest parts of his text. You were dragged along panting and breathless at his triumphant chariot wheels. You were called upon to understand the incomprehensible, to decide between nonentities, to tell the narrator what he meant, when it was evident that he did not know his own meaning; in short, to reduce into lucid order the whole wasteful chaos of his conversation. But it was in the evening, after the tea had been removed, and when, casting a prospective look bedward, he began to loosen the strings of his breeches' knees, (the old gentleman always adhered to the costume of a gaitered leg)—when he sat mixing and sipping his one tumbler of brandy and water placed on the little table by the fire-side—then it was that he poured forth the broken torrent of his speech in glory and in power; then came forth "confusion worse confounded." The brandy and water before him was usually the text from which sprouted forth the several Hydra heads of his discourse. "The celebrated Warren Hastings" (he would begin) "said to me, when I first went out to India, 'Young man, take my advice, and you will never be ill. Whenever you feel a little out of order, drink a little brandy and water.' I have done so, and have never had any thing like a serious illness in my whole life. You see what a good thing it is to follow the advice of a person older than yourself. Now, if my friend Brown had taken my advice, he never would have married the fat widow Heneage, with all her rupees. Said he to me, 'I'll never marry a woman that has not good ankles, and a good temper;'—and then what does he do?—He marries a featherbed upon two bolsters. 'But then,' (said he,) 'she must have a good temper, because she's so fat.'—'Take care,' said I, 'some women thrive upon vinegar!' And so it proved. 'The sun's blest beams turn vinegar more sour.'—Pope—ey? Pope was a fine poet. I was not a bad poet when I was a young man. I kept a poetical journal when I first went out to India. Two lines of it I remember—

> 'The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
> They are tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.'

After all, I am not quite sure whether those two lines are by me or not. Pretty idea that—'the loss of the sun.' By the by, what a shocking thing that was—the loss of the Grosvenor! I remember two curious circumstances about it—one was, that Mrs Wood, Governor Wood's wife—a sensible woman—there was always the best currie at her house—well, she had a dream that the Grosvenor was cast away, and though she had her clothes on board, and her passage taken, she would not go. Her clothes were lost, of course—very inconvenient it may sometimes be to lose one's clothes, for when I was at Dublin"—Here I ventured to remind the old gentleman that he had not told me the other curious incident relating to the loss of the Grosvenor. "All in good time, impatient sir; now you have broken in upon the chain of my ideas—they are quite gone—I must beg that you will repeat over to me, from the very beginning, all that I have been saying, or I shall never recover them. What was the drift of my argument?"—"Argument! sir?"—"Yes, argument, Mr Parrot. I have always a purpose in every thing I say. Now what was that purpose?"—"To teach me to be careful of my clothes?"—"Pish—no!"—"To warn me to be careful whom I marry?"—"Hum—no!—Well, I suppose you were not listening—sad fault in a young man. When I was your age, I opened my ears, and now you see I can talk to some purpose. Always remember to have a *purpose* in every thing you say—Ah, you'll never make money!—Did you ever hear of the Money Begum? She lived quite like a native Princess in India. Living in India, you know, is very different to what it is in England—every thing there is done for you—so, as I was saying, I might have married the Money Begum, if a lad of eighteen could have made up his mind to marry a mummy of eighty. Apropos, what a fine mummy Belzoni has brought to England! Did you ever hear Quin's epigram upon mummies?

> 'A plague on Egypt's arts, I say!
> What! throw rich wines and spice away
> Upon the senseless dead?
> No! soak'd in turtle and tokay,
> Grim death shall find Quin's generous clay
> A mummy ready made!'

You perceive the induction, of course?

—You know what I mean to illustrate?—Come, tell me now—You are aware that I always have a purpose in every thing I say"—&c. &c. &c. Enough of the Hop-step-and-jump Proser. I see my reader nodding—Take care, sir, you will set your wig on fire!

After all, I know not if the Sensible Proser be not the most unbearable of the whole species. The preceding classes have each a distinctive character: the Sensible Proser is like a badly-daubed portrait, without any character at all. He does not precisely speak truisms, or commonplaces; he does not always ask questions; he is not lively, and he can scarcely be called dull; his thoughts follow each other in regular order—in short, he is a fair body, but he wants a soul. "O pulchra species, *animam* si habuit!" is the exclamation that he calls forth. He wearies us—we scarcely know why—and this is the very head and front of his offending, the very fountain of our disgust. It is so disagreeable to a rational being, like man, not to be able to give a reason for every thing he feels; it is so derogatory to human dignity to be compelled to the old confession,

"I do not like thee, Dr Fell;
The reason why, I cannot tell!"

Besides, the Sensible Proser has every claim to our approbation:—he may be so thoroughly respectable!—yet we dislike him! This sense of injustice in ourselves vents itself in an added antipathy towards him. We have injured him, (by our thoughts, at least,) therefore we cannot forgive him. A man of this complexion is always a *Born Proser*. Parodying Shakspeare, one may say—

"Some are born Prosers,
And some have Prosing thrust upon them."

There must come a time when, alas, every man of woman born shall betray those incipient symptoms of the complaint, so admirably described by Crabbe; when they

"Number their peaches, ask how stocks arose,
Tell the same tale—in short, begin to prose."

These Prosers by the necessity of old age (if in their generation they have been lively and amusing) may be forgiven, in consideration of their past services to society;—but how can we muster up charity sufficient to pardon the *Born Proser*, who, from his very cradle, has lain like a nightmare on the world? If there be a horrible image in nature—horrible from its very incongruity—it is that of a prosy child. Childhood is the age for freshness of thought, and originality of expression; and, where these are not, there is no real childhood. There is something monstrous in a child that has an old head upon young shoulders, like the unfortunate wrinkled and bearded baby in the fairy tale; that comes into the world a worldling ready made, with a cold heart and a sapient head, with all those technicalities about it which time and the hour bring to others; that is but a tame copy of all it sees and hears—a mere parrot in speech—a mere monkey in action—an actual owl in visage. Yet such children there are, the embryos of Sensible Prosers, who, from the cradle to the grave, add nothing to the stock of human feelings or ideas; and nevertheless perform their parts in life more creditably, and with more applause, than many of the gifted beings who immortally enlarge the sphere of thought and sensibility. Between these last-named—the offspring of imagination, who, unwise for themselves, although wise for others, bequeath the happiness they never attain—between these and the frog-blooded tribe of Prosers exists an enmity constitutional, instinctive, and unconquerable as the feudal hatred betwixt cats and dogs. The Proser thanks his stars that he is no wit—the Genius, that, let his faults be plentiful as blackberries, he is no Proser—Poets especially (though poets can sometimes prose) manifest an excessive prose-phobia. They detest in others the mediocrity, which neither gods nor men permit to themselves. Their wits are too ethereal to subsist *in vacuo*, and, when surrounded by flatness or formality, expire like a candle in an exhausted receiver. Witness the pathetic account which Horace gives of his sufferings, when his ear was nailed to the pillory of prosing; witness the agonies of Pope when he burst forth into that indignant strain—

"Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker—say I'm sick—I'm dead."

How feelingly even the stern-minded

Johnson (in his satire on London) classes the evil of a woman's tongue with the calamity of falling houses!—

> "Here falling houses thunder on your head,
> And there a female Atheist talks you dead."

The sensitive Cowper has devoted one whole poem to a description of various kinds of Prosers, and has thus described his own feelings and conduct, while taking a dose of wordy coloquintida:

> " ——Sedentary weavers of long tales
> Give me the fidgets, and my patience fails.
> 'Tis the most asinine employ on earth,
> To hear them tell of parentage and birth.
> * * * * * * *
> I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair;
> Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare;
> And when at last their blunders are all out,
> Replydiscreetly—To be sure—no doubt!"

A gifted author of our own day, who may be called a poet by prerogative of imagination, has drawn a most lively picture of the persecutions which a good man endured from the tongue of a "Wearifu' Woman," till he was wellnigh daft. So graphic is the representation, that it is impossible to doubt but that the story had its origin in painful personal experience. Would that I possessed the same skill to render that, which is so dreadful in the doing, so pleasant in the telling! Another living writer of celebrity, than whom no one can relate a story more agreeably, entertained a company, amongst whom I was present, with the following account of his escape from a Proser. He was walking from the village of R—— to his own house at N——, a distance of twelve miles, and had advanced about a mile on his road, when, at a sharp turn, he saw, about a hundred yards before him, one of the most awful Prosers of the town in which he lived, whom he knew to be homeward-bound like himself. He was of an order which we may denominate the Quotation Proser—a sort of person who commits to a tenacious memory all the flowers of English poetry—especially poetry of the modern school—and then seizes every opportunity of descending in a shower of roses on the ears of a chance auditor. Lord Byron's comparisons of Greece to a beautiful corpse, and of a betrayed maiden to a captive butterfly; Walter Scott's famous rant about "My own, my native land," or the same writer's still oftener-mouthed advice to visit "fair Melrose" by the "pale moonlight;" such popular and taking passages were reiterated by the Proser in one eternal monotone, until thoughts that were really beautiful became hateful to the unfortunate listener, from the manner in which they were administered to his sensorium. For enthusiasm in poetry there could not be devised a better cure than this Proser's recitation. He drew the antidote from the very bane itself. Can we wonder that our author should experience, in its fullest measure, the misery which is always felt in walking behind a person whom one does not wish to overtake? His natural pace was quicker than the Proser's. No one who has not tried the experiment can conceive how difficult it is not to gain upon a person who walks slower than oneself, or how irksome it is to rein in one's impatient muscles. Imperceptibly he had drawn nearer to the Proser—he could even hear a faint murmuring borne upon the wind, as if his unconscious foe were preparing for the approach of his victim, and giving a new edge to his instruments of torture. Almost he fancied that, from the very cadence, he could distinguish "He who hath bent him o'er the dead,"—heard, alas, from those very lips for the five hundredth time! Now, if the enemy should look back;—nay, hath he not eyes in the back of his head?—cannot his pig-tail see?—or can he not snuff his prey a mile off? Imagine what it would be to be fastened upon for the rest of the journey—eleven endless miles! Will no kind goddess interpose a cloud? Will not the Muses convey their votary from the deadly peril, as they once carried off Gray, "underneath their hoops?" Courage! they are not unmindful of their worshipper—for see, aid is at hand—in the shape of a stage-coach! Not that the persecuted author dares to stop and mount it—*that* would attract too surely the notice of his sharp-eyed assailant. What then did he? Inspired to execute a desperate project, he quickened his pace, until he brought himself close behind the Proser, and contrived that the coach should overtake him at the very moment when it was about to pass the object of his dread.

The shield of Mars could not have been more effectual than the body of the coach betwixt him and his foe, and he actually succeeded (being favoured also by a sudden turn in the road) in making his transit at one and the same time with the friendly vehicle. Once having got the start, "timor addidit alas," (as the Proser would have said) and the quotationist, in blissful ignorance of his loss, never saw even the Parthian back of the lucky fugitive.

Scarcely inferior in misery to the necessity of hearing good poetry repeated till it is worn threadbare, must be the vocation of the amiable Professor of History and Poetry at Cambridge, viz. to read over all the bad poems that can be written on any one particular prize-subject. I cannot conceive a worse punishment in Tartarus for the poetical sins of a middling author, than thus to sit the Minos of Prize poets. The very name of prize poem is Fancy's extinguisher. Were the torture diurnal instead of annual, it could only be excelled—Oh, horror of horrors!—by that of living with a Proser! "I make it a rule," said the Professor to me, "never to read more than four in a day, and these I always dispatch before breakfast, that my faculties may be clear and my judgment impartial."—"And then," thought I, "to breakfast—with what appetite you may." The Professor also shewed me the book in which he records his opinion of each poem submitted to the ordeal of his critical acumen. I was amused to see frequently repeated the pithy sentence—"Couldn't read"—the *ne plus ultra* of brief damnation. Happy would it be for the Professor and for society in general, if those muddy souls, which dwell by the Lethe of Prosing, could always associate together in some vapoury Bœotia, publish their own books, read their own journal, and write their own reviews of their own productions. They should not come abroad to darken the light of creation, and hoodwink the eagle eyes of genius. How many we see that, by congenial dulness, appear to be as much born for each other as some matrimonial pairs by kindred ugliness. Why should there be such a jumble in the world? Why should not ancient prejudice and venerable ignorance be perpetuated, amongst a select band, from generation to generation? In the present state of things, the pale and lumpish progeny of Saturn fasten, as if by instinct, upon the sanguine temperaments born under Mercury, and, with pretended hugs, smother them to death in their bruin-like embraces. But I grow lengthy, and length is one of the surest attributes of prosing. Yet I cannot conscientiously conclude without a few words of advice to my reader, as to the means whereby he may avoid the crime, with a proper horror of which I have endeavoured to embue him.

Whatever you have to say, say it briefly. Prosing consists not so much in the matter, as in the manner of discourse. One person turns all that he touches to gold, another to lead. Do not sail too long on one tack. Contrast and variety are the salt of speech.

Take especial care not to be always wise. It is good to lend oneself occasionally to the follies of the moment. I heard the late excellent Bishop Heber (whom no one could at any time have accused of unseasonable levity) say, that "to be able sometimes to talk nonsense was a most valuable talent." Indeed one may generally measure the seriousness of a man's labours by the lightness of his recreations.

Lastly, and above all, learn to be a good listener. Having once acquired this science, you never will be accused of prosing. Some there are who strive to enchant a company by pouring forth a flood of rhetoric. They forget that to each the sweetest eloquence is his own, and are sure to be regarded only by the ill-will of those whose tongues are vibrating with impatience, while their ears are so "soundly cudgelled." Such conduct is not only an error in judgment, but an infringement upon the laws of society—for it is unsocial; and upon the rules of conversation—for "talking is not truly to converse." The very word conversation implies something reciprocal — something turned over from one to the other; and he who keeps the shuttlecock all to himself, plays as ill as he who lets it fall to the ground.

FIRST AND LAST. NO. VI.

THE FIRST AND LAST SACRIFICE.

MAY 18.—IT was towards the latter end of May that I set out from New Orleans, with the intention of proceeding over-land to Savannah. I knew the fatigue I should have to undergo, the delays I should experience, and the possible dangers I might encounter; but I had heard and read so much of what there was to excite admiration in the regions through which I should pass, as well as to gratify curiosity in the scenes of savage life I should behold, that I willingly consented to pay the price for such gratifications. My imagination kindled at the thought of traversing a space of many hundred miles, through gloomy forests of pine, oak, and cedar, over wide-spread swamps, across flooded creeks, and amid tribes of Indians, still roaming their native wilds, proud and fearless hunters of the woods, or lingering on the confines of barbaric life, till the full tide of civilisation should sweep away all the ancient landmarks of their race. My fancy was bewildered with a thousand dreamy visions of strange adventures and of perilous escapes—of romantic hardships by night, when camping out in the woods, and of ceaseless novelties by day, to gaze and wonder at, in the sublime desolation of stupendous wildernesses. I pictured to myself the path of the hurricane, sweeping before it for miles trees of mightiest growth, and covering the earth with their majestic ruins—the fierce wolf, and the pouncing panther—the rattlesnake and the alligator—with all that poetical ardour of mind which revels in the exciting conceptions of untried danger. To me there was something inexpressibly fascinating in the idea of plunging into the depths of awful solitudes, where nature reigned ALONE—where the breeze was perfumed with odours scattered by her hand only—where the sparkling fire-flies danced and glittered before the traveller's eyes like festal fairy lamps, and where birds of unknown song and plumage made the air vocal with their wild melodies; in short, where man, who in towns and cities is every thing, would be nothing.

Animated with these feelings, and excited by the anticipations which they inspired, I left New Orleans any thing but reluctant to exchange, for a time at least, its beautiful orange groves and fertile plains, clothed with rich vegetation, and the waters of the giant stream, the Mississippi—whose course, of thrice ten hundred miles, here terminates in bleak pine-barrens and arid sand-hills—for green savannahs, freshets, log-houses, wig-wams, and Indians with their tomahawks and scalping-knives. But it is not my purpose to dwell upon these topics, neither do I propose to relate all that befell me on my journey, or to describe all the impressions produced by what I saw. I shall confine myself to the details of a single incident.

The moon was shining gloriously, when, on the twelfth night from my leaving New Orleans, I approached a deep glen, known by the name of MURDER CREEK. It had received this fearful appellation in consequence of a tragical event which occurred there some twenty years ago. A party of whites, consisting of about thirty persons, including several women and children, who were camping out during the night, were suddenly surprised by the Indians, and every one of them butchered and scalped. I had made a fatiguing day's journey; not so much on account of the distance I had traversed, as from the circumstance of having met with two or three large swamps, in which my horse frequently stuck so fast that I was afraid I should be compelled to leave him to his fate, and scramble my own way out, as well as I could, over trunks of fallen trees. Weary, cold, wet, (for though the day had been hot, the night was sharp and chilly, and I had waded knee-deep through one of the flooded creeks,) and hungry withal, I made up my mind to spread my blanket, kindle my fire, and after cooking my bacon, and making my coffee, to sleep till dawn beneath the thick branches of the lofty trees which overshadowed me. Having secured my horse by a little fence of saplings, and given him his supper of Indian-corn leaves, the only substitute for hay, (a sufficient supply of which I had carried behind me tied on his back,) I prepared my own meal. While I was eating it with a relish which I might have envied, had I been partaking of more costly viands, and watching the beautiful

coruscations of light produced by myriads of fire-flies sparkling with evanescent lustre in the deep gloom of the surrounding forest, beyond whose surface the moon's pale beams could not penetrate, I was suddenly startled by the loud, sharp clicking of a rattlesnake. I sprung up, and, by the light of my fire, perceived the reptile gliding away into the thick underwood, not more than three or four yards from where I had been sitting. I had my stout staff of iron-wood in my hand, and with one well-aimed blow laid the creature dead before me. It was nearly seven feet long, its tail, which I cut off, consisting of twenty joints or rattles. I was not sorry I had succeeded in dispatching it; for though my blazing fire was, I knew, sufficient to protect me from its near approach, yet I doubt if I should have composed myself to sleep quite so comfortably, had it escaped into the thicket.

After I had finished my supper, and replenished my fire with fuel, so laid on as to prevent its burning away too rapidly, I spread my blanket, arranged my saddle-bags for bolster and pillow, and laid me down. But there was, if I may so express myself, an oppressive stillness around, which kept me awake for some time. Humboldt speaks of the deep impression made by nature whenever man finds himself in company with her alone; and this impression I had frequently felt during the day, when, look where I would, my eyes rested upon no object which linked me with my fellow-creatures; but, at this moment, it was not only more intense—it partook of emotions which, in their character, were both awful and melancholy. The solitude of night, even in a crowded city, is solemnly impressive. What then must it be, when it deepens the solitude of the wilderness?—when, to the consciousness of utter loneliness are added that visible gloom which contracts the boundaries of sight, and those audible sounds which proclaim the surrounding desolation? The air was loaded with these sounds that told the dismal tale, and fancy clothed them all in its own livery. As I lay gazing at the quiet moon, the trickling murmur of innumerable springs flowing over pebbly beds, or through channels fringed with rank herbage—the din of distant waterfalls—the roar of some cataract—the howl of the wolf—the deep hoarse croak of the frogs in the neighbouring swamps—and the drowsy buzz of insects wheeling, fluttering, and dancing in the moonbeams, seemed to invade my ears with incessant and confused repetition. Nor could I wholly dismiss from my thoughts all recollection of the event which had given to the place its ominous name—the Murder Creek: For, not a hundred yards from me, the blackened stump of a tree still marked the spot which had witnessed the frightful massacre.

Insensibly, however, sleep began to steal over me, and I was sinking into repose, when I heard a rustling among the bushes, and the quick tread of feet. I turned my head in the direction of the sound, and saw an Indian seated on the blackened stump I have just mentioned, gazing steadily at me. I neither spoke nor moved; and he was equally silent and motionless. I do not think he was aware that I was awake and looking at him. He was tall, of a robust make, and his attitude, as he sat, full of that native grace and dignity which have so frequently been described as peculiar to some tribes of these children of the woods. His dress was elegant and picturesque, consisting of a sort of loose gown of red and blue cotton, with the hem highly ornamented, and fastened round the waist by a richly embroidered belt, in which were his tomahawk, scalping knife, and shot-pouch. On his legs he wore mocassins of brown deer-skin, and from his neck hung a profusion of silver ornaments, some shaped like circular plates, and others of the form of shining crescents. Over his shoulders hung his quiver and sheaf of arrows; and on his head he wore a white cotton turban, from behind which nodded a small plume of black feathers. In his hand he held a gun, and athwart his body, obliquely crossing his left shoulder, and hanging below his right, his bow was slung.

I had full leisure to note all these things, for there he sat, the moon's light falling brightly and silently upon him. There he sat, and his eye was as brightly and as silently upon me. It was like fascination. I could only look at him, and breathe softly, as if I feared to disturb the warrior. I almost doubted whether I had indeed heard his approach, or whether

the form I beheld had not grown like a vision upon my sight. In this manner I lay for nearly half an hour, (such at least the time seemed to me,) till my eye-balls ached with gazing; and still the figure was there, while not a muscle of his face or body betrayed by its motion that it was a living man I gazed upon. I closed my eyes for a moment, to relieve the intolerable pain they felt; but when I opened them again, the Indian had disappeared. I was now convinced I had been mocked with a waking dream; for awake I was, and had been all the time. I was convinced, too, that what I had mistaken for the rustling among the bushes, and the quick tread of feet, was nothing more than the impression of those confused sounds I have described, to which that stealing slumber of the senses which precedes sleep had imparted its own vague qualities. Had his feet been shod with mocassins of the cygnet's down, I must have heard their tread as he retired, had the form been real.

Under other circumstances, an occurrence like this would have banished sleep for the rest of the night; but in spite of what I felt, and of the mustering thoughts that began to throng into my mind, the fatigue of my day's journey sat too heavily upon me to let me keep awake. In the very midst of unquiet and feverish meditations, I fell asleep. How long I continued in that state I cannot say; but it must have been three or four hours, for when I awoke, my night fire was nearly burnt out, and the moon was veiled by black and tempestuous clouds, which had gathered in the sky, threatening a storm. The first object that met my eyes, as I looked around, was the Indian! He was seated in the same attitude as before, but his figure was now only dimly and partially visible, from the long flashes of red dusky light thrown upon it at intervals by the expiring embers. I started up, grasping one of my pistols, which lay half-cocked by my side. He arose, and slowly advanced towards me. I was on my feet in an instant, and as he came near, I presented my pistol; but with one blow of his tomahawk, given with the rapidity of lightning, he struck it from my hand so violently, that the piece discharged itself as it fell to the ground. The report echoed and re-echoed, peal upon peal, through the surrounding forest. I endeavoured to possess myself of the other, when he sprung upon me, seized me by the throat, and with his right hand held aloft his murderous weapon. Expecting the fatal blow to fall, I made signs of submission, and both by my gestures and looks implored his mercy. He surveyed me for an instant without speaking, then quitted his hold, and stooping down took up my remaining pistol, which he discharged in the air. I saw, by the quick glances of his eyes, that he was looking about to ascertain whether I had any other weapon of defence, and I signified that I had not. He now lighted the pipe of his tomahawk* by the embers, gave two or three puffs himself, and passed it to me; I did the same; and from that moment I knew I was safe in his hands. The symbol of peace and hospitality had been reciprocated; the pledge of good faith had been given which no Indian ever violated.

Hitherto not a word had been spoken. I knew none of the Indian dialects, and I was aware that each nation had a language or vocabulary of its own, which, though possessing some common affinities in neighbouring tribes, was often so dissimilar, that they were frequently obliged to carry on communications with each other through the medium of interpreters. While, however, I was considering how I should make myself understood, or comprehend the intentions of my mysterious visitor, I was both surprised and delighted to hear him address me in very good English.

"The storm clouds are collecting in their strength," said he, looking towards the sky. "Get ready. Follow me."

"You speak my language," I exclaimed.

"You hear I do. Get ready, and follow."

"Whither?"

He made no answer, but walked some paces off, in the direction he

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* The tomahawk is often so made as to serve for a pipe; the back of the hatchet-head having a little socket attached to it, and the handle being bored.

would go, and then stopped as if waiting for me. I obeyed. In a few minutes my travelling necessaries were collected, my horse saddled, and I on its back ready to proceed, which when he saw, he immediately entered a narrow hunter's path that led into the thickest part of the wood. It soon became so dark that I could not see my guide, and he turned back to take the bridle of my horse in his hand. With an unerring and rapid step he kept the path, and with the eyes of the lynx he discerned its course through the intricate windings of the forest. He did not speak; and I was too much absorbed in conjectures as to what might be the issue of this singular adventure to seek frivolous discourse, while I knew that any attempt to anticipate the issue by questions would be futile. Besides, all fears for my personal safety being allayed, I could hardly say that I now felt a wish to forego the conclusion of a business which had commenced so romantically. We had proceeded in this manner about two miles, when the Indian suddenly stopped; and the next moment I was startled by the report of his musket, which was followed by a loud howl or yell. Before I could enquire the cause of what I heard, I was thrown to the ground by the violent rearing and plunging of my horse; but I soon recovered my feet, and was then enabled to perceive by the faint glimmering of the dawn which now began to penetrate the dark deep gloom of the gigantic trees, that the Indian was in the act of discharging an arrow at a wolf of prodigious size, which seemed to be on the spring to seize its assailant. The arrow flew to its mark with a whizzing sound, and the bow sent forth a twang, which denoted the strength of the arm that had dispatched it. It struck, and penetrated the skull of the wolf, quivering in the wound; and the next moment a tremendous blow from the tomahawk, given, as he sprang towards the ferocious animal, before it could recover from the stunning shock of the arrow, cleft its head completely in twain. The whole of this did not occupy more than a minute; with such dexterous rapidity did the Indian first discharge his gun, then unsling his bow, and follow up its use, by the certain execution of the tomahawk. Nor was I less astonished, as I looked at the animal, and remarked its dun colour, at the extraordinary quickness of vision which the necessity of being constantly on the watch (in their hunting expeditions through trackless woods) against sudden surprise, either from wild beasts, or enemies in ambush, creates in these free denizens of their native wilds. Had I been journeying alone, with all the advantage of daylight, I scarcely think my eye would have distinguished the wolf from the thick bushes in which it was couched, unless my attention had been first excited by some movement on its part; and I could not help testifying my amazement at the whole scene. The Indian made no reply, but reloaded his gun, to be ready, if necessary, for another enterprise of the same kind.

We resumed our journey in silence, and having proceeded, as nearly as I could judge, from three to four miles further, we at length came to a small cabin, or wigwam, erected by the side of the path. It was of the simplest construction, consisting merely of a few saplings stuck into the ground, and covered on the top and sides with the bark of the cedar tree. Round the cabin there was about half an acre of ground cleared, which was planted with Indian corn. Here we stopped; for this was the abode of my guide. I dismounted, fastened my horse to a tree, and followed the Indian into the hut, whose only furniture seemed to be a bed of buffalo and wild-deer skins in one corner. I perceived, however, that the walls, so to call them, were hung round with rifles, tomahawks, scalping knives, shot-pouches, powder-horns, bows, arrows, and deer, buffalo, and bear skins. But I will not attempt to describe what were my feelings at the moment when I saw and counted on one side of the cabin, no less than fifteen human scalps, denoting by their size and appearance that they had belonged to persons of almost every age, from the child of three years, to the grey victim of threescore and ten. One in particular attracted my attention, from the beauty of its long, glossy auburn hair, which hung down in profusion, and which had evidently been severed from the head of some wretched female, perhaps young, and lovely, and beloved! I could easily distinguish, too, that all

of them were the scalps of white people, who had been slain, I had no doubt, by the being in whose power, utterly helpless and alone, I then was. My heart grew faint and sick at the grisly array; and I turned from it, but with a resolution to betray, as little as I possibly could, by my manner, the emotions it had excited.

"Sit!" exclaimed the Indian, pointing to the bed of buffalo and wild-deer skins in one corner of the cabin. I did so; while he, with the same stern silence which he had all along maintained, spread before me some milk, various preparations of Indian corn, wild venison, and *softke,* the last, a not unpalatable dish, being made of the flour of Indian corn, gathered while green, mixed with honey and water. He seated himself by my side, and partook of the meal. I too ate, and with a relish, after my morning's ride, in spite of many uneasy reflections which I could not repress. These reflections, indeed, were gradually becoming so painful, that I was on the point of demanding from my host an explanation of his motives for bringing me here, when he addressed me. I knew it was a point of Indian politeness not to interrupt a person who is speaking, and I was careful to avoid any breach of decorum.

"You are a white man—I found you sleeping—you were armed—I made you defenceless, and then I offered you the pipe of peace.

"A white man found MY FATHER defenceless and asleep, and shot him as he slept. I was in my mother's womb; but the blood of my father was gathered, and before the milk of her bosom was on my lips, they were made red with his blood, that I might taste the food of revenge before the food of life.

"The first word I lisped, was REVENGE! The first passion I knew, was HATRED of a WHITE MAN! The first time I knelt to the Great Spirit, it was on my father's grave, to pray he would not send for me till I had clothed myself in a robe of blood, to greet my father in the Spirit Country. My prayer was heard. My oath has been kept.

"I grew a man, and adopted myself into the Panther Family by marriage. In my cabin, which was then on the banks of the Ontario, the Lake of a Thousand Islands, I numbered three generations. My mother lived—children were born to me—we were one family.

"Did I forget my oath? No. Did I forget the end for which I lived? Never. The day that saw my first-born in its mother's arms, saw my first sacrifice to my father's spirit—a white man dead at my feet. Three moons after, another;—and in that third moon—a third. There," pointing to the scalps, "there hang the proofs that I do not say the thing which is not.

"Four snows passed, and I returned one evening from hunting, when I found my cabin burnt down. My mother alone sat weeping and lamenting among the ruins. I could not separate the bones of my children and my wife from the common heap of blackened ashes, which marked the spot where my home had stood when I went forth in the morning. I did not weep. But I comforted my mother all that night, and when the sun arose, I said, 'Let us to the wilderness? We are now the last of our race. We are alone, and the desert offers its solitudes for such!'

"I left for ever the Lake of a Thousand Islands, carrying with me only a handful of the ashes with which was mingled the dust of my children and my wife. In my progress hither, I visited the great warrior Tecumseh. He was then about to depart from the borders of Canada, upon a journey of a thousand miles, to invite the Lower Creeks to take up the hatchet in defence of the British against the Americans and Upper Creeks. I joined him. I was his companion. I sat with him in the assembly of the great council when, by the power of his talk, he obtained a solemn declaration they *would* take up the hatchet at his call. And they did; and I fought by his side when they did. *His* enemies were the Americans; *mine* were the WHITES; and my revenge slaked its thirst in their blood, with the same refreshing sense that I drink of the sparkling waters of the spring, without asking its name. Seven of the scalps you see belonged to those who fell beneath my tomahawk; but my arrows flew thick besides; nor was my gun levelled in vain.

"When the Warrior perished, the hope perished with him of the gathering of the Indian nations in some spot where the white people would not

follow, and where we might live as our fathers had done. Tecumseh fell. I left my brethren, and I built my cabin in the woods.

"It was in the season of the green corn, when the thank-offering is made to the Great Spirit, that a white man came to my door. He had lost his path, and the sun was going down. My mother shook, for the fear of death was upon her. She spoke to me. Her words were like the hurricane that sweeps through the forest, and opens for itself a way among the hills. The stranger was the same that had found my father defenceless and asleep, and who shot him as he slept.—Come with me, and learn the rest."

The Indian arose, went forth, and entered the forest; I followed, utterly incapable of saying a word. There was something so strange and overpowering in what I had seen and heard, so obscure and exciting in what I might still have to see and hear; it was so impossible for me to enter into the dark feelings of revenge that had been avowed, or to applaud the murderous spirit in which they had been appeased by this unrelenting savage; while to rebuke either must obviously have been at once hazardous and unavailing, that I could only meditate fearfully and silently upon the whole.

The course he now took was indicated by no path, but lay through thick underwood, and among tangled bushes; while overhead the gigantic plane and maple trees, the lofty cedar, and the many different species of oak, formed a verdant roof, impervious to the rain which was falling in torrents. The fragrance of the woods was delicious, and the notes of innumerable birds, the cooing of doves, with the incessant gambols of the squirrel, leaping from bough to bough in every direction, soothed and delighted me, in spite of the feelings with which I was oppressed. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the cabin, I observed a small stage, constructed between four trees standing near each other, and not more than four or five feet from the ground. On this stage I saw a human figure extended, which, as I afterwards discovered, was the body of the Indian's mother. By her side was a red earthen vessel or pitcher, containing the bones of his father, and that "handful of ashes" which he had brought with him from the shores of Lake Ontario, under the impulse of a sentiment so well known to exist among the Indian tribes—the desire of mingling their own dust, in death, with that of their fathers and their kindred. I noticed, however, that my guide passed this simple silvan sepulchre, without once turning his eyes towards it.

We continued our progress through the forest, and I soon began to perceive we were ascending a rising ground, though the dense foliage which hemmed us in on every side prevented me from distinguishing the height or the extent of the acclivity. Presently, I heard the loud din and roar of waters; and we had proceeded in the direction of the sound, whose increasing noise indicated our gradual approximation to it, for rather more than half a mile, when the Indian stopped, and I found myself all at once on the brink of a tremendous whirlpool. I looked down from a height of nearly two hundred feet into the deep ravine below, through which the vexed stream bellowed and whirled till it escaped through another chasm, and plunged into the recesses of the wood. It was an awful moment! The profound gloom of the place—the uproar of the eddying vortex beneath—the dark and rugged abyss which yawned before me, where huge trunks of trees might be seen, tossing and writhing about like things of life, tormented by the angry spirit of the waters—the unknown purpose of the being who had brought me hither, and who stood by my side in sullen silence, prophetic, to my mind, of a thousand horrible imaginings,—formed altogether a combination of circumstances that might have summoned fear into a bolder heart than mine was at that instant. At length the Indian spoke.

"Do you mark that cedar, shooting out midway from the rock? Hither I brought the white man, who doomed me to be born upon a father's grave. I said to him, 'You slew my father!' He shook, as my mother had done; for the fear of death was then upon him. 'My father's blood hath left a stain upon you which must be washed out in these dark waters.' He would have fled to the woods, like a wounded panther; but I grasped him thus, (winding his sinewy arm tightly round me,) and cried, 'Come with me to the

Spirit World, and hear me tell my father how I have clothed myself, as with a robe, in the blood of white men, to revenge his death. Come and see him smile upon me, when I point to the blood of his slayer!'

"How he shrieked as I sprung with him into the abyss! He rolled from me, and I heard the plunge of his body into the roaring gulf below; but the Great Spirit spread forth that cedar, to catch me in my own descent, for I lay in its green arms, as the young bird in its sheltered nest. Why was I preserved? Why was I kept from my father? I could not go to him. The branches clung to me; and from the depths of the forests there came a voice on the wind, saying, 'Return!' I planted my foot on the rock; at one bound I clutched yon topmost bough; I swung myself on that jutting crag, and reached the spot where now I stand."

As he spoke these words, he quitted his hold of me, to my infinite relief. We were so near the edge of the precipice, and his manner was so energetic, I might almost say convulsed, from the recollection of his consummating act of revenge, that I felt no small alarm lest an accidental movement should precipitate us both into the frightful chasm, independently of a very uncomfortable misgiving as to what his real intentions might be, while holding me so firmly. In either case, I should have had no faith in the Great Spirit spreading the cedar to catch *me* in my descent; while, if I *had* found myself in its "green arms," I felt morally certain I must have remained there till doomsday, provided I had only my own agility to trust to for swinging myself out of them. But in what a situation was I actually placed! In such a spot, and with a being whose motives I was not only still unable to fathom, but whose wild caprice perhaps might urge him to, I knew not what, if I spoke one unguarded word. After a short pause, however, I ventured to address him; but while I cautiously gave expression to an opinion from which, if confirmed, I looked to extract consolation for myself, I took especial care to shape what I said as much to his taste as I could possibly make it.

"And thus the oath of your childhood was satisfied. You had not only revenged your father's death upon the race of white men, but you had offered up his murderer, as a last sacrifice, to *his* memory, and your *own* vengeance."

"A last sacrifice!" he exclaimed, his features brightening with exultation. "Why was I bid to return, if the great purpose for which I had lived was completed? In my cabin, I can count five scalps of white men struck by this arm since the murderer sunk beneath these waters. But," he continued, with a stern solemnity of manner, "this day sees THE LAST. I have lived long enough; else——" and he fixed his eyes steadfastly upon me, "*you* had not lived to hear me say so. I tracked you, last night, from the going down of the sun. Twice my gun was levelled; twice I drew my arrow's head to its point; once my hatchet glittered in the moon. But my arm failed me, and there was a sadness over my spirits. I watched you as you slept. Not even the thought that so my father slept, could make me strike. I left you; and in the deep forest cast myself to the earth, to ask the Great Spirit what he would have me do, if it was to be that I could not shed your blood. A voice, like that which said 'Return,' came again upon the wind. I heard it—I obeyed it. Follow, and behold my LAST SACRIFICE."

We now descended the eminence on which we were standing, and again proceeded along the intricate path which conducted us back to the cabin. When we entered it, the Indian invited me to eat, by pointing to the repast which was still spread upon the ground; but I declined. He then motioned me that I should sit; and taking my hint from his own inflexible silence, I did so without uttering a word, but watching with intense anxiety all his movements. Divesting himself of his robe and turban, he put on a splendid dress of ceremony; after which, taking down the fifteen scalps, which were all strung upon a twisted cord, made from the bark of a tree, he suspended them round his neck. The one from which hung those long glossy tresses of auburn was in front, and spread itself with mournful luxuriance over his breast. Thus accoutred, and with his musket in one hand, and his hatchet in the other, besides the tomahawk, shot-pouch, powder-horn, and scalping-

knife, which were stuck in his belt, he turned to me and said, "Follow; bring with you the buffalo-hide on which you sit."

I did so, though with some difficulty; for the hide was both heavy and cumbrous to carry. We were now once more in the forest, and on the same track as when we set forth for the whirlpool. The Indian, instead of striding along with a quick elastic step, walked at a slow measured pace, but with great dignity of carriage. We had proceeded about a hundred yards, when he began a wild melancholy chant, in his native tongue; and it was then, for the first time, the horrible idea flashed across my mind, that he was about to immolate himself. Good God! and was I to witness the appalling ceremony, in this wilderness, from which it seemed impossible, utterly impossible, I could ever extricate myself! What, then, might be my own fate? To perish in these woods, perhaps, by the slow torture of famine, or fall a prey to some savage animal, or noxious reptile. There was such maddening horror in the first, that the shrinking soul clung piteously to the dismal hope of finding quick death in the second. I had heard and read of miserable wretches, lost wayfarers through these primeval forests, whose sufferings, though written by no pen, nor told in living speech, cried aloud in every heart, and stared ghastly upon the fancy. The perspiration burst from me as these sickening images presented themselves to my imagination; my limbs tottered as I continued to follow. I knew it would avail me nothing, at that moment, to give utterance to my fears; and I strove to comfort myself with the idea that possibly they might be unfounded.

We arrived at the small stage on which lay the body of the Indian's mother. Here he stopped—ascended it, laid down his gun and hatchet, took from me the buffalo hide, spread it carefully by his mother, and placed on the other side the earthen vessel containing the bones of his father, and the handful of ashes with which was mingled the dust of his wife and children. He next seated himself between them on the buffalo skin; and surely, whatever else I may forget in this world, while I remember any thing, I can never forget either the sublime expression of his countenance at that moment, or the grim horror of his appearance, with the scalps round his neck! For now, by the light which fell upon them, as I stood beneath, I could distinguish the black clotted blood that stiffened the hair at the roots. Longer silence became insupportable—impossible; that which had hitherto kept me silent—my own safety—now with an equally irresistible impulse stirring me to speech.

"It is not your own death," I exclaimed, "that you call your last sacrifice!"

He smiled; but made no answer.

"In mercy, then," I added, half frantically, "destroy me first; for here, in this wilderness, I must perish, when you are dead!"

He shook his head, and pointed upwards. "No!" said he. "Watch the green leaves, and walk with the wind. Speak no more. But when I am in the Spirit World, cover me with this buffalo robe, and go."

I stood aghast, motionless, and scarcely able to breathe, while the Indian was as calm and unperturbed as if he were only lying down to sleep. He now began again his funereal chant, or death song, in a low wailing tone, so full of mournful expression, that though there was something monotonous in its character, it brought tears into my eyes. But, as it grew louder and bolder, from the animating theme,—the deeds of prowess he had performed, and the white men he had slain,—till, at the last, it swelled into a terrific yell, as he recounted the death of his father's murderer, which echoed through the surrounding solitudes like frightful howlings, my blood seemed to chill and curdle. Hitherto he had spoken in a language unknown to me, and I only judged of its import from the expressive sympathy of his features. But suddenly he stopped; and then, in a gentle, murmuring voice, resumed his dirge in English.

"I am the last of my race! I am the last of my race! The life-stream that fills my veins is like the river that goes to the ocean and is lost! I had a father, I had a mother; I had a wife, I had children. I have no father, I have no mother; I have no wife, I have no children. I am the last of my race. I have no kindred. The white man came, who slew my father, and the fathers of my father.

The white man came, and he burned my cabin on the Lake of the Thousand Islands! I brought the wild deer home from the chase, but my wife and children could be gathered in the palm of my hand. I had no tear to mingle with those of my mother which fell upon their ashes! I fled to the wilderness, and carried with me the bones and dust of those that were. My father's blood was on my lips when I came from the womb: the white man's blood is on my hatchet which goes with me to the grave. I have done well; for the Great Spirit has called me: I shall not die like the tree that perishes, or be cut down like the corn that is ripe. I am the last of my race, and there is no hand but my own to send me to the Spirit World!"

At these words, he took his scalping-knife from his belt, and, with a firm unflinching hand, drew it slowly across the entire abdomen! The blood gushed—the bowels fell out. I could see no more. Staggering towards a tree, I hid my face in its luxuriant branches. But I still heard his voice—faintly and more faintly—repeating the words, "I go to my fathers—I am the last of my race! I am the last of my race!"—till guttural, indistinct gaspings,—a sudden fall, and a dreadful silence,—proclaimed that he was a corpse!

And I was alone, with that dead man before me—and in the solitude of mighty forests—and not a sound disturbing that solitude but the dripping of his warm blood upon the dry leaves beneath! And where was now the living guide to lead me through their labyrinths, to chase from my drooping spirits the ghastly horror which reared itself before them, that, perchance, I might never tell the tale of all I had witnessed? While I stood lost in these agonising fears, feeble and irresolute under these harrowing forebodings, I heard the fresh breeze careering through the leaves above my head. The rustling noise seemed like aerial voices calling upon me to depart. I remembered the words of the Indian, and looked up with grateful hope to my viewless pilots, who were to conduct me on my pathless way. Summoning all the energy I could command, I ascended the platform, covered the bleeding body of the warrior with his buffalo shroud, and then left him, in his mausoleum of the desert, to rot as nobly as Egyptian monarchs in their colossal pyramids.

I found little difficulty in regaining the cabin of the Indian, having already thrice trod the path that led to it. I entered it for a moment, and thought how soon the hand of desolation would crumble it down. His bow and quiver, with its sheaf of arrows, lay upon the ground. These I possessed myself of, and mounting my horse, set forth, with an anxious mind, upon my journey. I watched the gigantic trees that seemed to frown upon me, marked the direction in which their leaves were slanted by the wind, and followed it. It was so dark when I traversed this route in the first grey of the morning, that I was unable to satisfy myself, by any one object, as to being in the right path. Still, wherever there was a turning that corresponded with the apparent course of the wind, I unhesitatingly took it; and it was with no ordinary emotions of delight, after riding about an hour, that I found my attention directed, by the sudden starting of my horse, to an object which I instantly recognised as the carcass of the wolf which the Indian had destroyed. This gave me confidence; and before noon I was once more at Murder Creek, that deep dark glen where I had camped out the preceding night. Here I halted for a time, rejoicing in what I could consider as no other than a miraculous escape, while seated on the blackened stump where I first beheld the Indian like a vision of disturbed sleep. What my reflections were, I will not attempt to describe; nor would it suit with the character of this narrative, to relate the comparatively ordinary occurrences which befell me on the rest of my journey to Savannah.

M.

AN ESSAY ON THE THEORY AND THE WRITINGS OF WORDSWORTH.

Part I.

It appears to me that the poetry of Wordsworth, always estimated too rapturously, or too virulently depreciated, has never been placed on its proper level. "Then, of course," cries the critic, "you imagine yourself competent to fix it in its appropriate station." If I were to say No, you would not believe me; and if I say Yes, I go beyond the truth. A man, when he professes to treat of a subject, is always supposed, by courtesy, to be master of that subject. He is obliged to place himself in the situation of a teacher, and to regard those whom he addresses as his pupils, although he may be conscious that his powers are below those of some who grant him their attention. This compelled tone of superiority, this involuntary dictatorship, must, more especially, be admitted as an excuse for laying down the law in matters of taste. Subjects of science, indeed, may be handled with precision; and any one, after going through a certain course of study and experiment may, without arrogance, assert, "These things are so." Moral and sacred subjects again may appeal to a fixed standard. But subjects that relate to taste and feeling, admit not of such exactness. In these every man is a law unto himself, and he who sets himself up for a lecturer on taste can, after all, only give his own opinion, and leave others to adopt it or not, according to their several notions of right and wrong, beauty and deformity. One qualification, at least, I possess for the task I have undertaken. I have read, as I believe, every line that Wordsworth ever published. Critic, canst thou say as much?

My first endeavour will be to shew that Wordsworth's genius is overrated by his partisans; my second, that it is underrated by his detractors.

Although Wordsworth has never been a popular poet, in the extended sense of the word, yet what he has lacked in the number of his admirers, has been made up to him by the intensity of adoration which his few worshippers have displayed. A true disciple of his school said to me, "I call the poetry of Wordsworth an actual Revelation;" and I have heard others assert that his writings were able to work a moral change in any zealous peruser of them. This may seem strange to those who only know Wordsworth's poetry through the medium of passages quoted from the Lyrical Ballads, or perhaps by the imitation of his style in the Rejected Addresses—an imitation which does not possess one true characteristic of his manner. It is the mixture of philosophy with low and humble subjects which is the real peculiarity of Wordsworth's poetry—not, as some persons imagine, a mere childishness both of thought and meaning. It is on Wordsworth's faith, as viewed in connexion with its poetical practice, that his admirers found his claim to great and original excellence, and they thence derive their prediction, that by the side of Milton his station will be awarded him by posterity. Unlike other poets, who leave their principles of composition to be deduced from their works, Wordsworth lays down certain principles, of which he professes his poetry to be an illustration. He is a theorist, as well as a poet, and may be considered as much the founder of a sect as Plato or Pythagoras. This connexion between his peculiar notions and his verse obliges me to consider how far his theory is original, how far it is just, and with what success he has illustrated it in his compositions. I must, however, premise, that the very idea of fabricating poetry according to a set theory, is an unhappy one. That a thing, which should both proceed from, and address itself to, the feelings—which ought to be an inspiration and a divine madness—should mete itself out by rule and measure, "regulate its composition by principles," and carefully adapt its language of passion to a code of speech, involves an essential contradiction. Where was Shakspeare's theory when he read the open book of Nature, and transcribed her pages upon his own? Where was Milton's theory when he was rapt above the empyrean, and smote his mighty harp in answer to the sounding spheres? Where was the theory of Burns when he lived, loved, suffered, and wrote? And where,

may I ask, is Wordsworth's theory when he writes well? That he has written well, even gloriously, I allow. That he has written well in consequence of his theory, I deny.

But let us enquire what his theory is. Our author tells us that his first volume of poems was published " as an experiment, how far by fitting to metrical arrangement a selection of the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, that sort of pleasure, and that quantity of pleasure, might be imparted, which a poet may rationally endeavour to impart." If these words be taken in their literal sense, it appears to me that the experiment was scarcely worth the making; for the desired fact might have been ascertained by merely considering, that those parts of Shakspeare which convey the most general pleasure, are the real language of men under the agency of some strong passion. The touching expression of Macduff, " He has no children;" the thrilling exclamation of Othello over the body of Desdemona, " My wife!—What wife?—I have no wife!" are sufficient to shew that the simplest language of men, when strongly moved, may give pleasure of the most exquisite kind. I say pleasure, for though the words themselves produce a mournful impression, yet the predominating feeling is pleasure to see Nature's language so truly imitated. Ballads also without end, in which the real language of men is still more metrically arranged, would have decided the same question, for compositions of this sort, from Chevy Chase to Black-eyed Susan and Auld Robin Gray, have ever been, like the simple and original melodies which are ground about the streets on every hand-organ, the darlings of mankind, in every class. But if, by the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation, Wordsworth meant the complaints of a child in despair at seeing her cloak caught in a chaise wheel, or the agonies and ecstasies of a foolish poor woman who sent her idiot son for a doctor on a moonlight night, he might have convinced himself that no pleasing result would ensue, by merely enquiring whether the gustatory ejaculations of a society of Aldermen over a bowl of turtle, would give pleasure if reduced to metre. For these are also unquestionably " the real language of men in a state of vivid sensation."

Wordsworth, however, seems to have considered that this experiment succeeded rather beyond his expectations; and having " pleased a greater number than he ventured to hope he should please," he is encouraged to proceed in the same path, and to explain the object which he proposed to himself more particularly. Disentangling the chrysalis from the golden threads which his genius has spun around it, I will briefly give the principal points of his system. He chooses " incidents and situations," always from " common," and generally from " low and rustic life." He desires to elucidate the " primary laws," " the great and simple affections of our nature." He intends that each of his poems " should carry along with it a *purpose*," and " that the feeling therein developed should give importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling;" and lastly, he professes to reject " what is usually called poetic diction," and to " cut himself off from a large portion of phrases and figures of speech, which, from father to son, have long been regarded as the common inheritance of poets."

I own that I can see nothing very original in these objects proposed—little that has not been done before, and by others. The chief originality seems to consist in the formal declaration of the poet's intentions, and in his restricting himself to one department of his province. As I remarked before, " incidents and situations in common life" have generally pleased, as coming home to every man's business and bosom. No tragedy is received with more tears, or with more applause than the Gamester. To go a step farther,—Burns, in carolling the joys, and sorrows, and simple loves of rustic life, has found an echo in every heart. The songs of Dibdin are on every lip. Shenstone's Schoolmistress is allowedly his best poem. Crabbe extracts humour and pathos from the most trite and homely adventures. As to Wordsworth's declaration, that each of his poems has a worthy purpose, he himself asserts, that this will be found to be the case in " *all* poems to which any value can be attached;" therefore, in this respect, he only places himself in the rank of a *good*, not of an original writer. As

to the circumstance, which he tells us distinguishes his poems from the popular poetry of the day, viz. that the feeling dignifies the subject, and not the subject the feeling, I shall consider, by and by, whether it be not calculated to produce originality of a vicious kind, and whether there should not rather be a mutual proportion between the subject and the passion connected with it. Our author's renunciation of such phrases and figures of speech as have long been the common poetical stock in trade, seems again only to place him in a higher rank than the mere schoolboy poet, who pilfers his English Gradus for flowers of rhetoric. Every poet that rises above mediocrity, knows that he damns himself by the use of worn-out tropes and metaphors. Pope, who introduced a peculiar language into poetry, a set mode of expressing certain things, was original as the first founder of a vicious school, and in his case the severe good sense of his meaning atoned for the tinkling of his rhyme. Darwin was original from the very profusion with which he heaped these commonplaces together; but their imitators have never risen to eminence; and originality of expression seems to be expected from a writer of any pretensions. But Wordsworth has spoken too vaguely on this head. The term poetic diction, seems to infer a diction common to poets; but the language of metrical composition may be elevated beyond that of prose by modes as various as the authors who use it. The poetic diction of Milton is not, in a certain sense, that of Gray, nor is that of Collins in its external forms similar to that of Cowper.

I am the more explicit on this point, because one of Wordsworth's principal claims to originality seems to lie in his having formed a diction of his own, and in having run counter to the taste of the age in so doing. He magnifies his own boldness by asserting that an author is supposed, "by the act of writing in verse, to make a formal engagement to gratify certain known habits of association, and thus to apprise his reader not only that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but thatothers will be carefully excluded." I reply to this, that the love of novelty is stronger in man than habit itself, and that there would be nothing to gratify this inherent thirst, if we met with nothing but the same classes of ideas and expressions. Wordsworth grants that the tacit promise which a poet is supposed to make his reader, has in different eras of literature excited very different expectations, as in the various ages of Shakspeare, of Cowley, and of Pope. I ask, what made the ages of Shakspeare, Cowley, and Pope? Their own genius. It is the era that conforms to the poet, not the poet to the age. And even at one and the same period there have been, and may be, as many different styles of writing, as there are great and original writers. Spenser was contemporary with Shakspeare, and in our own day more especially we see almost as many schools of poetry as there are poets. Byron, Scott, Southey, Moore, Campbell, and Crabbe, have not only each asserted his own freedom, but have easily induced the world to affix its sign manual to their charter. I should rather affirm, then, that a poet is supposed "to make a formal engagement" to produce something new,—to be a creator indeed,—or his title to the appellation will scarcely be allowed. It follows, then, that Wordsworth's writings may be original, in as far as they differ from the productions of the present day, but not *because* they differ from such productions. His renouncing the common poetic diction is not an original part of his *theory*, however it may produce originality in his practice.

Having now attempted to shew that what is good in Wordsworth's theory is not new, I will endeavour to prove that what is new is not good.

Wordsworth tells us that, in his choice of situations and incidents, "low and rustic life was generally chosen, because, in that condition, the essential passions of the heart find a better soil in which they can attain their maturity, are less under restraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language." I answer, that they do so or not according to the powers of him who is their interpreter. I urge, that a true poet finds the same passions in every sphere of life, and makes them speak a plain and emphatic language by his own art. Love and hatred, hope and fear, joy and sorrow, lay bare the human heart, beneath the ermined robe, not less than beneath the shepherd's frock, and strong emo-

tion breaks the fetters of restraint as easily as one would snap asunder a silken thread. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." Naked we all came into the world, naked we must all go out of it, and naked we all appear, in a mental sense, when nature's strong hand is upon us. Accordingly, Shakspeare makes his Cleopatra scold like any scullion wench, when the messenger tells her of Antony's marriage with Octavia; nor does she confine her rage to words, but expounds it more intelligibly still by striking the unlucky herald, and "haling him up and down."* The great interpreter of nature contrives to "keep his reader in the company of flesh and blood, while he leads him through every sphere of existence." Wordsworth also chose rural life, "because in that condition, the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." I fear that more of the poet than the philosopher is apparent in this sentiment: or, if Wordsworth will have it that poet and philosopher are nearly synonymous terms, I fear that he has given his own individual feelings as representatives of those belonging to man as a species.

The philosophic poet should take care to support his theory upon facts established by observation, or (as Wordsworth himself elsewhere says) should possess "the ability to observe with accuracy, think as they are in themselves, and with fidelity to describe them, unmodified by any passion or feeling existing in the mind of the describer:" but Wordsworth, though, doubtless, conversant with humble life, has thrown the lines of his own mind over its whole sphere; otherwise he never could assert that the passions of men in that condition are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature. "The necessary character of rural occupations" seems rather to have a tendency to blunt the mind's sensibility to external nature, than to sharpen its perceptions of grace and beauty. "Our elementary feelings," indeed, may be said to co-exist in a state of greater simplicity" in humble life—if by "elementary feelings" the poet means such feelings as are connected with the care of our subsistence. To support life is the great object of the poor, and this object absorbs their powers, blunts their sensibilities, and confines their ideas to one track of association. The rustic holding his plough looks at the furrow which he traces, and not at the mountain which soars above his head. The shepherd watches his dog and his sheep, but not the clouds that shift their hues and forms in the western sky—or if he regards them, it is only as prognostics of such and such weather. I have conversed much with those in rustic life, and amongst them have scarcely ever met with one who manifested any sympathy with external nature. There may be exceptions to the general insensibility of the poor, but Wordsworth has mistaken the exceptions for illustrations of the rule itself. If any class of men, in a low station, betoken that the beautiful objects of nature are incorporated with their passions, we must look for them not amongst the tillers of the earth, but amongst those who occupy their business in the great waters. Sailors have leisure to admit the wonders of nature through the eye into the mind. The stagnation of a calm, or the steady movement of their vessel, often leaves them unoccupied, and throws their attention outward. The natural craving of the mind after employment makes them seize whatever offers itself to fill up vacuity of thought, and nature becomes less their chosen pleasure than their last resource. Accordingly, I have often remarked that more unconscious poetry drops from the lips of sailors, than from men in any other low station of life. Again, the affections of the heart become deadened in the poor, or rather change their character altogether. Life, which is so hardly sustained by them, is not in their eyes the precious thing which it is in ours; death, which they only view as a rest from toil or pain,

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* Cleopatra herself says, on being addressed by her handmaid Iras, as "Royal Egypt's Empress,"

> "Peace, peace, Iras,
> No more but a mere woman, and commanded
> By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
> And does the meanest chares."

is not looked upon by them with the same emotion with which we regard it. Whether "to be, or not to be," is most desirable, is a question which they decide by a balance of utility. A poor woman once said to me, "If the Lord pleases to take either me or my husband from our dear children, I hope my husband will go first; for I think I could do better for them than he could;" and I am sure she gave the true reason for wishing to survive her partner, and was not influenced in her wish by any selfish love of life. Here the essential passions of the heart (of which love between the sexes may be considered the very strongest) had given place to factitious feelings generated by a peculiar condition of life, and, this being the case, those feelings were no longer elementary, or such as are common to all mankind. In fact there seems to be no surer way of preventing oneself from seeing man as he is, than to confine one's view to any, even the most apparently natural condition of life. Man must be weighed in the gross, before he can be estimated in the abstract.

Wordsworth, moreover, informs us, that he has adopted the very language of men in low and rustic life, "because such men hourly communicate with the best objects from which the best part of language is originally derived; and because from their rank in society, and the sameness and narrow circle of their intercourse being less under the influence of social vanity, they convey their feelings and notions in simple and unelaborated expressions." I have before attempted to shew that the "hourly communications" of these men are with their implements of husbandry, and that, like oil and water, they and the beautiful forms of nature may be in perpetual contact, without becoming incorporated. That they are less under the influence of social vanity I doubt, and for the very same reason that Wordsworth believes it, viz. from the narrow circle of their intercourse; for the fewer opportunities men have of comparing themselves with numbers, the less do they know their own deficiencies,—and I doubt not but that the vanity of an alehouse politician is as great as, and infinitely more besotted than, the vanity of a member of parliament. I have also little doubt, but that the contempt with which a ploughman would look down upon me for no knowing oats from barley, would transcend that of an astronomer at my not being able to distinguish between Cassiopea and Ursa Major. However we human beings may differ in other respects,—in station, language, temper, and disposition—here at least we are all alike. Pour into separate vessels the blood of various men, analyze it, decompose it, distil it, till all factitious differences evaporate and disappear, and I will answer for it that there will be found a large residuum of vanity at the bottom of each alembic.

Wordsworth gives as a reason for his deducing strong feelings from low and unimportant subjects, that "the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants;" and that "one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability." There appears to be a mixture of truth and falsehood in this sentiment. The mind that demands the violent excitement of "frantic novels," or the gross nutriment of "sickly and stupid German tragedies," is, I grant, indeed in a diseased state; but that the mind is in a sane state *in proportion as* it recedes from this diseased torpor, I deny. For it may recede until it shall have crossed the boundary line which separates the height of what is good, from its declension into evil of an opposite kind. A person who, by improper abstinence, shall have brought himself into such a state that he is intoxicated by milk and water, is not less an invalid than he who, by perpetual intemperance, has blunted his senses, until he calls for brandy in his wine. In the same manner, the mind may be too excitable, as well as too dead to gentle and healthful excitement. If one being be indeed elevated above another *in proportion* as his mind is capable of being excited without a violent stimulus, then is the man who goes into ecstasies at the sight of a sparrow's egg, the first of his species. But perhaps this was precisely what our author wished to prove. After all, may not a violent stimulus be of a salutary nature, and in some cases necessary to bring back a healthful state of feeling? A strong medicine can alone master a strong disease; and if (as Wordsworth imagines) the minds of the present generation are "in a state of almost savage torpor," can they be aroused by

the mere prick of a pin—if they thirst so wildly "after the outrageous stimulation," will they pass at once from mulligatawney soup to mutton broth? If it be true, as Cowper says, that

"A kick which scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine,"

our kicks must be proportioned to the animal on which they are inflicted. A gentle shove will never do.

In order to justify himself for adopting (as he thinks he has) "the very language of men," Wordsworth asserts a most untenable proposition, viz. "that there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition." He thinks "it would be a most easy task to prove this, by innumerable passages from almost all the poetical writings, even of Milton himself;" but he confines himself to quoting the following sonnet of Gray, in order "to illustrate the subject in a general manner:"

"In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire.
These ears, alas! for other notes repine;
A different object do these eyes require;
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine,
And in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men;
The fields to all their wonted tribute bear;
To warn their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

He observes upon this: "It will easily be perceived that the only part of this sonnet which is of any value, is the lines printed in italics; it is equally obvious that, except in the rhyme, and in the use of the single word "fruitless," for fruitlessly, (which is so far a defect,) the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose."—"It will easily be perceived."—By whom? By Mr Wordsworth. "It is equally obvious."—To whom? To Mr Wordsworth. Thus apt we are unconsciously to substitute our own ipse dixits for the general consent of mankind. So far from easily perceiving the five lines in italics the only ones of any value in the sonnet, I seem to perceive that they are worthless and unintelligible without the other nine. "A different object do these eyes require."—Different from what? From the "smiling mornings," and the sun's "golden fire!" "My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine."—In contrast to what? To the birds who "join their amorous descant." "I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear, And weep the more because I weep in vain." How unaffecting is this complaint disjoined from that which aggravates the written sorrow—the general joy of nature previously described!

Having shewn how *easily* the truth of Wordsworth's first assertion may be perceived, I grant that it is *equally* obvious that the language of the lines in italics does in no respect differ from that of prose. There can be no question, but that if any one were about to express in prose that he had no one to share his joy or sorrow, he would talk of "lonely anguish," and "imperfect joys." But the fact is, that no man would dream of expressing such thoughts in prose *at all;* which leads me to assert that poetry does differ from prose in two essential points, viz. in the cast of the thoughts, and the nature of the language. By the act of writing in metre, we place ourselves in communion with the best part of our species, and we enjoy a license to speak of the higher feelings of our nature without the fear of ridicule. Poetry is a language accorded to beings of greater sensibility than the rest of mankind, as a vent to thoughts, the suppression of which would be too painful to be endured. Our ideas, therefore, in poetry, run in a purer, a more imaginative, a more impassioned vein, than in prose; and as to write poetry presupposes the presence of some emotion, there is in poetry an abruptness of transition caused by excitement, which is not to be found

in prose. The language of poetry partakes of the same character as its thoughts. Since the poet's eye "bodies forth the shape of things unknown, and gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name," the words of poetry are images. She speaks in pictures. Take any speech of Shakspeare, and observe how almost every word touches upon a train of associated ideas. In poetry, language is but the echo of something more than meets the ear: it is a spell to *suggest* trains of thoughts as well as to express them. If poetry and prose be so identical that we cannot "find bonds of connexion sufficiently strict to typify the affinity between them,"—if the language of poetry differ not from that of good prose, it follows that all good prose is poetry. But surely the prose in which an historian narrates his facts may be *good*, and yet no one would allow it to be the language of poetry. Unfortunately, too, such prose as most resembles poetry is *not* good. Although Wordsworth says, that "lines and passages of metre so naturally occur in writing prose, that it would be scarcely possible to avoid them, even were it desirable," yet the prose, which contains such *disjecti membra poetæ*, is generally considered vicious. There is a swell and cadence in the periods of prose, essentially different from the rhythm of poetry. Therefore, when a poet writes in prose, his thoughts are too passionate, his style generally too concise, too abrupt, and at the same time in too measured a cadence; and on the contrary, when a good prose writer attempts to compose poetry, his thoughts are of too cold a complexion, his language too stiff from unusual restraint, his words too uncoloured by imagination, too exact and literal in their signification. The full mantle of Cicero's eloquence flowed but ungracefully when confined by the hand of poetry. Why is it, if prose and poetry speak the same language, that so many great prose writers have vainly tried to snatch the poet's wreath? Let any one take a well-expressed idea in prose. Would it be well expressed in poetry? Try to turn it into poetry. You must recast it, and change the whole method of expression. You must even endeavour to forget the words in which it was clothed, and having to melt it into a pure idea, to run it into a new mould of expression.

But "I will go further" still, (as Wordsworth says.) "I do not doubt that it may be safely affirmed," (as Wordsworth also says,) that the mere language of poetry, exclusive of the thoughts which it may convey, is a sufficient distinction between poetry and prose (as Wordsworth does not say).

Let me not be mistaken; I speak not of such a distinction as is produced by rhyme, or even metre. I speak not of "those ordinary devices to elevate the style," which Wordsworth abjures, such as "the personification of abstract ideas;" the invocation, whether to Goddess, Nymph, or Muse—the use of glittering and prescriptive epithets, "the family language" of (bad) poets—I speak of the imaginative use of language as the distinguishing mark betwixt Poetry and Prose. To exemplify my meaning, I will bring forward two passages—the one from Shakspeare, in which common thoughts become poetry, by the mode of expressing them; the other from Gibbon, in which a poetical thought becomes prose by the mere language wherein it is couched. Coriolanus speaks—

> "I'll know no further:
> Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
> Vagabond exile, fleaing, pent to linger
> But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
> Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
> Nor check my courage for what they can give,
> To have't with saying, Good-morrow."

The thoughts here are not such as can be called poetical—nor is there any thing in the mere words (if each be taken separately) which is at all different from prose. It is in the mode of using of the words that the language becomes poetry. In prose, Coriolanus would have said,—I'll know no more. Let them condemn me to die by the Tarpeian rock, to banishment, to be flead alive, to a lingering death by hunger, &c.; but in poetry he says "I'll know no *further*. Let them *pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,*

vagabond exile," &c. Here even the very use of the common word *further* is poetical, as closing up the sense to the mind more perfectly than the word *more,* and substituting an adverb for an accusative noun, in the vehemence with which passion wrests language to her own purposes. "Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death," is an instance of the mode in which passion, acting upon imagination, condenses many ideas, and conveys them all to the hearer's mind at once. To give every word in this line its proper meaning in prose, we must say, "Let them condemn me to die, by being cast down the steep Tarpeian rock;" but in the rapidity of passion, not only *judgment* is pronounced, but *death*—that death is not slowly produced by the fall from the steep Tarpeian rock, but is itself *steep;* and although a *steep death* is an unintelligible expression, yet by the divine clearness with which imagination, in her lofty moods, sees every thing at a glance, she succeeds in stamping her whole meaning upon the mind of another, by the general structure of the sentence.—We will now proceed to the passage from Gibbon's Decline of the Roman Empire: "The apparent magnitude of an object is enlarged by an unequal comparison, as the ruins of Palmyra derive a casual splendour from the nakedness of the surrounding desert." Here the thought is poetical, and the words in which it is dressed are far longer, and more sounding, than the words of the passage just quoted from Shakspeare, (which indeed almost consists of monosyllables,) yet, from not being used in an imaginative manner, they produce but a cold effect upon the mind: the reason is gratified, but the heart remains untouched by them. We feel that this is not poetry; we see that every word is chosen with scientific precision, that each has its natural and downright signification, that nothing more is suggested than what is actually expressed; we know that the writer very calmly elaborated both the idea and the language in his own warm study, and at his own comfortable desk—and we feel that this is not poetry. Yet who can doubt but that the same thought, under Shakspeare's touch, would have started into Promethean life and energy? Thus it appears that Poetry has a language of her own. To identify her with Prose, is a degradation of her lofty lineage. Hers is a higher mode of speech, and for higher purposes. Poetry can speak what Prose hath no voice to utter. She is (as Wordsworth himself elsewhere most beautifully says) "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge—the impassioned expression, which is in the countenance of all science." Is it not a contradiction thus to describe her, yet deny that she speaks a language accordant with her more subtle essence, and more impassioned energy? By stripping her of all essential characteristics, Wordsworth would leave her nothing but the jingling of her bells, whereby she might be distinguished from Prose.

And this, so far from being the least distinction, is no distinction at all. If neither the cast of the thoughts nor the structure of the language be poetical, in a composition, it is not metrical arrangement which will constitute poetry. Are the following lines, written by Wordsworth, (for instance) to be called poetry because they are printed in ten syllables?

"'Tis nothing more
Than the rude embryo of a little dome,
Or pleasure-house, once destined to be built
Among the birch-trees of this rocky isle.
But, as it chanced, Sir William having learn'd
That from the shore a full-grown man might wade,
And make himself a freeman of this spot
At any hour he chose; the knight forthwith
Desisted, and the quarry and the mound
Are monuments of his unfinish'd task."

Of this we may indeed say, with rather more truth than of Gray's sonnet, that "it will easily be perceived" "the language of these lines does in no respect differ from that of prose," whether of *good* prose I leave it to the reader's judgment to decide. The only poetical mode of expression to be found in them is, "made himself a freeman of the spot," which again exemplifies what I said above respecting the imaginative use of language. I would

conclude this part of my subject, by asking Mr Wordsworth how it is (if the language of prose and poetry be the same) that the language of his own prose and of his own poetry are so very different? how it happens that, professing to speak the real language of men in the latter, he speaks the language (it may be) of Gods in the former? For example, "Religion—whose element is infinitude, and whose ultimate trust is the supreme of things, submitting herself to circumscription, and reconciled to substitutions; and Poetry, ethereal and transcendent, yet incapable to sustain her existence without sensuous incarnation!" To sum up all; it appears to me that Wordsworth has confounded poetic diction as it is called, with poetic diction as it really is. He has attacked a poetic diction founded on a mechanical abuse of language. I wish to uphold a poetic diction founded on the imaginative use of language—a poetic diction that depends not on the shifting taste of different eras, or on trifling varieties of costume, but which is immovably fixed on the one grand and unalterable basis—a poetic diction, which is the country's language of all true poets, (including Wordsworth himself, when he forgets his theory,) however their different provinces may produce varieties of dialect. Thus, in spite of Wordsworth's declaration to the contrary, I assert (and are not my assertions as good as those of any other man?) that Poetry is a good and sound antithesis to Prose.

By maintaining that poetry should speak the same language with prose, Wordsworth is driven to assert another paradox, very lowering to the divine powers of the former. He says: "Whatever portion of the faculty (namely, of embodying the passions of man, and of expressing what he thinks and feels) we may suppose even the greatest poet to possess, there cannot be a doubt but that the language which it will suggest to him, must, in liveliness and truth, fall far short of that which is uttered by men in real life, under the actual pressure of those passions, certain shadows of which the poet thus produces, or feels to be produced, in himself." To this I answer, that, if poetry be "the finer spirit of all knowledge," it is, more emphatically, the finer spirit of all passion; for, while knowledge is only the light of poetry, passion is her life and vital air. A true poet can, by his verses, convey to the mind the general effect of a battle with greater force and fidelity than an actual agent in the combat by a prose narration. The latter can only place certain facts before us: the former can hurry us into the midst of the smoke and carnage—make us see the bayonets gleaming through the dust of trampling thousands—and make us hear the dying groan—the shout of victory! The one convinces us that he himself was present at the scene; the other persuades us into a conviction that we ourselves are present there. The poet's description is actually more true than that of the soldier, because it is more graphical, and produces on the mind a greater sense of reality; besides that the eye-witness mixes up too much of his own personal feeling—too much of the confusion of a mind in action—to convey truth in the abstract to the mind of another. But poetry is the very abstract of truth. Many travellers have described, as eye-witnesses, the burning of Hindoo widows; yet, in some book of Eastern travels, I have seen Southey's poetical account of that revolting ceremony extracted from the Curse of Kehama, as conveying the best idea of its horrors. In the same manner, the language which a true poet gives to any human passion, is actually a more faithful transcript of that passion than the language of him who is under its actual pressure. In the first place, the great passions

> "——are liken'd best to floods and streams:
> The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb—"

They have no language but looks and tears. Therefore the poet's language is not a transcription of what men say when they are strongly moved, but an interpretation of what they *feel*. And the poet has this advantage over nature herself; namely, that he can at once depict her internal promptings, and her external indications of passion. He can bring looks and tears before the eye. In his verses, men both weep and speak. In the next place, if great passions

speak at all, they usually belie themselves by an inadequacy of utterance. The language of the poet is actually more genuine nature than that of the sufferer himself, because the former is the language of the heart, which the latter is not. How frequently, when a man has lost his wife or daughter, his condoling friends hear him repeat, "She was a good creature! No one knows what a loss I have had! No one can tell what I suffer!" And this is all he can say, for the anarchy of his thoughts is like a guard upon his lips. But the poet *does* know, and *can* tell what he suffers, and not only produces "certain shadows" of his feelings, but the reality itself. And why? Because the poet is himself a man, and because, like other men, the poet has relations and friends who are subject to death, and he also has his causes of joy and sorrow; and if (as Wordsworth grants) a poet "is a man endued with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness," than others; if he also possess "a greater knowledge of human nature," why (even painting from himself) may he not give a more tender and enthusiastic language to joy or sorrow, a deeper insight into the core of the human heart, than other men who are mere sufferers? The poet is a man in real life, and a poet beside; and therefore he can feel not only as a man, but can, as a poet, give a more faithful utterance to what he feels. Who knows but that Shakspeare, in painting the jealousy of Othello, or the paternal anguish of Lear, was but giving a keener and more imaginative colouring to some passages of his own life? Who can tell but that Eve was only a sublimated Mrs Milton? For herein, also, the poet's more lively sensibility aids his delineation of strong passion, in that he feels small things more acutely than men of dull and sluggish imagination feel great ones, and that the very shadows of his mind are stronger than the realities of others. It is granted, that men, as they grow older, are less and less moved by any event or accident, and even the loss of a favourite grandson may less move the blunted sensibilities of a nonagenarian, than the loss of a pointer would have excited them when he was fifteen. Shall we say, then, that the language of such a man, under the pressure of any passion, is equal in energy to that which is uttered by a man in the prime of life, and under a similar pressure? But there is not a greater distance between the passions of the nonagenarian and those of the youth of fifteen, than there is between the poet's capacity of feeling and expression, and that of men, on whose hearts a natural want of susceptibility has anticipated the slow work of time. I would recommend to my readers the perusal of a poem but little known, written by John Scott on the death of his son, as an illustration of what I have advanced. He will see in it an instance of the poetical temperament acted upon by suffering, and speaking with more force and truth than the language of suffering alone could exhibit. Again, if the language of the poet fall short of that which is uttered by men in real life under the pressure of passion, the short-hand writer, who takes down trials, and gives us verbatim the prison dialogues and last dying speeches of convicts, must bid fair to be a greater dramatist than Shakspeare or Ford. Away, then, with such timid restrictions of the poet's power! What boundary shall we place to it? It may be answered—Nature: But nature is boundless; and though, indeed, the poet feels that "there is no necessity to trick out or elevate" her infinite wonders; yet, with a soul as boundless as herself, he does not despair to depict them faithfully—aye, or even to transcend what he beholds —by the divine faculty with which he pierces things invisible. His muse, indeed, sheds "natural and human tears;" but what forbids that she should not *also* drop tears "such as angels weep?"

Holding such opinions as these, which I have endeavoured to controvert, Wordsworth seems to surmise, that persons may think it a little strange that he should take the trouble to write in verse; and he proceeds to give a most extraordinary reason for so doing. His meaning when extracted from a heap of words is, that metre, being "something to which the mind has been accustomed in various moods," has "great efficacy" in mitigating any excitement of too strong a kind, which an affecting subject might produce. One should have thought, that with all the precautions which Wordsworth has taken to keep his writings clear of all "gross and violent stimulus," with his choice of

"low and rustic" subjects, and adherence to "the real language of men," there could be *no* "danger that the excitement should be carried beyond its proper bounds." However, he is determined to make all sure, and to lull his reader's mind by sweet metrical sounds as well as by the gentle flow of his ideas. If Wordsworth bounded himself to the assertion, that a tinkling ballad rhyme deducts from the horror of a tragical tale, and that a murder sung about the streets—as how a young woman poisoned her father and mother all for love of a young man—is a very different thing to a real substantial newspaper detail of the same, he might be pronounced in the right; but when he asserts that "Shakspeare's writings never act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure," and attributes this mainly to "impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement," he appears to go rather beyond the mark. Is it true, that Shakspeare's writings *never* act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure? The hysterical shrieks of women, and the wry faces of men trying to swallow their tears at a theatrical representation of one of Shakspeare's tragedies, will prove the contrary. Does the circumstance of the performance being spoken in blank verse at all mitigate its exciting effect upon the mind? Is any auditor conscious that it is in blank verse at all? But perhaps Wordsworth will say that he is only speaking of a perusal of Shakspeare. If so, I allow that Shakspeare's writings when read seldom act upon us, as pathetic, beyond the bounds of pleasure; but this overbalance of pleasure, I conceive, is common to all good works of fiction, whether in prose or verse—simply because they are works of fiction, and because the mind delights in seeing nature skilfully imitated or ennobled, whether by the poetic art of Shakspeare, or the imaginative pencil of Raphael. To see a kettle (except on the hob ready for tea) imparts no pleasure; to see a ghost would give us any thing but delight; yet when we behold a kettle so well painted as to mock reality, or when we look at one of Fuseli's spectres, we are pleased, in the one case, to see the perfection of imitative art, in the other, the triumph of imagination. Wordsworth appeals to his "reader's own experience" as to whether "the distressful parts of Clarissa Harlowe" do not give more pain than the most pathetic scenes of Shakspeare. The reader's experience may not always tally with Mr Wordsworth's. I for one confess, that the self-murder of Othello, uncheered by one ray of comfort here, or hope hereafter, (notwithstanding the metre,) is more painful to my feelings than the deathbed of the injured Clarissa, sinned against but not sinning, and half in Heaven before she has quitted earth; and to the "re-perusal" of this, I can safely say, that I never came "with reluctance." But so far from metre having a general tendency to "temper and restrain" our feelings—so far from the mind having been accustomed to it "in a less excited state," I conceive that the very sound of verse is connected in most minds with the idea of something moving or elevating. I remember once, when I had taken shelter in a poor woman's cottage from a pelting and persevering storm, I began to read aloud to a companion who was with me, from a pocket volume of Hudibras. To my surprise, I was shortly interrupted by the sobs of the old lady, who had buried her face in her apron. I asked her what was the matter? "Oh, sir," she replied, "them verses do sound so affecting!" Moreover, are not poets allowed to possess a greater necromancy in raising human passions than authors in any other kind; and do not poets usually write in metre of some sort?

THE STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE COUNTRY.

In no period within our recollection, has the political state of the country been fraught with more absorbing interest, and worthy of more deep attention, than at the present moment. It is true, that when threatened with invasion from abroad, or alarmed by the menacing attitude of hungry and discontented crowds in the manufacturing districts at home, the present and imminent danger has more visibly affected the senses, and the kingdom has been struck with a more lively emotion of immediate peril; but even then, considerate men knew that the evil was but temporary, that the phrase of the "existence of the nation" being in danger, was no more than a figure of speech, and that, however the tempest might rage for a time, albeit with some immediate loss and harm, yet calm weather would at no distant period come again, when we might repair that which was shattered, and rebuild that which was thrown down.

But now, reflecting men feel that, with less outward sign, there is much more inward danger. The vessel of the state floats, indeed, upon a calmer sea, but seems, as it were, to rot by reason of the very stillness; and the strength, the energy, the stout heart, and the lively activity of Great Britain, are dying away. There is no great interest of the country flourishing, except that of the people whose revenues are provided out of what is wrung from the unwilling hands of all the rest; the fundholders alone enjoy a present prosperity, and that only because they "must have their bond" as long as there is any thing to pay them with.

Let us not, however, be misunderstood: We do not mean to say any thing so extravagant, as that the power and glory of this great country is about to perish suddenly, and for ever; for we know, that to destroy so mighty a structure as the British empire presents, is no work of a day or year, however violent the decay that eats into its walls and pillars; but, after seriously and attentively considering the state of things around us, we own that we are "oppressed with no dishonourable melancholy" at the prospect of our condition, which, if not altered by a timely exertion of the intellectual energy, and good English spirit, which yet linger among us, will grow worse, until at length, in the weakness and discontent of our old age, some younger and more vigorous power will bear down upon us, and the greatness of England be no more.

In the present time, let us go where we will, in any place from Caithness to Cornwall, wherever men speak seriously respecting their own condition, and that of those around them, there seems to be an unanimous consent to this proposition, "that there is a necessity for some great change." Amongst the varieties of men, there are, of course, various opinions as to the means by which the change is to be effected: One would have the greater circulation of the Bible, another that of foreign corn; this man would prohibit the importation of foreign goods, that the exportation of British machinery—but one and all say, that "something must be done," not, as in former times, that things may go on better, but that things may "go on" at all. At former periods, distress was either local, or it affected only some particular class of the people; but now, almost *all* the common people, those who used to live, and eat and drink "till they were satisfied," through the labour of their own hands, are not only straitened in their means, but actually pinched for the commonest support, and existing in the gloomy and dangerous tranquillity of despair. At other times, if the manufacturers were distressed, the more flourishing condition of the agricultural districts afforded them a refuge; or, if unfruitful seasons and high rents pressed hard upon the cultivators of the soil, there was some temptation to join the busy crowds who lived by manufactures and commerce; but now, both agricultural and manufacturing districts are depressed, not *yet* to utter starvation, but to gloomy and universal penury. The cheerful, comfortable cottage of the labourer is now become a thing of memory, or of imagination; the crowded dwelling places of the ma-

nufacturing towns, once so full of liveliness and activity, from which, as the stranger passed, he heard the continual buzz of the winding-wheel, or the clack of the loom, mingled with the cheerful song of mothers to their little children, are still crowded indeed, but the cheerfulness is gone. It makes the heart bleed to think of the wretchedness which is suffered. It is not merely the privation of ordinary necessaries and comforts—the receiving from the hands of cold, calculating, and not unfrequently insulting, parish officers, the pittance which preserves their wretched existence; but all the kindly affections which made up the happiness of the lives of the poor, are withered and blasted by this extreme penury, which makes a man's wife and children a curse instead of a blessing to him. The bread which they eat is taking so much from that which the cravings of nature demand for himself, and though a man may refrain, and deny himself, that his little ones may have their morsel, yet stern nature will have her way; he feels "all the vulture in his jaws," and almost wishes they were dead, that they might no longer eat.

This is no exaggerated picture; and though in some few favoured places it may apply rather to those who are an exception to the general condition, than to the rest; yet it is but too notorious, that the ordinary condition of multitudes of the poor, in both agricultural and manufacturing counties, in Bedford and Suffolk, Lancashire and Yorkshire, is of that melancholy nature we have attempted to describe.

But while so much misery exists among the poor, there never was a time in which the luxury of the rich was carried to a more extravagant degree of wantonness. Never was pleasure hunted after with more curious zeal and more lavish expense; never did the provinces of England, taking them altogether, suffer more pinching distress and misery, than they have done during "the season," as it is called in London, which has just closed; and never did the metropolis present a more splendid and dazzling succession of extravagant entertainments, where every thing that art could invent, and expense procure, to delight and pamper the senses, was brought forward, than it did during the very same period. The Economist will perhaps sneeringly say, that nothing but ignorance of the science which he delights to honour, could cause us to look with any regret upon this luxurious expenditure, since it promoted the various kinds of industry which the furnishing of those entertainments required. Now, we know very well, that it is oftentimes extremely difficult to answer these general theories, which, embracing the whole concerns of the nation, and not being confined to any limited portion of time, are difficult of investigation by reason of their vastness and generality; but we hold it to be a very poor defence of those who have the means of doing an obvious, present, and practical good, and who refrain from it, that, upon scientific and general principles, and with reference to a century of time, and the whole extent of the nation, or of the world, they do as much good by pampering themselves with luxuries, as by relieving the present necessities of the poor and the afflicted. We do not deny that some benefit is derived, even by the labouring classes, from such expenditure; but we do deny that it promotes immediately, as much as such expenditure might promote, the comforts of the unhappy beings who have no inheritance but their limbs wherewith they labour; and this it is, which, in the present state of things, ought to be consulted. If a man have an estate in Bedfordshire, upon which the people are extremely miserable, it is not for him to calculate upon the good or evil which Europe may derive fifty years hence, from what he is now doing, but to take every means within his power to relieve the present distress. It is enough to chafe the temper of the mildest man, to hear a cold-blooded philosopher of the present day, arguing that it is wrong to promote the comforts of the poor, for this will "operate as an impulse to population," and so make their distress the greater hereafter. The scorn and abhorrence which the propounding of such a doctrine as this must excite in any breast of common benevolence, is such, that one cannot condescend to argue with the propounders of it, although they form a very numerous and talkative class. We appeal against them to nature and reli-

gion; and if they, as probably they may, deny any deference to these authorities, we must only leave them with honest indignation and contempt, to the enjoyment of their scientific rhetoric,—

"Which hath so well been taught its dazzling fence."

But let us look at the matter of fact and its attendant circumstances, the immediate application of which we can distinctly see, and, without any aid from science, sufficiently understand. The man who gives two or three thousand pounds to some fashionable pastry-cook, and decorator of tables, for one night's luxurious entertainment, while many families around him are miserably in want of the barest necessaries of life, could unquestionably apply the money otherwise if he pleased. Now, will it be denied that he would have done more wisely and better, more for his country's benefit, and for the promotion of the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and therefore more for his own happiness, supposing he were a good man, if, instead of spending his money as we have described, he had spent it in obtaining a small portion of ground and a cow for some of the labouring poor in his neighbourhood?

We hope we shall not be considered as trifling with a great question, because we endeavour to bring such matters as these to bear upon it—we think it matter of very serious import; the people are looking about them, and are asking what is the reason of the immense inequality in condition between them, and those who revel in luxury, apparently forgetful of their misery; and it is easy to conceive how dangerous it may be to afford a despairing people too much food for this sort of contemplation.

To enter into a minute enquiry concerning the causes which have contributed to the present gloomy aspect of our domestic affairs, and particularly to the extreme depression of the labouring classes, would be a task requiring a length and closeness of investigation, which it is not our present purpose to undertake. We cannot, however, altogether forsake a part of the subject, which is of such importance to its general consideration.

During the progress of the war with revolutionized France, a system was acted upon, which made labour so much in demand, and so valuable, that, generally speaking, the man who had the power and the will to work, was sure of subsistence; and still so much more was to be done than could be done by all the hands which the country supplied, that our attention was applied, and applied with amazing success, to the invention of machines as a substitute for human labour. The capitalist freely unlocked his hoards, and put them at the disposal of the Government, in the shape of loans, which the Government as freely scattered among the people, whose labour they at that time happened to require; production went on with amazing rapidity, while the abundance of money which circulated amongst the people, enabled them easily to effect the exchange of one kind of production for another; and thus all laboured, and all had abundance. But the time came when loans were no longer wanted by the Government, because they did not want the people's labour; capital was not applied to the purpose of production to any thing like the extent which it had been; and the labouring classes found that their labour was no longer required in the same quantity. While the demand for labour was thus suddenly checked, the number and the necessities of those who depended upon it for their existence was greatly increased; the population of the country, notwithstanding the drain of war, was much increased; and, besides this, the labouring people, while the demand for their labour was so great, and their wages so high, had, most unfortunately for themselves, parted with every thing but the means of labouring; their small plots of ground had got into the possession of the great farmers, and their small domestic manufactures had been swept away by the torrent of machinery work, which the immense demand of the preceding time had called into action. Things were now come to that condition that there was no longer a demand for all the labour both of men and machinery which the country could supply; and as machine labour was far cheaper than that of men, those who had capital to employ in production, resorted to the machines, and left the population idle. Hence the distress which was felt at the close of the war, and which was attributed, in general terms, to the transition from war to peace—

it was a change from the abundant disbursement of capital among the working classes in exchange for their labour, to a very curtailed disbursement, confined to the cheapest mode of reproduction, and therefore avoiding the employment of human labour as much as possible. Thus, the labouring population of this country found themselves deprived of every thing but the power of labouring for hire; while, by the diminution of demand, and the substitution of machinery for human strength, they could no longer obtain bread in exchange for the exertion of that power. The connexion which formerly subsisted between the employment of capital in manufactures, and the employment of the people, was now unnecessary, or necessary in a much less degree, and the capitalist found he could increase his own wealth, and the wealth of the country, while the people were left to idleness and starvation.

But was this a wholesome state of things? Shall we believe, with those who harden their hearts, and read books, and repeat them, till we are deafened with their scientific theories, that we should only look to the increase of the capital of the country, and consign to neglect and misery the multitudes who have no capital, and whom the capitalists will not employ? Certainly not; a new and peculiar state of affairs has arisen, such as the history of the world never before afforded, because never, until now, did human invention devise such expedients for dispensing with the labour of the poor; and the first and most important duty which the Legislature could have entered upon, was to consider the means of remedying the evil, and alleviating the misery, which such a novel condition of society must occasion.

But what did the Legislature do? Instead of interposing to protect the poor, to facilitate the diffusion of capital amongst them, so that they might have something to work upon, and the means of mutual exchanges for the supply of each other's wants; instead of this, measures having a directly opposite tendency were adopted, as if the object were to make the distress of the working classes ten times more severe. At the commencement of the war, it had been found necessary to substitute a more abundant and cheaper currency for that of gold; and to the facilities for the transfer of capital, and the exchanges of commodities which this currency afforded, the country was mainly indebted for the astonishing increase in the quantity of her productive industry which she displayed in every quarter. The transactions of the people, the extent and the modes of all kinds of business, the amount of the taxes, and the engagements both of Government and individuals, were all adapted to this abundant circulating medium; when it most unaccountably entered into the heads of our legislators to take measures for the substitution of another, and a much more contracted currency, while the engagements of Government and individuals remained, and must inevitably remain, of the same amount of the new, as had been expressed in the old currency. Looking now at these measures, and viewing them in connexion with their actual consequences, which it required no very deep sagacity to foresee at the time, it is impossible to conceive any legislative measure of more frantic and disastrous folly. Not that we mean to say that the currency should have been left as it was, or that there is nothing impolitic in allowing the unrestricted issue of paper money by chartered and private banks. We would advocate no such wild and dangerous system, which must ever encourage improper speculation, and ruinous revulsions in trade; but the object should have been to make the paper currency safe, and not to destroy it. The evil which the country laboured under, and which the working classes felt most severely, was the tendency of capital to accumulate in large masses, instead of being generally diffused amongst the people; and this evil the alterations which were made had a direct and immediate tendency to aggravate. As if the determination had been to push, to its very extremity, the miserable and helpless condition of the poor, and to take from them all possibility of escape from their difficulties—that part of the currency in which they were concerned—the small notes, with a supply of which they might have maintained some trade among themselves—has been utterly annihilated. The large notes which the rich require to manage their immense transactions remain, and are aided by the immense quantity of bills, and drafts,

and other representatives of property, which pass current for their convenience; but the poor man's small notes are taken away, and gold by no means so freely or so abundantly circulates, in their place.

But this was not all. As if it were not enough that the capitalists should, by the aid of machinery, be able in a great measure to do without the labourers, it was thought proper to give them the advantage of employing the foreign labourer, if they could get his work cheaper than the work of their own countrymen. The capitalists, of course, did not hesitate to accept the boon which the extreme folly of the Legislature bestowed upon them, at the expense of the poor labouring classes; and forthwith, foreign ship-builders, foreign sailors, foreign weavers, foreign miners, and a host of other foreign "operatives," began to enjoy the benefit of British capital, which, under a less idiotic system of policy, would have gone to promote the comforts of our own population.

That this manner of employing capital, where it can be employed cheapest, whether by the use of machinery or of foreign labour, is most conducive to the wealth of the nation, notwithstanding its ruinous effects upon our own poor, we are not prepared to deny, although we do not see the truth of the position so clearly as the theorists insist all men should see it. But suppose it were true, that by this method the capital of the kingdom is most increased, still, if it operate to the taking away of happiness and comfort from the mass of the people—the labouring population—then we hold that the system, whatever it may do with respect to our national wealth, is a most grievous national curse. However old-fashioned it may seem to talk of poetry, in discussing subjects of domestic policy, yet we must own that we think there is much excellent sense, as well as admirable poetry, in the observations which Goldsmith makes upon the progress of wealth, when accompanied by the decay and distress of the poor:—

> "Ill fares that land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

And that these two things, viz. the accumulation of wealth, and the decay of the common people, may coexist in practice as well as in poetry, is a fact which the present condition of this country but too abundantly demonstrates. Though it be true, that at no former time were the warehouses of our manufacturers and merchants more full of goods; that our edifices are more extensive, magnificent, and costly, than they ever were before; that gorgeous furniture, splendid equipages, trains of idle servants, unwisely kept for shew; that plate, and jewels, and every luxurious convenience that the improved invention of man can devise, are far more abundant than they have been in times past; still it is also true, that the common people of England are neither prosperous nor happy.

> "England is a fen
> Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
> Fireside—the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
> Have forfeited their ancient English dower
> Of inward happiness—We are selfish men."

Simplicity, and goodness, and comfort, are ebbing away from our shores—on the one hand we find luxury and cold selfish sensuality,

> "Which hardens a' within,
> And petrifies the feeling;"

and, on the other, a melancholy struggle for the commonest necessaries of life, which debases man to the condition of a mere food-seeking animal, a two-legged beast of prey, more crafty, and less generous, than some of the quadrupeds which are led by similar instincts.

It should be remembered, that such a state of things is not only lamentable, but exceedingly dangerous. The power of wealth has become so very great as compared with any other power—the submission, the adoration almost, that is paid to it, has become so conspicuous, the facilities which it instantly gives of obtaining all those sensual gratifications, which in our days are esteemed more than any other, are so tempting; that all the desires of the people are summed up and concentred in this one—the desire of wealth. Now, if the operation of our new laws, and the tendency of our policy, be obviously to cripple the

means of the labouring classes, and to doom to despair all except those who, having already a large capital, wish to increase the mass, we would ask how long it is expected that the patience of the people will endure this? It is plain to every man of common observation, who looks at the resources of this country, and at its population, that there is *enough for every man*—it is also plain that *every man has not enough*. It is obvious, that for the happiness, or, to put it in a stronger and truer form, for the alleviation of the misery of the country, a *better distribution* of its wealth is necessary, and it is not more necessary than it is sufficient. Distribution is all we want, to make the common people as comfortable as they are the reverse; and when they see and know this, how long will they bear with the cold neglect of scientific speculators in politics, who, while they fare sumptuously every day themselves, endeavour to demonstrate the utility of measures, which they well know consign thousands of poor labouring people to present distress? The coming danger is already signified to us by the recklessness of crime which begins to prevail among the lower order; the prohibition of law is no longer strong enough to restrain those who are maddened by a contemplation of the riches of others, compared with their own poverty; they take by craft, or by force, that which, from the altered state of affairs, they can no longer expect to share by the exertion of honest labour. These things are no more than the breakers which may enable us to see at a distance the rocks upon which we are steering. Let but the present order of things go on, and the common people of England will ere long become like the common people of Ireland; the laws and the establishments of the country they will look upon merely as inventions for their oppression—contrivances which it is their interest not to support, but to break down; and we know not what power it is which is to resist the common people of England, if they become possessed with notions such as these. They are not like the impetuous and fickle Irish, to be *managed*, when they smart under a settled conviction of a wrong; doubtless, the progress of events has much broken and altered their ancient spirit, but still they are not the men to rush into hopeless and headlong violence, or, when resisted, to subside into dejected tranquillity, and die of starvation beside their cold and desolate hearths. If, however, the Legislature will not take better care of them, they may be disposed to take legislation into their own hands; and against such an alarming consummation as this, we would warn those to whom the more than ever important task of governing this country is confided. It cannot be too frequently, too earnestly, too energetically enforced upon the attention of all who have any influence in the making of the laws, that the present moral and physical condition of the labouring classes is most deplorable, and that the country cannot *long* continue in such a state. The Legislature *must* do something for them, if they would preserve the country; and should immediately proceed to such enquiries as may give hope to those who are suffering so grievously, without having committed any fault.

Never was there more urgent occasion than at the present moment for a wise, patient, and thoroughly patriotic Legislature—for a House of Commons comprising men of talent and integrity, possessing a sympathy with the people, and a devotion to the interests of their country, beyond all mean and short-sighted views of personal advantage. Do we possess such a House of Commons? Alas! we fear not—the times are out of joint, and it is not without shame for our country that we look at an assembly of the representatives of the people, containing six hundred and fifty-eight members, with so slender a display of that which constitutes greatness in a man. Where are the eloquence, the enthusiasm, the patriotic feeling? where the manly reasoning, and lofty comprehension, which have made the House of Commons illustrious? How wretched, cold, insipid, common-place, are their debates! How much more like tea-table conversation, than the concussion of the intellects of the great men of England! Where are the men in the present House of Commons whose names will be familiar with unborn generations? When those who figure there, lie in their nameless and forgotten graves, who shall have heard of the speeches of Mr Peel, or what student of his country's history shall

perchance discover that a gentleman named Goulbourn was a minister of Great Britain in the year 1829? Nor is it the Treasury-bench alone that is conspicuous for dulness,—if not for something worse; of the six hundred and fifty-eight, there are not, besides the professional members, twelve men who exhibit abilities such as would justify an observer in believing, that, in the pursuits of any liberal profession, they would have reached to even a moderate degree of eminence; and yet it is by such a House of Commons the institutions of our ancestors have been overset! Dulness lives long;—there are some in that House who have sat there with Burke, and Pitt, and Fox, and yet can bear to sit there still; and most of them have voted upon questions in which Perceval, and Wyndham, and Canning, and Castlereagh, and Sheridan, and Grattan, and Ponsonby, and Grey, and Plunkett, and Romilly, and Whitbread, have taken a part. They have seen, even within a few years, such a group of men all together within the House; and what do they see now? But we have heard it said, that although there be no great men in the House, yet, taking the aggregate of all the small cleverness which is now to be found among the individual members, the quantity of ability and discretion in the House is, upon the whole, greater than ever it was. This is a very pleasant sort of apology, and much more amusing than satisfactory to the country. We have never found that ten small wits made a great wit, more than that ten dull books made a spirited one. It is, we believe, quite true, that there are plenty of those in the Lower House who possess that kind of average understanding, which prevents men from doing what is extravagantly absurd, and enables them to take care of themselves, with a minute and almost contemptible species of small assiduity; but a wilderness of these will not take care of the country in perilous situations, when the ancient landmarks set up by abler men have been abandoned. Many of them, who are desirous to be useful, get their brains addled with books, which sorely perplex them, and render them incapable of doing any thing; for here, that which seems to be practically beneficial, is opposed to some general theory; and there, something which, according to all the book rules, should be most excellent, appears in practice to work exceedingly ill; and then they hold up their hands, and say, "Really the thing appears so difficult that we don't know what to do." Others who seek a place in the House of Commons merely as a matter of rank, follow their pleasures, and do not take any trouble about legislation; and others take all the trouble that they are capable of taking about their own immediate interests, which limited sphere is all that their public virtue or their capacity is able to comprehend.

A few there are also, we rejoice to say, honest, eloquent, and true, who require only great occasions, and antagonists worthy of their rivalship, to soar to something which would rescue this our time from the reproach of political littleness, which otherwise the historian will have to cast upon it. "But what are these amongst so many?" Or how shall they infuse a patriotic spirit, and a genuine love of country, into the cold confined understandings of those who follow in the wake of the smirking audacity of shallow Liberals; men who would sacrifice any thing for the vain glory of making themselves appear wiser than those by whose counsels England became the great country which she has been? It is not merely because the House of Commons wants oratorical talent that we thus speak of it, although we certainly believe that in any assembly where the members *thought* justly and vigorously, they would *speak* in the same manner; but it wants something of a more homely description, which we do not venture to designate by its plain and unfashionable name. Even to the House of Commons which we have, we should not fear to intrust the cause of the suffering population, could we but persuade ourselves that they would enter upon the necessary enquiries without affectation, with an honest desire to ascertain the real causes of the distress, and a courageous determination to apply the necessary remedy, no matter how it might interfere with scientific theories, or individual interests. If we could be certain that they would zealously, industriously, and with a kindly feeling towards their unhappy fellow-creatures, apply

themselves to the *duty* of enquiring, we should have no fear for the result, because the way is plain, if sought after with simplicity and honesty. It is not any extraordinary ability or acuteness that is necessary, but to throw aside the spurious learning which men, mistaking it for knowledge, have blinded themselves with, and, looking fairly and practically at the state of affairs, to do with manly courage that which is needful for the remedy thereof.

We own that we hardly expect this to take place until some change is effected in the spirit which animates the House of Commons—or, to speak more strictly, in the sluggishness which benumbs it; and we know not how this can be effected, so well as by an exertion on the part of those who have the power to place some men in the House, whom nature and education have qualified to think and speak with energy, and to persuade others of that which they themselves strongly feel. The experiment has been tried by the patron of the borough of Newark, and has been attended with such remarkable success as should induce others to imitate his example. Surely there needs no argument to shew those who have the power to put men in the House of Commons, the advantage and utility of having men there who can think and speak. We might well suppose that they would discover this of themselves without any prompting; but great men and small have fallen into such a fatal lethargy on matters of domestic policy, that we must shake them and shout into their ears, that which their own attention should long ago have discovered. We tell them that the Legislature, by inattention, affectation, short-sightedness, and positive error, have lost the confidence of the people, whom they have vitally injured by their foolish laws, and have incurred their contempt, by the imbecility, perplexity, and dulness of the words which have been offered instead of argument, in reply to the remonstrances which the sufferers have made to Parliament. It is high time, then, that they should look about them, and provide men who are fit for something better than driving their cabriolets down to a division, or repeating, with flippant and solemn impertinence, a page of the last new pamphlet on political economy. They should look about for men who have some *heart*, along with political information,—who possess strong feelings in favour of religion and humanity,—and who will speak out with freedom and boldness in favour of that cause, which God will not leave without a witness in the hearts of men when it is pleaded manfully and energetically, even before those who have been too long unaccustomed to any thing but the tinkling folly of shallow and heartless innovators. Let some men of probity and talent, and virtuous enthusiasm, be brought into the House, to rouse the spirit of the rest, and all may yet be well; but we cannot stand on the rotten foundation of passive obedience, though we take for our support a truckling system of submission to miscalled "liberal" opinions, for want of courage and ability to stand up, and, for the sake of the working classes of our country, vindicate the expediency and justice of an opposite system.

We think it impossible that this subject can be too earnestly and vehemently urged upon those whom it concerns. We have no words sufficiently strong to paint to them the extremity of the necessity which exists, that they should bestir themselves ere it be too late, to avert the dreadful consequences which must ensue, if the miseries of the common people be left to accumulate, as they have been for some years past. We would call upon those who have large interests at stake in this country, by all the motives which can influence men, to awake and look to their country and themselves. To those who still think that love of country is something more than an empty sound, and that our venerable institutions are something better than the shallow conceits of men of yesterday—to those we would say, read, examine, learn the deplorable state of the labouring classes, and do not slumber over your efforts to apply a remedy—do not say, as has been said in the House of Commons, we must wait, and see what time will do. Wait!—How long will you wait?—Are not crime, misery, starvation, rife enough already? Wait!—To what purpose? If the state of the lower orders can be bettered, why should you delay? If it cannot, and if in a country abounding with wealth, and the means of acquiring wealth, the labouring population must live in pe-

nury, and die for want of sufficient sustenance, stand up before the world and tell us why, that the world may at least see that you are not indifferent to a calamity so extensive and so dreadful.

Even to those who think the common people of the country nothing, and their own pleasure every thing, who would not ruffle the luxurious tenor of their lives by any effort so troublesome as an inquiry concerning the state of the labouring population, —to those we would say, by the love you bear your pleasures, exert yourselves now, lest the time come speedily, when you shall not have them to enjoy. We would address them in the words of the stern and virtuous old Roman, so applicable to many in the present time:—"Sed per deos immortales, vos ego appello, qui semper domos, villas, signa, tabulas vestras, pluris quàm rempublicam fecistis; si ista, cujuscumque modi sint, quæ amplexamini, retinere, si voluptatibus vestris otium præbere voltis; expergiscimini aliquando, et capessite rempublicam."

If we be asked, "Can you, who preach up to us so strongly the necessity of doing something, tell us what we should do?" we answer, That whatever conclusions we may have come to upon the subject, we should recommend nothing with confidence without previous enquiry. Let the legislature assemble early, and immediately commence a serious and vigilant enquiry into the state of the country. Let the people be invited to state fully and fairly what their condition is, and what have been the immediate and apparent causes which have brought them from prosperity to adversity, and then, when the root of the evil is arrived at, let such remedy be applied as will relieve the distresses of the poor, even though it should be apparently adverse to the interests of the rich. It may be hard for selfish men to make this sacrifice; but even their own principles, if consulted with common prudence, might teach them that it is better to part with a little than to put the whole in jeopardy. When the true state of the people is fairly before the legislature, let such measures be taken as are simple and intelligible, and come obviously home to the matter in hand; for if the theorists be allowed to perplex and overlay it with their scientific terms and obscure generalisations, no good will be effected. Let the example of the honest Macedonians be followed, who would call a fig a fig, a boat a boat, and a traitor a traitor. If it appear that many of the agricultural population are idle, while the ground in their neighbourhood is not sufficiently worked, and that the reason is the want of money in the hands of the farmers, of which again the cause is, that money has become much scarcer and dearer, while the amount of money requisite to pay taxes, remains the same, it requires no very extraordinary astuteness to discover that one of two remedies is necessary,—either to take away the taxes, or to make money as plenty as it was before. But the taxes cannot be reduced, as they are necessary to pay the interest of the debt, which is a fixed nominal amount of money that must be paid by the people, whether money be scarce or abundant, dear or cheap. Well, then, if one remedy is impracticable, we must only try the other, which most certainly is practicable. We can go back to the old abundant currency, and we can do so with all the advantage of experience, to teach us measures of precaution for its security and proper regulation. Here is nothing very obscure or difficult, though no doubt it might very easily be made so, by mixing with it half a chapter of any of the five hundred pamphlets, and more ponderous books, which have been published about currency. Let men only look simply at the relation between cause and effect, and have the courage to treat as it deserves Mr Peel's darling folly of a metallic currency, and one most fruitful source of the people's penury will be removed.

If it appear that whole districts employed in the silk trade, and whole towns employed in the glove trade, are in a state of ruinous idleness, and that the reason is, that the rich who use silk and gloves choose rather to employ the artizans of France than the artizans of England, the obvious remedy is to put such a duty on French silks and gloves, as will cause it to be the interest of the rich here, to employ their own countrymen and countrywomen. It is true that all the gloves, and some of the silks, made at home, will be of less elegant workmanship than those obtained from

France; it is also true that the export merchants will lose so much of their business as consists in the export of goods against the import of silks and gloves, and that the *foreign* market for manufactures will take off so much less of them, as is equivalent to the amount of the French goods imported; but the first two disadvantages will fall upon the comparatively rich, for the benefit of the poor; and for the last, we hold that the home-market would be improved, in proportion as the foreign market was deteriorated.

It were easy to go through the same sort of argument with respect to foreign shipping, foreign wool, foreign lead, and the various other branches in which the working people of our own country are interested, and in which they are suffering misery unparallelled, through the operation of Mr Huskisson's ruinous and detestable system. If this system have any advantages, it is easy to shew that they are advantages only to the capitalist, to the rich, purchased at the expense of the poor. The wretched, unhappy, starving artizan, is to suffer, in order that the rich may have silks somewhat cheaper, gloves of more delicate workmanship, lead for their sumptuous houses at rather a more moderate rate, and coats for their backs of a finer texture, and a scarcely perceptible reduction of price.

If then, enquiry should produce results as to facts and their causes, such as we have anticipated, we really see no insuperable difficulty in the remedies to be applied. We see that we must retrace the steps which we have of late been treading; but however ashamed the legislature may feel to do this, it should with much more reason feel ashamed to persevere in what is palpably ruinous to the prosperity of the common people.

Let it be again and again impressed upon the legislature, that the country has within it abundant means to support all the people in comfort and abundance, and that therefore all who are ready and willing to labour, have a natural *right* to full subsistence. If it be wilfully and designedly withheld from them, it is a tyranny which they ought not, and will not, continue to endure; if it be a defect of the political arrangements of the country, which does not allow the labour and the raw material—in which we include the land—to come together, so that production and abundance may follow, the common people have a right to expect that those who govern them will remove this defect. It is impossible that the legislature can justify itself from the complaints of the people, until it can shew either that the country does not afford the means of their subsistence, or that they are unwilling to do the work which is necessary to take advantage of those means.

To conclude: the state of the country at present is dangerous, and, as respects the common people, deplorable. We have endeavoured to shew how, and why. The prospects of the country are gloomy or cheerful, according as we contemplate the course which may be taken by those who have the power to guide its policy. There is nothing physically or politically impossible in making the domestic condition of this country as prosperous as it ever was, but there is need of a virtuous and vigorous exertion. Of what nature this exertion should be, we have also ventured to speak; and, unwilling as we are to speak presumptuously, we may yet express our confidence, that with such an exertion, made in the spirit we have described, all our difficulties would be triumphed over, and in the very commencement this great good would be achieved, that the people would see that those who governed them sympathized with their distress, and were sincerely desirous of its alleviation.

IRELAND, TWENTY YEARS AGO.

Chap. I.

"Mr O'Brien," said the College Bursar to a distinguished young man, "you are rich in premiums this year—you can furnish out a tolerable library, if you are not curious in the binding of your books." But O'Brien had no intention to furnish forth a library, moderate or extensive. He had destined his premiums to a far different purpose, and was now waiting on the Bursar to receive, in money, the amount of the prizes which he had won, at different periods of the past year. "Fifty-four pounds," said he, as he looked at the order on the bank, when he had left the Bursar's apartments,—"Fifty-four pounds! the man is not poor who has so much to command; and I think I may bid care defiance for three months to come, as far, at least, as the care about this mammon might be troublesome.—Any messages, John, while I was away?" to his servant, whom he found waiting in his chambers. "Yes, sir; this note from Mr Alker; and Mr Young sent his compliments, and said you should hear from him in the evening." "I daresay—hear from him—I daresay—give me the note:—'Sorry to say—cannot be ready—indispensable business—a week or fortnight longer.' Not a day—not a day. I shall have just such another note from Young this evening—wait for them? Have I not put it off twice to suit their convenience?—and now again!—John, have you packed up the things I am to take?"

"Every thing is ready, sir."

"Well, go and take two seats in the ——— coach, and be ready to set off with me at six to-morrow morning; and—do you hear?—no answer to Mr Alker."

O'Brien was a young man who, from the time when he was seven years old, had never seen the face of a relative. He had been left so early by a person calling himself his father, at a very respectable school. A sum of money, equal to the pension for three years, had been deposited in the master's hands; the name of the child and his birthplace had been communicated; and from that day, when the carriage which conveyed him was out of sight, he had never discovered any trace whatever of father or other connexion. No second supply of money had been sent; but, long before the sum deposited was expended, young O'Brien had so endeared himself to Dr ——, the master of the school, and to all his family, that he was regarded through the entire house with the greatest tenderness and affection; and the benevolent Doctor felt almost as lively an anxiety about his future welfare, as he felt for the interests of his own children.

In due time, O'Brien entered college; and on the day when he was leaving school, his kind friend forced upon his acceptance a fifty-pound note, and insisted that he should be his banker for some time to come. "When your scholarship examination comes round," said he, "you will be able to make your own way; but until then, you must consider me as having a store for your uses, on which you are to draw as freely as if it were placed for you in a banker's hands." O'Brien, however, did not find it necessary to trespass on his generous friend's kindness. His pride, which he possessed abundantly, was not an unworthy pride; and having very early, and in various modes, distinguished himself in the college course, he was enabled, by giving instruction to the wealthier students, not only to provide for all necessary expenses, but also to repay the sum which Dr —— had so benevolently bestowed upon him, and which he could with great difficulty be prevailed on, by O'Brien, to accept. It was just at the period when this narrative commences that he had obtained a scholarship; and the money received, in lieu of the prizes which he had won, in the past year, he destined to the object of defraying his expenses in a pedestrian tour which he purposed to make through that part of Ireland where he was born, and which he intended to continue as long, during the summer vacation, as he found it agreeable.

On the evening before he left Dublin he drank his coffee with me, and told me that Alker and Young had disappointed him, and broke their engagements; but that he was still de-

termined to persevere, and was to set out on the following morning for ——, whence he was to start forward as a pedestrian, and pursue whatever course accident might trace out for him. It was to little purpose that I endeavoured to abate the sanguine earnestness with which he looked forward to the pleasures which he anticipated during his excursion. I had made a somewhat similar excursion the year before, and assured him that I was heartily tired of it. For the first week it was very well; the novelty had its charm, and the free air and the open country were cheering to the spirits; but after a short time, these pleasures were a good deal deadened, and if it were not for the social evenings with which our days used to close, the pedestrian excursion had little to recommend it, except the romance of its captivating name. "Depend upon it," I said to O'Brien—"Depend upon it, you will find the reality of your excursion nothing like what your fancy represents it. If you had your friends with you, it would be very well; but to go alone, and walk about the country for months without any reasonable object, you will find little to recompense you for your blistered feet, and the pitiless broiling you are sure to encounter on these sultry days."

"Oh! you think I go to see sights, as it is called? Nothing can be farther from my notions—I go to mix with the people, to converse with them, and, in short, am more anxious to meet with incident, and to observe character, than to see the finest and the most picturesque scenery that ever was visited."

"And you expect incident and character in your excursion?"

"To be sure I do; and think it a much more interesting object of pursuit, than either the picturesque or the beautiful of nature."

"And, allow me to add, an object much less likely to be attained. I set out last year with notions somewhat like yours, but I very soon was forced to give them up. At first I expected that every inn was to be a kind of enchanted castle—so full of adventures—and that every man with a pale face and dark hair must have a story to tell; and, as I thought of all these pleasant things, I quite left out of count the tedious and toilsome hours which were to unite them. My mind flew from one bright spot to another, and never stopped to regard the dusty and broiling road between; and often in the course of my rambles, as I approached the halting place for the night, and had little in my thoughts, except that I was to have rest and shelter after a wearying day, I have smiled to contrast the reality with the picture I had previously drawn—when I had imagined the inn windows burnished by the setting sun, and something looking out very unlike the fat, coarse landlady who was now giving the professional welcome; I had imagined myself delighting in my good fortune, as if weariness had never seized upon me, or as if feet and limbs were as little subject to fatigue as the fancy itself. Let me tell you, you will find a wonderful difference; and as to character or incident, the best thing to wish you, where you are going, is that you should pass through the country, and come back again, without conversing with one of its inhabitants, or witnessing one of its adventures. This promenading may be a pleasant kind of folly enough in peaceable places, but the probability is, that where you are going, it may get you knocked on the head as a spy."

"And even if it should, it would not be of much consequence to any body;—but I trust better. All your representations cannot deter me; I do not think my excursion can be quite so barren of incident as you represent yours to have been. You know you do not enter readily into conversation with any stranger, and I have, for such offices, a very reasonable facility. I think this the great secret of making a tour like mine pleasant—to converse with every person I meet, and to come out altogether from my own thoughts, and for the time being enter into the thoughts and passions of others. And as to my proceeding alone, I assure you it adds considerably to my interest in going. When Alker proposed to accompany me, I at first thought it would be pleasant to have him; but now, when I think that I am going, in all probability, among relatives of whose condition I am altogether ignorant, and with no remembrance of any creature except an old woman, who was, I believe my nurse, I am much better satisfied to make my first visit alone. It would be a very

dear friend indeed, whom I would wish to have with me on such an occasion."

O'Brien accordingly set out upon his excursion, his faithful valet being his only companion, and determined, most adventurously, either to make incidents or to find them. The country was at this period much disturbed; and that part of it, towards which he directed his course, the very focus of insurrection. It may easily be conceived, that a Roman Catholic population may be very readily brought to consider tithes a grievance; and that, if the Protestant gentry, from motives of short-sighted and miserable cupidity, give countenance to such a notion, those who consider that they are compelled, by unjust and cruel laws, to pay for the support of an heretical church, may excusably look upon any exactions for that purpose as most odious and insupportable.

The Church, in fact, was ill-administered. It was parcelled out amongst the sons and relatives of those who possessed parliamentary interest sufficient to command its patronage, and its spiritual interests were scandalously neglected. The Protestant Church of Ireland, at that period, almost realized the Archbishop of Dublin's antithesis of "a church without a religion;" and the Protestant gentry accordingly, with some rare exceptions, grew up to manhood, and became magistrates of the county and members of parliament, with scarcely any sense of religion, and with no sense at all of the Church, except that they were jealous of its rights and envious of its possessions.

The following letter, which I received from my friend shortly after his departure, will more fully describe the precise state in which he found the country than any thing which I could say.

"My Dear Hastings,

"You were wrong in supposing that I should want incident to give interest to my excursion—decidedly wrong. It were difficult to convey a full idea of the state of things where I stop at present, to one who has hitherto only known the calm and tranquil character of the metropolis. Here every thing is in commotion—you would think that the elements of civil society were crumbling into a chaos; the gentry either cowering before the menace and the vengeance of a furious people, or else standing against them in determined and deadly opposition. This little town has been, for the last three days, in a state of the utmost alarm and confusion. Before I left town, you may remember our having had an account, through the papers, of combinations entered into among the people, for the purpose of regulating the quantum of tithe and rent to be paid. This appeared alarming enough at a safe distance, but to comprehend the nature of it fully, you should feel yourself here where the effects of such combinations are immediately apparent. A party met the day before yesterday at a few miles' distance from this little town. Their object was to swear the people of some neighbouring villages to an acquiescence in their determinations. But their progress was interrupted by Mr ——, who, with a small party of military, had come out to disperse them. At first a kind of parley took place between the opposing parties. Mr —— demanded why they had assembled, and, with all proper formalities, commanded them to return peaceably to their homes; but instead of obeying him, they continued to advance closer on him and his little party. In this critical state of things, where a few soldiers were in danger—a danger which had been recently realized—of being surrounded by an immense, and perhaps well-armed multitude, Mr ——, with the promptitude for which he has been remarkable, stepped forward, and drew a line on the road. 'Whatever you have to say,' said he, 'we will hear while you keep to your own side of this line, but the instant a single man passes it, I command the military to fire.' This for a few minutes checked the populace; but they again moved forward, and in the hindmost part of the crowd a bustle was observed, as if the party were producing arms from under their great-coats. Mr —— all this time kept watching the road, and observing whether they passed the line, and the instant the foremost man passed it, he gave the word, and two soldiers fired. He had directed that the first shot should be fired over their heads, but that the second should be deliberately aimed. He soon found it necessary to give the second command, for though the report of the first shot gave a moment-

ary check to the crowd, yet when they found it only a report, they commenced again the forward movement. Then Mr —— gave the word to fire and take aim, and the two most forward men, who seemed leaders of the party, fell. At this, a general panic spread through the multitude, and when they saw the soldiers levelling their muskets for a general discharge, and heard Mr —— cry out, that if they did not instantly disperse, many more of them should experience the fate of their leaders, they—irresolute how to proceed, and terrified by their leaders' fall—scattered and dispersed over the country. The two unfortunate men had been shot dead; and Mr —— returned with his party to give directions about holding an inquest on the bodies; but, in the meantime, some of the disturbers had returned for their fallen friends; and whether it was that they had received encouragement from some of the gentry, or had been rendered desperate, they conveyed the bodies into town, and had them laid at Mr ——'s door. This took place in the evening, and the people passed the night in the greatest terror, expecting that an attack would be made upon the town, and feeling how badly prepared they were to resist it.

"Next day, a market-day, the streets were excessively crowded, and the dead bodies were paraded in a very conspicuous place, and curses and menaces, not only deep but loud, were to be heard on all sides. The gentry, feeling themselves called on to adopt some resolution, summoned a meeting at the Court-house, which, at first, they intended to consist of magistrates exclusively; but some gentlemen, not magistrates, having made their way in, the doors were left open to the people indiscriminately; and although the magistrates were permitted to occupy the higher part of the Court-house, and were indulged in something like a breathing place, yet, all the lower parts were so exceedingly thronged, that it required the greatest exertion, on the part of the constables, who were in attendance, to preserve the magisterial benches from being carried violently by the pressure of the mob.

"For some time, it did not clearly appear what the magistrates had met to deliberate about; but their discussions began to turn on the state of the country, the expediency of relieving the peasantry from their burdens, especially that of tithe; and the mob, as was to be expected, shouted in acclaim. Some proposal was under consideration of offering a certain sum in lieu of tithe, when my attention (for I had forced my way in, and was standing at an open window) was called away by some murmurs in the street below me; and I soon distinguished passionate exclamations from the crowd in the Court-house—'Oh, look at him! Good Lord, have mercy on us!—look at him! how easy he is, and two poor souls crying out again' him.' I looked from the window, and was directed by the mob in the house and in the street towards a remarkably fine-looking old man, coming towards the court. The mob in the street appeared under the influence of a panic rather than a desire for revenge—at least I saw no attitudes of menace, and if there was any threatening expression, it did not reach my ears. I could see, very distinctly, the old gentleman; for as he advanced, the mob fell back from before him, and left his figure quite visible. He had all the erectness and amplitude, in the upper part of his figure, which we look for in the Roman statues—his limbs light and handsomely formed—his countenance calm and steady, without a wrinkle, and with an appearance of freshness remarkable at his time of life. Indeed, it was more from his dress, than his person, that you would judge him to be old. He wore large buckles in his shoes, a long-skirted coat, a powdered curled wig, and a cocked hat. I had full time to observe him, as he walked leisurely through the streets; his hands behind his back, and his head held steadily up—turning, as he walked, to neither side of the way. Just before he entered the Court-house I heard him speak, and was much struck by the character of his voice, and the steady deliberation of tone with which he made every syllable he uttered be distinctly heard. Some butchers kept their stalls adjacent to the gate, and I suppose it had been his habit to converse with them on ordinary occasions, for he said, as he passed them by, 'I salute no man to-day—my notice might not be serviceable.'

As he passed under the gateway, I turned towards the assembled magis-

trates, and found that they had been expecting him, and intended to make a proposition, about the success of which they were very doubtful—I heard the words—'All to no purpose —it won't do—quite unmanageable.' But now all this by-play was at an end, for Mr H—— had made his way up to the benches, and was standing conspicuously in sight of the whole assembly. Now the proposal was made —what it was I could not distinctly hear—for the gentleman who made it spoke in a low and hurried tone. For some time Mr H—— was silent, and remained observing the magistrates with fixed attention, and in a manner so imposing, that even the mob were hushed into perfect stillness. At last he spoke—'I pity you,' said he; ''fore God, I pity you. You, gentlemen of the county—the sons, some of you, of most respectable parents—and you suffer yourselves to be terrified into these paltry measures, because you have not virtue enough to protect the people when they are suffering, nor courage to oppose them when they do wrong. You, magistrates of the county, sworn to preserve the peace, and you lend yourselves to make every rabble-rout important and dangerous. For shame! I tell you, you are more guilty than the creatures whom the law will soon be called on to punish—you are worse subjects of your king, and worse enemies to the laws which it is your province to uphold. And you take upon you to intercede with me for the poor! When was it known that I ever oppressed a poor man?—When was I ever known to favour the rich? I call upon you to name the instance, if in your power. And you,' said he, turning to the populace, whom now for the first time he regarded—'you, poor misguided creatures, come forward any one of you, and say, have I ever, in any instance, done you wrong?—I have acted as a magistrate for more than forty years; I have for that length of time had dealings with you; and if you produce a single act in which I have been guilty of injustice, I here pledge my word before you all, to recompense the injured person to the utmost of my power—Is there one of you who has a claim upon me? Does nobody speak? Not one. Do you, gentlemen, note this silence? Is there one among you that would hazard the same demand? And yet you intercede with me! And you dare to dictate to me how my property is to be disposed of;—you who have not courage to defend your own! I pity you. You think you can protect yourselves by making a sacrifice of me! 'Fore God, unless your wisdom is more to be commended than your consciences, if I were to give up the management of my own concerns, you are not the guardians I should choose. What have you met here for to-day? There are two dead bodies lying in your streets, and I call upon you to see that an inquest is properly held. As for me, I need none of your civilities. Let the jury on the inquest declare their verdict, and upon that decision I will act. Let the laws of your country be duly executed, and endeavour to act as if you felt the importance of the charge committed to you; and, above all things, make no such pitiful proposals as you have made, until the country is in a state not to have insurrection encouraged by your rashness or imbecility.'

"The old gentleman concluded; and, after some desultory conversation, the assembly broke up, and the people departed. I could see that Mr H—— was afterwards remonstrating with the magistrates individually, and that they seemed to submit to him with a certain kind of deference; and the end of all was, that, on the verdict, he was acquitted; and that the alarms of the town subsided into a more tranquil apprehension. To-day there was a new alarm. A report reached the town that a man had been killed, and was lying in a ditch at about two miles' distance. It was said that he was a proctor of Mr H——, and that, the police being absent on some duty, no person would incur the hazard of going out to see the poor man, although it could not be certainly known whether he was yet dead. Such, you see, is the terror here. As I, however, was only a sojourner, I did not so much apprehend the consequences; and I set off, John accompanying me, at a very rapid pace; and although we were on foot, we soon reached the spot where the poor man was lying—a dreadful spectacle he was! We were in the act of examining whether any spark of life remained, when I heard, from the other side of the angle which the road made at this place, the same

deep and distinct voice which had so much struck me on the day before. It was uttered in a kind of address to a stubborn horse. 'I will not struggle with you; I never contended with a brute devoid of reason.' Then seeing us, as he descended from his vehicle, he said, with the same precision, 'Answer—Who are you?—are you friends?' I gave him a brief explanation, and directed his attention to the pitiful sight which awaited him. After feeling the wrist of the object before him, and applying his hand to the mouth, he remained for some minutes silent, gazing on the body. Then he turned round to me. 'He is dead,' said he; 'it was no common struggle, you may perceive,' pointing to the footprints stamped deeply into the ground, and to some blood-stains and fragments of cloth torn from the coats of the murderers by a dying grasp. 'Poor fellow!' said he, again turning to the dead body; 'we have passed many hours of danger together, and God gave us strength and courage to come through them. You were a faithful servant.' After remaining some time silent, he asked whether I would assist him in removing the body; and I gave, of course, an affirmative reply. He had previously placed planks across a part of his car, and on these we laid the body, and secured it as effectually as we could. During our return I made some acquaintance with Mr H——, although he spoke very little; but he has given me a very pressing invitation to spend some days at his house, which I felt no hesitation about accepting, and I purpose removing there to-morrow."

Chap. II.

On receiving this letter, I immediately wrote him:—

"My dear O'Brien,

"I feel myself in imminent peril of incurring a censure such as we have sometimes not unsparingly visited on our friend Stephenson, when, at a random stroke, he has demolished a theory, and obtruded some irrelevant story or remark upon us, while occupied with some far more interesting narrative or speculation. Your letter, with all its *speciosa miracula rerum*, is lying before me—not unread—and I am actually on the point of setting it aside, while I call your attention to certain wonders of my own, which I think not unworthy of your consideration. What course shall I pursue? Shall I do violence to the current of my thoughts, and practise politeness on compulsion; or shall I do what I believe will be more acceptable to you, think no more of giving honour to your epistle, and write you a correct and particular account of my own adventure? I have made up my mind—your letter shall lie over. I could not tell you of my strange haps in telegraphic conciseness. Once let me begin, and multitudes of thoughts and feelings, earnest and loquacious as Irish witnesses, will insist on having their words. Let them have their wish, and accept you my story, assured that I have not received your communication with less thankfulness, and that I do not regard it with less interest, because I defer the expression of my acknowledgments until a season when the excitement which now possesses me shall have in some degree subsided, and the 'divine voice' of that region of enchantment, out of which I have just emerged, shall have ceased to ring around me.

"One preliminary, however, I must beg to arrange—and observe, I understand it as agreed to by you. It is, that you read straightforward as I write, and make no short cuts to the conclusion of my story. I am about to tell you of matters strange and difficult of comprehension. What I write to you, I may perhaps hereafter submit to more general perusal. Of what I now communicate to you, it is not improbable that I may attempt an explanation; and to understand whether I succeed, it is necessary that you shall have read the entire account of what I endeavour to explain. In my view of such matters, even where feelings have been disproportionably excited, they are not unworthy of being noticed. You are not one of those who think that nothing but what can be touched or seen, deserves to be made mention of. You are willing to allow its proper reality to the world of imagination; and you know that if, even without an adequate cause, astonishment or terror has been strongly felt, the circumstances under which such sensations were experienced, are as worthy of being recorded as are many of those important facts which are daily paraded in all the pomp with which printing can invest them. Hear, then, my

story as it appears to me proper to relate it. I am, for my own part, perfectly satisfied that I was in a condition which has not impaired my memory either of what I saw or what I felt; and although I was very highly disturbed while actually witnessing what I am now about to communicate, I was also keenly alive to every minute particular, and have treasured up the most exact remembrance of it.

"If it be any gratification to your vanity or your good-nature to know that you were much desired by your friends in their meetings and excursions, I have means ample to indulge you. While you were roaming in places where, as I learn from your letters, as well as from all other accounts, the moral sublime—if terror be a main ingredient in the idea which that indefinable term represents—abounds even by the way-side, the less enterprising friends whom you had left behind, were purposing to indulge in the quieter and customary pleasures so liberally offered to all who have strength and leisure to walk through the beautiful country extending to the very streets of our metropolis. Every thing favoured our sallying forth—the fresh morning—the confident promise of benign skies—and, in short, all those little kindly and cheerful greetings on which, if I had not something of more interest to relate, I might think it not disagreeable idleness to linger. But we set out with no other regret than that you were not of our party, and many a time we endeavoured to imitate, or imagine, what you would have said and felt when the lights shone out more fairly on the hills, or, from some height, or sudden winding in our way, ocean unexpectedly saluted us. Do not be apprehensive that I am about to give you a diary of our tour. I mention our setting forth merely to awaken in your mind the remembrance of pleasant walks in which you have so often joined, '*et quorum semper pars magna fuisti.*' Call up within you recollections which may not assimilate with the terrible objects now becoming familiar to you, but which will, I hope, weather even fiercer storms than are raging about you, and live to give you comfort, and even counsel, many days hence;—call up these pleasant remembrances, and keep them with you as you read my story.

"I spare you the recital of all occurrences, expressions, sights, and sounds, from the time when—I was going to say, we shook the city dust from our feet, but this would imply harshness of feeling where no asperity is felt, and I say merely—when we left the town, up to that moment when my narrative properly commences. At that time, we were stretched along a hill, at about two miles' distance from Bray, and gazing on as calm and as beautifully lighted a sea-view as it has ever been my good fortune to behold. It is not easy to disengage yourself from the influence of such a scene; and I have often observed, that it imposes silence on even a gay party, and that the most daring holds his peace, until some change in the appearance of nature seems to break the spell, and restore the power of speech and motion which had been previously suspended. We were all silent, and were watching the lessening light upon the waters with as deep an interest as if the fortunes of some conscious being were connected with it; and I do not believe that even a whispered word was breathed, until the last diminished speck of the evening light had flashed as from a gem its parting radiance, and was seen no more. Then we felt released, and were able to speak and speculate on the surrounding objects. How pleasant we thought it would be to spend some days in that place, and have our eyes in the morning open as they closed at night on a scene of so much tranquil beauty! On the summit of the hill, on the side of which we reclined, very little above us, there was a house, preserving the traces of ancient respectability, but evidently uninhabited and neglected. 'How comes it,' said I, 'that this mansion has fallen into such decay? Where could lovers of retirement find a more suitable abode? What fairer spot could be chosen for a temporary sojourn? Positively, I do not see, if we could procure admission, and gain some little appliances, where we could be better lodged for our purposes, than in this deserted mansion.' —'Where,' cried out Godfrey, and all joined him—'Where could we find any thing more to our taste? and if we can only manage to make good our entrance, it is but a short distance to Bray, and we could easily supply a camp arrangement for the few days we

may remain here.' The next consideration was, whether our design was practicable. The house is not near the high road—our arrival at its neighbourhood was owing to the accident of having chosen to continue our walk along the shore more perseveringly than in any former excursion; and when we became desirous of obtaining shelter, we could see no cottage or cabin where we were likely to learn how we might be gratified. With very little expectation of success, we walked round the house, knocked at its doors, but had no answer. Both doors and windows were firmly closed, and the perfect stillness into which the echoes of our loud knocking died away, convinced us that we were unheard. Baffled in our projects, but not altogether without hope of success upon some other occasion, we pursued our route to Bray, and found ourselves at Quin's before the night had decidedly set in, and before we had half finished what we had to say, or to propose, respecting the sea-view and the solitary house which had so interested and engaged us. What we learned now still farther excited our imaginations. The house was the place where that dreadful murder was perpetrated of which you must remember the harrowing recital—that where a servant was suspected, but in which it was afterwards known that a banditti were concerned. All the particulars were again brought before us, and it was added, that since the horrible event, the house had been deserted—that it had acquired the reputation of being haunted—and that the owner, who resided in Bray, had not been able to procure the services of a watchman courageous enough to encounter the terrors by which it was nightly infested.

"Our resolution was instantly taken—we would volunteer to watch. We would go provided against gross, corporeal visitants, and had not much to apprehend from the solemnity of ghostly salutations. Accordingly, we sought an interview with Mr ——, proprietor of the evil-reputed mansion, obtained his full permission to meet and lay the ghosts who haunted it; and before noon, on the following day, were established in the peaceable possession of house and offices, to hold for such time as might suit our pleasure and convenience. I do not think you have yet become acquainted with this place—yet it is so well worth the seeing, that when you return, I shall not shrink from the task of accompanying you to visit it. The house stands on an eminence, but, behind it, the ground rises so high, that when on the road you cannot even suspect that such a dwelling should lie between you and the strand. On the platform, or little lawn before the principal entrance, you feel yourself enclosed within hills which sweep in a semicircle to the sea, on one side in forms abrupt, and presenting a rocky and precipitous appearance; on the other, descending gently towards you, and at the summit crowned with larger trees than you often meet with in such a place; the steeps on both sides become rocky as they descend to the water's edge, and between the barriers thus guarding the enclosure, a most verdant lawn slopes down to a little sandy beach of not more than a few yards in width, which separates it from the sea. It is not, however, of the beauty of this sweet seclusion—(that I should apply names like these to such a place!)—I am to write; and I will accordingly pass over all that we said and thought on such subjects, as likewise all our occupations during the day, and come at once to the time when our thoughts were turned to other matters than the beauties which surrounded us.

"We had taken possession of the first floor, as being, for all purposes of defence or observation, the most convenient. We had scrutinized, with the utmost carefulness, all parts of the house, and having, by bolt and bar, made fast every entrance, posted ourselves in a spacious apartment which looked out upon the sea, and was within an ante-room of oblong form, whose only window was above the entrance at the rear of the mansion. The door opening from our apartment to this ante-room had been removed, but that which admitted to the other parts of the building, and through which alone we could be approached, (for in our chamber there was but one door-way that communicated with the ante-room,) was in good condition; and having very strongly secured it, and having command of the various passes through which the house could be approached or entered, we felt ourselves, so far at least as mortals were concerned, safe from surprise. Being four in number, we

did not think it necessary, which, after the fatigues of the day, would have been inconvenient, that all should keep watch together; and it was proposed to appoint a sentinel. But my amendment was adopted, that two should keep guard at a time, and in their turn have their sleep secured from hostile invasion. The times of guard were decided by lot, and (you know I never have success in such decisions) I was, with Godfrey, to have the duty which was the least pleasant, that of being called from sleep to act the sentinel from midnight until morning.

I slept soundly for about three hours. We had an excellent guard-bed; Mr —— having sent in for our use a large pallet, (we had deprecated bedclothes,) and, with a good fire blazing in the hearth, we felt a covering more than our clothes quite unnecessary. But these are petty details. I was called to my office of sentinel in due course, and my companions succeeded to our vacated couch, and were soon in happy insensibility. My comrade Godfrey speedily betrayed symptoms of a tendency to follow their example; while for my part, I never was more thoroughly awake in all my life. The novelty of my situation would, of itself, have to some extent excited me, but, I am free to confess, I was not altogether void of apprehension. It would seem that I had no cause, but yet the terms in which my predecessors on guard had announced to me that during their watch all was quiet, were especially calculated to disturb my repose. To my question on waking, how the past hours had gone, Francesco's answer was returned,—'Not a mouse stirring.' How do you think this answer affected me? It brought up the entire of those awful passages from Hamlet vividly before me. The words seemed ominous of what I was to expect on my watch; and my mind was instantly set into a frame which would render such midnight encounter most terrible. I endeavoured to satisfy myself that no answer could have been devised more pertinent to the occasion, and less a subject of wonder, than that which I had received. I endeavoured to chase away the thick-coming fancies which invaded my spirit; but, for a length of time, to little purpose. You cannot reason back the mind into the calmness out of which some accident has disturbed it. However trivial the cause or occasion by which you have been agitated, the disturbance is not the less real, and it continues, too, even after the cause has been removed; and though the storm has ceased to blow, the sea is still swelling. In my case, you are aware that some peculiarities of opinion combine to increase the efficacy of these suggestions of fear. You know my doubts as to whether imagination is any thing more than an unsuccessful effort to comprehend realities. We have sometimes discussed, 'Whether such a creature as man can possibly imagine a species of existence which has not been realised? whether the fecundity of the human mind is greater than that of nature? and, in short, whether he who made me has not created whatsoever it is possible for me to conceive?' I need not remind you, that I have never decided this question in favour of my heart's superstitious yearnings, or that I can produce good and sufficient arguments against forming such a decision; but it is certain, that the love of mystery, co-operating with the perplexing nature of the subject, has, on many an occasion, and on none more remarkably than this of which I am writing the story, so confused and embarrassed my reasonings, as to leave intellect little chance against imagination. Besides, you will remember, how narrowly imagination and belief are separated,—how frequently the beings of the one overpass their boundaries, and mix among the inhabitants of the other,—how, when reason for a space resigns the office of keeping them apart, the two races become confounded; and you will admit, that he who, with me, familiarizes his mental eye to an imaginary presence, is nurturing within him what may become the persuasion that he beholds an actual existence. You will not wonder, therefore, if, amidst the recollections suggested by that unfortunate expression of my friend, I found some food for the appetite, or love, for the marvellous, by which I acknowledge myself possessed.

"A misfortune apparently trivial, and which, under other circumstances, had been of no moment, increased my disquiet. This was the drowsiness of poor Godfrey. I laboured, to the utmost stretch of my abilities, to keep him awake; but in vain. Many a time

have I contended with my own repugnance, and set myself to resist the lethargic influence of companions who would not converse; but never did I labour with greater perseverance, or torment myself to so little purpose, as in my present trial of skill. I soon began to apprehend that some more than ordinary power was upon both Godfrey and myself. He was certainly as the deaf adder; but I, as certainly, had not the charmer's voice. I was conscious of more than wonted deficiency. I never so strenuously sought for thoughts and images, but I never sought so unsuccessfully. Godfrey is, in general, easily excited and easily amused; but if ever I had any ability to interest, it seemed to have deserted me. Memory, and fancy, and the power of speech, forsook me in my need; and all my faculties appeared as if they had learned the black servant's most provoking rule of conduct—'the more Massa call me, the more I won't come.' Well, the struggle was over; after various manifestations of consciousness giving way,—after monosyllabic answers uttered at random, and some sounds altogether inarticulate, where the power to frame a reply would not second the desire to intimate intelligence, Godfrey gave himself up to sleep; and, with a vague impression that I was set apart to be the witness of some strange apparition—I felt myself alone.

"There is, you are aware, a belief very prevalent among ghost-seers, that spectres do not appear to more than a single spectator. This, according to the philosophy of those from whom I have derived all my visionary lore, is a law of the unsubstantial, and should be as implicitly received as the 'laws of matter' are accepted amongst us. Whether this law (as are those which regulate the seemingly less mysterious portion of existence) be merely a maxim derived from experience, or whether it arise from a knowledge of the powers and capacities with which spiritual beings are invested, and of some great difficulty to be overcome by the bodiless in conversing with more than one mortal at a time—whether it should be received as law, merely because the varieties of apparitions almost uniformly observe it, or because, from the difficulty of contriving a medium of communication between the living and the dead, (which indeed Cardan and others acknowledge,) immaterial beings are constrained to submit to it, I cannot pronounce; but this I can unhesitatingly affirm, that, in my circumstances, there was nothing extravagant in imagining the existence and authority of some such law, and supposing myself singled out to witness an example of it. You may smile at this, but even of you I would scarcely fear to assert, that, were you in my condition, your smile would be but sickly. There lay two of my companions stretched out on their pallet, and sleeping so deeply that even their breathing could not be heard; Godfrey also, his head reclined against the chimney-piece, in a most tranquil sleep, perfectly motionless—nothing, in fact, which had movement in the chamber, except occasionally the light of the fire, and the shadows from the candles, quivering upon the walls or ceiling. To be so circumstanced, on such an occasion, with my recollections, and with an unusual vitality of feeling, was to be, I confess it, very closely bordering on that state in which marvellous things may be imagined. I shall fully allow for this pre-disposition to fancy strange matters, and you may make the proper drawback before you give your assent. I had, at an earlier period of the night, acted the censor on my rashness in undertaking the part which I was performing. I had endeavoured to think that the matter was ridiculous, and sought thus to fortify my mind against the thoughts of awe which were coming upon it; but now, all such efforts had ceased. I had become changed; the influence of the hour—the silence—the solitariness—the images of insensibility before me, and my own acute wakefulness—all this, and perhaps something more mysterious still, exercised much power over me, and caused me to think that the change which I felt taking place within me, was but preparatory to something for which I was intended. I recollected that notices usually precede the coming of spiritual visitants, and I began to fancy, that the altered state of my mind should be regarded as a warning. You will perhaps, before you read any farther, exclaim, that in such a state of mind I was no more to be relied on than one in the delirium of fever. But attend;—I was not under such excitement when

my singular adventure happened. The current of my thoughts and fears was changed; and although something of mystery and superstitious awe may have still lingered about me and mingled with my sensations, they had not, I am perfectly confident, such power as they might have acquired had their influence been uninterrupted.

"But to proceed: After a vain combat with the awe which was overmastering me, in a hope of obtaining some relief by change of place, I rose and walked to the window, which looked out upon the sea. The sound of my footsteps startled me, as if they were not my own. The truth is—and this, I believe, is a general truth, for I have had experience of it under other circumstances—when you have sat alone and musing late into the night, you often forget the existence of any other portion of your being than that which thinks, and, when you move, it seems to you for a moment strange that you cannot move in silence. In other cases, the state of feeling in which this phenomenon occurs, is of a pleasing, as well as of a solemn character—in mine, the previous excitement was so great, that it became painfully exasperated for the first instant, and then (I suppose I could bear no more) the intensity of my mysterious emotions began rapidly to subside; and although the first salute I received, on reaching the window, was the flapping of wings from a large bird which flew heavily past, my returning composure was not scared, and I looked forth over the shining sea with comparative tranquillity. I had now an opportunity, such as never before was so fully given me, of comparing the admiration in which the nocturnal heavens are contemplated, with that superstitious awe which I had just before experienced. Pardon me for dwelling thus at length on my observations and emotions. I have been so much in the habit of opening my entire soul to you, that I am very desirous of laying before you every thing which was presented to my mind and my senses on a night which, I suppose, I never can forget. What I thought has to me its importance much enhanced by what I saw and heard; and I should begin to think of you as one who did not participate in all my secrets, were you to remain unacquainted with it. I was speaking of the difference between that state of feeling in which I gazed on the silent heavens, and that in which I was fascinated by my terrors. To some the difficulty would be to discern resemblance, not to detect a difference, between states of mind so seemingly unlike each other. You, however, are not of this number. You know that the influence of the night heavens is full of mystery—that he who yields himself to it, feels an indefinite expectation that some wonder is about to take place. I speak of nights when the moon shines brightly,—nature then, in its quietness, seems as if it awaited some great event. I was going to say, the theatre is lighted up, and the stillness is no more than the suitable prelude and pause of expectation with which the coming wonder is looked for; but I reject my illustration, because, although it might assimilate with the principle on which we are moved, it is very unsuitable to the emotion thus originated. Without simile or illustration, however, it is perfectly clear, that we never stand out alone in the silent moonlight, without being conscious (if no other sensations have pre-occupied us) of some vague imagination that all is not yet complete, and that what we behold, and what we feel, is no more than due preparation for the voice or the vision which is to be revealed to us. But this imagination is altogether destitute of gloom and terror; our anticipations are benign, our feelings are wholesome, and our sensations differ as widely from such as I had lately experienced, as they would on our escaping from some fetid charnel vault, and emerging into the lights and airs of this upper world.

"How long I enjoyed the beautiful prospect before me, and my relief from shapeless terrors, I cannot say. I was recalled to a sense of the place and my condition, by a shrill whistle which I heard, faint, but perfectly distinct, at a considerable distance to my left, and close to the shore. This was, I concluded, a signal, for it was presently answered from seemingly a greater distance. I now deliberated whether I ought not to awaken my companions, but the occasion did not, I thought, justify apprehension, and I determined to await something more decisive. Shortly after, a little boat appeared issuing from the direction in which the

whistle had sounded, emerging from the ledge of rock on my left, and moving slowly along. I could see the flash of the oars, but could not distinguish the sound they made in the water. Now I thought I had a justifiable cause for disturbing my companions' repose—at least Godfrey's, whose post it was to watch; but, strange as it may seem, my efforts were to no purpose, and the moment I ceased to shake him, he relapsed into slumber again. I did not wish to call out aloud, not from a disinclination to molest the sleepers, but somehow silence itself at such an hour insists on being respected, and you cannot invade it rudely. I had almost determined to try whether I could not succeed better with the occupiers of the couch than with Godfrey; but as, if there were to be any forbearance, they were entitled to it, I proceeded again to the window, purposing to be decided by what I should behold. The boat was still in sight, but not nearing the little cove at the bottom of the lawn. It seemed rather putting out to sea, and had soon passed beyond the hill on my right, and became lost to my view. I saw now no necessity for giving an alarm. I had carefully examined the arms with which we were provided—looked to the fastenings of windows and doors—and, now that the menace from without had passed away, and that my fancy, wearied or exhausted, ceased its persecutions, I drew my chair towards the fire, and patiently waited for the morning.

"And in due course I am to believe morning came, but before it, came to me a more unwelcome visitant. Little time was given me for reflection. Few and short notices were afforded of the coming dread. Only one whistle, low, but near to the house, followed by a whispered monosyllable; the word was 'Now,' in my chamber or its immediate neighbourhood—whispered, but dreadfully audible—then a slight rustle, which was only not silence, and when I started and looked round, at two paces distant—not more—the dreaded being confronted me. In his form or aspect there was nothing of that horrid nature which I had been led to expect—no stain of blood—no countenance of despair. I have the appearance fully before me at this moment—a figure rather tall, and quite enveloped in a large cloak—calm steady eyes—a head uncovered, and of fine formation, and a visage which gave you the idea of one who was beyond fear and beyond surprise. A countenance of this nature, even on common occasions, has great power over you. You offer an involuntary homage to one whom you believe to have attained that height of philosophic security where nothing can agitate or amaze. Whether this height is ever attained through any passage but the grave, I will not now conjecture, but leave you to imagine how I felt, quelled and controlled by such an appearance as I beheld, and by the awfulness with which my imagination invested it—Suppose it only imagination which caused me to believe that I saw no inhabitant of the earth—I did not, however, give myself up to this imagination. I strove to think that I was looking on a being mortal and sensible to injury as myself, and I prevailed. I remembered the succession of sounds before his appearance—the whistle from without—that prompting whisper, the terrible 'Now'—the rustle which attended the coming of this new guest to our chamber, and I concluded that all indicated human contrivance and a mortal visitant. Then for the first time I looked eagerly to the arms, but he stood at the table on which they were laid, and I felt convinced that he was prepared to baffle any attempt I could make to procure them. I cast an eye on my companions—they were sleeping with an indifference which provoked my anger, and I stamped on the floor and uttered some passionate exclamation. Still my persecutor looked on unmoved—and my poor friends, after an inarticulate murmur from Godfrey, continued in deep and silent slumber. Could our wine have been drugged?—I had drunk only water. Had my companions taken unconsciously an opiate, and were we all now to pay the penalties—I of my abstinence, and they of indiscretion? The instant this thought presented itself to my mind, I became desperate; I dashed my hand violently against my head, and in another moment I would have been, if I had persisted in the attempt, engaged in a struggle for life or death with my adversary. He saw what was passing in my mind, and with the same composed manner which never deserted him, he moved his

head, mournfully, I thought, and said, in a rapid whisper, 'Forbear—be temperate and discreet, and no evil shall befall you or your companions, —if you are violent, nothing can save you.' His words and manner recalled me to reason. Surely, even though his intents were evil, he was not without adherents to uphold him in them. Some subtile agency must have contrived the plot to which my friends were victims,—the whistle in the neighbourhood of the house must have signified the approach of partisans,—and, as we were circumstanced, resistance (in all probability) to armed numbers, was not to be thought of. You will not then be surprised that my resolution gave way, nor perhaps at my subsequent conduct. He spoke again—not in a whisper, but in a tone so low, although without apparent effort or restraint, that his voice scarcely sounded louder. 'Your intrusion here was rash and culpable. You came to indulge your curiosity; have you courage to pursue the adventure, and have the mystery disclosed?' I looked to the arms, and for the first time he smiled. 'They are not necessary,' said he. 'Are you willing,' he continued, 'to learn what you have exposed yourself to untried peril that you might know? Will you,' he continued, 'accompany me?'

"I hesitated for a moment, and he proceeded—'You are not safer here than outside this chamber; your best security is to confide in me.—Are you ready to follow me—unarmed?'

"I ran rapidly over all the circumstances of my situation. I was, I might say, alone and defenceless, surrounded, I had no doubt, if my adversaries were mortal, by numbers, which it was absurd to think of withstanding. What should it avail me to manifest distrust? The love of adventure, too, awoke in me. Why might I not have the fortune to witness things worthy of remembrance? Why might I not be a means of extricating our entire party from danger. 'I will confide in you,' said I; 'lead on.'

"I looked, with all the anxiety natural in my situation, to see how my communication would be received; but the face remained quite unmoved—no malignant satisfaction—no pleasure—no surprise—he simply, by a slight inclination of his head, gave notice that my proposal was accepted; and in the next moment was passing through the wall of the chamber, which seemed to open to give him admission. In the state of mind in which I was, things very strange appeared natural; and, without a pause, I followed my mysterious conductor. I pursued the rustling of his cloak, and soon found myself descending a narrow staircase. I groped my way in darkness for a few minutes, and after proceeding for some paces along a passage to which the staircase led, found myself in a little square apartment, without furniture of any kind, the floor of which was flagged, and which was lighted by a lamp suspended from the ceiling. Here my conductor paused, and seemed to reflect for a moment. 'That door,' said he, directing his eyes towards a door covered with black cloth at a corner of the room, 'it should not be closed—pray open it.'

"What did he mean by this command? Was I to be precipitated upon some sudden destruction? Why was I to be thus thrust upon an unseen danger, and to lead the way, where I had promised only to follow? Although unarmed, I had hitherto held myself prepared, in case of treachery, to exert my strength to the utmost; and was determined, if my guide betrayed me, to seize upon him, and make him feel the energy of a dying grasp; but here I was to be taken at vantage; enemies, perhaps, suddenly to start up before, a perfidious instigator of them behind, —I was to suffer without an effort at revenge. 'I will not do it—I will sell my life dear,' and I looked round for some weapon to second my desperate intent.

"'Your life—What puts your life in peril? You are safe as in your father's house.' I felt strangely assured by the tones of his singular voice, so passionless, but so impressive. Still, however, I shrunk from the office he would assign me, and said, with full determination of purpose,—'I will not go before you; I promised to follow where you led—Go you on—open that door, and still I follow.'

"He was silent for a moment; and, for the first time since I saw him, appeared disturbed; he even smiled a scornful and bitter smile, and replied, repeating my words in a tone suitable to his altered appearance—'Open that

door—open that door—Behold!' and he cast off the cloak which had hitherto concealed his figure, and stretched out towards me, arms from which the hands had been lopped off, and horrid from recent mutilation;—'Behold!' he repeated, in a voice of thunder. It was a ghastly sight to see the stern and inflamed aspect, the naked, mangled arms, vividly before me; and all other parts of the figure, whether from my visual weakness, or from some more fearful cause, indistinct and dim, as if a vapour surrounded the form—and the angry countenance, and the mutilated limbs, were protruded from it.

"I was horror-struck; at one moment I felt a tear in my eye—but I was not relieved by weeping. When I recovered power of motion, I walked with the submissiveness of a child to do his bidding. A glove had been left on the handle of the door, and I remember fearing to displace it, although it was damp from what seemed like blood. I proceeded to do my work. I turned the handle—but it was with difficulty. I felt even as if some motion in the door resisted me, as I attempted to open it; but I now became desperate; and although a struggling resistance was made to my efforts, and although sounds, as of the murmur of human voices, were uttered to deter me, I persevered, until at one effort, more violent than the rest, I seemed to have succeeded, and the door was about to fly open, when I heard a voice indistinctly, but which I could perfectly understand; it said,—'My nose!—my nose!—unhand my nose!' I awoke, and found that I had made free with that feature of poor Godfrey's face, and that he and I were bathed in the blood which was issuing copiously from it.

"Pause, dear O'Brien, for an instant; do not avenge yourself on my poor packet. It has not done you wrong, nor has its author; and if you recollect yourself, you must remember that, by anticipation, you have amply had your revenge. Not—do not think it—in your late communication. Far be it from me to insinuate that your adventures are to terminate as mine has ended. No, it never entered into my mind thus to disparage your recital; but I find an old score against you, and I know you are too just to be angry at the manner in which it is wiped away. Do you remember?—but no, perhaps you do not,—few recollect better than you what they have read, but few forget faster what they have invented. I can refresh your memory, however; and I quote from my commonplace book, Article, 'Dreams,'—my accusation against you:—'Phenomena in dreaming. Identity and diversity—conversation with O'Brien on the subject, who related the following dream, and described it as having resulted from our conversations on the above subjects, and from his engagement in the study of optics.'

"'I dreamed,' said he, 'that I was walking on the shore, near Bray, and looking towards the Welsh mountains, which appeared distinctly visible. As I was endeavouring to make my fancy act as a magnifier, and shew me the plains and valleys they enclosed, I found myself amongst them, but now, strange to say, they seemed less lofty than when I saw them at so considerable a distance. Also I had ceased to be alone, and to my companion, who, though unknown to me, seemed yet familiar, and in some sort connected with my former life, I spoke of the wonder with which I regarded the very strange phenomenon presented to me. He endeavoured to explain why the mountains diminished as I approached them, spoke of the effects of mist and distance; but I was not satisfied.—'No,' said I, 'the laws of optics are violated, and either these laws are unsound, or some strange deception is practised on us. Oh,' said I, delighted at my discovery, 'all is delusion—these are not vales or mountains—it is a dream.'—'No,' replied my companion, 'that cannot be; you may be dreaming, but I am waking.'—What absurdity can be imagined greater, than that two persons shall become involved in the same dream, and shall converse in it? I was perplexed—but at length extricated myself. 'There are no two persons—I am the only person concerned—you are the mere creature of my dream.'—'That,' said my pertinacious opponent, 'that I deny. If either be ideal, I insist you are the shadow. I feel my existence too strong in me to imagine that I am the shade of a dream, or the dream of a shade, in any other sense than that in which the old philosopher applies that figure

to the life of all mankind. I certainly will not resign my claim to my own separate identity.'—How was this question to be decided? We had both become satisfied that one of us was the shadow of a dream, but neither would acquiesce in the notion that he was to have his portion only in so fleeting an existence. How was the matter to be decided? My tormentor proposed a contrivance. We should each give the other a cuff on the ear, and ascertain thus the shadow and the substance. I was to strike first, and I delivered my buffet with hearty goodwill; my hand fell noiseless upon his cheek, but to my mortification, there he stood still, with a malicious grin upon his countenance, and ready to repay my blow with interest. Now came my trial and my alarm. I dreaded what the effects of the blow might be; sure I was that I had real life; but not sure, that the issue of the trial might not adjudicate me a shadow, and banish me for ever to the land of dreams. My persecutor seemed to enjoy my distress, and to dally with delight of the vengeance he was to indulge in. He raised his arm, and strained his muscles for the blow by which I was to be proved nothing; but my dread of annihilation became too severe, and before the blow descended, I awoke in ecstasies that I had not been pronounced a vision.'

"'This is Mr O'Brien's recital, and I find two lines drawn across it, and the following comment:—'N.B.—O'-Brien has told me that he invented the above story merely for his own and my amusement.' Now, confess, have you been punished beyond your deserts? I have merely had my revenge; but I promise, that, without provocation, I will not again assail you, 'Hic victor cœstus artemque repono.' Let me hear soon that you bear no malice in your heart, and that you believe me no shadow, or delusion, or tormentor, but most sincerely your friend,

"CHARLES HASTINGS."

THE FRANCISCAN AND THE BROTHERHOOD.

From the Latin of Buchanan.

INTRODUCTION.

At the time when the great Scottish reformer John Knox, through the instrumentality of an overruling Providence, made his appearance, the Roman Catholic religion in Scotland had arrived at that pitch of corruption and abuse to which, from its very nature, it must always incline. Being founded on the evil passions of the human mind, in so far as it differs from the pure doctrines and precepts of Christianity, such evil passions it must always subserve; and as, in many cases, it has substituted the dogmas of fallible and sinful beings, in the place of the infallible oracles of God, its tendency is to enslave, to darken, and degrade, the human understanding. To the full exercise of the mind it must be, and always has been, the declared enemy: it shrinks from the light of reason, as the phantoms and fiends of darkness flee the approach of the day-spring: it can only reign and domineer amid ignorance and the prostration of the powers of the human understanding: it is despotic in its enactments, intolerant in its exactions, and bloody and persecuting in its spirit. It has always set its face against every improvement and innovation; and has looked with the scowl of disapprobation on every art and science which did not minister to the promotion and advancement of its own superstitious rites and ceremonies. Every thing that tended to expand and strengthen the intellect of man, it has ever opposed; and if it has been the friend and foster-mother of Painting, Architecture, Statuary, and Music,—and of this there can be no doubt,—it was because it perceived in these most glorious arts, the most powerful auxiliaries to enslave the spirit of man, by working on his imagination, and to darken him through the medium of his senses and his feelings. In this respect it has put in practice the devices of ancient heathenism, which also was indebted to the fine arts for much of its power and efficiency. *It* also appealed to the senses and the imagination; it embo-

died, in pictured and sculptured forms, the abstract conceptions and the traditionary lore of the human mind—the virtues and the vices of the deified hero and legislator—the power of all-pervading love—the principles, real or supposed, that regulate the air, the earth, and the water—and, in fine, the whole being of man, as he has been, as he is, and as he hopes or fears to be.

Popery is Christianity engrafted on the Paganism of Greece and Rome, and its fruits have the flavour, and have always partaken much of the nature, of the parent stock. The statue of the Thunderer required but little alteration to be a fit representation of the Fisherman of Galilee: the *soror atque conjux Jovis* was but another expression for the mother of God, and the queen of heaven;—and from the Mythologic Tartarus, the cunning priesthood could easily borrow all the grim and horrific imagery of their purgatory. The resemblance between the two is, in various particulars, remarkably complete; but the priest of St Peter was unlike the priest of Polytheism in the article of toleration. These rejected not the gods of others, nor persecuted the worshippers of strange gods, if so be that Jupiter and all his tribe were treated with due respect, and not spoken against. The Polytheist never asserted that all without the pale of his church are accursed now and for ever; he was the most accommodating of religionists. Your god was his god, for whom indeed he exacted from you a decent degree of reverence; and with a "*quocunque alio nomine voceris*," he lifted up the voice of supplication and of adoration to the gods of foreign lands, whose power, and whose attributes, and whose very names, he did not and cared not to know. The Athenian had an altar dedicated to the unknown god—like an hospitable landlord who keeps a place vacant for an unexpected guest—even although he had thousands of his own to worship; and in the Roman Pantheon, there was a niche for the statue of every new divinity that might happen to make his appearance.

Among a rude and warlike people such as the Scots, Popery flourished long and prevailed; and at the time of the Reformation, its corruptions and impostures, and the profligacy of its priests, are scarcely credible. Some of our ancient kings had been devotees of the sternest cast, who had lavished on the church both lands and treasures, in order to lay up for themselves treasures in heaven. Others of them, the slaves of every evil passion, and the perpetrators of the foulest crimes, were taught by their ghostly counsellors, that gold and lands, and the church's prayers, alone could purchase for them the forgiveness of the past, immunity for the future, and bliss eternal. The prince, the peer, and peasant, the religious enthusiast and the dissipated profligate, all were excellent subjects for the crafty ministers of this polluted system, who revelled and rioted, flourished and fattened, amid the ignorance and the crimes of a priest-enslaved people. Vice, in all its hideous shapes, started up from amidst this rank hotbed, this superfetation, of wealth and luxury. The priests, like Jeshurun of the Old Testament, "waxed fat, and kicked. They provoked God to jealousy with strange gods, with abominations provoked they him to anger. They sacrificed unto devils, not to God; to gods whom they knew not, to new gods that came newly up. And when the Lord saw it, he abhorred them, because of the provoking of his sons and of his daughters. And he said, I will hide my face from them, I will see what their end shall be; for they are a very froward generation, children in whom there is no faith."—(Deut. 32, 15.)

The greater, and that, too, the more fertile part of the kingdom, was in the hands of the churchmen, who squandered away their immense wealth by indulging in every luxury, and rioting in every extravagant pleasure. Prevented by the laws of their church from marrying, and persecuting with relentless fury every one of their order who transgressed such laws, but at the same time winking at the abominations to which this unnatural restriction gave rise, they lived in open profligacy with courtezans, whom they maintained in the greatest pomp and luxury, and with whose offspring even the great and the noble did not disdain an alliance, because of the splendid fortunes which thereby accrued to them. They disregarded all secular jurisdiction, and held every enactment

but that of the church, of which they were both the framers and the administrators, in no estimation; and this, with the doctrine and practice of confession, was an instrument of tremendous power, which made the high and the mighty, as well as the weak and the humble, tremble at their frown. Their profligacy was only exceeded by their ignorance; and with every kind of sound learning, whether sacred or profane, they were utterly unacquainted. Buchanan has recorded, that in his time the clergy were so unlearned that they inveighed against Martin Luther as the author of a heretical book called the New Testament—but as for them, they would adhere to the Old.* *Græcum est; legi non potest*—every priest in broad Scotland might, in so far as his knowledge was concerned, have declared. Like the foreign monk, the Scot also accounted Greek the parent of all heresies; and both of them would have affirmed, as one of them is said to have done, that whoever learned Hebrew instantly became a Jew.

To every religion which insists on outward ceremony as paramount to every thing else, men are found to be very bigoted, and very exact in its observances. The Jews found it an easy matter to make broad their phylacteries, to make clean the outside of the cup and the platter, to build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous; but they were condemned for omitting the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith. The religion of the Roman Catholic at the time of the Reformation, like that of the hypocritic Scribes and Pharisees, consisted more in what the Scriptures emphatically call *bodily service*, than in the worship of the heart. There is a natural tendency in the human mind to substitute ceremony for reality—to give every thing to God rather than the heart; and to this perverted principle Popery gives every scope and facility. The Papist of former times—we say not what he is now—was taught to be exact in mumbling his *Aves* and *Credos*, and in counting his beads; to be profuse of his crossings and genuflexions, to pay highly for masses and indulgences, to abstain from flesh on Fridays,—and this was of greater moment than in abstaining from the lusts of the flesh on this and every other day,—to practise fastings, lashings, and watchings—to commit every faculty of his mind, and every movement of his body, to the will and keeping of the Holy Church. The God of Revelation, who is represented as a jealous God, and who will not allow the worship due to him to be given to another, was in a manner overlooked amid a multitude of angels and saints, male and female. "The queen of heaven" was more the mediator between God and man, than He "whom God heareth always;" and the confession of sin to a sinful priest procured a pardon for the past, and indulgence for the future.

Pious frauds of every possible description were practised on an ignorant and superstitious people; and all the trumpery of relics and rotten bones, which never belonged to apostles, saints, or martyrs, and were not worth a sous if they had, were brought from Rome and Jerusalem, where they had never been, and sold for money, or used as the instruments for performing every species of fraud, under the name of miracles. Images of wood and lead—representing saints who, had they lived in our day, would in many instances infallibly have been hanged, and, like our modern gipsies and fortune-tellers, had the power of procuring every blessing under heaven to those that used them—were sold for the sake of filthy lucre. "The kingdom," says the excellent and learned M'Crie, "swarmed with ignorant, idle, luxurious monks, who like locusts, devoured the fruits of the earth, and filled the air with pestilential infection; with friars, white, black, and grey; canons regular, and of St Anthony, Carmelites, Carthusians, Cordeliers, Dominicans, Franciscans, Conventuals, and Observantines, Jacobins, Premonstratensians, monks of Tyrone,

* Taodunum inde profecti, ipsi se prædicabant ad pœnas de Novi Testamenti lectoribus insumendas. Nam, illa tempestate, id inter gravissima crimina numerabatur; tantaque erat cæcitas, ut sacerdotum plerique, novitatis nomine offensi, contendunt, eum librum nuper a Martino Luthero fuisse scriptum, ac Vetus Testamentum reposcunt.—Hist. Lib. 15, p. 291. Ruddiman's Edition.

and of Vallis Caulium, and Hospitallers, or Holy Knights of St John of Jerusalem; nuns of St Austin, St Clair, St Scholastica, and St Catherine of Sienna, with canonesses of various clans."*

Through this night of thick and gloomy darkness a ray of divine light had penetrated, even before the appearance, in the character of a reformer, of

——" that fals apostat priest,
Enemie to Chryst, and mannis salvatioun,
Your Maister Knox,"—

as Nicol Burne, a priest of the Romish Church, has designated him. Knox was at this time an ordained minister of that church which he was destined soon after to overthrow; spending his days and nights in investigating the Scriptures of holiness, in comparing their doctrines with the sinful maxims and corrupt policy of that system to which he himself belonged, and in putting on the whole armour of righteousness, till he was ready to go forth as the mighty champion of truth, and in the power of the spirit of God, to fight, to conquer, and to reform. The doctrines of Martin Luther, or rather the doctrines of the Bible promulgated by him, which, like an earthquake, were now convulsing the whole of Europe, and shaking the strongholds of superstition and ignorance, were felt also in benighted Scotland, into which the books of Luther had been introduced, notwithstanding the acts of her parliament which prohibited them, and declared that she had always "bene clene of all sic filth and vice."† The good seed had sunk deep into the hearts of not a few, producing the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and strengthening them to bear that storm of violence and persecution which many,—and of martyrdom, which some, had afterwards to endure.

The language and literature of Greece and Rome, which at this time were cultivated with the greatest ardour, helped to overturn that pillar and support of superstition—the scholastic philosophy: and men, having burst asunder the bands which had so long cribbed and confined them, began to expatiate at large over the fair fields of ancient history, which inspired them with the love of liberty, and supplied them with the brightest examples of patriotism; to drink at the living streams of poetry, which invigorated their minds, while it refined their taste; and to grapple with the subtleties of the ancient metaphysics, which sharpened the intellect, and opened up to them a simpler and more philosophic logic than that to which they had been accustomed. The minds of the people, too, had been gradually opened to perceive the absurdities of Popery, and the profligacy of its ministers, by the satires, plays, and songs of the poets, who, in all ages and in all countries, have been the first and the greatest of reformers.‡ The works of Sir David Lindsay, in this respect, exerted an extraordinary influence on the minds of his countrymen. His "Satyre on the Three Estates," and his "Monarchies," were both directed to this most important end, namely, the errors, the corruptions, and the vices of the Romish Church. In the latter of these productions, he has exhibited the rise and progress, the errors and abuse, of Papacy, with the precision and minuteness of an historian; and, as we learn from the chronicles of those times that the poems of Lindsay were read by "every man, woman, and child," their influence must have been great. The priests, who were so alive to every other species of heresy, did not perceive, till experience had taught them, the deadly consequences to their order of this most powerful and efficient of heresies.—Songs, and not sermons, ought to have been the objects of their persecutions; Lindsay, and not Luther, should have been the theme of their vituperation; and the bards, instead of the laurel, should have worn the martyr's crown. Wise in their generation in many respects, herein were they blinded: the poets unveiled to the eyes of the people the pomp, the pride, and the profligacy, of their priests; and all the fulminations of popes, and the ana-

* Life of John Knox, vol. i. p. 18. † Acta Parliamentorum Scotiæ, vol. ii. p. 295.
‡ See a very learned and interesting dissertation on this subject in M'Crie's Life of Knox, vol. i. p. 350.

themas of prelates, and the threatened pains and penalties in this world and the next, could not re-establish in the minds of the people that respect for the priesthood, which the poets had eradicated.

Even so early as the year 1525, before Henry VIII. of England had quarrelled with the Romish See, the reformed opinions had found their way into Scotland; and in 1528, Patrick Hamilton, closely related to our kings by lineage, and the first of Scottish martyrs, sealed the firmness of his belief by suffering at the stake. Between this and 1540 the flames of persecution blazed in every part of the country, and many suffered martyrdom for conscience' sake, in the most cruel and revolting manner. "In the beginning of the year 1539," says Buchanan, "several persons, being suspected of Lutheranism, were put in ward, and towards the end of February five were burned, nine recanted, several suffered banishment. Among these was George Buchanan, who, while his guards slept, escaped through the window of the room where he was confined."*

Buchanan, while in France, had been tutor to Lord Cassilis from 1532 to 1537, and then returned with his pupil to Scotland. While residing at the Earl's seat in Ayrshire, he composed a short poem against the Franciscans, called "Somnium," in imitation of Dunbar's, entitled, "How Dunbar was desyred to be ane Frier," † in which he lashes their vices and hypocrisy, and which gave great offence to these very sensitive individuals.

Buchanan was about to return to France, when James V. appointed him preceptor to his natural son, James Stewart, whose mother's name was Elizabeth Shaw, of the family of Sauchie, and not him, as it is generally supposed, who was afterwards the regent.

About the time of Buchanan's preferment to this office, the Franciscans, who had not forgotten the severity of the "Somnium," and were indignant that the reviler of their order should have found favour in the eyes of his sovereign, were suspected by King James of having been parties, along with several of the nobility, in a late conspiracy against his own life.‡ The king naturally fixed on Buchanan as the fittest person to inflict a suitable punishment on them, both on account of his great talents, and from the consideration that the poet's own private wrongs from the Franciscans would give a keener edge to the satire, and make it more cutting and severe.

"Si natura negat, facit indignatio versum."

Buchanan, who did not wish to embroil himself farther with these powerful monks, the effect of whose resentment he had already experienced, and at the same time willing to gratify his prince, wrote what he himself considered an ambiguous sort of poem, called "Palinodia;" the effect of which was, that it both dissatisfied the king, and added fuel to the anger of the Franciscans. That it did not satisfy the king it is more difficult to understand than that it increased the resentment of the Friars; for, assuredly, the recantation is far more bitter than the original offence. The poet being thus driven to it, betook himself in good earnest to lash his pious friends; and, beyond all controversy, never did Christopher North apply the knout to the cuticle of a Cockney with greater energy and effect, than Buchanan to their sacred backs in his *Franciscanus*.

It was on account of these satires that Buchanan was suspected of Lutheranism, and obliged to flee his native country, from which he was an exile for twenty-four years.

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* Hist. Lib. 14, p. 277. Rud. Ed.

† See Lord Hailes' Ancient Scottish Ballads, p. 25.

‡ See Buchanan's Autobiography, and his Dedication of the Franciscan. Also Ruddiman's preface, and Irving's Life of Buchanan.

THE FRANCISCAN AND THE BROTHERHOOD.

From the Latin of Buchanan.

"WHENCE that unwonted sternness? Why that face
Louring with wrinkles?—Why that solemn pace?
Thy mouth, why always curb'd by silence' bit?
Where be thy humours—where thy jokes, thy wit?
Why should the ball, the dusty circus' roar—
The flying steed—delight thy heart no more?
Shall hunting, hawking, or thy unerring spear,
Piercing the long-lived stag—no longer be thy care?"
"To me, reflecting on the ills of life,
Its silly hopes, its trembling fears, and strife
Ending in nothing, and that false serene
Of joys which are to be, but ne'er have been,—
It oft appear'd that I was like a bark,
Toss'd on a boundless sea, where all is dark,
Which the hoar helmsman strives in vain to guide,
Braving the piping winds and swelling tide:
Thus I, so tempest-toss'd, the danger past,
Have found a resting-place for life at last;
And the few fleeting years which may be given,
I have resolved to dedicate to Heaven;
Far from the world and its maddening din,
I'll weep away my stains of youthful sin.
Be mine the tonsure, cord, and the dark cowl
That veils the head—enlightens all the soul,—
Keeps out the world, but opens up the sky:
Hear me, St Francis! hear thy votary!
This is my being's object, end, and aim,
To feel on earth thy pure ethereal flame:
So late the sport of life—by ills oppress'd,
My troubled soul now longs to be at rest."
"If tired of folly, and by virtue led,
Thou hast resolved her narrow path to tread,
And lifting up thy fix'd, unfaltering gaze,
To pierce the gloom that darkens all her rays,
Drinking the living streams; if such thy care,
I do admire the effort, praise thy prayer;
But if the phantom shadow of a shade
Seduce thee into paths which pride hath made,
Oh, tarry not, but sound a safe retreat—
Wing, wing with speed thy now reluctant feet:
Deem not the dotard dreams of hoary age
Than the true counsels of a friend more sage;
Nor let a vulgar superstition lure
Thee, more than reason, undisguised and pure:
Think not my words profane, or that I love
To brave Jehovah, as the giants Jove.
Our Pontiffs, sacred fathers, those whose name
Virtue has blazon'd on the rolls of fame,
I too adore, and always have adored:
But when a shaveling monk, his twisted cord,
His broad-brimm'd beaver, and his skull displays,
And sandals, to admit the sunny rays;
Nor cord, nor cowl, nor hat, nor head, nor all
Can make me say, 'There goes the Apostle Paul.'
No, no—that hood hath often been a den
Of tyrants, thirsting for the blood of men;

There robbers, gluttons, often hide their head,—
The base polluter of the marriage bed,—
And treachery, false modesty—that work
Their frauds, in sheep attire, there often lurk.
"Then let not all their wily arts betray
Thy footsteps into Error's devious way,
From which there's no returning: Oh! their snares,
I know them well—they almost made me theirs,
Had not Eubulus, hoary-headed sage,
By Heaven inspired, reclaim'd my tender age.
"Some noxious herb, or powerful spell, I see
Hath wrought the self-same malady in thee;
Or some malignant spirit, by his art,
Hath made thy judgment from its seat depart;
Therefore I'll try the poison to control,
And exorcise the demons from thy soul,
With the same medicines, by Eubulus given—
Eubulus, learned sage! inspired of Heaven!—
To me, whose madness was so unconfined,
Glorying in sin, to every vice inclined;
Doubt not my charm, but deem my counsel worth
More than e'er madden'd Sibyl bellow'd forth.
"But first with holy water cross thy face
Nine times; as oft drink hellebore; next place
This flower of moly in thy hand; and pray,
Though last, not least, attend to what I say.
"Although the monks of former days, I own,
Were men of holy lives, and bright renown—
So that all future time resounds their praise—
Such are not modern monks, not such their ways:
Not the true God, but lucre's filthy god,
They worship, and his sordid altars load:
A false religion veils from mortal ken
The foul misdeeds of lucre-loving men,
Who gull the vulgar by a name that made
Their sires the substance, but themselves a shade.
"And that you be not dazzled by the blaze
Of tinsel piety that meets your gaze,
Those fleeting idols that have stunn'd your eyes,
Whom popes and princes, peers and peasants prize;
Come, view them well, and then with me declare,
How useful baldness, and how useless hair;
How great the good of robes that sweep the ground,
Within the folds of which are monsters found;
Of sandals which admit the sunny ray,
But help to lead the darkling soul astray;
Of silly superstitious tricks, which drain
Fools' purses, when priests vend their stuff for gain.
"What are these men? Why, those whom fears of want,
Starvation, step-dames, angry fathers, haunt:
Those who have felt an angry master's blows,
Or the law s lash; or such as love to dose
In indolence's soft Lethæan chains:
Those whose cold blood creeps slowly through their veins,
Dull as their souls: the coarse, the vulgar throng,
From whom the muse hath seal'd the founts of song:
Those at whose birth the stars malignant frown'd,
And whom the God of Eloquence disown'd:
Those who have vainly spent their younger days,
Groping through learning's dark bewildering maze:
Jaded and fagg'd, their backs they cannot bow,
To pull the oar, or guide the crooked plough,

Or bear the toils of war; but useless, old,
By hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd by winter's cold,
To this, the haven of ignoble rest,
They steer, for them the safest and the best.
Their various powers, as various tasks await,
The strong can dig, the weak can watch a gate:
This man can cook, that gull a widow's heart;
This lout among the rustics play a part,
Whose simple minds he draws into his net,
By many an apple, charm, and amulet,
Those for the lads, and for the lasses these;
Tries all his arts of flattery to please;
Tells them of ghosts, and goblins, deeds not done
By any mortal man beneath the sun.

"Add to such wretches, those whose frenzied brains
Boil with the fiery current in their veins:
When madness and disease assail their bed,
And the desponding doctor shakes his head,
Giving no hope of life—thus mad, they swear,
That if kind Heaven their ill-spent lives would spare,
Their future great concern will be the soul,
St Francis, and his order, and his cowl.

"On this some shaveling dons his gown and cord,
Burning with love of lucre, and the L—d,
Hies him with speed to haunt the sick man's bed,
And cram with lies his hair-brain'd crazy head:
In Heaven secures him the most lofty station,
By means of works of supererogation,
Of which some thousand bushels are in store
For his soul's weal—both now and evermore;
And rather than let slip an ounce of pelf,
For Heaven he is security himself.
Thus the sick man he cozens and cajoles,
To lose all worldly good to gain his soul's.
The monks receive his plate and soft attire,
His tapestry—whate'er will find a buyer.
Gold, they declare, pollutes the holy mind;
Gold they abhor—but only so when coin'd.

"Such toils are for the rich, for Heaven is theirs:
But if poor Paul or Peter need their prayers,
With not a sous to save their souls withal,—
Die and be d——d, poor Peter and poor Paul;
No prayers, processions, pomp, no funeral knell,
No mass to keep your wretched souls from hell!

"There mad Ambition too, with cord begirt,
Creeps on to power, in rags besmirch'd with dirt;
With seeming scorn of wealth, with solemn gait,
And sanctimonious whine, it spreads its bait,
Which the gull'd vulgar swallow; onwards, on
It crawls presumptuous, till it reach a throne,
Where, doffing cowl, and cord, and lowly gown,
A regal mitre does its temples crown,
Assumes a power, that ne'er to king was given,—
Daring to act the God of earth and heaven.

"Some don the gown to hide their deeds of sin,
Filthy without, but filthier still within:—
Their secret poison works: their specious guise
Conceals their black misdeeds from vulgar eyes:
Wolves in the fold of Christ, in sheep's attire,
Full of ambition, envy, fraud, and ire.

"Add to all these, your gamblers rook'd by dice;
Martyrs to lust, but still the slaves of vice:

The midnight drunkard driven from kin and kind,
With gaunt starvation stalking close behind:
Those whom a rigorous mistress hath made poor,
First fleeced, then scorn'd, and last, forbid her door:
The infamous, the turpid, those in want,
Whom fear and greedy guardians always haunt:
All such shall here obtain a resting place;
Such are the grand supporters of the race
Of the cord-bearing friars; such their pride,
Such the great world, its reins direct and guide;
The slaves of dulness, mad ambition, strife,—
The scorn'd of fortune, and the scorn of life,—
Of fathers, step-dames, all to virtue lost—
To this asylum for all scoundrels post.

"Ropes, precipices, poisons, rivers, knives,
Bridges, or bloody swords, abridged the lives
Of men of former times, when ills assail'd,
And every path of life and hope had fail'd:
But now, when fear of punishment, or shame,
Or infamy, hath blasted our good name,
We think St Francis with his cord and gown
Will save our souls, if we but shave our crown:
Thieves, parricides, the infamous, thus hope
To enter heaven, white-wash'd by means of soap.

"Poisons though drunk from gems must always kill,
Unchanged their nature, and their power of ill.
The ass though clad in Tyrian dye is slow;
The lioness for ever working woe:
The ichneumon crafty: mild the ox: the bear,
The vulture, swallow, never changed are:
So the polluted never purer grows,
Though clothed in whiter robes than Arctic snows.

"The viper of Numidia casts her skin—
Not sting:—the tiger leaves his mountain den,
But not his savageness: so man may run
O'er seas and mountains, and his fellows shun;
Or deck himself in robes of white or black,
With thong or cord begird, or lash his back,
Or beg the bread of charity, and grind—
Not all can soothe the tumults of the mind;
Let him change place, retire, shun Scythian snows,
Or Æthiop heats, his breast finds no repose,
Which guile and sinful passions ever vex,
And sleepless cares excruciate and perplex.

"Nor marble cell, nor gloomy solitude,
Shall from thy soul the restless storms exclude;
And conscious guilt shall haunt thy waking hour,
And grisly phantoms round thy pillow lour.
Ambition, swollen with pride, shall find thee there,
Whirling thy fancy round on wings of air,
Raging to burst the opposing barrier.

"Mark now that despicable wretch;—well, he
Cannot distinguish letter A from B;
A man who was rejected as unable
To clean a greasy kitchen, or a stable;
Yet shave him, it has all the good of college—
Clap on a cowl, the cowl's the cap of knowledge.
Then, in the twinkling of an eye, our dunce
Is learn'd, and wise, and prudent, all at once,
And strict and honourable, a modest knave,
A pander chaste, a robber very grave!
Whate'er a friar says, that must be true;
What he forbids, then that you must not do;

Is he a judge? give him your case and wait;
Dare to insult him, and his nod is fate;
Such power has madness in a shaven pate!
We call the ancients credulous, that they
Were by such dreams of error led away,
As Cadmus' comrades sprung of serpents' teeth,—
Or Jason, trembling with the fear of death,
When the earth heaved in agony around,
And magic terrors shook the pregnant ground;
Yet we believe—a groom not worth a doit,
A strolling vagabond, or caitiff wight,
By heaven converted, all at once has grown
An Aristotle, Plato, Zenophon.
 " Now see the arts these lazy drones employ,
To trap rich widows, and the mob decoy.
To darken and disturb the world, abuse
The vulgar, and their poisonous drugs infuse;
Come listen, and their frauds exposed shall be,
With all their trappings, tricks, and trumpery.
 " Whene'er a madman loses every lock,
The thing's a man, that was before a block;
Like Tages, born a sage, as bards avow,
Turn'd up a prophet, by a Tuscan plough!
Our Monk first learns to walk in solemn guise,
With head inclined, hands cross'd, and downcast eyes
Fix'd on the ground askant; with face as wan
And pale, as make it fumes of sulphur can;
To shun society; and if one be near,
Never to laugh or speak; and, during prayer,
To force reluctant tears; with poisonous breath
To roar out psalms, while music roars out " Death!"
With the left finger press the drinking cup,
Before he dare to put it to his lip:
With " pax vobiscum," ope the door or close,
With formal phrase to raise him from repose;
With formal phrase arrange and eat his bread;
Remove it, and do all that's done or said,
In making prayers—or water, greetings, praise—
All, all is done in good set formal phrase.
Full well he learns, with easy game in view,
How to prepare his toils, and how pursue;
How to allure the youth, and how inflame
The female heart to thoughts and deeds of shame;
How to catch widows, and the ears of kings;
What presents please the rich and great, what things
Deceive the fickle vulgar; and how those,
Whose eyelids death is just about to close,
May be prepared, with all due zealous care,
To leave their worldly goods, himself the heir.
 " These are the wondrous rudiments of art,
The proem and the prologue got by heart
By all cord-bearers of a holy mind:
For this, who would not leave their friends and kind,
Be wanderers, exiles, needy, lawless men;
Like wild beasts live, as often change their den;
For years buffoons, to carp and bark at all,
Be friends or foes—be fill'd with milk or gall—
And as the stomach prompts, applaud or blame?
It is the friar's being, end, and aim.
 " Next, when the docile youth are quite precise,
And perfect in those elements of vice,
Being to sloth devoted—then upstands
A hoary sage, blear-eyed, with trembling hands,

And toothless gums, and wrinkles that create
A sacred awe in every shaven pate;
The mystic secrets of the sect, its arts,
And wisdom most abstruse, he placidly imparts."

THE FRANCISCAN'S SERMON.

Dearly beloved youths!—thus speaks the wight—
Whom cords and shaven skulls with me unite,
And the same vows and vestments, love of ease,
And sandals to admit the sunny rays,—
Mark well my words, and mark my silver hair,
O'er my pale temples straggling here and there—
My tottering knees, my voice, my strength undone,
Tell me my race of life is almost run.
Me, who have lived in comfortable ease
Under the cowl, this fiftieth harvest frees
From life's more active duties; and you see
My days not spent in vain, nor yet shall be.
Did not Tiresias and great Hector warn,
The first, Ulysses—this, the goddess-born—
What harbours each should make for, whither guide
The flying sail, what dangerous shores avoid?
Why should not I, oh brothers of my heart,
To you some counsel also now impart,
Some friendly maxims, with my latest breath—
Pleasant to you in life, to me at death:
Yes—I will fight my battles o'er once more,
Yes—I will sail where oft I sail'd before!
Since then, my friends, you are so lazy grown,
Your strength by indolence so broken down,
That neither toilsome war, nor stormy seas,
Nor toils of husbandry, can longer please:
And since the indolent can never count
To climb with ease the steep Aonian mount,
Hither your souls, your minds, your strength direct,
To learn the mystic lore of our seraphic sect.
Of all the pillars which our tribe sustain,
Confession is the best for strength and gain;
This is a crop unlike the farmer's crops—
This never fails us, or deceives our hopes.
What though the hail-struck grapes should disappear,
Nor from the wine-press gush, the swain to cheer;
What if fierce war cut off the herdsman's flocks,
Confession never fails us—crafty folks.
Kings tremble at this weapon, which alone,
Wielded by us, can overturn the throne
(If we but will it) of an ancient race:
Others we can exalt "to pride of place,"
And fix them there, through blood and scenes of woe.
For when the secret thoughts of all you know,
How easy to egg on the traitor heart,
And make the timid vulgar bear a part,
Rousing their mighty strength; or to betray
Peers to their prince—his favours to repay!
Our first great care, my friends, (for now your time
Does not permit to dwell at length on crime,)
Rich matrons, and the usurer obtain—
Who gloats with rapture o'er his paltry gain.
Our next, the merchants; next, the noble peers
Whom rapine hath enrich'd; and blood and tears,

Wrung from their country, dignify—and stain:
The creatures of the great do not disdain;
Nor even a servant, whether man or maid:
Those of the pimping, or the pilfering trade:
All who can give, receive: nought, nought repel
But poverty,—and it, bid go to hell.
What man of sense would sow a barren field,
Or water gardens which no produce yield?
  When men have once received you as a guest,
Within the secret chambers of their breast,
Then, Proteus-like, all forms and figures shew.
When girls reveal what mothers never know,
Nor friend of friend, nor spouse of spouse, then dare
All that you please, and keep them in your snare;
Heap burdens on their backs, and bind them there.
He who hath once his inmost thoughts reveal'd,
And secrets buried deep, and long conceal'd,
Hates while he fawns, and dreads, from guilt of mind,
Lest fumes of wine or anger should unbind
Your tongue, yet unrewarded to be still:
With such a splendid victim at your will
Spare not, but plunder; press the spunge and squeeze,
And then, when juiceless, throw it where you please.
  Mark well the difference of sex and age.
The first soft down of manhood brings the rage
Of love ungovernable: the thirst of gain
Consumes the old: the pliant virgin's brain
Is turn'd and tickled by soft flattery's strain.
Dark superstition blinds and sways the old;
The merchant's only god—are heaps of gold.
  If powerful matrons, or fat wealthy game,
You trap, oh then be careful that you frame
A thousand ways and means to beg and get;
Such as—"the rot and roaring winds beset
The pillars of God's house, which lacks repairs,
And soon will tumble down about our ears."
"Our hearths want fuel;"—this to the rich in wood;
And to the rich in land, pretend the food
The brethren chew, is coarse; and that their ale
Is sour and languid, vapid, flat, and stale.
Capons, and kids, and lambs, the churls can send;
For sacred linen, ask a city friend,
Or sacred vestments, and a bit of gold
To fringe them, or to mend a cup grown old;
To adorn a window, image, or a cross:
Soldiers and robbers never feel the loss
Of what they steal, for pious uses given:
The perjured merchant's gold—will ope the gates of Heaven.
  Since tender girls have got no gifts to grant,
That let them give whereof they feel no want,
Which when ungiven dies, ungiven they lose
To little purpose. Those whose passions doze—
The cool of blood—fire while you seem to preach;
The latent forms and modes of pleasure teach;
Teach them by questions which the heart inflame,
All that they wish to know, but cannot name:
If one but listen thus, though more severe
Than any ancient Sabine she appear,
Her lesson will not stop, believe me, here.
And while their pomp in dress you seem to scold,
Their ornaments of sparkling gems and gold,
Then let your warning finger slily rest
On the soft beauty of the swelling breast,

Compose the tangled tresses of their hair,
Nor even the tender squeeze or kiss forbear.
And while you lecture, practise what you say,—
" This is the way you smile, and this the way
Your burning kisses lead the heart astray;
And thus you squeeze the foot, the fingers press,
That frown brings woe, this nod is happiness;
Thus through the darkness oft you steal secure,
Thus noiseless open, noiseless shut the door."
Deep on your souls, my friends, these maxims fix,
The privilege of time, place, age, and sex,
By which an yearly crop of wealth we reap,
Unspotted fame, and bliss in every shape.
  If any dare aught to our sect refuse,
And his fish-guts not give to our sea-mews,
Get at his lackeys, and his tattling maids;
Fish out his habits, fix the darkest shades
Of crime and accusation on his fame,
And by your secret whisperings blast his name.
But if a single stain you cannot find
On the pure mirror of his spotless mind,
Then raise the shout of heresy, and cry,
His fair outside conceals rank heresy.
The timid thus, the simple thus, are led,
By fear, or hope, or art, or fraud, or dread,
Like beasts and fishes trapp'd and captive made.
  Great crimes require slight punishment sometimes;
Sometimes, not tears atone for slightest crimes;
Try to make clean men's purses, not their breasts;
A cloister, church, or masses by the priests,
Or altar, change one's fastings into feasts.
  But, above all, the youthful heart you must
Pervert, and fan its smouldering fires of lust.
Within this fallow soil, the seeds of crime,
If cherish'd, swell to richest fruit in time.
This farm, we must—this vineyard, this estate,
With sin's most rich manure quite saturate,
Till it be rank with filth. Nor Scythia's snow,
Nor if the gulfs of ocean should o'erflow,
Or thirsty summer, with his sweltering fire,
Burn the parch'd earth; not each, not all inspire
Such terror, as that day to us of doom,
When, bursting Superstition's murky gloom,
The light of Truth comes streaming from afar,
Unveiling to the mob how dark we are.
  Now turn we our attention to the swains,
And the sweet pleasures of the sunny plains;
Together let us range the steep defiles,
Or scour the forests with encircling toils;
Rouse ye, my merry monks; a while disown
The shades of sloth, the bustle of the town,
And sooty cook-shops, for the airy height
Of mountain-wood, or streams where nymphs delight
To thread the dance on flowery carpets smooth
Of meadows smiling in eternal youth.
Oh! that my blood its warmth could yet regain,
Dispensing health and strength through every vein
To these weak limbs; then would enraptured I
To laughing vales, like that of Tempe, fly;
And there of silvan shades and music dream,
While the soft murmurings of a tremulous stream
Would make my care-worn heart once more with pleasure beam!

But since from me such joys are now withheld,
By dissipation batter'd, and by eld,
On you, my youths, devolve these pleasant cares,
Bring nets, make nooses, lay your crafty snares,
Until the startled game and fields resound
The yelping shout of many a shaveling hound.
  Now for the fields! but first let him whom sloth
Hath broken down, and is to walking loath,
Some wretched-looking mongrel mule bestride,
(Since horses to our order are denied
By Father Francis,) while the vigorous young
Walk it, and presents with them bear along
To catch the simple, and promote our trade—
Indulgences, and images of lead
Or paper, pictures,—worthless things to vend
By way of favour. Would wise fishers spend
Their cash on golden hook, or silken net?
Some apples, pears, or figs—do not forget;
The best and earliest. By cranes, the crane,
By fishes, fish are trapp'd. The rich disdain
No worthless presents. Are not beasts, though wild,
Held fast by threads? Are not great fish beguiled
By a small hook? by lime large birds are held?
But mark me well,—for game, not every wood,
For catching fish, not every stream, is good:
Not every snare, the cunning sportsman knows,
Will trap a hawk; not every field o'erflows
In grain; no man of sense can hope to reap
From prickly thistles the empurpled grape;—
Whate'er is best, be sure to choose the same—
The best of tackle, and the best of game.
  Women there are, (but of all such beware,)
Who, to relieve their anxious breasts of care,
Have shaved their heads, and so been one of us;—
There's danger here, though many think not thus.
A thousand accidents occur, which may
Expose the sex, and tear the veil away.
Watchful Suspicion, with its prying eyes,
Not oft deceived, will pierce the dark disguise;
And the fell anger of an injured spouse
For his stolen rib, a deadly war will rouse.
No fear of God will teach him to respect
The character of us, the holy sect:
Fame aids his rage, and bears, with flying feet,
Our shame abroad, wherever people meet:
With no regard for reverend head or back,
A hazel stick may thwack us blue and black.
  Methinks you know—if not, you ought to know—
A circumstance that happen'd at Bourdeaux;
Much harm it wrought your sires: may their distress
A useful lesson on your minds impress!
There lived a godly monk, than whom ne'er man
In lucre's path with greater vigour ran;
None were more skill'd rich widows to ensnare,
Or make the stupid vulgar gape and stare:
Well, then, this knowing one, for many a day,
Plunder'd and plodded on his useful way
O'er old Thoulouse's happy fields, Santogne,
And either bank where flows the fair Garonne,
Until at last, impell'd by cruel fate,
Bourdeaux he enters with a brother mate,
Whose time drew near; for now, alas! she found
Her waist grow rounder as the moon grew round.

Her inexperience gives her hope in vain
To hide her shame, by struggling with her pain,
In some far distant place: for this would she
Scorn every toil by land, or storm at sea,—
Such was her love, her zeal, her deep respect,
Such her devotion to the holy sect!
And now a raging storm comes swelling on,
Driving the ship adown the dark Garonne;
And now, alas! the motion soon reveal'd
The lady's shame, so long and well conceal'd
No groan betray'd her inward fears and throes,
Till pain forced out an utterance to her woes;
She scream'd, she shriek'd—a puling infant cried,
And lo! the monk a mother is descried.
Confounded at the unwonted sight and sound,
Doubt and amazement seized on all around;
Nor ears, nor eyes, nor senses, dare they trust,
Some into rage, some into laughter burst.
Monk, mother, child, they cry aloud, should be
Pitch'd, as accursed, into the raging sea!
These monsters buried in a watery grave,
The cause removed, the storm would cease to rave,
And, Heaven appeased, their ship and lives would save.
Others, of milder mood and pious mind,
To mercy and concealment were inclined;
View'd human frailty with no angry frown,
And in another's weakness saw their own.
Thus, while the ignoble vulgar storm'd and frown'd,
And clamorous sailors made the shores resound,
Our luckless brother slily slinks away,
With heavy heart, name blasted, deep dismay
Of punishment at home; and thus he goes
With downcast eyes, to hide his shame and woes
In foreign lands;—from child and mistress torn—
Left on the naked shore—all sick, forlorn,—
Amid the ribald vulgar'sbitter scorn.
I at that time in youthful vigour, strong
In lungs and voice, and skill'd through right and wrong
To lead the mob, by humouring every whim;
Even I then found it difficult to trim
Their tongues, and turn the current of abuse,
Although in bitter words, and oaths profuse,
I cursed the deed, and swore it was devised
By one of Luther's sect, like us disguised.
But why ourselves to dangers thus expose;
To calumny that bites both friends and foes,
When, with unbroken fame, we may with ease
Feast on the sweets of love as oft's we please?
Your silly country wenches I despise;
Your sun-burnt shepherdess I cannot prize;
Be mine the wealthy dame, who has to mourn
A widow'd bed until her lord return
From foreign lands, where war and war's alarms
Detain him, revelling in the midst of arms.
A wife thus left, a house thus left, assail
With all your might;—fawn, flatter, pray, bewail,
Push on, fear nothing, bravely keep the field—
And thus the citadel in time must yield.
Meanwhile lament the lonesome lady's fate,
Speak of her husband with some worthless mate
Spending their nights together; while alone
She must a widow'd life and bed bemoan.
Her honour thus, though many a bulwark guard
It, soon gives way—and you have your reward;

And, since her inmost thought's confess'd to you,
Tell her no seeming prudery can do—
Thus, thus you may make every house your own,
And double profits shall your labour crown:
Since every woman, with her honour lost,
Will purchase pleasure at whatever cost.
Let me not fail to impress, with might and main,
On those who scour the genial fields for gain,
Namely, in faithful tablets to relate
The wealth of every house, man, woman, state,
Condition, and the like, and thus provide
A vade-mecum for the young, to guide
Their minds in tithe-commuting, and their feet
To houses that abound in drink and meat,
In hope or something;—when and where abstain
Or persevere, in making lies and gain.
'Tis not enough such records merely should,
When handed to the young, those things include;
But let them, too, each woman's name contain,
Her bent of mind, by secret marks, explain;
Whether a stubborn, and rebellious mind,
Or malapert, benevolent and kind,
Or chaste or wanton, open or disguised,—
Be all and sundry faithfully comprised.
My friends, the memory of former bliss
Me farther than I wish'd hath made digress:
Now for that part,—the pillar, corner-stone
By which our sect must stand, or tumble down.
A man requires but little grasp of mind
To fix the scale of crimes not well defined:
Men and their manners soon we know; they meet
Our gaze in every house, and every street:
Mind—mind alone is his, who draws each eye
And ear to where he sits enthroned on high;
Who curbs the bridled mouths of men with reins,
And loosens as he listeth;—who restrains
With honey'd words the troubled hearts of men;
Their troubled hearts can soothe and calm again.
This, this is power; and only his whose soul
Is mighty, daring, far beyond control,
Shameless, undaunted;—his on whom await
Unbidden words, whose speaking eyes translate
The workings of his spirit; with the thrill
Of the mind's feeling in his voice; whose will
Mouldeth his plastic looks like wax; whose heart
Grasps right and wrong alike, where guileful art
Can every seeming take, dissemble, feign,
As interest demands, or place, or gain.
What man of many thousands may we hope
Sufficient with this task of might to cope?
None, none but him whose heart and soul alone
Deucalion fashions of the rarest stone.
"The bookish rhetoric,"—the common rules
Whereby they form their orators in schools,
Which all your paltry pedagogues explain,
Expect not while the orator I feign.
Hear, oh Calliope! my prayer; I ask
Thy inspiration in this arduous task:
Not Tully's mazes shall I try to thread,
Nor by the toilsome way of Fabius lead
Your steps, nor Aristotle's thorny path,—
Ours be the beaten road, no ruts that hath

To wound the feet, but plain and travell'd oft,
Where all is downhill work, on meadows soft.
First, then, away with modesty; it will—
It cannot, e'er an empty stomach fill:
The bold buffoon it graceth not, he feigns.
But if the purple current in your veins
Fly to your front and cheeks, then rub, transfer
The red of rosy wine thereto with care:
Mend Nature—drink and squabble—fight and flush—
Fix on your face one solid, bloody blush.
True wisdom all grammatic stuff disowns,
And learning as "a labour to the bones."
Some two three maxims from the ancients quote,
Three sentences from Tully learn'd by rote;
As many lines of Virgil,—half an ode
Of Horace: these will never incommode,
But bring you ready fame, and always are
A zest to talk, and make the stupid stare.
I knew a monk, whose stock of Latin lore
Was—fifteen words, and not a letter more;
But such his skill and genius, that he could—
In what, or when, or wheresoe'er he would—
His words well rank'd and filed, so wheel about,
That *faith!* the man could never be put out.
Stop not nor stammer when a barbarous sound,
Or solecism, in your mouth is found;
The holy fathers quote against the schools,
Heaven's sacred mysteries, then tell the fools,
Will not submit to paltry grammar rules.
The early profligate I love; in sooth,
The genuine bronze he gets,—I love the youth:
A woman first, he has a woman's will
For quarrelling, squabbling, and her love of ill.
Oh, let the tongue speak poison, and the soul,
The fire of Ætna, Hecla's lava roll;
Hell's smoking, sulphury flames with fury dart,
The blacken'd, horned snakes that gnaw the heart,
The demons tearing up the damn'd with groans,
Crunching with forky tusks their broken bones.
Speak of the purgatorial flames, that howl
With no less fury round the troubled soul;
But not for ever, as a prayer, or drench
Of holy water can their madness quench,
Bulls lessen, masses lighten, all their harm:
This is the Pope's estate, his fertile farm,
The fount of nectar, whence we each and all
Draw tribute, and the silly mob enthral.
There let the heaven-forbidden souls remain
Mid penal fires, till money ease their pain;
There let them roast and fry, until released
By sacred masses mumbled by the priest,
Indulgences, and holy water,—these
Can burst with magic power the grave with ease,
And all, except the poor, from pain release.
No lack of matter here, while thus you rant
And rave before the mob;—no fear you want
For topics, while the Æneid endures,*
Or Lombard Peter's silly lies are yours,†

* Alluding to the sixth book, in which the description of the infernal regions is not unlike the Popish doctrine of purgatory.

† Petrus Lombardus, Bishop of Paris, wrote a Summary of Theology, in four books,

Or those which Antonine, or Gregory has,*
The bigger lies of beggar Aquinas.†
  And that our church, so wealthy and so good,
Rest on that rock on which it ever stood,
On Peter build, to whom alone 'tis given
To shut or ope the gates of Hell or Heaven;
And what is more, the purses of poor dolts;
Unlock the miser's chest, undo its bolts;
Untie the heifer, when she fatten'd is,
From her abundant crib, and make her his.
  Let those who sacrilegiously contemn
The Holy Church, be call'd schismatic men;—
Rank heretics;—fit firebrands, doom'd to boil
Hell's cauldron;—mischief-makers, who embroil
The Church;—sons of the Furies:—Oh, the best
Of names select, which passion may suggest.
Let the tongue's thunderbolts here, here alight,
And for your hearths and altars boldly fight.
Christ's and his followers' precepts let the schools
Observe: and know, ye antiquated fools,
Who of the Fathers and their fastings cant,
That a fat smoking kitchen's all we want.
  You have a copious theme, if you abuse
The Nobles; this the mob will ne'er refuse.
Unsheathe the tongue's most sharp and flaming brand,
Cut down their crimes,—they are a numerous band,—
Their wars and murders, robberies, and all
Their frauds, oppressions, feuds, and bitter gall.
  But above all, the secular priesthood steep
In vinegar, and on them scandal heap.
No theme like this to catch the vulgar ear,
As none more vicious than the priests appear.
Big-bellied monks and pontiffs exprobate—
"Their cloud-capt palaces,"—their pompous state;
Bewail the wretched people, on whose bread,
Thus wasted, are those lordly churchmen fed;—
Their troops of strumpets, gangs of rogues,—the fry
Of eunuch-singers, pimps, buffoons, decry;
Their posture-makers, dancers, ruffians, cooks,
Who stretch their skill to cram the pamper'd rooks.
At holiness no Bishop now aspires,
But that his kitchen shall excel his sire's.
  Next picture at the drunken prelate's door
Christ shivering, hungry, thirsty, begging, poor;
While from his many wounds the gore distils,
With none to help him—none to ease his ills;
The dogs, more piteous than their pamper'd lord,
Even lick his ghastly wounds, and help afford.
Here babble out all Bernard; here you may
The damn'd in hell imploring help pourtray,—
A topic multitudinous as the sand,
Never exhausted, always at command,
Even while the rock-based Capitol endures,
And Popes are chosen for their might with w——.

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under the title of *Sententiæ*, whence he had the name of *Magister Sententiarum.* He flourished in the 12th century.

* Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, lived in the 15th century. His principal works are *Summa Theologica* and *Summa Historica.* Gregory of Rimini is here meant. He wrote Commentaries on the works of Petrus Lombardus, on account of which he had the title of Doctor Authenticus. He lived in the 14th century.

† Thomas Aquinas, who flourished in the 13th century, first introduced the Scholastic Theology. He was surnamed the Angelic Doctor.

On Sodom and Gomorrah don't begin,
Lest you should look like Satan damning sin.
  Thus having ranted o'er your gibes and jeers,
And pleased the mob, by scoffing at the peers,
Then by degrees pull in,—the prostrate raise,
Confess the nobles bad—perverse their ways;
Yet dare the mob to murmur or gainsay;
Their duty is to listen and obey.
Even though a sacrilegious Judas wear
The proud tiara, let no mortal dare
To doubt this Judas has the right to doom
A host of spirits to hell's darkest gloom,
To take and use another's as his own,
And force the world to tremble at his frown.
"Look on in silence, God's own righteous time
(Thus tell the doubter) shall avenge each crime;
'Twere better that your fingers were imbued,
Even in a venerable father's blood,
Than madly to profane a shaveling's head,
Yea, though he have abused your marriage bed,
Abused your daughters, sons, and self abused.
Be silent and conceal; be nought refused
Of wickedness, much rather than belie
Whom unction, bulls, and tonsure sanctify."
  Into their ears, thus tickled and amused,
The doctrines of the Mass must be infused.
Speak of that glory which all-gracious Heaven
To us, his holy ministers, hath given,
That we, whene'er a little flour we take,
A god, by mumbled murmurings can make,—
When made, can break him,—broken, then can steep
In wine;—into our stomachs goes the heap
Of bones and marrow, and half-living limbs:
A power is ours, which all beside bedims
Of purple kings, or angels bless'd to dwell
In heaven, or doom'd to deepest pits of hell.
The Christophors and Christovors—the men
That make and masticate their god, and then——
Who shall gainsay, and who their might defy?
The very thought is downright blasphemy.
  The mob are pleased, while thus the priests you rate:
The priests, thus deified, your jeers forget.
Why should he dread the law, or worldly shame,
Whom you exempt, though all his guilt proclaim?—
"A gasping sire, his murderous fingers clasp'd,
An aged mother's suppliant throat they grasp'd."
It is our interest that all ranks of men
Should fear us; and that we to them again
Be reconciled: all things become to all,
When there is hope of gain, though ne'er so small.
I warn you, and I warn you o'er and o'er,
And though well warn'd, I warn you still once more,
Avoid the books—to us impoison'd gall—
Of him of Tarsus, called the Apostle Paul.
Oh! that this man had died in early life,
Or with the church continued war and strife;
Oh! that her blood his fingers still imbrued;
That baptism his heart had ne'er renew'd;
That he in blood and vexing had grown old,
The bleating lambkins of the Christian fold!
The more intensely that he felt the glow
Of piety, the more he was our foe.
And if St Francis' oracles be true,—
The cuckold founder of the friar crew,—

A time will come, in which the vulgar fry,
Misled by Paul, shall raise the impious cry
Against their priests; and when our temples, all
Our heaven-like palaces, shall tottering fall,
The ashes of the saints shall scatter'd be,
And men, illumined by the truth, shall see
Her light revealing, to their impious gaze,
Our holy, heavenly, foolish mysteries.
Ere this shall happen, and if such our doom,
Oh! may these aged eyes sleep in the tomb!
Up, up, my friends! I cry aloud, awake!
A storm is brooding, which ere long will break,
And burst upon your heads; warn each and all
To shun the mysteries of the hated Paul,
Which from the mob should ever be conceal'd,
And never in the vulgar tongue reveal'd.
Writings so long received you can't condemn:
Yet, tell the mob they were not made for them.
Obscure—they only can be gazed upon
By blear-eyed Doctors of the dark Sorbonne,
Whose heads must first be fuddled, and the brain
Wine-soak'd, before the meaning they explain.
These, of our maxims, are the chief and best,
The props on which our edifice must rest,—
A few remain to give it grace and strength,
But are too trite to be discuss'd at length.
Such as cementing feuds 'tween man and wife;
Divorcing ill-assorted pairs; or when
A wife is caught, to soothe her spouse again.
From tales of ghosts that roam at dead of night,
Spirits that walk, and fill the soul with fright,
Which charms and holy water must restrain,
Our fathers erst derived no little gain.
That field is barren now; the jeering youth
Laugh at those foolish grandam tales, forsooth;
Ask Scripture proof, and all such stuff eschew,
Though the Sorbonne should swear the thing is true.
In better days, this instrument unbarr'd
The bolts that watch the marriage couch, wills marr'd,
Sent pilgrims to Jerusalem or Rome,
And sleek adulterers to their wives at home.
When a rich man, forgetful of himself,
Left to his children all his worldly pelf,
Nought for his soul and priest, then, by the Mass!
Our sires were not the men to let this pass.
It was a case like this that roused to war
Those noble monks that dwell beside the Loire;
Where lovely Orleans shews her distant towers,
And corn and wine the gladden'd harvest pours.
Their pious frauds (if many a prying scout
Had not at last the unwary trick found out)
Much glory to our sect had brought about.
Often we harm each other; sect to sect,
While thus opposed, the common good neglect.
Berne, a St Francis to herself had got,
With hands and feet well bruised and bored, I wot;
And all was right, till Envy unrestrain'd
'Peach'd—and great scorn, but little profit, gain'd.
Wiser Italian! thou wilt ne'er expound
The trick of Catherine of Sienna's wound;
Thy lies and silence bring thee meikle gain,
And foreign purses of their substance drain.
Avoid a miracle—it meets with sneers
From all—except the dreaming mountaineers,

Or silly swains; and even of these beware,—
Wisdom is making lonely woods her care.
Who could believe the north-born stubborn Scot
Or eyes, or ears, or common sense, had got?
Yet Lang—the craftiest fox that e'er deceived
Old women—could not make his frauds believed;
Even though the gloomiest place, and mirkest night,
Augur'd success, and promised all things right.
It was a dreary waste, where far and near
No smiling flower, corn-field, or trees appear;
The wither'd tamarisk shews where life had been;
The step of cattle here and there is seen
Imprinted on the solitary sand:
They call it Dysart—or the desert land.
There, under rocky caves, the seeds of fire
Lurk in their flinty beds, and strength acquire
From veins of sulphur, till the smoking ground
Rolls out the pitchy vapour all around—
The prelude to that burst of flame, which now
Comes raging from its prison-caves below,
Cleaving the shatter'd earth with one huge rent,
While gloom and noisome odours far and near are sent.
Here Lang had often heard—and wish'd that none
Should doubt that he had heard—full many a groan
From souls in torment, many a long-drawn sigh,
Weeping and wailing—shriek and bitter cry.
Here hosts of devils frisk'd about in bands,
Whisking their monstrous tails along the sands.
And Lang had oft, when there he fasting went,
Snuff'd odours, from the Devil's kitchen sent.
Thus, having cramm'd the foolish people's ears,
To exorcise the demons Lang prepares;
Within a large, a smaller circle, makes,
A stake its centre—close to which he takes
A cauldron fill'd with brine and ashes mix'd;
With murmurings, and with prayers, and gaspings fix'd.
This scene got up, the venerable sire,
Array'd in grand canonical attire,
With bristly sceptre sprinkles all around,
While words of horrid import, dreadful sound,
Rush from his breast, that pants with agony,
While he adjures the heavens, and earth, and sea,
And the vast boundless deep of hell and night,
Which heard the charm, and started with affright.
Big with the mighty secret, night o'ershrouds
The neighbouring multitude, that flock'd in crowds,—
Husbands and wives, and men and maidens, wend
To learn where all his promises might end.
And that he might all curious ears restrain,
Or prying eyes, he order'd the profane,
And all that had not on that day confess'd
Their hidden crimes to him their faithful priest,
To keep a wary distance, lest a sprite,
Or hungry devil, might among them light,
Gaping for prey, and cram with bloody claw
Some wretched sinner down his greedy maw.
A knavish lout, well disciplined by art
In this most holy act to play a part,
By way of victim, to the stake is led;
Yet, though he knew the secret, still his dread
Was just as great, as if from Charon's boat
His eyes beheld the infernal porter's throat
Engorging naked ghosts. Perhaps the clown
Could not efface the tales of horror sown

By silly women in his infant breast,—
Whereby they terrify their babes to rest;
Or that the place, the smoke, the gloomy night,
Pictured Hell's kitchen to his troubled sight.
The people from a distance view'd the whole,
And heard the groans of many a tortured soul;
Heard devils dared, beseech, scream, howl, and hoot;
Heard answers given to questions never put:
Now on the ground, now up, Lang turns his eyes,
Now beats his breast, for holy water cries,
Until the cock, the harbinger of day,
Crow'd to their former holes the ghosts away.
The farce now o'er, Lang gulls with might and main
The mob, by stories fashion'd to each brain:
Describes the purgatorial fires,—the toil
Of spirits doom'd the Devil's pot to boil
Like faggots, or transfix'd on spits, or plunged
In icy streams, until the Mass expunged
Their guilt and pain: their numbers even could tell,—
Like the most aged denizen of hell.
They swallow all:—the purgatorial creed
Prosper'd, and would have prosper'd long indeed,
In spite of Luther; but the senseless lout,
Lang's hobnail devil, let the secret out,
Whether through dread, or drink, or bribes, alas!
I know not,—but the trick no more would pass.
It, and our hopes of plunder, all were gone,
And sacred truth with brighter lustre shone.
Therefore, my friends, now and for ever shun
Your ghosts and wonders, for their race is run.
But if you must have miracles,—why, then
Bring forward only those perform'd in Spain,—
Or those among the Americans,—or those
Of the parch'd Æthiop, where the Nilus flows,
Whose source the desert sands have hid so long,
Whence none can come to prove you right or wrong.
The wary man his open foes may shun;
But the fell pest that poisons all within,—
Lurking, it shoots its fires through every vein,—
No care or prudence scarcely can restrain.
Heaven-favour'd were our sires! or we had seen
Our sect destroyed, by ourselves I ween.
Inspired by hell, if any brother dare
Our mystic secrets to the mob declare,—
Our nightly rites, and frauds, and pawns refused,—
Girls whose throats we cut, by us abused;
Our deeds with one another,—let him die
The traitor's death accursed,—and let him lie,
Sleeping the wakeless sleep, through all eternity.

You have my counsel:—now, my stomach's woes,
And the rich steam of food that fills my nose,
Drive language from my chops,—my sermon to a close.

¶ Thus far Eubulus; who, tho' he abhorr'd
And fear'd the pious brethren of the cord
Who sought his life;—yet never felt a fear
To sound their orgies in the public ear.
Some sulphur, eggs, a dip in running streams,
By him prescribed, soon charm'd away my dreams
Of cowls, cords, shavelings, from my crazy brain.
He proved that impious tricks, got up for gain,
Could little real happiness obtain.

W. H.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. NO. I.

To the Heads of the University of Oxford.

GENTLEMEN,

I ADDRESS this article to you, and it is therefore my duty to commence it with a statement of my reasons.

That which bears the name of Political Economy, is now taught at your University, and other leading places of education in England and Scotland, as a *science* equally true in its principles with Geometry.

If it be not a science, but a mass of fictions, you are, by teaching it, deeply disgracing your University, and destroying your own reputation as men of science. You are converting that noble and hallowed seat of learning, which has so long ranked amidst the first of England's boasts and treasures, into the parent of ignorance and error, and the enemy of truth and philosophy. And you are, by example and precept, doing the same with all the more influential sources of education.

This Political Economy is not matter of opinion and practice, which cannot have material effect on public interests; it bears vitally on every thing valuable to your country and species. It is in course of sweeping application, and if it be erroneous, not only national trade, wealth, and power, but religion, civilisation, and every social good, must suffer from it deadly injury! it must be prolific of every kind of evil and calamity. If it be erroneous, you are, by teaching it to the rising statesmen of your country, filling the Cabinet and Legislature with the maxims of ruin—deluding the community with these maxims—fashioning destructive ignorance and error into omnipotent law—and making the overthrow of the empire the paramount object of the ruler's coercion and the subject's duty. If such overthrow be the consequence, you will rank amidst the most guilty of its parents; upon you will sit the shame of having given the counsel, created the instruments, and removed the impediments.

You are, therefore, solemnly called on by the illustrious name of your University, and your own exalted reputation—the momentous trusts you are invested with, and religion, philanthropy, and patriotism—science, philosophy, and all your public and private duties—to subject the principles of this asserted Science to the most searching scrutiny; and if you find them fallacious, to banish them both from amidst you and from your country for ever.

I am as fully convinced, that, in the abstract as well as in practice, in regard to wealth as well as other matters, they are essentially fallacious, as I am that I exist. I can find in what I have stated sufficient to justify me for addressing to you the grounds of my conviction; but I am not without other reasons.

Our common country is enduring bitter suffering—the mass of our countrymen cannot procure a sufficiency of the necessaries of life; and I conscientiously believe the great cause is to be found in the application of these principles. If I be in error, the notorious fact, that such a state of things has followed such application, conclusively proves that rigorous examination by the proper authorities is a matter of imperious necessity. I know that the most momentous practical question which at the present moment could be propounded is this—ARE THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL ECONOMY WHICH GOVERNMENT IS ACTING ON TRUE OR FALSE?

It is not merely because, as the tutors of our ministers and legislators, and the official authorities and guardians of science and philosophy, you constitute the supreme tribunal in such matters, that I address you. It is useless to address those below you. The mass of my English countrymen are with me, but they are powerless. What can I gain by speaking to the Ministry—to men who have no principles of policy of their own, and who cannot do other than obey what the apostles of this Political Economy dictate? In the House of Commons discussion has ceased; and the most decisive proofs are laughed down by the simple assertion—They are contrary to Political Economy. To

appeal to it would be absurdity. If I look at parties, whether in office or out of it, I can find neither creed, nor even integrity, to encourage hope. Amidst those who have it in their power to save their country, and whose especial duty it is to do so, I can appeal with confidence only to you.

My task is to defend what is stigmatized as exploded error and antiquated prejudice—what is represented to deserve no other disproof than contempt and derision. I should not undertake it, if those to whom I address myself were as full of bigotry, error, and prejudice, as the people who cast the stigma, and make the representation. But I speak to men learned and scientific, enlightened and dispassionate, the defenders of truth and patrons of knowledge; therefore, I shall obtain an impartial hearing, and righteous judgment.

Every real friend of science will be indebted to me, if I in the most trifling degree supply materials for giving to Political Economy the characteristics of genuine science; my labours will not be worthless, if I merely clear the ground of rubbish for the benefit of other architects. But scientific truth, in this matter, is below notice, when compared with practical effect.

I plead no cause of my own. Unknown, nameless, and personally disinterested, your conduct, whatever it may be, cannot affect me. As an Englishman, I call on you to do your duty to your country, and upon her must fall the consequences of your decision. They will not be confined to her only. England will know from such decision, whether you are worthy of holding the sacred trusts she has placed in your hands, or are numbered with those who are preparing her ruin.

I shall confine myself to such parts of what is called Political Economy as have the most important effect on public interests. I propose, in the first place, to offer proofs of the errors of the Economists, and then to extract from such proofs the measures requisite for removing the intolerable sufferings of the community.

I will commence with the theory of Mr Ricardo and his followers, touching profits and wages, not only because it forms the pith of their system, but because it strikes at all the best interests of mankind. Whatever it may give to the individual, it gives nothing but penury, barbarism, and misery to the body. By making high profits the *sine qua non* of national wealth, and low wages that of high profits, it in reality makes it the grand principle of civil government, to keep the mass of the human race in the lowest stages of indigence and suffering. That this theory is detestable as a mere matter of speculation, is not the only reason why it ought to be refuted; it is now reduced to practice in this country, and proofs are before all of the effects it is calculated to have on the weal of the subject, and the heart of the ruler. In obedience to it, the community has been plunged into loss and wretchedness; in obedience to it, the Ministry and Legislature have in late years displayed such flinty indifference to public misery, and such savage cruelty in the production of it, as were never before witnessed in any civilized nation.

The grand principle of Mr Ricardo and his disciples is this—putting the rent of land out of sight, the price of every commodity consists solely of wages and profits. As it forms the basis of their system, and of what they call an unerring science, it might have been expected, not only that they would be unanimous respecting it, but that they would place it wholly above dispute by demonstration. What is the fact? Mr Ricardo broadly asserts that taxes or rates, imposed exclusively on the farmer, are added to the price of corn, and that "every tax imposed on the production of raw produce falls ultimately on the consumer, in the same way as taxes on the production of manufactured commodities fall on the consumers of these articles." Mr M'Culloch maintains that profits can be raised or reduced by a reduction or increase of taxes. This is an admission of the notorious fact, that price consists partly, and in many cases, principally, of taxes. To produce, it is as essential for the producer to pay his duties, as to pay his wages; and it is as necessary for him to add the amount of the former to his price, as to add that of the latter. He advances capital for both, his price must return it to him, and it would be as correct to call wages profits, as it is to call taxes and rates so. Taxation must commence with production; a civilized community must impose on itself public and parochial burdens when it

begins to exist, and taxes always enter largely into the cost of every commodity. The assertion of the Economists, that, putting aside rent, the whole produce of land and labour is divided between capitalists and labourers, is not even apparently true; for the state as obviously and certainly gets a share, as either. Of what do the sixty or seventy millions of taxes and rates collected annually in this country consist, if they are not a portion of the produce of land and labour? It may, therefore, be as truly said, that prices consist solely of profits, as that they consist solely of wages and profits.

I mention this, because I shall soon shew it is a matter of the first moment.

Mr M'Culloch owns that Mr Ricardo gives to the term profits a meaning different from the one always given it in "the real business of life," and that a portion of the share of produce allotted to the capitalists is not profit.

The Economists, with happy consistency, while they give the name of profit to duties, wholly refuse it to rent, which, in the strictest sense, is nearly all profit. Why do they exclude it from price? Because, in the words of Mr M'Culloch, "the rent of land is altogether extrinsic to the cost of production, and the circumstance of the landlords consenting to give it up would not occasion any change in the productiveness of industry, or any reduction in the price of raw produce." If this, and the assertion, that no rent could be paid, if none but land of the first quality were cultivated, be true, it must be equally true, that no capital is employed in the cultivation of land, save that of the farmer.

If land of the first quality can be obtained gratuitously in New South Wales and elsewhere, is nothing requisite for its culture beyond the stock and utensils of the mere tenant? It must be cleared, a house, barns, &c., must be erected, and fences must be formed, or it cannot be cultivated. A considerable amount of fixed capital—of *landlord's capital, in addition to that of the mere tenant*—must be employed, and it must yield interest for such capital; or it must remain a stranger to the plough. In some parts of America it is a trade to clear land, raise on it the necessary buildings, &c., and then sell it. If a man have the choice of buying such land for a considerable sum, or of receiving uncleared land of the same quality and in the same situation as a gift, he prefers the former, because he knows it will pay him interest on the purchase-money. Such interest is clearly rent.

Here then is conclusive proof that land of the first quality must pay rent in the most severe sense of the word, or it will not be cultivated. The capital of the tenant cannot cultivate it, without that of the landlord. It matters not, if the landlord and tenant be combined in the same person; or if where land is cheap feeling cause men to prefer buying to renting. If, in England, the capital of the landlord were vested in clearing, building, and enclosing centuries ago, it still has a right to interest.

I grant that advance of price is a leading cause in bringing inferior land into tillage; but this is not the question. The Economists maintain, that rent is extrinsic of the cost of production, and that its cessation could not reduce the price of raw produce. This is erroneous.

In countries where the best land can be had for nothing, raw produce is very cheap, and according to the Economists, the rate of profit is of necessity very high: if a man in them have land given him, his principal outlay is made in clearing, &c. and of course, consists of landlord's capital; his outlay of tenant's capital is small. Suppose that he expends a thousand pounds in clearing, &c.—that this money, at the current rate of profit, ought to yield him ten per cent interest, and that the yearly surplus produce of his land is equal to 200 quarters of wheat at 30s. per quarter, or to L.300. In this case, one-third of his surplus produce must go for interest of landlord's capital; or, in other words, for rent; if this were not received by him as landlord, he could, as tenant, sell his produce one-third cheaper. It is one of the leading principles of the Economists, that if such a man could not obtain the general rate of interest for his capital, he would not employ it in agriculture; and this is equivalent to maintaining that the best land would not be cultivated, if it would not yield interest on landlord's capital—if it would not yield rent.

Of course, rent must always enter

into the cost of production, and form a part of price; or at any rate, it must always do so, until the Economists teach the land to clear itself of trees and bushes, and to grow spontaneously houses, barns, stables, and fences. Saying nothing of the value of the land, if a moderate sum per acre be allowed for the first cost of clearing, and a further sum for buildings and fences, it will be found, that on every farm, the landlord has almost as much capital employed in the production of agricultural produce, as the tenant. Were it not for the buildings and fences, the tenant would be compelled by waste and increased expense in labour, to charge considerably more for his produce than he now receives. The Economists, therefore, cannot expel rent from price, without declaring that an enormous part of the capital constantly employed in the production of agricultural produce, ought not to yield the least profit.

It is utterly impossible for correct conclusions to be reached in Political Economy, if the principal ingredients of price be not ascertained with scientific accuracy. But what do the Economists here give us as their foundation? Instead of self-evident truths, self-evident fictions; instead of demonstration, confession of error. They disagree touching the meaning of terms, and admit that they call things what they are not. They own that, practically, they proclaim a house to be a tree, and a green field a river.

I cannot see how the University of Oxford can acknowledge that to be a *science*, which has such a foundation.

Having decided in this manner, that price consists solely of wages and profits, the Economists next decide, that a real rise or fall in the former, must produce a fall or rise in the latter—that if wages rise, profits must fall; if they fall, profits must rise. Their doctrine is, that the whole produce of land and labour is divided exclusively amidst labourers and capitalists, and therefore if the share of the former be increased or reduced, that of the latter must be in a corresponding degree reduced or increased. Of course, according to them, profits must be at the highest, when wages are at the lowest. They thus place wages and labourers in fierce and eternal conflict with profits and capitalists.

Before I refute them in another manner, I will do it conclusively on their own grounds. Let us then suppose that the world constitutes a whole, that trade is perfectly free, that none but land of the first quality is cultivated, and that every owner of land cultivates it himself, and no tenant is in existence. Agriculture is not only the great source of raw produce, but according to the Economists, the rate of profit in it must govern the rate in manufactures and trade; with it, I must therefore commence.

Putting price wholly out of the question, the profits of the agriculturist depend, in a large degree, on the *kinds* of produce which he can find a market for. If he cannot find a market for wheat, he not only loses his most profitable crop, but his land suffers in fertility from his inability to give it the proper variety in cropping; it frequently happens that if he cannot for the year sow his land with a particular kind of grain, he can sow it with nothing that will yield him any profit. If he cannot find a market for sheep, swine, horned cattle, &c., he not only loses the great profit which the sale of them would yield, but his land suffers grievously in fertility from the want of the manure which they would produce. To obtain the maximum of profit, he must be able to sell the whole of *all kinds* of produce which it is in his power to raise. Possessed of this ability, his yearly sale will be twice as much in amount as it will be without it, if prices be in both cases the same.

I need not prove that the labourer's consumption must be governed by his wages, because the Economists admit that a rise or fall of wages must give him a greater or smaller command over commodities, and that the lowest wages must confine him to the lowest food—must confine him to potatoes, rice, &c., and prohibit him from consuming wheaten bread and animal food.

The labourer is, individually, when he can procure them, even a greater consumer of bread and animal food than the rich man. From this and their numbers, the working classes, when they have the means, consume infinitely more wheaten bread, animal food, butter, malt liquor, &c., than the rich ones; if their consumption of

such articles were destroyed, that of the rich ones would not be increased to any extent worthy of notice.

Looking then at the world as a whole, suppose that profits are at the highest point, and wages at the lowest. These low wages, as every one knows, and as the Economists admit, must prohibit the working classes throughout the world from consuming wheat, animal food, malt liquor, butter, &c., — from consuming the leading productions of the soil. This would confine every agriculturist, in a great measure, to the production of articles of the least value, and sink his land to the lowest point of fertility.

I will assume that in this case an agriculturist—to avoid all confusion touching rent, I have annihilated landlords, but I cannot be so dishonest as to confiscate their property—obtains a quantity of the best land for nothing; expends in clearing, building, and fencing, L.1000; employs in utensils, stock, crop, and the requisite portion of loose money, L.1000; pays only for labour, from its excessive cheapness, L.50 per annum, and sells his yearly surplus produce for L.350.

Now, let wages be doubled, and the working classes be thereby enabled to consume the full proportion of wheat, animal food, malt liquor, &c., and what will be the effects to this agriculturist, *if not the least addition be made to his prices?* He will be able to raise more valuable kinds of produce, he will frequently be able to have a profitable crop instead of a useless fallow; his land will be rendered far more fertile, and in consequence, he will be able, without any advance of price, to obtain at least twice the sum for his produce. L.50 will be added to his expenses, and L.350 to his income; the rise of wages will double his profits.

If, before the rise, he consume commodities yearly which cost him L.100, and it raise them in price fifty per cent, this will add fifty pounds to his expenses. I will deduct fifty pounds more from his gains, to pay the interest and wages on the additional capital and labour, which his new system may call for. His case will now stand thus: Before the rise of wages, his gross income is L.350, his expenses in wages and commodities are L.150, and his net profit is L.200. After the rise, his gross income is L.700, his expenses are L.300, and his net profit is L.400. The rise raises his net rate of profit on his capital from ten per cent to twenty. I have made allowances against him beyond the truth; he would need little additional capital, and commodities would not be raised to him so much as fifty per cent. If the value of his produce be only increased one half, this will add $1\frac{1}{4}$th per cent to his rate of net profit.

I speak on the ground that the rise of wages is not to raise in the least his prices, but it will raise them greatly. If it raise them only ten per cent, this, on a sale amounting to L.700, will add L.70 to his net profit.

I am stating no imaginary or extreme case; I am propounding what is an essential unassailable truth. From its gigantic importance, I will give it further demonstration.

Up to a certain point, the food of the agriculturist's live stock costs him nothing; this stock lives on that which would otherwise be waste; even the outlay he makes in artificial grasses and turnips is repaid by the additional fertility it gives to the land. He cannot keep up, much *less* increase, the fertility of his land without manure; and he must depend for manure principally on his live stock, which produces it almost free of expense. In every year a large part of his land cannot be sown with corn, and with live stock he can make much profit from this part; but without, he can make none. From the increased fertility of the land, the same quantity of labour produces a greater quantity of corn. Thus the live stock sold by him is almost all pure profit; what it appears to cost him in production is in reality repaid by the land.

Land is more or less fertile, as the rotation of crop is more or less varied. If the same piece of land be sown with the same kind of grain for two or three years in succession, it will in the last year yield nothing worthy of being called a crop. In most cases, if it be sown with the same kind of grain or grass, more frequently than once in three, four, or five years, it will yield a similar return. The longer the interval is between sowing it with the same kind of seed, the greater is the crop, independently of the effects of manure. Wheat, saying nothing of its large return and high value, is essential for growing the proper variety

of crop. Some of the best wheat land will grow little save wheat and beans; it will not grow barley; take from this land wheat, and it will be comparatively worthless for tillage. The other wheat land generally gets no more manure for wheat than it would require if sown with other grain: and it is sown with wheat when it could not be sown with other grain without having its productiveness injured. Take from land live stock and wheat, and it will then require infinitely more land and labour to produce the same quantity of oats, &c.

As I have said, the working classes must always, when they have the means, be the principal consumers of the more valuable kinds of agricultural produce. Assuming that they are as three to one, compared with the other classes, they must consume three-fourths of the wheat, animal food, &c., produced by the land. Let the cessation of their consumption compel every agriculturist to produce three-fourths less of wheat and live stock; and this, taking into account the reduced fertility of his land, will take one-half from the amount of his yearly sale of produce. After this, he will, for the production of other grain than wheat, be compelled to cultivate almost the same extent of land, and to employ almost the same quantity of labour.

The history of this country abundantly proves, that when the working classes consume the full portion of wheat and animal food, the agriculturist is barely enabled to raise the proper proportion of the more valuable kinds of produce. The history of other countries abundantly proves that when these classes consume but little of such articles, the agriculturist, without export, is in a great degree confined to the production of the unprofitable kinds of produce. It is evident to all men, that if the labouring orders of England were to abandon the consumption of wheaten bread and animal food, the yearly produce of every farm would lose a vast part of its value, and the land a large part of its fertility.

What is true of the whole, is equally true of the part. In whatever degree the labourer's means of consuming the full portion of wheaten bread, animal food, &c. may be contracted, in the same degree must the power of the agriculturist for raising the more valuable kinds of produce, and the fertility of his land be contracted. The former must have the maximum of wages, or the latter cannot have the maximum of profits.

I have stated the matter in the most unfavourable point of view to myself. Every man's allotment of land contains various qualities; and if the best can only be cultivated, the inferior will be worthless to him unless he can keep sheep. The consumption, therefore, of the full portion of animal food by the working classes must make a considerable part of his land constantly profitable, which would otherwise yield him scarcely any thing.

What I have said, applies to other than corn and pasture land. The producer of sugar makes his rum at little cost, from what would be in a great measure waste if he did not make it, and it about defrays the expenses of his plantation. It is in a large degree consumed by the working classes, and he could make but little if they did not drink it. If they, from consuming none, consume all he can make, his profits are greatly raised, although the price of sugar and rum is not. The case is similar with wine producers in regard to the inferior wines. Speaking generally, throughout the world, the value of the produce of land to the producer in kind and quantity, putting price out of the question, must rise or fall, as the labourer's wages rise or fall.

Here, then, is proof that a rise of wages up to the point requisite for enabling the labourer to procure an ample sufficiency of wheaten bread, animal food, malt liquor, &c. must always raise the profits of agriculture. Here is proof that the profits of agriculture and the wages of labour are inseparable, and must rise or fall together. If the Economists are to be believed, this ought to be sufficient for proving that a rise of wages must raise general profits.

Let us now proceed to the effect of this doubling of wages on manufactures and trade. I have assumed that raw produce is not to rise in price, therefore the manufacturers will obtain it as before. The price of manufactured commodities, as well as of raw produce, consists in but a small degree of labour, independently of duties. I will suppose that on the average, one-fourth of the price of every manufactured commodity consists of labour, and in this I am pretty sure I exceed

the truth. The manufacturer, then, from the doubling of wages, must add to his price twenty-five per cent to enable him to buy the labour contained in his commodity; assuming his rate of profit to be ten per cent, he must add two and a half per cent more to preserve the rate from reduction; a trifle more must be added for the effect on intermediate capitalists; and to do this, and give him a higher rate of profit, I will add thirty-five per cent to his price. If the prices of manufactured goods be on the average raised thirty-five per cent, this will raise considerably the rate of profit in trade and manufactures.

And now how stands the question? To the labourer wages are doubled, while agricultural produce is not raised, and manufactured goods are only raised 35 per cent. Here is, therefore, a very great *real rise of wages*, and solely through this rise the general rate of profits in agriculture, manufactures, and trade, is greatly raised.

More remains. When wages are at the lowest, the working classes consume only the cheapest manufactures, which always yield the lowest rate of profit. The rise of wages will make these classes consume better goods, and this alone will raise the manufacturer's rate of profit. Money in trade payments—I speak not of it as a loan —must ever be plentiful or scarce as wages are high or low, because the working classes form almost the only part of the community which buys for ready money. The rise of wages, by making money plentiful in trade, will enable the manufacturer to do much more business with the same capital, and this will raise his rate of profit.

In manufactures and trade there are two separate rates of profit—the one is the daily rate on the sale of goods— and the other is the yearly rate on the employment of capital. A man may have a high daily rate, and still a low yearly one, or the contrary. The rise of wages will increase very largely the consumption of manufactures and merchandise amidst the working classes and agriculturists, and of course the sales of the manufacturers and traders. If these sales be raised one-fourth, the rise of wages will give to the manufacturers and traders an increase of 25 per cent on the yearly rate of profit on capital; this is exclusive of the advance of the daily rate on sale.

I will now establish my case by the doctrine of the Economists, touching the division of produce. They hold that the whole of the produce of land and labour is divided solely between labourers and capitalists, and that the share of the one body cannot be enlarged save through the reduction of the share of the other.

The produce can only be divided between the two bodies in this manner: Every labourer practically receives from his employer a certain portion of corn, animal food, woollens, cottons, &c. for his labour. As the employers produce different articles, they act thus in the matter: The agriculturist gives his labourers a portion of the corn and cattle he produces, and exchanges another portion for manufactures and merchandise, which he likewise gives them as wages. The cotton manufacturer gives his labourers a portion of the cottons he produces, and exchanges another portion for corn, cattle, woollens, shoes, &c., which he also gives them as wages. The same is done by every producer. Each disposes of the principal part of his produce in this way; he consumes but little of it, and he exchanges only a small part of it for commodities to be consumed by himself.

Let wages be reduced one-half, and in consequence the working classes be disabled from consuming wheat and animal food, and what will follow? The agriculturist will give his labourers very little corn and cattle, and he will procure for them in exchange for these a much smaller quantity of manufactures and merchandise. The cotton manufacturer will give a much smaller quantity of his cottons to his labourers, and he will procure for them a much less portion of corn, cattle, woollens, &c. with his cottons. The case will be similar with every producer.

Every producer will thus retain a very large part of his produce, which before the fall of wages he gave directly or indirectly to his labourers. The question is, what will he do with it? On asking the Economist if he will consume it himself, they reply that he will not consume a particle of it; they maintain that a rise in the rate of profit causes the capitalist to diminish, rather than augment, his eating, drinking, and wearing of clothes, and that he devotes it all to savings. Accord-

ing to them, the capitalists will not consume the least additional quantity of corn, animal food, manufactures, &c. in consequence of the reduction in the consumption of the labourers. The agriculturist will retain a large portion of corn and cattle; he will not consume them himself; he will not exchange them for manufactures, &c. which he cannot consume or dispose of, and if he would, no one would take them. The cotton manufacturer will retain a large quantity of his cottons; he will not consume them, and he will not exchange them for useless corn, cattle, woollens, &c. for this would be the same as giving them away. Every producer would be similarly circumstanced. The commodities which the labourers can no longer consume, will not be consumed by the capitalist, therefore they will be no longer produced. They cannot be produced save through the ruin of the capitalist; in truth, it will be impossible for the latter to use them as capital.

Thus, then, in so far as the consumption of the labourers is reduced, the aggregate quantity of produce to be divided must be reduced. If this aggregate quantity before the fall of wages amount to one hundred million, and be equally divided between the labourers and capitalists, it will, after the fall, only amount to seventy-five millions; the share of the labourers will be reduced to twenty-five, while that of the capitalists will continue to be fifty, but will not be increased. If this produce consist of one hundred millions of hats or bullocks, and the consumption of the labourers is reduced from fifty to twenty-five millions, while the capitalists do not consume a single hat or bullock more, production must of necessity fall to seventy-five millions. If the hats cannot be disposed of, they will not be made; and of course the raw produce used in making them will not be produced; if the bullocks cannot be disposed of, they will not be reared.

Thus, although the capitalist's rate of profit on sale may be raised, his rate of yearly profit on capital will not be in the least increased.

This must be the case, if the labourers continue to consume precisely the same commodities in kind and quality, but to only half the extent; and if the prices of commodities do not fall in the least. Consumption, however, will be changed in kind and quality. The agriculturist will, in a great degree, lose his market for wheat and live stock; and his land will sink in fertility. In consequence, his share of the produce will be reduced even more than that of the labourer. The labourers will use inferior manufactures, and their consumption of the better kinds will cease almost wholly. From all this the share of the capitalists generally must be greatly diminished. It is impossible for the rate of profit on sale to rise at the moment when an immense decline is taking place in consumption and production, therefore the fall of wages would inevitably cause a great fall of prices. The least fall of prices would reduce greatly the share of the capitalists.

The share of the capitalists must therefore, of necessity, be greatly diminished by the diminution of the share of the labourers; this must be the case even if prices—which is an utter impossibility—can be kept from reduction. This share may obtain a greater proportion of the whole produce; it may be raised from one-half to more than one-half; but still it will be lessened in its actual amount. Wages and profits—looking at the latter in their aggregate annual amount—must of course rise and fall together.

I leave out of the question the labour deprived of employment, and some other matters of which I might avail myself.

The Economists fall into this enormous blunder, by assuming—which they avowedly do—that precisely the same produce will be divided, *in both kind and quantity*, after the fall of wages, as before. Every one must see, that the assumption forms the foundation of their grand principle, and that, if the one be untrue, the other must of necessity be equally so. It is self-evident to all, that the agriculturist must raise infinitely less wheat and live stock when the working classes do not consume these articles, than when they do; and the Economists acknowledge, that a fall of wages must cause the working classes to consume less of general commodities, without causing the capitalists to consume more. Here, then, is both proof and confession that the assump-

tion and principle are untrue. Either the Economists are completely in error, or the following is wholly above question: If wages should entirely cease, and the working classes throughout the world should pay no rent, eat no food, wear no clothes, and consume nothing whatever; precisely the same commodities in kind and quantity would be produced, they would have exactly the same price and value, the same capital would be employed, and the returns of trade would be the same, as at present; this would be the case, although the consumption of the capitalists would not be the least increased. I need not decide the matter.

The truth is, the two shares flow from, and are dependent on, each other; they must increase and diminish together. In reality, the capitalists give their capital to the labourers for labour; then the labourers give them the capital in exchange for goods, allowing them a profit, or, in other words, they give a pound for that which only costs the capitalists ten, sixteen, or eighteen shillings; through this, the capitalists are enabled to sell to each other at a similar profit, and to consume each other's commodities. The agricultural capitalist can only employ and make profit of his capital through the wages of the labourers. The manufacturing one can only employ and make profit of his, through such wages and the profits of the agriculturists; and the trading one can only employ and make profit of his, through such wages and the profits of other capitalists. The share of the labourers must exist, or the other share cannot; and in proportion as it is enlarged or reduced, the per centage, or profit upon it, which forms the other, must be in aggregate amount enlarged or reduced.

Throughout their system, the Economists are compelled, after delivering themselves of a leading principle, to invent some uncouth and stupendous fiction to keep it in existence. Finding that their theory of profits cannot be maintained, if it be admitted that a rise of wages can be followed by a real rise of price, they intrepidly protest that the latter is impossible. To prove this, they destroy money altogether. They insist that money is a commodity produced by labour, like commodities of trade, and therefore its price must be equally raised, if their prices be raised by a rise of wages. Deciding thus touching money, they oracularly proclaim that the exchangeable value of goods cannot be in the least raised or altered by a general rise of prices.

Now, what is money? It is bullion, say in effect the Economists. It is the moon, or the philosopher's stone, would be a reply quite as scientific. Money differs in every particular from goods. It is so far from being a distinct commodity produced by labour, that it has no substance of its own; it is only an arithmetical invention to measure the value of property, like hours and minutes to measure the duration of time. It consists as much of paper as of bullion. A man says he has a thousand pounds in the funds, or lent on mortgage, or vested in houses—what does he mean? He means, not that he has a certain quantity of gold, but that he has property of a certain value. Let us now see what the doctrines of the Economists lead to.

It must be remembered that the exchanges are here wholly out of the question. If bullion rise from a rise of goods, it must rise in money price; the same quantity must be sold for more money. If proportionally less of it be put into coin, the price of money will not be raised. But the money price of money, as well as of bullion, must, according to the Economists, be raised; therefore the pound must be swelled into a pound and a fraction; and not only coin, but bank notes, bills, bonds, sums on mortgage, funded property, fixed capital—money of all kinds, and the interest of it, must nominally rise in an equal degree with bullion. Nothing but a rise like this can save the system of the Economists. They aver that commodities will all rise equally, and retain precisely the same exchangeable value; and this is impossible, if the capital and interest of it, which enter into the cost of commodities, do not rise equally. They practically assert, that if wages be doubled, the price of every commodity must be doubled, or profits will fall; and this is equivalent to asserting that nothing can prevent such fall save a rise in money, and the interest of it equal to that in wages.

The Economists maintain that a rise of wages must reduce, and a rise of

money prices cannot raise profits. In the same breath they maintain that the rise of commodities cannot possibly raise money and the interest of it, and that it must inevitably do so. I need only observe farther, that money is not suffered by law to rise in money price, and that such a rise cannot be caused in it by a fall in its value, and the interest of it.

The Economists really do this. They take a commodity of trade as the standard of value, and because after a rise of price this and other commodities exchange for the same portion of each other, they insist that their exchangeable value is unaltered; they do so although this value is greatly raised touching money and the interest of it. They thus utterly destroy money as every thing save circulating medium, although more than half the price of commodities consists of the interest of money, independently of that used in the purchase of labour.

They not only do this, but they maintain, that if "a rise of wages occasioned an equal rise in the money price of all commodities, it would be of no advantage to the producer." "Of what benefit then," says Mr M'Culloch, "would it be to a capitalist, a cotton manufacturer for example, to sell his cottons for 10 per cent advance, when wages rose 10 per cent, when he would be obliged to give just so much more for every commodity for which he had a demand? When wages really rise, the producers are in precisely the same situation whether they sell the commodities they have to spare, and purchase those they have occasion for at their former price, or whether they are all raised proportionally to the rise of wages."

This intolerable nonsense in effect asserts, that the capitalists have not to buy labour with their commodities. The rise of prices destroys the rise of wages; if it do not raise the exchangeable value of commodities in regard to each other, it raises it touching the labour contained in them, and of course raises profits. If Mr M'Culloch be not in error, a doubling of money prices, without any advance of wages, would not raise profits in the least.

But Mr M'Culloch says, this is no rise of prices, it is only a fall in the value of money; it is nevertheless, according to his words which I have quoted, a rise of prices. If it be not a rise of prices, how can it be a fall of money? It is not the produce, *but the money price of it*, which is divided between the labourers and capitalists. If the former gain a greater share of this price, it can be raised; and if the rise will yield the capitalists the same rate of profit, without bringing back the labourers' share to the same proportion, there must manifestly be a rise of wages, without a fall in the rate of profit. Profits are a per centage on the employment of capital, and if the capital be employed *solely in the payment of wages*, there can be no rise of wages without a fall of profits. In such case if wages be doubled, the capital employed in paying them must be doubled,—therefore prices must be doubled, to save profits from fall; and such a rise of prices must make the rise of wages a nominal one. But capital is not so employed. Only a trifling part of the farmer's capital is employed in the payment of wages, and the case is the same with capitalists in general. The price of a commodity is L.100; it yields a rate of ten per cent, and is composed one-half of wages, and one-half of the interest of capital employed in production. If wages be doubled, one-half of the price and the profit on it must be doubled, but the other half must not be raised. Let this commodity be raised to L.155, and it will yield the same rate of profit as before the rise of wages. As general prices do not consist of wages to the extent of one-half, a rise in them after a rise of wages can always not only save profits from decline, but raise them.

I grant, that if prices be not raised in an equal degree with wages, the latter will obtain a greater proportion of them, and profits a smaller one. If the price of an article be equally divided between wages and profits, the latter gain half of it; but if it be only raised 75 per cent when wages are doubled, profits gain considerably less than half, and wages more. Here is the great stumbling-block of the Economists. If profits were exclusively a per-centage on wages, they would in this case fall from the rise of wages; but they are not; *they are a per-centage on the capital employed*, therefore they may rise, when their proportion to wages in price declines.

Whether general commodities re-

tain the same relative value to each other, or not, is a matter of no moment. The capitalist exchanges his commodity for those *only* of which it consists. The woollen manufacturer exchanges his woollens for the labour, wool, &c. contained in them; and variations in their relative value to cottons, and articles he does not exchange them for, are of no consequence to him. If he raise them from an advance of wages, and other goods rise equally, he is still a gainer—his woollens may only exchange for the same quantity of wool and dyes; but they will exchange for a greater portion of labour and interest of money; and this will increase his profits. If I grant that it is a fall in the value of money, it still makes the difference to him between profit and loss. The capitalist makes his commodity retain the same relative value to the ingredients of which it is formed. If wages rise, he raises his price, so that it will cover the cost of these ingredients as a whole, and yield him the same profit as before; and he has nothing to do with other commodities as a producer. The doctrine of the Economists amounts to this:—If the exchangeable value of his commodity be not raised in regard to the goods which he *does not* exchange it for, a rise in it touching the labour, interest of money, &c. which he does exchange it for, cannot increase in the least his profits.

If therefore wages rise, a comparatively small advance of price is sufficient to cover the increased cost of production. This is the case, because if goods all rise alike, the interest of money, of which the price of each largely consists, and the price of money, do not rise. Every one knows that if wages be raised to the cotton manufacturer 10 per cent, it is not necessary for him to raise his cottons 10 per cent, to cover his increased cost of production. If a rise of 2 or even 5 per cent will do this, it is manifest that there is a rise of wages without a decline of his profits.

But it is ridiculous to assert, that if commodities rise, they will rise equally. The Economists themselves admit that a rise of wages must affect capitalists unequally, and must cause many commodities to fall in price, if others remain unaltered. I have shewn that if manufactured goods rise greatly, agricultural produce may remain the same.

Thus, after a rise of wages, a small advance of price enables the capitalist to gain the same profit on his commodity and the same amount of yearly profit as before, *if there even be no increase in the quantity of produce.* This profit is converted into money, and if he use it as capital, he will make the same profit of it which he would have done had no rise of wages taken place. It will exchange for less labour and goods, but still it will yield the same profit on every L.100. If after a rise of prices, the same sum will only enable the hat manufacturer to make 100 hats, which before enabled him to make 150, he lays as much profit on the 100 as he laid on the 150. Suppose that the money price of the whole produce is 100 millions, and is divided equally. If the labourers raise their share to 70 millions, and the whole price be raised to 120, wages are raised, and the capitalists receive the same sum of profits as before. If these profits be employed as capital, they will yield as much profit as they would have done had wages remained unaltered. If the price be raised to 130 millions, it is a real rise of wages and profits. The capitalists not only obtain a much larger sum of money as profits, but if they employ it as capital, they draw from it a much larger amount of profit.

I have here done with the capitalists, *as capitalists.* I grant that they expend a part of their profits in their own maintenance, and that if they only receive the same sum when commodities are raised, or if the sum be not increased in proportion to the price of commodities, it will command a smaller quantity of the latter. This constitutes the fall of profits discovered by the Economists, but unhappily for them it has nothing to do with the matter at issue. The capitalists are injured, not as producers, but as consumers; their profits on stock are not reduced, their expenses of living are only increased.

It will be remarked, that in the case I have supposed the Economists insist, it makes no difference to the capitalists whether, after the rise of the labourers' share, the price of their share be 30 millions or 60. Observation is unnecessary. I will observe, in

contradiction to Mr Ricardo and Mr M'Culloch, that a rise of wages is almost invariably attended by a rise of money prices; in most cases this is essential to save the producers from actual loss.

Mr Ricardo's grand discovery, therefore, amounts simply to this: A rise in wages and prices will not diminish the profits on stock; it will not render these profits less productive to the capitalist, if they be converted into stock; but it will lessen that part of them which is devoted to the expenses of living. As a counterpoise, it will enlarge capital, and the means of employing it. If this be not sufficient, the capitalist can cover his increase of expenditure by making a trifling addition to his rate of profit. In reality, commodities for consumption will be lowered to the labourers, and raised to the capitalists; they will be made cheaper to the poor, and somewhat dearer to the wealthy. But the quantity of produce will be much increased, and both the shares will be enlarged: the increase of price to the capitalists will be covered by the profits on additional production.

This, I say, is the exact amount of Mr Ricardo's boasted discovery. In obedience to it, the labourers are to be starved, trade is to be distressed, and the Empire is to be ruined, merely that the manufacturers, merchants, &c. MAY BE ENABLED TO MAKE A TRIFLING REDUCTION IN THEIR HOUSE-KEEPING EXPENSES.

Tell it not in Gath that this is sanctioned by the Oxford University!

Thus far I have supposed the world to form an harmonious whole—trade to be perfectly free—wages and prices to rise and fall in every country at the same moment—rent and taxes to be out of the question—and prices to consist solely of wages and profits. Conceding to the Economists their premises, it is demonstrable that their conclusions are wholly fallacious. But such a state of things does not and cannot exist; their premises are as fallacious as their conclusions.

Taxes enter very largely into price. The price of the imported commodity contains the taxes imposed on it, directly or indirectly, in the country of its production, as well as those imposed on it in this country. The price of many articles consists of duty to the extent of three-fourths, one-half, or one-third. Let us suppose that price is composed one-fourth of duty, one-fourth of labour, and one-half of profits. In this case, let an article be raised from 20s. to 30s., and what will be the effect? The duty is levied on the *quantity* of the article, and it will be the same after the advance as before; it will continue to be 5s., but wages and profits will be raised from 15s. to 25s. The price of the article will only be raised 50 per cent, while wages and profits will be raised nearly 70. Taxes do not fluctuate with price, and they are in a great measure levied to pay that which does not; being imposed on the quantity of goods consumed, their aggregate amount rises or declines with this quantity. An advance of price must therefore raise profits, if all commodities rise equally; their exchangeable value towards each other may be the same, but it will be raised in regard to taxes.

If no new taxes be imposed, a rise of prices is necessarily a rise of wages and profits. In such case, the taxes form an unvarying sum in the money price of the produce. Let this price, without the creation of any additional produce, be raised from 100 to 150 millions, and if the taxes be twenty-five millions before the rise, they will be the same after. Before the rise, wages and profits have only three-fourths of the produce, but after they have five-sixths. They here can certainly rise together; and if a rise of wages cause the rise of prices, it causes a rise of profits.

Although the Economists represent that their doctrines refer to the world as a whole, they apply them to this country separately looked at. Mr Ricardo says,—"If, in consequence of taxes paid by the labouring class, wages should rise, which they in all probability would do, they would equally affect all classes of producers. If it be deemed necessary that corn should rise, in order to remunerate the growers, it is also necessary that cloth, hats, shoes, and every other commodity, should rise, in order to remunerate the producers of those articles. Either, then, corn ought not to rise, or all other commodities should rise along with it. If neither corn nor any other commodity rise, they will of course be of the same relative value as before; and if they do all rise, the same will be true." He says farther,—"In all

cases, the rise of wages, when general, diminishes profits, but does not raise the prices of commodities. If the prices of commodities rose, no producer would be benefited; for of what consequence could it be to him to sell his commodity at an advance of twenty-five per cent, if he in his turn were obliged to give twenty-five per cent more for every commodity which he purchased? He would be precisely in the same situation, whether he sold his corn for twenty-five per cent advance, and gave an additional twenty-five per cent in the price of his hats, shoes, clothes, &c. &c. as if he sold his corn at the usual price, and bought all the commodities which he consumed at the prices which he had before given for them. A rise of wages equally affects all producers; it does not raise the prices of commodities because it diminishes profits; and if it did raise the prices of commodities, it would raise them all in the same proportion, and would not therefore alter their exchangeable value." He says farther,—"High wages, when general, equally affect the profits of the farmer, the manufacturer, and the merchant. *There is no other way of keeping profits up, but by keeping wages down.*"

In this he speaks of a rise of wages in this country only; and Mr M'Culloch and his other followers say the same; they all maintain, that if corn be raised from a rise of wages *confined to this country,* all other commodities must rise equally; and that such a rise of wages must equally affect *all* producers.

If their doctrines be true, it must of necessity be equally true, that a rise of wages confined to England must affect the producers of foreign wool, cotton, flax, timber, indigo, sugar, tea, &c. &c., as much as the English corn-growers; and that it must affect the sellers of articles consisting principally of foreign produce or duty, as much as those of articles consisting principally of English labour. Mr Ricardo in reality asserts—a rise of wages confined to England, affects the woollen, cotton, and tobacco manufacturers, the sellers of timber, spirits, tea, &c. as much as the corn-growers; therefore if corn rise from it fifty per cent, woollens, cottons, tobacco, brandy, tea, &c. &c. ought all to rise fifty per cent likewise.

Why does he assert what is so glaringly baseless? Because his system cannot stand without it. If he admit that a general rise of money prices will be an unequal one, and will alter the exchangeable value of commodities, he overthrows this system; if he admit, that should corn rise thirty per cent, other commodities ought only to rise fifteen, he admits that the rise would be one of profits to the farmer. Yet a system which cannot stand without the aid of such clumsy fictions, is called science!

A rise of wages in this country does not, and cannot, produce a rise throughout the world; therefore, it does not affect the price of many commodities. No matter how great it may be, the dealer in foreign cotton, timber, indigo, tobacco, &c. gets about as much profit after it as before, with the same price. These commodities enter largely into the cost of production of British manufactured goods, and therefore the price of such goods consists partly of British wages and profits, partly of duty, and partly of foreign wages and profits.

A rise of British wages can only affect producers in proportion to the quantity of British labour contained in their commodities; it must consequently affect them unequally, and some will be scarcely touched by it, putting wholly out of sight durability of capital. If one take place of fifty per cent, and in consequence every producer raise his money price five per cent beyond what is necessary for covering the additional cost it puts him to, there will be a real rise of both wages and profits. No commodity will be raised to the labourers so much as fifty per cent, and many will only be raised from five to ten, or fifteen. Profits will be raised in proportion more than prices.

Let us suppose the money price of the produce to be 100 millions, and that it is composed one-half of British wages and profits, and the other half of taxes, and foreign wages and profits. If it be raised by a rise of wages in this country, the taxes will remain the same, and the foreign wages and profits will be raised very little. Raise it to 140 millions, and the share for taxes and the foreigner to sixty; from this, British wages and profits will obtain a larger share of the produce, and of course both will be raised. To make this the more clear, suppose that

a man sells a commodity for four shillings, and that this price consists of one shilling profit, another paid to an English workman, another paid for duty, and another paid to a foreigner for raw produce. If he raise his price to six shillings, and still pay as before for duty and to the foreigner, he will have four shillings instead of two, to divide between himself and the workman.

The great effect on profits of a rise of money prices, after one of wages, is here very apparent. If I concede that it does not alter the exchangeable value of British commodities touching each other, it raises it not only in regard to labour and money, but to taxes and foreign commodities.

The egregious error of the Economists touching money, is likewise very obvious. If prices rise, all things, money included, must rise equally, they say, and they apply it to this country separately looked at. A rise of British wages and prices could not affect, in any sensible degree, the cost of producing foreign bullion; and it could not alter the value of money in foreign countries. A rise of money and commodities would be equivalent to a reduction of taxes, and of the prices of foreign goods.

Upon the whole, then, price in this country consists partly of wages, partly of profits and the interest of money, partly of duties, and partly of money paid to foreigners. If it be raised, and some of the component parts remain the same, the other parts must of necessity be increased; if it be raised, and the duties and sum paid to foreigners be not altered, or be not raised equally, it is evident that wages and profits will be raised.

I will observe, that the unchangeable nature of price insisted on by the Economists, is an utter impossibility. If wages rise, it gives such an impulse to consumption as raises prices; if they fall, they diminish consumption, produce glut, and bring down prices. In late years there has been a general fall of wages; and has it produced a rise of profits? No. Prices, and, in consequence, profits, have fallen still more in proportion; and in refutation of the Economists, this country now exhibits the deplorable union of the minimum of wages with the minimum of profits.

I will now take leave of Mr Ricardo's grand principle: Never again, I trust, will it be named by men of science and philosophy, save as matter of derision, or to prove the astonishing ignorance and credulity of the present generation.

In my next, I hope to prove conclusively, the fallacy of the doctrines of the Economists touching bounties, buying at the cheapest market, and other matters. I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

One of the Old School.

London, August 8, 1829.

THE LOVES OF THE POETS.*

Among the multitude of sins set down to our score by Whigs and Whiglings, Radicals, and all sorts of other rascals, it has sometimes surprised us that there never has been included brutality to women. We insult men before their faces, and then off and away up to the top of a sixteenth story, where, without many ladders, it is in vain to hope to reach us the trembling coward. We stab men behind their backs, and on turning round, before they breathe their last, to kill their assassin, they have merely time left to see a monster in a mask (us), jinking round a corner. The police are on the unalert; and the murderer makes his escape to that accursed sanctuary—Ambrose's Hotel. It must, we think, be matter of wonder to the wise and candid part of the population of these realms,—if there be any truth in the above charges,—that We have hitherto escaped—Hanging. Burk and Hare, Hazlitt says in the Examiner, were, in comparison with us, as pure as snow, or his own reputation; and that Mr and Mrs Stewart should dangle and die for simply poisoning some single half-score of elderly people addicted to inebriety, while We leap and live like a two-year-old, is to the pious Mr Leigh Hunt a juggle in Providence.

This is one side of the question—the side considered by the Cockneys. Now look at the other, the side contemplated by Christians. Never once, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, did we insult any human creature before his face, and then up to a skylight among a Thread of Tailors. In insulting a human creature we walk up to him *behind,* and lend him a kick sufficient in America to shove a wooden house across the street. Head over heels goes the numbskull; and how can the most credulous believe for a moment that we *do,* or the most ingenious contrive to themselves for a moment a reason why we *should,* run away from the sprawling Jackass? So far from running away, why, we uniformly stop—often to our very great inconvenience—to pick him up, and reinstate him on his former level. We do not indeed absolutely help with our own hands—that would be too much to expect—to rub him down, but we compassionate him, and advise him, as his best friends, to leave off in future all such evil habits. To aver that we laugh at the plight to which he has, by a long course of obstinate folly, finally brought himself, to the grief and despair, perhaps, of no very disreputable family, is a vile calumny; for though we seldom, indeed never, shed tears at such accidents, we always experience that inward sorrow which the good feel at the miseries even of the most weak and wicked; and sweeter far it is to us to see the Kickee reformed, and thenceforth leading a humble and honest life, than to have to repeat the application, seldom wholly bootless, to his impenitent posteriors.

With regard, again, to stabbing human creatures behind their backs, and then like monsters in masks jinking round corners—all we have to say is this, that it is a d——d lie. Do you call killing a Cockney before his face (a most absurd one, you may well believe, and not even "rescued by thought from insignificance,") stabbing a human creature behind his back? If you do, then pardon us for surmising that you believe the sun sets in the east, and rises from the west in a blaze of glory. After killing a Cockney, why run away, and more especially in a mask? Let the fair deed be perpetrated at noon-day, and on a crowded street, not a human creature will seek to detain you; and we need not dwell on the shocking want of feeling, and indeed of common courtesy, that would be exhibited by the Christian who, on extinguishing a Cockney, were to conceal his features from the laudatory eyes of the delighted spectators.

Should the above reasoning be in the slightest degree unsatisfactory to any of our numerous readers from Kirkwall to Cockaigne, let him have the goodness to circulate a lithographic list of the names of the human creatures whom, behind and before backs, we have slain or insulted, and then sought refuge from the vengeance of the heroic living, or the still more heroic dead, in an ignominious flight. In what churchyard were they buried?

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* Two vols. Colburn. London, 1829.

In what garret do they yet eat their leek?

As to running away, Heaven pity us all, what speed could be expected from a martyr to the gout? Half a mile an hour at the most, with the King of the Cockneys, like the swift-footed Achilles, with all his Miss-Molly-Myrmidons, at our heels! A mask! Poo! it is all a radical superstition, arising out of the circumstance of our being obliged, in the Tent, to wear a gauze veil, framed by the fair fingers of Mrs Gentle, to ward off the midges. Our names! How could we conceal our names—long known to the uttermost parts of the Earth? Even in Terra Incognita we are not anonymous.

The plain matter of fact is, that we insult and slay—nobody. Sometimes, when we meet an ass, who, in the March of Intellect, is faithless to his natural love of Thistles by the road-side, and is not contented till he is cutting capers in a flower-garden, like Love among the Roses, or treading down cornfields or vineyards, whereby much bread and wine is prevented from cheering the hearts of men, we take him by the tail, or ears, and do drag or kick him—we shall not, ought not, cannot deny it—out of the enclosure, and in conclusion, off the premises. Call you that insulting a human creature before his face, and then running away to Ambrose's? Observe, too, that we drag or kick him, tail or ear-ways, "as gently as if we loved him." The truth is, we do love him, although he be such an ass as not to know it; for were the poor braying animal to be suffered to eat his fill, and afterwards to get at water, why, he would burst, and then his death would be laid at our door, and all Cockaigne would cry out that we had killed King Cuddy.

But where is the MAN whom we ever slew or insulted? Nowhere. Many men we have occasionally smiled—laughed—guffaw'd at—such as Bowles, Moore, Wordsworth, and a few others who have "given the world assurance they are men." But they know well it was all for the good of their immortal souls and poems; and done partly from an inferior motive, to shove them through a ridescent world into a Tenth Edition. But we killed Keates. There again you —lie. Hunt, Hazlitt, and the godless gang, slavered him to death. Bitterly did he confess that, in his last days, in language stronger than we wish to use; and the wretches would now accuse us of the murder of that poor youth, by a few harmless stripes of that rod, which "whoever spareth injureth the child;" while they strut convicted, even in their Cockney consciences, of having done him to death, by administering to their unsuspecting victim, dose after dose, of that poison to which there is no antidote—their praise.

So much for our general treatment of those human creatures called Men; and how have we behaved, Mag, to those human creatures—if they will allow us to call them so—who rejoice in the name of Women? As follows: Old women of that sex we venerate for their years and wisdom; all middle-aged women we announce to be Fat, Fair, and Forty, sensible, and sagacious; all young women to be—what more would you, loveliest and most adorable of God's creatures, have us to say?—angels. If she sit at home, like Xarifa, in Mr Lockhart's beautiful Spanish Ballad, so beautifully set to music by Mrs Arkwright, and so beautifully sung by Mr Akebowme, weaving golden flowers on white silk cushions, we tell the whole world, both in prose and verse, that they are lovelier than any Zegri Ladye that ever darkly bloomed in the gardens of Granada. If she sit at home, sewing shirts or darning stockings, we exclaim, there is the "Light and Shadow of Scottish Life" for our love and money, and long to be chanting with her the duet of our own epithalamium. If she sit at home, twisting tartlets and trifle into such fair fantastic shapes as the soul of Genius alone could conceive, and the hand of Taste alone could execute, we think of Eve, yet virgin in Paradise, preparing for Adam a light *déjeûné* on his nuptial morn; and if—here comes the rub—she sit at home reading—nay, writing—and send her inspiration to Blackwood, or Murray, or Colburn—oh! then, by the cerulean skies, we swear that her stockings are "more deeply, darkly, beautifully blue," than the heaven we call to witness the sincerity—the sanctity, of our admiration, yet declare, in the delightful lines of Wordsworth, that she

"Is a creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;

For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Of small moment, perhaps, may it be what we think, feel, say, or do, *now*, of, or to the fair sex, young or old, virgin or nupt,

" Old as we are, for Lady's love unfit."

Yet we cannot imagine any sight more worthy of affectionate admiration, than that of a gouty, old, arm-chair-ridden man, looking delighted on the fair, rising, risen, and falling generation, without one useless regret, one vain repining, and, next to the health of the King, turning up his chalky little finger, in a glass of Glenlivet, to the tune of, " May the single be married, and the married happy ;" with no more perplexing thought to disturb his dream, than gentle wonder why, since Lady Morgan, evidently a man, wears petticoats, the fair Sir Charles should persist in preferring breeches. God bless you—sweet creatures !—we feel as if we were, not the mere elder brother of you all, but absolutely your —Father.

Yet—avaunt this lighter vein, and let us—though in general the humblest of the humble—for once in our lives, most unexpectedly to all our readers, who know how we abhor all egotism and egoïsme, indulge a momentary mood of pride. When Joanna Baillie, the greatest poetess that ever lived, heard, between the pauses of her tragic harp, the growl of him whom Whip-poor-Will calls the " Prince of Critics and King of Men," growling, or rather snarling, at the immortal strain, We forced the ears of the very groundlings themselves to listen to that spherelike music, and guarded loftier listeners from all disturbance to their impassioned dream from critic, in cark and care, assailing the Muse whose seat is by the right hand of Apollo. The lovely Tighe we forgot not in the dust—her whose own spirit was as bright and pure as the Psyche of her delightful song. We remembered, when she herself was no more, the wit and wisdom of Mary Brunton. The genius of Felicia Hemans, beautiful and lofty as Christian fame, we have ever loved, and admired, and honoured. On manners-painting Mitford our praises have ever been genially bestowed, whether walking cheerfully through her native village, and watching the dance on rustic holiday ; or when, soaring into a higher flight, she sang the high emprise and calamitous fate of heroes. From L. E. L., the lovely, the loving, and the beloved, we have not withheld an old man's harmless homage, awakened to second youth by lays as warm and yet as pure as her own heart. In short, from Mrs Grant, the most venerable name in our female literature, whose genius, under the holy influence of religion and resignation, no earthly sorrows and sufferings can weaken or bedim, to Miss Jewesbury, of whom we have often thought, and ere long hope to speak, in that warm strain of eulogy in which she richly deserves to be spoken of, mention the name of one lady to whom the Muses have been kind, to whom we have not been kind also, or been slow to lay the tribute of our praise at their feet.

In these degenerate days,—for deny it who dare, " the age of chivalry is gone," — may not an Octogenarian blamelessly hug himself in such reminiscences? "Vain! self-conceited, old dotard!" methinks we hear some d—d blockhead say. No—dunce ! not vain —not self-conceited ; but in the most profound humility, even

" In the lowest deep a lower still,"

we exult, and thus hymn our exultation in the ears of the universe, that of us alone, of all the master or servant spirits of the age, will posterity sound this praise—with one voice exclaiming, " To give the devil his due, Old Kit was still the Friend, Lover, Slave, and Lord of the Ladies !"

And here it behoves us to set ourselves right with our readers in one particular. Is there, or is there not, such a thing in nature as an ugly woman—not comparatively, but positively ? We do not scruple to answer —yes. We saw her—this very day. Red hair—a mouth that—But, to the surprise of Dr Knox, let us run away from the subject. We have stated our belief, on ocular evidence, in the existence of the phenomenon—and as we admit it to be the rarest in nature, who knows but that to-morrow in the poultry market we may purchase a Phœnix ?

That the authoress of " The Loves of the Poets" is a beautiful woman,

using that epithet in any one of its million meanings you choose, we lay no claim to a particularly fine tact in having discovered from the perusal of her volumes. From the fine, soft, silken, satiny and velvet *feel* of the fair pages now lying open before us, a blind man would know in a moment that her beauty was truly—feminine. Next best to a book about love by a Virgin —nay, perhaps better still—is a book about love by a "Matron pure." A Virgin, in a poetical love-dream, sometimes says, in her simplicity, things that, did she know their meaning, she would die, for having given utterance to, in a blush. Then the little she does know, is to her altogether, or nearly so, a mystery, and most mysteriously does the poor, dear, "young thing, just come frae her mammy," sing about it and about it to her harp. But "Matron pure" sings or says, when "Love is a' the theme," what her own heart tells her may be sung or said without profaning the sanctity of her own innocent nature. In

"The sober certainty of waking bliss,"

she regards the more impassioned or tumultuous expression of the passion; and while she sympathizes with its purity and with its fervour, feels a calm and wise aversion from all its baneful or insane excesses. The light of Genius even, although she be a devout adorer of that divine gift, of which a portion may have been granted to herself, cannot in her eyes consecrate an unlawful or a sinful passion. It may, however, shew to her that which is unlawful submitting to law, and that which is sinful saved, by the inspiration which Beauty breathes, from the taint of actual guilt and pollution. "A sweet austere composure" of heart will always be hers—the right, the privilege, the duty, and the blessing of marriage. All light and loose lays, however lovely—and there have been many such framed by true poets, who lived ruefully to lament and repent them—will to her fine ear be felt to be false and hollow, and that avenue to her soul will be shut against all such insidious murmurs. The respect which a chaste and virtuous married woman feels for herself, is perhaps the highest and holiest feeling towards itself of all human nature. At once gentle, yet fearless—cautious, yet unsuspecting—reserved, yet open—glad as the sunny day, yet serene as the starry night—such is, and such seems, the young English matron, on whom while we look, we feel

"How divine a thing
A woman may be made!"

The fair enditer of the "Loves of the Poets" is of this class and character. Her native delicacy enables her, at all times, to speak of "Loves" as Una or Sabrina, those "flowers of maidenhood," might have spoken—as Cymbeline or Desdemona; and her native genius enables her to speak with a fine and kindred enthusiasm that gives a glow to all her language, of the "Loves of the Poets." Nor does her devout admiration of those who enjoyed "the Vision and the Faculty divine," blind the eye of her moral sense to their delinquencies or aberrations; though, as is right and just, she weighs the strength of their temptations, and of their virtues. If her judgments sometimes appear not to be sufficiently stern, they are always high; for weakness, she possibly may seem to make too much allowance, and even now and then to regard it with too much sympathy; but from the far shadow of coarseness or grossness she turns away her unpolluted eyes; and her spirit expands and exults, and lightens on the contemplation of a pure devotion even to an earthly idol.

But let Mrs Jameson speak for herself in more eloquent words than ours.

"The theory, then, which I wish to illustrate, as far as my limited powers permit, is this: that where a woman has been exalted above the rest of her sex by the talents of a lover, and consigned to enduring fame and perpetuity of praise, the passion was real, and was merited; that no deep or lasting interest was ever founded in fancy or in fiction; that truth, in short, is the basis of all excellence in amatory poetry, as in every thing else; for where truth is, there is good of some sort, and where there is truth and good, there must be beauty, there must be durability of fame. Truth is the golden chain which links the terrestrial with the celestial, which sets the seal of heaven on the things of this earth, and stamps them to immortality. Poets have risen up and been the mere fashion of a day, and have set up idols which have been the idols of a day; if the worship be out of date and the idols cast down, it is because these adorers wanted sincerity of purpose and feeling; their raptures were feigned; their

incense was bought or adulterate. In the brain or in the fancy, one beauty may eclipse another—one coquette may drive out another, and, tricked off in airy verse, they float away unregarded like morning vapours, which the beam of genius has tinged with a transient brightness: but let the heart once be touched, and it is not only wakened but inspired; the lover, kindled into the poet, presents to her he loves his cup of ambrosial praise; she tastes—and the woman is transmuted into a divinity. When the Grecian sculptor carved out his deities in marble, and left us wondrous and god-like shapes, impersonations of ideal grace unapproachable by modern skill, was it through mere mechanical superiority? No;—it was the spirit of faith within which shadowed to his imagination what he would represent. In the same manner, no woman has ever been truly, lastingly deified in poetry, but in the spirit of truth and of love!"

Nothing is a surer proof of genius than the choice of a subject, at once new and natural, and "The Loves of the Poets" is of that character. There is no such thing as chance in the spiritual world. A Bagman may find on the road a pocket-book full of bank-notes, which had nearly upset his gig, or a ditcher dig up a hoard of gold guineas; but no blockhead ever yet stumbled upon a fine thought, either on the royal roads or by-ways of Imagination;—if you find one in his possession, you may be assured that he has purloined it from the brain-treasury of a rich man, or received it in charity. He does not know its value; and he offers it in exchange for the most worthless articles, such as beads or small beer. You see blockheads labouring all lifelong to say something good, or fine, or rich, or rare; and sometimes you are surprised to notice productions of theirs not by any means so very much amiss in a small way; but it won't do;—a certain air of stupidity, however slight, breathes over every paragraph; their gaudiest compositions are but a bed of indifferent poppies; one anemone, or auricula, or ranunculus, or pink, or carnation, or violet, to say nothing of the lily or the rose, is worth the whole flaunting show,—nay, you sigh even for the dandelion. Genius, however mild and moderate, if true, produces ever and anon some sweet tame or wild flower or another, and presents you with a small bouquet, which you place in your button-hole, or in a jar on the chimney-piece. What or who Genius is, no man has ever yet been able to say—we shall not attempt it. But the instant you see him, her, or it, (how kenspeckle!*) you exclaim, "Ha! Genius, how are you? I am delighted to see you. Come, let us take a stroll into the fields; or would you rather, my dear sir, my sweet madam, my pretty thing, partake with us of a caulker of Glenlivet, or a cup of hyson?" To the Impostor, even though he come with strong letters of introduction, you are either not at home, having spied through the window his sinister or silly phiz, or you say through the servant that you are sick; or, if admitted, you hand him over to the rest of the family, and retire to your sanctum.

The Loves of the Poets is also a very ladylike theme;—for all truly great or good poets, from Homer to Hogg, have, in the only true sense of the word, been gentlemen. Indeed, it would not be too much to say, that there never was, nor can be, a finished gentleman not a poet. Stars are the poetry of heaven. All virtues, therefore, and all endowments, and all accomplishments, are the poetry of earth—or say, rather, that poetry is the quintessence of them all—the flowery ground, and the starry firmament, of the soul. If so, the Poet is the only man, the only gentleman.

The manners of all Poets are delightful—in the long run. You may indeed happen to come upon them in a paroxysm, and are wellnigh frightened out of your wits. What savages! We have seen the author of the Lyrical Ballads look so like a cannibal, that it would have needed some nerve to accompany him on an Excursion. But, in the long run, the man is like an angel. Set out with him from Rydal-Mount, and you are walking side by side with a stamp-master. In Grassmere, he brightens up into a schoolmaster. On Dunmailraise, he assumes the appearance of a well-beneficed clergyman. By the banks of Leathes-water, he waxes so eloquent, that you wonder he is not, and wish he were, in Parliament. In the Vale of St John, you hear the poet

> "Murmuring by the living brooks
> A music sweeter than their own."

And on the hilltop that overlooks the

* See Dr Jamieson.

Vale of Keswick, you know not whether it be the angel Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, who is conversing with you in Paradise.

The morals of all poets are good—in the long run. None of your trash about Burns and Byron. All the great Greek tragedians were excellent private characters. There never was a more harmless creature than Homer. Pindar was a paragon of decency and propriety—as a son, husband, and father. Horace was a good fellow, and Virgil would not have hurt a fly. Shakspeare, though rather a little too much addicted to ale, on his retirement at Stratford-on-Avon, "harried no man's cattle." The worst you can say of Milton is that he was a regicide; yet was he, like his own Adam, the first of men. In private life, there never was a more amiable and useful man than Bowles. The man who could breathe a syllable against the character of Campbell, must be a liar of the first magnitude. Sir Walter is like Virtue herself,

> "To be admired he needs but to be seen;"

and that greatness, goodness, and happiness may be found all united in this life, will not be doubted by any one who has seen Southey.

Such being the endowments, the manners, and the morals of Poets, only think of them—in love! You must on no account whatever think of Shenstone, as silly as his sheep; though even Shenstone makes love in rather a winning, lack-a-daisical way of his own; and had there been any such Delia as he describes, he must have found surety to the parish for the maintenance of herself and child. Neither must you, on any account whatever, think of Hamilton of Bangour, the shabby-genteel poetaster; though, as a flirt,—and that is something,—he was more famous in his day than probably you are in yours; but we mean nothing personal. You must think of Petrarch, and Dante, and Ariosto, and Tasso, and poet-lovers of that calibre,

> "Souls made of fire, and children of the sun;"

and then, at your leisure, of Jupiter, Mars, Neptune, Apollo,—Semele, Venus, Proserpine, and Daphne,—of love in the air, and on the earth, and in the waters, and on the fire, and in the all-embracing Universe.

Observe, we do not mean to assert that Poets must necessarily be unexceptionable husbands. Heaven, and earth, and hell—think of Dante with a Dowdy! Milton with a Mawsey! Shakspeare with a Slut! It might have so happened—and, if so, then, in all probability, the three would have been hanged, or otherwise executed, for wife-murder. Their ribs, too, though each "to a radiant angel linked," had "sated themselves in celestial bed, and preyed on garbage." But let angel be linked to angel, and the bed will be blest, as if strewn with the flowers of Paradise. H—— says that all the poets of the present day have ugly wives. There again he lies. The wretch instances one poet by the initial of his name, and says that his wife has the "head of a Gorgon." The able editor of the Atlas should be more ashamed of having given currency to that hideous outrage on truth and decency, than of his easily-excused libel on Lord Lyndhurst. The lady whom the Satyr grins at has indeed a Gorgon head when it is turned upon Vice and Impudence; to all others,

> "It is bright
> With something of an angel light."

But we must come to the book in hand. About the loves of some of the True Poets, the fair writer knows more than we do—about some, less—and about others, pretty much the same; but we shall be happy to be led by so sweet a conductress through scenes of such enchantment. She shall wave us on with her own white arms—she shall, in her own silver voice, "tell the story of their loves."

Let us look, first of all, on the immortal loves of Petrarch and his Laura—*his* in the pure, clear, bright, balmy, fountain-haunted Fairy Land of Passion, and Fancy, and Imagination, the three powerful spirits that do the work of Genius, or rather bring from all the regions of the soul the rich and rare materials with which Genius builds his high and holy temples. Some have said, that Petrarch could not have *been in love*, because he expressed himself in numbers. No real passion, it seems, ever breathes in poetry. Assuredly there are worthy people in this world, who in youth confined themselves to prose Valentines, and made Cupid himself as ignorant of rhyme as of reason. On the other hand, Montrose and others have expressed the state of their minds in verses, written the night

before their execution; and we should think that the passion a man endures when about to be beheaded or hanged, must be as sincere as that which he enjoys when about to be married. Others have said, that Laura never existed, but was a mere idea. Why, a mere idea, constantly warmed by the burning breath of such a poet as Petrarch, must have been kindled and moulded into living being. Whichever way you take it, then, Laura did exist as certainly as all the "black-letter dogs," who denied that ever the spirit that shines through the sonnets was

"In Paradise of that sweet flesh!"

We know not why it is so, but in reading the following beautiful sentence, we think somehow or other of the tender and elegant Barry Cornwall. If our conjecture be just, let us, too, join in the aspiration.

"The most real and most fervent passion that ever fell under my own knowledge, was revealed in verse, and very exquisite verse too, and has inspired many an effusion, full of beauty, fancy, and poetry; but it has not, therefore, been counted less sincere; and Heaven forbid it should prove less lasting than if it had been told in the homeliest prose, and had never inspired one beautiful idea or one rapturous verse!"

That Petrarch's passion was for a purely ideal object, Mrs Jameson thinks rather unlikely.

"To study Petrarch in his own works and in his own delightful language; to follow him line by line, through all the vicissitudes and contradictions of passion; to listen to his self-reproaches, his terrors, his regrets, his conflicts; to dwell on his exquisite delineations of individual character and peculiar beauty, his simple touches of profound pathos and melancholy tenderness;—and then believe all to be mere invention,—the coinage of the brain,—a tissue of visionary fancies, in which the heart had no share; to confound him with the cold metaphysical rhymesters of a later age,—seems to argue not only a strange want of judgment, but an extraordinary obtuseness of feeling."

Let such of our readers as know not who Laura was—and what was the character of her beauty—if they wish to have such knowledge, although they never read Petrarch—read chapter sixth and seventh of "The Loves of the Poets." Let us meanwhile tell them that she was a married woman—nay, start and stare not—for Petrarch's passion was purified by poetry almost into sinlessness; and as for Laura herself, she was such a wife as thou wouldst do well to imitate, if ever bard wooes thee, though wedded for some twenty or thirty years. She was, on all occasions of public state or ceremony, habited either in a magnificent dress of green embroidered with violets, or in one of crimson trimmed with feathers. Round her hair she wore a coronal of silver, and necklaces and ornaments of pearl lay starlike on the heaven of her bosom. In person she was a fair Madonna-like beauty, with soft dark eyes, and a profusion of pale golden hair, parted on her brow, and falling in rich curls on her neck. Celestial grace was in all her figure and ornaments. So Petrarch thought, felt, and sung, and it was all God's truth. The beauty of her hand thrilled his heart—and she had an angel's mouth—

"La bella bocca angelica."

Finally, Laura united the highest intellect with the purest heart,

"In alto intelletto un puro core,"

a line which her fair eulogist well says gives us the very beau ideal of a female character.

There is, it is believed, no version into English of the 48th Canzone. Lady Dacre, who has so finely translated the "Chiare, fresche e dolce acque," and the "Italia mia," has not attempted it. Here it is, in a prose sketch, which Mrs Jameson modestly says—but we cannot agree with her in thinking so poorly of it—"will give as just an idea of the original as a hasty pencilled outline of Titian's or Domenichino's masterpieces could give us of all the magic colouring and effect of their glorious and half-breathing creations."

"In this Canzone, Petrarch, in a high strain of poetic imagery, which takes nothing from the truth or pathos of the sentiment, allegorizes his own situation and feelings: he represents himself as citing the Lord of Love, 'Suo empio e dolce Signore,' before the throne of Reason, and accusing him as the cause of all his sufferings, sorrows, errors, and misspent time. 'Through *him* (Love) I have endured, even from the moment I was first beguiled into his power, such various and such exquisite pain, that my patience has at length been exhausted, and I have

abhorred my existence. I have not only forsaken the path of ambition and useful exertion, but even of pleasure and of happiness: I, who was born, if I do not deceive myself, for far higher purposes than to be a mere amorous slave! Through *him* I have been careless of my duty to Heaven,—negligent of myself:—for the sake of one woman I forgot all else!—me miserable! What have availed me all the high and precious gifts of Heaven, the talents, the genius which raised me above other men? My hairs are changed to grey, but still my heart changeth not. Hath he not sent me wandering over the earth in search of repose? hath he not driven me from city to city, and through forests, and woods, and wild solitudes? hath he not deprived me of peace, and of that sleep which no herbs nor chanted spells have power to restore? Through him, I have become a by-word in the world, which I have filled with my lamentations, till, by their repetition, I have wearied myself, and perhaps all others.'

"To this long tirade, Love with indignation replies: 'Hearest thou the falsehood of this ungrateful man? This is he who in his youth devoted himself to the despicable traffic of words and lies, and now he blushes not to reproach me with having raised him from obscurity, to know the delights of an honourable and virtuous life. I gave him power to attain a height of fame and virtue to which of himself he had never dared to aspire. If he has obtained a name among men, to me he owes it. Let him remember the great heroes and poets of antiquity, whose evil stars condemned them to lavish their love upon unworthy objects, whose mistresses were courtezans and slaves; while for him, I chose from the whole world one lovely woman, so gifted by Heaven with all female excellence, that her likeness is not to be found beneath the moon,—one whose melodious voice and gentle accents had power to banish from his heart every vain, and dark, and vicious thought. These were the wrongs of which he complains: such is my reward for all I have done for him,—ungrateful man! Upon my wings hath he soared upwards, till his name is placed among the greatest of the sons of song, and fair ladies and gentle knights listen with delight to his strains:—had it not been for me, what had he become before now? Perhaps a vain flatterer, seeking preferment in a Court, confounded among the herd of vulgar men! I have so chastened, so purified his heart through the heavenly image impressed upon it, that even in his youth, and in the age of the passions, I preserved him pure in thought and in action; whatever of good or great ever stirred within his breast, he derives from her and from me. From the contemplation of virtue, sweetness, and beauty, in the gracious countenance of her he loved, I led him upwards to the adoration of the first Great Cause, the fountain of all that is beautiful and excellent;—hath he not himself confessed it? And this fair creature, whom I gave him to be the honour, and delight, and prop of his frail life'—

"Here the sense is suddenly broken off in the middle of a line. Petrarch utters a cry of horror, and exclaims—'Yes, you gave her to me, but you have also taken her from me!'

"Love replies with sweet austerity—'Not I—but HE—the eternal One—who hath willed it so!'"

Laura was virtuous. But how that could be, it surpassed the impure imaginations of the many French reps and demireps, whom, in various ages, it has been the taste of the unprincipled philosophers, and so forth, in France, to esteem wits, and whom not a few priggish and pedantic coxcombs even in Britain, desirous of being thought men of fashion and of the world forsooth, smelling all the while of crucibles or parchments, have chattered of in uncouthest criticism, flirting with the very bones of the beldams—such as that heartless profligate, Madame du Deffand, and others too odious to name. An Englishwoman knows and feels better; and sees nothing so very laughable or absurd in the belief that the beloved of Petrarch preserved her virtue in spite of all the strains of impassioned genius "perilous to hear." Truth and honour dwelt of old in Italy, in the citadel of the female heart, as they do now in the same holy fortress, in England; and Laura has found a champion of her own sex, whose vindication might soothe her shade, and chase away all shame from her down-looking eyes, inspired by the insults of the painted prostitutes that rolled the wanton eye, and trolled the wanton tongue, in the contemptible Court of the Regent,—the Court not of Love, but of Lust, and of which the ladies, imperfect Poissardes, had all the chastity, and but half the politeness, of the Parisian fish-market.

"Much depraved ingenuity has been exerted to twist certain lines and passages in the Canzoniere into a sense which shall blot with frailty the memory of this beautiful and far-famed being: once believe

these interpretations, and all the peculiar and graceful charm which now hangs round her intercourse with Petrarch vanishes,—the reverential delicacy of the poet's homage becomes a mockery, and all his exalted praises of her unequalled virtue, and her invincible chastity, are turned to satire, and insult our moral feeling."

That Laura's virtue was preserved by her immaculate "from the captivating assiduities and intoxicating homage of her lover, is proved by evidence external and internal, prose and poetry, critical and traditional;" but Petrarch, "true to his sex, a very man, used *at first* every art, every advantage, which his diversified accomplishments of mind and person lent him, to destroy the virtue he adored." In one of the dialogues with St Augustin, imaginary dialogues, which are a series of confessions, not intended by Petrarch for publication, he says that

"'Untouched by my prayers, unvanquished by my arguments. unmoved my flattery, she remained faithful to by her sex's honour; she resisted her own young heart, and mine, and a thousand, thousand, thousand things, which must have conquered any other. She remained unshaken. A woman taught me the duty of a man! to persuade me to keep the path of virtue, her conduct was at once an example and a reproach; and when she beheld me break through all bounds, and rush blindly to the precipice, she had the courage to abandon me, rather than follow me.'"

A passage occurs in the Trionfo di Morte, beginning "La Notte che sequi l'orribil caso," in which Petrarch has himself left us a most minute and interesting description of the whole course of Laura's conduct towards him, which by a beautiful figure of poetry he has placed in her own mouth.

"The apparition of Laura descending on the morning dew, bright as the opening dawn, and crowned with Oriental gems,

Di gemme orientali incoronata,

appears before her lover, and addresses him with compassionate tenderness. After a short dialogue, full of poetic beauty and noble thoughts, Petrarch conjures her, in the name of heaven and of truth, to tell him whether the pity she sometimes expressed for him was allied to love? for that the sweetness she mingled with her disdain and reserve—the soft looks with which she tempered her anger, had left him for long years in doubt of her real sentiments, still doating, still suspecting, still hoping without end:

'Creovvi amor pensier mai nella testa,
D' aver pietà del mio lungo martire
Non lasciando vostr' alta impresa onesta?

Che vostri dolci sdegni e le dolc' ire—
Le dolci paci ne' begli occhi scritte—
Tenner molt' anni in dubbio il mio desire.'

"She replies evasively, with a smile and a sigh, that her heart was ever with him, but that to preserve her own fair fame, and the virtue of both, it was necessary to assume the guise of severity and disdain. She describes the arts with which she kept alive his passion, now checking his presumption with the most frigid reserve, and when she saw him drooping, as a man ready to die, 'all fancy-sick and pale of cheer,' gently restoring him with soft looks and kind words:

'Salvando la tua vita e'l nostro onore.'

"She confesses the delight she felt in being beloved, and the pride she took in being sung, by so great a poet. She reminds him of one particular occasion, when, seated by her side, and they were left alone, he sang to his lute a song composed to her praise, beginning, 'Dir più non osa il nostro amore;' and she asks him whether he did not perceive that the veil had then nearly fallen from her heart?

"She laments, in some exquisite lines, that she had not the happiness to be born in Italy, the native country of her lover, and yet allows that the land must needs be fair in which she first won his affection.

'Duolmi ancor veramente, ch'io non nacqui
Almen più presso al tuo fiorito nido!—
Ma assai fu bel paese ov' io ti piacqui.'

"In another passage we have a sentiment evidently taken from nature, and exquisitely graceful and feminine. 'You,' says Laura, 'proclaimed to all men the passion you felt for me: you called alone for pity: you kept not the tender secret for me alone, but took a pride and a pleasure in publishing it forth to the world; thus constraining me, by all a woman's fear and modesty, to be silent.'—'But not less is the pain because we conceal it on the depths of the heart, nor the greater because we lament aloud: fiction and poetry can add nothing to truth, nor yet take from it.'

'Tu eri di mercè chiamar già roco
Quand' io tacea; perchè vergogna e tema
Facean molto desir, parer si poco;
Non è minor il duol perch' altri 'l prema,
Ne maggior per andarsi lamentando:
Per fizïon non cresce il ver, nè scema.'

"Petrarch, then all trembling and in tears, exclaims, 'that could he but believe he had been dear to her eyes as to her heart, he were sufficiently recompensed for all his sufferings;' and she replies, 'that will I never reveal!' ('*quello mi taccio.*') By this coquettish and characteristic answer, we are still left in the dark. Such was the sacred respect in which Petrarch held her he so loved, that though he evidently wishes to believe—perhaps *did* believe, that he had touched her heart, he

would not presume to insinuate what Laura had never avowed. The whole scene, though less polished in the versification than some of his sonnets, is written throughout with all the flow and fervour of real feeling. It received the poet's last corrections twenty-six years after Laura's death, and but a few weeks previous to his own."

Laura died of the plague; and Petrarch, on hearing of her death, wrote a memorandum of it, now admitted to be genuine, in his copy of Virgil. This is so familiar to every one, that it is unnecessary to quote it.

All the breath of all the calumny, and all the breath of all the stupidity, that ever steamed up from earth to heaven, did never yet permanently obscure the lustre of one single star. They puff away like a couple of Dutch boors, the one wicked and the other weak, hob-nobbing over muddy mugs, in a cloud of tobacco. The stars are saved the sin and shame of seeing them—to use a scriptural word—spew. Just so with the maligners of Petrarch and his Laura. They are beloved by all the poets who have read their tale, over the whole face of the earth; and high on the arch of heaven, among his kindred luminaries, shines the beautiful Sonnetteer, with a pale pensive star—no need to tell her name—just seen through the halo that softens his orb so lustrous. In loving his Laura—his own though another's—so long and so delightfully—"so tender and so true"—he conquered Fate and Destiny. On to the last issues of life, his love was fresh and strong in immortal youth. From the chill of old age its warm and pure breath saved his spirit. The image on which he everlastingly gazed never changed its lovely lineaments—its divine form never faded "into the light of common day." Its spiritual beauty "preserved the stars from wrong" and the flowers from withering. While she lived, and loved, and was lovely, so did and so was the world she inhabited. When she died, this sublunary scene lost nothing which she had given it; and having received over all its elements the impress of her being, her removal altered nothing, because she herself was immortal. She still spoke, looked, breathed, moved through all things; and wedoubt not, "that when he was found lifeless one morning in his study, his hand resting on a book," that she had been with him as his last hour closed in midnight solitude.

Many a man has, in his degree, been thus a Petrarch. All men with souls have been so, who in the world of love have "felt the influence of malignant star" forbidding their union with that presence which to them was the light of life. They too have had their Lauras—and many a silent sonnet has stolen from their souls, which

"Wanting the accomplishment of verse,"

floated momentarily into and out of existence. But they were—and are—and will be, while "faithful loves unmemoried" continue to breathe unheard and invisible round "this visible diurnal sphere." The Book of Poetry, composed of many volumes, is indeed a divine, but it is an imperfect revelation. More, far more, a million times more, has been enjoyed and suffered, than has ever been recorded by inspired poets writing with diamond pens, steeped in light and tears, or in darkness and blood. Oh! if all the ecstasies and all the agonies that ever thrilled or shuddered through human souls had found full and permanent expression, what a literature, what a philosophy, what a poetry, had now hung over our mortal race!

Good people are not nearly so dull—their souls are not nearly so uncreative and unpreservative, as, in obedience, real or fancied, to the laws of this world, they are too often apt to imagine. Thousands of these, without being false to living realities, are true to dead ideals, or they blend the two into one; and bring the beauty that has long gone to the dust to angelify a living countenance. A man believes that he is in love with his bride, that he loves his wife. He is most grossly and happily mistaken. He is in truth a polygamist. The charms of twenty virgins are all enjoyed, and innocently too, in that one with the coronal of pearls wreathed round her auburn hair. All the fair and chaste matrons whom he has ever seen or read of, in the heathen and Christian world, meet together in the one who sheweth him his first-born,

"While like a star upon her bosom lies
His beautiful and shining golden head."*

Suppose that we speak to him who

* Would you believe it—*Old Hobbes!* See his Translation of the Iliad.

never had a wife. Nay, to him whose first and only love is the wife of another. Suppose him in the state, and with something of the soul, of Petrarch. Her heart—her fancy—her imagination—her feelings—almost her passions—are his—he knows it—he has heard it from her own lips, which once have dared to murmur upon his their "fragrant frenzy," and then for ever after were to him a fruit forbidden on a tree of Paradise, a fruit full of temptation still, though empearled with ice-drops. Will he—does he—can he shut eyes, ears, all his senses and all his soul against her? If he doth, then is he a wiser man than Solomon—a more patient man than Job—a more chaste man, by many thousand degrees, than Scipio—and yet after all as big a blockhead as you may meet in this latitude on the 22d of July. But he is a Petrarch by hypothesis. Therefore she will be to him his intellectual, his moral, his physical, and his spiritual all-in-all—and he will enjoy her, in the joy of grief, which is multitudinous as the melancholy and glorious sea, without doing, or at least thinking of doing, one single act that might bring her and him into Doctor's Commons, Q. E. D.

And pray what essential difference is there in the case, should his first love, like Petrarch's, be, at her first dawn on his ideal world, married? None whatever. True, that in this island and this age, such a love ought, for many substantial reasons, to be avoided, even more than in that olden and golden era of Italy. A Petrarch and Laura now-a-days, we fear, however bright the genius of the one and the beauty of the other, would receive no such honour as the Petrarch and the Laura then-a-days received from Charles of Luxemburgh, afterwards Emperor. When that Prince was at Avignon, a grand fête was given, in his honour, at which all the noblesse were present. He desired that Petrarch's Laura should be pointed out to him; and when she was introduced, he made a sign with his hand, that the other ladies present should fall back; then going up to Laura, and for a moment contemplating her with interest, he kissed her respectfully on the forehead and on the eyes!

Times are changed—in some things for the better—in some—many—for the worse. But prudent or imprudent—right or wrong—virtuous or vicious—pure or sinful, you are in love over head and ears, heart and mind, soul and body, with a married woman. God forbid it should be our case—for, old as we are, we should be very miserable, and altogether unfit to manage this Magazine. But suppose it your own case, and that you are in your prime of manhood—and a Poet—and that your case is hopeless. Suicide, with a man of your metal and piety, is not to be supposed—from insanity you are saved by a sound constitution and cooling medicines. Are you, then, to go moping up and down the streets or fields all day and night long, with your finger in your mouth, or to sit moping in coffee-rooms over the same eternal newspaper, as if committing to memory, by way of cure, all the advertisements? Or are you, rather, to bestir yourself like a man and a poet, as by a somewhat violent hypothesis, perhaps, you are taken to be, and kindling your genius at the Altar of Despair, to consecrate to all future ages the memory of your happy-unhappy,—your unhappy-happy love? The latter is the only alternative left to a man of your genius. We have the satisfaction of knowing, by long experience, that the readers of Maga are not startled by trifles—otherwise we should be alarmed that we may have given offence in these last few paragraphs. But though there may perhaps be, as Wordsworth says—though we doubt it—

> "Thoughts that *do often* lie too deep for tears,"

of this we have no doubt, that there are no thoughts that do ever lie too deep for laughter; and that it would be easy to bring forward the most whimsical and convincing proofs even of the very Immortality of the Soul!

From Petrarch and his Laura let us turn to Dante and his Beatrice.

> "Petrarch was in his youth an amiable and accomplished courtier, whose ambition was to cultivate the arts, and please the fair. Dante early plunged into the factions which distracted his native city, was of a stern commanding temper, mingling study with action. Petrarch loved with all the vivacity of his temper; he took a pleasure in publishing, in ex-

aggerating, in embellishing his passion in the eyes of the world. Dante, capable of strong and enthusiastic tenderness, and early concentrating all the affections of his heart on one object, sought no sympathy; and solemnly tells us of himself,—in contradistinction to those poets of his time who wrote of love from fashion or fancy, not from feeling,—that he wrote as love inspired, and as his heart dictated.

"Petrarch had a gay and captivating exterior; his complexion was fair, with sparkling blue eyes and a ready smile. He is very amusing on the subject of his own coxcombry, and tells us how cautiously he used to turn the corner of a street, lest the wind should disorder the elaborate curls of his fine hair! Dante, too, was in his youth eminently handsome, but in a style of beauty which was characteristic of his mind; his eyes were large and intensely black, his nose aquiline, his complexion of a dark olive, his hair and beard very much curled, his step slow and measured, and the habitual expression of his countenance grave, with a tinge of melancholy abstraction. When Petrarch walked along the streets of Avignon, the women smiled, and said, 'There goes the lover of Laura!' The impression which Dante left on those who beheld him, was far different. In allusion to his own personal appearance, he used to relate an incident that once occurred to him. When years of persecution and exile had added to the natural sternness of his countenance, the deep lines left by grief, and the brooding spirit of vengeance, he happened to be at Verona, where, since the publication of the Inferno, he was well known. Passing one day by a portico, where several women were seated, one of them whispered, with a look of awe, —'Do you see that man? that is he who goes down to hell whenever he pleases, and brings us back tidings of the sinners below!'—'Ay, indeed!' replied her companion,—'very likely; see how his face is scarred with fire and brimstone, and blackened with smoke, and how his hair and beard have been singed aud curled in the flames!'"

But when Dante won the heart of Beatrice Portinari, 'twas at a banquet given by her father, Folco di Portinari, when he was a boy, and she a girl—nine and eight years old. Won the heart? Yes—won the heart—

> "Into his heart received her heart,
> And gave her back his own."

His face was not scarred with fire and brimstone then! His beard, in place of being singed and curled in the flames, was but an imperceptible down —and his hair as bright and curled as that of his bright little Beatrice. He was then almost fresh from heaven—

> "And trailing clouds of glory did he come,
> With tresses like an angel!"

No fit messenger was he then to go down to hell and bring back tidings of the sinners below! But the time came when he was the only mortal man, of all the millions, accomplished for such a mission. In scattered lines, selected by our fair friend, á sketch may be drawn of the person and character of Beatrice grown up to womanhood. She was not in form like the slender, fragile-looking Laura, but on a larger scale of loveliness, tall, and of a commanding figure, graceful in her gait as the peacock, upright as the crane. Her hair was fair and curling, but not golden; she had an ample forehead, "spaciosa fronte;" a mouth that, when it smiled, surpassed all things in sweetness; her neck was white and slender, springing gracefully from the bust; her chin small, round, and dimpled; her arms beautiful and round; her hand soft, white, and polished; her fingers slender, and decorated with jewelled rings, as became her birth: fair she was as a pearl, all lovely to look upon, but where it was becoming—disdainful,

> "Graziosa a vederla
> E disdegnosa dove si conviene."

On the death of Beatrice, Boccaccio, who knew Dante personally, tells us that he was so changed by affliction that his best friends could scarcely recognise him. He scarcely ate or slept —he would not speak; he neglected his person, until he became "una cosa selvatica a vedere," a savage thing to the eye; to borrow his own expression, he was "grief-stung to madness."

One stanza of the Canzone "Gli occhi dolenti," written after the death of Beatrice, is unequalled, Mrs Jameson rightly says, for a simplicity at once tender and sublime. The Canzone is addressed, like the others, to her female companions, whom alone he thought worthy to listen to her praises, and whose gentle hearts could alone sympathize in his grief. In a note prefixed to it, he tells us, that after he had long wept in silence the loss of her he loved, he thought to give utterance to his sorrow in words,

and to compose a Canzone on which he should write (weeping as he wrote) of the virtues of her who, through much anguish, had bowed his soul to the earth.

" 'Ascended is our Beatrice to the highest heaven, to those realms where angels dwell in peace; and you, her fair companions, and Love and me, she has left, alas! behind. It was not the frost of winter that chilled her, nor was it the heat of summer that withered her; it was the power of her virtue, her humility, and her truth, that ascending into heaven moved the ETERNAL FATHER to call her to himself, seeing that this miserable life was not worthy of any thing so fair, so excellent!' "

On the anniversary of the death of Beatrice, Dante tells us that he was sitting alone, thinking upon her, and tracing, as he meditated, the figure of an angel on his tablets. This gave rise to the 18th Sonnet of the Vita Nuova, which he calls "Il doloroso annovale." Two other sonnets, immediately following, are addressed to some kind and gentle creature, who from a window beheld Dante abandon himself, with fearful vehemence, to the agony of his feelings, when he believed no human eye was on him. How overwhelming the pathos! "She turned pale with compassion; her eyes filled with tears, as if she had loved me. Then did I remember my noble-hearted Beatrice, for even thus she often looked upon me," &c. And he confesses that the grateful, yet mournful pleasure, with which he met the pitying looks of this fair being, excited remorse in his heart that he should be able to derive pleasure from any thing!

Dante concludes the collection of his Rime (his miscellaneous poems on the subject of his early love) with this remarkable note:—

" 'I beheld a marvellous vision, which has caused me to cease from writing in praise of my blessed Beatrice, until I can celebrate her more worthily; which that I may do, I devote my whole soul to study, as *she* knoweth well; insomuch, that if it please the Great Disposer of all things to prolong my life for a few years upon this earth, I hope hereafter to sing of my Beatrice what never yet was said or sung of woman.' "

Through the two first parts of the Divina Commedia, (Hell and Purgatory,) Beatrice is merely announced to the reader. She does not appear in person; for, asks this fine and feeling writer, "what should the sinless and sanctified spirit of Beatrice do in those abodes of eternal anguish and expiatory torment?" Her appearance, however, in due time and place, is prefaced and shadowed forth in many beautiful allusions. For instance, it is she who, descending from the empyreal height, sends Virgil to be the deliverer of Dante in the mysterious Forest, and his guide through the abysses of torment; and she is indicated, as it were, several times in the course of the poem, in a manner which prepares us for the sublimity with which she is at length introduced, in all the majesty of a superior nature, all the dreamy splendour of an ideal presence, and all the melancholy charm of a beloved and lamented reality.

"When Dante has left the confines of Purgatory, a wondrous chariot approache from afar, surrounded by a flight of angelic beings, and veiled in a cloud of flowers—'un nuvola di fiori,' is the beautiful expression. A female form is at length apparent in the midst of this angelic pomp, seated in the car, and 'robed in hues of living flame:' she is veiled: he cannot discern her features, but there moves a hidden virtue from her,

'At whose touch
The power of ancient love was strong within him.

He recognises the influence which even in his childish days had smote him—

'Che già m' avea trafitto
Prima ch' io fuor della puerizia fosce;'

and his failing heart and quivering frame confess the thrilling presence of his Beatrice—

'Conosco i segni dell' antica fiamma!'

The whole passage is as beautifully wrought as it is feelingly and truly conceived.

"Beatrice,—no longer the soft, frail, and feminine being he had known and loved upon earth, but an admonishing spirit,—rises up in her chariot,

'And with a mien
Of that stern majesty which doth surround
A mother's presence to her awe-struck child,
She looked—a flavour of such bitterness
Was mingled with her pity!'

CAREY'S *Trans.*

Dante then puts into her mouth the most severe yet eloquent accusation against himself: while he stands weeping by, bowed down by shame and anguish. She accuses him before the listening angels for his neglected time, his wasted talents, his forgetsfulness of her, when she was no longer upon earth to lead him with the light of her 'youthful eyes,'—gli occhi giovinetti.

'Soon as I had changed
My mortal for immortal, then he left me,

> 'And gave himself to others; when from flesh
> To spirit I had risen, and increase
> Of beauty and of virtue circled me,
> I was less dear to him and valued less!'
> *Purgatory*, c. 30.—CAREY's *Trans.*

This praise of herself, and stern upbraiding of her lover, would sound harsh from woman's lips, but have a solemnity, and even a sublimity, as uttered by a disembodied and angelic being. When Dante, weeping, falters out a faint excuse—

> 'Thy fair looks withdrawn,
> Things present with deceitful pleasures turn'd
> My steps aside,—'

she answers by reproaching him with his inconstancy to her memory:—

> 'Never didst thou spy
> In art or nature aught so passing sweet
> As were the limbs that in their beauteous frame
> Enclosed me, and are scatter'd now in dust.
> If sweetest thing thus fail'd thee with my death,
> What afterward of mortal should thy wish
> Have tempted?'
> *Purgatory*, c. 31.

And she rebukes him, for that he could stoop from the memory of her love to be the thrall of a *slight girl.* This last expression is supposed to allude either to Dante's unfortunate marriage with Gemma Donati, or to the attachment he formed during his exile for a beautiful Lucchese named Gentucca, the subject of several of his poems. But, notwithstanding all this severity of censure, Dante, gazing on his divine monitress, is so rapt by her loveliness, his eyes so eager to recompense themselves for 'their ten years' thirst,'—Beatrice had been dead ten years—that not being yet freed from the stain of his earthly nature, he is warned not to gaze 'too fixedly' on her charms. After a farther probation, Beatrice introduces him into the various spheres which compose the celestial paradise; and thenceforward she certainly assumes the characteristics of an allegorical being. The true distinction seems this, that Dante has not represented Divine Wisdom under the name and form of Beatrice, but the more to exalt his Beatrice, he has clothed her in the attributes of Divine Wisdom.

"She at length ascends with him into the Heaven of Heavens, to the source of eternal and uncreated light, without shadow and without bound; and when Dante looks round for her, he finds she has quitted his side, and has taken her place throned among the supremely blessed, 'as far above him as the region of thunder is above the centre of the sea:' he gazes up at her in a rapture of love and devotion, and in a sublime apostrophe invokes her still to continue her favour towards him. She looks down upon him from her effulgent height, smiles on him with celestial sweetness, and then fixing her eyes on the eternal fountain of glory, is absorbed in ecstasy. Here we leave her: the poet had touched the limits of permitted thought; the seraph wings of imagination, borne upwards by the inspiration of deep love, could no higher soar,—the audacity of genius could dare no farther!"

This, we say, is very beautifully thought, felt, and written—one of the many gems set in these brilliant volumes. In remembrance of his early love, Dante named his only daughter Beatrice, and she became a nun at Ravenna. The bard was buried—sumptuously interred, at the cost of Guido da Polenta, the father of that unfortunate Francesca Rimini, whose story he has so exquisitely told in the Fifth Canto of the Inferno.

The love, the sorrow, the despair, the prostration, and the resuscitation of Dante's spirit are all most beautiful, and most sublime. With all the states of Petrarch's spirit we can sympathize easily, and readily, and happily—not that his grief is not profound, for it is profound; but we see it ranging and shifting for ever and ever before our eyes, and we become familiar with, never indifferent to, the various beauty of the pathos. We delight in our tears, as he himself often did; and are never afraid to gaze on the lovely picture of Laura. But Dante, while Beatrice was the sun of his life, was sometimes happy in the light she shed over the world, without referring always, in her happiness—nor need was—that light to the benign and gracious orb which was its ever-streaming fountain. When she was eclipsed—"total eclipse" it indeed was to him, and the skies were as the blind walls of a dungeon—we hear his troubled spirit crying—moaning—shrieking—almost yelling in the utter darkness. A more terrible rending of the soul then took place within him than ever could have torn the softer nature of Petrarch. He was then mad—perhaps he was mad long before and long after—but then was a crisis—a paroxysm, in which life could not long have remained to mortal man. His after grief was gloomier than other men's despair—his subsequent sorrow sterner than other men's grief. Yet all the while how divine his tenderness, as the tenderness of a mourning and bereaved angel! His thoughts of his Beatrice do not lie too deep for tears! Dante weeps—often—long—we might almost say incessantly. But his are not showers of tears, which, by a law of nature, must relieve the heart, just as rain relieves the sky. Big drops plash down upon his page, like the first of a thunder-shower—but let them continue to drop, at sullen intervals, for hours and hours, they seem

still to be *the first*—the huge black mass of woe and despair is undiminished and unenlightened—

"Hung be the heavens with black,"

is still the cry of his agony, and at times he forgets that any other human beings ever had existence and lost it, save his own Beatrice Portinari. If another countenance starts into being before him, it is because it weeps for him the ghastly sufferer; by its pity it is beautified into some dim shadowy likeness to that of Beatrice—and then he upbraids himself for having been but for a moment beguiled of grief even by another who felt compassion for him who had lost—Beatrice. To be, but during one single moment's relief from utter wretchedness, forgetful of Beatrice—no, not for one single moment forgetful—but with all his being not brimful of remembrance and of misery,—smites him, a sinner—a sinner against Beatrice—with remorse! Then he bows down before her spirit in repentance. She is dead—and he living! and with eyes and ears for any other sight—any other sound—though but an instant's glance, an instant's voice of pity—and the thought is itself at once sin, shame, and punishment! A great poet of our own day speaking of the passion of love, of love for some "slight girl," in the bosom of a man of great energy, tells us how piteously and passionately he uttered his complaints over her death to all the objects of nature with which her memory was associated, and then adds, that the man "who made such passionate complaint, was one of giant stature, one who could have danced equipped from head to feet in iron mail." How inadequate an image! of what importance is the bulk of a man's thewes and sinews when the single combat is with Despair—with any one agony in the heart or the brain? Had Dante been a giant, to whom he of Gath had been a pigmy, there had been nothing, to our conception, sublime, because of his bulk, in his prostration on the grave of Beatrice. He needed not to have flung himself down there—or erect his body as a tree; still his soul would have looked ghastly—and to the soul in its own sufferings alone do we look through the body, savage symbol it may be, as Dante's was, of invisible agonies. Dante was not a "man of giant stature," nor could he have "danced equipped from head to feet in iron mail." In good truth, we suspect he was no dancer at all—unless, perhaps, on the evening of that fête when he, a glorious, and a glorying, and a glorifying boy, nine years old, led forth into the centre, perhaps, of the spacious floor, the stately girl with the ample forehead, one spring and one summer only—younger than himself—for them the year had no autumn, no winter—and the noble children knew, in the divine instinct of a dawning love, destined never to set but in the grave, that they were indeed twin-stars, nor could the one be bright or blest without the other in heaven! But Dante's soul was gigantic; and there was the struggle in which he was overthrown—but overthrown but to rise again, as if he had drawn almost unnatural strength from the ideal dust of his Beatrice, to sing of that Hell and that Purgatory, all whose pains, except that of guilt, the greatest, it is true, of them all, he had gone through when she died, and to sing of that heaven which she even on earth had made him understand, and through whose regions her sainted spirit was afterwards the holy conductress.

Petrarch! all life long Thou pursuedst not,—for She needed not to fly from Thee,—but didst adore a shade, or say rather a gentle gleam of "stationary sunshine!" Thine eyes were often blest in her smiling countenance, thine ears often drank in her voice's melody—everlasting delightful both—to thy most melancholy, most restless spirit. Perhaps happiness had been misery — and fruition dispelled the dream. Womankind existing to Thee but in her, and She, though beautiful flesh and blood, in her inevitable separation but a shade, more visionary and divine was The Sex to thy soul than it ever could have seemed to be, had thine own affianced virgin dropt before her bridal day into the tomb. The ideal world in which Thou so long didst dwell was not disenchanted by thy Laura's death—it only lay in more pensive shade, more melancholy lustre. She who on earth had dwelt apart from thee in body, seemed not to be more remotely removed when she went to Heaven. Her spirit perhaps visited Thee more frequently than ever before did either her bodily

presence, or the idea of her living. Lost at last, utterly and for ever in the grave that Madonna-like countenance, which for so many long years shone on Thee but by glimpses, hurried and stealthy, and not without trouble and tears. But memory, strong as the eye in undying passion,

"Could give Thee back the dead,
Even in the loveliest looks she wore!"

That unenjoyed Delight saved Thee from many sins, and thus

"Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart!"

and immortal Fame came flying to Thee on the wings of Love!

Dante, thy boyhood was blest beyond all bliss; and till the prime of manhood, thou wert with thy Beatrice even on earth, in the heaven of heavens, cheaply purchased by despair and madness! Thy spirit sounded the depths of woe, but no plummet line, even of all thy passions upon passions, could reach the bottom of that sea. When the blackness of night lay densest upon thee, arose before thine eyes thy own celestial Beatrice, and far and wide diffused a sacred and indestructible light over all thy stormy world. She disappeared, and thou didst follow her, even in the flesh, beyond the "flaming bounds of space and time," and beheld her among the highest angels. Therefore, man of many woes, and troubles, and disquietudes, and hates, and revenges! thy fierce spirit often slept in a profounder calm than ever steeps the stillest dreams of those who, by nature and fortune, love and enjoy on earth perpetual peace. The sleep of the eagle on the cliff-edge above the roar of cataracts, and in the heart of the thunder cloud, is hushed and deep as that of the halcyon on the smooth and sunny main!

But lo! the printer's devil! Please, sir, for a few minutes be seated.

For the present, we must lay aside these very delightful volumes—perhaps to return to them, in a month or two—or some time during the winter. We have got over, in this article, only about the third of the first volume—and the Loves of Two Poets—but then such Two! Should the book reach a third edition before Christmas, we shall not adorn our bare, or enliven our dull pages with any more of its gorgeous or animated passages; but if that part of the reading public, which does not confine its midnight studies to Maga, do not call for new editions, then we shall set their teeth on edge, by a taste of some more fair and fresh fruit from the same Tree.

AN EVENING IN FURNESS ABBEY.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

An Apparition hung amid the hush
Of the lone vale; whether exhaled from earth
Or dropt from heaven, as yet my beating heart,
That quaked unto the sudden solitude,
Knew not, nor cared to know—a mist—a cloud—
Material shadow—or a spiritual dream!
Slowly and waveringly it seem'd to change
Into a hoary Edifice, o'erhung
By hoary trees with mouldering boughs as mute
Even as the mouldering stones—a ghost-like show!
Uncertain in their tremor where to rest,
Like birds disturb'd at night, my startled thoughts
Floated around the dim magnificence
Of air-woven roofs, and arches light as air
Spanning the faded sunset, till the Pile,
Still undergoing, as my spirit gazed
Intenslier and intenslier through the gloom,
Strange transformation from the beautiful
To the sublime, breathing alternately
Life-kindling hope and death-foretelling fear,
Majestically settled down at last
Into its own religious character,
A House of Prayer and Penitence—dedicate
Hundreds of years ago to God, and Her
Who bore the Son of Man! An Abbey fair
As ever lifted reverentially
The solemn quiet of its stately roof
Beneath the moon and stars.
And though that Time
Had hush'd the choral anthems, and o'erthrown
The altar, nor the holy crucifix
Spared, whereon hung outstretch'd in agony
Th' Eternal's vision'd arms, 'twas dedicate
To prayer and penitence still; so said the hush
Of earth and heaven unto the setting sun,
Speaking, methought, to nightly-wandering man,
With a profounder meaning than the burst
Of hymns in morn or evening orisons
Chanted, within Imagination's ear,
By supplicants whose dust hath long been mix'd
With that of the hard stones on which they slept,
The cells that heard their penitential prayers,
The cloisters where between the hours of prayer
The brethren walk'd in whispering solitude,
Or sate, with bent-down head each in his niche
Fix'd as stone-image, with his rosary
In pale hands, dropping on each mystic bead
To Mary Mother mild a contrite tear.

Moonless as yet, without one single star,
Lay the blue amplitude of space serene,
Which we in our delight call heaven. No cloud,
Nor thought of cloud, that region all divine
Reposed on or pass'd by; its holiness
Seem'd perfect in its pure simplicity,
Absorbing the whole being like a thought,
Till sky and soul were one. It was that hour

When Gloaming comes on hand in hand with Night
Like dark twin-sisters, and the fairer Day
Is loath to disappear; when all three meet,
Gloaming, and Day, and Night, with dew-drops crown'd,
And veil'd, half-veil'd, each with her shadowy hair;
When unseen roses, known but by their balm,
Full-blown or budding, from their humble beds
Breathe incense to those dim divinities
Pleased with the transient scent of transient things,
As heaven still is with earth; when all Three meet
In the uncertain dimness of the sky,
Each with a beauty of her own combined
Into harmonious colouring, like a tune
Sung by three angel voices, up in heaven,
Unto the rapt ear of the listening earth.
It was an hour for any hallow'd thought
Akin to grief, the highest mood allow'd
To mortal creatures, for all happiness
Worthy that holy name seems steep'd in tears,
Like flowers in dew, or tinged with misty hues
Like stars in halo. Feelings that had slept
For long long years, o'erlaid within the soul
By brooding passions, rose again to power,
As sweet as when they first their lustre lent
To life's young morn, that needed in the sky
No sun to light the glorious universe.
As sweet but for a moment—for they die
Away into the melancholy breathed
From a profound conviction conscience-born,
That they no resting place on earth have now,
All phantoms! doom'd to glide back to their cells
And haply there, beyond the reach of day,
To lie for evermore! In such an hour
Some pensive passage in our Book of Life,
Restored to its original characters,
Gleams on our eyes again, until we wish,
In love and pity of the yearn'd-for dead,
So passionate our desolate spirit's throes,
That we had ne'er been born, or even now
Were with th' invisible in weal or woe
To all eternity! How burn our hearts
Within us! while they strive to grasp again
First loves, first friendships from the clutch of death
That will not lose its hold; when brethren blest
Renew'd some sacrament of sighs and tears,
Religious far beyond the weight of words,
Voiceless in sanctity! When days divine,
Closing on nights diviner still, bequeathed
New treasures to augment th' unhoarded store
Of golden thoughts, and fancies squander'd free
As dew-drops by the morn, yet never miss'd
By th' innocent prodigal, who flung them back
Into the lap of Nature showering still
Her orient pearls for his especial joy!
As o'er some chosen vale the rainbow hangs,
Tingeing the heavens with beauty, till they sing,
A new song to the pathway of the Power
Beloved by gods and men, the Spring who comes
To glorify the earth! Of partings then
We do remember us made long ago,
When youthful heads to stern necessity
First bow'd astonish'd,—of embraces torn

Asunder, felt to be embraces still,
Divided though they be by winds and waves,
And isles, and continents, and months, and years,—
Vain barriers to the reaches of our souls,
That in the midst of life's great desert meet
From far, as on two whirlwinds borne, or wings
Stronger than Jove's own bird's, the plumes of thought,
Winnowing their way across the wilderness.
Or to strange glamoury, lo! deathbeds spread
Their shroudlike whiteness, and their gravelike calm,
Again before our eyes that may not shun
The mortal vision! There a parent lies,
Unhappy only that no voice is left
To utter benediction on our heads,
Not one small word for all that love so great
That gushes out with the last sob of life,
And leaves us orphans—in our agony
Loading those temples with remorseful love
Whose grey hairs haply when they waved with life
We heeded not, even in the hour of prayer.
Oh! oft on nights so beautiful comes back,
All of her own accord, like some fair bird,
That, flying far away over a wood
Or mountain, seeming to be lost for ever
Among the clouds, in sunshine reappears,
At first a dim speck, soon a shining star,
Till, folding up at once her lovely wings
Into composed brightness, down she drops
Into her nest, by that sweet singer left
But for one hurried hour of homeless joy!
Oh! oft on nights so beautiful comes back,
All of her own accord, unchanged her eyes,
Seraphic sweetness, and the glow unchanged
Of that refulgent head, which when it rose
Of old before me through the twilight dews,
I felt that the whole region of the heavens
Needed no other star—comes back, God-sent,
From the dim mountain-range beyond the grave,
Whose awful summits, sometimes seen in sleep,
Sublime our dreams beyond the poetry
Of mightiest bards, when chain'd by fleshly bonds
Within this waking world—comes back from bliss
My holy Orphan! She had heard a voice
Calling upon her, one still Sabbath morn,
When like a lily of the field array'd
For going to the house of God, to lay
Her Bible down, and come away to heaven!
Even in one hour she died—just as the psalm,
Through which her singing like a silver harp
Was wont to lead the sacred melody,
Came to her ear, across the banks and braes
Of yellow broom in which her father's cot
Nest-like was built; nor ever mortal eyes
Saw that sweet bird in living beauty more!

How reverend the old Abbey's ivied walls!
How pleasant in their sweet solemnity,
Unto my spirit, long disturb'd by grief,
Nor less by joy, now tranquil as the core
Of that hush'd chancel, as the inmost heart
Of that night-darkening oak! Many long years,
Since I last visited, then all alone,

The Vale of Nightshade. Wandering up and down
Earth's Deserts and her Edens—in the flush
Of flowery fields enamell'd by the spring
Now forming fancy-garlands—in the gloom
Of forests, where no hermit had his cave,
So sullen that o'ershadowing solitude,
Weaving a net of necromantic dreams—
Now by the shore of some great inland loch,
Or sea-arm tossing white among the hills
To the black thunder-cloud, sole sitting there
So motionless the long-wing'd heron sway'd
His flight not from the stone of which I seem'd
A part, incorporated with the dash
Of howling waves, and savage blasts that shook
The avalanche from the cliff, descending swift
Down to the glen, as the scared eagle soar'd
Up into heaven! Now down the broomy burn
That wimpled on round garden'd villages,
Angling along, attended by a group
Of eager children, their short sunny hour
Of mid-day play devouring; then away,
Each with his scaly treasure held aloft,
Shouting out praises of the stranger's skill
And bounty—lavish of the silver fry.
Now by some moorland stream-fount welling out
A sheep-surrounded circle of bright green,
That would have shamed the emerald, 'neath a rock
Fern-feather'd, and with white-stemm'd birch-tree crown'd,
Lying remote above the hum of man,
With face up to the sky, nor wanting food
For meditation, while one single cloud
Came journeying from afar, or Beauty breathed
Upon the braided sky most delicate
A fleecy whiteness that subdued the blue
To cloudy character without a cloud!

Thus wandering, wafted like the thistle-down,
Yet not so wholly aimless, not so moved
By impulse from without, liker a bee
That with the wind goes humming, yet directs
At his own gladsome will his gauzy wings
Right onward to the honied sycamore,
Or silent peal of pendant fox-glove bells,
Or mountain-bosom from a distance seen
Pitch-black, but near as winds his shrilly horn,
Brighter than purple on a monarch's robe,
And bathed in richer perfume—wandering thus
In ignorance of the future of my life,
Nor caring, wishing, hoping, fearing aught
Beyond the pregnant present—each wild day
A world within itself, my griefs and joys
All at my own creation and command,
As far as human soul may be let loose
From impositions of necessity,
Forgetting oft in self-will'd fancy's flight
All human ties that would enchain her dreams
Down to a homelier bliss, and loving more
The dim aerial shadow of this life
Even than the substance of the life itself,
Morn found me on the mountain-tops, and Night
Descended on me in the glens, where hut
Or shieling scarcely hid me from the stars.

All shadows then of life how beautiful!
As sometimes when the sunset spell is strong,
And all the elements seem rarified,
Mountains and woods and towers delight the soul
On an inverted world in wonder down
Deep-gazing, as it hangs in the abyss
Of the evanish'd lake, far far beyond
The real mountains, where the living flocks
Are browsing or at rest—the real woods,
Where flit the living birds from shade to shade,
Or in the sunshine sing—the real towers,
Where chime the clear-toned Sabbath evening-bells
Unto the real clouds, whose purple light
On people walking to the house of God
Falls gracious; for all *these are* what they seem,
And but by common things inhabited;
But *those* are all ideal in that glow
So evanescent in its purity,
And appertain to a remoter life
Untouch'd by sin or sorrow, not a sound
Disturbing their beatitude divine,
Transmitted, through the silence of the eye,
To that congenial region of the spirit
Where all reflections from this noisy world
Hang floating in their beauty, till the breath
Of some rude passion curl along the calm,
And all at once is gone! Then reappears
The daily bosom of our mother earth,
Where weary feet are pacing to and fro;
And weary hearts are wishing they were laid
In her insensate dust!

Those days are gone;
And it has pleased high Heaven to crown my life
With such a load of happiness, that at times
My very soul is faint with bearing up
The blessed burden. For that airy world,
So full of coruscations and strange fires
Electric, one that by a golden chain
Hangs balanced in its planetary peace,
I love to dwell in now; and in the mists
And storms that sometimes stain its atmosphere,
Or shake it till the orb doth seem to quake
Even to its centre, I behold the hand,
I hear the voice of my Creator's love.
And now the Genius of the household fire—
The Christian Lar, who hath our Sabbath hours
Under his felt protection, whispers low
His gentle inspiration through my heart
Which loveth dearlier now a homeborn song—
That I may chant unto my children dear,
Not undelighted with a father's voice,
To them made music by a father's love—
Than wildest strain in silvan solitude
Piped to the strange-faced rocks, and figures grim
That frown in forests, when the day is dark
As night, in spite of the meridian sun.
What though Imagination's wings be chain'd?
Form'd are the fetters of soft balmy flowers,
Gather'd by angel-hands in Paradise.
No need that I should with creative eyes
Raise up fair shadowy creatures, racing fleet

On the hillside, or lying fast asleep
On mossy couch, beneath the mossy arms
Of antique oak,—some Shape of beauty rare,
Oread or Dryad,—or in grotto cool
Among the music of the waterfall
Naiad as pure as the small silver spring
In which she had her birth, on some May-morn
Issuing in pearly beauty from the gleam,
And disappearing like a foambell there,
When first she hears the harmless stockdove's voice.
For rising up throughout my wedded years
That melted each away so quietly
Into the other, that I never thought
Of wondering at the growth before my eyes
Of my own human Flowers most beautiful—
So imperceptible had been the change
From infancy to childhood—lovely both—
And then to grace most meek and maidenly,
Three Spirits given by God to guard and keep
For ever in their native innocence,
Glide o'er my floors like sunbeams, and like larks
Are oft heard singing to their happy selves,
No eye upon them but the eye of Heaven.
And now, revisiting these Abbey-walls,
How changed my state from what it was of yore,
When mid an hundred homes no home had I
Whose hearth had power to chain me from the rest!
No roof, no room, no bower in the near wood
In which at once are now concentrated
All the sweet scents and all the touching sounds,
All the bright rays of life.

Link'd hand in hand,
Mute and most spirit-like, from out the gloom
Of the old Abbey issuing, all their smiles
Subdued to a sweet settled pensiveness
By the religion of the Ruin, lo!
The Three came softly gliding on my dream,
Attended by the moonshine; for the Orb
Look'd through the oriel window, and the Vale
Soon overflow'd with light. As they approach'd,
My heart embraced them in their innocence,
And sinless pride express'd itself in prayer.
From morn they had been with me in the glens
And on the mountains, by the lakes and rivers,
And through the hush of the primeval woods,
And such a beauteous day was fitly closed
By such a beauteous night. No word they spake,
But held their swimming eyes in earnestness
Fix'd upon mine, as if they wish'd to hear
My voice amid the silence, for the place
Had grown too awful for their innocent hearts;
And half in love, and half in fear, they prest
Close to their Father's side, till at a sign
They sat them down upon a fragment fall'n,
With all its flowers and mosses, from the arch
Through which the moon was looking; and I said
That I would tell to them a Tale of Tears,
A Tale of Sorrows suffer'd long ago!

Close to our feet an antique Tombstone lay,
Which time, with reverential tenderness,
Had seem'd to touch, so that the Images,

There sculptured centuries ago, were yet
Perfect almost as when they felt the shower
Of the first agony! All in mail, from head
To feet, the Figure of a Warrior stretch'd
His height heroic, by his side a sword
Such as of old, with huge two-handed sway,
Made lanes in battles, but the giant-hands,
Palm unto palm, even like a saint's in prayer,
Upon his breast were folded piously,
And meek his visage as a child's in sleep.
Across the stone and at that warrior's feet
The Figure—so it seem'd—of female young,
In simple vestments, such as worn of old
By one of low degree, the child of Hind
Or Forester. The very winds of heaven,
As if in pity of their mournfulness
Had spared the lineaments of that gentle face,
And delicately, in its dove-like calm,
Her bosom now did in the moonlight lie;
No wrinkle on her forehead, and the hair,
Though stone-wreath'd, seemingly as soft as silk
Beneath a silken fillet that upbound
The gather'd locks into a simple snood,
Such as in olden time each maiden wore
Before her bridal day. In lowliest guise!
As if unworthy by the side to lie
Of that great lord, whose lineage high was drawn
From crowned kings—an Image he of Pride,
And she of most abased Humility,
As far beneath that mighty one in death
As she had been in life, when palace-halls
Hung o'er his unhelm'd head, or banners proud
Rustled o'er his plumes in battle—She the while
Plaiting her rushes by the cottage door,
Or singing old songs in the silvan shade
To her sole self, among the spotted deer.

Oft had I gazed on those two Effigies,
When to the solitary mountain-gloom
Sent devious from my pilgrimage, by force
Of those fine impulses that bear us on
From awe to awe, till suddenly is found
Some glorious vision that we did not seek,
Nor knew was on the earth; and of the dreams
That came to me from out the ruin'd Pile,
Legend surviving dimly when the moth
Hath eat to dust the hoary chronicles,
And ballad sung with many a various voice
In different glens, by maidens at their wheel
To wondering children, or at hour of noon
In gay hay-harvest, 'neath the hawthorn shade,
To Toil by music to his strength restored
As if by dropping dews—by sweet degrees
My soul form'd to itself a history
Of the Dead figured thus—a Tale that grew
Almost unconsciously and unawares;
As one who wandering through the rich-stored woods
In dreamy idlesse, ever and anon,
Plucks here and there a ground-flower, till, behold!
Yellow and blue and purple, in his hands
One gather'd constellation! that illumes
With sudden beauty all the wilderness.

In days of yore, these pleasant realms—now stretch'd
In variegated beauty from the dip
Of the low hills in which the mountains fade
Away from the Lake-land, into wide bays,
And far, far off to beacon'd promontories—
Were forest-grown even to the very Sea;
Nor wanted Walney's storm-beat Isle, now bare,
Its murmur of old groves, nor Fouldrey's Pile
Its stately sycamores that loved the spray
Of the rock-scaling tide. The horizon hung
On trees, round all its dark circumference;
While here and there, a Church-Tower lifted up
Its peaceful battlements, or warlike Keep
Frown'd on the cliff, the watchman's sun-tipt spear
Far glancing o'er the woods. Hundreds of huts
Were hidden in that silvan gloom,—some perch'd
On verdant slopes from the low coppice clear'd;
Some in deep dingles, secret as the nest
Of robin-redbreast, built among the roots
Of pine, on whose tall top the throstle sings.
Hundreds of huts! yet all apart, and felt
Far from each other; mid the multitude
Of intervening stems, each glen or glade
By its own self a perfect solitude,
Hush'd but not mute, for many a little stream,
Now dead, then sung its sweet accompaniment
Unto the ceaseless warbling of the birds,
And silence listen'd to the frequent chant
Of stated hymn that from the Abbey rose
By nights, and days as still as any nights,
Each echo more mysterious than before,
Far, far away reviving, and at last
Evanish'd, like a prayer received in heaven.

Oh! let one Hut be rescued from the dust!
And let its thousand rose-balls burn again
On porch-wall roof, and let the self-same dews
There lie unmelted by the morn that rose
Hundreds of years ago! Oh! back to life
Return Thou in thy matchless beauty—Thou
Whom Love and Wonder in the olden time
Baptized in tears that flow'd from very bliss,
THE FLOWER OF FURNESS! by no other name
Known to the dwellers in the woods, when life
Rejoiced to breathe within a form so fair;
Nor now by other name is ever known
That Image lying at that Warrior's feet!

Lo! walking forth into the sunny air,
Her face yet shaded by the pensiveness
Breathed o'er it from her holy orisons,
She pours a blessing from her dewy eyes
O'er that low roof, and then the large blue orbs
Salute serenely the high arch of heaven.
On—on she shines away into the woods!
And all the birds burst out in ecstacy
As she hath reappear'd. And now she stands
In a lone glade beside the Fairies' Well—
So named she in delight a tiny spring
In the rich mosses fringed with flowery dies,
O'erhung by tiny trees, that tinier still
Seem'd through that mirror, in whose light she loved

Each morn to reinstate with simple braids
Into its silken snood her virgin hair,
Unconsciously admired by her own soul
Made happy—such is Nature's law benign—
Even by the beauty of her own innocence.

Of gentle blood was she; but tide of time,
Age after age, bore onwards to decay
The fortunes of her fathers, and at last
The memory of the once illustrious dead
Forgotten quite, and to all common ears
The name they were so proud of most obscure
And meaningless, among the forest-woods,
The poor descendant of that house was now,
But for the delicate Wild-Flower blooming there,
Last of his race, a lowly Forester!
Yet never Lady, in her jewell'd pride,
As she appear'd upon her bridal morn,
Pictured by limner who had lived in love
With rarest beauty all his life, in halls
Of nobles, and the palaces of kings,
E'er look'd more lovely through Time's tints divine,
Than she who stood now by the Fairies' Well,
Imagination's phantom, lily-fair,
In pure simplicity of humblest life.

Hark! hark! the music of a bugle-horn!
And lo! all bright in hunter's green, a plume
Of eagle feathers nodding as he bounds
Deerlike into the glade, with bow and arrows
Arm'd, but no savage outlaw he, a Form
In stature taller than the sons of men,
Descends of a sudden on the wilderness,
Before that Flower, now quaking in her fear,
Even like her sister lilies, when a flash
Of lightning sheers the woods, and the strange growl
Of thunder mutters through the solitude.
But soon that fear expired—or mix'd with love,
Such love as innocent spirits feel, amazed
By some surpassing shape of mortal mould,
Earthly, yet lending to the things of earth
A statelier, more seraphic character.
Recovering from that tremor, a long gaze
Bound her to what she fear'd and loved; and then
Folding her hands across her breast, she sank
In a submissive attitude meekly down,
And gracefully, with bended knees, saluting
Noble, or Prince, or King!

Even like some Power
Olympian, of that high mythology,
In whose religion fair Achaia held
Perpetual intercourse with visible forms
Balmy and bright with scents and hues of heaven,
And oft enamour'd of Earth's Daughters, Gods,
Descending to enjoy our mortal love,
Forgot their native skies, that Vision stood
One moment in his majesty, then stoop'd
Lordlike in homage of that lowly maid,
And raised her to his bosom, on the light
Of her closed eyelids, letting fall a kiss
As gentle as when brother lays his lips

On a sweet sister's brow, when on return
From foreign travel he beholdeth her
Whom he had left a child, to maidenhood
Grown up in happiness, a stately flower,
Whom all admire, but few may dare to love!

No sound amid the silence of the woods
Was heard, save moaning faint and far away
The stockdove's voice; and near the Fairies' Well
The beating of that maiden's heart, such sighs
As murmur from the lips of one oppress'd
In sleep by some divine and dangerous dream.
Released from that too dear imprisonment,
At bidding of those princely eyes, and hands
Familiar with command, yet gentle both,
She sat her down obedient, by the brink
Of the pure spring, and knew that by her side,
Although her darken'd eyes beheld him not,
Was that bright Noble with his Eagle-plumes.
"Would that she were within her father's hut,
Escaped from the delight that fill'd and shook
Her soul with dread!" So pray'd she—but her limbs
Were chain'd as palsy-stricken, and her face
O'erflow'd with powerless tears! Soothed by sweet words,
Whose meanings yet were indistinct and dim,
But murmur'd in such music as she felt
Could breathe no evil, and could only come
From one who pity had for innocence,
Ere long she lifted up her face, and gave
Again its troubled beauty to the gaze
That look'd into her life! That she was fair,—
That it had pleased God to make her fair,
She knew, as well as that the summer sky
Is felt by all hearts to be beautiful.
Else, wherefore paused each passer by to bid
A blessing on her countenance? Why was she
Alone, among so many maidens, call'd
The Flower of Furness? Yet, if ever pride
Did touch her spirit at that pleasant name,
Such pride it was as one might almost think,
When gazing on the lily or the rose,
Breathes a fine impulse through these Favourites
Of Sun and Air, and universal Nature,
Till shaking off the dew-drops, they expand
In their full beauty, o'er some desert-place
Shedding the lustre of their happiness!
All too divine her loveliness to praise;
But shower'd from eloquent lips and eloquent eyes
Came down upon her now such looks—rays—words,
Blended in union irresistible,
That no more could her bosom turn away
From that descent of sound, and light, and dew,
Than rose or lily from the gentle face
Of the flower-loving Sun, when o'er her bed,
Her humble bed in the untrodden wild,
The soaring lark within the rainbow sings!

Within th' embrace, even on the very breast
Of one of England's most illustrious Knights,
By birth illustrious, and by feats of arms
Done for the Holy Cross in Palestine,
As innocent entirely as a dove

In pity prest by some affectionate child
To its fond bosom,—unacquainted yet
With sin, or sin-born sorrow, however near
May be their fatal presence, lieth now—
And God's own eye is on her, and the eyes
Of all his angels in that perilous hour—
The daughter of a lowly Forester!
Too humble to oppose, too blest to fear
The kiss that thrills her forehead! For a name,
That from the far-off mountains to the sea
Was like a household word in hut and hall,
Now murmur'd in her ear; and never maid,
High-born or humble, suffer'd scathe or scorn
From the LE FLEMING, in his glorious youth
Pure as a star, whose light is always pure,
Because its station is aloft, and prayers
From earth prevent its being stain'd in heaven.
It pass'd—that meeting—with the morning clouds!
But oft and oft was with the morning clouds
Renew'd, and by the light of setting suns
And rising moons, and that soft-burning Star
Which ever, so impassion'd spirits dream,
Looks down on lovers like a thing that loves.
And ever as they met by day or night,
That maiden yielded up her tranced life
To the dear dream, which all the while she knew
Was but a dream, and strove she to believe
That it might last for ever, though a voice,
A still small voice within the aching depths
Where fear and sorrow struggled, oft did say
That all such dreams were transient as the dew.
And aye at his departure disappear'd
All joy from this dark world. The silvan shades
Were haunted now by miserable thoughts,
Coming and going ghostlike; what they meant
By their dire threatenings, one so weak as she
And wretched might not know; but whisperings
Prophetic of some sad calamity,
Of early death and burial, from the hush
Of the old trees would come, and oft did pass
Close by her ear, upon the bed where sleep
Now seldom dropp'd oblivion. Now the Moon,
The splendid harvest Moon, that used to shine
Upon her pleasant paths so cheerfully,
Disturb'd her with a lustre all too fair
For weary weeper on a sinful earth;
And something, though she wist not what it was,
Something whose shadow was most terrible,
Oft seem'd to stand between her and the stars.
Seldom her old songs now the maiden sang!
They told of lowly and of happy loves,
Of true hearts, after many a patient year
That tried their faith by absence, or the wo
Of rumour'd death, or houseless poverty,
Wedded at last, and living all their lives
In merry greenwood, cheerful as the doves
That coo'd, or flowers that bloom'd, upon their roof.
She durst not sing such happy songs as these,
And fain would have forgot the melodies
In which they were embalm'd! Oh! never now
Had she the heart to chant that ballad old,
Wherein 'twas shewn how once a King's own son,

Disguised as a woodsman, came and woo'd
A Forest Maiden, and at last prevail'd
On the poor wretch to be his Paramour;
Who, in a little month, forsaken, died!
But not till she had broke her parents' hearts!
" But not till she had broke her parents' hearts!"
A strange voice mutter'd. When she look'd around,
She saw that not so much as one leaf stirr'd,
Or insect's wing, in all the solitude!
And thus there was not one familiar word,
Or one familiar thought, that could not bring
The groans from out her heart, as if it lay,
Her very soul, outstretch'd upon a rack,
While a dark fiend did smite, till swoonings dim
O'ershadow'd all her senses, and despair
Fell on her worse than death! And this was—Love!

But in his passion for that starlike Flower,
Which, waving sweetly in the woodland air,
Unto his rapt imagination seem'd
To shew whate'er was fairest, brightest, best,
In the created things that beauty breathe,
More touching far, because so suddenly,
And far removed out of the lofty sphere
In which he shone, the new Existence rose
Almost beyond belief, far far beyond,
Even in the grace he loved, all Images
Of Lady or Queen in fabling Poesy,
(And he had listen'd to the amorous lays
Sung to the harp by wandering Troubadour
In Tent pitch'd by the sea of Galilee,
Or by the desert-well o'ershadowed
By palm-trees blest by weary pilgrimage)
In such a passion the Le Fleming walk'd
Statelier and statelier, like a very god
Who reigneth in his undivided sway
O'er his own world; and prouder far was he
Of the fair May he woo'd among the woods,
And of the fragrant lilies in her breast,
And of those moist celestial violets
Her undisguising eyes, than heretofore
He e'er had been of smile of high-born Dame,
Who, from balcony stooping down, let fall
To him the victor in the tournament
Her colours sigh'd for by all England's Peers.

From that great Sire, who with the Conqueror
Came over from the warlike Normandy,
Le Fleming gloried in his lofty line
Unstain'd, for centuries, by any stream
Of less illustrious blood! And would he wed
The daughter of a Forester? blest Flower,
Although indeed she be! by nature dropt
Among the common weeds that fade unseen
Around his lordly feet! No! she shall be
His Bonnibelle, his Burde, his Paramour,
To some enchanted forest-bower among
The guardian mountains spirited away!
And there to sing, and sigh, and weep, and weave
Disconsolate fancies in her solitude;
By vows, which Heaven itself will consecrate,
Even at the silvan altar of pure Truth,

Together link'd for ever, far beyond
The sanctity of Ritual e'er pronounced
In Abbey's gloom by soulless celibate!
" To sing, and sigh, and smile, and weep!" Aye, there
Despised, loved, pitied, worshipp'd and adored!
For beauty such as hers might be adored,
In Bower of Bliss, though Sorrow kept the door,
And Sin, veil'd like a Seraph, strew'd the couch
Unruffled by Repentance!
Oh! my soul!
How glimmering are the bounds that oft divide
Virtue from Vice, and from the Night of Guilt
The Day-spring of Religion! Conscience shuts
Her shining eye, lull'd into fatal sleep
Even by the voice of Love! or, worst of all
Imaginable miseries, looketh on
And listeneth, heedless of her sacred trust,
On troubled bliss that leads our souls to death!
Though God's vicegerent, sovereign of the soul,
And shewing clear credentials from above,
Yet even that Seraph, by allurements won,
Or by severe temptation terrified,
The Terrene for the Heavenly, (as at night
A marish vapour seems a luminary
Whose dwelling is upon the steadfast skies)
Mistakes most ruefully; and, slave of Fate,
Walks onwards to perdition! Witness ye!
Who on the wings of passion, even like doves
Borne by their instinct o'er untravell'd seas,
Safe in the hurricane, till they gently drop
Into their native nest, vainly believe
That you, like those glad birds, are flying home
To Heaven, directed by the Polar Star
Hung out to guide us mortal mariners,
While you are hurrying to the sunless clime
Of God-forsaken Sin and Misery!

" O Father, Mother!"—" Fear not, mine own Flower!
But they will both be happy, when they see
Thee happy as the Morn. Thou must not weep
Any more tears for them; and yet I love
That paleness on thy cheek, for Nature's ties
Are holy; but the holiest of them all
Is that, which spite of Fortune and of Fate,
And evil stars, in life and death unites
Two souls whom this bad world and its bad laws,
In vain would seek to sever! From that world
Far, far apart, and all its heartlessness,
We two shall live—Oh! let me see thine eyes
Again, and kiss away these idle tears—
And not a whisper ever shall be heard
From any human voice that is not charged
With prayers and blessings upon thee and thine!
Yes! thou, even in their prayers, shalt still be call'd
The Flower of Furness, when the poor do kneel
To Him who pities and forgives us all,
And our transgressions, calling on the Saints,
And Her whom we adore, to hold thee ever
Under their own protection, as thou walk'st
Among the woods, dispensing charity
To widows and to orphans; every boon
Felt in their sickness, penury, or age,
To be still more angelical and divine,

Because of the sweet sound and the sweet light
Breathed with it from thy bosom and thine eyes
Day after day more and more beautiful,
If that indeed may be, from being vow'd
To Love and Pity all life-long, and knowing
No happiness but that of doing good!
Yet, never never ceasing, till we die,
To hold within the sanctuary of thy heart
Thine own Le Fleming, though unworthy he,
But for the life-deep passion that attends
Thy coming and thy going, on thy breast
To lay his head in heaven! God bless that smile!—
Aye! ours will be the sunniest life, my dove,
That ever glanced or glided o'er the earth!
Sometimes upon thy palfrey, silver-rein'd,
Thy true knight by thy side, through alleys green
Of glimmering forest, Queenlike thou shalt go,
As in adventurous days of old Romance;
But peril near thee shall be none, no fiend
Or giant starting up among the woods
All still and beautiful as Faëry Londe.
Or habited like huntress, even with bow
In thy fair hand, and o'er thy shoulders fair
A quiver, thou shalt like Diana's self
Pursue the spotted deer. Yet drop of blood
In these our innocent pastimes ne'er shall stain
Arrow of thine; for thou from infancy
Hast loved the timid race; most sweet to thee
To stand and look upon the hind at play
In shady places with her fauns, and soon
They all will learn to look upon thy face
With fearless love, nor shun thy noiseless feet
Along the moss-sward underneath the boughs
So mossy of the overarching oaks.
Oh! I will lead thee through a hundred vales
Solemn or sweet to visit, our two selves
The only human creatures in the gloom
Flung down like night upon us from the cliffs
Of huge Helvellyn, where the eagles cry;
Or in the hush, as gentle as thy sleep,
Of lovely Grassmere, where the Church-Tower stands
Above the ashes of my ancestors,
A place always as peaceful as a dream!
Or floating in our pinnace through the isles
Of wooded Windermere, the River-Lake
Hung for a while between two worlds of stars!
Nor need'st thou fear, my Innocent, with me
To visit, through the moonshine steering slow,
On Lady-Isle that Holy Oratory;
And on my bosom leaning, there to pray
That if indeed there any error be,
Frailty, or guilt, or sin, in love like ours,
Even for the dear sake of such contrite tears
As now flow from thine eyes, and still must flow,—
For fondest kisses cannot reach their source
Profound—there both of us will plead and pray,
My spirit then as humble as thine own,
That it may be forgiven! But if from Thee
I now must walk away in my despair,
And never, never see thee any more
In all this loveless life, this weary world;
If all my supplications now must fall

Into that bosom, idle as the shower
Of transitory tears which soon will melt
Away in its fair sweetness, how shall I
Bear up against the utter wretchedness
Of such a desolation! Keep my head
From going down to a dishonour'd grave!"
He ceased; nor in that passion did he know,
Although he dimly fear'd, his wickedness.
For his was not a heart of stone; but fill'd
To overflowing with heroic thoughts,
With tender feelings, and with fancies wild;
A Being he, if ever such there were,
By Nature made to love, and be beloved,
Even as a vernal day. But Pride, the sin
Of seraphs, and of mortal men who stand
Upon the sunny summits of this life,
The native greatness of his character
Had lower'd unawares, and to the core
Corrupted, but not wither'd; for they grew
Strong at the heart, and in luxuriance still,
The passions that were given him to uplift
His soul, and gain for him a name in peace,
Fair, as in war it was most glorious.
And now he would beguile to sin and shame,
And wo and death, and doom beyond the grave—
For in the sacred judgments of our souls
Such seems the lot of ruin'd innocence—
That Virgin, whom his love had found as pure
As dew-drop in a dream, as glad as light
Upon the hills of God!
With clasped hands,
And eyes beseechful, yet upbraiding not,
Imploringly the silent Statue pray'd
That he would yet have pity on her youth,
Even for her parents' sakes! Then like a dove,
That, stricken by some sudden bird of prey,
Falls moaning near its nest, down at his feet
She dropt, with one long sigh that seem'd to say,
"My heart is broken!" To the Fairies' Well
He bore the corpse; for in his agony
That word, most hideous of all hideous words,
Was heard within the dream of his remorse,
While a more ghastly whiteness overspread
The face of her whom he had murder'd. Lo!
Through the dim opening of her eyes appears
Something that may be life! The eyelids move
A little, and that glimpse of heavenly blue,
Faint though it be and clouded, may not dwell
In orbs that have eclipsed been by death.
See! how the breathing mystery we call Soul
Comes back! Where was it even now, when throbb'd
No pulse—no sense took notice—and the heart
Beat not nor flutter'd, nor one single thought
Remain'd within the many-chamber'd brain?
Gazing bewilder'd on some other world,
She all at once starts up unto her knees,
And fixes wildly on Le Fleming's face
Eyes full of manifest insanity,
As if she were a fiend unto a fiend
Gibbering in wrathful speech. Oh! not a word
Has meaning, or, if any meaning range
Among the alter'd syllablings of names

Familiar once and sacred, it is such
As well might break the hardest heart to hear,
Sinful, and like a poisonous breath distill'd
Even from the dews of those most innocent lips,
Even from the sweet stream of those innocent veins,
Even from the pure drops of that innocent heart,
Whose worst confessions, before God and man,
A little while ago were scarcely worth
The shedding of a tear!
But Mercy's hand
Hath readjusted now the wondrous springs
On which the reasonable spirit moves,
And hath at once her being and her powers,
All knowledge of herself and of this world,
Of Heaven and of the God who reigns in Heaven;
Else, in their dread disorder, to the beasts
That range the fields inferior in all sense
And feeling, the most sad and terrible
Of all the sad and terrible things in Nature—
And once again the Flower of Furness shines
In all her beauty brought back from afar,
In innocence returning from the gates
Of Hades. "Yes! I swear by all the stars
Reeling so strangely through the skies—by all
The uncouth glimmering of that moon—by Him
Who died for sinners—and a sinner I
Beyond all other sinners—and I swear
By Father and by Mother, whom my sin
Will soon send to their graves, to follow Thee,
Where'er thou beckonest, and in love to lie
Upon thy breast, though in some dungeon-cell
Our couch may be, among all crawling things
That flesh and blood doth shudder at, and life
Recoils from into madness—I am thine!
Body and soul—am thine! and for thy sake
I sacrifice them both to endless death!"

Remorse! What art thou but a pang of guilt,
By the destruction of some bliss enjoy'd
Alarm'd and troubled, or by vanishing
Of some bliss madly long'd for? Virtue hangs
Upon a stay more frail than gossamere
That hangs on Thee! Back from the gates of death
By thee no sinner ever yet was turn'd;
For thou art as unlike to sweet Contrition
As the swart Ethiop on the Afric desert
To Una wandering along Faëry Land!
As bounds upon the battle-field the soul
Of warrior to the cry of victory
Round his Van-banner, bounded then the soul
Of the Le Fleming! Cruel in his bliss,
And most relentless—nor to pity moved
By that confession, in their darkness felt
By very fiends to be most pitiful;
But even while her parents' ghosts stood by,
So said the lost child who beheld them plain,
His old grey head and *her* distracted eyes,
He tied her to her oath, as to a stake
Within the roarings of the coming sea;
And to her fate resign'd, she touch'd his lips
With one kiss cold as tombstone when the night
Descends in frost upon a cemetery.

Not till the parting that did then befall,
Could that lost creature ever know that Love
Was but one name for all life's miseries.
For she had fix'd another Trysting-Hour
From which she never more was to return
Unto her sinless bed, but disappear
Away with him from her old parents' eyes,
And before God Almighty break their hearts.
The moon had sunk; and over all the stars
Black clouds came sailing from the sea; and sighs
And groans most human-like went up and down
The creaking woods, with dreariest intervals
Of utter silence. At the door she stood,
And fear'd to lift the latch; then blind and deaf
She totter'd o'er the threshold, and beheld
Her miserable father on his knees,
Before what, by the twinkling of the hearth,
Was seen to be a corpse—her mother's corpse,
Sitting with unclosed eyelids on a chair,
And staring glazedly throughout the gloom
Straight on her daughter's face! "My wickedness
Has kill'd my mother!" And no other words
Did issue from her lips till morning light;
But in a most unbreathing trance she lay,
Her father sometimes fearing she was dead.
As if awaking from her usual sleep,
She at her usual hour arose, and knelt
By her bedside to say her usual prayers,
When all on a sudden starting up, she paced
Like one who hath deranged been for years,
In strange directions up and down the room,
Eying particular pieces of the walls,
As if that she were reading on a book,
And by the knowledge of some dismal thing
Distracted and amazed. Then all at once
Laying her finger on her lips, "Hush! hush!"
She said, "hush! hush! my mother sleeps!
Those cruel sunbeams must not be allow'd
To strike her face!" Then with wild shrieks she flew
Into her father's arms, and tore herself
Next moment from them with distorted features,
Shouting and yelling, "Fiend—fiend—fiend!"

The sea,
Whose foam has been through all the thunderous night
With floating shipwreck strewn, begins at morn
To heave in terrible beauty, and subsiding
Hour after hour through all the fitful day
Into a rolling gloom, by sunset, lo!
The world of waters is as still as sleep!
So raged—so heaved—so roll'd—and so to calm
Profound and perfect, that poor maniac's soul
Return'd. And once again among the woods
The Flower of Furness in her beauty walk'd;
But pale and silent as a ghost, and none
In awe and pity dared to speak to her,
Or to the unearthly stillness of her grief.
In his bereavement her old father went,
As he had gone for more than forty years,
To work for their poor livelihood, far off
On the High-Furness fells. The day goes by,
On which our soul's beloved dies! The day,

On which the body of the dead is stretch'd
By hands that deck'd it when alive; the day
On which the dead is shrouded; and the day
Of burial—one and all pass by! The grave
Grows green ere long; the churchyard seems a place
Of pleasant rest; and all the cottages,
That keep for ever sending funerals
Within its gates, look cheerful every one,
As if the dwellers therein never died,
And this earth slumber'd in perpetual peace.
For every sort of suffering there is sleep
Provided by a gracious Providence,
Save that of sin. We must at first endure
The simple woe of knowing they are dead,
A soul-sick woe in which no comfort is,
And wish we were beside them in the dust!
That anguish dire cannot sustain itself;
But settles down into a grief that loves,
And finds relief in unreproved tears.
Then cometh Sorrow like a Sabbath! Heaven
Sends resignation down, and faith; and last
Of all, there falls a kind oblivion
Over the going out of that sweet light
In which we had our being; and the wretch,
Widow'd and childless, laughs in his old age,
Laughs and is merry even among the tombs
Of all his kindred! Say not that the dead
Are unforgotten in their graves! For all
Beneath the sun and moon is transitory;
And sacred sorrow like a shadow flies,
As unsubstantial as the happiness
Whose loss we vainly wept!

And will She keep
That Trysting-Hour? And all for love of him
Who reigneth o'er her soul, as doth the sun,
Though hidden, o'er some melancholy sky,
Forsake her widow'd father's house—the grave
Of her who died within the very hour
Her daughter ledged her oath to shame and sin?
That Trysting-Hour is come. The Wizard's Oak
With its dark umbrage hides them from the moon
And stars, but yet a little glimmering light
Is in the glade, and He beholds a face,
White as the face of one who hath been dress'd
That morning for interment, beautiful,
With fixed features that shall never more
Be touch'd by one faint smile! "My mother's dead.
And I have been, and fear that I am now,
Not in my proper mind. But I am come,
Though weak in body as I am in soul
Most truly wicked,—I am come to keep
My oath, and go with thee to love and death!"

It was an hour for Passion's self to die
In Pity; and the moonshine sadly fell
On his caresses tender now and pure
As those in which a father holds his child,
When call'd on to set sail to-morrow's morn,
From his sole orphan, to some far-off sea.
A sacred hush subdued his blood, which flow'd
As cold as hers who wept herself away

Within th' embrace she had no cause to fear,
Or turn from in her innocence. Her love
Was felt to be religion towards one
Who, while the beatings of his heart met hers,
Knew how to venerate the sanctity
Of nature overwhelm'd by vast distress.
By pity touch'd, and shaken by remorse,
He promised to allow her virgin life,
At her beseechings, till another Spring
To breathe amid her native woods; till then
To come no more upon her solitude.
"And haply thus," she said, "he might forget
Her sinful sorrow and her sinful love—
Her sinful self—and better it would be
For both their sakes, if ere next May-day came,
He were to hear that she was dead and buried!"

Into a foreign land he went away.
The winter came, and all the winter's snow
Again did melt and melt from the green earth;
And the warm winds of April woke once more
The sweet perennial flowers on bank and brae,
Primrose and violet, with embroidery rare
Decking the ground-moss in each forest glade,
Around the woodlark's nest. Once more the Spring
Upon the Flower of Furness look'd from heaven;
And well might now the very Elements
Sigh for her sake and weep. For she hath held,
All through the gloomy days and raving nights
Of winter, converse with a dreadful Shape,
Shadowy indeed, and unsubstantial,
Yet obvious on her path whene'er she went
Alone into the woods—with lips, hands, eyes,
All silent, and its glidings silent too,
But in its sadness always terrible,
Although it wore her mother's countenance,
With such dim alteration as the grave
Breathes o'er the ghost of one in life beloved!
If to the Fairies' Well she dared to go,
'Twas there! From out the holy Abbey's gloom
It issued! Underneath the Wizard's Oak
It had its seat; and from the solemn sea,
If ever near the moonlight waves she walk'd,
Arose the Apparition! That the grave,
Or land beyond the grave, sends back the dead,
From sin to warn in mercy, or to sin
To drive in wrath our miserable souls,
By passion and imagination stirr'd
From their mysterious depths, hath ever been
The creed of guilty creatures, terrified
By their communion with the spiritual world.
And yet religion saith we stand in need
Of no such spectral visitations. Guilt
The sole creator of all ghosts that haunt
Her gloom! One dread Idea duly comes,
As on the dial's face the certain shade,
Upon our Conscience; and our moral being,
Immortal prey of its immortal fears,
Doth shudder at some immaterial Thing
In which its apprehensions are embodied
Of divine wrath and retribution;
A messenger sent to us, so we think,
From shades that lie beyond the shades of death,

But rising from the night of our own souls
And lost therein, again to reappear
When Faith's star sets, and heaven itself is black
As hell extending through Eternity!

"Have pity on your daughter! On the child
Whom you so tenderly on earth did love!
Have pity on me, for our Saviour's sake!"
But still the frowning Phantom turn'd away;
Nor had the name of the dear Son of God
Power o'er that icy ear, that icy eye,
Unchangeable as the Almighty's doom!

May-day had come and gone, and May-day night
From heaven o'er many a merry festival
Had hung her earliest star. The Trysting-Hour
Fell like a hush upon the woods; and lo!
True as the sea-tide from some far-off shore,
The Knight of Rydal, underneath the shade
Of the Old Wizard's Oak. Nor panted long
His heart for her sweet footsteps; like a leaf
Instant she came, as lightly, noiselessly,
And murmuring in his ear, "Within an hour
Come to my father's hut;" ere he could kiss
Her brow or breast, the shade had disappear'd!
The Knight stood there, till many a brilliant eye
Look'd through the blue serene; the Trysting-Star
Was close beside the moon; and soon he stoop'd
His eagle-plumes below the humble door
Within whose shade the Flower of Furness slept.
All full of moonlight was the little room;
And there, upon her lowly couch did lie,
Cloth'd in white raiment, free from spot or stain
As her own virgin limbs, her virgin soul,
The daughter of the widow'd Forester,
Whom in his passion he had sought to lure
To sin and shame, even while he talk'd of heaven.
"These are my bridal robes!" and he beheld
That she was in her shroud. "Nay, do not fear
To kiss my lips, though they be white and cold,
And whiter still, and colder soon will be!"
Sweet sounds he heard, but in his agony
He knew not now the meaning of the words;
But well he knew the meaning of the sight
That swam before his eyes, for death was there,
As surely as that death is in the grave.
"Our love was sinful—and my Mother's Ghost
Was sent by God to save us from our sin.
Long, long she bore a dreadful countenance,
For though my spirit shudder'd in remorse,
It had not known repentance. But last night,
When I was praying, blest contrition came,
And at that moment, softer, sweeter far
Than ever voice of earthly thing could be,
A whisper said, 'My daughter! thy great sin
Hath been forgiven thee!' I raised up my eyes,
And close beside my bed, within the reach
Of my embrace, my Sainted Mother stood,
One of God's Angels, and let fall a kiss
Upon my mortal brow, that breathed of heaven.
And now my days are number'd on the earth.
Before that moon shall set, below the Throne

Must stand the soul of her who speaks to thee;
And I may now in death a holier blessing
Leave with thee, if thy heart indeed be changed,
Than ever yet did sinful woman's love
Give to her husband on their bridal day.
I knew, before I saw that gracious Ghost,
I had not long to live; and in the woods,
Oh! even beside the Fairies' Well! I framed
This shroud, and gather'd for myself these flowers—
Take one, and keep it for my sake—the rest
Go with me to the grave. Oh! never, never,
Through all the longest life of happiness
That heaven may have in store for thee, forget
Me, the poor penitent! and swear to me,
Swear on this cross, that never more thine eyes
Will fall with sinful thoughts on any wretch
Like me—for I, thou said'st was fair—now look
Upon my breast—aye, thou mayst kiss it now,
Unblamed! And I unblamed may take the kiss
To heaven! See—see—they come—they come!
My mother's Spirit, and my little sister's
Who left us when a child, and her's who died
A few days after that her Lover's ship
Was wreck'd on Holy Isle, my earliest friend,
Out of our own small family—Holy ones!
Oh! bear me with you on your wings away!
Farewell, my father—weep not for thy child!
And thou! for whom I die—Farewell—farewell!'

He look'd, and she was dead!—The Civil Wars
Ere long did drench all England in her best
And richest blood; and fighting valiantly
For the Red Rose of Lancaster he fell,
Foremost among his conquering Chivalry,
And then his great heart gloriously got rid
Of all its mortal sorrows. He had told
Unto his sister, the fair Lady Blanche,
The story of his love and his despair;
A gentle lady, in her pride of place
Most poor in spirit, and who look'd on life,
Humble or high, as Christians used to look
In apostolic days. His obsequies
Were celebrated—such his own desire—
In Furness Abbey, and his body laid
Within its holy cloisters. With a fine
And pious feeling, she herself design'd,
In her own brain and her own heart, his Tomb!
And oft, 'tis said, she came and sat for hours
Beside the sculptor, while he chisell'd out
Into the deep repose of shadow'd death
These Images! till she through tears beheld
Her Hero-Brother in his panoply,
A most majestic Figure! and as meek
The Flower of Furness lying at his feet!

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THE FIVE NIGHTS OF ST ALBANS.*

This writer has nothing in common with either of the two sets of romances which have of late years divided between them the favour of the reading, if not of the buying, public; and truly it was high time that we should be invited to taste something somewhat different from either. The historical romance, capable in the hands of a master of all but rivalling tragedy, degenerates, under any other management, into the most nauseous of absurdities; and what entertainment any educated man can possibly have received from any book of the class, published within these ten years, excepting only Sir Walter Scott's, we are altogether unable to comprehend. The cold meagreness of imagination, and the laborious imbecility, alike visible in every point of conception and execution, have stamped on the productions of these unhappy imitators, the seal of supreme duncehood in this age and country; and they will never be heard of beyond these limits. Already, we think, the voice of common sense begins to be too loud to be resisted in this matter. We believe no very recent effusion of this particular *servum pecus* has excited the smallest approach to what is called a sensation, even in the world of the circulating libraries. Their day has already passed far into its *gloaming*—and it will have no tomorrow.

Surely, surely, all men, women, and children, not cursed with the fatuity that would become a vice-president of the Phrenological Society, must by this time be about as heart-sick of what are called Novels of Fashionable Life. Only two men of any pretensions to superiority of talent have had part in the uproarious manufacture of this ware, that has been dinned in our ears by trumpet after trumpet, during the last six or seven years. Mr Theodore Hooke began the business—a man of such strong native sense and thorough knowledge of the world as it is, that we cannot doubt the *coxcombry* which has drawn so much derision on his *sayings* and *doings* was all, to use a phrase which he himself has brought into fashion, *humbug*. He could not cast his keen eyes over any considerable circle of society in this country, without perceiving the melancholy fact, that the British nation labours under an universal mania for gentility—all the world hurrying and bustling in the same idle chase—good honest squires and baronets, with pedigrees of a thousand years, and estates of ten thousand acres—aye, and even noble lords—yea, the noblest of the noble themselves (or at least their ladies), rendered fidgety and uncomfortable by the circumstance of their not somehow or other belonging to one particular little circle in London. Comely round-paunched parsons and squireens, again, all over the land, eating the bread of bitterness, and drinking the waters of sorrow, because they are, or think they are, tipt the cold shoulder by these same honest squires and baronets, &c. &c. &c. who, excluded from Almack's, in their own fair turn and rural

* 3 vols. post 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London.

sphere enact nevertheless, with much success, the part of *exclusives,*—and so downwards—down to the very verge of dirty linen. The obvious facility of practising lucratively on this prevailing folly—of raising L.700, L.1000, or L.1500 per *series*, merely by cramming the mouths of the asinine with mock-majestic details of fine life—this found favour with an indolent no less than sagacious humourist; and the fatal example was set. Hence the vile and most vulgar pawings of such miserables as Messrs Vivian Grey and "The Roué"—creatures who betray in every page which they stuff full of Marquis and My lady, that their own manners are as gross as they make it their boast to shew their morals. Hence, some two or three pegs higher, and not more, are such very very fine scoundrels as the Pelhams, &c.; shallow, watery-brained, ill-taught, effeminate dandies,—animals destitute apparently of one touch of real manhood, or of real passion,—cold, systematic, deliberate debauchees, withal,—seducers, God wot! and duellists, and, above all, philosophers! How could any human being be gulled by such flimsy devices as these?

These gentry form a sort of cross between the Theodorian breed of novel and the Ward-ish—the extravagantly overrated—the heavy, imbecile, pointless, but still well-written, sensible, and, we may even add, not disagreeable, Tremaine and De Vere. The second of these books was a mere *rifacimento* of the first; and, fortunately for what remained of his reputation, Mr Robert Ward has made no third attempt. He has much to answer for: *e. g.* if we were called upon to point out the most disgusting abomination to be found in the whole range of contemporary literature, we have no hesitation in saying we should feel it our duty to lay our finger on the Bolingbroke-*Balaam* of that last and worst of an insufferable charlatan's productions—*Devereux.*

The public mind being in this state—the patience of all sane persons being thus exhausted by the eternal importunity of two sets of brainless as well as heartless novel-wrights—the appearance of a work of fiction, broadly and distinctly separated from them both in drift and purpose, must have been welcome—even if the manner of executing the design had chanced to be chargeable with signal defects. It was also to be expected, that the author of such a book should be encountered by the utmost venom of those on whose domains he adventured so daring an incursion—in a word, that there should be bustle and disturbance, and no little popping of paragraphs among the *craft.* And, accordingly, such has been the case. These volumes have been greeted with the hearty applause of all intelligent persons whom we have happened to hear speak of them—and we perceive they are assailed with as merciless a storm of newspaper invectives as ever rebounded from the shield of merit.

This is a book made to puzzle the reviewers; and in what way to set about the business, we, for one, know not. Give an abstract of the fable? That would be to injure flagrantly an author who has shewn more ability in no particular than in the complication of his plot, impenetrable down to the very close of the narration, and the brevity with which he then disentangles every thing, leaving the mind, as far as any solution of a real *romance* ever can leave it, satisfied. Give copious extracts? This may be better than the analytic plan—but that is the best we can say for it. It is scarcely possible to render extracts from such a work intelligible, without betraying something of its purpose—for in this matter again the art of the author shines conspicuously, that he has no episodes (properly so called.) Every scene, every description, as well as every one incident introduced, has a direct bearing on the evolution of the fable. There is no secondary plot; there is no describing merely for describing's sake. The structure of the fiction is one and entire; the whole action occupies but five days; the scene is not once changed; and, through three volumes, attention and interest are sustained, almost without a pause, in the total absence of one and all of those parasitical devices which occupy, in the usual course of novel-manufacture, at least a third of the space. From a web thus compactly strung, who can hope to detach a thread without damage to the texture?—and there are absolutely no *purpurei panni.* However, we are sure of one thing, namely, that hardly any passage can be extracted without convincing the reader that we are guilty of no exaggeration when we pronounce the wri-

ter of the Five Nights of St Albans to be master of a vividly original and picturesque imagination, and of a truly masculine and energetic English style; and this we should think enough to induce the said reader to ascertain for himself whether we are not equally justified in our opinion—that he is even more remarkable for the variety than for the vigour of his fancy, and that he puts chapters together with still more admirable skill than he does words and sentences.

There are some, no doubt, who will refuse to give themselves any further concern about this romance when they are informed that it is full of *magic;* to them we can only say, that we are extremely sorry for their condition. Their minds are so constituted, that a very great portion of what the world considers best in the imaginative literature of every tongue, dead or living, can afford them no pleasure. If they be in the right, almost all great poets, "from Homer to Hogg," have been in the wrong. They have the misfortune not to relish either the Odyssey, or the Golden Ass, or the Arabian Nights, or the Flower of the Thorn, or Thalaba, or Manfred, or the Monastery, or Kilmeny. We are sorry for them—and so, no doubt, is Mr Mudford.

"There is," says he, "in the natural constitution of the strongest mind, a dim and obscure persuasion that the beings of another world *may* have communion with this; that creatures, endowed with faculties totally dissimilar from our own, *may* exist; and that they *may* possess a power to mingle in human transactions, of whose nature and extent we are necessarily ignorant. Hence the gross superstitions, and brute idolatry of those rude ages, and of that rude state of society, in which man substitutes his passions, his hopes, and his fears, the things he wishes, and the things he would avoid, for his reason, which teaches him not only what he should wish, and what avoid, but how to regulate his hopes and fears. Hence, too, that portion of superstitious feeling which lurks in every mind; which no mental vigour, no moral or religious discipline, can wholly eradicate; and which makes every man accessible to the influence of mysterious terror, under some circumstances or other."

No man of genius, however, will ever write a book in three volumes, without deriving the greater part of his materials from human nature as he has himself observed its workings. This Tale of Sorcery, accordingly, is far indeed from being a mere dream of extravagant fancy. Grant the author his *postulate*—grant him the existence of such supernatural agency as the wisest heads in England devoutly believed in at the period at which he lays his scene amidst the towers of St Albans—and he will make no further demands but what every poet and every romancer is accustomed to make. He submits real men and women to the influences of superstitious dread, excited by sights and sounds alike remote from *the actual*—and they conduct themselves as real men and women would do, were they really placed under such circumstances. His characters are numerous; there are no less than thirteen males and two females, whose parts in the action are important—whose parts are distinct and separate—of each of whom the character and conduct are vividly individualized. There is simple natural pathos as well as mysterious unholy horror—there is wit as well as poetry—there is a great deal of rough humour—and there peeps out occasionally a vein of satire about as keen as we remember to have met with of late. Lastly, the piece, without any broad pretension of moral purpose, is so constructed and concluded as to gratify every good and generous feeling of our nature. Human virtues—the constancy of man and the devotion of woman—are arrayed against the power of hell; the struggle is long, the trials are terrific, and the triumph is sudden, complete, and glorious.

The old Abbey of St Albans is, during five successive nights, towards the end of the sixteenth century, the scene of a continued series of supernatural demonstrations of the most awful character; certain citizens of the town, animated by various motives, combine to watch, night after night, in the church—and we give the following specimen of the things they encountered:

"The presence of Fitz-Maurice, his mysterious air, his silence, and the restless glances which he ever and anon cast round the Abbey, tended, in conjunction with their own recollection of past, and their anticipation of future events, to diffuse a more than ordinary gloom. Overbury was the only one who seemed insensible to this feeling. He did not

speak; but he drained cup after cup of wine, as if he were drinking himself up to some required pitch of excitement. Occasionally he directed his looks towards Fitz-Maurice; but if, by chance, their eyes met, he withdrew his with marked perturbation; his cheeks became flushed, and he eagerly sought to hide his confusion, by renewing his potations.

"They had remained thus for nearly an hour, when a thundering knock was heard at the door, which resounded in doubling echoes through the lofty aisles. They all started round, and Overbury sprung upon his feet. Fitz-Maurice was motionless. Before any one could speak the knock was repeated, but much louder. They all rose except Fitz-Maurice, who betrayed, neither by look nor gesture, the slightest participation in their amazement. A third time the knock was heard, and the solid foundations of the Abbey shook beneath their feet. Every eye was turned towards Fitz-Maurice, who still sat motionless and silent.

"'What may this mean?' exclaimed De Clare.

"The doors opened, and Mephosto entered. They could not at first distinguish him through the deep gloom of the further extremity, but they heard the patting of his broad feet along the stone pavement. At length his form became visible, as he moved to where Fitz-Maurice was seated. When he was within a yard or two of him, he fell upon his face and grovelled along the ground like a whipped spaniel.

"'Am I obeyed?' said Fitz-Maurice.

"'It is done,' replied Mephosto.

"'Enough,' answered Fitz-Maurice. 'Be watchful as the lynx. Hence!'

"The dwarf retired, for some paces, in the same prostrate attitude, and then raising himself upon his feet, he crawled slowly out of the Abbey.

"They beheld this scene with dumb surprise; and when they heard the doors close, resumed their seats in silence.

"'It has not been always thus,' said Fitz-Maurice, addressing Lacy; 'and would not be so now, but for thee and thine.'

"'I do not understand you,' replied Lacy.

"'When the grey dawn first streaks the eastern clouds,' answered Fitz-Maurice, 'the benighted traveller rejoices, but he sees not the landscape that lies before him. By imperceptible degrees, its fresh and dewy loveliness grows into form and beauty; anon, the gorgeous sun, in rising glory, flings his golden beams upon the earth, and hill and valley, the woodland and the verdant plain, the deep river and the gushing mountain stream, are all revealed. Then steps he cheerily onward, and straight forgets the o'erpast perils of the dark night. Even so, I say, hath it been with each of ye. But your dawn is at hand; your hour of sunrise approaches, when you shall no longer ask, whither is it we go?'

"'There is not, I believe, a flinching spirit among us,' said De Clare; 'for when last we renewed our compact with you, it was with the resolved hearts of men self-devoted to the worst.'

"'But still with such distrust of one another,' added Overbury, 'that, like a band of rogues, engaged to rob or murder, you must be sworn to hang together. Now I——'

"'Prefer to hang alone,' added Mortimer; 'and I protest I not only commend thy choice, but languish for the performance of it.'

"'And when I do,' vociferated Overbury, 'it will be in a fit of the spleen, to think that thou canst be hanged only once, an the rope break not.'

"'Which it will not do when thou art hanged, my master of the Scorpion,' retorted Mortimer; 'for the devil will have the twisting of thy rope, and 'tis his pride to have his own children well hung.'

"'Why, there again you would mock me,' exclaimed Overbury, valiant with wine. '*Master of the Scorpion!* What can you say or——'

"'I?' interrupted Fitz-Maurice, fixing his eyes upon him; 'but that your vessel, on your homeward voyage, struck upon the Goodwin Sands, and *all* the crew perished. The ship went down. You buffetted the waves, a golden treasure girded round your waist, and gained the beach. A good old man, with warm and generous cordials, brought you back to life, led you to his lonely habitation, gave you shelter, food, and clothing, which you requited from the store you had saved, and left him.'

"'I did,' said Overbury, 'and he was thankful.'

"'As thou wast,' added Fitz-Maurice, 'when you found that YOU ALONE were saved!'

"'I—I,—grieved—bitterly,' stammered forth Overbury, utterly confounded by what he had heard.

"'Peace!' exclaimed Fitz-Maurice, in a tone of stern command. 'I promised you, erewhile, further satisfaction. You shall have it. Behold!'

"Overbury sat like one spell-bound. Except that his eyes moved, and his broad chest heaved with a quick and labouring respiration, he seemed a statue, so fixed was his attitude, so bloodless his cheeks,

so marble his look. There was a visible consternation, too, on the countenances of all save Fitz-Maurice, whose features underwent not the slightest change.

"While thus wrapped in suspense as to what would ensue, Fitz-Maurice took from his neck a gold chain, to which was appended a Jerusalem cross, and kissing it thrice, he exclaimed each time, 'Appear!'

"At the third command they heard a noise like that of a swift stream running over a loose pebbly bed; and then they saw a steaming vapour slowly ascend from the ground, which, as it grew in bulk, spread from wall to wall, filling the whole space of the Abbey, except where they sat. It gradually assumed the appearance of the green ocean; the waves gently undulated; and upon their scarcely rippled surface fell a soft pale light, like the moonbeams. Presently, the perfect image of a ship becalmed, its sails idly flapping in the wind as it died away, swelled into shape.

"'Now pause; and, anon, follow my words!' exclaimed Fitz-Maurice.

"The wondrous scene remained. It was so marvellously the counterpart of reality, that they almost fancied they felt the freshness of the ocean breeze play upon their cheeks.

"'Such was the night, its serene beauty such,' said Fitz-Maurice, 'when, some six years since, a vessel like the one you see, lay becalmed on the silver-seeming waves that wash Sicilia's shore. How unlike the peaceful scene without, was the foul act of lust and blood that passed within! A man, whose past deeds were written in the blackest page of human crime—whose already perjured soul was stained with guilt beyond the wrath of Heaven to forgive; who had rifled the poor—slain the innocent—beggared the friend who trusted him—plundered the rich—violated the sanctuary—and cut the throat of the priest on his own altar—plucked buried jewels from the dead, and ripped the matron's womb in bloody scoff, to teach a pirate's midwifery,—this man, so steeped in villainy as I have charactered him, was MASTER of the ship. As if he had meditated solely how he might do a deed to outdo the dark catalogue of those he had committed, his devilish spirit engendered one so monstrous, that in all hell there groans no soul doomed to its penal fires for such another! E'en as a noble sire may see himself dishonoured in his sons, so a degenerate one shall give goodly fruit, which smacks not of the rank soil that produced it. Look at that form of innocence and beauty, and wonder, as ye may, how from a source so foul and loathsome, a creature thus rare and perfect could have sprung. She was his daughter.'

"At this moment, the bright shadow of a female started into life, as it were, upon the deck of the phantom vessel. She appeared in the act of offering up her evening orisons, and her parted lips seemed to move, while a saint-like expression dwelt upon her young but pensive features. Her limbs were moulded in the finest proportions, and an air of graceful modesty clothed her with bewitching loveliness. A loud groan burst from Overbury as this vision gradually melted away.

"'The fair GONDOLINE,' continued Fitz-Maurice, 'perished that night! The ravening monster of the deep stole upon her slumbers, and the shrieking virgin found herself in the hot grasp of a ravisher. Wild prayers and screaming curses fall from her lips—supplicating tears gush from her eyes—with frenzied strength she struggles—with piteous accents she implores—and then, in choking agony, calls upon her father! Happy had she died that moment in blessed ignorance! Alas! she lived to know the caitiff. IT WAS HER FATHER! Yes,—the spoiler was betrayed, though shrouded in darkness. Despair and horror seized him; and he who shrunk not from the damned commission of his unhallowed crime, now stood aghast at the thought of one withering glance from the maniac eyes of his violated daughter. She was mad!—her delirious screams of Father! father! seared his brain, and rang his soul's knell of everlasting perdition! This demon-lecher, who could have lived and smiled again, self-pardoned in his own pernicious heart, if his own heart were all that quailed him, could *not* live to brave an outraged world. What, then? Did he smite himself, and so appease the justice of this world, and invoke eternal judgment in the next? Behold how, for a time, his recreant nature absolved itself from both.'

"When Fitz-Maurice uttered these words, the phantasm upon which they gazed underwent a horrible change. What had, hitherto, appeared the calm green wave of the ocean, now heaved and rolled, a sea of blood; and on its troubled surface seemed to lie the form of GONDOLINE, ghastly and distorted—her flowing auburn hair dishevelled; her garments rent—and her fair bosom gashed with deep wounds, which looked as though they still bled. The scene grew dark—the vessel blackened in the gloom—and a dismal cry swept along the waters, as the figure of GONDOLINE slowly sunk beneath them, deepening, in its descent, their crimson hue. The next moment, the

darkness gradually disappeared; the waves rippled, as if a rising breeze began to curl their foaming tops; they broke, in dancing surges, against the side of the ship, whose lately pendent sails now filled with the wind; the brightness of the sun, succeeded to what had been the likeness of the soft, pale moonlight; and the tossing waves played in his beams, like a floor of sparkling emeralds. The ship moved. It wore round. And as its stern seemed to heave in sight, 'THE SCORPION, WILFRID OVERBURY, MASTER,' appeared, painted in large white letters upon a black ground!

"Overbury had hitherto sat silent—gazing, like the rest, upon the necromantic illusion; but, unlike the rest, a prey to tortures, which no language may describe. His swart and disfigured face was bathed with perspiration, which ran from him in streams; his teeth gnashed; his eyes were starting from their sockets; his breathing was short and convulsive; and as the varying torments of his awakened conscience started into visible existence upon his agitated frame and features,—now shrinking within himself—now grinning, as if in more than human scorn of that abhorrence which he felt was kindling round him—then grasping the table with a sort of frantic clutching of his half-clenched hands—he exhibited an appalling image of a guilty wretch, whose long life of dark and desperate crime was suddenly unveiled, and placed in terrible array before him.

"When, however, the vision had thus awfully pronounced, 'THOU ART THE MAN!' he could no longer command his maddened feelings, but, starting up and drawing his sword, he rushed towards Fitz-Maurice like a chafed tiger, roaring out, 'Fiend! devil!—have at thy throat, hell-dog, an thou canst be strangled!'

"He staggered—reeled—fell—rolled for a moment on the ground in contortions of the most violent agony—raised himself on his knees—gazed wildly round—saw the spectre of his murdered daughter, rising from the bosom of the once more becalmed sea, apparelled in glory, like an angel, and ascending to the clouds: then, with horrid imprecations, which burst from him in loud yells, rather than in human accents, fell back and lay motionless.

"At that moment, the scene of enchantment vanished! Howling and laughing were heard without; the doors flew open; Mephosto entered—he crawled towards the body of Overbury, seized it by the throat, and with the same ease that he would have thrown his mantle round him, flung it over his shoulder, and carried it out of the Abbey."

We shall make no more extracts from this very singular book. Sometime hence, when it may be supposed to have been pretty generally circulated, we shall probably be tempted to recur to it in a more critical vein; at present, we could neither analyze the incidents of the fable, nor enter minutely into the discussion of any one character introduced, without letting out the nature of the plot—which would be unjust equally to him that has written, and to the many that are about to read. The only remark which we find it altogether impossible to suppress, concerns some *verses* in the first volume. Mr Mudford may depend upon it, they are entirely unworthy of the manly and vigorous prose before, between, and behind them. Let them be erased without mercy from the next edition. That the same man wrote both the prose and the verse, we cannot believe. Surely the author of the Nights of St Albans can never have had any connexion, in his own person, with the Cockney School!

This writer would increase the effect of his horrors, generally, by shortening their details; but these rhymes are an abomination, with which he must go to work, root and branch.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD FAVOURITE.

"In his wine he would volunteer an imitation of somebody, generally of Incledon. His imitation was vocal; I made pretensions to the oratorical parts; and between us, we boasted, that we made up the entire phenomenon."—LEIGH HUNT'S BYRON.

"Of Incledon? poor Charles Incledon!" said I, turning to his portrait in the "Storm," hanging in goodly fellowship with a few of the idols of my theatrical days, Siddons, Kemble, Bannister, Mrs Jordan, and G. Cook, in my little book-room—"Poor Charles Incledon! The mighty in genius, the high in birth, the conceited in talent, have not forgotten thee, then—and will even condescend to imitate thee, to imitate *thee* who wast *inimitable!*" I arose and walked about my little sanctum in meditative mood. The days of old came o'er me—the benefit nights—the play-bills, with the "Storm," "Black-eyed Susan," &c. in the largest type, as forming the most attractive morceaux in the bill of fare. Then followed the squeeze in June! through that horrid passage in the old Covent-Garden Theatre!—then the well-earned climax—Incledon in blue jacket, white trousers, red waistcoat, smart hat and cane—the representative of Britain's best defenders, in holiday garb—unaccompanied by orchestra or instruments, depending upon nought but "the human voice divine," after his usual walk before the lights, and repeatedly licking his lips, (as if he thought that the sweet sounds which were accustomed to flow from them must leave honey behind,)—rolling forth with that vast volume of voice, at once astonishing and delightful—"All in the downs the fleet lay moored;" and then followed the strain of love, manly love and constancy, in the beautiful language of Gay, and in tones so rich, so clear, so sweet! every faculty was absorbed in the sense of hearing! the hair seemed to rise, the flesh to stir! the silence of the audience was holy—they durst not, they could not, even applaud that which so enchanted them, for fear of losing a note—I really think I could have struck any one who could have shouted a "bravo!"—Never were Milton's lines,

> "Soft Lydian airs
> Married to immortal verse,
> Such as the meeting soul may pierce
> In notes, with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning;
> The melting voice through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony,"

so illustrated as in the last line of Gay's "Black-eyed Susan,"—

> "Adieu! she cried, and waved her lily hand,"

as sung by Incledon in his prime.

'Tis strange! here was "a voice that hath failed," and little or nothing said of it—"Died at Worcester, on ——, the celebrated vocalist, Charles Incledon," without further comment, was all that most of the periodicals said at his decease. I recollect nothing worthy of him being put forth, no essay upon his voice and style—and why? because poor Charles Incledon had ceased to be the fashion!

The time is somewhat advanced, but the quotation at the head of this article has brought to my mind what ought to have been done by abler hands; and I will endeavour to point out what we possessed in this singer, and what we have lost by his death.

And how am I qualified for the task? With respect to the knowledge of the *science* of music I cannot boast—but Rousseau says—"Disoit autrefois un sage, c'est au poete à faire de la poesie, et au musicien à faire de la musique; mais il n'appartient qu'au philosophe de *bien* parler de l'une et de l'autre." And there are hearts, such as inspired the poet when he wrote—

> "Withdraw yourself
> Unto this neighbouring grove; there shall you see
> How the sweet treble of the chirping birds,
> And the sweet stirring of the moved leaves,
> Running delightful descant to the sound
> Of the base murmuring of the bubbling brook,
> Becomes a concert of good instruments,
> While twenty babbling echoes round about,
> Out of the stony concave of their mouths,
> Restore the vanish'd music of each close,
> And fill your ears full with redoubled pleasure" *—

such as warmed Spenser when he wrote

* "Lingua," Dodsley's Old Plays.

his "Bowre of Blesse;" Tasso his "Gardens of Armida;" Collins his "Melancholy," who

> 'Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul'—

such hearts, I say, and such as have drank with unsatiated thirst at the fountains of these "masters of the lay," are better qualified to speak upon a question of the "concord of sweet sounds" than all the merely scientific musicians, whether professors or amateurs, in the world.

"Of melody aye held in thrall," I profess myself an admirer of that English music which preceded the appearance of Mr Braham—the music of Arne, Jackson, Carter, Storace, Linley, Shield, Davy, even of Dibdin, and of those fine airs, (the names of whose composers are now little better than traditional,) which glow in the Beggar's Opera. And of this music there never was heard a singer equal to Incledon, and perhaps never will. The pathos, the richness, the roundness, the satisfying fulness to the ear, which characterise these composers, can never be mastered by the *merely scientific* singer; *they* composed for the *voice*, and without that organ in its most perfect state, complete justice can never be done to their strains.

I before said these masters flourished previous to the debut of Mr Braham; for it is in a great measure owing to that gentleman, and the false taste he introduced and has kept alive, that they are now so seldom heard in our theatres, concerts, or drawing-rooms. We have lost the notes of melody and feeling, and what have we in their stead? The glitter and plagiarism of Rossini, the ponderous science of Weber, and the absolute trash of all our English composers. The last mentioned gentlemen certainly come into court "in forma pauperis,"—satisfied with the merit of arrangers, harmonizers, &c., and are found to confess, when detection is probable, that the very soul of their pieces—the melody* —is taken from such an Italian, such a Sicilian, Greek, nay even Russian air.

I think I can, in some degree, account for the fashion these composers have gained, and why, I fear, they are likely to maintain it. It is that the *public have become too musical.* Every female, from the highest to the lowest, whose parents can purchase a pianoforte, and pay a master, *must* learn music; the number of teachers and pupils are multiplied without end; and out of either class how many are there qualified by nature as singers? Not two in fifty. What follows? By labour and attention *science* may be acquired, although *voice* cannot. The voiceless teacher may instruct his voiceless pupil in the foppery of an art, the *spirit* of which is unattainable by either; pieces merely scientific are placed by him on her piano—are performed to the credit of both, with vast execution, as far as respects the science and the harmony—but as for the singing, as singing ought to be, 'tis

> "Worse than the howling of Irish wolves against the moon."

Well—*Miss*, from the expense and pains bestowed upon her, must, of course, be the musical oracle of the family; the father must forego his favourite old songs, written by "*honest* Harry Carey," (as Ritson insists on his being called); the mother is laughed to scorn if she mentions "Auld Robin Gray," "Mary's Dream," "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?"—or such obsolete stuff;—and even the brothers, who might stickle a little for Moore's melodies,

> "With thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"

are silenced with, "Pooh! any body can sing them."

Thus is the family taste made up; and this extends to the patronage of singers in the style alone deemed correct, as it is the *quantity* of public patronage which must influence the manager of either theatre or concert in the persons he engages. And thus has the great extension of musical taste been injurious to music.

But, to return to our old favourite. All who remember him must likewise remember his powers of attraction ere this blight of *fashion* had come over us. Witness his various benefits, and above all, that at the Opera House, producing, it is said, L.1500. Such

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* "Melody is the essence of music," said Mozart to Michael Kelly; "I compare a good melodist to *a fine racer*, and counter-points to *hack post-horses*."

marks of public favour, added to the constant request of company, both public and private, and to a man who, like Incledon, *loved* his art, were sure to be productive of *vanity*—vanity, the besetting sin of all great men, from Alexander on his Persian throne, to Mr Kean enthroned in the Coal Hole.—His education had been limited. The songs chiefly in vogue at the early part of the late war were *nautical*, which led him to a bold, free style; these were his faults—vanity, want of cultivation, and a freedom of manner approaching to excess. But he had a qualification as a singer which threw all these into shade. The "Spectator," I believe, somewhere says it is necessary for a good dancer to have a good understanding; but I think it is much more necessary for a good singer to have a *good and feeling heart;* and whether singing or acting his part in the drama of life, with family, friends, or brother (not forgetting sister) performers, Charles Incledon had as warm a heart as ever beat.

I cannot completely effect my purpose of reminding the public of what they have lost in this fine singer, without recurrence to the songs in which he earned his fame. "Pleasant is the recollection of joys that are passed," says Ossian; and what a delightful storehouse of melody is opened by the remembrance of these songs! At the head of the list, in unapproachable beauty, stand his "Black-eyed Susan," "Storm," "Old Towler," and "Lads of the Village;" songs which few voices can attempt, and none dare hope to equal him in. Then, as operas, we had first his Macheath, a part in which, notwithstanding what has been said of his slovenly acting, I think him unequalled. His was the voice to burst forth in the rich melodies of that *equivocal* piece—*he* was the *gentleman* who, if ruined by excess, could become the *highwayman*—his was the dashing, manly style to ensnare either a Polly or a Lucy. Poor Macheath is now emasculated, because *no man* has voice to sing his songs. I have heard Mr Young has played the part, and "report speaks goldenly" of his singing, and I deeply regret not having heard him. I understand he sings Moore's melodies better than any body; and think it likely, from the few "snatches" I have heard him give. By the bye, excepting the hurried, thick utterance of Incledon when speaking, there is a great resemblance, as far as regards voice, between that singer and Mr Young.

As a Shakspearean, I must class next his two sweet songs in "As You Like it." His was the pipe to be listened to amongst the warblers of "Ardenne," in Dr Arne's delicious "Blow! blow! thou Winter's wind," and "Under the green-wood tree." "Oh!" as Jaques says, "I can suck melancholy from the recollection of these songs as a weasel sucks eggs." Then follow Jackson of Exeter's "Lord of the Manor," and Dibdin's "Quaker" and "Waterman;" pieces after Incledon's own heart; all free, rich, clear melody, without glitter.

But of all the composers of his own day, Shield was* his favourite; and justly. He furnished him with most of his popular songs. The singer was the peculiar organ of the composer—his "Thorn," his "Mouth which a Smile," "Tom Moody," "Heaving the Lead," and many, many others, seem to have faded away with the voice of the melodist.

But I find, were I to run through, as I proposed, all the songs *peculiar* to my hero, I should, most likely, tire my reader. The delight with which I dwell upon them is a species of egotism; I will therefore only name a few more, and "leave him alone with his glory."—"Sally in our Alley," the song Addison was so fond of; what an *association!* "Post Captain," "Brown Jug." In his decline, even "His father he lost," and "On Lethe's banks," in Artaxerxes;—hear the singers of the present day sing these songs! "Bay of Biscay," "When Vulcan forged," the second of "All's well," "Bet, sweet blossom," "Will Watch," "Last Whistle," &c. &c. Alas! alas! and all this is over! He has piped his last whistle, and poor Charles "sleeps in peace with the dead!"

In concluding, I cannot but observe, that no singer has so completely identified himself with particular songs. Those in which he most excelled, he

* Let the lover of melody look over the list of works published, in the obituary of that beautiful composer!!!

stamped as his own—no one can touch them "while his memory be green." When the race who heard him has faded away, some one may attempt them; but *I* should as soon think of going to see Mr Kean play Coriolanus, as to hear another sing "Black-eyed Susan." My mind is filled—I have Kemble's noble patrician *perfect* before me; I have Gay's ballad in Incledon's notes as fully in "my mind's *ear*," and I would not have them displaced.

W. R.

Mr North,

In the above attempt at an Article, I had occasion to quote from the old University play of "Lingua," from which, it strikes me, you might make an excellent article. As thus: some small account of University plays—a sketch of the plan of this—the pleading of the Senses—some of its numerous beauties, and all put into shape. If you approve of the idea, I will do it for you, as I cannot more amusingly employ my leisure.

Yours obediently,

W. R.

London, *Aug.* 23, 1829.

DIBDIN'S SEA SONGS; OR, SCENES IN THE GUN-ROOM.

"When men are most sure and arrogant, they are commonly the most mistaken."

Hume.

I was one of a friendly party who, when the *Apollo* was last fitting at Deptford, was hospitably entertained by the gun-room officers of that beautiful frigate. The party on board consisted of the three Lieutenants of the ship, the junior Officer of Marines, the Master, the Surgeon, and the Purser; and the visitors were one or two officers from other ships, myself, and a Mr Bennett, an opulent merchant in the city of London, whose character, like that of many of his brethren, was a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity—shrewd and inquisitive, and even wise, in every thing touching his pecuniary interests and speculations, (though he was liberal enough in expending that which he laboured heart and soul to acquire,) and ludicrously simple and contented in all matters connected with taste and intellect, or with any information, which, to use the language of the Exchange, might be deemed unprofitable. He was nevertheless much given to making a display of what he conceived to be his taste and his diversified knowledge: it was useless to refute the absurdities which, good man, he was for ever uttering; and in vain might you gently point out his blunders in the hope that he would hold his tongue. No such thing: whether he admitted your correction or not, (though the former rarely happened,) he would begin again with the same fluent self-complacency to dogmatize on subjects of which he was profoundly ignorant.—He would, for example, lecture a musician on his art, although he knew not the difference between the treble and bass; and he would fairly gravel a chemist by giving laws to that science, which laws might, perhaps, have been ingenious, had he not used the terms of botany or conchology (for he was not particular) in explanation of the experiments of the furnace. He was, however, right in one or two things. He thought, and he said so, wherever he went, "that in spite of Cobbett's denial, Shakspeare was really a great dramatic poet, and that trial by jury was the birth-right of Britons." He was of opinion, moreover, that the longitude was difficult to hit on, according to the old epigram of Swift, which he did not fail to repeat when no ladies were present; and he never scrupled to aver that Captain Parry had, upon the *whole*, failed in arriving at the North Pole. Upon the strength of these his peculiar opinions, he thought himself qualified to dispute with any body upon any thing. If, however, he had one predilection stronger than another, it was for nauticals; he had

made several trips in a steam-boat as far as the Nore; frequently "caught crabs" in a "Funny," and was always called on at the —— in the city, to sing the "Bay of Biscay O:" he thought our natural safeguard was our "wooden walls," and he could join with strong lungs in the chorus of "Rule Britannia." Thus perfected in naval information, he was considered by his civic friends as an indisputable oracle in naval matters, and he did not see why his authority should be questioned by any one else.

The Master, who has been enumerated above, was a hard-headed, sensible, but uncultivated, North-country seaman—"a regular rough knot." The Lieutenants were average specimens of intelligent naval officers; and the Surgeon, like the majority of his professional brethren of all classes, was a man of vigorous mind, and of various intellectual acquirements. Indeed there are few persons of more perfect mental culture than medical men, which is not to be wondered at when it is considered that their professional knowledge depends so much on minute analysis, and that consequently they contract a habit of enquiry, and take nothing for granted without demonstration.

Mr Bennett and myself had been invited on board the Apollo by the merchant's relative, Russell, the second Lieutenant, and as the fame of Bennett's vocal exploits had reached even as far as Deptford, he was asked after dinner to favour the company with a song. This was precisely what the merchant wished; he was delighted with the compliment paid to his voice, and thought he could do no less then requite the civility of his hosts by singing them a sea-song, which he had been often told he gave with all the spirit of a tar. He accordingly cleared his pipes, assumed a bluff look, protruded his lips, after the manner, as he thought, of seamen, and chanted a well-known ballad, the conclusion of which was marked by the usual applause, indiscriminately and charitably manifested on such occasions.

"Bravo!" exclaimed an officer, who was himself a guest, but who seemed to think the praise bestowed on Bennett required some qualification—"Bravo! as far as the singer's concerned—but as for the writer, he is, I must say, a sad blunderer."

"Profanation, by the Sacred Nine! as my friend the Lord Mayor's chaplain says," ejaculated the merchant.

"No, sir," returned the officer; "nor yet by the *Deep* Nine—which, by the bye, though set to a beautiful air, is another blundering ballad—Pardon my freedom, sir; we sailors are perhaps too apt to say what we think."

"Sir," said Bennett, assuming an earnestness of manner—"Sir, I'm persuaded that nothing but forgetfulness, as to the name of the bard you abuse, could induce you to undervalue his immortal muse. My friend, the Chaplain, thinks highly of his works.—Pray, do you know the author of the ballad?"

"Not I."

"I suspected as much."

"But I know this," rejoined the officer, "that were he even Moore himself, I should pronounce him to be, as far as our profession is concerned, a decided lubber."

"Moore, my dear sir! the muse of Moore is as opposite as day is to night—the very figures—nay his numbers"——

"Numbers?" interrupted Russell, "if he deal in the fiftieth part of the figures of old John Hamilton, he'd puzzle a few of his readers—What say *you*, Soundings?" added the merchant's relative, addressing the Master, in the anticipation of a blunt and humorous reply.

"Why, if you ask me what *I* think o' the matter," replied the Master, in his broad north-country accent, "I should say that your rhymesters would find it no easy work to tak the thorough roots oot o' some of old John's log-sines and seecants."

"Come, George," said Bennett, perceiving his cousin's drift, "equivoque is a poor substitute for argument, as my clerical friend at the Mansion-House says—a new mode of blinking the question. But I suspect, that like your friend opposite, you are yourself ignorant of the bard who gave birth to the song."

"I am so far ignorant," said Russell, "that I know not whether he be bard or beggar; though I believe both, ever since Adam was an oakum-boy in Chatham dock-yard, have been considered synonymous. But I know *this*, that the man, who, in the shape of a sea-song, should string together such a tissue of trash, deserves—Come,

Master, you shall apportion his punishment," added the jocular Russell, who never let slip an opportunity to draw his blunt messmate into debate.

"Mind ye," said Soundings, "I only speak as a sea-farin man; but if I'm caaled upon to pass that sintince which might be duly expeckted to come from a joostly indignant seaman —I should condemn the writer—first of al to be tarred and feithered—then dooked alangside—then, all drooping and dreeping, droomed round the fleet, as a warning to al screebling loobers hoo they dabble oot o' their deepth."

The gravity of the Master's manner, added to his uncouth enunciation, in passing, as he termed it, sentence upon the poet, protracted not a little the laugh.

"Well," said Bennett, upon the return of silence—"well, I must say, I could not have supposed it possible that professional prejudice—pardon the phrase—could be carried so far! Is it to be believed that on board of a British man-of-war, nay, the very ship that bears the sacred name of Apollo—is it, I repeat, to be credited, that the sailor's boasted bard—the Shakspeare of the Sea—the justly denominated and universally acknowledged Laureat of the Deep—in a word, that the great and immortal Dibdin should be thus denounced a blunderer and scribbling lubber?"

"He is little else," said Russell, coolly adjusting the collar of his shirt; "nor is blundering his only sin."

The Doctor, who presided at the table, and who seldom took part in discussion, unless something could be said to the purpose, thus politely addressed his guest—"I partly concede to your position, Mr Bennett, that professional prejudice is too often carried to an unpardonable pitch. But in this instance, as in every other, when the present subject has been brought upon the *tapis*, I must do my messmates the justice to say, that in disputing the talents of the poet, they are totally uninfluenced by any other motive than that of a desire to disabuse the uninitiated landsman with respect to the erroneous estimation too generally formed of Dibdin as a nautical poet. As an ardent admirer of lyrical compositions, and indeed, though I myself say it, no mean amateur of music, I have ever considered the effusions of Dibdin fitter for the indiscriminate revels of the tavern, than for the cool examination of the literary student, or the professional enquirer. Indeed, from a desire to set the reputation of the lyrist on a proper basis, I once proposed the project to a competent friend —to analyze his labours—to separate the meritorious from the worthless—to shew of what his talents really consisted; and to prove, that though he deserved regard in some things, he has for the most part been loved not wisely, but too well. In a country like this, where, for the last four hundred years, there has been manifested so much literary genius of the highest order, it is surely, Mr Bennett, not consistent that vague thoughts, claptrap sentiments, confused metaphors, and unintelligible inventions of the vernacular tongue, should be profusely lauded——"

"Noo, that's what I caal a reegular raker!" ejaculated Soundings.

"Nor ought we," proceeded the Doctor, heedless of the rough compliment of his blunt-minded messmate, "in regard to our musical reputation to panegyrize several hundred tunes, because some few have deserved success; nor, as a maritime people, should we extol as sea-songs a hundred ballads* of which not more than four or five are free from nautical blunders of the most obvious kind."

"It is possible," said Bennett, "in the bard's anxiety to point a moral, and particularly awaken in our seamen that heroic devotedness, that patriotic desperation, which none can deny has been so happily effected through the medium of his muse, that Dibdin considered a strict adherence to technical truth a matter of minor import. Indeed, to me it appears that his nautical blunders are, as my divine friend would say, rain-drops in the vasty deep—spots unseen on the solar luminary unaided by microscopic power, compared with the incalculable service he has rendered to his grateful country."

There is no place, perhaps, where the "Landed Gentry" of England,

* Dibdin published 99 sea songs.

are more hospitably treated, or where they can more freely indulge in conversation, than in the gun-room of an English frigate: but when extravagant assertion usurps the place of rational argument, means are promptly devised to smother discussion; and these were resorted to in the present case, even though our mercantile orator had backed his opinions by the words and authority of his friend the Chaplain to the Lord Mayor. The Purser tried to turn the conversation —talked of a general promotion—an increase of pay—a change of administration; and though last, not least in professional interest, a change of uniform.* The first Lieutenant, who is introduced to the reader as Ward, affected that his presence was required on deck—The third apprehended that a signal from the senior officer's ship, would compel him to answer it in person. The Master, less delicate in the matter, though "longer at sea to learn manners" than any of his messmates, openly declared, that "it was like trying to geet soondings in the goot o' Gibraltar, to reason wi' men on things they knew noothing aboot."

The interposition of the President succeeded, however, in detaining those members of the mess, who, to use a parliamentary phrase, had evinced a desire to "pair off."

"I am sure," said the Doctor, concluding his appeal to the mess—"I am sure, if Mr Bennett be not one of those strong-minded men who think it a *vice* to be *convinced*, he will readily acquiesce in the proposition, (particularly as all the works of Dibdin are at hand), to discuss the pretensions, musical and lyrical, of that poet, and at least allow us to produce proof in support of our remarks."

"Bravo! back Physic against Commerce for a quarterly-bill!—Come, Steward," bawled the impatient Russell—"come, clear the decks, and let's turn to with a will, and overhaul Mr Dibdin from clue to earing."

"Why, George, if my friend the parson were here, he'd call you another Longinus.—Upon my word, Mr President," said Bennett sarcastically, "you must resign the critic's chair to my cousin. Already, as my reverend friend would say, we recognise the language of criticism."

"*Here*, Simon," retorted Russell, assuming an unwonted solemnity of tone, "*here* we recognise none of its venal servility—its contemptible cant —We know *something* of the subject we attempt to dissect; and when, as in the present case, we do cut upon compulsion, why, we do it in the right place, and never miss our mark."

"Weel, I moost say, George," said Soundings slyly, "you always spoot beest, joost when you've got a wee drap in your ee."

Less disposed to defend the disciples of Zoilus, than discuss to the last the merits of the Lyrist, Bennett declared that it was his firm belief, and, said he, "I am fully persuaded that a large majority of the landed community are impressed with the same belief, that the songs of Dibdin have not only had the effect of contributing to the increase of our seamen, but of actually inducing them to enlist into the service of their Sovereign."

The conclusion of this speech was received with a deafening shout, which shook the gun-room from its propriety, and assailed the ears of the less merry Mids without.

"Weel!" exclaimed Soundings, as soon as the roar had subsided, accompanying his remark with a thump on the table from a fist which fell with the force of a topmaul—"Weel, after that, you'll neext persuade us Neelson was feeter for an Alderman than an Admiral."

But as yet the credulity of Bennett appeared unassailable, and as little likely to be shaken by rude banter as serious assertion;—the master passion prevailing, he returned to the charge.

"Possibly," said he, increasing his gravity of manner, "possibly, *Mister Soundings*"—Here the landsman was again assailed by a shout which might have abashed any other being, the "bumps" of whose "self-esteem" had been less developed. After a pause, and a vacant stare at his convulsed auditory,

* It is a well-established fact, that, to the present unpopular and vulgar-looking uniform, is to be attributed the comparatively small muster of naval officers at the last drawing-room.—*Printer's Devil.*

as if unconscious of the cause which had excited the laugh, he again proceeded—" Possibly, *Mister Soundings*"—Again the roar was reiterated, and was again followed by his vacuity of look. At length, assured by the Surgeon that the laugh originated solely in the ludicrous mistake under which he laboured in conceiving the nickname of "*Soundings*," to be the real name of the Master, the merchant, unabashed, resumed—" Possibly—a —a—Mister—Mister."

" Coom, out wi' it—you needn't mince the matter wi' me—Caal me *Master** at once, like a man."

Here the Surgeon observed, that he apprehended neither Mr Bennett, nor any of the party present, would ever have the gratification of designating their north country friend by the honorary distinction of "*Master of Arts.*"

" I doo know that," returned the Newcastleman; " I'll back these hands of mine," sprawling upon the table his delicate digits, and which, spread together, fully occupied as much space as that of a large-sized dish—" I'll back that they shall pint a nail,—toorn a block,—hoop a cask,—caalk a seam, —beeld a boat,—cut oot a pair o' dook troosers, and moreover, gore a deemity petticoat with yours, for your heed."

" Well, I don't dispute your mechanical talents," said the merchant, gravely; " but I was merely about to observe, that possibly you were not aware of the fact, that the poet was pensioned by Pitt—the Pilot that weathered the storm."

" Then al I can say is, that the poeet, as you caal him, weathered the pilot," returned Soundings, looking round for admiration at his prompt rejoinder.

Ward, who as yet had taken no part in the discussion, now thought it time to open his debating battery.— " Taking into consideration," said he, " the tons of ink which have been shed upon the interminable theme of impressment, it is singular that, amongst other sagacious propositions, it should never have occurred to the 'abolitionists' to suggest the propriety of bribing a better bard—one whose maritime muse might have manned the fleet; and at once spared the navy the odium, and the nation the expense, attending on that unpopular mode of raising seamen for the service. Instead of issuing press-warrants, and seeking and soliciting in vain the civil authorities to back those most *uncivilized* instruments of political power, it would have been far more politic to have followed the example of Orpheus of old——"

" The Orpheeus old?" interrupted Soundings; " you were never more out in your reck'ning—Why, blees ye, she's a bran new freegate—and moreover a reegular fleeyer."

Recovering from the laugh which the Master's simplicity had excited, the First Lieutenant resumed.

" Or to have acted in accordance with the poetic apophthegm, that music hath charms——"

" To soothe the savage breast," cried Russell, snatching, as it were, the quotation from his messmate's mouth, and casting a libellous leer at the unsophisticated Soundings.

" Nay," continued Ward, sarcastically—" Nay, at every port we should have circulated songs—converted 'river protections' into flowing chants —morose and merciless press-gangs into choral companies, and entrapped the 'able-bodied' tar with the tender-hearted strain."

Here Russell, imagining, from the drooping position which his cousin had assumed during the discharge of this ironical fire—his head hanging over his empty coffee-cup—his fingers fiddling with his spoon—that Bennett had abandoned his argument, exclaimed, in a conciliatory tone, " Come, Simon, there's no dishonour in defeat—the bravest *must* strike when beaten— Come, dowse your colours, and at once strike to superior force!"

" Strike!" exclaimed Bennett;— " reason never strikes to ridicule—nor is raillery resorted to, until people find their argument no longer tenable. This is the opinion of my worthy clerical friend, and I fully agree with it. Were I not maintaining a popular opinion," continued the landsman,

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* On board men-of-war, this officer is so much in the habit of being designated either by the appellation of "*Soundings*," or " Master," that were it not his daily duty to affix his signature to the log-book, he really might forget his own name.

more disposed to protract the debate than cede a single point in dispute—"or did I not think with nine-tenths of a *thinking* nation——"

"Nine-tenths of your *thinking* nation," interrupted his cousin, "are too indolent to think for themselves—Mister Bull's propensity to ready-made opinions is not more notorious than his predilection for ready-made clothes."

"Well, I must say, that the best plain coat I ever possessed was a ready-made one," observed the marine officer, rising from the table with a profound look of wisdom, it being the first time, save for edible purposes, he had opened his mouth since he had sat down to dinner.

"What!" exclaimed Ward, waggishly; "going, just as you are getting pleasant?"

Bennett was too much absorbed in his subject to enjoy these and other jocular shots exchanged at table.—"Mine," said he, "are by no means ready-made opinions. They have been long matured, and nothing can convince me, that the ballads of the bard have not contributed much to our maritime glory."

"I should like to know," said Soundings, casting at Bennett an incredulous leer, "whether the ballads were launched before our battles were fought, or the battles fought after the ballads were built; for to me it appears, though, mind ye, not mooch of a lawyer at logic, that Mister Deebdin is more indeebted to us for the material on which to build his ballads, than we are to him for al he's geen us in return."

"Bravo, Soundings! bravo, old boy! When all trades fail, now that the shoe-blacking fraternity have *gone to the wall,* you've nothing to do but to ship a wig and bear up for the Bar."

"Talking o' beering-oop," cried the Master, taking his cue from Russell's good-humoured banter; "did you ever yet know a thorough-breed seaman beer-oop for the boonty? Answer me *that*, Mr Bennett," interrogated Soundings, again slapping his Herculean hand upon the table, and disturbing the economy of the crockery.

"Two for one," muttered the marine officer, who had already returned to the table.

"I see no reason to alter my opinion," said the incredulous landsman, adopting a brevity of reply peculiar to people in office.

"Why, one would suppose you'd a leeson from some of our *affectionate freends*," said Soundings, chuckling at a joke altogether lost on the uninitiated landsman.

"In matters of controversy, as my reverend ally would say, I neither know affectionate friends," said Bennett, casting a significant glance at his relative, "nor inveterate foes; but I assert it with increased conviction, that to Dibdin's animating effusions is to be attributed that inflexible spirit of loyalty, of valour, of clemency, and of patriotism, that blazes so intensely in the bosom of the British tar; and I am satisfied to the—what shall I say?—to the indisputed supremacy of his muse, Britain owes the creation of many a mariner, and the navy, however disagreeable the assertion may sound to prejudiced ears, the possession of many an able-bodied seaman. When Alderman Atkins was Lord Mayor, my reverend friend, in returning thanks at a civic dinner, when his health was drunk, observed that——"

"I'll stake my professional reputation," interrupted the First Lieutenant, starting on his legs, the fire flashing from his animated eye—"a single iota of which I would not forfeit for all Mister Dibdin's ephemeral fame—that his songs have never been the means of contributing a single seaman to the country, much less of adding a *thorough-bred tar to the service.** It is monstrous to suppose (to use the fa-

* "The navy," says Captain Griffiths, in his admirable pamphlet *On the Abolition of Impressment*, "is not the favourite service; on the contrary, few seamen, comparatively very few, *voluntarily* enter; and of those who receive the bounty in war time, to the testimony of an officer, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Penrose, (whose opinions must carry weight,) we (means Captain G.) beg leave to add that of our own, after forty-five years in the service, that *few* indeed can be called *bona fide* volunteers. They have either entered because they could not avoid the impress, been allowed to volunteer *after* being impressed, or volunteered from merchant vessels to get rid of

miliar, though forcible, phrase of the Master) that men, who seldom or ever have been induced to bear up for the bounty—a boon by them ever considered as a mere *song*—are beings so susceptible of sentiment, so alive to romance, as to permit their too long-rooted antipathies to the service to strike to a lubberly ballad."

"It is very singular," said Bennett, sneeringly, "that in the person of the very individual who has so incautiously denounced the bard to be a lyrical lubber, I now produce a living testimony in support of my assertions."

"What, *me*, Simon?" interrogated Russell.

"Yes, George; your worthy father has more than once assured me, that your military ardour was roused——"

"*Military* ardour!—d—n it, you had better make me a militia-man at once!"

"Well, then, that your devotion to the navy—(all these little pointless interruptions are but weak inventions of the enemy)—may be solely attributable to your predilection for Dibdin's ballads when a boy."

"Yes, and my predilection, as you term it, for Mister Dibdin's doggrels, on one occasion, was nearly the cause of the boy being mast-headed for a four-hours' spell."

"Bellowing one of his ballads about the decks?" said Ward inquisitively.

"No—we were in chase of a French privateer ahead. The Captain and all the officers were on the forecastle, with their glasses riveted, as it were, on the chase, in anxious suspense. The wind was veering and hauling, and every thing depended upon taking advantage of the flaws that favoured us. Being nearer to the person of the Captain than a more competent messenger, I was dispatched with directions to the officer of the watch to request his minute attention to the conn—that already the ship had nearly been taken aback—and that '*Now*, tell him,' said the Captain, 'the topsails *are lifting*.' Well, aft I flew with all the consequence attached to my mission—'The Captain says, sir,' said I, addressing the Second Lieutenant, who had charge of the deck, and who had not the most fascinating manners in the world,—'the Captain requests your attention to the conn, for that the *top-lifts* have nearly been *taken aback*.'—'The *toplifts aback!* you young imp! From whom did you learn that lubberly phrase?'—'The Captain said so,' I pertly replied.—'The Captain said *no* such thing, sir; and for two pins I'd cause him to introduce you to the *gunner's daughter*. I cannot conceive,' added he, increasing in anger, '*where* you could have picked up such a lubberly knownothing phrase.'—'I saw it in print, sir,' said I, thinking, like fools of a greater growth, that every thing committed to the press was gospel, as if type were the test of truth.—'In print! you positive puppy!'—'Yes, sir,' said I, undaunted at his reproachful epithets, 'in *Poor Jack*.'—'I'll *Jack* you!' said he, degrading me in the eyes of all the afterguard and marines, who were then getting a pull of the lee-fore-brace. 'D'ye see *those* Jacks?' added he, pointing aloft to the fore-top-gallant cross-trees;—'the next time I hear you make use of such a blundering ballad-monger's phrase, I'll send you *there* for a four-hours' spell.' So much for my devotion to Dibdin.—Now as *lifts*," added Russell, explaining to his relative the point of his anecdote, "happen to be *ropes* and not *sails*, the phrase aback, as applied to the former, is not only nonsense, but appears to be a most unaccountable perversion of a term so generally understood. Any man possessing the least smattering of nauticals, would readily have said, as sung by seamen, 'Take the *topsails* of seamen aback.' By this reading, the figure of the poet is rendered nautically true, and equally, if not better, suited to the musical rhythm."

Alluding to the circumstance of Russell having, in his youth, been devoted to Dibdin, the Surgeon observed that he could readily believe that some of our "*boys* of the first class,"* when

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some pressure or annoyance there, and because they could ensure their pay only by going to a man-of-war. But in the whole of our service, we can hardly recount *half-a-dozen bona fide volunteers.* We must, then, look for some very potent cause, thus operating against the King's service."—Page 77.

* "*Boys of the first class,*"—the younger midshipmen.

in the *last* at school, have before now preferred being hoisted on board to being hoisted on a back, and have therefore less relished the stripes of the preceptor than the strains of the poet: But to suppose that seamen have been in any way influenced by Dibdin's muse, was really, "to say the least of it," added the Doctor with warmth, "a most irrational assumption."

The works of Dibdin, which had been copiously interlined and marked with marginal notes, were now laid upon the table by the Doctor's librarian—alias the loblolly-boy.

"Now," said the President, opening the *professional life* of the lyrist, "before we discuss Mr Dibdin, let's see what he says for himself." Here the surgeon read aloud the following ludicrous effusion of self-complacency:

'The music I *have* was strongly in my mind from my earliest remembrance, and I know that no master could at any time have been of the least service to me. It lay quietly a hidden spark, which in the country found nothing ardent enough to vivify it; but, coming in contact with *proper fuel*, the different performances in town, it at once *expanded*, and nothing could keep it *within bounds*.'

"Passing over the fury of his musical flame, I believe it will not be denied, that music, or at least the composition of it, is entirely an artificial acquirement, not to be obtained by mere genius, however strong. Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and other great masters," continued the Doctor, "could not have arisen to the eminence they attained, had they not given the most laborious attention to the laws of musical science. It is certainly possible, as Pope did, to lisp in numbers; but it is not possible to compose melodies and effective harmonies without a knowledge of musical theory.* Nor could Dibdin, though in his modest memoir he has thought proper to disclaim the necessity, have given birth to some of his airs, had he been altogether destitute of any acquaintance with the rules of composition."

"I think *that* point may be disputed," said Bennett, looking sagaciously, although he knew not a quaver from a crotchet.

"But here," said the Doctor, pointing to the passage, "he admits that he '*studied* the structure of Correlli's harmonies,' which, however, he confounds, unintelligibly enough, with *melody*; and to this study, it seems, he added an endeavour to acquire the theoretical learning of Rameau. Inconsistencies of this description are, however, inseparable from overweening self-estimation."

"I don't *see* that," returned the merchant, dogmatically.

"But this is not all," proceeded the President; "for here the poet modestly assures us, that he 'began and completed the *Sailor's Journal* in half an hour; and I could mention,' says he, 'perhaps thirty very prominent songs, that did not take in the writing and composing more than three quarters of an hour each.' Again he says: 'Putting whatever merit there may be in writing, composing, and *accompanying*, any one of my entertainments out of the question, the exertion, only, never was before, and, I am inclined to think (*for I am master of the subject*,) never will again be, accomplished.'"

"*He* master of his subject!" cried Russell indignantly.

"Yes; and moreover, he here says," proceeded the Doctor, reading the passage in a mock-declamatory tone, "'*My songs* have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, *in storms, in battles, and they have been quoted in mutinies to the restoration of order and discipline!!*'"†

"Unlees, Doctor," said Soundings, "you want that seek'ning stooff to act on my stomach like one o' your own emeeticks, you'll gee us no more o' that brawling braggadocea's froth. What! does he dare to say, and has the effronterie to put it in *print* too, that sailors have nothing else to do in hot battles and heavy breezes, but to baal and bellow about the decks his mongrell, sentimental, seek'ning, looberly trash? And, as for his songs being quoted, as he caals it, to quell mutiny, and restore order, I can only say, that to me, as a straight-minded, plain-

* Some new and very curious theories on the subject of the Mathematics of Music, have lately been laid before the public, by a very ingenious young musician of the name of Hewitt. Published in London, 79, Wimpole Street.

† Dibdin's Life, vol. i. p. 8.

sailing man—a man that doesn't, like somefolk," (casting a significant glance at the merchant,) "let his shore-going logic geet the beeter of his reason—I can only say, to me it seems strangely unaccoontable that his songs were so unsooccessfully sung to the mutineers at the Nore; and parteekcularly in failing to prevent his patron—the pilot he weethered oot o' the peenshun, being hung oop in affigee at the fore-yard-arm of the leading ships."*

Blinking the egotism of the poet, his champion, lowering a little of his own lofty tone, observed, that "At all events it must be admitted, that the songs of Dibdin contributed much to the amusement of our seamen."

"Dibdin, my dear Simon," said Russell, "is by no means as popular in the galley as you and others of his admirers may imagine. In that temple of taste, dedicated to debate and sacred to song, his compositions," continued the lieutenant, jocosely, "have never been considered as classic. Some have been 'condemned as unfit for service,' others have been docked and consigned to the cockpit, (for the denizen of the orlop is by no means as nice in his nauticals as *Jack*,) whilst many, to make them more acceptable at Sally-port, or popular at Point, have undergone, both in metre and matter, a thorough repair. Indeed, as Soundings has observed, his sentimentality is sick'ning, and accords little with the taste of the tar. Nor is this his only defect;—his tropes are as false as his ropes are foul—thorough-puts are to be found in every figure—broken metaphors in every verse; and from his want of nautical knowledge and misapplication of technical terms, many of his stanzas are not only rendered puzzling to landsmen, but totally unintelligible to seamen. I think you will allow," continued Russell, placing before his cousin the open volume which contained the song that had caused the discussion, "that this stanza of your favourite ballad—a ballad, by the bye, of which Dibdin himself informs us that he 'published, from first to last, *ten thousand* seven hundred and fifty copies,'† furnishes an admirable specimen of lyrical confusion:

'That time, bound straight to Portugal,
Right fore and aft *we bore*;
But when we made Cape Ortegal,
A gale blew off the shore.
She lay, so did it shock her,
A log *upon the main*,
Till, saved from Davy's Locker,
We *put* to *sea again*.'

"Now I think it may be safely asserted," said Russell, upon concluding a second perusal of this verse, "that there is not to be found, in his Majesty's dominions, a tar annotator competent to interpret the phrase, 'right fore and aft *we bore*;' or who can comprehend the anomalous position of a vessel *already* at sea, and lying like a log upon the *main*, putting to sea *again*, when saved from Davy's Locker."

"Had it," said the Doctor, "been the object of Dibdin, like that of the inimitable author of Gulliver's Travels, to have satirized those writers of romance who have unconsciously blundered in their application of nautical terms, he could not have succeeded more triumphantly than he has in that unmetrical jumble of impossibilities. Indeed, in this particular (however unintentional on the part of the *soi-disant* poet of the deep) he frequently eclipses the Dean of St Patrick's (Swift) description of a storm"——

"D—— that looberly word! why can't ye caa it *breeze*, like a man?" interrupted the blunt north countryman.

"Well, then, in the *gale* encountered in the voyage to Brobdingnag, (and in which," he observed, "all the nautical evolutions incidental to the occasion—such as reefing, furling, wearing, scudding, &c.—are detailed in an admirable vein of burlesque,) is scarcely broader in caricature, or more replete with blunder, than may be found

* The following passage from Brenton's Naval History, may serve to elucidate the Master's allusion:—"At daylight next morning, the reports of guns and small arms awoke them, (the officers,) and they saw what they supposed to be the execution of officers and men at the yard-arm of some of the ships, as they were run up in the smoke of the guns; and while hanging, concluded that they should very soon share the same fate; nor was it till two or three hours afterward that they were undeceived, and informed that the figures suspended were only effigies meant to represent the Right Hon. William Pitt, whom they (the mutineers) facetiously termed Billy Pitt."—Vol. i. p. 427.

† "The Greenwich Pensioner."

in several stanzas of the poet, who, in his own record, has styled himself '*master* of his subject.'"

"But what have we here?" cried Russell—

'The *flowing* sails we tars *unbend*,
To lead a roving life;
In every mess we find a friend,
In every port a wife.'

"Now, this stanza is from the ballad entitled, "Jack in his element;" and which proves pretty clearly that Dibdin is never in *his* element when he dabbles in blue water. That locomotion," continued Russell, "is a power essential to a rover, no one will attempt to deny; but I guess," added the jocular Lieutenant, imitating the Yankee twang, "that the commander of the *Red*-Rover would have looked ''tarnation blue,' if, when on a roving commission, or when chased by the foe, he had been compelled to have '*unbent* her flowing sails.' It is true, that the acceptation of this phrase, as received by seamen, has, in some measure, suggested these remarks—but as the figure is equally false, in a nautical, as well as a metaphorical sense, they cannot, I presume, be pronounced hypercritical. To *unbend*, technically speaking, signifies to detach the sails from the yards, and send them down for the purpose of repairing or stowing away, as is common upon coming into port. 'To *unbend*,' (a phrase, by the bye, little understood by big-wigs in office,) strikes landsmen, and was doubtless so conceived by Dibdin, to mean the *unfolding* of the canvass; though it cannot be applied in that sense, inasmuch as he states that the sail was already in a *flowing* condition."

"Talking of flowing," said Ward, who had just taken up an unoccupied volume, "see what an unaccountable misapplication of technical terms here occur in his 'Flowing can:'—

'The cadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish;
To heave the lead,
Or to *cat-head*
The pond'rous anchor *fish*.'

"Here," said Ward, "the rhyme has unwittingly betrayed the writer into the commission of a blunder unpardonable in a nautical poet. To *fish* the anchor to the *cat-head*, is folly; he might as well have said, cat-headed the *fish*—one is not a greater absurdity than the other."

"These little deviations from technical truth," said Bennett, "appear to me, as I before said, to be trifles, compared with the greater object of the bard—that of elevating the hearts of the tars to the defence of their king and country."

"My good sir," returned the First Lieutenant, "the terseness and adroitness peculiar to sea idioms, when judiciously employed, may be rendered apparent, even to landsmen; but when misapplied, or made the pivot upon which the thoughts of an uninitiated rhymester are to turn, they no longer retain their vigour, but become dissonant to the ear, and unintelligible to the mind. But the fact is, few have afforded (and, Heaven knows, Dibdin has had competitors in abundance in the '*Dove*' and '*Love*'-sick rhymers of his day) a better practical illustration of Butler's witty definition of rhyme. With Dibdin,

'Rhyme the rudder is of verse.'

Deprive him of his '*grog*,' (though, to do him justice, he is always flippant upon '*flip*,'*) his '*log*'—his '*Nan*,' his '*can*'—his '*sigh* and his '*die*,' (for with him, sailors in love, like Sultans in war, are direfully subject to *sudden death*,) and you knock off the pintles of his verse, and render his muse unmanageable."

"But, Mr Bennett," said the Doctor, "if Dibdin's faculty of rhyming is poor in resources, believe me, his sentimentality is still more open to reprehension. What can be more ludicrously maudlin than this stanza, from the ballad entitled, 'Ben Backstay?'—

'At distance from his *Anna's* beauty,
While roaring winds the sea deform,
Ben sings, and well performs his duty,
And braves, *for love*, the frightful storm.'"

Here the Master burst out into a horse-laugh, whilst Ward proceeded—"'Tis '*for love*,' then, that on the cold December day Jack is seen beneath the bows of a battle-ship, merging his body in the briny deep as he

* This beverage was banished from the 'tween decks long prior to the Poet's nativity.

lashes the cables, or bends-on the bowlines, pending the operation of cleaving hause—'Tis '*for love*,' then, that in the gusty gale, in the heavy hurricane, he mounts aloft, lies out on the lee-yard-arm, gathers in the wildly agitated canvass, and finally furls the shaking and shattered sail—'Tis '*for love*,' too, that he works at the winch, perseveres at the pumps, and bails below, when his frail bark is in a helpless and hopeless state. A French sonnetteer has said, and his words have thus been rendered into English,

'Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love,
That makes the world go round.'

But I can assure you, Mr Bennett, that *love* will never make the '*ship* go round.' He who trusts to the tender passion to heave about his ticklish bark, will assuredly *miss* stays, bungle the business, and go to leeward at last."

"The next stanza from the same ballad," said the President, "affords, as far as relates to the tar, a striking illustration of the absurdity of dealing in sentiment:—

'Alas! in vain! the vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting, opens wide;
While lacerated, torn, and shatter'd,
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd, and died.'

"Again—

'The semblance of each lovely feature,
That *Ben had worn around his neck*,
Where Art stood substitute for Nature,*
A tar, his friend, saved from the wreck:
In fervent hope while Anna, burning,
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride;
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
She saw, grew pale, *sunk down*, and *died*.'"

"It's all very well," said Ward, "for the *lady* to droop like a lily; but what think you of *Jack* slipping his wind in *love*?—Hear what becomes of 'Jack Rattlin:'—

'The same express the crew commanded
Once more to view their native land,
Amongst the rest, brought Jack some tidings,—
Would it had been his love's fair hand!
Oh, fate! her death defaced the letter;
Instant, his pulse forgot to move;
With quiv'ring lips and eyes uplifted,
He *heaved a sigh*, and *died for love*.'

"Pipes's reply to the lady, on being questioned, 'Whether he was ever in love?' speaks volumes on the subject of *Jack's* notion of the tender passion. But the idea of a tarry topman appending from his neck the locket of his lass, is almost too ludicrous for comment. Fancy a double-fisted fellow, when, in feeling for the laniard of the knife which is to cut the 'studden-sail-stop,' laying hold in mistake, and pulling from his bushy bosom, the chain which suspends the miniature of Moll! Imagine the banter, nay, burst of indignation, on the forecastle, at such an awkward discovery! But the truth is, that Dibdin knew as little of the character of seamen, as he did of their terse and expressive phraseology. *Jack* may sigh for '*lickor*,' but never for *love*; and as for the latter, it may be literally said to be only '*skin*-deep.' Why, sir," continued the First Lieutenant, addressing the merchant, "Jack will tattoo himself from top to toe—disfigure his flesh, and suffer considerable torture, in undergoing the painful operation which is to mark his person, and sometimes mar† his prospects, for life, so that he can only bear about his body, and carry to his grave this gallery, or rather bevy of beauties, who have outlived his love. For example, 'Brown Bet' in bust, looking as blue as gunpowder and indigo can make her, will be indelibly stamped upon his browner breast. The fairest part of his skin will be devoted

* The miniature, where "Art stood substitute for Nature," must have been a consummate performance, and doubtless was painted by Mrs Mee, whose delicate pencil makes those velvet-looking portraits of our fashionable fair.

† That the habit of tattooing should so long continue prevalent in the service is astonishing, when the many evils to which it condemns the self-operator are considered. For example—an anchor, or the initials of a man's name, indelibly imprinted on the hand of a sailor, leads frequently to his apprehension when he deserts; and many a meritorious officer who has risen from before the mast, has often cursed the evil hour when he impressed on himself a token, by which his companions in his newly-acquired rank would be able to detect his origin.

to the once fairest of his fancy. A full-length of 'Fan' footing it at the Point, will occupy a conspicuous place on his larboard leg; 'Sue,' lolling on his lap, and playing with his locks, will take up her station on his starboard; whilst crossed hands, entwined hearts, and all the emblematic devices of love and constancy, will decorate each brawny arm. Yet with all these *marked* indications of *Jack's* adoration of the sex, I think it may be safely asserted, that a tar would sooner think of appending a two-and-thirty-pound shot to his heels, and consigning himself at once to Davy Jones, than hang from his neck the locket of his lass."

To an observation from Bennett, why compositions which have so long given pleasure, should be now so scrupulously examined, the Doctor replied, that "were there any deficiency of topics of real interest in the seaman's habits and occupations, there might be an excuse for imaginary and fallacious details; but, to say nothing of the value of truth in all things, I hold a nautical poet to be unpardonable, in omitting to avail himself of the inexhaustible variety of amusing allusions which sea-manners provide, and which would be more curious, more edifying, to landsmen in general, and to the philosophical enquirer in particular, than any thing which mere fancy could present."

"This appears to me to be quite irrelevant matter," said the merchant, peevishly; "nor do I see what it has to say to Dibdin's merits, and particularly his motives."

"The motives of the poet have not by any body present been impugned; but, speaking of his merits," said the Doctor, "to me it appears that the true merit of Dibdin consists, not in providing *recreation* for the sailors themselves—for where there is manifest error there can be no possible pleasure,—but in so eulogizing the tar and his exploits, as to induce landsmen, which form the greater body of the nation, to appreciate the services of seamen—to entertain a high opinion of their gallantry, generosity, honesty, and, though last, not least, their recklessness of character, of all of which Dibdin has given vague and ideal views. Since Dibdin's time," continued the Doctor, smiling, "the compound word 'sea-brute,' which, as applied to sailors, was wont to be a commonplace on shore, has become obsolete. For this service, seamen perhaps owe Dibdin their thanks; and in performing this, his nautical ignorance and false metaphors have been no obstacle. His sea-songs, when sung on shore, are none the worse for technical mistakes——"

"Aye, I thought," interrupted Bennett, triumphantly, "you'd come round to my way of thinking."

"Pardon me—I only say his sea-songs were not the worse for mistakes which could not be detected by landsmen. Still they are fit only for those, who, according to the old ballad, 'live at home at ease;' and though *Jack* smokes them privately, and is ready, as Shakspeare says, to 'heave the gorge' at the poet's superfine sentiment, he ought not to be the less obliged to the well-meaning voice which has endeavoured to exalt him in the eyes of his fellow-men.—And now, Mr Bennett, as enough has been said surely, to satisfy any rational mind on the subject of the poet's imperfections, it will be incumbent on us, before you return on shore, to shew you what *we* consider to be good in the nautical compositions of Dibdin. If you will allow me, I will just read, from the volume in my hand, a few examples of his best songs:—

'*Jack at the Windlass.*

'Come, all hands ahoy to the anchor!
From friends and relations we go;
Poll blubbers and cries; devil thank her!
She'll soon take another in tow.
This breeze, like the old one, will kick us
About on the boisterous main;
And one day, if Death should not trick us,
Perhaps we shall come back again.
With a will-ho then pull away, jolly boys,
At the mercy of Fortune we go;
We're in for't; then, damme! what folly, boys,
For to be down-hearted, ye ho!'

"Now this verse is so far in keeping with the title of the ballad; but the following stanzas, though, *per se*, equally good in composition, are foreign to the subject of the song, and are better calculated for a '*stave*' in the galley, than for a '*song*' at the windlass."

"Pray, in what consists the difference?" interrogated the merchant.

"Why, simply this: with seamen, the yeo-he-ho-e is designated the

'*song*,' and the song, on the contrary, is termed the '*stave*.'

'Our boatswain takes care of the rigging,
More spessiously when he gets drunk;
The bobstay supplies him with swigging,
He the cable cuts up for old junk;
The studding-sail serves for his hammock,
With the clue-lines he bought him his call,
While ensigns and *Jacks* in a mammock
He sold to buy trinkets for Poll.
With a will-ho,' &c.

"But of all his songs, this is my favourite:

'*Tom Bowling*.

'Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

'Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands:
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.'

"In the composition of this song," continued the Doctor, "the poet must have found the 'Nine' unusually propitious; for, out of all his lyrical effusions, it stands as a solitary instance in which neither broken metaphors nor nautical blunders are to be detected. But his heart was here deeply concerned—he was writing a dirge on his dead brother. And then again, 'Poor Jack'"——

"Avast there, Doctor!" interrupted Ward: "though the ballad of *Poor Jack* has perhaps contributed more to the fame of Dibdin than all his compositions together, yet you must acknowledge it has its defects, as well as its beauties. The principal defect in this song, like the majority indeed of Dibdin's, is the want of keeping in the tone and tenor of the theme. The words which I shall lay a stress on as I read them, will serve to point out the incongruity of the poet:"

'Why I heard our good chaplain *palaver* one day,
About soul-saving, *mercy* and *such*,
And, my timbers! what *lingo* he'd *coil* and *belay*,
It was just all as one as *high Dutch*.'

"Passing over the false figures of '*coiling* and *belaying*' a language, we are led to infer, that the sermon of the Chaplain was quite unintelligible to the tar, or '*all as one as high Dutch*,' while, in the succeeding stanza, from 'the *many fine things*' which fell from the preacher in the same discourse, *Jack* appears to be impressed with a very exalted idea of Providence:

'But he said, how a sparrow can't *founder*, d'ye see,
Without orders that comes *down below*;
And *many fine things*, that *proved clearly to me*,
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, d'ye mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top-lifts [*top-lifts*, Russell!] of sailors *aback*,
There's a sweet little cherub sits perched up aloft,
Will look out for the life of Poor Jack!'"

"But, Ward," said the Doctor, "you have interrupted the current of praise indisputably due to *some* few of Dibdin's effusions. I really think that the patriotic tone—the manliness of thought—the moral feeling, and, though last, not least, the technical truth, which pervade the verse which I will now read, would not only redeem a worse ballad, but cover, in *Poor Jack*, as well as in the poet, 'a multitude of sins.' In fact, I think, that even in its present state, this stanza is fit to be 'borne on the books' of every British man-of-war, and to stand as the motto of every seaman in the service:

'D'ye mind me, a sailor should be, ev'ry inch,
All as one as a piece of the ship;
And, with her, brave the world without off'ring to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip;
As to me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs;
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life, 'tis my King's.
Ev'n when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As with grief to be taken aback:
The same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for Poor Jack.'

"But this is not the only excellence

of Charles Dibdin. The airs to which he has set his songs, (with the exception of that of the 'Greenwich Pensioner,' which is in fact the 'Plough Boy,' with a slight variation in the second movement,) are all, strictly speaking, *his own* ; and the character of them is decidedly English. The majority, to be sure, are not good for much ; but there are two or three which deserve to last, and which no doubt will last, as specimens of genuine and original melodies. Such, for instance, among his sea-songs, are, —'Jack at Greenwich,'—'Jack at the Windlass,'— 'Lovely Nan,'—'I sailed from the Downs in the Nancy,' —''Twas Post Meridian,' and 'Tom Bowling.'* I might add, that though Dibdin cannot be called a skilful contrapuntist, (notwithstanding his studies in Correlli,) yet he managed to provide tolerable accompaniments to his airs."

"Weel, it's al dooble Dootch to me coiled against the sun," said Soundings ; "and as for your skeelful coonterpuntist, I can tell you what it is, if you don't shorten your yarn, you'll have to shew your own *skeel* in the *punt* to-night ; for you'll have no other boat to land the party."

"True, Soundings—rest your colloquial fame on that. And now, gentlemen, let me recommend cigars."

"Bravo, Doctor—a good move," said Russell. "Come, Bennett, though we've blown up Dibdin a few, and the magazine is immediately beneath our feet, you need not apprehend another gunpowder plot ; we have not yet taken in our powder."

"But, from the way in which you *talk* of Dibdin, it is evident," returned Bennett sarcastically, "that you have taken in your *wine*."

"Good!" said the Doctor. "Come, Mr Bennett, after that I must prescribe a real Havannah ;—a cigar gives a man a fine listening appearance, and I like a good listener ; and moreover, as all of us seem to be interested in our subject, I will endeavour to give you a short retrospect of marine ballads from the earliest time—Shall I tire you ?"

"No, no ; go on, Doctor !" ejaculated Ward, "never mind Soundings ; *we* shall not let you run a-head of your reckoning."

"You have often heard it said of ballads," proceeded the Doctor, "that they are highly valuable as illustrating the times in which they were written. If this quality be true, generally speaking, it is more especially so when viewed in connexion with the vicissitudes and peculiarities of naval life, wherein they form one of the chief solaces of the officers and men ; and we shall hardly collect from any one source so much information as to the different aspects assumed by the service at different times, as may be derived from sea-songs of various dates. That the knowledge sometimes conveyed by them is only of a familiar kind, is rather an enhancement than a depreciation of their value ; for it is precisely of these very things regarding manners which history could scarcely condescend to recognise, that we sometimes most desire to learn. In the days of Duncan, Howe, Jervis, Nelson, Cornwallis, and Collingwood, (I regret that I am not enabled to enlighten Mr Bennett touching the strains of the tar in the times of Drake and Blake,) the midshipmen of the fleet were wont to beguile the monotony of a blockading cruise, by what, in the phraseology of the cockpit, was termed 'keeping up Saturday night with a stave.' Nor are you, perhaps, exactly aware, Mr Bennett, that the vocal powers of the tar are not less estimated at the windlass of a merchantman, than at the galley of a man-of-war. He who keeps the watch awake with a '*stave*' is as great an acquisition to a ship, as he who weighs the anchor with a '*song*.'

"Perfectly true," said the first Lieutenant. "I see, Doctor, you've lost nothing by serving as assistant in a *liner*." †

"Yes," said the Doctor, "you know the sick-bay is in the immediate vicinity of the galley—and we all know that there is more to be picked up *there* than *here*. But not to digress : Considered as lyrical compositions, some of our old marine ballads are excellent and characteristic effusions ;

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* It is worthy of remark, that where Dibdin has been successful in his poetry, he has been equally so in his music.

† Line-of-battle ship.

whilst others, though popular, are not only deficient in literary merit, but, like many of Dibdin's, are filled with nautical ignorances; though the reverse of Gray's proposition about the 'bliss of ignorance' is nowhere so obvious as on board ship——"

"Does not Gray say," interrupted Bennett, "'that it is folly to be wise?' Now, I call *that* nonsense, and so does my reverend friend; and I defy you, Doctor, to shew any thing half so stupid in Dibdin's songs."

"That is a sagacious remark of yours," returned the Doctor. "But I was going to say, with regard to the music to which sea ballads are set, I am of opinion that a very curious and interesting theme may be suggested to enquiring minds; and that what has been tauntingly asserted of England—to wit, that she alone, of all European countries, has no national music—may be refuted by appealing to her sea songs. Other answers to this vulgar error might, indeed, be made with success; and it would not be difficult, even without the aid of her naval music, to repel the reproach, were Englishmen as zealous for the fame of their country, and as much given to upholding the merits of their countrymen, as are the natives of Scotland and Ireland."

"I say, soom one has been drooning the miller," said the Master, taking a gulp of his grog. "Damme, if it isn't *half* water!"

The laugh at the Master's idea of weak grog for some moments interrupted the Doctor. "I will not, however," he proceeded, "extend, what already looks too much like a lecture, by any argument touching the claim of England to the possession of *National* airs, but confine myself solely to sea songs; and I think you will admit, that it is in some of these that English musical talent will be manifest. The style of the tunes is not Scotch, Welsh, nor Irish; still less is it German, French, or Italian; and let me here remark, as a note-worthy fact, that neither Scotland, Ireland, nor Wales, has sea songs, properly so called. Sea songs, therefore, are not so much *British*, as purely and exclusively *English*; and I think it may be safely asserted, that some of the airs deserve to rank with the happiest instances extant of simple but characteristic melody. In further illustration of my argument, it may be mentioned, that the greatest of modern musicians—the illustrious creator of a new style, which started at once into life at his bidding, and which continues to be the sole medium of the art—need I add the name of Haydn?—was utterly incompetent to the production of music for a sea song, though he attempted it in his celebrated canzonets, written in this country to English words; which song is not only the worst of his works, but is perhaps one of the most feeble productions ever committed to the press."

"What song was that?" asked the merchant.

"Some trash, with the burden of 'hurly burly.' It seems as if the very touch of the waves had been overpowering to the gifted German, and had chilled his great musical faculties. Not so, however, with our own composers, 'who are native and endued unto that element.'"

"Bravo! our side of the house!" cried Russell.

"One of our earliest naval ballads," continued the Doctor, "is derived from the Pepys Collection, and is supposed to have been written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It records the events of a sea-fight in the reign of Henry the Eighth, between Lord Howard and Sir Andrew Barton, a Scotch pirate; and it is rendered curious by the picture it presents of naval engagements in those days,—and by a singular fact which transpires in the course of the details; namely, that the then maritime force of England consisted of only *two ships of war!*"

"*Two* ships of war!" exclaimed the Master—"Then of course there were d—d few honourable nobs on the skeeper's list."

"If my memory be just," said the Surgeon, "in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry there is another old marine ballad, called the 'Winning of *Cales*,' a name which our sailors had given to Cadiz. This affair took place in June, 1596; but the description of it in the old song presents nothing peculiar, or worthy of attention as regards naval manners. From this period, I cannot at present call to mind any sea song of importance till Gay's 'Black-eyed Susan,' which, you know, has maintained its popularity to the present hour, and which deserves to

have done so, no less on account of the beauty of the verses, than of the pathetic air in the minor to which they are set. This was, at no great length of time, succeeded by Stevens's 'Storm,' a song which, I believe you will all allow, stands deservedly at the head of the Lyrics of the Deep. The words are nautically correct, the music is of a manly and original character, and the subject-matter is one of the most interesting of the many striking incidents common to sea-life. These fine ballads, if I mistake not, were succeeded by one or two popular songs, with music by Dr Arne ; then came those of Dibdin, which were in their turn followed by a host of compositions, distinguished more by the strenuous, robust character of the music, than by poetical excellence, or professional accuracy in the words. The songs in which the words happened to be vigorous and true—(such, for example, as Cowper's noble ballad called the 'Castaway' and the 'Loss of the Royal George,')—were not set to music ; but the powers of Shield, Davy, and others, were wasted on verses unworthy of their compositions. Among these, the foremost in excellence is the 'Arethusa,' a composition on which the singing of Incledon, and the bold, reckless, original John-Bull-like character of the air by Shield, or ascribed to him, have fixed a high reputation. Davy's 'Bay of Biscay' deserves its popularity ; and the 'Sailor Boy,' 'The Old Commodore,' and one or two other melodies by Reeve, (who, though not much of a musician, was an admirable melodist,) abound also in the qualities which I have already alluded to, as peculiar to the national music adapted to sea songs.—I've talked myself into an appetite—Come, Steward, bear a hand with supper—Mr Bennett is fast asleep !"

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

By the Author of "The Ayrshire Legatees," "Annals of the Parish," &c.

CHAP. IX.

AFTER a short pause, Mrs Winsom resumed her narrative, saying—

"But ye're no to think a lodging-house is free from calamities, for I can assure you, that soon after the jocose days I had with the Lustrons, I met with a sore trial. It came of the misfortune of a sweet young miss, who was beguiled from her parents by a dragoon officer—one of your prodigals that defy the Ten Commandments and the laws of man, with mustophas on their upper lips—no that he was to be objected to on account of his visiognomy, for in truth he was an Absalom of beauty, and had a tongue to wile the bird from the tree. Indeed, after I saw him, I almost thought the poor maiden was but lightly to blame ; and I never could satisfy myself how so brave a gallant—so free-hearted and fair-spoken,—could be a perjured wretch ; but, for all my womanly indulgence, he was so, and I was condemned to acknowledge it by my conscience, as I crooned in the watches of the night,

'Men are deceivers ever.'

"Miss Fatima Camomile was one of the seven daughters of the Reverend Dr Camomile, by his third wife, who, according to the most authentic accounts, had fewer children than either of the two who were her ancestors in his bosom.

"The Doctor keepit a school for select young gentlemen, ordained for a classical way of life ;—and out of it came to pass, that when Captain Rampant was a bit laddie, he was sent by his doers to learn Greek and Latin with the worthy Doctor, who surely was a most superior man.

"Miss Fatima and the Captain, when they were playing bairns—he a birky laddie, and she a bardy lassie—fell into love, according to the fashion of teens and nonage, and betrothed vows of everlasting perdition if they proved false to one another.

"But it came to pass, as in course of nature it was to be looked for, that his friends took him from the Doctor's school, and placed him in the army, where, as might have been expected, he grew, being a handsome young man, and a great ne'er-do-weel. After some five or six years, his regimentals were quartered in a town contiguous

to the village where Miss Fatima lived with her father and the multitude of her sisters, in the enjoyment of every comfort, and the pleasant innocence of a classical academy.

"Out of this accidence, the Captain—or, as I should call him, the Hornet, for he was as yet not farther promoted—repaired his old acquaintance withthe Doctor, and renewed his familiars with Miss Fatima, until off they came in a chaise-and-four, making a loupment into my first floor, as if they had been a real man and wife, according to the Gospels of the Bishops of London, or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"Well, you see, being in my house, I began to have my doubts o' the sincerity of their marriage. I couldna tell how such doubts arose—that was impossible; but I thought they were overly fond to be by themselves—nobody came nigh them—and one Sabbath night I said to myself, Is't no wonderful that never a young leddy comes to speir for Mrs Rampant, if it were only to get insight into the nature of matrimony? In short, before Monday morning I was worked into a persuasion that Mrs Rampant was not a creditable lodger. Young, lovely, and lamenting—for she was often in tears—I discerned there was a doubt; and what would have become o' me and my valuable property in this house, had I no made a testification?

"Let no man, or woman either, say that I was moved thereunto by an expiscatory curiosity. No! I had a dread upon me; I thought my house might inherit a blemish from that thoughtless and friendless pair, and therefore was I stirred, by an obligation of duty, to look into the young lady's affair. What a discovery was mine! The salt tears rin into my eyes when I think of her story. Oh, the natural perfidiousness of man!

"She told me with what innocence, like two babes in the wood, when he was at her father's school, they had loved one another. How often, while yet neither knew the meaning of their words, he promised to marry her, and how fondly she had reckoned on being Mrs Rampant. It was very pathetical. 'Often when he was gone,' said the poor young lady, 'I have walked into the fields, having no companion but the holy moon, and those witnessing stars which had their light purified by the simplicity of our fondness, calling upon them to bear testimony to the truth of my love. There was a spell upon my heart, which assured me he would come back, and that our happiness would yet be fulfilled. I never thought of any other love; when the lily bloomed, I worshipped the sign, because I knew my weak heart taught me to believe so, that when he saw the blossom, he would dearly think of me, we had so often in our young years admired its fragrance and its spotlessness together.

"'He came at last,—and, though no longer the merry madcap boy, who had been both in gladness and in sadness the companion of my sweetest hours, he was the same being, but with a richer stock of manhood and cheerful bearing. Still he was so much the same, I could not love him less than I had ever done. Alas! I soon began to feel I loved him more. Nor did his passion seem diminished; and I was pleased it should be so, for who could think there was any guile in Harry Rampant?

"'He had been, it is true, five years in the world, and I had been always at home; nor could I imagine what five years' transmutation in barracks, and the license of young soldiership, could effect on the heart of man. He seemed to me all I desired; where was truth, if he was not true? In that soft, that fearful, and confiding time, in which I felt myself to be more in fault than he was, I could not doubt the faithfulness of his honour.'

"I thought," said Mrs Winsom, resuming her natural tone, "when I learnt this, that it would be a hard thing to hurry the young man before the session after such a disclosure; and I reasoned with Miss Fatima, for I would no longer adorn her with the tittle of Mrs Rampant, telling her that she had been an overly fond cutty, and was much to blame.

"But notwithstanding, though my words were surgical knives, removing proud flesh, I yet told her for a comfort, that I would speak to Captain Rampant, and with God's help would end her misery. Poor thing! she was by this time most disconsolate to behold! Her fair eyes were waxing wide—the gracious beauty of her cheeks was become pale—her mouth had lost the swirl of dimples that made it gayer than smiles, and she rose from her chair

with a heaviness as if there was about her a burden or a shame.

"That same night, after she had been long abed, the Captain came home from one of his parties—she never went to any. I sat up on purpose to meet him. He was not ree, but gay—his wits were all about him; but they were sparkling.

"'Captain,' quo' I, when I had let him in, 'come into the parlour, for I would fain have a discourse with you —Mrs Rampant, as ye call her, is very bad'——

"'Who dares to say so?' cried he.

"'Captain, Captain,' was my reply, 'dinna ye be contrarie; there's a fault somewhere, and the sooner it's owned the better—She's ill, I should have said.'

"He had been in Scotland, and knew what owning a fault meant in a Christian country; so of course he began to make an equivocal of a ridiculous kind with me; but a power was then given to me, and verily I have thought that I was surely fortified and inspired with the spirit of truth and seriousness.

"'Oh Captain,' was my answer to his light-hearted ribaldry, 'ye're due a great debt—ye hae a great sum of sin to answer for. Here was a young lady, rosy and sweet, blooming upon her native bush, though it may have been thorny. The dear and kind enchantments of auld lang syne were around her paternal sanctuary—and gentle Memory was ready with her golden key to open the tower to you when you returned.'

"He looked clouded as I said this—his mirth was departed; but for all that I persevered, saying,

"'And what, Captain, have ye earned by your deceitfulness?—a withered flower and a broken heart. Oh sir, where was fine feeling when ye brought the harlot thoughts of camps and barracks into the defenceless and innocent bowers of love and confidence—where was bravery, when the silly blandishments of a simple maiden won you to forget the virtue wherewith remembrance had sanctified the scenes wherein she fell—and where is your honour, knowing that what was won was given in the faithfulness of youthful constancy, that you refuse still to redeem the pledge of fidelity?'

"I spoke like my father in the pulpit; and, by the pith of what I said, so daunted the worldly audacity of the Captain, that he sat silent, and made no answer. Seeing him thus in a sort of penitential meditation, I pressed upon him further—I bade him compare what the unfortunate lady was, with what she might, but for him, have been. It was a depicting that made my own heart melt with sorrow, and my eyes to overflow with tears.

"I inscribed upon his conscience, how, before her ruin, she went bloomingly and gay to her father's church, the bells ringing in unison with her happy fancies. I spoke of the worthy young men who then eyed her with love and admiration, but whose advances she repelled, because she thought only of him; and then I shewed him what he had made of her—a destitute creature, scorned by all who knew her in her blameless time, being in a stranger's house, fearful to visit the streets; and my corruption rising, I cried with vehemence, 'Reprobate! she was beloved and honoured, and you have made her a light woman!'

"He said nothing to me; but he rose, and, putting on his hat with an emphasis, as my father would have called it, left the house.

"Next morning, Miss Fatima had a letter from him; but what was in it she never did reveal, for she read it over to herself. It contained a bank-note for a hundred pounds—which was a large sum, considering my bill was not then above eleven—and she read it again, and began to moan and mourn from the depths of her spirit. Then she gave me the bank-note with a melancholy smile, and said she thought it was enough—and she pressed my hand kindly, and added, she had overheard all I had spoken to the Captain. In the same moment she started up, and, shaking her hands towards the holy skies, she cried, 'It is so—I am such; and it shall be done.'

"I was amazed and terrified at her vehemence. I feared, but could not guess, what her intent was; but she soon after put on a countenance of calmness—yet it was a calm without quiet. Her pale cheek, which had long lost its flower, became of a clayey deadliness—her eyes glittered as if they saw not—her voice had a far-off, hollow, tomblike sound—and there was a horror in her smile, that made me suffer as if the world of the dead had been disclosed before me.

"Such she was for some four or five days—it might have been a whole week—I'll not dispute that, for I was in a manner myself demented; but a change at last began to manifest itself—and such a change!"

Chap. X.

Mrs Winsom was deeply affected by what she had related, and she told it with so much dramatic propriety, that I wondered at the talent she displayed. I have, however, since often observed the same singular faculty in other illiterate persons, and have seen them rising in the course of a narration to the supposed beautiful eloquence of the higher minds of whom they discoursed. I ought, however, to acknowledge that I was melted with more than ordinary sympathy for the doom of the unfortunate young lady, which the motherly zeal of my worthy landlady had evidently precipitated; and my curiosity was so excited, that I could not repress the desire to be informed of the sequel of a story so tragical.

"When," resumed Mrs Winsom, "when the desolated creature came to a true sense of her forlorn situation—for in her panic she was too wild to have a right discernment—it was freezing to hear how she lamented; she didna plead that she had been a resisting victim; nor did she take all the blame upon herself. There was a flattery in her heart that she had been betrayed by the condition of her father's house more than by her own weakness, or that the accomplisher of her ruin had a premeditated purpose. Still, however, she wept and wailed until her hopelessness became incurable.

"It was soon manifest that Death had laid his cold hand upon her, in defiance of all medicine and doctor's skill.

"From morning to night she sat by herself on the sofa, her one hand on the other resting on her knee, and her eyes reading, as it were, the leaf of a curious page of vacuity in the threads and pawtron of the carpet. She thought of nothing but of time.

"When I went into her room in the morning, she would say, 'Is not this Wednesday, or Friday?' as it might chance to be. And as often as I went again during the rest of the day, she would ask the hour. It was melancholy to see her despondency, and how pleased she was when the time had seemed to have run a little faster than she expected. How patient and how beautiful she was in all this; but oh! how plainly her heart was breaking.

"When more than eight mournful months had come and gone, seeing that, by the course of nature, she was soon to become a mother, I thought it my duty, in a far-off way, to remind her that it was needful to prepare for a stranger.

"She looked at me, I thought reproachfully, but her eyes were full of tears, and she answered, 'No. I have here, within, a conviction that my sin and shame will pass from this world together. I dreamt last night that I beheld my venerable grandfather—he was a holy and religious man—standing at a gate to which I had come with a baby at my bosom, and he took me by the hand and led me in, and made me known to all my ancestors, even to Adam and Eve. No; the life that should be, is not—it becomes my condition—a husbandless wife—a childless mother!'

"I reasoned against her despair, and entreated her to be of good cheer, but she smote her bosom, and said, 'How can that be?' adding, 'I am not guiltless; but there was no other but only himself, in all the world, by whom I could have been undone. Stars of light and purity—eyes and oracles of heaven, ye know my chastity! But how can he believe it? Oh! scorned by him, what is left?—where now is my place in the world?—The grave.'

"After a season of some days, the wild lamentings and continual cries of a spirit in agony began to moderate into sighs and low heart-murmurings. I entreated her to let me send for her father, or for one of her sisters; but she was absolute, and would not have them. At last the mother's time arrived, and she became, as she foretold, a mother without a child.

"'Place,' she cried, 'the mute witness of my infirmity before me. It was not in sin, but in the confidence of faithful love, that this monument of frailty hath had being.'

"We placed accordingly the deadborn baby upon a pillow, covered with

one of my best damask servits, on a chair by the bedside. It was punishment enough for many a sin to see what then ensued.

"She raised herself on her elbow, and studied the beautiful thing as if it had been an alabaster image of curious handicraft. What was in her thoughts no one could tell, but ever and anon she cast her eyes upwards, and smiled as if she had discovered some pleasing similitude, and once she said, 'How lovely and how like!'

"She then laid herself down, and seemed to be communing in prayer. After a season she raised herself again, and covering the body with the servit, she made a sign for it to be laid on her bosom, which I did with my own hands.

"At that crisis the door opened, and the Captain appeared at the bedfoot; flustered he was, and of a wild look—she saw him, and stretched out her hands lovingly towards him, but they fell on the innocent corpse, and in the same instant she was no more.

"The Captain, as ye may well suppose, was a most demented man. He called himself by all the ill names that contrition could find, and, to a surety, none of them were too bad. But, as I told him, despair was then out of season, and it behoved us to think of sending for an undertaker. The upholsterer over the way being a moderate and respectable tradesman, I accordingly sent for him, and after a decent time was allowed to pass, the funeral was performed in a very genteel manner. But, alas! how the curse of Heaven will sometimes work!

"The Captain, being melancholious with what had happened, was enticed, on the night after the burial, to go for a pastime with a friend to see how the doctors make atomies, and that same night he came rushing to my door like a ghost in a whirlwind. His senses were gone—he raved of a sight he had seen, and of a deed that had been done.

"His friend, with certain others, came flying after him, and, dreadful to tell, one of them described the vision of vengeance he had seen. From that hour he became mad with a frightful shout of laughter—it was such laughter as the dead would laugh—if that could be—and he died in the course of a year after in a Hoxton Bedlam."

Chap. XI.

When Mrs Winsom had finished the sad story of the unhappy Fatima, we naturally fell into a conversation concerning the other mysterious young lady and gentleman who had come to her house in the same clandestine manner, and had left it so suddenly, without explanation. For some time she appeared a little averse to enter upon the subject; but when I happened to say, I should be none surprised if the lady proved to be the lost daughter of her old friends, Mr and Mrs Melbourne, she gave me a significant nod and a smile.

"'Deed," said she, "ye have made a true guess; but I promised no to speak of it; for now all, by the help of my agency, is put to rights, and tomorrow the whole party are to return to Mr Melbourne's country-seat, to hold a celebration of the marriage, as becomes their fortune. A good laugh has been raised at the expense of Miss for her romancing, though it is allowed on all hands that she shewed both a right pride and delicacy in concealing from her husband the sorrow and remorse she suffered for the indiscretion she had committed, owing to the esteem in which she held his affection. However, as both the old folk and the young are anxious that as little should be heard about the matter as possible, we'll make a passover of this case, and I'll relate to you some comical doings I had with a Mr Kenneth Macquirkie, who was recommended to my house by Mr Melbourne, some years ago.

"This Kenneth Macquirkie, Esq. W.S., as he put upon his cards, (which W. S. signifies a writer to the signet, some sort of a lawyer in Edinburgh,) was doer for a tawny bairn of a planter, who, like Mr Flowerfield, was one of Mr Melbourne's West Indy correspondents. This bairn had a mulatto mother, who left a good gathering by will in full to her, but which it was thought would make it necessary to put her into the Court of Chancery, or, what was the same thing, make her a dreeping roast to Mr Macquirkie. Now, ye see, as I had an inkling of this, and had, moreover, heard that he was to be allowed a sappy fee for coming to London, I thought it was but reasonable to deal with him ac-

cordingly, the more especially as he had engaged the first floor, and was to have cooking done for him at home—the which is a covenant of works that, turned to a proper use, should be advantageous and comfortable to the keeper of a lodging-house. But oh! such a trouble as I had with that man at the settling of our weekly bills on the Monday morning! for he was of a short memory, and a brittle temper, and, over and above, he was as greedy as a trap, and as gair as a smiddy vice. But, as I had been well recommended to him, and he had, moreover, some reason to wish to stand in a favourable light with Mr Melbourne, he was fain to bear, though he couldna thole without complaining.

"One night he had been at the playhouse of Covent Garden with a friend that he brought home with him to eat a lobster, and drink porter, and talk of playactors and authors, in the Edinburgh fashion; for in all the time that I have kept a lodging-house, I never have met with folk so beside themselves about genius, and promise, and the freshness of young talents, as the Edinburgh lawyers. Indeed, it's most extraordinar to hear them, and wonderful how men of the law should have time to think of such phantasmagory. As a mathematical lodger and friend of mine, from Cambridge, once said, 'I wonder,' said he, 'how it is, that men of cases and precedents, quotations and instances, can afford to learn such mythologies; but the effect is seen on their business—they are constantly coming to London appealing against the sentences of their judges, and are as often sent back to make a revision—a proof,' said he, 'how little general knowledge is of an advantage in legalities.'

"Well, this Macquirkie, as ye may discern, being a most troublesome man, the lobster was gotten for him, and the pot of porter, and he and his friend began to crack the shell, and to speak about the pathos of a playactoring lady that they had that night seen; and it turned out that one lobster was an insufficient supper for the two, so Babby was desired to get them another; and being desired to get another, and not finding one that she thought big enough, she brought two. Hereupon, on the Monday following, arose a most kittle question. Mr Macquirkie contested the charge on my bill, saying he had given orders for only one lobster that would serve two.

"As he was a dinnering-at-home customer, I submitted to let the affair pass for that time. But, shortly after, he would have a dinner for two friends, and, accordingly, I was duly authorized to make all proper preparation. You may be sure I got him one of the best of dinners; but when the bill came to be presented, it's an impossibility to describe how he stormed; for he thought, being, like the Edinburghers, ignorant of our politer ways of the world here in the South, that I would just have made a charge per head for the three, like a coffeehouse-keeper; but that wasna my trade; so, notwithstanding his tempest, I just charged him dish and dish, with a reasonable consideration for extra trouble, not forgetting the contested lobster. Oh, but an Edinbro' W. S. is a most severe customer! But at last I got the right way of managing Mr Macquirkie; for whenever he made on objection to what he called an overcharge, I subdued him by saying, that it was wonderful how such a genteel people as usually came from the Athens of the North, as they called Auld Reekie, should make a controversy about candle-ends and cheese-parings, as if they had been habituated to live at home in a straitened circumstance.

"Having thus got into the right way of managing him, he grew so pliable, that I might have twisted him round my finger, and in the end did me a world of good, as I shall presently tell you."

Chap. XII.

"About the time Mr Macquirkie went home," continued Mrs Winsom, "there arose in a certain town in the west of Scotland, called Blackbirch, an inordinate passion for begetting acts of Parliament. What he had to do in the business it would ill become me to pretend to expound; but that he was art and part in the mystery I was well assured was plain to be seen and clear to be understood. In short, he was fee'd to become a counsellor to the bailies and other bodies of the town, besides the feuars and subfeuars.

"Among other things, it seems in talking law with them over their toddy, he set forth, among other great discoveries he had made in London, the vast comfort and economy he had enjoyed in my house, with the skilful manner in which he managed me. From this it came to pass that the Blackbirch folk, having bethought themselves of a necessity of getting a new act of Parliament, sent one of their Bailies for that purpose to London, and he brought with him a most civilized two lines from Mr Macquirkie to me, commending him in a most special manner to my attentions. Thus I became, as it were, standing Landlady, as you shall hear, to the Blackbirch folk. For the Bailie, after some prigging, took my first floor for a month; and he was not well in, when I was constrained, in a sense, to take in a delegate from the malecontents who were opposed to the Bailie's Bill.

"The way of it was this. The Bailie, like all other magistrates, was greatly versed in the knowledge of human nature, as he told me himself, winking cunningly at the same time, to let me know that he was a man of the world; and then he began to give me a hint anent the great business which had brought him to London, and of the bad spirits who had risen in opposition to the just and necessary measure, which he and his colleagues had undertaken for the good of the town, and all that was dear to it.

"I hope ye'll no think I was so forward as to offer my advice to a Bailie—a Blackbirch Bailie, too—although I could not discern, even after he had explained the whole matter to me, wherefore it was that the feuars and subfeuars of the town, together with the magistrates and town council, were so eager to make themselves statutes.

"But when the delegate explained to me his view of the subject, it seemed quite manifest that the Bailie and his party were conspiring to impose little less than the yoke of an arbitrary government on the necks of the poor defenceless inhabitants of the unfortunate town of Blackbirch. Then he enlarged on the freedom of trade, and proved to my satisfaction that certain things which the bill was intended to put down, such as the crying of London candy, was a lawful calling, and that if it were put down by constraint of law, what would thrifty families do with all their old brass, cracked crystal, and broken buckles? In short, as it were in despite of my understanding, I was seduced to take the popularity side, and to do all that I could to help the cause of the delegate, though he was but a parlour-floor lodger, and the Bailie was paying for the drawing-rooms two guineas and an half a-week,—a rent, ye'll allow, was moderate, considering that a whole town was paying it.

"Well, to make short of a long story, the Bailie and the delegate, after divers days of going out in the morning couthy friends, and coming back at night from the House of Commons argolbargling like tigers, it came to pass that the Bill, as the Bailie's measure was called, was read a second time. I thought, when I heard so, of the great patience of Parliament, for it was a book almost as big as a Family Bible, and to read it through in one night, after having spent a night at it before, was most extraordinary.

"Truly the Bailie on that night was a jocose man, triumphing and shouting as if he had overcome the Philistines. But his transportations, like every other earthly felicity, were, worthy man, of short duration; for it seems there was a thing they called a Committee, that took hold of his Bill and tore it all to pieces, as the delegate told me himself, with much sobriety. He did not clap his hands and make a joyful noise like the Bailie, but spoke of his conquest like a man of sense, as all the Blackbirch folk shew themselves to be, and in naething mair than their great love for law and interlocutors.

"By this time, ye see, I had been deep in their councils; and seeing the Bailie, by what the Committee had done, dejected, I began to take pity upon him, and to devise a possibility of a reconciliation with his adversary, who, though a popularity man, had a smeddum of satiricalness that increased with his prospect of gaining his ends, and was very afflicting, I must allow, to the Bailie. But in what way that reconciliation was to be brought to a come-to-pass cost me no little thought. I had, however, discerned, that often in their controversies they spoke of Port Punchtown, and I saw that, however disastrous their opinions were on all other subjects, they per-

fectly agreed that it was a place that ought not to be—especially as it was swallowing up their trade, the people thereof being much cleverer in all matters of maritime business than those of Blackbirch. To be sure, neither the Bailie nor the delegate ever acknowledged the fact of this superiority, but, on the contrary, cordially agreed that the inhabitants of Port Punchtown to a man were the riddlings of mankind, and not fit to tie the latch of a shoe in Blackbirch.

"Having meditated in the watches of the night on all I had heard them say, next morning I said to my friend the delegate, that it was a great pity to waste his town's money for such fasherie as the Bailie's Bill, and that it would be far better, seeing there was an obligation on every true-hearted Blackbircher to put his heel on the neck of that presumptuous place, Port Punchtown, to contrive a way of extinguishing it for ever. I never saw a man better pleased in my life than he was to hear me. But as I have told you, he was of a composed and controlled nature, and did not expose his inward satisfaction with any inordinate outward demonstration. However, I had inoculated him, and at night he brought home with him Mr Tedious, his law man; and shortly after, the Bailie being in, they rang the bell and requested me—for I answered it—to ask him to come down and take a glass of toddy with them. I saw by their countenances that they were baith big with something;—so, when I had delivered the message, curiosity got the better of decorum, as it will sometimes do with other ladies as well as landladies, and I went into the bedroom, and put my ear to the keyhole, to hear their high treason against the devoted town of Port Punchtown.

"Mr Tedious began by condoling with the gentlemen on the unfortunate effects of their controversies; telling them, that the Bill had come out of the Committee a monument of insufficiency, and warily he worked till he brought the rival town upon the carpet.

"'It's a town,' said he, 'against which nature has manifestly set her face. It would long since have perished and been utterly undone, but for that energy and enterprising spirit which the inhabitants possess in so superior a degree.'

"Both the Bailie and the delegate protested, in a vehement manner, against this doctrine of superiority; and the Bailie assured Mr Tedious, that if Port Punchtown had not been a pet of the city of that name, it was naturally a place that no Blackbirch gentleman, in his greatest indignation against its upsetting, would condescend even to insult.

"The delegate explained, in his calm and methodical manner, that the world was quite wrong in supposing that Port Punchtown was a place of any respectability at all. As for the superiority of the inhabitants, they have not the capacity to make even a Bailie, but must just take any bogle that their parent city thinks fit to send them.

"Here the lawyer interposed, remarking, that it must be allowed they had, in their projects of improvements, made their town a rankling thorn in the side of Blackbirch.

"This the Bailie and the delegate denied.

"'Be that, however, as it may,' said the lawyer, 'the clear policy of Blackbirch is, to put an extinguisher on her rival.'

"'Rival!' exclaimed the others; 'she is none to Blackbirch.'

"Then," said Mrs Winsom for herself, "I was just frying to hear such nothingness of an argument, and would fain have broken in upon them, when Mr Tedious, giving a clap with his hands, cried, 'Gentlemen, I'll tell you what: it being admitted on all sides that the Blackbirch people must either have a law-plea or a bill in Parliament, I would recommend that your dissensions should be suspended, and that you should unite in some great undertaking, either of the one kind or the other, to prove that you have a power when you choose to shew it. Now this bill, which, between your two parties, has cost the town already more than L.1200, even were it carried as proposed, would not have given you any advantage over your rival.'

"'Not rival!' exclaimed the Bailie and the delegate; 'we won't admit that.'

"'I would therefore advise that, next session you apply for an act to enable your town to improve the harbour and

town of Punchtown. How beautifully your disinterestedness could be set forth in your application to Parliament!'

"'Improve Port Punchtown!' exclaimed the Bailie and the delegate, in an agony.

"'Yes,' said Mr Tedious, emphatically, 'by bill. But when the bill shall have become an act, there will be no need to act on it. Thus you will have it in your power to stab your rival in the vitals.'

"'And could we not, then,' said the Bailie, 'choke up the channel of the river with an old ship?'

"I could hear," said Mrs Winsom, "the lawyer rubbing his hands fidgetty fain, as he cried, 'By that means you will have both a contested bill, and a capital lawsuit.'"

She then proceeded to tell me, that before the gentlemen left her house for Scotland, the whole business was arranged; and that out of this happy expedient for the overthrow of Port Punchtown grew such felicitous unanimity in the town of Blackbirch, as has seldom been equalled, never surpassed. At the next election of the magistrates, the delegate was chosen by the Whig interest to be the compeer of the Bailie, who represented the Tories; and it was mentioned in the newspapers, that such was the joy of the feuars and subfeuars on the union of parties in the town, that the two magistrates, in long procession, followed by all the feuars and subfeuars two and two, walked hand in hand on the day of that unanimous election, singing, "Together let us range the fields;" the bellman on the right, and the town-drummer on the left, proclaiming their praises.

Here I might have set worthy Mrs Winsom right as to these particulars; but on consideration, I thought the least said is soonest mended—for if the town of Blackbirch is not yet in that state of blessed unanimity, I am sure it ought to be.

AN ESSAY ON THE THEORY AND THE WRITINGS OF WORDSWORTH.

PART II.

HAVING now considered how far Wordsworth's Theory is new, and how far it is correct, I propose to enquire with what success he has illustrated it.

And first, we may not unfairly surmise that there is something faulty in his manner of executing his purposes —something "rotten in the state of Wordsworth"—from the consideration of this plain fact, that writing *of* men, and *to* men, he has never become a popular author. It is all very well that he should exclaim, "Away with the senseless iteration of the word Popular!" and appeal from popularity as a test of excellence, because it is *his interest* that popularity should *not* be a literary touchstone. But we, who have no personal feeling in the question, may observe that, however it may be admitted that poems on abstract or abstruse subjects may be admirable without being popular, still, poems professedly founded on the grand basis of human nature, and depicting her "great and simple affections," must be popular before they can be pronounced successful. For the people they are written; by the people must they be judged. If they speak the "real language of men," they must be appreciated wherever that language is known. So far from coming before his readers at a disadvantage, Wordsworth (I maintain) approaches them under peculiarly favourable circumstances. He prejudices us in his favour at the very outset, by professing to "keep us in the company of flesh and blood." He appeals to all our strongest prepossessions; he awakens all our most interesting associations, by affirming that he will choose his incidents and situations from ordinary life. At the time when he first published his Lyrical Ballads, more especially, such a declaration was calculated to excite the warmest expectations. The poetry-reading multitude began to sicken from an overdose of rich and stimulating nutriment, and not a few were already asking—"Pray, who would get *twice* drunk upon Noyau?" When a man steps forward with this spirit-stirring motto—"Homo sum. Nihil humanum a me alienum puto." Surely that man must have taken some pains to undo the prepossessions naturally excited

in his favour; surely he must have "kept the word of promise to the ear" only, "and broken it to the hope," if he failed to secure general sympathy and approbation! In *his* case, if in the case of no other poet whatsoever, men ought to have "run after his productions as if urged by an appetite, or constrained by a spell." It is in vain for Wordsworth to reply, that "every author, as far as he is great, and at the same time *original*, has had the task of *creating* the taste by which he is to be enjoyed." Granting for a time that Wordsworth, according to his own intimation, is great and original, I, in the first place, cannot allow that a taste for *any* great and original style of writing can possibly be *created;* it can only be *called forth,* where it exists. Scarce one person in a thousand has a real feeling for real poetry, as disjoined from extrinsic stimulants of interest, such as arise from an agitating story, the display of private feelings and circumstances, or from the caprice of fashion. The single person feels, and decides, and sets a value upon any production of a high stamp, and the accumulating testimony of these individuals at length (perhaps not until many generations have past away) influences the many, and they conspire to read and to praise what they neither understand nor value, simply because the poet's worth has been acknowledged by a body of enlightened men, and they dare not dissent from the verdict, lest they should be supposed to want taste and feeling. The author has taken his station amongst those of an established rank, and the crowd throw incense on the altar of his fame, without snatching a spark of its fire. Wordsworth grounds much of his argument upon the facts, that in Dryden's time "two of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were acted for one of Shakspeare," and that Milton's Paradise Lost was coldly received, and rose slowly into fame. I believe that Shakspeare, Milton, or any other esteemed writer, is not more enjoyed now than he was when his works first appeared, but that the greater publicity of his name places him within the reach of a greater number of readers capable of appreciating him. Those who never would have appreciated him, are not raised by his works to a keener faculty of discernment. Those who can appreciate him have only to open his book, at once to leap into his meaning, and to partake his passion. He is but conventionally admired by the many, while he is truly relished by the few.

But, in the second place, Wordsworth's pretensions to greatness and originality are founded upon the natural and human character of his subjects and language. Now, if the taste by which we relish any production is not (as I endeavoured to prove) *created,* but *called forth,* the taste by which Wordsworth's writings are to be enjoyed should be called forth in almost every human breast; because, how far soever the taste may have strayed from the primary affections of humanity, still the return to nature is always comparatively easy—and it is back to nature that Wordsworth purposes to lead us. That which relates to men may surely be understood and enjoyed by men, at all times and in all seasons. A relish for every-day food demands not that education of the palate, which we must undergo before we can eat olives with any enjoyment; and where there is so much nausea to overcome, it may be doubted whether the subsequent pleasure is worth the previous pain. I was told, that if I could but once swallow one of that unnatural fruit, I should like the whole tribe ever after. I swallowed three, and hate them still. But how can Wordsworth reconcile his assertion, that every great and original author *creates* the taste by which he is enjoyed, with another explicit declaration of his, which runs thus?—"The poet writes under one restriction only, namely, that of the necessity of giving *immediate* pleasure to a human being, possessed of that information which may be expected of him, not as a lawyer, a physician, a mariner, an astronomer, or a natural philosopher, but as a man;" and he goes on to say, "Nor let this necessity of producing immediate pleasure be considered as a degradation of the poet's art. It is far otherwise. It is an acknowledgment of the beauty of the universe—an acknowledgment the more sincere, because it is not formal, but indirect." This being the case, surely the poet of nature more especially must be under the necessity of giving immediate pleasure to those who share the feelings of men? And facts will bear me out in the assertion,

that he actually does impart that immediate pleasure to a far wider circle of readers than the poet who has chosen lofty and abstracted themes of argument. As I once before observed, the simplest ballads, detailing the commonest incidents, have been most inwoven with the hearts of men, and have been laid up in the memories of all, while Milton has been quietly laid on the shelf. And why? Because neither science nor learning, nor even high poetical feeling, is required for the comprehension of them. To be a human being is the sole qualification. The very lowest of the vulgar are not bad judges of what is true to nature. I have observed, that the galleries in a theatre know how to mark, by discriminating applause, the finest natural touches of Shakspeare's genius. Moliere constituted an old woman his judge, and her laughter or tears his criticism. Why did Cowper, by means of his "Task," and Burns, through his ballads, find an immediate echo in every human bosom? They wrote of things pertaining to humanity in a human manner. If Wordsworth has failed in producing a similar effect, it may lead us to surmise that, although purporting to write of human things, he has *not* generally written in a human or natural manner. The popularity of some of his smaller and simpler poems, such as "We are Seven," "Susan Gray," and the "Pet Lamb," strengthens the conjecture, and forms an additional proof, that to write naturally on common subjects rather ensures, than forbids, a numerous audience.

Why, then, should Wordsworth tell us, that he "was well aware" that his poems, by those who should dislike them, would be read with more than common dislike? Why did he not "venture to hope" that he should generally please?

I answer, because he had a lurking consciousness that he had not fulfilled the terms of his own covenant, the conditions imposed by his own theory. Had he always sung,

> "Familiar matter of to-day,
> Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
> That has been, and may be again,"

in simple and natural language, he might have been secure of imparting more than common pleasure to all who had hearts to feel or minds to think. As it is, he has frequently failed in his object by not faithfully adhering to the best parts of his theory; and, by embodying the worst parts of it, he has rendered himself liable to the charge of glaring inconsistency. These two points I purpose to make clear by quotations from his own works.

First, he has not adhered to the best parts of his theory. That "a selection of the real language of men, in a state of vivid sensation," may produce a most happy effect, when transferred to the poet's page, I have before proved by a reference to Shakspeare's frequent practice in his most impassioned dialogues. — But, 1st, The language of Wordsworth's characters scarcely ever *is* the real language of men; and, 2d, When it is so, cannot be called a fortunate *selection* of human speech. 1st, Notwithstanding our author's inveighing so bitterly against poetic diction, it is actually by a mixture of poetic diction with humble phraseology, and by the use of what are called poetic licenses, conjointly with common modes of expression, that he has produced a patched and piebald dialect, infinitely more monstrous than either "the gaudy and inane phraseology" of which he complains in one place, or "the triviality and meanness, both of thought and language," which elsewhere he acknowledges to be "more dishonourable to the writer's own character, than false refinement or arbitrary innovation."

They who solely use poetic diction, on the one hand, and they who confine themselves to trivial language, on the other, shall each produce a work which, at least, is all of a piece—it may be, indeed, all of tinsel, or all of canvass—but is not this preferable to embroidery upon packthread? There is in Wordsworth a natural grandiloquence of style always struggling through the false restraints which he has imposed upon himself. Even a waggon must be dignified with the epithet of "stately;" and, in a soliloquy of mild Benjamin, the waggoner, we find—

> "My jolly team, he finds that ye
> Will work for nobody but me!
> *Good proof* of this the country gain'd
> One day, when ye were vex'd and
> strain'd—

Entrusted to another's care,
And *forced unworthy stripes to bear.*
Here was it—on this rugged spot,
Which now, contented with our lot,
We climb—that, *piteously abused,*
Ye plunged *in anger, and confused:*
As chance would have it, passing by,
I saw you in your jeopardy:
A word from me was like a charm—
The ranks were *taken with one mind;*
And your *huge burthen*, safe from harm,
Moved like a vessel in the wind!"

The words which are printed in Italics are as much poetic diction, though of a different kind, as that of the lines of Gray, which Wordsworth stigmatized as such, without one of its advantages.—"Good proof of this," with the article omitted, is a poetic license; and the whole speech, as proceeding from the mouth of a waggoner, is a tissue of incongruity. Again, in the Idiot Boy, Betty, conjecturing the probable fate of her stray darling, thus expresses herself—

"Or him that wicked pony's carried
To the dark cave, the goblin's hall;
Or in the castle, he's pursuing,
Among the ghosts, his own undoing;
Or playing with the waterfall."

Thus also she apostrophizes the absent pony—

"Oh dear, dear pony, my sweet joy,
Oh carry back my idiot boy,
And we will *ne'er o'erload* thee more!"

And thus she bewails her own sad case—

"Oh cruel! I'm almost three-score,
Such night as this was ne'er before!"

Here are poetical contractions, and that very modern vice of diction, the omission of the article before a noun, in conjunction with what might be the lack-a-daisical exclamations of an old Irishwoman. Peter Bell, storming at an ass, which will not get up, says—

"You little mulish dog,
I'll fling your carcass, like a log,
Head-foremost down the river!"

Here the words are so evidently arranged for the sake of the rhyme, as to destroy all feeling of reality, and as a version of "Get up, you obstinate brute, or I'll chuck you into the water," they have this great fault, namely, that they are not coarse enough for nature, or pleasing enough for art. They are neither fish, fowl, flesh, nor good red herring. If this be the real language of human beings in a state of vivid sensation, or in any state of sensation, the poet must have conversed with a singular race of mortals. There is, to my mind, a want of skill in the writer, who thus, even while using common language, fails to work in the reader's mind a conviction that such words were really uttered under such circumstances. Little embued as the foregoing extracts are with that imaginative spirit, which ought to beautify the most revolting themes of a true poet, they yet are farther from real life than the most fanciful expressions which Shakspeare puts into the mouths of his characters. By the assimilating power of his mighty mind, that wondrous dramatist subdues all his materials to his own purposes. He scatters the gems of imagination, the treasures of philosophy, from the mouths of clowns and buffoons. His characters have all an individual stamp upon them: their words seem appropriate to themselves, and flow with ease from nature's living fountain—yet the poet speaks in all. Although we never met with beings who so speak, yet we feel convinced that such beings could not have spoken otherwise. Wordsworth uses more of the real language of men, and produces a less real effect. Surely there is want of skill or power in this. I must observe, to prevent misapprehension, that I should not do Wordsworth the injustice to name him in the same page with Shakspeare, did not Wordsworth's admirers claim for him a niche beside that matchless bard—and did not Wordsworth himself seem to provoke a comparison which had best have slumbered. After remarking, "of the human and dramatic *Imagination*, the works of Shakspeare are an inexhaustible source," Wordsworth says, "And if, bearing in mind the many poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention, yet, justified by a recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself; I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given, in those unfavourable times, evidence of exertion of this faculty,

upon its worthiest objects, the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions, which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men, in this kind, worthy to be held in undying remembrance." (See Preface to Vol. I.)

It may be doubted whether the ill-conduct of others can justify weakness in oneself, or whether the assertion of one man, and that man the party nearest concerned, is at all better than the assertion of another; but, at any rate, I hope that, however "ignorant, incapable, and presumptuous," I may be esteemed, *I* am justified in having instituted a sort of parallel between Shakspeare and Wordsworth.

Not only when he speaks in character, but in his own person also, when he relates or describes, Wordsworth professes to use "*throughout*, as far as is possible, a selection of language really used by men." I could quote boundlessly from his works, to prove that neither in relating nor describing has Wordsworth attained his object; but, as in a multitude of quotations, there is weariness, I will confine myself to two or three extracts. First, take, as a general specimen, an adventure with some gipsies.

"Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours, are gone, while I
Have been a traveller under open sky,
Much witnessing of change and cheer,
Yet, as I left, I find them here!
[Unheard-of circumstance!]
The weary Sun betook himself to rest—
Then issued vesper from the fulgent west,
Outshining, like a visible God,
The glorious path in which he trode.
And now, ascending, after one dark hour,
And one night's diminution of her power,
Behold the mighty Moon! This way
She looks as if at them!!—but they
Regard not her!!! Oh better wrong and strife,
(By nature transient) than such torpid life!
The silent Heavens have *goings-on*:
The stars have tasks—but these have none!
Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven and earth!
In scorn I speak not; they are what their birth
And breeding suffers them to be;
Wild outcasts of society!"

"O lame and impotent conclusion!" Surely the man who criticises the following stanza from Cowper's Alexander Selkirk,

"Religion! what treasure untold,
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford!"

in the following severe terms—"These four lines are poorly expressed; some critics would call the language prosaic; the fact is, it would be bad prose, so bad, that it is scarcely worse in metre!"—Surely that critic, when he turns poet, should give us something a little better expressed than the last four lines of the foregoing extract—I dare say that, all the time, these said gipsies had their *goings-on* as well as the stars. They might, during the "twelve bounteous hours," have had a little walk as well as the poet, and had time to rob his own hen-roost and be back again, and be so busy mending the pot and kettle, as to have no time to look at the moon. Hear a piece of description:

"She *had* a tall man's *height*, or more;
No bonnet screen'd her from the heat;
A long drab-colour'd cloak she wore,
A mantle reaching to her feet;
What other dress she had I could not know,
[How could he?]
Only she wore a cap that was as white as snow."

On reading this one may truly say,

"A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along."

In the last line, the words "*that was*" are plainly redundant, and are used to complete the measure. To "*have* a tall man's height" is surely out of all common parlance—and "No bonnet screened her from the heat"—may not indeed be poetry, but—certainly is not ordinary prose. Listen again to the poet's mode of relation—

"And Betty from the lane has fetch'd
Her pony, that is mild and good,
Whether he be in joy, or pain,
Feeding at will along the lane,
Or bringing fagots from the wood."

Or hearken, when the poet speaks in his own person—

"I to the *Muses* have been bound
These fourteen years, by strong indentures:
Oh, gentle Muses, let me tell
But half of what to him befell—
He surely met with strange adventures,

"O, gentle Muses! is this kind?
Why will ye thus my suit repel?
Why of your further aid bereave me?
And can ye thus unfriended leave me,
Ye Muses, whom I love so well?"

The Muses certainly seem neither to have smiled upon this importunate invocation, nor to have dictated it; and yet, can we say that this is the real language of men—more especially of men "in low and rustic life?" But it may be answered, that Wordsworth only professes to use "the real language of men, as far as is *possible*." I answer, "what man has done, man may do;" and some of our pathetic ballads demonstrate that it *is* possible to make use of the most real and simple language *throughout* a composition, and with the happiest effect. Witness the touching ballad of auld Robin Gray.

"He hadna been gane but a year and a day,
When my faither broke his arm, and our cow was stolen away;
My mither she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray came courtin' to me.

"My faither urged me sair, my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break;
So I gied him my hand, though my heart was at the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me."

Here there is not a *word* that is unusual either in itself or in the application of it; and the result is a general harmony and *keeping* in the composition. But Wordsworth, in exemplifying his theory, is too frequently neither simple nor majestic. He misses the grace of simplicity, and at the same time loses the advantages of a loftier diction. Who can prefer these lines on a sky-lark,

"Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
For thy song, Lark, is strong;
Up with me, up with me into the clouds,
Singing, singing,
With all the heavens about thee ringing,"

to the following, by Gray, on the same subject,

"But chief the sky-lark pours on high
Her trembling, thrilling ecstasy,
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light."

These last may, indeed, chiefly consist of that diction which Wordsworth brands by the epithet "poetic;" but, at any rate, they have the grace of congruity. Now, Wordsworth's lines are too eccentric to be natural—too much like the old nursery ditty of "Here we go up, up, up," to be sublime.

Wordsworth may well say, "If my conclusions are admitted, and carried as far as they must be carried—if admitted at all—our judgements concerning the works of the greatest poets, both ancient and modern, will be far different from what they are at present, both when we praise and when we censure;" but it may be doubted whether (as he affirms) our "moral feelings, influencing, and influenced by these judgements, will be corrected and purified."

At any rate, our *tastes* will hardly be corrected and purified, for, if we judge by the theory and its effects, we must bring in a verdict of "guilty" against Milton, on an indictment of having used poetic diction; and we must place the author of the "Lyrical Ballads" infinitely above that mighty "orb of song."

In the second place, where Wordsworth has made use of the *real* language of men, he has not been fortunate in the selection. His language of low life is not, as he tells us it is, "purified from what appears to be its real defects, from all lasting and rational causes of dislike or disgust." He does not, according to his profession, "by a selection made with true taste and feeling," "entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life." Will he affirm that such expressions as these,

"Let Betty Foy,
With girth and stirrup *fiddle faddle*,"—

"*Oh, me!* it is a merry meeting,"—

"And Betty's in a sad *quandary*,"

are not "rational causes of dislike or disgust?" Will he maintain that such "selections" of language as the following,—

> "If thou art mad, my pretty lad,
> Then I must be for ever sad;"
>
> "Oh, mercy! to myself I cried,
> If Lucy should be dead!"
>
> "Oh, misery, oh, misery!
> Oh, woe is me, oh, misery!"

are "made with true taste and feeling," or that they "entirely separate the composition from the vulgarity and meanness of ordinary life?" Let it be observed, moreover, that in all the above extracts, the poet speaks in his own person, and cannot—as I at least should hope—plead in excuse for vulgarity of diction, that he has adapted the words to the character from whose mouth they proceed.

Amongst other causes of pleasure, when words are metrically arranged, Wordsworth mentions a "manly style," and yet descends to such babyisms as

> "That way, look, my infant, lo!
> What a pretty baby-show!"
>
> "'Tis a pretty baby-treat,
> Nor, I deem, for me unmeet."
>
> "Pull the primrose, sister Anne,
> Pull as many as you can!"
>
> "Eyes of some men travel far
> For the finding of a star;
> Up and down the heavens they go,
> Men that keep a mighty rout!
> I'm as great as they, I trow,
> Since the day I found thee out,
> Little flower!—I'll make a stir,
> Like a great astronomer."

But, it may be urged, that the poems from which these extracts are made, have "*a worthy purpose.*" It may be so. All I allege is, that of whatever "importance" their "subject" may be, "their style" is *not* "manly"—their selection of language is *not* "made with true taste and feeling." The mind of him who reads them may (as I contend) be "sound and vigorous," and "in a *healthful* state of association," (as Wordsworth calls it,) and yet fail to be "enlightened," or "ameliorated," by reason of the "*rational*" disgust, which, in its days of manhood, it feels to the pap which was the nutriment of its infancy. It hath put away childish things; it no longer speaks as a child, understands as a child, or thinks as a child. Why, then, in poems which are so far from being written professedly for children, that they are rather illustrations of a complicated theory addressed to the mature intellect, should the poet make use of language, which, in the outset, carries with it childish associations? Wordsworth, indeed, confesses that he is apprehensive that his language "may frequently suffer from arbitrary connexions of feelings and ideas with particular words and phrases;" and he has "no doubt, that in some instances, feelings, even of the ludicrous, may be given to his readers, by expressions which appeared to him tender and pathetic."—"That no man can *altogether* protect himself" from the effects of these associations, I allow; but that he may protect himself from them more than Wordsworth has done, I must believe.

The very measure of such verses as these—

> "The cock is crowing,
> The stream is flowing;
> The small birds twitter,
> The lake doth glitter;"

and,

> "Like an army defeated
> The snow hath retreated,
> And now doth fare ill
> On the top of the bare hill,"

brings the nursery before us, and almost prevents us from observing that the *thoughts* are really pleasing, and suggested by a personal observation of nature. Is not this rather like a daring of the very danger which he deprecates? I am far from calling Wordsworth a childish writer; but it must be owned that he sometimes writes childishly.

Having attempted to shew that, in many instances, Wordsworth has *not* fulfilled the conditions of his own theory, I proceed to point out in what manner, by fulfilling them, he has been betrayed into absurdities.

The very root of Wordsworth's most offensive peculiarities seems to be the principle, into which, at the beginning of my observations, I promised to institute an enquiry at some future time. It is this, "that the feeling developed in his poems gives importance to the action and situation, and not the action and situation to the feeling." I proposed to consider whe-

ther this part of his theory were not likely to produce originality of a vicious kind, and whether there should not be a mutual proportion between the subject and the passion connected with it.

As we shall best judge of this principle when viewed in connexion with its results, let us examine in what manner it has operated on Wordsworth's poetry, and whether it have there produced originality of a good or a bad kind.

I shall endeavour to prove, that by carrying this principle into effect, Wordsworth has been betrayed into two faults, which branch off into almost opposite ramifications, but which unite at last in producing one common result—Incongruity.

The first is, that trusting to the importance of the feeling, which he purposes to illustrate, he does not scruple to consort it with weak and beggarly elements, which either degrade it or render it ridiculous, by the overpowering force of association.

The second is, that, investing the feeling with an importance which the action and situation do not warrant, he uses language and employs illustrations, as much above the occasion, as the language he sometimes uses is below it; and thus produces in his poems as strange a mixture of homeliness and magnificence, as the brick floor and mirrored walls of a French bedroom.

Or, in more concise terms, he has, in the first case, derived low subjects from lofty feelings; in the second, he has deduced lofty feelings from low subjects.

I will, in the first place, attempt to render the first error palpable.

In pursuance of his principal object, which is (the poet tells us) " further and above all, to make his incidents and situation (chosen from common life) interesting, by tracing in them, truly though not ostentatiously, the primary laws of our nature, chiefly as far as regards the manner in which we associate ideas in a state of excitement," (let me take breath!) or, (as he says in another place,) " speaking in language more appropriate, to follow the fluxes and refluxes of the mind, when agitated by the great and simple affections of our nature," Wordsworth, amongst other poems, wrote the Idiot Boy, wherein he " traces the maternal passion through many of its more subtle windings." It is really curious to contrast the pompous announcement of the poet's intentions, with the poverty of their execution. " Low *words* contending with his lofty will, till his mortality predominates." Here are high-sounding and philosophical sentences, incomprehensible enough to make the greatest fool I ever knew in my life exclaim,—" How delightful that is!—It is so metaphysical!" Any one would naturally imagine that the " fluxes and refluxes of the mind, when agitated by the *great* and *simple* affections of our nature,"—" the maternal passion traced through many of its more subtle windings," must be illustrated by a poem, great in its scheme, simple in its execution, affecting in its incidents. We turn to the poem in question with raised expectations, when we experience the shock of a shower-bath in the perusal of a story, (very *simple*, in one sense of the word,) all about an old woman, one Betty Foy, whose neighbour, Susan Gale, " old Susan, she who dwells alone," is taken ill. Betty Foy, instead of going for the doctor herself, wisely sends her idiot boy Johnny on horseback on that errand, although (as she might have anticipated, had she possessed a grain of sense) she is obliged at last to leave Susan, (her reluctance to do which caused her to send Johnny,) and to walk in *propriâ personâ* to the town, roaming the livelong night in quest of her idiotic darling. After a little attempt to keep the reader in suspense as to Johnny's fate, the poet cannot find in his heart to be too pathetic; he therefore soon discovers Johnny quietly sitting on the pony, " who is mild and good," and comforts Betty's heart with so enchanting a sight.

" She pats the pony, where or when
She knows not—happy Betty Foy!
The little pony glad may be,
But he is milder far than she,
You hardly can perceive *his* joy."

That is, the fluxes and the refluxes of the pony's feelings (apparently the wisest animal of the party) were less violent than those of Betty. Indeed hers seem to have gushed forth with great vehemence; for, when she first beholds Johnny,

" She darts as with a torrent's force,
She almost has o'erturn'd the horse."

But that nothing may be wanting to a

happy denouement, old Susan Gale gets up, and finds that her complaint was wholly nervous, and produced by the want of something better to think of. She then posts to the wood, and finds her friends—

"Oh me! it is a merry meeting,
As ever was in Christendom."

They all go home; and the reader's heart, which had been so painfully agitated, is cheered by the following facetious conclusion:—

"And thus to Betty's question he
Made answer like a traveller bold:
(*His very words I give to you.*)
'The cocks did crow tu-whoo—tu-whoo,
And the sun did shine so cold!'
Thus answer'd Johnny in his glory,
And that was all his travel's story."

But it may be objected that I have only given the story, which is the mere vehicle of the feeling. I will, therefore, more accurately trace the "fluxes and refluxes" of Betty's maternal passion. First we find her *anxiety* that Johnny should comport himself like a man of sense;

"And Betty's most especial charge
Was, Johnny! Johnny! mind that you
Come home again, nor stop at all,—
Come home again, whate'er befall,
My Johnny do, I pray you do."

Then comes a flux of *joy* at seeing Johnny make such a good figure on horseback—

"His heart it was so full of glee,
That, till full fifty yards were gone,
He quite forgot his holly whip,
And all his skill in horsemanship—
Oh happy, happy, happy, John!"

"And Betty's standing at the door,
And Betty's face with joy o'erflows,
Proud of herself and proud of him,
She sees him in his travelling trim;
How quietly her Johnny goes!"

Then comes a sad reflux of apprehension, from Johnny's protracted absence, which shews itself, first in "a subtle winding," which induces her to cast vile reflections on Johnny, and to call him "A little idle sauntering thing"—then in a tender regard for his safety—and, finally, in quitting "poor old Susan Gale," to look for her idiot boy. This time the tide of her feelings is quite at a spring-ebb, and she has serious thoughts of becoming a second Ophelia:

"A green-grown pond she just has past,
And from the brink she hurries fast,
Lest she should drown herself therein."

For nothing can she see or hear; and the night is so still,

"The grass you almost hear it growing—
You hear it now if e'er you can."

Then, with a sort of eddy in the reflux of her passions, she indulges in conjectures as to Johnny's fate, to which conjectures the bard adds a few of his own, as thus—

"Perhaps with head and heels on fire,
And like the very soul of evil,
He's galloping away, away!
And so he'll gallop on for aye,
The bane of all that dread the devil!"

But,

"Your pony's *worth his weight in gold;*
Then calm your terrors, Betty Foy!
She's coming from among the trees,
And now all full in view she sees
Him whom she loves, her idiot boy."

Then does the tide flow in again up to high-water mark, and Betty manifests her rapture, (as before mentioned,) by nearly upsetting the pony. No wonder that Wordsworth should write in metre, (and such metre!) lest the excitement produced by his pathetic histories should be carried beyond its proper bounds!

Wordsworth says, in speaking of his Lyrical Ballads, "They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness. They will look round for poetry, and will be induced to enquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title." Oh, Mr Wordsworth! will they alone, who have been accustomed to gaudy and inane phraseology, struggle with feelings of strangeness in reading your Idiot Boy, and look round for poetry? May not the spirit, deeply embued with Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare, Milton, feel somewhat strange at meeting with such lines as these—

"Burr, burr! Now Johnny's lips they
burr!
As loud as any mill, or near it;
Meek as a lamb the pony moves,
And Johnny makes the noise he loves,
And Betty listens, glad to hear it!"

And may it *not* look round, with somewhat of a blank amazement, for poetry?

Really, such compositions as these seem to be published as experiments to ascertain rather the quantum of mankind's credulity, than any important fact. It is said, that Wordsworth carefully corrects his poems; and he himself begs to be exempted from "the most dishonourable accusation which can be brought against an author, namely, that of an indolence, which prevents him from endeavouring to ascertain what is his duty, or, when his duty is ascertained, prevents him from performing it." Yet I could almost fancy that such poems as the Idiot Boy were composed while the author was drawing on his boots in the morning, and then that, over his wine in the evening, he had exercised his ingenuity in fitting a theory to his verses. He very wrongly omits to point out the most important moral of the Idiot Boy, which decidedly is to be drawn from the pseudo-malady of Susan Gale, and its rapid departure, and which seems to be, that real misfortunes cure fanciful patients. But, to be serious, can any one assert that the maternal passion is not rather held up to ridicule than to admiration, by being found in company with such associates? So far from the feeling developed in this poem being able to give importance to the action and situation, the poor Feeling, like a baby overlaid by a fat mother, is smothered beneath the overpowering comicality of the action and situation. I would ask, what has Wordsworth gained by working in coarse materials, in order to illustrate the "primary laws and great affections of our nature?" He may have traced "*truly*," but certainly not "unostentatiously," (for the very attempt is ostentatious,) the workings of a silly woman's mind in losing her idiot boy; but what has this to do with the more noble, the more dignified, manifestations of the maternal passion? He ought to shew that there is some great advantage in the introduction of vulgar characters, and in the use of trivial incidents, to counterbalance the defects naturally produced by such a descent from poetic dignity. Shakspeare's Lear is a king, and his daughters are princesses, and his history is founded on no less an event than the loss of a kingdom; yet the paternal feelings, with all their fluctuations, are, I should imagine, displayed as finely in his sufferings, as they could be, if he were a Johnny, and his daughters Betty Foys. To be odd is not to be original, in a good sense. Nature may be, when unadorned, adorned the most; but a cousin-Betty dress will spoil her form more than a velvet robe and sweeping train. A rose with all its leaves, has the beauty of proportion as well as of colour. Strip off the leaves, and the flower does but encumber the slim and naked stalk. Wordsworth, in his prologue to Peter Bell, represents the Muse as tempting him to loftier themes, in the following really excellent lines:—

"I know the secrets of a land
Where human foot did never stray;
Fair is the land as evening skies,
And cool—though in the depth it lies
Of burning Africa.

"Or we'll unto the realm of Faery,
Among the lovely shades of things;
The shadowy forms of mountains bare,
And streams, and bowers, and ladies fair,
The shades of palaces and kings!"

And the poet replies to these seductions,

"Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

"The dragon's wing, the mystic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

"These given, what more need I desire,
To stir, to soothe, to elevate?
What nobler marvels than the mind
May in life's daily prospect find,
May find, or these create?

"A potent wand doth Sorrow wield;
What spell so strong as guilty Fear?
Repentance is a tender sprite,
If aught on earth have heavenly might,
'Tis lodged within her silent tear."

Now this is beautiful, and had Wordsworth always, or often, written thus, and in strict accordance with the principles conveyed in the above exquisite lines, it would (as Johnson said of Gray) "have been vain to blame, and

useless to praise him." But, when we drop from such chaste and classical poetry, at once, "a thousand fathoms down" to such a stanza as this,

"Here sit the vicar and his dame,
And there, my good friend Stephen Otter;
And, ere the light of evening fail,
To them I must relate the tale
Of Peter Bell the Potter."

When we read the tale itself, of Peter Bell, "who had a dozen wedded wives," and who is converted to a holy life, partly by a dead body which he sees in a river, and partly by a "*fervent* methodist," but chiefly, and in truth, by the ministry of a desolate donkey, which,

—"with motion dull,
Upon the pivot of his skull
Turn'd round his long left ear;"

and, moreover,

—"did lengthen out
More ruefully an endless shout,
The long dry see-saw of his horrible bray;"

when we are told,

—"that through prevailing grace
He, not unmoved, did notice now
The cross upon thy shoulders scored,
Meek beast! in memory of the Lord,
To whom all human-kind shall bow;"

and when we learn, that, in consequence of all this, the said Peter Bell

"Forsook his crimes, represt his folly,
And after ten months' melancholy,
[Why *ten*?]
Became a good and honest man!"

how can we shake with any passion, but that of laughter? Repentance is, indeed, a tender sprite, and if she "do her spiriting gently," may melt into the heart; but she is, in truth, too tender for contact with such

"Alum styptics, whose contracting power
Shrinks her thin essence like a shrivell'd
flower."

And this is the poem, of which Wordsworth says it could not be published in company with the "Waggoner," "without disadvantage," "from the higher tone of imagination, and the deeper touches of passion, aimed at" in it!!

But Wordsworth has not only contrived to place Maternal Affection and Repentance in an equivocal light; he has even been very merry with his own darling power, Imagination, of which he says, "the soul may fall away from it, not being able to sustain its grandeur!" That he has *fallen*, overdazzled in the attempt to illustrate her divine energies, most persons will acknowledge, who read the tale of "Goody Blake and Harry Gill." He says that, in this poem, he "wished to draw attention to the truth, that the power of the human imagination is sufficient to produce such changes, even in our physical nature, as might almost appear miraculous." The story, in plain prose, of the criminal who was bled to death by imagination merely, who, by hearing his sinking state described, (a bandage having been placed over his eyes,) actually dropped lifeless at the words, "he dies," seems to me more forcibly to display the power of the human imagination, than the fact which Wordsworth has chosen to versify for that purpose. The fact, which Wordsworth calls "a valuable illustration," is as follows:—Goody Blake, a very poor old woman, was detected by Harry Gill, a lusty drover, in pulling sticks out of his hedge. Now this is an offence which no farmer can pardon; so Harry Gill treated poor Goody Blake rather roughly, on which the vindictive woman prayed "to God, who is the judge of all, that he might never more be warm." And he never more *was* warm, in spite of three greatcoats and innumerable blankets. Surely this was rather more than poetical justice; for it is a sore trial to a farmer's temper to have his hedges spoiled, especially to a drover, whose cattle may be ten miles off before the morning, if his fences are broken over night. Now, I also know of a striking fact, exemplifying the power of the human imagination. It is as follows:—There is an echo in the garden of a nobleman in a southern county, which, if both the speaker and hearer be placed in proper situations, appears as a voice proceeding from among the tombs of a church-yard close by. A gentleman, ignorant of this circumstance, was walking in the garden, when a mischievous person, throwing his voice into the church-yard, said, "Thou shalt die before twelve this night;" and the gentleman (who was in a delicate state of health) actually *did* die that night, from the shock he received, even although the trick was afterwards explained to him. Now, although I consider this an im-

portant fact, as shewing how prophecies work their own accomplishment, and how the "*greatest change*" of all may be produced in our physical nature by the power of the imagination, I do not consider it a fit subject for poetry, any more than Prince Hohenlohe's curative miracles, or the magnetic wonders of Mainaduc; nor would I put it into verse, even though I should "have the satisfaction" (as Wordsworth tells us, with respect to Harry Gill) "of knowing that it had been communicated to many hundreds of people, who would never have heard of it, had it not been narrated as a ballad, and in a more impressive metre than is usual in ballads." What this *more impressive* metre is, we may learn by a reference to the poem itself:—

> "Oh, what's the matter, what's the matter,
> What is't that ails young Harry Gill,
> That evermore his teeth they chatter,
> Chatter, chatter, chatter still?
>
> "Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
> Good duffle grey and flannel fine;
> He has a blanket on his back,
> And coats enough to smother nine!"

And this tale, Wordsworth tells us, he related in metre, amongst other reasons, because "we see that Pope, by the power of verse alone, has contrived to render the *plainest common sense* interesting!" It is a pity that Wordsworth will not allow us to take his ballads as mere levities, or pieces of humour. As such they might possess considerable merit; but as it is, we begin to laugh, and then the theory comes over us with a spasmodic chill. We prim up our mouths, with the reflection, that this apparently good fun is "a valuable illustration of an important fact." We should shake hands with Peter Bell, if he did not pretend to "a high tone of imagination." Were we to read even John Gilpin with such an awful impression, we should be as grave over it as over a sermon. But

> "ridenti dicere verum
> Quid vetat?"

The most important and melancholy convictions come to us in a laugh—only they must come spontaneously, unsuggested, uninfluenced by a theory. The story must tell itself; the moral must shine through it like the sun; the motive must be transparent as the day. It is a clumsy mode of instruction that itself requires explanation; it is a dull joke that asks for analysis. Wisdom must be dropped like seed, not hammered in like a nail. The human mind (of which Wordsworth professes to know so much) sets itself against a formal attempt to instruct or improve it. Many persons may be the better for reading John Gilpin, if it were only for the cordial spirit of drollery, without a grain of malice, that runs through it; but if Cowper had prefixed a philosophical disquisition to the ballad, we could only have thought of the author's coxcombry. But some of Wordsworth's defenders may say the poet *meant* you to laugh sometimes. I ask, would he be well pleased if we laughed at Peter Bell's catastrophe?

I now proceed to point out the second error into which the principle under consideration has led our author. He has given a false importance to certain actions and situations, and has thereby been betrayed into language unsuitable to the occasion. As, in the first instance, he stripped the feeling naked, he has, in this, trimmed it up in furbelows and flounces. There seems to be the greater necessity for noticing this defect at large, inasmuch as the peculiarity mentioned is vaunted by Wordsworth's admirers as not only the distinguishing characteristic of his poetry, but the great source of its excellence. They say that, while other writers debase what is noble in itself by their method of conveying it to the mind, Wordsworth glorifies the meanest subject, and turns all he touches (even pots and kettles) into gold. As ancient fables are full of instruction, let us remember that King Midas, who had this enriching faculty, was as much approximated to the lower orders of creation by one other sad peculiarity, as he was to the angelic race by being a sort of living philosopher's stone. Is there not as much danger of the mean subject dragging the splendid illustration of it into the depths of bathos, as there is likelihood of the splendid illustration raising the mean subject to the skies? May not incongruity as much be shewn in dignifying what is base, as in debasing what is dignified? and may not truth be equally profaned by such process?

Nay, is it not a greater hazard "to raise a mortal to the skies," than to "draw an angel down?" for the mortal may look very foolish in angelic company, but the angel will walk on his way unblenched amidst the sons of earth.

Wordsworth tells us, in his preface, that it has been his object, not only to choose incidents and situations from common life, but "at the same time to throw over them a certain colouring of imagination, whereby ordinary things should be presented to the mind in an unusual way." That he has succeeded in presenting ordinary things to the mind in an *unusual* way, few persons will deny who read the following lines, taken from a sonnet on a Wild Duck's Nest; but whether the colouring be Imagination's own, some may sceptically doubt:

"Th' imperial consort of the Fairy King
Owns not a silvan bower; or gorgeous cell,
With emerald floor'd, and with purpureal shell
Ceiling'd and roof'd; that is so fair a thing
As this low structure," &c. &c. &c.

"*Words cannot paint* th' o'ershadowing yew-tree bough
And dimly-gleaming nest," &c.

"I gaze—and almost wish to lay aside
Humanity, weak slave of cumbrous pride!"

In other words, the poet is so enchanted at the sight of a duck's nest, that he longs to become a duck himself, and to creep into the creature's warm and cozy tenement.

One may deduce, from this specimen, one great cause of Wordsworth's poetical errors. He feels intensely, and he gives an over-importance to his own particular feelings, partly from a vanity, which one is sorry to see in a truly great man; and partly from having met with admirers who deify his very faults, until he is irrevocably confirmed in them. A belief that what interests oneself must interest others, is indeed common to all human beings; but a man who comes before the public should cool down his mind, after the fervour of composition, to the plain-sense question—"Will what I have written strike others in the same light as myself?"

This question Wordsworth scarcely seems to ask himself; he *says*, indeed, "I am sensible that my associations must have sometimes been particular, instead of general, and that, consequently, giving to things a false importance, sometimes from diseased impulses, I may have written upon unworthy subjects." Why then tread by choice on such dangerous, such debateable ground? Why, if there be but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, annihilate that one? He will concede nothing to the perhaps honest prejudices of mankind, even in so trifling a matter as the choice of names; and such appellations as Betty Foy, Harry Gill, and Peter Bell, because they seem good to himself, must be accepted by his reader. Have these also a meaning "too deep for tears?" He does not go out of himself sufficiently to see things in their due proportion. It is remarkable, that in exemplifying the powers of mind requisite for the production of poetry by appropriate quotations, those quotations are generally selected from his own works. In speaking of Imagination, it appears as if he did not so much wish to shew what the faculty is, as to prove that he himself is possessed of it. He remarks upon the following couplet:

"His voice was *buried* among trees,
Yet to be *come at* by the breeze;"

"A metaphor expressing the love of seclusion by which this bird (the stock-dove) is marked, and characterising its note as not partaking of the shrill and the piercing, and therefore more easily deadened by the intervening shade; yet a note so peculiar, and withal so pleasing, that the breeze, gifted with that love of the sound which the poet feels, penetrates the shade in which it is entombed, and conveys it to the ear of the listener." Now all this might be in the poet's mind when he wrote the couplet, but will it be in his reader's, when he reads it? Again, he tells us: "In the series of poems placed under the head of Imagination, I have begun with one of the earliest processes of nature in the developement of this faculty. Guided by one of *my own* primary consciousnesses, I have represented a commutation and transfer of internal feelings, co-operating with external accidents to plant for immortality images of sight and sound in the celestial soil of the Ima-

gination." We turn to the poem, and receive the following piece of intelligence:—

> "There was a boy; ye knew him well, ye cliffs
> And islands of Winander!"

This boy's favourite amusement was to hoot like an owl. The operation is thus described:

> "With fingers interwoven, both hands
> Press'd closely, palm to palm, and to his mouth
> Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,
> Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,
> That they might answer him."

Then comes the plantation for immortality:—

> "When it chanced
> That pauses of deep silence mock'd his skill,
> Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung
> Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise
> Has carried far into his heart the voice
> Of mountain torrents; or the visible scene
> Would enter unawares into his mind
> With all its solemn imagery," &c.

The boy dies, and this historian tells us:—

> "I believe that often-times,
> A long half-hour together, I have stood
> Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies."

This is all the information that the poet gives us on the subject, and the only outward and visible reason that appears for the deep interest wherewith Wordsworth ponders over his grave, is, that the boy was fond of imitating the hooting of an owl. As to the circumstance of the boy's sensibility to nature, how could Wordsworth know it, unless from the boy himself? which is most improbable, for

> "This boy was taken from his mates, and died
> In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old;"

and lads of twelve years old do not speak of their feelings, especially of this nature, if indeed they ever have such feelings.

But the explanation of the whole is to be found in the expression, "guided by one of *my own* primary consciousnesses." Wordsworth, as being a poet, who is a man of a thousand, felt thus; and therefore runs into the absurdity of attributing such feelings to any other boy, among the thousand, who happens to hoot to the owls, as he himself did when young.

This over-importance which Wordsworth gives to his slightest sensations, produces in his writings a solemnity about trifles, a seriousness and energy in little things, which bears the appearance (I believe the appearance only) of affectation—very destructive to the simplicity which he desires should characterise his compositions. For instance, in the following verses:

> "I wander'd lonely as a cloud
> That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
> When all at once I saw a crowd—
> A host of golden daffodils."

What a prelude is the pomposity of the cloud-simile, to the host of daffodils which were "tossing their heads in sprightly dance!" Then he goes on to say,

> "I gazed and gazed, but little thought
> What wealth to me the shew had brought.
> For oft when on my couch I lie,
> In vacant or in pensive mood,
> They flash upon that inward eye,
> Which is the bliss of solitude;
> And then my heart with pleasure fills
> And dances with the daffodils!"

He calls this a sort of "ocular spectrum,"—a most bilious "ocular spectrum" indeed, as ever haunted the jaundiced sight! What a pity that the beautiful expression,

> "That inward eye,
> Which is the bliss of solitude,"

should be found in such bad company! Thus it is that Wordsworth's most exquisite thoughts and images escape the common view, like grains of gold in the unsifted sands of Pactolus.

Again, in the Excursion, Wordsworth thus sounds the trumpet of preparation, to herald in—a lamb!

> "List! I heard
> From yon huge breast of rock a solemn bleat,
> Sent forth as if it were the mountain's voice,
> As if the visible mountain made the cry!
> Again! * * * *
> It was a lamb left somewhere to itself,
> The plaintive spirit of the Solitude!"

In this instance, also, I doubt not but that "the effect upon the soul" (that is, Wordsworth's soul) "was such as he expressed." I can well believe, that

to a poet, amidst the utter desolation of incumbent mountains, where

> "The region all around
> Stands silent, empty of all shape of life,"

the bleat of a lamb may be a solemn thing; but as few persons can hear such a sound under such circumstances —as fewer still can hear it with a poet's sensibility—it were wise in the bard to keep the feeling to himself, or, at any rate, to mention it only in confidence to a few particular friends. It neither reads nor tells well in a library or drawing-room—and the Excursion is rather too weighty a companion for the mountain-tops.

I have frequently heard quoted, as a proof of "that fine colouring of imagination" which Wordsworth can fling over the humblest subject, the following passage from the Waggoner:

> "And the smoke and respiration,
> Rising, like an exhalation,
> Blends with the mist—a moving shroud
> To form—an undissolving cloud,
> Which, with slant ray, the merry sun
> Takes delight to play *upon*.

[Which must be pronounced *upun*.]

> Never surely old Apollo,
> He, or *other God as old*,
> Of whom in story we are told,
> Who *had* a favourite to follow
> Through a battle, *or elsewhere*,
> Round the object of his care,
> In a time of peril, threw
> Veil of such celestial hue;
> Interposed so bright a screen
> Him and his enemies between!"

There is a mixture of poverty and grandeur in the very diction of these lines (as I have intimated by marking some mean expressions by Italics)—but let that pass. Of what is the poet speaking? Would any one divine that he was describing the *breath* and *steam* (surely he has kept clear of the "real language" of men in this instance) proceeding from a team of horses? Could any Œdipus surmise, that "Apollo's favourite" is only a type of "mild Benjamin" "the Waggoner"—"his enemies" only a metaphor for Benjamin's master, angry at his staying too long on the road,

> "Who from Keswick has pricked forth,
> Sour and surly as the North?"

It is easy to call this sublimity. It is equally easy to call it fustian and bombast. What, indeed, is bombast but a disproportion between the incident, or idea, and the language that conveys the incident or idea? What more could Wordsworth have said in describing the sun-illuminated smoke of a whole army in combat, than he has said of the perspiring horses? If the humbler the object is, the nobler is the effort of the imagination in aggrandising it, it is plain, that if he had compared the steam from a tea-kettle to Apollo's celestial veil, the image would have been still finer. But, if a due regard to proportion be essential to produce the pleasure which the mind takes in her perception of things; if we turn with disgust from a cottage with a Grecian portico; if even Nature teach us, by her own works, that a certain scale is to be observed (for she does not place a Mont Blanc amongst the mountains of Cumberland, or a Skiddaw close to Box Hill)—then we must allow that Wordsworth is greatly wrong when he places the low and the lofty in such immediate juxta-position. It is very pretty, doubtless, to say, that

> "The meanest flower that blows, can give
> Thoughts which do often lie too deep for
> tears;"

but there should be differences and shades of degree in our raptures; a daisy should not impart the same elevation of feeling as a cloud-canopied mountain, and a man must be near-sighted indeed who can pore upon the one, while the other is towering above him. Why has nature set forth such a majestic banquet, if her humbler fare suffices to nourish the mind to its utmost capacity and vigour?

The same remarks will apply, even more forcibly, to the following passage also taken from the Waggoner:

> "Now, heroes, for the true commotion,
> The triumph of your late devotion!
> Can aught on earth impede delight
> Still mounting to a higher height;
> And higher still,—a greedy flight!
> Can any low-born care pursue her,
> Can any mortal clog come *to* her?
> No notion have they—not a thought
> That is from joyless regions brought!
> And, while they coast the silent lake,
> Their inspiration I partake;
> Share their empyreal spirits—yea,
> With their enraptured vision, see—
> O fancy, what a jubilee!"

Here is a coil about heroes and devotion, and delight, and exemption from low-born care, and mortal clogs (or pattens). Who would not think that some high-minded beings, having just

lifted their thoughts to heaven, were coasting "the silent lake," in an ecstasy of divine beatitude; while they beheld with the eye of faith a jubilee of holy joy, which could be no other than the Millennium? But what is the real state of the matter? A sailor and a waggoner, half-seas over, reeling by the side of a lake, behold

> "Earth, spangled sky, and lake serene
> Involved and restless all;"

or, in other words, "see double," and in a rapture of maudlin tenderness, shake hands and embrace. This being the case, it seems rather an awkward confession of the Bard, that he "partakes their inspiration, and shares their empyreal spirits, (Qu.—imperial spirits?) and sees, as they do, "a dancing and a glancing" among the stars. Indeed, did not the poet's character stand so deservedly high, there might be something suspicious in his *penchant* for drunkards and thieves. In another poem, he goes into raptures because a child and his grandfather (as he expresses it) "both go a-stealing together." He mystically says,

> "And yet into whatever sin they may fall,
> This child but *half* knows it, and that *not at all.*"

And (as if any teacher were needed to convince us that man is a thieving animal) he concludes,

> "Old man, whom so oft I with pity have eyed,
> I love thee, and love *the sweet boy* at thy side:
> Long yet mayst thou live! for a *teacher* we see,
> That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee."

But, in the instance before us, the bard takes care to let us know

> "This sight to me the Muse imparts."

Oh, Mr Wordsworth, how, after such an original and splendid passage, could you admit the most commonplace of all commonplaces? you, who profess to avoid poetic diction as zealously as others cultivate it, to talk of "the Muse," and, more horrible still, "the Muse *imparts*," and (climax of abomination!) the rhyme in the next line is "hearts!" I must extract one more passage from the Waggoner, as an instance of the peril which lies in laying on too vividly a colouring of imagination.

> "Right gladly had the horses stirr'd,
> When they the wish'd-for greeting heard,
> The whip's loud notice from the door,
> That they were free to move once more.
> You think these doings
> [*i. e.* Benjamin getting drunk] must have bred
> hn them disheartening doubts and dread:
> No! not a horse *of all the eight*,
> Although it be a moonless night,
> Fears either for himself or freight!"

Wonderful! most wonderful! most contrary indeed to all one should have guessed, supposed, or predicted!

Well and feelingly may Wordsworth say, that he "forbears to speak of an incongruity, which would shock the intelligent reader, viz. should the poet interweave any foreign splendour of his own with that which the passion naturally suggests." Undoubtedly the less said on that point the better.

Can it be believed that such passages as the above, from the Waggoner, should be *selected* by Wordsworth's admirers as proofs of his imaginative powers? I have *heard* them recited without one "blank misgiving." The more strange, the more incongruous are the images and expressions, the more does the true disciple of Wordsworth consider himself bound not only to defend, but to prove them admirable. He seems to have a lurking suspicion that he will be pronounced in the wrong, and therefore chooses the very worst specimens of the poet's manner to prove that he is in the right. Like a wise general, he defends the weakest post, and leaves the strongholds to take care of themselves. Obstinate in error, he will not only say that black is not black, but prove, by logical induction, that black is white. In the first edition of Peter Bell was a stanza, since expunged, and thus tacitly condemned by the author himself—one of many, containing ingenious conjectures as to the nature of an object which Peter saw one night in the water, (a very common and novel-like trick, by the bye, to raise a reader's curiosity.) The stanza was as follows:

> "Is it a party in a parlour
> Cramm'd just as they on earth were cramm'd,
> Some sipping punch, some drinking tea;
> But, as you by their faces see,
> All silent, and all—damn'd!"

I asked my Wordsworthian friend if he really and truly could admire this passage! "Admire it!" he replied, "I think it one of the sublimest in the

whole compass of English poetry! How awfully grand is the thrilling contrast between the common and every-day occupations of the beings conjectured to be seen, and the hopeless horror of their countenances, between their mirthful employments, and their preternatural silence! They are, if we only look at them with a casual eye, "some sipping punch, some drinking tea;" but the poet, by a marvellous and almost divine stroke of the imagination, makes them "all silent and all—damn'd!" The last word fell with such a lump upon my ear, that I felt much in the condition of the unhappy party in the parlour, and replied not —for it was manifestly useless to argue with such an enthusiastic adorer. A blind prostration of intellect to their idol, is indeed the chief characteristic of Wordsworth's proselytes. The oracle sayeth, "If an author, by any *single* composition, has impressed us with respect for his talents, it is useful to consider this as affording a presumption that, on other occasions where we have been displeased, he, nevertheless, may not have written ill or absurdly;" and accordingly the disciples say, "that Wordsworth has *often* written finely, cannot be denied. Why not then give him credit for *always* knowing what he is about, better than any of us?" Strange reasoning! in the face of the conviction that

> "Fallible man
> Is still found fallible, however wise!"

and when we know instances, in the first place, of the worst authors writing one good thing, and in the next, of the best authors writing some bad things. Even Milton nods, and even Leigh Hunt has written one of the most beautiful small poems extant, beginning, "Sleep breathes at last from out thee, my little patient boy." But the very essence of Wordsworthianism is the belief that its king can do no wrong. It is the very popery of poetry; and one doubt of its Hierarch's infallibility would be fatal to its empire. Therefore the disciples defend every line, every word, that Wordsworth has ever written—not as they would defend any passage in a favourite author, but with all the *blind* obstinacy of men who adopt a peculiar creed. I grant that *all* the absurdities of Wordsworth's partisans are no more to be charged upon him, than all the old-womanism of Wesley's disciples was (in past times) attributable to their vigorous-minded master,—but *some* of the blame must attach, in both instances, to the nature of the creed and to its propagator. Wordsworth talks much and feelingly of the outcry raised against him and his poems; he has suffered more from injudicious praise. He deprecates the injustice of his enemies. Let him rather pray to be delivered from his friends. When they declare that he is equal to Milton, he should be too wise to believe them.

Thus have I endeavoured to prove, by exposing the evil tendency of an opposite principle, that, whether in passages of description, sentiment, or passion, the expression should be suited to the thought, and the thought to the expression. A diamond in a setting of wood, or a nut in a chasing of gold, alike offend that sense of congruity, which nature has implanted in us. But "words spoken in due season are" (to use the saying of the wise man) "as apples of gold in pictures of silver." The meaning is the most precious part, but the setting is precious too. Wordsworth himself says, "Proportion and congruity, the requisite knowledge being supposed, are subjects upon which taste may be trusted. It is competent to this office"—neither is this a mean office—for if (as Shakspeare says) "discretion is the better part of valour," much more is it the better part of genius. Wordsworth, in his enumeration of the powers which constitute a good poet, places Judgement *last*. "Judgement, (he says) to decide how and where, and in what degree, each of these faculties ought to be exerted; so that *the less shall not be sacrificed to the greater; nor the greater, slighting the less, arrogate, to its own injury, more than its due.*" I hope that Wordsworth meant to abide by the old saying, "though *last* not *least*;" for I do not remember a single instance of any poet lacking judgement (according to Wordsworth's own definition of it,) who has ever been raised, by the common verdict of mankind, sanctified by time—the true Vox Populi, which Wordsworth professes to venerate—to a primordial rank in his art.

THE HEART OF BRUCE, IN MELROSE ABBEY.

BY MRS HEMANS.

"Now pass thou onward, as thou wast wont, and Douglas will follow thee, or die."*

Heart! that didst press forward still,
Where the trumpet's note rang shrill,
Where the knightly swords were crossing,
And the plumes like sea-foam tossing,
First where'er the brave were met,
Last against each dark tide set;
Leader of the charging spear!
Fiery heart! And liest thou *here*?
May this narrow spot inurn
Aught that so could beat and burn?

Heart! that lov'dst the clarion's blast,
Silent is thy place at last:
Silent—save when breeze's moan
Comes through weed or fretted stone;
Silent—save when early bird
Sings where once the Mass was heard;
And the wild-rose waves around thee,
And the long dark grass hath bound thee:
Sleep'st thou as the swain might sleep,
In his nameless valley deep?

No! brave Heart! Though cold and lone,
Kingly power is yet thine own.
Feel I not thy spirit brood
O'er the whispering solitude?
Lo! at one high thought of thee,
Fast they rise, the Bold, the Free,
Sweeping past thy lowly bed
With a mute, yet stately tread;
Shedding their pale armour's light
Forth upon the breathless night;
Bending every warlike plume
In the prayer o'er saintly tomb.

Is the noble Douglas nigh,
Arm'd to follow thee, or die?
Now, true Heart! as thou wast wont,
Pass thou to the peril's front!
Where the banner-spear is gleaming,
And the battle's red wine streaming,
Till the Paynim quail before thee,
Till the Cross wave proudly o'er thee!
—Dreams! the falling of a leaf
Wins me from their splendours brief,
Dreams, yet bright ones!—Scorn them not,
Thou, that seek'st the holy spot;
Nor, amidst its lone domain,
Call the faith in relics vain!

* The cry of Douglas, on throwing from him the casket, which contained the heart of Bruce, into the midst of a battle between the Moors and Spaniards. After the death of Douglas, who fell in this combat, the heart was brought back to Scotland, and buried at Melrose.

COLLOQUIES ON THE PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ., LL.D., POET LAUREAT, &c. &c.*

"A GOOD man, out of the abundance of his heart, bringeth forth good things." Never was this sacred truth better illustrated than by the work before us. It is all good: very good. Excellent in conception; unexceptionable for the matter which it contains; and admirable for the spirit by which it is pervaded.

It is now little less than forty years since Mr Southey first appeared before the public; and few men have more cause to look back upon their past lives, with that species of conscious approbation which is their best reward. No man has more fully experienced

> "How hard it is to climb
> The steep, where Fame's proud temple shines afar."

No man has more resolutely encountered the hiss and the sting of the envenomed reptiles, whose breath is poison. No man ever more boldly set at nought popularity, in the pursuit of reputation. And perhaps there lives not the individual who has more completely established his claims upon the approbation of the wise and good, and, at the same time, earned for himself the persevering hatred of the unprincipled and the malignant.

His earliest productions attracted considerable notice, even before he was out of his teens. They are conceived in the adventurous spirit of a generous, warm-hearted, but inexperienced young man; and, consequently, are not more admirable for the feelings they express, than censurable for the adoption of principles which are unsound, and views which are defective. This, no one is more ready to acknowledge than himself. He was disgusted by the oppressions of the old government in France. He was dazzled by the splendour of the French Revolution. But soon he saw the sun, which rose, as his young imagination pictured it, in glory, set in blood; and soon he saw the measures of retribution, by which tyrants were to be humbled, assume a character of inhuman ferocity, by which society itself was dissolved; and the edifice, which had been consecrated to the Genius of Liberty, converted into the abode of one of the most ruthless scourges of his race that ever was visited upon a guilty world. What wonder, then, that his heart should have revolted at a system which was productive only of monsters and of crimes; and that that very warmth of the poetical temperament, which originally led to its adoption, should, when it began to be known by its fruits, have caused the rejection of it to be as indignant and complete, as its reception was, in the first instance, warm and confiding?

Yet Mr Southey is accused of having deserted his principles! And this, not only by those who glory in their shame; by the persevering and consistent Jacobins, whose hearts have been seared as with a red hot iron,—but by others who have not deserted their principles, only because they had no principles to desert; whose only principle is self-interest; who have never been moved to an admiration of any thing higher than themselves, or stimulated to the pursuit of any thing that did not terminate in their personal advantage.

These two classes, the men of bad principles, and the men of no principle, comprehend all the numerous hordes of the calumniators of our honoured Laureat. And while his strong and indignant reprobation of their writings and practices has entitled him to the fullest measure of their foulest vituperation, he has not been equally fortunate in attracting the admiration and exciting the applause of better men; because the beauties with which every production that has emanated from him abounds, are, in themselves, of that passing rare and delicate kind, which it requires taste and genius of no ordinary description to apprehend and appreciate; and because they are accompanied by blemishes which the clumsiest capacity may perceive to be such, and by peculiarities which appear to be blemishes, to those "laudatores temporis acti" who are so superstitiously devoted to the maxims of the olden

* 2 vols. 8vo. Murray, London. 1829.

school, that they consider novelty almost as dangerous in poetry as in politics; and originality as much to be deprecated as jacobinism or revolution.

Mr Southey, therefore, has hitherto missed, and is, probably during his remaining life, likely to miss, the fame to which he is entitled, and which will be awarded to him by a discriminating posterity. His life has been one of almost incessant labour;—but it has been in a good cause, and to a good purpose; and he enjoys the consoling certainty, that a reward is reserved for him which the world can neither give nor take away; and that his name will be honoured, and his works admired, when the taunts and the sarcasms of his revilers are unheard, and their talents and their writings forgotten and unheeded.

Yes, when the meteors have passed away, and when the vapours have been dispersed, and the storms have subsided, by which the fair face of heaven was blackened and disturbed, the silent and eternal luminaries will again be seen in their appointed stations; and, regardless of "the smoke and stir" which characterises and agitates the mazy and uncertain life of man, during his fretful pilgrimage, will continue to shed their quiet and benignant light upon the generations who succeed each other in our lower world.

In the work before us, the first thing which arrests the attention of the reader, (and which is well calculated both to suggest and inspire the disposition of mind in which it may be most profitably read,) is a likeness of Sir Thomas More. This is almost immediately succeeded by a poetical dedication to the memory of the author's revered and beloved uncle, the late Reverend Herbert Hill. The verses are in Mr Southey's happiest strain. His obligations to the good old man, now no more, for the more than filial tenderness by which, during his early life, he was regarded by him, have often been feelingly and affectionately acknowledged, but never more touchingly than on the present occasion, when he felt himself called upon to weave a garland for his grave. Mr Southey perceived a strong resemblance between his uncle and the picture of Sir Thomas More, in allusion to which he thus writes:—

"Not upon marble or sepulchral brass,
Have I the record of thy worth inscribed,
Dear Uncle! Nor from Chantrey's chisel ask'd
A monumental statue, which might wear,
Through many an age, thy venerable form.
Such tribute, were I rich in this world's wealth,
Should rightfully be render'd, in discharge
Of grateful duty, to the world evinced
When testifying so by outward sign
Its deep and inward sense. But what I can
Is render'd piously, prefixing here
Thy perfect lineament, two centuries
Before thy birth by Holbein's happy hand
Prefigured thus. It is the portraiture
Of More, the mild, the learned, and the good;
Traced in that better stage of human life,
When vain imaginations, troublous thoughts,
And hopes and fears, have had their course, and left
The intellect composed, the heart at rest,
Nor yet decay hath touch'd our mortal frame."

* * * *

"Even such wert thou, dear Uncle! such thy look
Benign and thoughtful; such thy placid mien;
Thine eye serene, significant, and strong,
Bright in its quietness, yet brightening oft
With quick emotion of benevolence,
Or flash of active fancy, and that mirth
Which aye with sober wisdom well accords."

* * * *

"O friend! O more than father! whom I found
Forbearing alway, alway kind; to whom

No gratitude can speak the debt I owe;
Far on their earthly pilgrimage advanced
Are they who knew thee when we drew the breath
Of that delicious clime! The most are gone;
And whoso yet survive of those who then
Were in their summer season, on the tree
Of life hang here and there like wintry leaves,
Which the first breeze will from the bough bring down.
I, too, am in the sear, the yellow leaf:
And yet (no wish is nearer to my heart)
One arduous labour more, as unto thee
In duty bound, full fain would I complete,
(So heaven permit,) recording faithfully
The heroic rise, the glories, the decline
Of that fallen country, dear to us, wherein
The better portion of thy days was past,
And where, in fruitful intercourse with thee,
My intellectual life received betimes
The bias it hath kept. Poor Portugal!
In us thou harbour'dst no ungrateful guests!
We loved thee well; mother magnanimous
Of mighty intellects and faithful hearts,—
For such in other times thou wert, nor yet
To be despair'd of, for not yet, methinks,
Degenerate wholly,—yes, we loved thee well!
And in thy moving story, (so but life
Be given me to mature the gather'd store
Of thirty years,) poet, and politic,
And Christian sage, (only philosopher
Who from the well of living water drinks
Never to thirst again,) shall find, I ween,
For fancy, and for profitable thought,
Abundant food."

It was at the instance of the amiable and excellent individual thus beautifully commemorated, that Mr Southey undertook and completed what may be truly called his greatest work, the History of Brazil. It is gratifying to perceive, that his materials for the History of Portugal are in such a state of forwardness as he intimates in the preceding passage; and that his opinion of the people of that beautiful, but at present prostrate and miserable country, encourages the notion that they may yet be free.

The dialogue form which the work assumes, is, we think, favourable to the free and natural developement of the various views which are suggested respecting the progress and prospects of society. It was commenced in the year 1817, and arose out of the train of reflections which the death of the Princess Charlotte excited in the author's mind. Nothing can be more naturally managed than the supernatural part of it. Sir Thomas More, the personage who figures throughout the dialogue, introduces himself as a stranger from a distant land; and the conversation happening to turn upon belief in apparitions, Mr Southey (or Montesinos, as he calls himself) observes,

"My serious belief amounts to this, that preternatural impressions are sometimes communicated to us for wise purposes; and that departed spirits are sometimes permitted to manifest themselves.

"*Stranger.* If a ghost, then, were disposed to pay you a visit, would you be in a proper state of mind for receiving such a visitor?

"*Montesinos.* I should not credit my senses lightly; neither should I obstinately distrust them, after I had put the reality of the appearance to the proof, as far as that were possible.

"*Stran.* Should you like to have the opportunity afforded you?

"*Monte.* Heaven forbid! I have suffered so much in dreams from conversing with those whom, even in sleep, I knew to be departed, that an actual presence might perhaps be more than I could bear.

"*Stran.* But if it were the spirit of one with whom you had no near ties of relationship, or love, how then would it affect you?

"*Monte.* That would of course be according to the circumstances on both sides. But I entreat you not to imagine that I am any way desirous of enduring the experiment.

"*Stran.* Suppose, for example, he were to present himself as I have done; the purport of his coming friendly; the place and opportunity suiting; the time also considerately chosen—after dinner; and the spirit not more abrupt in his appearance, nor more formidable in aspect, than the being who now addresses you?

"*Monte.* Why, sir, to so substantial a ghost, and of such respectable appearance, I might, perhaps, have courage enough to say with Hamlet—

'Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee!'

"*Stran.* Then, sir, let me introduce myself in that character, now that our conversation has conducted us so happily to the point."

The poet is at first startled, but being convinced of the reality of the unreal being before him, he questions him respecting the motives of his visit. They are thus described:—

"*Sir Thomas More.* We have both speculated in the joy and freedom of our youth, on the possible improvement of society; and both, in like manner, have lived to dread with reason the effects of that restless spirit, which, like the Titaness Mutability described by your immortal master, insults Heaven, and disturbs the earth. By comparing the great operating causes in the age of the Reformation, and in this age of revolutions, going back to the former age, looking at things as I then beheld them, perceiving wherein I judged rightly, and wherein I erred, and tracing the progress of those causes which are now developing their whole tremendous power, you will derive instruction which you are a fit person to receive and to communicate; for without being solicitous concerning present effect, you are contented to cast your bread upon the waters. You are now acquainted with me and my intention. To-morrow you will see me again, and I will continue to visit you occasionally as opportunity may serve."

The first subject which engages the attention of the author and his ghostly visitor is, the improvement of the world. Is it improved? is it improving? If so, is the improvement partial or general? And what are the causes, if any, which accelerate or retard its progress in morals and civilisation? The author, in his own person, reasons like one who strongly believes in the perfectibility of human institutions, because he most benevolently desires it. His supernatural guest, without discouraging a general reliance upon Providence, interposes cautionary doubts, which are intended, it would appear, to prevent disappointment, by checking too sanguine expectations; and also to teach us how much of the good or evil which may be our portion in this world, depends upon ourselves. To the observation of Montesinos, "God is above, and trust in him for the event," he replies—

"God is above,—but the Devil is below. Evil principles are, in their nature, more active than good. The harvest is precarious, and must be prepared with labour, and cost, and care; weeds spring up of themselves, and flourish, and seed, whatever may be the reason. Disease, vice, folly, and madness, are contagious: while health and understanding are incommunicable, and wisdom and virtue hardly to be communicated!—We have come, however, to some conclusion in our discourse. Your notion of the improvement of the world has appeared to be a mere speculation, altogether inapplicable in practice; and as dangerous to weak heads and heated imaginations, as it is congenial to benevolent hearts. Perhaps that improvement is neither so general nor so certain as you suppose. Perhaps, even in this country, there may be more knowledge than there was in former times, and less wisdom—more wealth, and less happiness—more display, and less virtue. This must be the subject of future conversation. I will only remind you now, that the French had persuaded themselves this was the most enlightened age of the world, and they the most enlightened people in it,—the politest, the most amiable, the most humane of nations,—and that a new era of philosophy, philanthropy, and peace, was about to commence under their auspices,—when they were upon the eve of a revolution, which, for its complicated monstrosities, absurdities, and horrors, is more disgraceful to human nature, than any other series of events in history. Chew the cud upon this, and farewell!"

We will venture here to interpose a word, and say, that the abuses of the old government of France were such, that they could scarcely have been shaken to the ground by any

thing short of the tremendous moral and political earthquake by which that country was visited; and that the very horrors which then occurred, and at the recital of which humanity shrinks appalled, may be *preventing causes*, by which similar calamities may be obviated in time to come. Most assuredly, if the powerful representations of Burke were not fully borne out by the tragedies exhibited at Paris, this country had been revolutionized; our Whig philosophists had also become carcass butchers; and the teachers of anarchy and infidelity would have been enabled to exemplify their lectures, in the English as well as in the French metropolis, by turbulence and blood. Here, then, in the very most dreadful and demoniacal of the paroxysms of revolutionary fanaticism, we are enabled to discern the workings of a wise and a righteous Providence; for not only was the vial of divine wrath most abundantly poured out upon those who most richly deserved it, but it was so poured out as to operate with a salutary terror upon others, who were in danger of incurring similar guilt, and who might have provoked a similar condemnation.

In the next conversation, which takes place amongst the stones which form the druidical circle near to the residence of Mr Southey, the former subject is resumed. Montesinos takes occasion to contrast the present enlightened age, with that in which the rude materials before him were solemnized by so many awful and sacred associations. The improvement is acknowledged; but it is asserted that it is not general; "that while some parts of the earth are progressive in civilisation, others have been retrograde; and that even where improvement appears the greatest, it is partial." The ghostly monitor observes: —"Look at the question well. Consider your fellow-countrymen both in their physical and intellectual relations; and tell me whether a large portion of the community are in a happier or a more hopeful condition at this time, than their forefathers were when Cæsar set foot upon this island?" Montesinos, without relinquishing his former persuasion, acknowledges this position to be undeniable; and that "were society to be stationary at its present point, the bulk of the people would, on the whole, have rather lost than gained by the alterations which have taken place during the last thousand years." But he adds, "this must be remembered, that, in common with all ranks, they are exempted from those dreadful visitations of war, pestilence, and famine, by which these kingdoms were so frequently afflicted of old." What follows is very striking:—

"The countenance of my companion changed, upon this, to an expression of judicial severity that struck me with awe. 'Exempted from these visitations! he exclaimed. Mortal man! creature of a day, what art thou, that thou shouldst presume upon any such exemption? Is it from a trust in your own deserts, or a reliance upon the forbearance and long-suffering of the Almighty, that this vain confidence arises?'

"I was silent.

"'My friend,' he resumed, in a similar tone, but with a melancholy manner, 'your own individual health and happiness are scarcely more precarious than this fancied security. By the mercy of God, twice, during the short space of your life, England has been spared from the horrors of invasion, which might with ease have been effected during the American war, when the enemy's fleet swept the Channel, and insulted your very ports, and which was more than once seriously intended during the late long contest. The invaders would, indeed, have found their graves in that soil which they came to subdue; but before they could have been overcome, the atrocious threat of Bonaparte's General might have been in great part realized, that though he could not answer for effecting the conquest of England, he would engage to destroy its prosperity for a century to come. You have been spared that chastisement. * * * But if the seeds of civil war should at this time be quickening among you—if your soil is everywhere sown with the dragon's teeth, and the fatal crop be at this hour ready to spring up, the impending evil will be an hundred-fold more terrible than those which have been averted; and you will have cause to perceive and to acknowledge, that the wrath has been suspended, only that it may fall the heavier!'

"'May God avert this also!' I exclaimed.

"'As for famine,' he pursued, 'that curse will also follow in the train of war; and even now the public tranquillity of England is fearfully dependent upon the seasons. And touching pestilence, you

fancy yourselves secure, because the plague has not appeared amongst you for the last hundred and fifty years—a portion of time which, long as it may seem when compared with the brief term of mortal existence, is as nothing in the physical history of the globe. The importation of that scourge is now as possible as it was in former times; and were it once imported, do you suppose it would rage with less violence amongst the crowded population of your metropolis than it did before the fire, or that it would not reach parts of the country which were never infected in any former visitation? * * * What if your manufactures, according to the ominous opinion which your greatest physiologist has expressed, were to generate for you new physical plagues, as they have already produced a moral pestilence unknown to all preceding ages? * * * Visitations of this kind are in the order of nature and of Providence. Physically considered, the likelihood of their recurrence becomes every year more probable than the last; and, looking to the moral government of the world, was there ever a time when the sins of this kingdom called more cryingly for chastisement?

"*Monte.* Μαντι κακων!

"*Sir Thomas More.* I denounce no judgments. But I am reminding you, that there is as much cause for the prayer in your liturgy against plague, pestilence, and famine, as for that which entreats God to deliver you from all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion—from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism. In this, as in all things, it behoves the Christian to live in a humble and grateful sense of his continual dependence upon the Almighty, —not to rest in a presumptuous confidence upon the improved state of human knowledge, or the altered course of natural visitation."

This admonition is startling and instructive. Even as we forego eternal in the pursuit of temporal things, so we pretermit those considerations which relate to the condition of the world in general, and throughout all time, in our eagerness to bestow a minute and an exclusive attention upon the records of a scanty and limited experience. Like the inhabitants of countries subject to volcanic eruptions, a very few years' exemption from those visitations under which we formerly suffered, is sufficient to blot from our hearts and minds all apprehension of our future liability to a recurrence of them. We have escaped—we have been spared; the punishment which we most righteously have deserved has been delayed or remitted, by a long-suffering and merciful God; and our conclusion practically is, not that we should adore his goodness, but that we have baffled his omnipotence, and, by our own exertions, arrived beyond the reach of danger! Thus it is that our pretence to superior civilisation betrays us into the adoption of a system of insane atheism, which is equally at variance with the soundest conclusions of the judgment, and the best emotions of the heart.

This was a lesson which our Lord sought to impress upon the degenerate and sensualized Jews of his day, with peculiar earnestness and solemnity. He refers them to the judgments in the days of Lot, and of Noah, "when they eat, drank, married, and were given in marriage, until the flood came and destroyed them all." He prophetically intimates that future judgment, which was afterwards so terribly brought to pass in the destruction of Jerusalem, and which, he pathetically declares, might even then have been obviated, had they attended to his warning voice, and "known the things that concerned their peace."

Not merely the infidels, but the Sadducees and the Pharisees of the present day, will hold themselves altogether unconcerned in these things; but their delusion is one of the most groundless and dangerous that could possibly be entertained, and may be said to necessitate, in some measure, the very calamities of which they are so incredulous, and by the actual visitation of which alone, it would seem, that their supine security could be disturbed, and their conscience-proof delinquency corrected. Such can only be effectually awakened from the torpid apathy with which they are slumbering amidst the pitfalls of death, or the drunken revelry with which they are reeling upon the verge of eternity, when, as in the case of the plague in the reign of Charles the Second, they are thus terribly admonished of their infatuation:—

"A voice came down that made itself be heard,
And they started from the delusion when the touch

Of death's benumbing finger, suddenly,
Swept off whole crowded streets into the grave!"

* * * * * *

"There yet was heard parading through the streets
War, music, and the soldiers' nodding plumes
Moved with their wonted pride! O idle show
Of these poor worthless instruments of death!
Themselves devoted! Childish mockery!
At which the Plague did scoff; who, in one night,
The trumpet silenced, and the plumes laid low!"

WILSON.

It is not more our wish than our prayer that England may be spared from such calamities in time to come; but our best security must ever consist, not in a heart-hardening insensibility to the Divine wrath, but in a reverential awe of the Divine judgments; not in a profane and impious persuasion that we have outlived, but in a consolatory and ennobling consciousness that we have not deserved them.

The spiritual and philosophic enquirers proceed, in succeeding conversations, to consider the subjects of feudal slavery, the growth of pauperism, and the decay of the feudal system, all in reference to that superintending Providence, which watches over human affairs, and by whom, if a sparrow does not fall to the ground without his permissive will, the affairs which concern the moral destinies of man will not be overlooked or neglected.

There is no more common belief amongst the vulgar, both great and small, than, comparing present with former times, that liberty has been contracted, and fearful inroads made upon the constitution! Your thorough-paced reformers only want, by a reference to first principles, to restore things to their ancient state, and vindicate the rights of Britons from the abuses and usurpations to which they have been exposed, and in consequence of which, they have shrunk to their present distorted and diminutive dimensions! Truly the wisdom of the serpent, of which those persons exhibit no deficiency, is very compatible, not only with the foulest and most abominable principles, but with the grossest ignorance of history, and of the course of those events out of which has arisen our present system of regulated liberty. The Roman conquest reduced the English natives to the condition of slaves. The custom of domestic slavery, which may justly be regarded as so abominable, is best excused, when it is represented as a commutation for the punishment of death; which would, otherwise, in most instances, have terminated the relation between the conquerors and the conquered. The feudal vassalage, which followed upon the Norman conquest, though less degrading, was far more perilous and insecure. The bond of common feeling and interest which connected the vassal with his lord, was of a far more liberal character than that which bound the slave to his master, and distinctly marks a stage of advancement in civilisation. And, when the increasing luxury of the times rendered large revenues more important than numerous retainers, military service began to be commuted for rent; and the vassal, whose person was before at the service of his lord, was enabled to procure an exemption from the burdens and the grievances of baronial tyranny, by a pecuniary compensation.

Nor was the system of servitude, which prevailed in the earlier periods of our history, of that unmitigated character that may be supposed. "No man in those days could prey upon society, unless he were at war with it as an outlaw—a proclaimed and open enemy. Rude as the laws were, the purposes of law had not then been perverted;—it had not been made a craft;—it served to deter men from committing crimes, or to punish them for the commission;—never to shield notorious, acknowledged, impudent guilt, from condign punishment. And in the fabric of society, imperfect as it was, the outline and rudiments of what it ought to be were distinctly marked in some main parts, where they are now wellnigh utterly effaced. Every person had his place. There was a system of superintendence everywhere, civil as well as religious. They who were born in villainage, were born to an inherit-

ance of labour, but not of inevitable depravity and wretchedness. If one class were regarded in some respects as cattle, they were at least taken care of; they were trained, fed, sheltered, and protected; and there was an eye upon them when they strayed. None were wild, unless they were wild wilfully, and in defiance of control. None were beneath the notice of the priest, nor placed out of the possible reach of his instruction and his care. But how large a part of your population are, like the dogs of Lisbon and Constantinople, unowned, unbroken to any useful purpose, subsisting by chance or by prey; living in filth, mischief, and wretchedness; a nuisance to the community while they live, and dying miserably at last! This evil had its beginning in my days; it is now approaching just towards its consummation."

The manufacturing system, its advantages and its ills—the one, contingent, and transitory; the other, inevitable and permanent—are largely and comprehensively considered; and the conclusion intimated would be melancholy, if the mind were not sustained by the conviction of an overruling Providence, "which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may." The miracles which it performed, by the sudden creation of the enormous wealth which enabled us to meet the prodigious expenses of the late war, and to baffle the combined hostility of a world in arms, are fairly admitted; but it is observed, we fear with too much justice, that the "power of creating wealth brings with it a consequence not dissimilar to that which Midas suffered. The love of lucre is one of those base passions which

> "Hardens all within,
> And petrifies the feeling!"

He who, at the beginning of his career, uses his fellow-creatures as bodily machines for producing wealth, ends not unfrequently in becoming an intellectual one himself, employed in continually increasing what it is impossible for him to enjoy.

"*Sir Thomas More.*—What then shall we say of a system which, in its direct consequences, debases all who are engaged in it? A system which employs men unremittingly in pursuits unwholesome to the body, and unprofitable to the mind,—a system in which the means are so bad, that any result would be dearly purchased at the expense of human misery and degradation,—and the end so fearful, that the worst calamities which society has hitherto endured, may be deemed light in comparison with it.

"*Monte.* Like the whole fabric of our society, it has been the growth of circumstances, not a system pre-planned, foreseen, and diliberately chosen. Such as it is, we have inherited it, or rather have fallen into it, and must get out of it as well as we can. We must do our best to remove its evils, and to mitigate them while they last, and to modify and reduce it till only so much remains as is indispensable for the general good."

Wealth will always tend, either more or less, to the corruption of morals: but, in the case of the manufacturing system, the means of acquiring wealth fearfully precipitate national degeneracy. Industry, which in the ordinary acceptation of the term is favourable to virtue, becomes the parent of vice, by the intercourse to which its victims are condemned, the ceaseless and unwholesome drudgery in which they are employed, and, worst of all, the cruel prematurity of its exactions. The manufacturing system, as it is at present pursued, requires, like Bonaparte, its conscripts by anticipation. "The todlin wee things" are put in requisition for it. They are taken from those natural pursuits befitting their age or sex, which give a healthy exercise to the affections, and in which they might have grown up "in the open sunshine of God's love;" and sent into the smoky and dizzying region of power-looms and spinning-jennies, where mind and body are alike perverted and enfeebled, and health and happiness mortgaged, as it were, from the lust of gain. What a state of society must that be which thus, like Saturn, preys upon its own children, and contentedly sacrifices national morals to a symbol of national wealth, which will be found, when the hour of trial comes, as unsubstantial and delusive as those fruits of Eastern fable which were so beautiful to behold, but which turned into ashes upon the palate. The magic of the manufacturing system is, we would fain believe, nearly at an end; and even its warmest advocates are beginning to perceive its consequences. Hitherto human beings have been only so far considered as

they were instrumental in the accumulation of wealth. Henceforth, wealth should be only considered as it may be instrumental in the diffusion of virtue and happiness. That is the problem which should now engage all the energies of the Christian legislator, how the augmentation of the national resources may best be made the means of exalting, rather than of brutifying, humanity. We may learn much from former mal-experience; and the very errors into which we have fallen may serve, for the future, to keep us in the right way. Nothing can be more just or more beautiful than the following passage, which may be truly said to be history teaching, by examples, both the evils that beset us, and the good which we should pursue:

"*Monte.*—You teach me to look forward fearfully, as if a whirlwind were approaching, in the vortex of which we were soon to be involved!

"*Sir Thomas More.*—I would warn you in time, that so the whirlwind may not overtake you, when you are gaily pressing forward with all sails set. I would teach you that, in the progress of society, every stage has its own evils and besetting dangers, the only remedy for which is, that which is least regarded by all states, except by those in which it is least understood. See in how many things the parallel between this age and mine holds good; and how, in every instance, dangers, the same in kind, but greater in degree, are awaiting yours! The art of war, which underwent its great alteration when the shield and lance were superseded by the firelock, and armour was rendered useless by artillery, is about to undergo a change not less momentous, with the same sure consequence of giving to ambition more formidable means. The invention of printing, which is to the moral world more than gunpowder or steam to the physical, as it began in my days, so in yours its full effects are beginning to unfold, when the press, which, down to the last generation, wrought only for a small part of the community, is employed, with restless activity, for all classes, disseminating good and evil with a rapidity and effect inconceivable in former ages, as it would have been impossible. Look, too, at manufactures; great efforts were made to encourage them. The Protector Seymour (one of those politic reformers who fished in troubled waters, and fell at last into the stream) introduced a colony of clothiers from what was then the very land of sedition, and converted the most venerable edifice in this whole island to their use. You have now, what it was then thought so desirable to obtain, a manufacturing population; and it is not found so easy to regulate as it has been to raise it. The peasantry were, in my time, first sensible of distress brought upon them by political causes; their condition was worsened by the changes which were taking place in society; a similar effect is now more widely and more pressingly felt. In those days, the dikes and the boundaries of social order began to give way, and the poor, who till then had been safely left to the care of local and private charity, were first felt as a national evil;—that evil has increased, until it has now become a national danger. A new world was then discovered, for the punishment of its native inhabitants, the measure of whose iniquities was full; the colonies which have been established there are now in a condition seriously to affect the relations of the parent state, and America is reacting upon Europe. That was an age of religious, this of political, revolutions; that age saw the establishment of the Jesuits, this has seen their revival.

"*Monte.* Well, indeed, will it be, if the religious struggle be not renewed, not with a more exasperated spirit, for that would be impossible, but with a sense of deadlier danger on both sides. If the flames which ravaged Europe in those days, are not kindled again in ours, it will not be for want of foxes and firebrands."

The subjects which next pass in review before the philosophic colloquists, are the Reformation, Catholic Emancipation, Papal Christendom, and Ireland. Upon the first subject, Sir Thomas seems to have corrected many of the errors in which he lived, and for which he would at any time have laid down his life. He is, truly, a most orthodox ghost; and would fare as ill, we apprehend, at the hands of Gardiner or of Bonner, if they were able to establish an inquisition in the other world, as any of the martyred founders of our Church, who fell victims to the persecuting zeal of these execrable barbarians. Sir Thomas admits the necessity of reformation, but contends, with much shew of reason, that it was prosecuted, in many instances, not wisely, and in some, with a degree of furious and undiscriminating fanaticism, by which the foundations of true religion have been seriously in-

jured. If the following observations were deeply imprinted on the minds of both parties in that memorable contest, to how much of mutual forbearance might it have given rise!

"*Monte.*—The Reformation brought with it so much evil, and so much good,—such monstrous corruptions existed on the one part, and such perilous consequences were certainly foreseen on the other,—that I do not wonder at the fiery intolerance which was displayed on both sides.

"*Sir Thomas More.*—It were a vain speculation to enquire, whether the benefits might have been attained, without the evils of that long and dreadful process. Such an assumption would be absurd, even as the subject of a political romance. For if men were in a state of morals and knowledge which made them capable of conducting such a revolution unerringly, they would attempt no alteration, because it would be palpable that none was needed. Convulsions of this kind are the consequence and the punishment of our errors and our vices: it is seldom that they prove the remedy for them. The very qualities which enable men to acquire power in distempered times, render them, for the most part, unfit to be trusted with it. The work which requires a calm, thoughtful, and virtuous spirit, can never be performed by the crafty, the turbulent, and the audacious."

Now, upon this observation we would found the doctrine of a superintending Providence: Reformation is necessary for the moral improvement of the world; but the instruments by whom, humanly speaking, it must be brought about, are not the wise and the considerate, but the warm, the passionate, and the unreflecting: therefore there is a necessity for divine guidance and direction; and it will, undoubtedly, be afforded. This is as sure as there is a God in heaven.

So far we may reason "a priori" upon this important subject. But *the fact* that a providential superintendence *was* exercised over the events by which religion and liberty were purified and promoted, is susceptible of demonstration scarcely less rigid and constraining than that by which the physical sciences are distinguished. We beg to refer the reader to a little work, published some thirteen years since, the title of which we subjoin,* for a statement of the argument, by which the candid and intelligent must be entirely satisfied, and which is well calculated to disarm of his doubts the most sceptical enquirer. As nothing can be more consolatory than the view of human affairs which is there presented, we will not scruple to select a passage or two, by which the nature of the reasoning employed in the work to which we have alluded is explained, and the leading features of the induction upon which it rests are enumerated.

"If any number of individuals should conspire to forward a particular scheme, and should, through a series of ingenious devices, at length effectually accomplish it,—this being the result of human contrivance and human foresight merely, we could not with propriety refer it to providence. If many individuals, even without concert, appeared occasionally to assist in promoting some desirable end, whilst they were respectively intent on other objects, we might think it extraordinary, and regard it as one of those lucky accidents which sometimes occur in life; but we should argue rashly if we from thence concluded that it was intended by providence. These things we often experience; and it is not in the nature of chance *to prevent* combinations of events from taking place, which, when considered in themselves alone, have many appearances of design about them. Thus, if two persons, ignorant of the game of chess, should sit down to a chess table, and amuse themselves pushing the men about, they might accidentally, in some few instances, appear to be playing a game with skill;—the men might be occasionally disposed in very good order. This, however, could only be momentary, and these appearances must vanish very soon; insomuch, that if two such persons kept up the appearance of skilful play for half a game together, it would be looked upon as next to a miracle. But if the principal ministers in the several courts in Europe seemed, by their measures, to be acting in concert for some beneficial end; if these appearances were kept up by their successors, for a great number of

* The Agency of Divine Providence manifested in the principal transactions connected with the History of Great Britain, from the Reformation to the Revolution. By Samuel O'Sullivan. Cadell, London, 1816.

years together; if the great men who figured on the theatre of public life, seemed to be called into action and to disappear just as the exigencies of that system required; if the course of events, over which they had little control, was wonderfully favourable to its successful accomplishment; and if, at the same time, we had the most satisfactory proof that this was done without any concert; that such concert was altogether impossible; and that the agents concerned in it always had other, and frequently adverse, ends in view, I would as soon believe that the two persons above mentioned could play a series of difficult and interesting games of chess, by shuffling the men about promiscuously, as that chance could have given birth to this wisely conducted scheme, which had been carried on so long, in which nothing appeared undesigned, but in which every thing indicated the most profound design, and the most skilful arrangement. No. Though chance does not preclude occasional appearances of design, in things which are purely accidental, yet as chance never acts uniformly and consistently, so we should never attribute to it those systems which have been contrived with wisdom, and pursued with regularity for any considerable length of time;—and if such systems are not referable to the intentional cooperation of the agents concerned in them, they must be attributed unreservedly to the wisdom and goodness of Providence."

So we think. If we are justified in arguing design from any thing, we cannot avoid inferring it from such a combination of events as in the preceding passage is pre-supposed.

Nor is the writer less successful in his enumeration of the leading facts upon which his inductional argument is founded. We cannot resist the temptation of giving the conclusion in his own words:—

"The reader has now before him a brief summary of those events, in the order and economy of which I proposed to trace the outline of a plan of providential government. It is for him to judge whether this sufficiently appears in the circumstances which attended the rise, the progress, and the establishment, of the principles on which are founded our present systems of religion and liberty. I would ask him whether he conceives that the most profound and sagacious legislator could contrive to cherish these principles in their beginnings, to assist them in their more advanced state, and to confirm them in their maturity, by the most far-sighted policy, than has been done by the events which have arisen out of the virtues, the vices, and the follies of individuals, the passions and prejudices of the multitude, and the capricious and fluctuating policy of statesmen, who were guided by the most opposite views and interests for the space of nearly two hundred years; whether to that chaos which first strikes the eye on a cursory review of these events, a surprising order and regularity does not succeed on a mature consideration; and whether the characters which have been actuated by the most hostile views, and set in the most direct opposition to each other, have not, nevertheless, been all operating to the one great end, with the unconscious and undeviating sagacity of instinct? Not only does this fitness appear in the conduct of the moral agents concerned in this scheme, but the accidents of nature are made to assist in forwarding the same object; and sudden deaths, heavy rains, storms and shipwrecks, often take place at a time when such events were critically necessary, either to secure the advances already made by the principles of religion and liberty, or to facilitate their further progress. The conclusion I would draw from all this is obvious. It is surely unphilosophical to attribute such harmony of design; such beauty of contrivance; such a wonderful adaptation of means to ends; such an appropriate assignation of his place to each, amidst such a variety of agents; such a piece of moral and political mechanism operating for such important purposes, and during such a length of time, to chance. If, then, this system be so little indebted to human foresight, and so far transcend any thing which the most consummate human wisdom could contrive, or the utmost ability of mere human beings accomplish, we must ascribe it, unreservedly, to that Supreme Being, at whose command order arose out of chaos, and whose power and wisdom were not more strikingly manifested when the Universe started into light at his command, than when events, seemingly so unconnected and incongruous, and arising out of the caprice of human will, are made to conspire so aptly in forwarding a scheme of providential government, and, in their subserviency to some grand end, to assume, under His directing influence, the regularity of the most perfect arrangement." *

* We have often thought that the work from which the preceding extracts have

This is turning history to a good account. Happy are they who thus profit by the instruction which it is calculated to afford! Theirs is a security against the alarms of time and chance and mutability, which keeps them safe in their moorings, when all around them is confusion and dismay;—"when men's hearts are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things that are coming upon the earth."—"Happy are the people who are in such a case;—yea, blessed are the people who have the Lord for their God."

There are no portions of the work before us more valuable or interesting than those wherein the author treats concerning the Established Church. It is viewed in comparison with itself formerly, and in comparison with the opposing systems of Popery and of Dissent, between which it would seem to be even more perilously circumstanced than the man who was placed between the tiger and the crocodile—for, by dexterously getting out of the way, he contrived that his terrible enemies should only destroy each other; whereas the church appears as a fixture, which is incapable of taking any such precaution; and its adversaries, no matter how various may be their complexions, or how opposite their ultimate views, are all ready to sink their mutual differences, and combine for its overthrow, whenever an opportunity presents itself for making a united effort against it with advantage. For this purpose, a league with infidels is considered as legitimate as the Christian powers of Europe consider an alliance with the Turks. The Papists and Dissenters may, indeed, with much truth, call them "their ancient allies;" and he who has promoted that most unhallowed confederacy, will, no doubt, take especial care that no "untoward event" shall happen by which they might be divided. "Is it possible," Sir Thomas More asks, "that your laws should suffer the unbelievers to subsist as a party?

"*Vetitum est adeo sceleri nihil?*"

"*Mont.* They avow themselves in defiance of the laws. The fashionable doctrine which the press at this time maintains, is, that this is a matter in which the laws ought not to interfere, every man having a right both to form what opinion he pleases upon religious subjects, and to promulgate that opinion. This party is the most daring of the three. It would be difficult to say which is the most active or the most inveterate. The Roman Catholics aim at supplanting the Establishment; they expect to do this presently in Ireland, and trust ultimately to succeed in this country also; a consummation for which they look with as much confidence, and as little reason, as the Jews for their Messiah. No branch of the Dissenters can hope to stand in the place of the Church, but all desire to pull it down, for the sake of gratifying an inherited hatred, and getting each what it can in the scramble. The infidels look for nothing less than the extirpation of Christianity."

This is by no means an exaggerated description of the perils which beset the church establishment; and from which if it escape, it will be much less indebted to the foresight or the vigilance of its rulers, than to that superintending providence by whom it has hitherto been guided with such signal wisdom, and guarded with such especial care. It is as yet indispensable to the moral well-being of the world. There are purposes to be answered by it, for which no other moral institute, which the wit of man has ever devised, is so completely and so abundantly provided. Therefore our belief is, that it will continue to stand, at least until some more fitting substitute presents itself than is to be found at present in the ranks of its enemies. Popery may storm against it, dissenterism may revile it, infidelity may seek to undermine it, but the purposes of God will stand against the devices of human wickedness, and as long as it continues faithful to its trust, "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

There is one opinion not so much expressed as intimated in this delightful work, and from which we are compelled to dissent; it is, that the standard of morality is higher in Roman Catholic than in Protestant countries. So far are we from thinking that such is the case, that we have often known enlightened Roman Catholics to de-

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been made, might be advantageously introduced as a class-book into our public schools. The principle which it inculcates is one of the most valuable that could be conveyed, and would be found, in after life, most important.

cide the question the other way, and adjudge the palm of morality to countries that have been blessed by the light of reformation. Perhaps the best test that could be established upon such a subject would be, to note *the observance of the Sunday* among those of the reformed, and those of the Popish communion. Ours is not that sour theology that would make the Christian Sabbath a day of unsocial gloom, rather than of religious joy. But what Protestant would not feel shocked at the idea of having the theatres open on a Sunday? Yea, what Roman Catholic, educated in a Protestant country, and habituated to breathing a Protestant atmosphere, would not participate in an honest Protestant abhorrence of a custom, in every point of view so reprehensible? There is another test, which is, possibly, not less decisive; namely, the different lights in which Protestants and Roman Catholics are disposed to view the failings of their clergy. In the one case the office covers, and, as it were, consecrates, the infirmities of the man; in the other case, it only exposes them, and renders them more odious. A Roman Catholic clergyman may be a monster of iniquity, and yet command, to a great degree, the reverence of his flock! Not so a Protestant clergyman; the instant his conduct becomes marked by any glaring impropriety, his influence is at an end, and he becomes virtually degraded. We ourselves remember a case very strikingly illustrative of this. A Roman Catholic clergyman was for many years accused of great improprieties; but nothing specific having been directly established against him, his ecclesiastical superiors continued to regard him without reproach, and he enjoyed the respect and esteem of all those of his own communion. Thus he lived in the odour of sanctity, until, in evil hour, he became officially connected with a nunnery, where his character became so notorious, that the ladies joined in a strong remonstrance against him to the bishop before whom he was summoned, and by whose contrivance he was, for that time, screened! The nuns, however, were not satisfied; they knew of his iniquity, and they were determined that it should not go unpunished. He was accordingly cited before the Archbishop, who resided at a distance of about thirty miles, and such was the feeling of the peasantry in his favour, that those virtuous ladies undertook their journey to prosecute at the risk of their lives. They were attacked upon the road, both going to and coming from the place of trial; and we ourselves happened to be present when one of the individuals, by whom they were accompanied for their protection, was severely wounded by a fanatical wretch, who was, however, seized and committed to prison, and afterwards suffered the punishment due to his insane audacity. Now, such a transaction, a Protestant clergyman being the offending party, is, we believe, perfectly inconceivable. There is a third test, to which we shall but just allude, but which we consider equally satisfactory. It is, the degree in which, in Roman Catholic countries, the profession of religion is made compatible with the practice of vice. It is, we have reason to believe, a well-known fact, that in Italy the vilest courtesans have the image of the Virgin, or the crucifix, appended to their beds, and are accustomed to sprinkle themselves with holy water, even whilst they are rioting in impurity, and trading upon the violation of God's commandments! Nothing corresponding to this is to be found amongst Protestants. They may forget religion—they may forsake religion—they may transgress religion—but the light that is in them can never become such total darkness as to endure the conscience-deadening belief, that the pollution of sin may be expiated by the practice of a superstitious observance.

The truth is, that in proportion as religion degenerates into superstition, forms and ceremonies are observed with a degree of scrupulosity that is frequently a matter of astonishment to enlightened believers. In such case, the *means* become the *end;* their use becomes the positive criterion of an advance in grace; and the Popish devotee observes them with as much anxious exactitude as the mariner calculates his soundings. Accordingly we find that the ritual of religion is more strictly observed in Roman Catholic countries than in Protestant; just as we find that the ritual of religion is more exactly observed in Mahometan countries than in Roman Catholic. The Papist does not exceed the Protestant more in his performances than he is himself exceeded by the Mussulman; or than the Mussulman

would be exceeded in like rigorous observances, by the votary of some more degrading and painful superstition, which, in proportion as it declined from genuine holiness, was willing to lay an undue stress upon self-denying austerity, and "to give the fruit of the body for the sin of the soul."

Having thus put in our protest against the notion that the Reformation has lowered the standard of morality, we should do Mr Southey injustice if we withheld the following forcible observations. Montesinos asks, "How can that reformation have lowered devotion, which has withdrawn it from stocks and stones, relics, beads, girdles and scapularies, polytheism and idolatry?"

"*Sir Thomas More.*—You have taken all this from those persons whose religion goes no farther, and you have substituted nothing in its place. That the wiser and better Papists, though they may use some of these things as incentives to devotion, worship the Father in spirit and in truth, is what none but the blindest bigots would deny, and what no Protestant has ever acknowledged more fully than yourself. I admit that these things are often a hinderance; and you cannot deny that they are sometimes a help. But it was not of such practices that I spake. Before your reformation, the momentous truth that the improvement of his moral and spiritual condition ought to be the first concern of every intellectual creature, was impressed upon the people by example as well as by precept. It is still preached from your pulpits, but where is the practice to be found? The religious orders, with all their abuses, brought this truth home to the feelings of mankind. Among you, such as might desire to join in devotional exercises, or take an active part in works of painful beneficence, must overcome the fear of ridicule at the outset, and be content to associate with those who bear the reproach of enthusiasm, and who very generally deserve it. In Roman Catholic countries they would be encouraged by public opinion. The churches there are at all times open, and, enter them when you will, you find some one intently employed in solitary prayer.

"*Monte.*—Are not those persons usually reciting prayers which have been imposed in penance, and therefore engaged in the practice of a very mischievous superstition?

"*Sir Thomas More.*—Even then the very act of performance implies a sense of religion, and tends to strengthen it. Is it not better that men should perform good works, even from a vain trust in them, than rest contented with the non-performance, in a belief that good works are not to be relied on? Religion may be neglected in Roman Catholic countries, but it cannot be forgotten; it is impressed upon the senses of the people; travel where they will, its symbols are perpetually presented before them. They see the Cross or the Crucifix, not in towns and villages alone, but in lonely places, and by the way-side. The open shrine invites them to an act of devotion as wholesome as it is transitory; and the vesper bell unites them with all their brethren, wherever dispersed, at one hour, in one act of adoration. You have lost more by abolishing that vesper bell, than you have gained by rejecting the creature-worship wherewith the observance was connected.

"*Monte.*—Far be it from me to deny, that in the Reformation the plough and the harrow were sometimes used where careful weeding only was wanted. Yet, if it be your intention to prove that the influence of religion is less in the reformed countries than in those where the corruptions of Popery maintain their ground, or that the people are less moral when left to the tribunal of their consciences, than when under the dominion of the confessional, your arguments must indeed be cogent before you can persuade me that you are really serious."

Indeed, the worthy ghost says nothing which can fairly be considered to disprove the position of the poet; although he says much which is well calculated to make us pause, and ask ourselves, whether we have profited as we ought to have done by our religious advantages. It is too true, that in many instances the overthrow of superstition has contributed to the establishment, not of religion, but of worldliness; and that the mammon of unrighteousness has frequently been set up where the shrine or the pilgrimage was abandoned. Thus, if in the one case religion is loaded with forms and ceremonies by which its spirit is extinguished; in the other case, by a contrary process, it is volatilized until it has been suffered to evaporate, and gives place to something even more its opposite, than the counterfeit which it had supplanted.

Of the Roman Catholic system, when at its best, it can only be said,

"Nox erat, at cœlo fulgebat luna sereno."

In Protestant countries, the Holy Scriptures resemble the blessed sun, which never can be totally eclipsed, and which, even when most obscured, is more serviceable still than all the concentrated lights of those lesser orbs, which are only valuable when it does not appear, and even then are wholly

dependent upon it for their borrowed illumination.

The crying evil of the present day, and that by which all our institutions are endangered, is, that religious education is neglected. It is neglected at home—it is neglected at school—it is neglected at the university—it is neglected in the world. At home, so many things are to be attended to, that there is little time and less care to attend to "the one thing needful." If, in any instance, a youth should leave the domestic roof with wholesome religious impressions, at school they are speedily effaced, if not supplanted by those of an opposite description. In the university, the cold and formal routine of heartless observances, which constitute its most irksome discipline, are but little calculated to keep alive, in the youthful bosom, those sparks of natural piety, which might, by proper management, be so easily kindled into "holiness unto the Lord." And in the world, the professional man is so overwhelmed with business, and the man of pleasure is so entangled in courses of dissipation, that, unless they should be overtaken by adversity, or visited by sickness, a serious thought of their moral responsibility, or of the world to come, is seldom suffered to interrupt the eagerness of their pursuits, or to break the continuity of their enjoyments.

Then, indeed, when under the cloud, they *are* susceptible, even morbidly susceptible, of those awakening appeals to the feelings or the conscience, which are made concerning judgment to come. Where the understanding is strong, and the mind properly balanced, "ponderibus librata suis," such appeals may produce the most salutary effects, and lead to convictions not more strong and influential than they are well founded. But where the character is weak, and vanity predominates—or where the character is strong, and the pride of intellect domineers over the kindlier feelings, the religious impressions received, in the one case, give rise to a kind of maudlin sentimentalism, in the other, to a stern and dogmatical fatalism,—both equally alien from the pure and elevating doctrine of Him who taught "the truth in love," and one of whose purposes in coming into the world, was to strengthen and invigorate the affections by illuminating the intellect, and to soften and humanize the intellect by cultivating the affections.

Man is a religious being. He cannot be satisfied respecting his moral destiny, or effectually assisted in the cultivation of his moral nature, by any thing short of a revelation from heaven. Until that was vouchsafed, "the whole creation groaned and was in disorder." Wherever it is not implicitly and affectionately received, society must be disturbed, morals must be impaired, and character must be perverted. It is out of the nature of things, that man should continue satisfied with his pursuits or with himself, whilst he is at variance with his Creator. There is an appetite of the soul unappeased, there is a desire of the heart ungratified, there is a tendency of the nature, which God has given us, obstructed or counteracted, whenever we are conscious of pursuing a course of life by which His ways are rendered the opposite of our ways, and His thoughts of our thoughts. And no man, possessed of a rational mind, can be so brutishly enslaved to present objects, as not at times to be made feelingly sensible of this. And the higher his mind, the vaster his capacity, the more will he find it impossible to acquiesce in the pursuit or the enjoyment of the things of this lower world; or, in short, in the attainment of any thing but that righteousness, which restores him, in some sort, to the likeness of God, and imparts to him the delightful persuasion, that by thus approximating to the divine perfections, he is most truly fulfilling the end of his being, and becoming every day more and more fitted for the enjoyment of happiness and immortality.

"Happiness and immortality! What an enthusiastic dream!" Who says so? The doughty Whig! the darkling infidel! the men who depose Omnipotence, in order to deify themselves! who are willing to swallow a camel in the creed of infidelity, while they strain at a gnat in the religion of the Bible! But not so he who has rightly learned to appreciate the height and the depth of his own mysterious nature. *He* will perceive, that we are, morally as well as physically, most fearfully and wonderfully made; and that what the world would be without the sun, we must have remained, had we been left without a revelation suited to our spiritual nature. How

truly, how cordially, does he recognise the gospel, under the description of "the day-spring from on high!" With what holy rapture does he feel it to be "glad tidings of great joy!" It has shed a most welcome gleam upon a course which before was dark and doubtful—it has sent a cheering hope into the heart that was perplexed with difficulties, or clouded by despair. In it, and in it alone, has the most difficult of moral problems been solved, and the highest of moral purposes attained—justice has been rendered compatible with mercy. "Truth has flourished out of the earth, and righteousness has come down from heaven."

The state which neglects to provide for the public worship of God, and the religious education of its people, abandons its most important duty. The best interests of man, as they belong even to his human relations, cannot be adequately provided for, without considering him in his divine. States, as well as individuals, have not only a body but a soul; and if that truth be neglected by those whose duty it is to promote the honour of God, most assuredly it will not be neglected by those who are always but too ready to serve the ends of the devil.

An established church being thus obviously desirable by all states that would not be, or be thought to be, godless, it becomes especially important to ascertain the principle upon which it should be appointed. Ought it to be put to the vote, and determined according to the opinions of the majority of those for whose use it is required? So it has been decided by the whole tribe of expediency-mongers, with Dr Paley at their head. But it is sufficient for us to perceive, that this is a principle which would lead to the establishment of the most monstrous systems of superstition and idolatry in those benighted countries where they at present prevail, to put us on our guard against its too hasty adoption. On this subject the business of Government should be not to gratify a popular appetite, but to promote a moral end. What then? May Government arbitrarily impose upon a country any religion it pleases, without regarding the wishes or the opinions of those for whom it is established? That is one of those general questions which are much more likely "to engender strife," than lead to any practical or satisfactory conclusions. Suffice it to say, no sane Government will do so, or can do so, without impeaching its own competency, and bringing its very existence into danger. But Government is, undoubtedly, called upon to be guided, in its choice of an established form of Christianity, less by the impulse of popular caprice than by clear and steady views of the public advantage. We say, therefore, that it should consider, in the first place, the moral end in view, viz. the permanent religious well-being of the community; and a form of religious worship, the most happily calculated for accomplishing that important end, having been once established by competent authority, it should not be lightly called in question, or wantonly exposed to molestation or disturbance. We do not say that it should be, in every particular, so fixed and unalterable as never, in any possible case, to admit of modification or amendment. But we do say, that every such modification which may be proposed, should be dictated by a grave regard for the religious well-being, not a light compliance with the humours, of the people.

Indeed, some of the worst corruptions of religion which have ever prevailed in the world, have been produced by an attempt to reduce the standard of God's law to the level of man's weakness and infirmities. A compliance with its high and holy requirements, as they may be understood in spirit and in truth, is felt to impose too strong a restraint upon those passions and appetites which most men would fain indulge without voluntarily foregoing the hopes of the Gospel; and they are induced, accordingly, to acquiesce in a perversion of Holy Writ, that would otherwise have appeared but little plausible, because it reconciles their profession of Christianity with the temper of their minds, or their worldly attachments.

The object of an enlightened Government, therefore, ought to be, to set before the people a standard of religious faith towards which they may constantly approximate; and, that it may act upon them with a suitable influence, to uphold it with dignity, and to exhibit it to advantage. But it will be in vain that the most excellent system is established, if the minds of the people are not duly trained to an appreciation of its excellences. "One

generation shall praise Thy works unto another, and shall declare Thy power." Thus it was that religion was maintained and transmitted amongst the Jews;—and if this sure and only certain method be neglected, the established Church will speedily lose its hold on public opinion, and be felt rather as a thing grievous from its weight, than ornamental for its structure, or venerable for its object.

If, then, the Government are desirous that the established Church should be preserved, the people must be taught to think and to feel that it is worth preserving. The interest which dissenters, of all denominations, take in the maintenance and diffusion of their peculiar opinions, must be imitated by those upon whom devolves the maintenance and diffusion of the national religion: otherwise it must cease to be national. The streams which supplied its living waters will be diverted or dried up. It will no longer maintain its important place in the moral map of the country. The royalties which were appendent to it when it flowed as a noble river, will cease to be valuable when it has dwindled to a babbling brook:

"Arentem Zanthi cognomine rivum;"

and when the only moral purpose which it can answer will be to serve as a memorial of the instability of earthly things, and to point out to posterity our impolicy and infatuation.

This brings us naturally to the consideration of religious dissent. In what light is that to be considered? Clearly as dissent. But how is it to be treated? As far as the public safety may permit, with toleration and indulgence.

"Any degree of intolerance short of that full extent which the Papal Church exercises where it has power, acts upon the opinions which it is intended to suppress, like pruning upon vigorous plants; they grow the stronger for it. By this sort of intolerance, the dissenters were vexed and strengthened from the time of the Restoration to the Revolution. There ensued an interval then, during which the Dissenters went with the Government in their political wishes and feelings. This continued, with the exception of the few latter years of Queen Anne's reign, from the time when the Toleration Act was passed, to the commencement of the troubles in America; during that interval, the asperity of sectarian feeling was mitigated, and the Dissenters can scarcely be said to have existed, as a party of the state. They consisted of the Quakers, who stood as much aloof from the other sects as from the Church; and of the three denominations, as the Presbyterians, the Independents, and the Baptists, called themselves collectively;—and these were more engaged in controversy among themselves, than with the establishment. The Baptists split into two bodies, calling themselves general and particular; that is to say, the one allowed of Latitudinarian, the other professed Calvinistic opinions. The Presbyterians, whose sect had been most numerous, lapsed into Arianism first, then into Socinianism, till few of the original description were left. The Independents underwent no change; and all, in the natural course of things, gave more proselytes to the Church, than they drew from it."

This would be a gratifying fact, if the Church were in a state to receive them; but we strongly suspect that was not the case, and that it rather sunk to their level, than they rose to its elevation. There are three periods during which the Church may be considered in its connexion with the state. The first was from the age of Beckett to the Reformation. During this period, their connexion resembles that of a termagant wife and henpecked husband. Popery, in its most Jezabel mood, was ascendent. Her will was law. Our most resolute Kings were daunted by her menaces; and the people, albeit in other respects sturdy enough in resisting and resenting oppression, implicitly acquiesced in her most arbitrary and iniquitous usurpations. The second period comprises the time from Edward the Sixth to the Revolution. During that period, with the exception of the great rebellion, the connexion between Church and State was as nearly what it ought to be, as can ever at any future period hope to be realized. It was a connexion solemnized under circumstances and influences which guaranteed its sacredness and stability. Speculative minds there were amongst our churchmen, who looked back a little too fondly upon the power and the influence of the hierarchy of former ages, and desired a little too eagerly a retention of some portion of that authority which had been so fearfully abused. But it may be safely affirmed, that good sense and moderation were to be found in general amongst ecclesiastics, while the laity retained so much of their respect for ancient habits and ancient

usages, as induced them to receive with a very obsequious attention the decrees and the decisions of their spiritual advisers. During this period, Church learning was more universally cultivated both by the clergy and the laity, than at any time either before or since. It was the golden age of our divines.* It was the time of which his late gracious Majesty said, "There were giants in those days;" and truly Taylor, and Hooker, and Barrow, and Mead, and Stillingfleet, and Jewel, will ever remain as burning and shining lights, by whom it will be rendered conspicuous to the remotest posterity. Who can behold Edward the Sixth reverently advising with Bishop Ridley concerning his religious duty, and at the instance of the martyred prelate founding those charities which remain monuments of royal beneficence to this day; or Elizabeth, turned away from her purpose of seizing upon church property for the exigences of the state by her spiritual counsellor, who had the courage to remind her how little the sacrilegious rapacity of her father had subserved his pecuniary necessities, and who set before her the apposite fable of the eagle who, in order to assist in the building of his nest, stole a living coal from off the altar, wherewith the nest was set on fire; who can read of these things, so characteristic of the age in which they occurred, without feeling that the Church was in its proper place; that in it the state found "a help meet for it;" that on the one hand, while she required no such submission to her as implied a prostration of the understanding; on the other, she encouraged no such license as led to the indulgence of individual caprice; . . . that she could assume to be a guide, without presuming to be a dictatress; and thus win her way by the gentle and affectionate earnestness of her admonitions and warnings; so satisfying reason as to make the most submissive of her votaries feel that her service is perfect freedom; and so engaging the heart as to ensure a more unlimited dominion over the best and purest of its affections, than ever the spiritual tyranny of the Church of Rome has been enabled to accomplish by all the thunders of its power, or the blasphemous arrogance of its assumed infallibility?

Then came the Revolution; and a principle was admitted, and gained ground with the establishment of the House of Hanover, by which the character of the Church was seriously affected, and its influence materially circumscribed. Churchmen began to be looked at more as politicians and less as divines, and their chances of promotion were made to depend much more upon their party than upon their creed. The newly-established Government acted upon an apprehension that the orthodox clergy were of Jacobite predilections; and the profoundest learning, and the most exalted piety, were seldom sufficient to countervail the hostility which such a prejudice inspired. Poor Dr Sheridan was made feelingly to experience this, when, in an unguarded moment, but in as guileless a spirit as characterised the Vicar of Wakefield, he chose for his text, upon the anniversary of the succession of the House of Hano-

* We are gratified at perceiving a republication, within the present year, of "The Life and Death of Lancelot Andrews, D.D., Lord Bishop of Winchester," by his friend and amanuensis, Henry Isaacson, of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Whatever connects us with, or refers us to, the learning and the piety of the age in which he lived, must be useful. The present work has been edited, as would appear, by a descendant of the author; and would, we apprehend, have been more appreciated, when Clarendon, and Isaac Walton, and Evelyn, and Herbert, and Nelson, were amongst our laymen, than it is likely to be at present, when church learning is so little sought after by the clergy themselves. Annexed to the Life, &c. &c. is a "Brief View of the Plantation and Increase of the Christian Religion in Great Britain, with the Abuses crept into it, and the Reformation of them; together with the original Dedication, and Dissertation on Chronology, by the same author."—"It is a singular proof," Mr Isaacson writes, "of the indefatigable research and industry of this extraordinary man, that the list of authors consulted, in order to render his work (the Saturni Ephemerides) as perfect as possible, fills *six folio pages*, and embraces every history, both sacred and profane, from Moses to the period in which he lived; and so accurate are his quotations, that an instance rarely occurs in which a false reference is made." Those who are curious to find satisfactory evidence of the early independence of the English Church, and the gradual encroachments of Popery, may consult this little volume with much advantage.

ver, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Although the sermon did not contain a single political allusion that could have caused uneasiness, or should have given offence, yet it was recorded in judgment against him, and obstructed his preferment ever after.

The prejudice which we complain of was not so unnatural as it proved injurious. The orthodox clergy, although loyal in the main, were undoubtedly, in many instances, not cordially satisfied with the established order of things; and those who were themselves touchy respecting the foundation of their own power, might well have entertained a distrust of their allegiance. It should not, however, have been carried to an extent which affected the dignity and efficiency of their order, and sunk the third estate of the realm to a level from which it has never since been able to ascend, or to resume its proper station in the empire.

Almost concurrently with the political, there was what may be called a literary revolution. Newton's discoveries created a new era in the physical sciences, and gave a new direction to intellectual activity. The minds, which would otherwise have been employed in moral or religious, were now turned to physical or mathematical investigations. The peculiar learning of the Church began to be neglected, and the efficiency of a churchman, as such, to be undervalued or despised. Instead of being weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, he was appraised for his adventitious or extra-professional qualifications. If a divine became the editor of a classic author, or wrote a respectable history of Greece, or evinced a proficiency in the study of astronomy, his chances of distinction in his profession would be much greater than if he confined himself, as he ought to do, to what should be his peculiar duties. And as it never happens that Church government can be maintained, or a proper "esprit du corps" be kept up in the clerical body, when Church learning is neglected; so the standard both of doctrine and discipline became reduced and relaxed, until the most essential characteristics of our ecclesiastical polity were compromised or abandoned. It is now *illiberal* to mark any difference between the Church and the conventicle; or to regard with any lingering reverence apostolical constitutions!

We have said, therefore, that the gain which the Church has had by the adherence of such sectaries as have chosen to come over to it, is of a very ambiguous character. It is not so much that they have seen their errors, as that the Church *does not* see them; and that they can find, within the pale of the establishment, the spiritual meat which their souls love, in just as great perfection as without it.

Most truly may it be said of the Church of England at the present day, "Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra." The dissenterism that is within itself fearfully co-operates with the dissenterism that is without; and, like the factions in the city of Jerusalem, when it was besieged by Titus, are at any time ready to betray it into the hands of the enemy. If things are long permitted to remain in their present state, we shall have this melancholy consolation, that scarcely any change can be for the worse. If the Government continue to regard it as a storehouse of patronage, we have no hesitation in saying that things *must* be worse before they *can* be better. In the following passage, Mr Southey leans more lightly upon the corrupt and abominable system of Church pollution, rather than patronage, than its enormous wickedness deserves:—

"The Church, even when preferment was bestowed with least regard to desert, and most to personal and political considerations, was never without its burning and shining lights. It has produced the ablest vindications of natural and revealed religion against those worst enemies of their fellow-kind, that have laboured to set aside the evidence for both,——and of its own primitive faith against its Romish opponents. And though we still sometimes hear of such promotions as may be likened to snow in summer, and rain in harvest, for their effect upon the public weal; at no time has the Church of England been better supplied with dutiful and able ministers than it is now, if, indeed, at any time so well.

"*Sir Thomas More.* Better supplied than at any former time it may be, and yet be supplied but ill. State patronage and lay patronage must always insure in some degree that evil. Till statesmen have sufficient integrity, and government sufficient strength, to regard desert alone in the disposal of preferment; and till it be generally understood that the person who presents himself for ordination, or is presented for a benefice, will certainly be rejected should he be found incompetent in the first case, or unworthy in the se-

cond. 'Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer.' But to suppose that this should universally and strictly be done, would be supposing a greater improvement in the common feelings and practice of society than is likely to be effected in a nation where so many causes of corruption are at work."

This, we fear, is but too true;—and yet it would be supposing no more than that Government and the public became as sensible of the importance and value of the Church, as they appear to be of most of the other national institutions. Competency and utility are always regarded when preferments are to be made in any of the legal departments, or in the army. The Government will not intrust the administration of law, or the defence of the country, to those whose professional claims are not somewhat on a level with their parliamentary recommendation. All that is wanting, or the most that is wanting, is, that a similar rule should be made in favour of the Church, and that they should act upon the rule which was laid down for himself by the pious and venerable Bishop Andrews, of whom his faithful and affectionate biographer thus writes: "As for the livings, and other preferments, which fell in his own gift, he ever bestowed them freely, as you have seen before, upon deserving men, without suit; so that we may say of him as was said long since of Robert Winchelsea, Archbishop of Canterbury, 'beneficia ecclesiastica nunquam nisi doctis contulit: *precibus ac gratia nobilium fretos, et ambientes semper repulit.*'" *

But we must hasten to a close. Fain would we dwell at greater length upon the various other important topics which are discussed throughout these volumes, with a fulness of knowledge which is very rarely indeed to be found amongst the men of this generation, and an elevation and serenity which the author has derived not less from a consciousness of the virtuous purposes by which he has ever been inspired, than from his habitual acquaintance with that better age of learning and of men, in which he "lives, moves, and has his being." But neither time nor space permits us so far to gratify ourselves; and we would take leave of the present volumes with less regret, if we might venture to persuade ourselves that the extracts we have made may lead the reader to consult them for himself, and "to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," the materials for thought and for reflection which they so abundantly furnish. By imbibing even a little part of the wisdom which they contain, and catching a portion of the spirit by which they are animated, there are few indeed of whom we would not venture to pronounce that they must thereby be rendered better men, better citizens, and better Christians.

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* Such was the single-mindedness and integrity of this admirable man, that he held it a kind of sacrilege either to give or to receive ecclesiastical preferment from temporal considerations, insomuch, "that when the bishoprick of Saurum, and that of Ely, before it was so much deplumed, were offered to him upon terms savouring that way, he utterly rejected them." We quote the following passage, in order to give the reader some notion of a bishop as he ought to be, and to prove to him that a spiritual lord, actuated by purely spiritual and professional considerations in the discharge of his parliamentary duty, is not quite so great a curiosity as he may suppose:—"Concerning that of Salisbury," Mr Isaacson writes, "give me leave to add a particular passage of his, which happened many years after his said refusal of it, which was this: At a Parliament under King James, when an act was to pass concerning Sherbourne Castle, it was observed that only Bishop Andrews and another gave their votes against the same; that the other should do so was not much marvelled at, but that Bishop Andrews should do it when none but that other lord did so, was so remarkable, that he was demanded by a great person what his reason was for it; to which he most worthily replied, that it could not be well wondered why he should now vote against that, unto which, if he would have yielded many years before, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, he might have had this bishoprick of Saurum; which reason of his, when his late Majesty, being then prince, and present at the passing of the act, heard, he beshrewed him, that when he denied his consent, he did not declare the reason of his denial also, professing, that had he been made acquainted with the state of the case, as now he was, he would, with the King his father's good leave, have laboured against the passing of the said act."—ISAACSON'S *Life and Death of Bishop Andrews.*

THE IDIOT.

AN ANECDOTE.

The heart, in many instances, is a better judge even of propriety in manners than the judgment. The judgment, in cases touching the conduct of individuals, is perhaps often too severe; for example, we are apt to regard with equal contempt the behaviour of the weak and the silly, without considering, that under the zero of reason there are many degrees before the human intelligence sinks to that of the animal instincts. At least it is charitable to believe so, and it cherishes amiable sentiments to inculcate that doctrine.

Every reader of dramatic history has heard of Garrick's contest with Madam Clairon, and the triumph which the English Roscius achieved over the Siddons of the French stage, by his representation of the father struck with fatuity on beholding his only infant child dashed to pieces by leaping in its joy from his arms: Perhaps the sole remaining conquest for histrionic tragedy is somewhere in the unexplored regions of the mind, below the ordinary understanding, amidst the gradations of idiocy. The various shades and degrees of sense and sensibility which lie there unknown, Genius, in some gifted moment, may discover. In the meantime, as a small specimen of its undivulged dramatic treasures, we submit to our readers the following little anecdote.

A poor widow, in a small town in the north of England, kept a booth or stall of apples and sweetmeats. She had an idiot child, so utterly helpless and dependent, that he did not appear to be ever alive to anger or self-defence.

He sat all day at her feet, and seemed to be possessed of no other sentiment of the human kind than confidence in his mother's love, and a dread of the schoolboys, by whom he was often annoyed. His whole occupation, as he sat on the ground, was in swinging backwards and forwards, singing "pal-lal" in a low pathetic voice, only interrupted at intervals on the appearance of any of his tormentors, when he clung to his mother in alarm.

From morning to evening he sung his plaintive and aimless ditty; at night, when his poor mother gathered up her little wares to return home, so deplorable did his defects appear, that while she carried her table on her head, her stock of little merchandise in her lap, and her stool in one hand, she was obliged to lead him by the other. Ever and anon as any of the schoolboys appeared in view, the harmless thing clung close to her, and hid his face in her bosom for protection.

A human creature so far below the standard of humanity was nowhere ever seen; he had not even the shallow cunning which is often found among these unfinished beings; and his simplicity could not even be measured by the standard we would apply to the capacity of a lamb. Yet it had a feeling rarely manifested even in the affectionate dog, and a knowledge never shewn by any mere animal.

He was sensible of his mother's kindness, and how much he owed to her care. At night, when she spread his humble pallet, though he knew not prayer, nor could comprehend the solemnities of worship, he prostrated himself at her feet, and as he kissed them, mumbled a kind of mental orison, as if in fond and holy devotion. In the morning, before she went abroad to resume her station in the market-place, he peeped anxiously out to reconnoitre the street, and as often as he saw any of the schoolboys in the way, he held her firmly back, and sang his sorrowful "pal-lal."

One day the poor woman and her idiot boy were missed from the market-place, and the charity of some of the neighbours induced them to visit her hovel. They found her dead on her sorry couch, and the boy sitting beside her, holding her hand, swinging and singing his pitiful lay more sorrowfully than he had ever done before. He could not speak, but only utter a brutish gabble; sometimes, however, he looked as if he comprehended something of what was said. On this occasion, when the neighbours spoke to him, he looked up with the tear in his eye, and clasping the cold hand more tenderly, sunk the strain of his mournful "pal-lal" into a softer and sadder key.

The spectators, deeply affected, raised him from the body, and he surrendered his hold of the earthy hand without resistance, retiring in silence to an obscure corner of the room. One of them, looking towards the others, said to them, "Poor wretch! what shall we do with him?" At that moment he resumed his chant, and lifting two handfuls of dust from the floor, sprinkled it on his head, and sung with a wild and clear heart-piercing pathos, "pal-lal—pal-lal."

DOMENICHINO.

NEW YORK,
5th April, 1828.

THE BOOK OF THE BOUDOIR.

BY LADY MORGAN.*

LADY MORGAN is a great favourite of ours. She was so before we existed in our present capacity—before we had a "local habitation and a name"—and when she was only Miss Sydney Owenson, the authoress of the "Wild Irish Girl." We remember the dazzling splendour with which she burst upon the world of letters, as one of Sir Richard Phillips's writers; and we have watched the meteor-course of her "forty volumes" down to the moment in which we are writing, when her ladyship patronises her "dear Mr Colburn," the "European publisher," as she geographically calls him. We perceive, too, from sundry allusions to ourselves in this "Book of the Boudoir," that we are equally favourites with her ladyship; a circumstance which makes us doubly anxious to let the world know what we think of her "Book." And this we now propose doing very much in her own desultory, chit-chat, agreeable, and pic-nic style. We do not know that we shall have any thing to say which can possibly hurt her Ladyship's feelings; but it is a great consolation to us to find, from the following description of herself, (p. vii.) that if, by chance, an ungrateful expression should escape from our pen, we may hope to be forgiven. "My temperament," observes her Ladyship, "is one which those who know me in private life will vouch for being as cheery and as genial as ever went to that strange medley of pathos and humour—the Irish character."

Thus relieved, we shall begin at once by quoting her Ladyship's interesting account of the origin of this extraordinary work; or, we should rather say, of the origin of its publication—for, with respect to the work itself, we are told "it composed itself." In other words, her Ladyship, having lived "among whatever is most noted, eminent, and distinguished," made it a rule every night before she went to bed, to record all that was said and done by these noted, eminent, and distinguished persons (in which list her Ladyship herself is always to be reckoned as one) "in a marble-covered, blue-lined, blank, ledger-looking, Threadneedle-Street sort of a volume." The world will never know to what particular accident or circumstance it is indebted for the Iliad of Homer, or the Agamemnon of Æschylus, or the dramas of Shakspeare; but our more fortunate posterity, to the end of time, will recall with fond veneration the decision and sagacity of the "European publisher" at the critical moment when Lady Morgan was "just setting off for Ireland."

"While the fourth volume of the O'Briens," says her Ladyship, "was going through the press, Mr Colburn was sufficiently pleased with the subscription (as it is called in the trade) to the first edition, to desire a new work from the author. I was just setting off for Ireland, the horses *literally* putting to, [how curious!] when Mr Colburn arrived with his flattering proposition. [How *apropos!*] I could not enter into any future engagement; [how awkward!] and Mr Colburn, taking up a scrabby MS. volume [not the marble-covered, blue-lined, &c. &c. aforesaid] which the servant was about to thrust into the pocket of the carriage, asked, 'What was that?' [How touchingly simple!] I said it was 'one of many volumes of odds and ends *de omnibus rebus;*' and I read him the last entry I had made the night before,

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* Colburn. London. 1829.

on my return from the Opera. [How very obliging, considering that the horses were *literally* put to!] 'This is the very thing!' said the European publisher; [how charming! and yet how droll!] and if the public is of the same opinion, I shall have nothing to regret in thus coming, though somewhat in *déshabillé*, before its tribunal."

We envy not his or her feelings who can read this beautiful little sketch without being struck with its captivating simplicity and graphic fidelity.

Lady Morgan is mistress of so many kinds of style, and is so peculiarly excellent in all, that we scarcely know which we prefer. Yet, upon the whole, we think she is happiest when she clothes profound, philosophical, and metaphysical ideas in language always equal to their subjects. Where, for instance, will you find a writer, ancient or modern, capable of conveying to the mind of the reader the very depths of intellectual reasoning in expressions at once so felicitous and intelligible, as in the following passages which we have marked with Italics?

"Such a book [*i. e.* the Book of the Boudoir] may have its value. It may preserve a sort of proof impression of oneself, taken at *various* sittings, and in *various* aspects; [this, by the bye, must be an *Irish* proof impression;] and thus give one portrait more to the gallery of human originals to *illustrate the great mystery of identity—that volatile subject, which changes as we analyze it.*"—Vol. i. p. 5.

"In the long list of biographical egotism, I know but of two persons who have got out of the scrape handsomely. Cæsar, the *tactician in taste as in war,* with his third person, and Buonaparte, who talks of his splendid views, and wondrous combinations, in a manner that makes the *individuality of the man disappear before his powerful and personified intellect.*"—Ib. p. 17.

"This order [*i. e.* "the *feeling* and the *thinking* order," vulgarly called authors] constitutes the *free-masonry of Nature, which she has organized to explore her great truths, and to feed the lamp, which, though veiled and shadowed by a succession of errors, still burns, and will continue to burn, eternal as the cause for which it was created.*"—Ib. p. 143.

To persons unaccustomed to the more subtle abstractions of metaphysics, the above passage, luminous as it is, may perhaps appear somewhat obscure; but to us, her Ladyship's meaning is quite clear, namely,—"That Nature, being a free-mason, she has organized a feeling and thinking order of individuals, to explore her truths, and feed a lamp which is always burning, because the oil that supplies it is as eternal as the purpose for which it is kept burning." Will any one pretend to say he does not now understand her Ladyship, or that he does not equally comprehend the following self-evident propositions?

"The idlest nations are ever the most gallant."—(Vol. i. p. 23.) "In the highest state of *savagery*, men are governed by appetite."—(Ib.) "The English declaim better than they converse, and argue better than they declaim."—(P. 25.) "The English temperament is too bilious, reflective, and abstracted, to lend itself to the art of light and pleasant narration."—(P. 26.) "Strong and striking combinations will always produce striking and graphic delineations."—(P. 43.) "The desire for existence beyond the grave, is an inevitable consequence of *the organic desire to live in the flesh.*"—(P. 51.) "Dr Macartney, Professor of Anatomy in Trinity College, Dublin, one more celebrated abroad than known at home—*the common fate of super-eminent talent everywhere!*"—(P. 143.) "The number of our wants and desires, and *consequently of the modes of social relation*, being fixed, the combinations of thought to which they give rise must be fixed also. The number of these elements being small, the primary combinations of idea to which they give rise, *must be nearly alike in all nations. The fact is indisputable;* and it LEADS TO VERY SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES AGAINST THE DOCTRINE OF FREE-WILL!!!"—(P. 156.) "The love of life is the strongest of all human passions. To what end, then, do we question the lawfulness of suicide?"—(Ib.)

Here we cannot help wishing that Lady Morgan had been less laconic in her enunciation of a profound induction from a simple and undeniable fact. WE can discern at once all the intermediate links between the love of life, and the right to cut one's throat, which connected the two propositions in her Ladyship's mind; but, to per-

sons less acute than ourselves, they will be apt to appear as little connected as if she had said, "The love of truth is the strongest of all human passions. To what end, then, do we question the lawfulness of lying?" But we are ashamed of ourselves to cavil at such trifles, when we reflect that almost every page of these volumes contains splendid bursts of philosophy, equal, if not superior, to the following conception of a cause:

"The idea of cause," says her Ladyship, (vol. i. p. 192,) "is a consequence of our consciousness of the force we exert in subjecting externals to the changes dictated by our volition!!" Prodigious! A cause is a consequence of a force applied to externals by our volition! "Hear this, ye gods, and wonder how you made her!" But this is not all. For when we have subjugated externals, and got at a cause in consequence of our consciousness of the force we exert, "we deduce the presence of a force which is the *sine qua non* of those other changes in matter, in which we have no part." A *sine qua non* of other changes in matter in which our volition has nothing to do with externals! What would poor Bishop Warburton, who complained he could not read Butler's Analogy for an hour without getting a headach, have said, had he lived to read her Ladyship's doctrine of cause being a consequence, and of volition acting upon externals with a *sine qua non* of changes where there is no volition?

That her Ladyship is not only a profound metaphysician, but deeply sensible of all the defects hitherto chargeable upon that science, is proved by the following brilliant original and playful interpretation of a Scriptural fact:

"Those who have a taste for allegorising the Bible may probably consider the builders of Babel as a set of disputatious metaphysicians, scaling heaven by their enquiries into matter and spirit. *Their punishment gives consistency to the fancy;* since nothing could foil them so much as a confusion of language, as is *proved* by their descendants, who have been squabbling about words (*mistaken for things*) even down to the present day."

But we cannot pretend to follow Lady Morgan through all the multifarious topics embraced in her two volumes. There is scarcely a conceivable subject, of literature, of politics, of science, of domestic affairs, of public events, of men, of women, of children, from the palace to the cottage, from the bedchamber to the kitchen, of things in general and of things in particular, which she does not write about; and, with perfect sincerity we can add, which she does not write about equally well. She has a manner, too, of describing both persons and circumstances quite peculiar to herself. Speaking of Shiel, for example, (the man who used to make speeches in the late Catholic Association,) she calls him "an orator, standing alone, not only in his own country, where so many are eloquent, but in his age and in Europe;" while a "Mr Thomas Wyse" she describes as "an antiquarian, linguist, traveller, artist, scholar, painter, and author, no less than an orator and a politician." Who Mr Shiel is, we do know; who Mr Thomas Wyse is, we do not; but he seems to be a Jack-of-all-trades—a sort of Admirable Crichton, according to Lady Morgan's account of him, which is the more likely to be true, because she frequently speaks of herself much in the same way. Indeed, if we were capable of quarrelling with her Ladyship, it would be upon this identical subject. WE know, and posterity will say the same, that there never was such a paragon as her Ladyship; that her house in Kildare Street, Dublin, will be to future ages, what Shakspeare's house in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, is now; that pilgrims from all corners of the civilized globe will pay their devotions at her shrine; and that the name of Morgan will be remembered long after the language in which she has immortalized it has ceased to be a living tongue. WE are not the persons to deny this; for WE are but too proud of being able to call ourselves her contemporary; but we do dislike, (and her Ladyship will forgive us for saying so)—we do dislike the seeming vanity of proclaiming this herself. She *is* a very great woman; an extraordinary woman; an Irish prodigy; popes and emperors *have* trembled before her; all Europe, all Asia, all America, from the St Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, ring with her praises; there never has been such "a jewel of a woman," as her own countrymen

would say; and there never will be such another. She knows this, and we know it; and "our husband" knows it; every body knows it: then why need she tell us so a hundred times over in her Book of the Boudoir?

There is another little circumstance which we would take the liberty of mentioning, in order, if she concurs with us in opinion, that her Ladyship may attend to the suggestion in all future editions of this celebrated work. It is, that she is much too scrupulous, much too delicate in naming individuals, *unless they happen to be dead.* When she mentions a civil thing said to her by a prince, a duke, or a marquis, we never get at the *person.* It is always the Prince of A——, or the Duke of B——, or the Marquis of C——, or Count D——, or Lady E——, or the Marchioness of F——, or the Countess of G——, or Lord H——, or Sir George I——, and so on through the alphabet. Now we say again, that *we* have no doubt all these are the initials of real persons, and that her Ladyship is as familiar with the blood royal and the aristocracy of Europe, as "maids of fifteen are with puppy-dogs;" but the world, my dear Lady Morgan—an ill-natured, sour, cynical, and suspicious world, envious of your glory, will be apt to call it all fudge, blarney, or *blatherum-skite,* as they say in your country; especially when it is observed that you *always* give the names of the illustrious *dead,* with whom you have been upon equally familiar terms of intimacy, at *full length;* as if you knew that dead people tell *no* tales; and that therefore you might tell *any* tales you like about dead people. We put it to your own good sense, my dear Lady Morgan, as the Duke of X—— would call you, whether this remarkable difference in mentioning living characters, and those who are no longer living, does not look equivocal? For you know, my dear Lady Morgan, that Prince R—— and Princess W——, by standing for any body, mean nobody.

One word more, and we have done with advice. We are great admirers of the variegated style of writing, and we think Lady Morgan excels in it. Every second or third word is a quotation, and every quotation two or three words only. We will select an example at random.

"*Mais! quel rendez-vous!* Doctrine of possibilities! Whoever should have predicted to me such an appointment some years back, when I was paddling about the bogs, and knocks, and slieus of the barony of Tireragh, and thinking Father Flyn, of Colooney, (the Father John, *par parenthèse,* of my Wild Irish Girl,) the greatest hierarch of the Catholic church extant—whoever, '*then and there,*' should have predicted to me that I should have given *rendezvous* to an *eminenza* —a cardinal secretary—'*a prince of the Roman church,*' one who governed *him,* whose predecessors governed the world, I should have believed the prediction just as much, &c. &c. And where did I give this notable *rendez-vous?*—'*Je vous le donne en une—je vous le donne en quatre,*' as Madame de Sevigné says. Why, in the church of the Quirinal, at Rome, and at the Cardinal's request! *Pardi,* my Cardinal was none of your ordinary cardinals who '*come with a whoop and a call,*' and take a cover at your table, and fill your little anteroom with *la famiglia,* &c. &c. The cardinal *par excellence,* the Cardinal Gonsalvi, was of another *étoffe,*" and so on.—Pp. 212, 213.

Now, as we have said, we are ourselves great admirers of this tag-rag and bob-tail style of writing; perhaps because it puts us in mind of something with which our earliest recollections of delight are so intimately associated—a harlequin's jacket, which always looks as if it were made from the sweepings of a tailor's shop; but we are afraid our taste may be somewhat singular, and that the majority of mere English readers prefer English. Therefore, we seriously recommend to Lady Morgan to try and write English, instead of what we have heard called hotch-potch; because, though she *has* the advantage of an "European publisher," we doubt exceedingly whether a book written in the scraps of all the European languages, will tend to establish her fame as a linguist, while it unquestionably raises a doubt as to her competency to write her own language, except when she luxuriates in its slang phraseology or cant dialect.

We now proceed to gratify our readers with a few more passages from

this incomparable work. Lady Morgan, with a noble disdain of female vanity, informs us, that she is a "little, short dumpy woman," with her hair cropped close. This, we presume, is one of her "proof impressions of herself," and intended "to illustrate the great mystery of identity." But observe how beautifully she mora the theme of her personal insignificance:

"There is more philosophy in the little woman who went '*to market, her eggs for tq sell*,' than the world is aware of; and I have been tempted to quote her '*Lord have mercy on me! sure this is none of I?*' as often as my illustrious countryman, Daniel O'Connell, has applied to his own Ireland his favourite quotation of,

> 'Great, glorious, and free,
> First flower of the ocean, first gem of the sea.'

"I have repeated it, when telling a droll Irish story to the minister who had set his seal to Ireland's ruin; in the Tuileries, when I stood face to face '*bandying compliments with majesty*;' in the Quirinal, when in *tête-à-tête* with a Cardinal secretary, amid scenes that belonged to the middle ages; in the Palace Borghese, with the family of Napoleon Bonaparte; on the Pontine Marshes, when receiving the confessions of a Carmelite monk on his pilgrimage to the shrine of St Peter; and in the vice-regal circles of Dublin Castle, where a liberal Lord Lieutenant shook my right hand, at the same moment that a Grand Master of an Orange Lodge shook my left!!!"

This is a happy specimen of the art of dignifying a simple subject. Her Ladyship, naturally surprised at finding herself in such fine company, thinks of another little woman who did not know herself, but exclaimed, "Lord have mercy on me! sure this is none of I?" We were rather surprised that an equally apposite illustration of her feelings did not occur to Lady Morgan, derived from a certain fable, which has often been applied to persons similarly situated.

We wish we had room for a really splendid effusion of her Ladyship's mind upon "Human Animality," in which she discusses, with her accustomed felicity, that extreme "facial developement," which imparts, it seems, to the countenances of several of her Ladyship's friends, the character of jack-apes, monkeys, bull-dogs, horses, &c. It is profoundly original in its reasonings, though her Ladyship, with that diffidence which sometimes so unaccountably possesses her, exclaims at the conclusion, "Well, this may be *nonsense*; but it is *my sense*." By the bye, what an admirable epigraph this very sentence would be for a collected edition of her Ladyship's "forty volumes!" There is nothing more certain than that every writer of true genius impresses upon his writings the distinguishing quality of his genius. Lady Morgan—*ab ipsis recessibus mentis*—knows, that "sense" is the predominant character of her own intellectual operations; and in one word conveys a precise notion of its nature. Should her Ladyship ever adopt this hint with regard to her "forty volumes," perhaps she will thank us for another,—that of having an engraved vignette of herself in the title-page of each volume, drawn in the likeness of a bee; being, as she assures us, "the queen-bee of Mr Colburn's authorical hive."

Among the felicities of Lady Morgan's style, with which we have been more peculiarly struck, is a certain artless simplicity, indicative of a genuine perception of natural grace. What can be in finer accordance with this perception, for example, than the following? "When I wrote *The Novice*, two volumes or ten were alike to me. But I must keep the history of my authorship for another time. It would *make a cat laugh*:—alas! it has often made *me* cry!"—(Vol. i. p. 287.) *Ergo*—but her Ladyship is a better logician than ourselves, and knows how to draw the legitimate inference. We like, too, such touches of the unaffected, in composition, as the following: —"The (late) Marquis of Londonderry was a *liveable*, cheerful, *give-and-take* person."—"Vitality, or *all-aliveness*, energy, and activity, are the great elements of what we call talent." What a prodigious quantity of this "all-aliveness" her Ladyship must have in her composition!

Sometimes Lady Morgan astonishes us with her discoveries; as thus:—"The Irish, by the bye, with all their Catholicism, do not eat *cross-buns* on Good Friday."—Vol. ii. 316. This is an important national fact; and yet, to the best of our recollection, Mr Peel

never once adverted to it in his famous "breaking-in-upon-the-constitution-speech."

Dr Johnson used to boast jocularly that he could repeat, by heart, one entire chapter of Pontoppidan's History of Norway; and when asked to do so, would exclaim,—"There are no venomous reptiles in Norway." Lady Morgan has many instances of the same emphatic divisions in her Book of the Boudoir. There are numerous chapters in it, similar to the following striking epitome of elaborate research:

"BOMBAZEEN.

"This article of dress should be written bombycine. It is a texture of worsted and of silk; the latter substance being the produce of the animal termed bombyx."

Our readers are not aware, perhaps—we certainly were not ourselves—that dogs and cats are infinitely better behaved abroad than at home. Whether this arises from moral, physical, or political causes—whether from the superior example set them, or from the temperature of the climate, or from the nature of the government under which they live, Lady Morgan does not say; but she vouches for the *fact* in the following passage:—"I have observed that *all domestic animals* are more AMIABLE and INTELLIGENT on the Continent than with us."—(Vol. ii. p. 39.) This discovery is announced in a chapter upon "Cats," and is supported by the account of a remarkably "amiable and intelligent" grimalkin, which belonged to a young girl who was subject to epileptic fits. Puss, by dint of repeated observation, knew when they were coming on, and would run, frisking her tail, to the girl's parents, mewing in the most heart-breaking tones, and clawing at their legs, till she made them follow her. Her name was *Mina;* and her history is extant in "choice Italian." (See vol. ii. p. 41, et seq.) At length the girl died, and poor puss went to the funeral of her own accord. Being a black cat, she was already in mourning—"nature's mourning!" She wanted to jump into the grave, but that was prevented. So puss, the "chief mourner," was carried home again. But her amiable heart could not survive the shock, for, after pining three months, refusing boiled liver and new milk, poor grimalkin was found "dead upon the green mound that covered her beloved mistress's remains." There was a cat for you! By the bye, Shakspeare was evidently ignorant of the superior amiability and intelligence of Continental dogs, or he would never have suffered Launce's *Crab* to incur the just rebuke of his master, "as a cruel-hearted cur," who neither "shed a tear nor spoke a word," when all the rest of the family was in such great perplexity. Perhaps, however, Crab, though living in Verona, was not an Italian dog by birth, and hence his unamiable disposition, to say nothing of other parts of his conduct, to "Madam Silvia's farthingale," &c. which Launce so properly condemns. And this supposition is somewhat borne out by one observation of Launce, who, while reprobating the insensibility of Crab, bears testimony to the tenderness of the cat's disposition; for she, says Launce, "was wringing her hands" with grief; a circumstance which Lady Morgan does not mention as having marked the conduct of the affectionate *Mina,* when she "walked after the bier" of her deceased mistress.

We had written thus far, when a very intimate friend of ours dropped in; a literary man, and a critic by education, reading, and nature, but not by profession. He had scarcely seated himself, when we asked him if he had read Lady Morgan's Book of the Boudoir? Heavens! what a contemptuous curl of the lip there was! "Read it!" he exclaimed,—"Yes, I *have* read it, even from the title-page of vol. i. to 'the end' of vol. ii."

"Well—and what do you think of it? Is it not a charming, elegant——"

"Stop," said he; "if you want its character, I will give it you to a T. It is a tawdry tissue of tedious trumpery; a tessellated texture of threadbare thievery; a trifling transcript of trite twaddle and trapessing tittle-tattle."

"Now you have had your joke," we replied, "tell us, and without 'apt alliteration's artful aid,' what is your real opinion?"

"My real opinion then, as you call it, is this," he replied: "The Book of the Boudoir is like every thing that falls from her Ladyship's pen—pert, shallow, and conceited. There are anecdotes of various persons, so outrageously vulgar, that they cannot be

true; and some so atrociously dull, that if they were true, they ought to have been forgotten. There are drivellings about philosophy, metaphysics, and politics, written in the flippant style of that most puzzling of all styles, 'no meaning,'—pure, unadulterated nonsense, tricked out in the frippery of words, like a poor idiot dressed in gold and velvet. Her philosophy and metaphysics are her own; but her politics are a barefaced plagiarism, pilfered with cool effrontery from Wooler, little Waddington, and big Hunt, (not he of the Examiner, but the orator, *par excellence*, of Spa Fields,) only diluted by dribbling through the alembic of her Ladyship's mind."

"You are really too severe."

"Not a jot," interrupted our friend; "it is a farrago of ignorance, indecency, and vanity."

"Indecency! Oh, fie! Remember, she is a lady, and this is not the age of the Afra Behns, the Manleys, and the Centlivres."

"Granted," he replied; "but I know what I am saying. Here are the volumes, I perceive; and every page would bear me out in all I have affirmed. As to her vanity, her coarse, impudent vanity, the whole work is one huge monument of it. Read, for example, the rigmarole description of her first appearance as a 'lioness' at some party, where, if you choose to believe her Ladyship, you may believe she was the 'observed of all observers,' and that peers, statesmen, warriors, ambassadors, senators, literati, and all the stirring spirits of the earth, were brought together in one room to behold the astonishing 'little girl' '*what* wrote the Wild Irish Girl.' This she tells you in half-a-dozen pages of pie-bald language, made up of scraps from Italian and French grammars, and slovenly quotations from Shakspeare at second-hand. But you seem to be particularly startled at my charge of indecency. Do you remember the Quarterly Review? Never was there a conviction more incomparably established; for her Ladyship was left to choose one of two alternatives—either to confess she had familiarly mentioned works which she had never read, or, that she had read works which she never ought to have mentioned. And she coquets with indecency in these volumes too, as you must be aware, if you have read them. Take," he continued, opening the second volume at p. 60, "as one example, this account of a conversation with Mr Owen, the well-meaning, but crazy, philanthropist of parallelograms. He was invited to one of her ladyship's parties, to be, in the slang of such assemblies, the 'lion' of the evening. The amiable simpleton (for he is really an amiable man, though a marvellously silly philosopher) brought in his pocket what Lady Morgan calls a 'canvass tunic,' or a 'chemise tied with red tape,' which we are at first left to suppose he wished to try on her Ladyship, as 'the true costume of nature's dictation.' At any rate, he is anxious to convince her, that women should wear nothing else but his 'canvass tunic, or chemise tied with red tape,' because it allows of the 'definition of *forms*, which have ever been the inspiration of art.' Lady Morgan first objects to his canvass drapery, by observing, 'Consider, Mr Owen, the climate.' To which Mr Owen (very innocently, no doubt) replies, 'Your FACE does not suffer from it.' The reader's imagination is left to supply the inference. Her Ladyship next stands for the 'decencies.' 'But then, again, the decencies?' quoth she; and her philosophical friend answers by pointing to some naked figures of Niobe and her children on the chimney-piece, observing, that 'the decencies are merely conventional,' and adding, 'I assure you I have already got several ladies to try this tunic on—'

"'Oh! Mr Owen!' exclaims her Ladyship, holding up her fan, we suppose, to hide her blushes.

"'On their little *boys*, Lady Morgan,' adds Mr Owen, coming to the relief of her Ladyship's modesty, like a true and chaste knight of faëry tale. Finally, the canvass tunic, tied with red tape, is suspended beneath a bust of Apollo; Mr Owen is in raptures, as he beholds the similitude of those 'free vestments' which left the '*limbs* of the Greek athlete unrestrained;' (that is, naked men wrestling at the Olympic games,) and Lady Morgan concludes this delicate affair by saying, 'the little tunic merited the eulogium of Tam O'Shanter to a similar garment,' 'weil loup'd, cutty sark!' I pass over her ignorance of Scotch,

and her blundering quotation, for it is not 'weil loup'd,' but 'weel done, cutty sark;' and I pause to consider whether her Ladyship knows the meaning of the words 'cutty sark?' If she does, and if she has really read that splendid effusion of genius, Tam O'-Shanter, and if she remembered *why* Tam was driven to the exclamation—*why*, as he looked at the 'winsome wench and wawlie,' he stood

'Like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd,
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roar'd out, "Weel done, cutty sark!"'

—If, I say, her Ladyship had a clear and distinct perception of what she was writing about, when she referred to *this* illustration of Mr Owen's 'canvass tunic,' I only wonder she did *not* try it on, and make the illustration complete, by converting the philosopher into the Tam O'Shanter instead of the 'lion' of the evening, while she herself went through all the expressive movements of an Irish fling."

"Hang it!" we exclaimed, (vexed with ourselves for having mentioned our favourite book to such a ruthless fellow,) "there is something awkward about this *cutty-sark* business, it must be confessed: but let us be lenient in our conclusions, and suppose that her Ladyship knew nothing about the poem of Tam O'Shanter, and was ignorant of the meaning of what she quoted."

"Nonsense!" rejoined our friend; "her Ladyship knows right well what she is about when she dabbles in the impure. The age is too refined, and therefore she can only dabble; but had she lived when the Behns, the Manleys, and the Centlivres wrote, she would have emulated their freedoms, and have been a candidate for the character which Pope gives of the last-mentioned writer:

'The stage how loosely does Astrea tread,
Who fairly puts her characters to bed.'

"What can be more gross and filthy, for example, than this passage, in thirty lines of nonsense under the head of *Woman's* Love, in the second volume, (p. 180.) 'It is quite possible that a woman, to whom honour and reputation are dearer than life, should risk them a thousand times for the man she loves, (particularly if he be her husband,) to save his life and honour. The attachment of a man, however strong and tender, would not reach this. *We women love the person*, beyond all abstract principle; and the error (for it is an error in morals) is seated in—THE ORGANIZATION WHICH MAKES US WIVES AND MOTHERS!!!'"

"Humph!"

This was all we could say. We do not pretend to less assurance and ingenuity than our betters; but no assurance, no ingenuity, would help us here. The offence was "too rank;" our friend's "hit" too "palpable;" and all we could do to save our dear Lady Morgan's reputation, was to snatch her "Book of the Boudoir" out of his hands; for we saw he was hunting for more proofs.

"Is it true," said he, laughing and enjoying our embarrassment, "that a certain wicked wight, who shall be nameless, took an opportunity, when in her Ladyship's company, of maliciously proving that her knowledge of Italian did not go beyond Veneroni's Grammar, by quoting some lines of Alfieri, as if in praise of her talents, which in reality conveyed a bitter satire upon her flimsy pretensions?"

"It may be," we replied, "for there is no man more likely to perpetrate such a piece of mischievous waggery, than the individual in question. Sheridan, you know, once electrified the 'country gentlemen' in the House of Commons, by concluding an animated appeal to their patriotism, with a quotation which, he said, was from Herodotus, which they cheered most vociferously; when, in fact, he merely strung together a jumble of words, a jargon uttered on the instant, which sounded very much *like* Greek. Pitt, it is said, was in a convulsion of laughter all the time."

This manœuvre succeeded. The conversation took another turn immediately; we waxed witty and profound; our friend, who had only called *en passant*, was so fascinated with the many delectable things we said, that he remained five hours "by Shrewsbury clock;" and, to my inexpressible delight, never once mentioned Lady Morgan's "Book of the Boudoir" during the whole time.

P. P. P.

THE RIVER.

River! River! little River!
Bright you sparkle on your way,
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a child at play.

River! River! swelling River!
On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous youth.

River! River! brimming River!
Broad and deep and *still* as Time,
Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like mortal prime.

River! River! rapid River!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's closing day.

River! River! headlong River!
Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like eternity.

C.

THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.

I was much struck the other day by a cool commonplace remark of an old sagacious friend, a gentleman little given to speculation of any sort. I happened to observe to him, instead of saying the weather was cold or moist, or whatever it then was, that the times were flat and ordinary. "Do you think so?" said he; "for I was just noticing to an old acquaintance in the street that I never recollected such extraordinary times in the whole course of my life. There is not a word of news stirring. Yesterday's papers may serve for to-day's, and Sunday's for all the week. A little rippling has been on the surface of the political waters by the change of the French ministry, and the Russians are marching upon Constantinople; but we feel not the effects of either in this country. We are all as flat as a fen, and yet as sensitive as the ague."

We continued talking for some time from his text, and when he left me, I began unconsciously to ruminate on what had passed between us; and the more I ruminated, I grew the more of his opinion.

Compared with the active and exciting epochs of the last thirty or forty years, it did appear to me that this is a calm and moderate period, so much so as deservedly to be called, in comparison with them, an extraordinary time. There is, as it were, a syncope in all things; nothing is doing; art, science, and business, are alike at a stand-still. The stage, the press, the easel, the loom, the rudder of the merchantman, and the helm of state, all are alike in a most extraordinary negative condition. The world is in a catalepsy. It hears and sees, but it can do nothing.

But to be sincerely serious, it must strike the most cursory observer, that the world is either on the eve of some violent change in all her organs and her faculties, or that she has passed

that plenitude of energy when decay begins, and age attains the mastery of strength.

The cry of overtrading has been repeated too often. It will not account for the universal lassitude with which, for upwards of three years, our manufacturers have been afflicted. Though the press has put forth books as numerous as the leaves in Vallumbrosa, it will not account for the fact of no new genius having appeared since the death of Lord Byron. The brilliant pencils which existed before the famous and the fatal twenty-five, have met with no rivals. Since Canning's death, the House of Commons is as dull as when he did not speak; for, excepting Sadler, what fresh debater disturbs the slumbers of the country gentlemen, between the motion and the vote? The world moves heavily. Is it from strengthlessness or weariness, or does she "biggen for a birth?"

The worst sign in this hazy calm is in the new passions which men affect, and by which the ancient strongholds of British society are loosened in the foundations. The castellated Tories talk like the alehouse radicals, and assimilate their opinions with those of the vulgar; opinions, which for so many years they resisted at such hazards, and overcame with so much difficulty.

It has been asserted, and maintained with considerable ingenuity, that although the House of Commons possesses fewer orators at present than it has done at any time within the memory of the oldest person living, yet the quantity of real talent in it is greater than at any former period, and that the members apply themselves more earnestly and conscientiously to their duties. But changes are taking place; and whenever the grand question of Parliamentary Reform comes to be discussed with a view to adoption, as soon it must, it will not be determined, as heretofore, with reference to interests, but to principles; vested rights will probably not be infringed. The close and the bribable boroughs will not be violated; but some device will be invented to give to the accumulated capital of the country a share in the representation as well as the land.

If it be the case, as I have often heard it stated, that no rational reform, or change in the means of returning members to Parliament, would cause any material change in the persons constituting the House of Commons, little advantage will be gained by adding a score or two of additional members. The number of members is already sufficiently large. But if the close and the bribable boroughs are allowed to enjoy their franchises, in what way is the privilege of the vote to be extended? The extension is not compatible with vested rights—rights which, it is maintained, ought ever to be held sacred, as if human affairs admitted of more than temporary expedients.

There is, undoubtedly, some difficulty in answering the question; but if we revert to the first principles of the constitution, it is easily answered. The representative system of England is founded on property. Let that principle be once clearly understood, and the application of it to Parliamentary Reform becomes evident, and carries with it an assurance that the change may be effected without the hazard of any attack on established institutions.

In the open boroughs, when a man takes up his freedom, or, as it is called in London, takes up his livery, he pays a certain fee to the corporation, and becomes, in consequence, as thoroughly possessed of the elective franchise as if he had purchased a freehold in a county. Now, wherein would there be evil in permitting those who could afford it to buy elective privileges for counties, or in open boroughs, upon the same principle as those which may be purchased from the corporation of London? Through this means the landholders, and all the great and manifold ramifications of the monied interest, would become legitimately represented in Parliament.

But perhaps the consideration so exclusively given to the interests of the United Kingdom, is prejudicial to the interests of the empire. It is acknowledged on all hands, that those of the Colonies are neglected. Surely it is not so difficult to blend them together in such a manner, as to prevent every complaint of this kind.

It is announced to be the intention of the Duke of Wellington to bring forward a plan, by which the Colonies will, in the course of a few years, come to be no burden on the Imperial Government. Such a plan, if capable of being carried into effect, will doubt-

less, as far as lightening the taxes at home goes, do much good. But will it strengthen the empire? or will it quench those causes of dissatisfaction in the Colonies themselves, which even, with the boon of paying their expenses, and providing for their defence, seem to be daily increasing? We think not. As the Roman empire began to decline, the Roman colonies were one by one abandoned; for to make the colonies support themselves, is tantamount to leaving them to themselves.

The idea of contracting the British nation into the narrow limits of the British islands, is, I hope, repugnant to our national feelings. It appears to be subversive of those aspiring sentiments which have won for us so much renown. It is a Cockney shopkeeper's notion; it implies something like a retiring from business—a settling down in a snug corner—an old-age sort of seeking of comfort. The mere idea of the possibility of such a thing deranges every association connected with the splendid name and mighty achievements of England. O John Bull, art thou come to this? No more floating castles—no more thunder on the deep—no more Agincourts nor Poictierses, nor Cressies, nor Blenheims, nor Waterloos! Can it be possible that the Duke of Wellington countenances this cottage and alehouse system?

We hold it to be indisputable, that magnitude is essential to grandeur and power, and that the minds of public men ought always to be turned to the means of strengthening, yea of aggrandizing, the empire. We should have hoped that the Duke, instead of thinking how he can cut the Colonies adrift, would rather have given his days and nights to the meditation of some comprehensive plan by which their connexion might be rendered stronger with the mother country, and all their interests bound up together.

I have heard it proposed, that the Colonies should be represented in Parliament—and why not? Such of them as have legislatures may be permitted to retain them for local purposes; but why should there not be a congress of representatives from the different provinces of the empire? The importance of this idea is so effectually explained in the few words which express it, that it would be a waste of time to offer any farther elucidation.

But one of the worst signs of the times, is the opinions which appear to be entertained, among the members of Government, of the distress arising from the want of employment among the manufacturers. Mr Peel's answer to the petition of the silk-weavers, is truly an appalling document. He pities their sufferings, and admits them to be true; but he says the Government cannot help them. What! is the evil arrived to such a pitch, that the British Government cannot apply a remedy to it? The confession is equivalent to an acknowledgment of inability to conduct the Government. No Government deserves support which cannot diminish the effect of every evil arising out of the circumstances of society. It is not in the power of Governments to stop the career of pestilence, nor of any of those calamities which are poured out of the invisible vials of Providence; but the administration which hath not resources enough to remove the hazards of starvation from the artizan when the fluctuations of trade leave him without bread, cannot resign too soon.

I admit, that in the munificent system of the Poor's Laws of England, a provision has been made for occasional adversity, the most liberal and humane in the annals of nations; but it does not work in the manner it should do. It does not affect the community equally. The provision being raised and administered partially by parishes, is a glaring defect in this system, inasmuch as many parts of the kingdom feel not the burden, whilst to others it is intolerable. Surely there is nothing in this unequal and scattered system which might not be reduced into uniformity. Certain it is, that no object of internal policy half so well merits the most considerate attention of the Home Secretary, as the state of the Poor's Laws, with a view to make the pressure of them equal and uniform throughout the country.

But although we confess ourselves admirers of the principle by which a provision is secured to the aged and the helpless—the poor of God's making—we have rooted objections to the existing system of providing for the stout and able-bodied—the trade-made poor—yet a system of providing for them is no less claimed by humanity, and justice, and policy. What that system ought to be, is, however, a ques-

tion not easily answered; we shall, nevertheless, venture to throw out an idea or two on the subject, not the result of theoretical speculation, but of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE; and perhaps it may be thought the more worthy of consideration at a time, when, with many men of no common stamp, emigration is held to be the only means of lessening the sufferings of the labouring classes.

Without, then, touching further upon the defects in the administration of the details of the existing Poor's Laws, it does occur to us, that there would be no great difficulty, were the necessary fund provided, in establishing a colony AT HOME for the relief of the unemployed artizans—a measure which would have all the beneficial effect to them, and to the country, that could be expected from colonizing them in distant parts of the empire, while the expense would be comparatively trifling.

A good deal has, of late years, been said of spade husbandry as a means of employing the able-bodied poor; but I have seen no scheme formed, with reference to it, which did not contemplate the removal of the artizan entirely from his trade. What I would suggest, goes no further than to offer him employment till times mend, unless he chooses to attach himself to the soil.

Instead of considering plans of emigration, I would suggest—1st, That a fund be raised, either by Government, or, under the sanction of Government, by associations. 2d, That with part of this fund, tracts of land be purchased. 3d, That the remainder be employed in building houses, and in supplying the settlers on the land with implements and provisions. 4th, That the settlers be restricted to artizans who cannot find adequate employment, or who are willing to retire from their trade, in order to leave the more room for those who are inclined to remain. 5th, That the settlers be employed, in the first instance, in making and improving roads, through the tracts, at the expense of the association; and, 6th, That certain portions of land, as should be agreed on, be allotted to each family, at a certain valuation, payable by the proceeds of the land in ten years, by yearly instalments, with interest; together with the amount of any assistance which might be given them. The improved value of the land, by opening the tracts for a dense population, would, in time, adequately repay the outlay; and, as the labour of the settlers would be confined to manual husbandry, the land would be brought to yield the greatest produce at the least expense.

This is not the place to enter into the details of the plan here proposed; but enough is shewn, to evince that it does not involve any mystery; nor is it offered as an untried experiment, for the writer of these sketches has been enabled to carry it into effect on a very large scale, and with every satisfactory prospect of complete ultimate success. It is true, that his undertaking was in one of the Colonies, where land costs comparatively nothing; but the disadvantages were greater than they would be found in this country, and the returns more remotely prospective. The suggestion is, therefore, not offered as a plausible anticipation of what may be accomplished by establishing a colony or colonies at home, but as a plan, the practicability of which has been verified by experience; and though tried in a distant region, may be easily carried into effect in this country, and at once tend to lessen the evil which the weavers are suffering, and for whose condition, it is supposed, there is no remedy. One manifest advantage of this home-colonization is, that when trade revived, many of the settlers would return to their looms; whereas, if ever transported to the wilds of America, or the sedgy banks of the Swan River, their skill would be lost to the country for ever. Be assured, Mr Peel, if you consider the hint thrown out to you here, you will pause, and think twice before you hazard again to say to the famished artizans, that Government can apply no remedy to their distress.

AGRICOLA.

REPORT ON THE IRISH MISCELLANEOUS ESTIMATES.*

THE above-named Report is in good keeping with the policy at present being pursued towards Ireland. It is admirably calculated gradually to weaken, and, finally, to dissolve, the connexion between that country and Great Britain. The Catholic Question is at an end. The topic that divided Ireland against itself is no more. The parties who have been hitherto the bitterest enemies, will soon begin to perceive that but little is to be gained by breaking each other's heads; and it will not be difficult to discover some common object, in the pursuit of which they may unite, and the attainment of which would be as fatal to British interests as it might be deemed gratifying to national pride, or essential to national independence.

This will take place as assuredly as Ireland is provincialized. There were but two modes of governing that country, with any prospect of rendering its connexion with Great Britain indissoluble: the one was to establish within it a British party, who might feel their political importance dependent upon British support. By this means a division was created between interests which might have been formidable, if they were suffered to combine; and England could, at any time, by siding with the Protestant party, easily subdue any rebellion which might be stirred up against her by the discontented Irish. *That policy has been abandoned.* The other course (which has never yet been acted upon), would be to create a *moral interest,* which might supply the place of the *political* interest that has been dissolved; by means of which the two countries might be assimilated to each other, and which would teach them to continue their connexion from motives of affection, and good will, and from a persuasion that their best interests must thus be best promoted. If this policy be not pursued, it requires no gift of prophecy to foretell the consequences that must, at no distant period, be the inevitable result of the late measures; measures by which the interest which would have garrisoned Ireland with a faithful band of devoted adherents, has been destroyed; and that in a manner which even intoxicates with triumph the party who have ever considered a dependence upon the British crown synonymous with Irish vassalage and degradation.

Much has been already done to lower the tone of Protestant feeling, and to alienate and disgust the Protestant mind. Those who were taught and encouraged to consider themselves the soldiers of the state, and the guardians and assertors of the principles of the Revolution, have been suddenly and unceremoniously disbanded. They have been told, in the presence of insulting enemies, that there is no longer any occasion for their services; and that they must discontinue, out of compliment to those whom they believe to be their deadliest foes, their patriotic commemoration of events associated with their most hallowed recollections;—and this, not because of any new lights which have broken in upon their rulers, who, until lately, cheered and encouraged them in their resistance to Popish encroachments, but because of the formidable attitude which the Popish party were suffered to assume, and by which all further opposition to their demands was said to be rendered unavailing. Such was the confession of their parliamentary adversaries! A confession which, even if justified by the fact, should scarcely have been made;—but which was not more deplorably humiliating than grossly and abominably untrue, nor less calculated to cast down and dispirit the friends, than to inflame, with an unwonted energy and arrogance, the enemies of the constitution.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the Protestants of Ireland should have lost all confidence in their parliamentary leaders. These men have bowed their necks to the yoke;—they have made, to proven cowards and poltroons, a cowardly surrender of their consistency and their principles; "nec

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* Report of the Select Committee on the Irish Miscellaneous Estimates, with Minutes of Evidence, and Appendix. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 19, 1829.

vera virtus, cum semel excidit, curat reponi deterioribus." They never can again be trusted, by those, at least, whom they have so miserably betrayed. They have committed a political offence, which, humanly speaking, admits not of expiation.

But we must not suffer ourselves to be again drawn into the discussion of a subject which has already, on more occasions than one, occupied so many of our pages. Our object at present is to look at Ireland as it is, and to consider briefly whether the recommendations contained in the late report upon the Irish Miscellaneous Estimates, was, or may not be, advantageously adopted. Our readers will have collected, from the tone of the preceding remarks, that we will view this subject much more as one of general policy, by which the best interests of the empire may be ultimately affected, than with any desire to carry with effect those measures of pinching and miserable parsimony which have of late, in certain quarters, superseded all higher considerations. Economy we love, as far as it is compatible with true wisdom;—but we love it only because it best enables us to carry into most complete effect what true wisdom approves:—and, whenever it mars or counteracts any such object, it ceases to be economy in any commendable sense of the word, and by thus sacrificing the end to the means, becomes as ridiculous and as mischievous, as, in its legitimate signification, it is laudable and useful.

The Committee commence their report by adverting to the principle laid down in a clause of the Act of Union, by which the United Parliament was bound to provide, that "a sum not less than the sums granted by the Parliament of Ireland, on the average of six years immediately preceding the first of January, in the year 1800, in premiums for the internal encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, or for maintaining institutions for pious and charitable purposes, shall be applied for the period of twenty years, to such local purposes in Ireland, in such manner as the Parliament of the United Kingdom shall direct." They observe, that the condition here stipulated has been much more than complied with; for that not only have the sums voted in the Imperial Parliament been considerably greater than what was originally contemplated, but that they have been continued for a period considerably longer than was originally designed.

All this is true; but it is to be observed, that the clause in the Act of Union only prescribes *the minimum* below which the Irish estimates were not to be reduced for twenty years, and that Parliament were left at liberty to increase them as exigencies might require. If the gradual extinction of the Institutions, for the maintenance of which sums were annually voted, was at that time contemplated, a provision, we conceive, would have been made for carrying such an intention into effect; and instead of saying the sum voted shall never *fall short* of a certain sum specified, they would have directed that it should never be suffered *to exceed it*. Now, when not this, but the contrary has been done, we conceive that a liberal construction of the clause which has been recited, means neither more nor less than this, viz. that Ireland was not *to suffer* from its connexion with England, and that its local charities would not cease to be objects of legislative care, because of the extinction of its local Parliament.

It is also to be observed, that if the institutions, which have been hitherto deemed worthy of legislative aid, were to be annihilated, it would be better that the progress of annihilation should have commenced early, and proceeded gradually, than that they should have been suffered to increase to their present magnitude, when such an intention cannot be carried into effect without taking the official persons connected with them by surprise, and causing a large amount of individual distress in the community. Were their fate decreed from the first, these persons would have known what they had to trust to, and have provided accordingly. But seeing that they were made, year after year, the cherished objects of Parliamentary bounty, it was impossible to have foreseen the casualty now likely to arise, if the present Report should be in all instances acted upon, and therefore impossible for those most concerned to take any measures for avoiding the calamity which impends over them and their families. This is a consideration which, it is to be hoped, will not be lost sight of when the subject comes before Parliament.

But to revert to the former consi-

deration:—the Act of Union provides that, in respect to its local charities, Ireland shall not be worse off under an Imperial, than under a local Parliament. Now, we are disposed to believe that those by whom that provision was made, did not mean "to keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope;" they intended, we must suppose, to carry it fully and fairly into effect, and to see that Ireland did not suffer those evils of step-mother government which the opponents of the Act of Union apprehended. Whether or not this intention has been steadily held in view by the Committee to whom we are indebted for the present Report, we shall examine more fully by and bye: it is sufficient at present to observe, that, however it may be advanced in favour of an extension, it can hardly be pleaded in favour of a curtailment of the pecuniary aids which have hitherto been granted for the promotion of local objects in Ireland.

It will be said, that the case is different now from what it was before the Union, when exclusively Irish charities were supported by exclusively Irish taxation; and that now the sums allocated for their maintenance are levied from the empire at large. This is true;—but, however *we* may be disinclined to remember, *the Irish* certainly will never forget, the vast sums which are drained from their country annually, in consequence of the Union; and when they come to balance the loss on the one score with the gain on the other, there are not a few of these who would conceive that their gratitude would greatly exceed their common sense, if they felt burdened by any very insupportable weight of obligation towards us. We support their charities,—aye, but we receive their rents. And we seriously assure our readers, that it requires not the spirit of a firebrand to exclaim, when thus unceremoniously reproached with being pensioners upon the bounty of others, "We want not your charity, provided you send back our absentees, restore our legislature, and give us our independence."

To this subject we should not have even thus cursorily alluded, if we had not perceived that many of the London papers have taken up the subject of the Irish Estimates in a spirit which it were better had been avoided. Why reproach the people of that country with their poverty? Why seek to brand them as a species of mendicant slaves? The answer which such language is but too well calculated to provoke, is too obvious to permit us to believe that it could be uttered with any other view than to provoke it; and England may yet hear the press on the other side of the Channel as loud in vociferations, that her protection is more cumbrous than her bounty is beneficial, as that on this side is at present profuse of its opprobrious epithets, its pungent sarcasms, and its wounding and contumelious insinuations.

Ireland is at present an integral portion of the British empire. Its charities are as much, to all intents and purposes, part and parcel of English charities, as those of Westminster or St James's. If the Irish cannot bear equal burdens with their English brethren, that is more their misfortune than their fault, and to be ascribed at least as much to the unhappy system of misrule by which, for centuries, the country was visited, as to any cause that is fairly traceable either to the stinginess of the soil or the genius of the people. And until we are prepared to say, "We are tired of our connexion with you; it is no longer profitable; you are become an encumbrance which we must get rid of, and you must shift for yourselves"—until we are prepared, in good earnest, thus to speak and thus to act, it is unwise, as well as ungenerous, to provoke a sentiment of national indignation, which may cause the mercurial Irish to anticipate such a resolve on our part, and to say, with a unanimity and a vehemence as little to be resisted as its import would be to be misunderstood, "Away with your protection; away with your connexion; away with the miserable dole by which you insult the poverty which you have created.—

> "Give us again our hollow tree,
> Our crust of bread, and liberty."*

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* Mr O'Connell, at a late public dinner, made use of the following emphatical words:—"I look upon Ireland as every way qualified to become great among the

The truth is, that this would be very foolish language, either on the one side or the other. Ireland is not less essential to England, than England to Ireland. They must stand or fall together. Their best interests are so dove-tailed and intertwined, that they cannot be separated without causing such an effusion of blood, and such a degree of laceration, as must endanger their very existence. But when have nations, any more than individuals, been influenced by considerations of pure and abstract reasoning in those movements that have been most decisive of their fate, or ceased to be influenced by appeals to pride, or to passions, or provocations of resentment, which have not unfrequently determined their destinies for ever? As long as man is man, he will be galled by insult—he will be stung by obloquy. And it is because we most sincerely deprecate the fatal results that may ensue, as well from the language as the measures which it has seemed good to our rulers, and to some of our writers, to employ of late towards the sister country, that we thus earnestly call upon all to re-consider both what has been said, and what has been done, and, in their future conduct towards her, to be more heedful of consequences that may peril the well-being of the empire.

Ireland may be made either the sharpest thorn in the side of England, or the brightest gem in the British crown. According as we treat her, she will be either a blessing or a curse to us. It is not, we think, as yet too late so to improve the policy that has been adopted towards her, as to excite feelings, and cherish principles, which would make "her people our people, and her God our God." This is the only solid foundation upon which the union with her can be basised; and if our measures are not shaped with reference to a consummation so desirable, they must fail of ultimately producing any beneficial effects, and, like palliatives in a formidable disease, may only serve to divert us from the proper remedies, by the timely application of which all danger might be avoided.

What is the present state of Ireland? It is that of a country suddenly set at liberty from the restraints of colonial legislation; in which the Protestant party, who would have strenuously sided with the British Government, has been smitten to the ground, before we can be perfectly certain that we may so far trust to the affection and gratitude of the Popish party as to dismiss all apprehensions of endeavours, on their part, to weaken the stability of the empire. Can we be quite sure that the priests do not desire the re-establishment of their religion? Can we be quite sure that ancient injuries are so far forgotten, and ancient enmities so far eradicated, as that many are not still to be found who would rejoice in any opportunity "of feeding fat the ancient grudge they bear us?" Have the late measures been received so confessedly as a boon? and have the Irish demagogues been so fully taught the dangers and the penalties of turbulence, as that they may never again venture upon courses by which the country may be agitated, the legislature menaced, and the functions of the Government invaded? Have these children of sedition, thinkest thou, gentle reader, so little profited by the example of America, as that they will be withheld from treading in her steps, should any emergency arise by which such a movement on their part might be favoured? And does the policy of Great Britain, in her interference in the affairs of the Greeks, furnish no ground for a similar interference with our domestic concerns, on the part of any of the Continental powers, whose interest it would be that England should be humbled? Now, if these questions cannot all be answered in

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nations of the world, situated as it is in the West of Europe, and facing the countless millions of freemen in both Americas. It is able to support ten times its population; it has supported the British army and navy, and to a great extent the British nation too; and I trust, with all advantages, we shall be able so make it great and happy. —(Loud cheers.) When I was in early youth, I had no such prospects as now open to the youth who hear me. I dare not look to such advantages as are now within their reach; but though now arrived at that time of life which may be considered yellow, I shall still labour in my country's cause until I have removed all those bars which at present obstruct her prosperity and happiness."

the affirmative, there are certain latent dangers against which it behoves us to be upon our guard. Quiescent and acquiescent, are words of very different meaning. The Irish may be silent without being satisfied. Those who can discern the signs of the sky, cannot always discern the signs of the times. Even while the elements of strife are hushed into repose, and all around appears calm and peaceful, "incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso." The materials of sedition have contracted new affinities, and are but undergoing new combinations. "Protestant" and "Catholic," those talismanic sounds which used to divide brother against brother, will henceforward be less powerful to separate, than the word "Irishman" to combine; party feuds will merge in supposed national interests; and if the elements of strife should be again kindled into action, they will terminate in a convulsion which will rend the empire, and be felt throughout the world.

The principal feature of the Report before us, is the recommended reduction of almost all the Protestant charities in Ireland. In our humble judgment, there never was a time when these charities so well deserved to stand, or when an enlightened view of the well-being of the country so little required that they should be abandoned. Hitherto influence supplied the place of numbers; and the Protestants, from their superior personal and political weight, were enabled to counterbalance and keep in check the overwhelming majority of those who professed an opposite persuasion. Now, *that* influence has been destroyed; and the Roman Catholics have been enabled to superadd an equality of rights and privileges to a superiority of numbers. If, therefore, something be not done to keep up and increase the Protestantism of the country, it must dwindle and decay; and with it will decline the strongest sympathies that at present cement the union between Great Britain and Ireland.

"But these charities are hateful to the Roman Catholics." So, at present, is every thing that bears the British name. And why are they hateful to them? Simply because they afford the only reasonable chance of perpetuating British authority. We say, therefore, continue them, cherish them, as far as is practicable extend them; because, by so doing, you are propagating the principles upon which depends the stability of the Church and State, and raising a rampart of living hearts by which your authority may be best defended.

We should have thought, that enlightened legislators would be glad of any expedient by which an increase might be effected in the number of those professing the religion of the state, and who would be duly trained up in the observance of those precepts which teach us "to give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Much has been said and written of excessive population; but the danger in Ireland results not from excessive population, but from the fearful disproportion which exists between the loyal and the ill-affected. These may, in general, be resolved into the well and ill educated; or, in other words, into the Protestant and the Popish. Whatever, therefore, tends to increase the former, and to diminish the latter, must so far tend to the tranquillity and well-being of the country.

How often have emancipators said, "We acknowledge Popery to be one of the greatest of the evils of Ireland, and we desire the repeal of the penal laws chiefly because we believe that they have contributed to keep it alive; and that, if they were done away with, it would speedily be extinguished." Now the penal laws are no more. The prophecy as yet remains unaccomplished. The converts from the Church of Rome have not as yet realized the hopes of their infidel patrons in Parliament, to whom we should do great injustice if we failed to remark and to admire the regular and felicitous consistency of their conduct, in evincing their hatred of Popery by the repeal of the penal laws, and their devotion to Protestantism by the destruction of Protestant institutions.

Had proper pains been taken, by the righteous and discriminating employment of Church patronage, to promote the knowledge and the practice of the Christian religion, and to prevent the spreading of Popery and infidelity, the Established Church would at this day stand in no need of a bulwark to keep out the tide which threatens to overwhelm it. It would have long since numbered amongst its adherents no small portion of those who

would not at present bid it "God speed;" and Ireland, from its superior moral light, would have been duly qualified to appreciate and to profit by the hour of emancipation.

But we cannot dwell upon this subject without an overpowering persuasion that our rulers have been smitten by a kind of judicial infatuation! Instead of seeking to remedy the pernicious consequences of former neglect, they are about to do that which must aggravate them tenfold, and give a blow to the Protestant religion as by law established, which must effectually disable it from withstanding the assaults of its powerful and insidious enemy! Instead of patronizing and educating the destitute and friendless portion of the community, who might then be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and converted into good citizens and good Christians, these are to be abandoned, either to be suckled by the she-wolf of Popery, or suffered to roam through the country wild and unrestrained, exposed to all the temptation of poverty, and the contagion of bad example!

And, first, The Foundling Hospital. This institution was established in the year 1704, "and was originally intended for the confinement and correction of vagrants, as well as for the maintenance and education of deserted children." But in the year 1736, "it finally assumed the character which its name imports."* Until the year 1822, the usual practice was to receive deserted children from all parts of Ireland, place them at nurse as speedily as possible, until they attained the age of seven or eight years; after which period, they were again taken back into the hospital, where they remained, receiving education and maintenance, until they were apprenticed. The admissions averaged about 2000 a-year. The Governors appear to have experienced serious difficulties in finding an outlet for those who were of age to be apprenticed, which necessarily led to some regulations restrictive of the future admissions. The hospital, accordingly, was closed, during the winter months, to all applications from the country; and even in the summer months, no child was received except upon the payment of L.5. By this means, the annual admissions were reduced to an average less than 500. No satisfactory account appears to have been given of the probable fate of the children who must, by the recent regulation, have been excluded. Indeed, no specific enquiry seems to have been instituted upon the subject. The Education Commissioners simply say, that they have not been able to discover any such increase in the amount of child-murder, as might be calculated upon from closing the doors of the institution against fifteen hundred destitute infants. But although we cannot say that the subject was one upon which they closed their eyes, yet it does appear to be one upon which they have not exercised their vigilance, in such a manner, at least, as to justify any implicit confidence in their conclusions.† Such is the strength

* Third Report on Education in Ireland.

† The Commissioners do not appear to have solicited any assistance from the magistracy, or to have directed any enquiries amongst the clergy respecting this important subject, but seem to have satisfied themselves by incidentally asking individuals, who had no peculiar means of judging, *what their belief was* respecting the extent to which the excluding regulation might have given rise to child-murder! When it is considered that the crime is one which might be perpetrated with great secrecy, and which would be very studiously concealed, it is not surprising that much light was not thrown upon it by such a mode of examination; and yet evidence was given which should have made them at least enquire farther. The following question and answer appears in the examination of the Honourable and Reverend John Pomeroy: "Is it your opinion that infanticide has increased in the country parts of Ireland, in consequence of your regulation? *I have been told by country gentlemen that they are afraid it has, to a certain degree.*" In the examination of the Rev. Henry Murray, chaplain of the Institution, we have the following: "You are aware that the average of the annual admissions is about five hundred? Yes.

"And that prior to the adoption of the existing regulations, there were about two thousand? Yes, and upwards.

"We should be very glad of the expression of your opinion of what becomes of

of the maternal instinct, that we may safely lay it down as an axiom, that no woman will abandon her child but from the direst distress, or the most reckless profligacy. So that the children to whom admission has been refused, must either have perished, or have been so brought up as to be pests to the community. They are, most probably, at present supported, and will be taught, to live by vice and depredation. And such of them as may be detected in, and convicted of their delinquencies, will ultimately cost the country more for the expense of prosecution and punishment, (the one frequently failing to convict, and the other never being effectual for the purposes either of intimidation or amendment,) than it would have originally cost to bring them up in such a way as would have afforded them a fair chance of becoming good citizens and good Christians. Such is the improvement of morals, and the saving of expense, for which the country is indebted to our enlightened Economists.

We must, however, add, that the regulations which are liable to such serious objections, were forced upon the governors by the necessity of the case; a necessity which could not have been otherwise provided against without an outlay for which they were unprovided, and which would imply an extension of the original plan to which government would not have acceded. To our minds, there certainly are serious objections to conveying imports from a remote part of the country, and at an inclement season of the year. These objections would, however, have been most humanely, and, all things considered, most economically obviated, by the establishment of provincial or county institutions, to be superintended and regulated in the manner at present proposed respecting provincial or county lunatic asylums.

One general observation has been forced upon us by all that we have seen, and all that we have read of charitable institutions for the boarding and education of youth. Their effects upon female character are most deplorable. We do not mean to say that many children have not been reared up in them who have turned out excellent women, and that they have not, in many instances, contributed to save from destruction numbers who would have inevitably perished, if not so cherished and sheltered. But the conviction has been forced upon us, that, generally speaking, they are unfavourable to the moral culture of the female heart, and that the instances are numerous, indeed, in which they can only be considered preparatory to a life of profligacy and prostitution.

The end and aim of woman's life is the developement and the cultivation of the domestic virtues. This can only be effectually accomplished *at home.* No matter how humble the dwelling, or how circumscribed the means of the parent or relative with

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the remaining fifteen hundred? *I have been credibly informed, that a great number of the children have perished, exposed in the country in various ways; and I believe it!!!*

"You believe infanticide has been increased? Yes, I do; and I have heard several say so; *the parishes rather suppress the circumstance than send the five pounds.* I do think infanticide has been increased by it.

"From what channel have you heard the information you have alluded to? From people from the country.

"What sort of people? *Very respectable people;* some of them have told me of children found dead, but there has been no talk of it.

"Is the new regulation a subject of complaint amongst the parochial clergy and the resident gentry? I did not hear of it. I believe most firmly that it has been the occasion of the loss of infant life; and I was told some few months ago, that at Ardbraccan, in the county of Meath, there had been found, near the Bishop's demesne, *four or five children exposed and perished.* The general impression on my mind is, that infanticide has been increased by it, but it has not made the same noise, and the reason is, *because the parishioners, having an interest in not paying the five pounds, do not say any thing about it.*"

Now, upon this we will make no remark, but let the public and the Parliament decide whether the Commissioners, after having received such evidence, *did their duty by their country, and before their God,* IN PUSHING THE ENQUIRY NO FARTHER.

whom a young female may be boarded, there is *that* to be learned there which a public institution can never teach, and for which it can afford no equivalent. She learns her natural position in society; she is cautioned against the snares that beset her, by impressive and practical admonition or reproof; and her affections are called forth by the word and look of kindness. In a large boarding-school there can be nothing of this. Where the attention of the superintendent is extended over some hundreds, there cannot be that *individual* care and watchfulness which are absolutely necessary for the proper training of young females. From the manner in which almost inevitably they herd rather than live together, they are unsocialized by being made gregarious. Their affections become depraved or stunted. They lose the softness and the moral susceptibility which is so characteristic of the sex, and acquire in its stead a degree of unfeminine hardihood and intrepidity which but ill prepares them either for shunning or resisting the temptations which they must encounter in the world. However distressed by, we were not, therefore, by any means unprepared for, the fatal results in which, as appeared before the Education Commissioners, young females educated at charity boarding-schools realise the very worst anticipations; nor do we consider it just to impute to want of proper management or discipline, what appears so clearly referable to the very nature and character of such institutions in their effects upon the female mind.

Such is not the case as far as the boys are concerned. They are, as it were, hardier plants, and are less dependent upon care and culture. They do not lose the characteristic of their sex, by losing some of the softness which they might have contracted if they were home-bred; and they gain much from the discipline and subordination to which they are subjected. It is also to be observed, that a single false step is not in their case absolutely destructive, as it is in the case of young females. There is, therefore, a vastly greater probability that they will turn out respectably in the world. The chances are, at least, ten to one in their favour; and when it is considered, that almost every boy who is thus enabled to take his station in society, will marry some one of his own rank in life, we greatly question whether females would not ultimately be better provided for, by being excluded from charitable institutions, in order to make room for an equal number of boys, than by the present practice of admission, which necessarily diminishes the number of those who might be eligible companions for life, while it is liable, from the causes already assigned, to so many serious objections.

If a calculation were made of the sum which each female child annually costs the institution to which she belongs, and if the Governors proposed to give an equal sum to some responsible relative, who was willing, upon such terms, to undertake the care of her maintenance and education, we are persuaded that no difficulty would be felt in finding those with whom it would be advisable to place her, and that such a mode of providing for her would be in all respects for her advantage. Thus, domestic training would be insured, and the odium generally attached to charity education, in a good measure, avoided. They would be, of course, put in a special manner under the supervision of the clergyman of the parish, who would see that they were properly attended to, and upon whose certificate that their guardians did their duty by them, the sum agreed on for their education and maintenance should alone be paid. They would thus grow up like the children of the family, experiencing an equal share of care and affection, and not only be better instructed in all those things which it concerns them to know either as servants or as mothers of families, but also have a fairer chance of settling creditably in the world, than those who come forth from a public school where they had not been duly prepared for active life, and under circumstances which too conspicuously mark their inferiority and degradation.

The only cases to which what we now propose may be supposed not to apply, are those of orphans and foundlings. With respect to orphans, our fixed persuasion is, that some relative could always be found who would undertake the office of parent, upon the terms, and under the conditions, which we have proposed. Let the experiment be tried, and we pledge ourselves

it will be found to answer. With respect to foundlings, the following evidence of the Rev. Robert Daly, rector of Powerscourt, in the county of Wicklow, will prove, but too affectingly, the manner in which a benevolent Providence supplies the want of a mother's care, and also, how fatally, by the well-meant but mischievous interference of man, that benevolence is counteracted. We also quote it for the purpose of shewing the different feeling entertained by the peasantry towards charity children reared and educated familiarly amongst their own, and the same children when they afterwards come amongst them from a charitable institution.

Mr Daly is asked,—" Are not a very large number of foundlings nursed in the county of Wicklow ?—Yes, a great number." And again; " Do the children in your parish fall much under your observation ?—Yes, now they do a good deal; those that have been sent of a certain age, with the idea of attending school, I see every week.

" What opinion have you formed of the conduct of their nurses to them; and the treatment they receive from the children of the nurses?—About me they treat them exceedingly well; *they treat them, in fact, as their own.*

" Do you think, in all respects, they bring them up equally as well as their own?—Yes; I could hardly state an exception to it.

" Do you think they acquire an affection for them at all resembling that which they bear to their own children ?—*Yes; a very wonderfully strong affection for them.*

" Is that reciprocal on the part of both? YES; THE UNHAPPIEST SCENES I HAVE EVER SEEN WERE THE SEPARATING CHILDREN FROM THOSE WHO HAD HAD THE CARE OF THEM FOR EIGHT OR NINE YEARS.

" Does much affection arise among the nurse's own children for the foundlings?—Yes, they almost always call them by her name, unless they happened to have two or three; two happen to have the same Christian name, then they are obliged to call them by the surname; but if they have a Tom or a John, they call them by the name of the nurse, and not the foundling name; sometimes they have a number of them, and then they cannot do that; there would be a jumble in the house; but if they have only one or two, and they have not the same christian name as their own children, they then call them by the name of the family, and send them to school in the name of the family that nurses them, and not the foundling names. *I can state, that almost all the women in my parish that have foundlings to nurse, if they were sure that the children would be taken from them, would not go up for the salary**—THEY WOULD LOSE THEIR THREE OR FOUR POUNDS TO KEEP THE CHILDREN; but they take them up, the salary being a great object to them, in the hope that they may get the salary and the child; and they have often said, 'We will not take them up another year, we will keep them.' There are *a great number* in my parish that they have kept back and not brought up, who are now living along with the families who nursed them; and I know poor women who, although they know it is a crime, and that I could not be a party to it, although inclined to wink at it when a child has a good parent, have said, 'When that child is five years old, I will not take it up to the hospital, I will lose the money.'

" Do they act up to that?—Yes, they do; and when I have said to them, 'My poor people, I wonder you can be such fools!' They say, 'Oh! sir, you do not know the love we have for a child we have had so long!'

" Are those children the objects of reproach or obloquy in the neighbourhood?—I *do not think they are when children, till they go into the hospital,* BUT THEY ARE MOST DREADFULLY SO WHEN THEY COME BACK AGAIN. When they are called by the name of the people in the house, nobody knows whether they are their children or not; *but when they come down —the boys with a blue coat and a red cape, from the hospital, they are looked at in a very reproachful way.*"

Such is the evidence of Mr Daly; and it is confirmed, if confirmation were needful, by all the other competent witnesses who have been examined upon the subject. The nurses, and the nurses' children, become so attached to the poor foundlings, that the only difficulty experienced by the Governors is, that of getting them back again to the hospital, after the term of their nursing has been completed; the poor women who have had the charge of them, although in great poverty, being willing and anxious to

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* The nurses are paid annually; and are obliged, at the time of payment, to produce the identical children whom they have received.

keep them, and provide for them as their own. We are, therefore, justified in believing, that these most forlorn of all the destitute are not without those who take a kindly interest in their welfare, and that no solid objection exists against subjecting them to the regulations which we have ventured to suggest respecting other female children. Whatever may be said in favour of taking the boys back again to the hospital, and the superior training and education which they may receive there, above what is to be, generally speaking, expected in the country, the dreadful disruption of the tenderest ties, in the case of young females thus torn from their last and only friends, is not to be compensated by any possible advantages to be derived from seclusion within the walls of an institution which jealously forbids even the approach of those whom they venerate and love as parents and as brethren. It is hard to require of young creatures thus to unlearn the earliest creed of the heart, and to forget or to eradicate the tenderest and the holiest of their affections. Such, we are persuaded, was never the intention of that Providence by whom those affections were implanted within them, and which, if duly cultivated and properly directed by a careful, but not obtrusive or impertinent superintendence, would prove their best preservation against the temptations of the world.

But we forget that we are prescribing regulations for an institution that is about to be extinguished. The Report before us recommends, " that from and after the 1st of January, 1830, all further admissions to the Foundling Hospital should cease !" The Committee do not apprehend any increase of child-murder, because the Commissioners of Education, who never, be it observed, made it a subject of distinct and specific enquiry, have not been able to trace any such fatal consequence to the operation of the act of 1822! But in any event, the Committee add, " the crime of infanticide may be better checked either by the due enforcement of the acts which are in existence for the support of deserted children, but which have had only a partial operation in Ireland, or by a revision and amendment of the law, than by the continuance of a system which the Committee cannot but consider as exposed to grave objections in principle, which have not been counterbalanced by the practical success of its operations." The Committee well know that there is, at present, no effectual provision for deserted children in Ireland, with the exception of the Foundling Hospital; and we cannot but think that their humanity, as well as their wisdom, would be more apparent, if they made some attempt to provide against the destruction of the one, before they recommended the abolition of the other. With respect to the "grave objections" in principle, to which such establishments are exposed, they are, first, that a facility of preserving and educating illegitimate children serves to encourage an illegitimate intercourse between the sexes. This we do not believe. No man, or woman either, who was otherwise disposed to commit that crime, was ever yet restrained from it by a consideration of the future fate of their unfortunate offspring. The second grave objection to which the system is exposed, is, we presume, derived from Malthus's theory of population. The disciples of that reverend gentleman's school conceive, that by saving the lives of destitute children, we are impiously removing one of the checks which Providence has imposed upon excessive population ! Such are the *grave objections*, in point of principle, to which the system is exposed ! Objections which could not be harboured for one moment either in the head of a wise, or the heart of a good man ; but which the Committee view with great respect, and make them, in part, the ground of a most weighty recommendation to Parliament!

With reference to the education of the children, the Committee observe, that they "deem it unnecessary to do more than refer to the general conclusions arrived at by the commissioners in their third Report, and deduced from evidence which is quoted in the 10th and following pages of that document."

We have opened the third Report of the Education Commissioners, and attentively examined the passages referred to by the Committee, but without being able to discover any thing that appears to us to justify their present recommendation. We find there, what we before stated to be a lament-

able fact, that a considerable number of the female children, educated in charity boarding-schools, turn out ill. And we find also, that the general conclusion to which the Commissioners came was, to recommend the apprenticing the children, both males and females, from the houses in which they were nursed, without bringing them back to the Foundling Hospital. This, the reader will perceive, only differs from the plan which we have ourselves ventured to suggest, by embracing both sexes instead of one; and it is surely very far from justifying the deadly blow which the present Committee aim at the very existence of the institution. "We," say the Commissioners, "are not prepared to suggest the course of discontinuing altogether the practice of educating a portion of the children within the walls of the hospital, but we have no difficulty in offering it as our earnest recommendation, that the governors should give a fair and full trial to the experiment which we suggest, of permitting such children, as have been placed in the hands of careful Protestant nurses, under the superintendence of clergymen willing to discharge that important duty, and with good day-schools in their neighbourhood, so to continue until the time arrives, when they may be apprenticed, or otherwise disposed of from those situations, without bringing them back into the hospital. The experience of a few years cannot fail to lead to a just estimate of the relative advantage of the two systems."

We consider it unfortunate that the Committee, appointed to examine the Miscellaneous Estimates, did not think it necessary to adopt this recommendation, upon which, nevertheless, they profess to have founded their report! The Commissioners recommend that a new system should be tried concurrently with the old, and say that a short time would be sufficient to enable the public to decide between them. The Committee recommend, (professing, observe, to be regulated by the advice of the Commissioners!) *that both the old and the new system should be abandoned!* Had sufficient time been allowed for a fair trial of the experiment suggested, we might conclude that it failed, and that neither the old nor the new system was worth preserving. But the Report of the Education Commissioners bears date, September 1826; that of the present Committee, June 1829, including only a period of two years and eight months, during which no one will pretend that the new system could be fully tried; nor do the Committee appear to have examined a single individual, or asked a single question, with any reference to the manner in which it worked, or the advantages or disadvantages attending its adoption.

Can we then suppose that the Committee were very anxious to discover the real character of the institution, which they have so hastily condemned; and that they were not more moved by those "grave objections" to the principles on which it was founded, and to which we have before alluded, than by any ample or candid consideration "of the practical success attending its operations;" or the probable advantages derivable from the judicious suggestions which had been made?

No; Mr Hume saw that it cost money. Spring Rice, and his Whig and Radical compeers and associates, felt that it was regarded with aversion by the Papists; the latitudinarian and infidel members of the Committee looked upon it with jealousy, as being the possible seminary of sound constitutional principles amongst the lower classes; and those who were in the dissenting interest,—Mr Smith, Daniel Whittle Harvey, &c. &c. &c., regarded it with a heart-hatred, as being in some degree, no matter how small, subservient to the interests of that now-exploded anomaly in Ireland, the Established Church; and, accordingly, they have all conspired, with a most edifying unanimity, for its overthrow. The Government feel themselves weak in principle, and will, in all probability, be obliged to yield to clamour and to numbers. And an institution, which was well calculated, under efficient management, to send out into society annually an hundred*

* This is the lowest calculation that can be made of the numbers annually to be apprenticed from the Hospital, ever since the admissions have been reduced to five hundred. It has been calculated, that in order to keep up the complement, that there may be at no time either excess or deficiency, the number annually apprenti-

well-educated Protestants, whose example must have a sensible influence in counterbalancing Popery and diminishing crime, will be surrendered as a sacrifice to folly, to bigotry, to wickedness, and to infatuation!

We will be told that an enquiry was instituted, and that abuses were discovered, which disentitled the Foundling Hospital to any favourable consideration. But such is not the case. An enquiry, indeed, was instituted, and individuals were put into commission for the purpose of carrying it into effect, by whom the public might be well assured it would be rigidly and inexorably conducted. They consisted of a Socinian, a Puritan, two members of the Church of Scotland, and a Papist. Such is not the description of persons upon whose partiality the Hospital could very confidently calculate. Defects in its government they discovered, and suggested some, we think, not injudicious remedies for them; but the abuses were positively neither incorrigible nor enormous, and such as might in every instance be prevented by a very practicable improvement in the system. We know not how the Education Commissioners will feel at hearing their authority claimed, while their advice has been disregarded, but we will not undertake to say, that had they been aware of the views of the present Committee, they would not so have shaped their Report as fully to justify its recommendation.

This we say, not from any particularly ill opinion of these gentlemen, but we live in times when principle is laughed at, and no one can venture to say of another that he will not eat his words. It will not, therefore, very much surprise us to find Leslie Foster and Mr Grant, as well as Mr Blake and Frankland Lewis, joining with the present Committee in recommending the utter extinction of the Foundling Hospital, after having so recently expressed their wishes for its stability, and devised some very salutary regulations for its improvement.

This is to be lamented for many reasons. In the first place, we know not what is to become of the unfortunate beings for whose preservation it was founded. That its extinction should operate as a check upon illicit intercourse, is a notion too preposterous to be entertained. That the children, who may be the fruit of such intercourse, will be cherished by parents who are either unable to provide for, or willing to abandon them, is almost as little to be expected. We cannot, therefore, but fear, that the recommendation of the Committee will operate like the decree of King Herod, and even exceed the proverbial barbarity of that cunning and cruel tyrant, in the extent and the continuity of the infanticide to which it may give rise! But even this appears to us to be by no means the greatest of its evils. Supposing that the lives of the children are spared, and that they grow up to be men and women, what is the education, what are the habits, which they are likely to imbibe and contract amongst those, by whose abandonment of principle they were produced, by the wages of whose profligacy they are reared, and by whose example they must, in all probability, be influenced and directed? Hold in mind, ye sage and sapient Economists, that they are, even in such a case, *a burden upon the community*. Their very existence is an evidence of that. If they live, it is clear that their wretched parents must provide the means of their support; and, when we consider who and what *these* are, how is it either possible that they can, or probable that, even if they could, they would do so, otherwise than by theft, or begging, or prostitution? The community, therefore, will gain nothing even in point of money, by withdrawing the grant from the Foundling Hospital. They will still be obliged to support such as survive of the wretched objects of that most beneficent charity, if not in one shape in another, with this difference, that in the one case the foundlings would be trained up in the way they should go; in the other case, they must be trained up in the way they should not go; so that the country will not only be a creditor to the amount of what it bestows in alms or loses by pillage, in order that they may be educated in

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ced should equal *one-fifth* of the number annually received. In point of fact, of late years, the number annually apprenticed has been much greater, generally averaging from three to four hundred, and on one occasion exceeding *five*.

evil, but also of what must be levied by direct taxation for gaols, prosecution, and punishment, in order to coerce those whom it would not reclaim, and to be protected against the consequences of its narrow and heart-hardening policy towards the most forlorn of all the destitute, whom it refuses to consider as the children of the state, and thus in a manner compels to be the children of the devil!

How different is the case, if we suppose these poor outcasts adopted by the community, and duly trained in the knowledge and the practice of their Christian duties. In this respect, we are free to admit that the Foundling Hospital was susceptible of great improvement; and of late years its management was very greatly improved, and did realise, and is this moment in process of realising, almost every thing that could be expected from such an institution. By the contrivance of one of the subordinate officers, who was a Roman Catholic, the desire of the Governors to put the children out to Protestant nurses was for many years almost entirely frustrated. But his mal-practices were at length discovered, and he was dismissed; and no difficulty was afterwards experienced in procuring as many Protestant nurses as were wanted. Upon this subject the evidence of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin is very interesting and important:

He is asked,—"Is it possible to ascertain to what extent Protestant nurses may be provided?" His answer is,—"I think I might say to any extent we want. The number sent away, within this last year, of Protestant nurses, extremely anxious to get children from the hospital, was very considerable. I have already alluded to an officer of the house, upon whom the appointment of the nurses principally depended, and who exercised every species of contrivance (being himself a Roman Catholic) to prevent placing the children with Protestant nurses. In the matter of transfer to new nurses especially, this man had every thing in his power. Upon the whole, the arrangement of nurses was left entirely to him and to Mr Creighton, the surgeon. In the last summer, at the very time when we were given to understand that no Protestant nurses could be had, letters were written to a number of clergymen, to know whether they could send up any of that description, and we were informed that we could have them in abundance. One said he could send up thirty, another twenty, and so on, and they were accordingly sent up; but by the contrivances of the person alluded to, they were kept dangling in town for a week or ten days at their own expense, and then sent away without getting any of the children. When this was discovered, it was found impossible not to make a change; and this person, who had for so many years baffled every attempt to get Protestant nurses, was at length removed from the office; *and now Protestant nurses may be had to any extent we desire.* This has been perfectly ascertained. The number of Protestants of the lower orders is in fact much greater than is generally supposed. In parts of the country where the population consists very much of Roman Catholics, the poorer Protestants do not like to move themselves. This happens partly from fear of the surrounding Roman Catholics, who are generally confederated on a principle hostile to those of a different communion, partly from the want of encouragement on the part of the wealthy Protestants, who, either from mistaken notions of liberality, or from a desire of popularity, or the influence of fear upon themselves, or from electioneering views, are too often more disposed to shew favour to Roman Catholics, than to the lower classes of Protestants. These, therefore, require to be drawn out, by enquiry and encouragement. A clergyman frequently, on entering upon a new parish, is given to understand that there are not more than twenty or thirty Protestant families in the parish, when in a short time he possibly finds that there are two or three hundred; and in truth this is generally the case where the clergyman takes the pains to make the proper enquiry. It has been particularly found to be the case where the clergymen have made it their business to seek out Protestant nurses. In every instance where I have made any sort of investigation, I find that they abound; and, therefore, I have no hesitation in saying, that, for the number of infants that come into the hospital, Protestant nurses can be abundantly supplied."

How very desirable the connexion which might thus be formed between the lower classes of Protestants and the Foundling Hospital! and how advantageous must be the close and constant intercourse between the clergy and that neglected and persecuted class of persons to the interests of the Established Church! But this is a

point of view in which the subject is not likely to be considered by our present race of statesmen. We are far from thinking that we recommend the Foundling Hospital to their protection by representing it as, in some sort, auxiliary to the maintenance of the Protestant religion. But we cannot conceal the fact, that it would be so if duly supported and administered, and *that* to such a degree as would soon justify an application to Parliament for the building of additional churches. If the Committee had any pious anxiety respecting the maintenance and diffusion of that enlightened form of Christianity at present connected with the State, is it possible that they could have so totally overlooked or undervalued considerations so vitally affecting its very existence in a country where its establishment is as yet so precarious, and its influence so circumscribed? Assuredly not. Even if the advantages of the institution in question were dubious, this collateral recommendation would come powerfully to its aid, and might, almost in itself, operate to prevent its meditated annihilation. It is not, however, without merits of its own, which should have rendered any such subsidiary protection unnecessary.—And when we consider the lives that it has saved from destruction, the individuals whom it has preserved from vice, the good principles which it has been the means of inculcating, and the sound religion which it has contributed to diffuse; and this in cases where every convert to virtue would have been otherwise, in all probability, a desperate votary of the most abandoned profligacy, and in a country, the darkness and wickedness of which, stands in need of every correction that can be applied, and of every ray of moral light that can, by possibility, be concentred upon it; when we consider these things, and that they all appear but as a feather in the scale when weighed against considerations of a vulgar parsimony which is not economy, but the reverse, we cannot but regard the abandonment of such an institution as a most deplorable evidence of national degeneracy, equally marking our short-sightedness as legislators, and our insensibility to moral obligation as Christians.

For, when the doors of the Foundling Hospital are once closed against the claims of the destitute creatures who have been hitherto received within its walls, what must become of them? Even if they should survive this double abandonment, is not their ruin and wretchedness inevitable? Can society, which has thus made them worse than outcasts, hope to derive any benefit from their labours? They will be the bane of society. The bad passions, and the evil propensities, will strike deep root into their corrupted natures, and flourish with a rank luxuriance. Nothing but the strong arm of the law, nothing but the terrors of vindictive justice, can be an adequate protection against their violence or their machinations. But the sacred name of justice is profanely abused, when we invoke it on behalf of such a system. We first, by cruel negligence, compel them to have fellowship with iniquity, and then, in timid and calculating selfishness, punish them for the perpetration of crime;—whereas, had we but early done by them what was our bounden and sacred duty, how differently might they have turned out; in how many instances might they not have proved good husbands, good fathers, good neighbours, good friends, repaying society by usurious returns for its fostering and parental care and protection!

In the Report before us we observe a consistency and a foresight which commands our praise. While the grants for education are proposed to be diminished, the grant for the law expenses of prosecutions is proposed to be increased. This is certainly as it should be. The diminution in the number of schools is likely to cause an augmentation in the number of gaols; and the dismissal of schoolmasters will, in all probability, lead to the employment of executioners. The Committee rightly calculate, that men will scarcely "cease to do evil," if they have not, as children, learned "to do well;" and having denied them, early, the means of acquainting themselves with the knowledge of their Christian and social duties, they "are wise in their generation" in providing against the neglect or the violation of them, by arming the guardians of the public peace with terrors which may

enable them to cope with the increased and increasing number of malefactors by whom society must be infested.

It has happened to us to be acquainted with an individual who seemed bent upon attempting to bring up his family upon a species of food which was calculated to produce disease, but which was recommended to him by its superior cheapness; and who was only deterred from his abominable purpose by being convinced that it would, in the end, cost him more for medicine, and for medical attendance, than he could hope to save in the article of diet! And it was well for the wretched family, that his understanding was not altogether so obtuse as his heart was hardened. They would have been, otherwise, remorselessly sacrificed to a consideration of sordid economy. Right heartily should we rejoice if our sapient legislators were accessible to a similar conviction; and that they saw as clearly the ultimate expense of their present system of national penury; and were influenced even by so low a motive to proceed in a course more accordant with the dictates of justice and humanity! And so they would, if they really felt for the public purse as the individual above alluded to did for his own. But Spring Rice, Sir John Newport, &c. &c. &c. are much more bent upon purchasing eclat by a semblable parsimony, than of effecting a national saving by a real economy; and, therefore, they care not to what degree gaols, gibbets, prosecutions, imprisonments, transportations, &c. &c. are multiplied, provided they are permitted to dazzle the eyes of their constituents by a reduction in the present amount of those estimates, by the timely and righteous application of which the deplorable necessity for other and far heavier assessments might be prevented.

That all cases of a public nature should be prosecuted at the public expense, we think perfectly reasonable. We mean by cases of a public nature, those arising out of political causes, by which the well-being of the Government is affected. This appears to have been the principle by which Mr Saurin was governed in deciding upon the cases to be prosecuted by the Crown when he was Attorney-General; although it was overlooked by his predecessors, the present Chief Baron, and by Lord Plunkett, both when he came in with "all the Talents," and recently when he succeeded to office upon the coalition of the Grenvilles with Lord Liverpool's administration. When it is considered that the emoluments of the Attorney-General depend very considerably upon the number of crown prosecutions respecting which he is consulted, we cannot but regard any advice by which his fees of office must be so considerably increased with very great suspicion—a suspicion not at all diminished by perceiving that the increase of crime and of disturbance appears to have kept pace with the increase of public prosecutions. The Committee observe, that "the following statement will shew the progress of the Parliamentary grants for criminal prosecutions since the Union:—

Average of three years		
to January . .	1804 .	21,533
Ditto, . .	1807 .	23,077
Ditto, . .	1810 .	23,077
Ditto, . .	1813 .	23,077
Ditto, . .	1816 .	23,077
Ditto, . .	1819 .	23,077
Ditto, . .	1822 .	21,025
Ditto, . .	1825 .	29,733
Ditto, . .	1828 .	33,233
		220,914
		3
		662,742
Voted in 1823, . . .		37,000
Ditto in 1829, . . .		50,000
Total Parliamentary Grants,		749,742

Thus, we have a sum not a great deal short of a million sterling, voted for public prosecutions in Ireland during a period of less than thirty years! And, what is particularly remarkable, the years during which the annual grants have been advancing at the most rapid strides, have been years of *continued and increasing turbulence!* That the prosecutions and the disturbances are connected with each other, in the relation of cause and effect, we will not pretend to say; but most assuredly they do not appear to be connected in the way of an evil and its remedy. Looking to results, the means resorted to have not quieted the country; and the state physicians are no better than quacks, who persevere in repeating an inefficient medicine after it has been proved unavailing.

From 1807 to 1822, which includes

nearly the whole period of Mr Saurin's official life, as Irish Attorney-General, the Parliamentary grants never exceeded the average of L.23,077; and, during that time, there were two periods peculiarly marked by a system of lawless violence, such as required the promptest measures on the part of the executive, and, on the part of the legal authorities, the most vigorous and energetic administration of the law. Mr Saurin, we are told, was not particularly anxious to institute public prosecutions; but nevertheless he met and subdued the insurgents, and re-established peace and tranquillity, at less than one-half the expense to which the country is at present put, for the maintenance of the very inefficient system that has been since adopted.

But, in truth, we are not surprised either at the monstrous expense that has been incurred, or the glaring inefficacy of the means that have been resorted to, for the suppression of disturbances in the South of Ireland. The simple fact appears to be, that we have contented ourselves with *going to law* with those who were not satisfied without *going to war* with us. The vigorous operations of midnight bandits, with strong heads and hard hearts, must ever prove more than a match for the movements of tardy-gaited justice. The law says, if you murder that tithe-proctor, you shall be hanged. "As how?" asks the bloodthirsty miscreant to whom the admonition is directed. He is answered, the Crown will prosecute. He replies, "Even if it should, I have ten chances to one of getting off—but let me see the man who will have the hardihood to appear against me. I belong to an association who are a terror to informers. You must first contrive to catch me, at present no easy thing. I am then indicted. The bills are sent before a grand jury. Should they be found, they have still to be tried by a petit jury; the most conclusive evidence must be given in order to prove my guilt, and the most trifling informality is sufficient to set me free. *We* are not encumbered by any forms of that kind. Is any man suspected of conspiring *against us*, he is marked for death! No matter who he is, or where he is, our vengeance will sooner or later overtake him! Thus it is we rule the roast. No system of bribery which you can adopt, for the purpose of procuring witnesses, can be compared with our system of intimidation. And, as long as you confine yourselves within the forms of law, while we are permitted to use the tomahawk and the scalping knife, the desultory warfare which we wage upon society can never be effectually resisted. *'It is not the interest of any man, within the sphere of our influence, to be amenable to the laws of the land. He has much more to apprehend from Captain Rock, than to hope for from the Government of the country!*" Now, if this may be truly said, and if it be firmly believed, can we affect surprise that the present milk-and-water system has failed to tranquillize the country? But before proceeding further, it is right to put on record the evidence by which this view is established, so as to be placed beyond the reach of refutation. Mr Doherty, the Solicitor-General for Ireland, is asked, "Is a very large proportion of the sums paid for criminal prosecutions expended in conveying out of the country witnesses who dare not remain in the country?" He answers, "There is a case at this moment upon which I was consulted before leaving Dublin, in which I think the good faith of the Government is pledged to provide *for fifteen persons*, by sending them out of the country, *arising out of one criminal prosecution*. I think it absolutely necessary that every one should be removed from the country; they would not be suffered to live there if they returned; and my reason for thinking that is this: some years ago, just previous to the arrival of Mr Lamb in Ireland, as secretary, there was a criminal prosecution, in which a man of the name of Mara gave evidence as a witness; he was removed from the country, and brought up to Dublin for protection; and Mr Lamb had frequent conferences with me about the propriety of sending him back to the country; he said it was an expense that ought not to be entailed upon the Government. I requested Mr Lamb not to form a hasty judgment upon the subject, for when he was a little longer in Ireland, and acquainted with the peculiarities of the county of Tipperary, he would find it was not an unnecessary expense. The individual I speak of did not return to the country; *but such was the de-*

gree of hatred to his family, in consequence of his having given evidence, that his family, consisting of three brothers, were beset in the evening returning from work, and merely because they could not find the man himself, who was protected in Dublin, and had given evidence, they attempted to murder the three brothers, and they succeeded in murdering one, for no other cause than from his brother having given evidence. The difficulty of procuring evidence in that case was exceedingly great, and it is in consequence of the effective prosecution in that case, that it becomes necessary to provide for fifteen people."

"Are you aware of how many score persons, coming under that description, within the last three years, Government have found it necessary to provide asylums for altogether?" "I cannot at all state the number; but in that same case which I allude to, after a vast deal of trouble to bring the prosecution to bear, in the course of the preliminary examination, it became necessary to send to the borders of the Queen's county, and of the county of Tipperary, to get a witness, who was referred to by the evidence of one of the approvers, as to an apparently immaterial fact, which would be very valuable in corroborating the approver. A police officer was sent at night, and brought him to my room; the man came into the room, *and utterly denied every thing on the subject;* he refused to give evidence; *he was a very respectable-looking man, apparently of the better class of farmers;* and when he was urged very strongly to give evidence, *he burst out crying, and said, 'If the book is put to me, I will not perjure myself, I will speak the truth;* BUT I MUST MAKE UP MY SOUL, FOR I SHALL BE MURDERED WHEN I RETURN!!!' He was one of those who was told he should be provided for; he was obliged to give up his farm in the country; and I never saw a man suffer more in giving evidence, under the idea of being obliged to give up his farm."

So far the Solicitor-General. The following is an extract from the evidence of Matthew Barrington, the Crown Solicitor for the Munster Circuit:—"In looking over the expenses of the criminal prosecutions, the Committee wish to know, whether there are any items included in those expenses beyond the law costs incurred? Yes, considerably; *the professional costs are not one third of the expenses; there is the expense of sending the families of the prosecutors frequently to America;* providing for witnesses, and sustaining them before and after they have given evidence; for it is impossible for any poor man to give evidence in any of those counties, in most cases, unless they are protected afterwards. In the last week there was a recommendation to Government from the magistrates of Donerail, Lord Donerail, Lord Kingston, and others, to have the witnesses who assisted in Mr Lawe's prosecution removed to Dublin, as they could not remain with safety in the country; and about three weeks ago, it cost Government L.1000 to send twenty-one persons out of the country; they had got various sums by order of Government; some of them had large families, and their passage was paid out; some of them got L.20, some L.50, some L.100, according as Government thought proper to reward them.

"Do you know the number of witnesses, from the Munster Circuit, that have been sent abroad? I have no idea; *but there has scarcely been a vessel that has sailed from Limerick, with passengers to America, for some years, in which a number of persons have not been sent out, who could not remain in the country.* Mr Vaakes has discovered a very bad murder in Limerick about three weeks ago; it was the murder of two keepers of goods distrained on a small farm. The witnesses are obliged to be removed immediately on giving information; invariably the moment a witness gives any information, he is obliged to be taken under the protection of the Government. There was a case tried in Limerick in the year 1823, for an attack upon Shanagolden Post-Office; thirteen men were in custody, the chief witness was an approver; *I had him in my care in the Crown-office,* AND ON THE DAY OF THE TRIAL, HE WAS STOLEN OUT OF THE OFFICE, AND MURDERED, and we gave his information in evidence, and the thirteen were capitally convicted under an act of Parliament, by which you can give in evidence the information of a witness who is murdered.

"Were the men hanged? No; THEY WERE ALL TRANSPORTED!!!"

Now, we ask the reader, does he, in

his conscience, believe that such a system of prosecution and punishment is calculated for the suppression of such a system of combination and of crimes? The offenders commit a capital offence. They then procure the murder of the witness by whom they are to be prosecuted. They are nevertheless tried and convicted; and their sentence is—*transportation!!!* We can easily conceive the wretches *transported with joy* when their fate was announced, and looking forward with delight to obtaining, at the expense of Government, a free passage to a distant country, where they were sure of meeting with old friends, their copartners in former iniquities, with whom they would quaff a social bowl, and enjoy a hearty laugh at the expense of John Bull's stolidity and infatuation. *Transportation!* Why, it amounts to a bounty upon murder. We have ourselves known instances of offences committed for the express purpose of procuring for the offenders, *the boon of transportation.* We have sometimes seen the enraged culprit stamp and foam in the Dock, when the presiding judge did not consider the crime sufficiently weighty to pass upon him the sentence of transportation! But let us not be mistaken. If the criminals alluded to by Mr Barrington, instead of being transported, were hanged, in our view of the case it would make very little difference. Even such a visitation of vengeance must, for all purposes of *the prevention of crime,* (one of the great ends of legal punishment,) be altogether unavailing. And why? *Because, for one whom the Government can fairly hang, twenty will be murdered.*

Now, is that a state of things during which the peace of the country can be preserved, and person and property secured, *by the ordinary operation of the law?* Can any good result from any longer exhibiting the farce of Justice, with her sword and her scales, playing blind-man's buff with such hydra-headed delinquencies? To our minds, this appears as absurd as it would be, if an enemy invaded our shores, to content ourselves with filing a bill in Chancery against him. Falstaff thought the Widow Quickly ought to be abundantly satisfied *when he gave her a receipt* for the money she lent him. The loyal inhabitants of Limerick and Tipperary have scarcely any better security for their lives and properties, while a system of outrage, the most organized and the most dreadful that ever arrayed itself against the peace and well-being of the community, is only met by a resistance so feeble and so inefficient, as to provoke the laughter and the contempt of the insurgents. But we cannot be too particular in fortifying our view of this awful state of things by all the unexceptionable evidence of which we can avail ourselves. The following is an extract from the evidence of William Kemmis, Esq., Crown Solicitor for the Leinster Circuit:—

"Having named the county of Tipperary, can you give the Committee the expense of conducting any of the late criminal trials there? For instance, for the murder of Meara? Yes, I think I can in the case of Meara. The whole expense that went through my hands in all those trials, with respect to the witnesses' expenses and lawyers' fees, amounted to *two thousand and fifty-two pounds!*

"Can you state how much of it consisted of witnesses' expenses? I paid five hundred pounds on that trial for witnesses!!

"Does any proportion of that sum belong to the securing the persons of witnesses who gave testimony subsequent to the trial? No!!!"

So that exclusively of the heavy sum of two thousand and fifty-two pounds for the prosecution *of one crime,* an equally heavy expense, no doubt, was incurred for the protection of the witnesses!!! But not for their protection; for no money could insure their safety if they remained at home; it was incurred for the purpose of procuring for them the melancholy privilege of transporting themselves and their families from the land of their birth for ever!!! Thus, transportation is in one case made *the punishment* of the most atrocious murder; and, in another case, the reward of the most heroic self-devotion evinced in the discovery and the prosecution of it, in defiance of a system of the most terrific intimidation!!! Truly, this is consulting well for the peace and well-being of the country, where the punishment of the malefactor is the reward of the informer? Only imagine the witness and the criminal meeting hereafter in a distant country, and the following dialogue taking

place between them.—"What brought you here, Paddy?"—"I was transported for the murder of Mr Vaakes; but what brought you here yourself?"—"I was transported for giving evidence against you!!!"

No, no; this will never do. Better that guilt should go for ever unpunished, than that its punishment should thus evidence the triumph of outrage and violence, and be the cause why virtue and loyalty must, for their protection, be proscribed! Better succumb at once to the insurgents, than have recourse to measures which only prove our weakness and their strength, and in a tenfold degree encourage their wickedness and exasperate their vengeance. The law, as at present administered in the disturbed counties, is a mockery of justice. The proceedings are too uncertain and too slow, and its sanctions are too insignificant, either to overtake guilt or to intimidate the guilty. The ordinary administration of the law takes for granted an ordinary state of civil society, when the murderer can find no protection or countenance, and every man's hand will be raised against him. But the contrary of this is the case in the South of Ireland. Mr Barrington, whose evidence has been already quoted, observes, "the people are disinclined to prosecute—the great difficulty is to get witnesses. In England every man assists in the prosecution—in Ireland, generally, every man assists in an acquittal,—I mean the people of the lower class." Now, this being so, surely the counties of Tipperary, or Limerick, cannot be considered places where the ends of law can be attained by observing its customary formalities. There the reign of terror has begun—there the administration of justice has been denounced—and there, also, for so alone can the ends of justice be attained, the clemency of law should, for a season, be suspended.

Do we wait until rebellion is openly declared, before we take any measures by which its calamities may be averted? Will not the murdered witness, the threatened juror, the mid-day rapine and violence, the midnight conflagration, arouse us from our supineness, and proclaim, "with most miraculous organ," the cruelty, as well as the folly and wickedness, of suffering disorders of this kind to rise to a height at which they may not be resisted? What more do the disturbers want, than that outrage should be perpetrated with impunity? That for *one man* who can be found, for any bribe, to become a witness, ten may be found who, for half-a-crown, will commit a murder? What more do they want than this? Is not their system complete; and the more so, because it is not avowed? Do we think, that because we close our eyes to its nature, its origin, and its consequences, its atrocities will be less inhuman or formidable? No. The longer we defer *the only remedy*, the more desperate will be the disease, and the more sanguinary any measures which may be effectual for its extirpation.

What, then, do we propose? The measures which such a state of things indicates are, we think, sufficiently obvious. *They must be such as will resemble the proceedings of the disturbers of the public peace, in certainty, in vigour, and in celerity, or they can be of no avail.* More we need not say at present. To a government disposed to do its duty, the course is plain. There is at present in Ireland a military force to the amount of seven or eight-and-twenty thousand men, (about four times the number quartered in England,) and if these are not employed in preserving the peace of the country, they are a heavy and a useless burden upon it, and it were no matter how soon they were withdrawn. *Were they properly employed*, turbulence would soon be quelled, and tranquillity re-established.

We are of opinion, that every act of legal severity which falls short of the vigour necessary for attaining the proposed end, *is an act of cruelty;* and that *mercy only begins*, when such severity is resorted to *as effectually checks the perpetration of crime*, and renders severity no longer necessary. Of what use have been all the executions in the county of Tipperary, which have been of late years *done according to law?* Of none whatever. Death by the hands of the public executioner, in that county, if it does not canonize the murderer, is considered sufficient to atone for a multitude of sins. Attended by his friends and relatives, he advances to the scaffold with the spirit of a martyr, and as if he had a positive pleasure in being hanged.

But let him be surprised in his midnight orgies, and suffer a summary execution at the hands of the soldiery, and it is quite another thing. There his ruffian energies quail before the terrors of a vengeance which has overtaken him in his misdeeds, and anticipates the fulfilment of his wicked and malevolent intentions. He is conscience-stricken, and self-convicted of his iniquities, and acknowledges, in his punishment, the righteous judgment of God. However he may brave what he conceits to be the malice of men, his heart sinks under what he feels to be the weight of ALMIGHTY MALEDICTION;—and his death produces as great an effect upon those who witness it, or to whom he may be known, as if he perished by fire sent down from heaven.

Let Sir Richard Wilson, let Mr Vaakes, let Mr Lowe, let any of the efficient Irish magistrates, be questioned concerning these things, and we are content to forego for ever all character for either candour or sagacity, if their opinions do not bear us out in the view we have taken of them. What we recommend is, we are persuaded, as merciful as it would be found efficacious. The laws of the land would again have their course. The avenues of justice would no longer be obstructed. Evil doers would no longer be suffered to be a terror to those who are disposed to do well. The wicked and the rebellious would no longer dictate terms to the virtuous and the loyal portion of the community. The system of intimidation would be retaliated upon those who introduced it; and Aaron's rod, becoming a serpent, would devour all the lesser serpents by whom the country was infested. The Government may rest assured, that, until a miracle of this kind is performed, there will be no enduring tranquillity in Ireland.

Having expressed ourselves so much at large respecting the general question of Irish disturbances, and the manner in which they should be met, we must be brief upon the expenses incurred by the present mode of conducting public prosecutions. And here we are clearly of opinion, that the Attorney-General should be paid by a stated salary, and not by fees; at least that there should be no fee in those cases where he is called upon to discriminate between the alleged offences which assume a public character, and those which may be left to be dealt with as it seems good to the private individuals who may be affected by them. When things are in a natural and a healthful state, no offence should be prosecuted by the public, unless the public are directly affected by it. It should be a rule in law, as well as in poetry, "Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus." And no Attorney-General, be he ever so immaculate, should be tempted to depart from that rule, by making his emoluments depend, in any degree, upon the number of prosecutions which he saddles upon the public. It would not, perhaps, be a bad regulation directly to reverse all this, and as long as the country continues disturbed to consider his emoluments as suspended. But be this as it may, it cannot be right that he should have a direct interest in public disturbance, as he positively has, according to the following extract from the evidence:—

"William Kemmis, Esq. What payments are there to the Attorney and Solicitor General? There is annually a sum paid to the Attorney and Solicitor General, and Mr Green, through my hands.

"Will you state what sum? L.1000 Irish currency to the Attorney-General, L.800 late currency to the Solicitor-General, and L.500 late currency to Mr Green.

"What duties are performed by those officers for that amount of salary you have alluded to? A constant attendance upon the Government, almost daily attendance, to answer any questions that may be necessary.

"What is the appointment of Mr Green? He is a law adviser of the Crown, on all applications that are made to Government by the magistrates; and if there is any legal question whatever that cannot be distinctly answered, he answers it; and then, if there is a difficulty, it is referred to the law officers in the nature of a case.

"Is there any fee with that case? Yes; that is quite distinct.

"So that, independently of the salary you allude to, there is a fee paid on each case referred to the crown-lawyers? Yes.

"Does that payment, to which you have adverted, include their remuneration for the advice they give you as crown-solicitor? No, that has nothing to do with it.

"Are they paid, independently of that, for the advice they give you as crown-solicitor? *They are.*

"In what way is that remuneration paid to them—is there a special case sent to them? I receive a letter from the Government directing me to do so, and I draw up a case upon the facts, and lay it before the law officers, as directed, and upon that they get a fee.

"Are the Committee to understand, that every direction given to the crown solicitor to prosecute, proceeds upon a case laid before the crown-lawyers, for which they receive a fee? It is not upon a case of prosecution I allude to, it is mere civil cases.

"Confining the question to prosecutions, will you have the goodness to state, whether the crown lawyers receive fees for instructions given to the crown solicitor to prosecute? *They do.*"

Thus it may be seen how crown lawyers and crown solicitors may thrive upon public disturbance. We do not insinuate that their present profits are too large, although we are disposed to think they might be somewhat curtailed without great injustice. But we are decidedly of opinion that they should be relieved from their present suspicious character, and put upon a basis more consistent with the pure and singleminded administration of justice.

We conceive that the expenses of crown prosecutions might be considerably curtailed, by employing no more lawyers than are actually occupied in conducting them. At present, the practice is to employ four lawyers, two in full business, and two in moderate business, in order to ensure attendance; as, if none but the leading lawyers were engaged, they might happen to be absent upon civil business in one court, when the criminal business came on in the other. In our opinion this is perfectly unnecessary. The leading lawyers are generally those to whom silk gowns are an object; and the instances are rare indeed, in which they would not gladly accept of them, upon condition of being liable to be consulted, generally, respecting criminal prosecutions on the part of the Crown, but without receiving an actual fee, unless, when the trial comes on, they give an actual attendance. They might have, when so consulted, the appointment of the junior counsel, and be held responsible for the conduct of the case; but any services short of an actual attendance during the progress of it, would be, we conceive, amply compensated by the rank which they have already attained, and the prospects of promotion which open before them.

We observe that, in speaking of "the House of Industry," the Committee recommend "the propriety of adopting the principle advantageously acted upon in London and Edinburgh, as well as in the Hospital for Incurables, and the Lying-in Hospital of Dublin, and of obtaining the gratuitous services of physicians and surgeons, rather than by paying them annual salaries." Now, if such a principle may be applied to physicians, where actual services are performed, and valuable attendance given, there can be no injustice in applying it to lawyers, when no services are performed, and no attendance is given;—especially as the physician receives no compensation in the way of rank, while the lawyer's services may be said to be in some sort purchased by the very enviable distinction that has been conferred upon him.

With respect to the expenses incurred for the protection of witnesses, the Committee rightly observe, that the provisions of the 55th of George III. appear to have been most improperly evaded. "This act empowers and authorizes the court to allow the prosecutor his expenses, and if poor, a recompense for his loss of time. The provisions with respect to witnesses are similar, and grand juries are directed to make presentment of the amount so awarded. By a construction, which appears to your Committee to be objectionable, this act has been limited to cases in which the Crown does not prosecute; and in the latter case the expense for witnesses has been thrown on the public purse. Your Committee recommend that this practice should no longer be pursued, but that, whether the Crown does or does not prosecute, the payments directed under the enactment of the 55th of George III. should be considered a local burden, to be raised by a jury assessment."

It is monstrous to tax the quiet counties for the crimes of those that are disturbed. Let them bear their own burdens. "As they have sown, so let them reap." If they cannot

afford to pay for the effectual prosecution of the offences committed amongst them, it is clear that crime must have arisen to a height at which it can no longer be subdued by the ordinary operation of the law, and a system *less expensive, but more effective,* must be resorted to before it can be arrested.

We do not mean to pursue the Committee through all the details of their Report. Enough has been said to shew the general scope of their enquiries, and the general purport of their recommendations. They have enquired into charitable institutions for education, in much the same spirit in which Henry the Eighth ordered a visitation of the monasteries; not in order to discover and to remedy what was wrong, but in order to find an excuse for suppressing them altogether. And, accordingly, what that vigorous monarch did, by his measures against Popery in England, they are likely to do, by their measures against Protestantism in Ireland. It as yet remains to be seen, whether all this will be countenanced by Parliament. But unless Providence should almost miraculously interpose, recent measures leave but little ground for hope, that that august body will consult best either for its own dignity or the well-being of the empire.

Are the Protestant establishments to be abandoned? Are we prepared to cut the last cable by which the connexion between Great Britain and Ireland is secured? This is the shape which the question ought to assume to our legislators, and which it will assume to all who view it in its true bearing. It is not, perhaps, less critically important than the question of Emancipation itself.

The Papists have now gained an equality of civil privileges. If, in addition to their overwhelming numbers, they are enabled, by their parliamentary influence, *to cause a positive decrease in the effective strength of the Protestant population,* the consequences are too clearly visible, not to be seen even by the most short-sighted of the members who affect to clamour for civil rights, while they are laying the axe to the root of the constitution.

"Oh! but those establishments were so expensive!" They were *not* expensive. "How do you prove that?" Even by calculations of vulgar arithmetic; calculations which should be sufficient to satisfy the enlightened member for *Cockermouth,*—we beg his pardon, for Aberdeen. He is one of that precious tribe of Economists who are so sparing of the public money, and only prodigal of its morals and its blood! "But how do you prove that these institutions are not a heavy national burden?" Take, for instance, the Foundling Hospital. The children must be reared *somewhere,* or they must perish. "Granted." But their parents are either unable or unwilling to rear them, except by beggary or pillage; so that we have only the choice of being plundered for their maintenance in one way, or being taxed for it in another. Now, "utrum horum mavis accipe"—make your election between them. You have the choice either of bringing those children up, so that they may be a blessing, or of suffering them to be brought up, so that they must be a curse to the community. *But you have not the choice of avoiding the charges of their education and maintenance, whether it be for good or for evil; for if you pay out of your pocket for it in the one case, you bleed through the nose for it in the other.* Now, most sublime Economist, we think that, even upon considerations of vulgar arithmetic, you must acknowledge yourself to be overthrown. But if we are disposed to narrow your operations in one quarter, they may, we think, be advantageously extended in another. Are the poor education charities the only objects against which your economic rage is to be directed? *What think you of the fifty thousand pounds which has been voted for Crown prosecutions?* Recollect that this sum is independently of the expenses of a stipendiary magistracy, independently of the expenses of a stipendiary police, independently of the expenses of Judges and their circuit retinue, independently of the expenses of the enormous military establishment, without which, we are told, the peace of the country could not be secured—this sum of fifty thousand pounds is independently of all those other weighty expenses at present levied for the purpose of carrying the law into effect, in those cases where the Crown undertakes to prosecute; and is almost wholly absorbed by the fees of the Attorney-General, the Solicitor-General, the practising lawyers,

the Crown solicitors, and the expenses incurred for the procuring and the protection of witnesses!!! Now, might not justice be more cheaply, and not less efficiently, administered? Is it necessary, then, to scatter thousands amongst the law officers of the Crown, and, by making their emoluments depend upon the number of prosecutions, make it their interest that the country should be disturbed? Here, we think, both on grounds of policy and economy, amazing retrenchments might be effected.

The Attorney-General's emoluments are at present so great, that he would be a considerable loser by accepting any office lower than that of Lord Chancellor! The Solicitor-General would consider himself ill requited, if asked to resign for any thing short of a chief seat upon the bench! The Crown solicitors, a species of state attorneys, would be very loath to exchange their very lucrative profession for the office and emoluments of a puisne Judge, with all its dignity and consideration! Surely these are things which might have attracted the attention of real Economists; if the mind of Parliament had not been preoccupied by an insane project for the multiplication of felons, by means of which the wretched objects of public charity may be cast, as a species of offal, to satisfy the ravening appetites of the harpies and the vampires of the law!

But we have done. The tide of revolution has set in. Powers and principles are in rapid progress of developement, by which the character of this empire must be changed; whether for the better, time will tell. The atmosphere, we are told, is purified by the thunder-storm. Future generations may learn wisdom from our folly, and be taught, that there are cases in which parsimony is profusion; and also cases in which a liberal expenditure of the public money is productive of as many advantages as a judicious retrenchment.

THE above had scarcely been written, when the following Resolutions of the Magistrates of the County of Tipperary appeared in the Irish papers:

"Resolved, That in consequence of the disturbances which have prevailed in this county for the last three years, several Meetings of Magistrates have been held within that period, for the purpose of considering the means best calculated to arrest their progress.

"Resolved, That at these meetings it was resolved unanimously, that the means and powers afforded by the existing laws were insufficient, and that the state of the country was such as to call for the renewal and application of the Insurrection Act.

"Resolved, That since the transmission of our last Memorial, dated 20th October 1827, on this subject, to the Lord-Lieutenant, *notwithstanding the rewards offered by his Excellency for the discovery and apprehension of offenders, and the united efforts of the Magistrates and local authorities to restore tranquillity*, THE SYSTEM OF OUTRAGE AND DARING OPPOSITION TO THE LAWS HAS INCREASED, AND CONTINUES TO INCREASE, TO AN ALARMING EXTENT!!!

"Resolved, That a great portion of the commonalty are in possession of unlicensed arms, *and that bodies of armed men have appeared lately on several occasions* AT NOONDAY, for the purpose of obstructing the execution of the laws, and threatening the lives and properties of all who are opposed to their unlawful proceedings.

"Resolved, That such is the demoralization of the lower classes, such their confederacy, *and such the prevailing system of terror, that all endeavours to procure information to convict and bring offenders to justice are vain and futile.*

"Resolved, That it is our firm persuasion, that the existing evils call for strong and vigorous measures, and that the Insurrection Act, or some such measure, is best calculated to restore peace and tranquillity.

"Resolved, That in consequence of hidden arms in this country, and the difficulty, if not impossibility, of obtaining information by means of which they could be discovered, *it would be advisable to amend the Arms Act, making the possession of unlicensed arms a transportable felony—giving all proper facility to the right of search—and limiting within proper restrictions the privilege of keeping arms at all.*

"Resolved, That it would be expedient at the present juncture to establish military posts throughout the country, to augment the police stations, as a measure calculated to prevent the further extension of the existing system of outrage, though at the same

time we are firmly persuaded and convinced, *that no means short of the one we have recommended will prove efficacious in the present calamitous state of the country.*

"Resolved, That a respectful memorial, founded on these resolutions, be forthwith transmitted to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant."

Such are the resolutions of the magistrates—not of Orange magistrates—not of those who have signalized themselves by their patronage of Brunswick Clubs,—but of men who were and are thorough Liberals, out-and-out Emancipators—of political Don Quixotes, in fact, who are now made to feel something worse than the hack-stories of the galley-slaves, whose cause they so chivalrously championed, and who are supplicating for protection against their vengeance with as much impassioned earnestness as they ever contended for their emancipation! But what is to be done? Strong as are the measures which the Tipperary magistrates require, we fear that they will not at present be sufficient to restore the peace of the country. Our reason for so thinking is this: The most alarming feature of the present disturbances is, that they are fearlessly perpetrated in open day, the insurgents not being at the trouble to disguise or conceal themselves, from a conviction that no one dare bear witness against them. How is a system of this kind to be met by the Insurrection Act, unless by a species of omnipresence on the part of the police, who are too few, and too thinly scattered, to be in the present state of things an available protection to the country? No—the evil has been suffered too long to be now checked by any thing short of a far more formidable remedy. The insurgents have been permitted to feel their strength—they have been permitted to exult in a fancied triumph over the law—and they must be taught their mistake, if indeed mistake it be, before their guilty career can be effectually arrested.

LETTER FROM PHILIPPICUS.

To Christopher North, Esquire.

Dear and Revered Sir,

As, with your usual concern for the interests of mankind, you have suffered the world to be illuminated through the medium of your "Attic pages," with the philosophical lucubrations of the illustrious author of "Four Dialogues on Proximate Causation," and an entirely new theory of the universe, you will perhaps permit me also, an humble disciple of that respectable sage,—an inferior satellite of so bright a luminary,—to shine for a short time, though with a feeble and a borrowed light, in endeavouring to promote enquiry after truth, and to divest matter of the imaginary properties with which it has been clothed "by the fancies or superstitions of men."

But, *in limine*, I must congratulate yourself and your country, that the propensities of the founder of the new School of Philosophy are decidedly peripatetic. Happy Christopher North! and happy Scotland! since the British Aristotle meditates to comprise you in his general tour throughout the kingdom. Let the modern Athens exult in anticipation of the presence of one who will teach her schools of philosophy to vie with those of her ancient prototype, and let the Genius of the Highlands prepare to welcome him with congenial mists. The worthy Knight-errant's apprehensions of inhospitable treatment in the land of Cakes and of Glenlivet, are surely unfounded. Already do I fancy that I behold him enjoying the glorious festivities of Ambrose's; and, under the combined influence of a sublime imagination, and sublime whisky toddy, bearing a conspicuous part in one of the most intellectual Noctes ever celebrated in the Snuggery, or the Blue Room, and consequently in the world. Barbarous indeed would that country be, which should fail to bestow a gracious reception on so illustrious a stranger, the avowed object of his visit being to enable himself to celebrate the national virtues, and usefully admonish its possible vices. But I dismiss the historian and the moralist to the gratitude of the Scottish people; at present, I have only to do with the philosopher.

The principal error of Bacon, and Newton, and, permit me, sir, with

great deference to add—of yourself, consists in the rejection of all theoretical abstractions, and in deducing general principles from actual observation and experiment,—thus reasoning from effects up to causes,—which is manifestly inverting the order of things. Philosophical investigation ought clearly to proceed *pari passu* with its objects; and nature herself will teach us that, inasmuch as causes existed before effects, the former should be satisfactorily elucidated before we proceed to the examination of the latter. This grand truth appears to have been entirely overlooked by the generality of modern philosophers, which is quite surprising, since it is a truth no less obvious than important. Minute research and petty detail are the indications of a little mind; and it is scarcely possible that a truly sublime and comprehensive theory should be built upon a tedious examination of isolated facts. Sir Richard Phillips, in rejecting the rigid rules and violent restraints to which some of his predecessors would have subjected the faculties of the mind, has, no doubt, been influenced by the splendid example of Aristotle; though far more merit is due to the English than to the Grecian Philosopher, since the former has had to encounter absurd prejudices which had no existence in the days of the Stagyrite. Sir Richard observes, that "when we understand the true proximate causes, we can in all cases, as we do in a few, reason *a priori* from the causes to the effects, and thereby wonderfully enlarge the bounds of knowledge." Having thus indicated his hostility to the Inductive method as recommended by the author of the Novum Organon, he proceeds at once utterly to demolish the inane doctrine of universal gravitation. That man must possess no ordinary share of intrepidity, who thus ventures to attack error in its strongholds, and to tear up by the roots those fancies and superstitions which have now vegetated, for some generations, in the human mind, intercepting the light of Heaven with their fantastic and monstrous branches, and chilling the fairest regions of science with their baneful shade.

"Illi robur et æs triplex;"

such a man must be endowed with much fortitude, and triple brass. But Sir Richard, in ascribing the theory of Newton to the flight of a philosophical imagination, is doing himself manifest injustice, and magnifying the merits of his rival at his own expense. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of Newton's intellect was the singular control which he exercised over the imaginative faculty. He proceeds step by step to his object with the most painful deliberation, never venturing on the assertion of a single principle, until he has subjected it to a tedious process of mathematical reasoning. This was clearly a great fault where there was such ample scope for speculation, and must remind every one of the not-sufficiently-adventurous mariner, who coasted with timid caution along the shore, instead of boldly putting out to sea. It cannot but occur to a reflecting mind, that there must be something radically defective in a system, where so much demonstration is considered necessary. Sir Richard carefully shuns this most vexatious method of enquiry, the use of which he justly considers to be the means of embarrassing all search after truth; and, by dealing only in general abstractions, establishes his theory at once beyond the possibility of dispute; for it is quite clear, that mere assertions which do not depend upon reasoning, are the less obnoxious to confutation. In one instance, and one only, does Sir Richard condescend to have recourse to the ordinary means of scientific investigation, partially escaping, however, the imputation of subservience to pre-existing and fashionable theories, by adopting, in the single instance alluded to, a species of arithmetical and mathematical demonstration peculiarly his own. First, we are told, that of course the whole is an affair of momentum. Of course it is. So self-evident a proposition needs no proof. An ingenious, but too speculative correspondent of Maga, whose developement of a new lunar system in the last Number appears in curious juxta-position with Sir Richard's letter, and indeed bears a striking resemblance in phraseology and matter to the abstruse lucubrations of the learned Knight, styles *his* theory "A matter of moonshine." Thus different philosophers rejoice in different appellations for their respective doctrines. But to return from the matter of moonshine to the affair of momen-

tum, "the momentum of the centre," it appears, "is a uniform 98,000 feet; and that of the surface of the whole earth some multiple of the single velocity of the equatorial circle. Now this rotation," continues Sir Richard, "is that of the area of the equatorial circle at its periphery to that of all the circles which compose the surface of a sphere, or as one to four." A simple mathematician might be somewhat puzzled to know what was meant by the rotation of the area of the equatorial circle *at its periphery*, but would, no doubt, ultimately come to the conclusion that it was either the rotation of the area, *or* of the circumference; in which he would be egregiously mistaken, since it is possible to shew by the mathematical process, called the *reductio ad absurdum*, that neither the one nor the other could possibly be intended.

For, first, let us suppose the rotation of the area to be meant, then the proposition will be as follows:—The momentum, or velocity of the surface of the whole earth, is some multiple of the single velocity of the *equatorial circle;* and since the *area* of the equatorial circle is to the *surface* of the whole earth in the proportion of 1 to 4,* therefore the momentum or velocity of the *equatorial circle* is to that of the surface of the whole earth in the same proportion of 1 to 4. In this demonstration one step is omitted, and it should stand thus: The momentum of the equatorial circle: that of the surface of the sphere : : the *area* of the equatorial circle : the surface of the sphere : : 1 : 4. Thus, as to the equatorial circle, its area or content is made a measure of the momentum or velocity; but as to the sphere, the content is *not* made a measure of the momentum or velocity: which is absurd.

Next, let us suppose, that the rotation of *the circumference* of the equatorial circle is intended. Reasoning backwards from the proposition, as stated by Sir Richard, we have, The momentum of *the circumference* of the equatorial circle : that of the surface of the sphere : : 1 : 4 : : the *area* of the equatorial circle : the *surface* of the sphere. Here again the content is made a measure of the momentum of the circumference of the equatorial circle, but not of the momentum of the surface of the sphere—which is absurd. Therefore, let the baffled mathematician "go weep," not unreasonably expecting any assistance from Sir Richard Phillips, or any of his disciples, in solving the difficulty. Does he imagine that the sublime secrets of the new philosophy are to be disclosed to any but the initiated? He is referred for his probation to the "Theorems on Celestial Mechanics," and the "Four Dialogues on Proximate Causation."

Sir Richard, though apprehensive of not being able to do himself justice in so brief a summary, still ventures to call the attention of the thinking part (which of course comprises the whole) of the readers of Maga to a few other of his deductions. Could he have found time and space for the purpose, he would no doubt have extended his theory, his definitions, and his corollaries, by a simple and natural transition, from the material to the immaterial—from the physical to the moral world. Thus, as "motion is the life of matter," it is not to be distinguished from mind, taken in its most comprehensive sense; or, in other words, motion is mind, and mind is motion. It follows, that all modifications of mind are nothing else in the world but modifications of motion. *Mystification* is one degree of the expansion of immaterial gas; *delusion* another degree of expansion—and so on; all of them facts which it is exceedingly easy to verify. Hence it appears, that we should exercise great caution in imbibing potations of either material fluidity, or immaterial philosophy; since, as they both consist merely of degrees of expansion of the respective gases, intemperance either in the one or the other might produce an explosion.

The absence of the "curious corollaries" is the less to be lamented, as, being in possession of the theorems from which they are deduced, we can

* This proportion is correct, the surface of a sphere being equal to four times the area of one of its great circles; and the equatorial circle of Sir Richard Phillips being a great circle at right angles to the earth's axis.

easily draw some sufficiently curious ones for ourselves; as take the following examples:

We are told, that there can be no principle, power, or energy, called mutual attraction, because bodies moving towards each other demand agents or forces on their *remote* sides with reference to each other. But the fall of a body towards the centre of the earth, is ascribed to the influence of the earth's motions; (which must, indeed, be the case; since, if the body were merely acted upon by the same forces as act upon the earth, it would constantly maintain the same relative position, and, with respect to the earth, would neither fall, nor rise, nor move laterally;) hence it appears, that the earth, being on one side of a body falling towards it, is also at the same time on the opposite side of the same body. This position might be illustrated by the extraordinary but well-authenticated fact related of an Irish soldier, who succeeded in capturing half-a-dozen of the enemy by surrounding them.

Again,—all our experience applies to bodies in some previous motion; and it is the overcoming of this force which alone creates the notion of inertia. Therefore, inertia is only another word for energy,* since a certain degree of energy is necessarily implied in the notion of resistance to a force. Hence it follows, that the more inert a body appears, the more active it is in reality—which is a wonderful consolation to fat and indolent people like myself, and enables us to regard, with less of envy and more of complacency, the extraordinary locomotive powers of some itinerant philosophers.

Were you, Sir, more grieved or surprised at the announcement contained in the latter part of Sir Richard's Epistle, of the melancholy fact, that his philosophical speculations have been any thing but profitable to himself? I have no doubt that sorrow, not unmixed with pity, for the infatuation of your species, was the predominant feeling of your bosom on the occasion,—as you must long since have ceased to wonder at the vulgar prejudices and blind partialities of the multitude. It is true, that the dungeons of the Inquisition no longer yawn for the adventurous philosopher who, diverging from the beaten track, explores new and hitherto unheard-of paths in the regions of science and of truth; but surely it is a species of moral persecution to decline purchasing the books of a man who has spent many years of labour and anxiety in composing them, solely for the edification of the public. Can it be possible that the advocates of theoretical politics, and theoretical religion, should decline to countenance one who may be considered the Huskisson of Philosophy? Such, we are told, is the case, however improbable it may appear; and it affords an additional sign of that inconsistency which appears to be the prevailing characteristic of the age. To Sir Richard Phillips I would offer this consolation—Remember Galileo, and trust to posterity!

Pray, Sir, how is your gout? You ought to publish a periodical bulletin of the state of your health. I sincerely hope, that the natural antipathy to flannel, which prevails during the summer solstice, has not hindered you from making a copious use of that article if it were advisable. Trusting, above all things, that no ungracious attack will interfere to prevent your exercising the rites of hospitality towards the illustrious founder of the Modern Peripatetic School, when he shall become the guest of the Scottish nation, I remain your and his affectionate admirer,

PHILIPPICUS.

* It might be asserted, that the same observation will hold good of the *vis inertiæ*, which, however, is not the case. The *vis inertiæ*, being considered a property *inherent* in all matter, is a merely *passive* resistance to motion; whereas, the *vis* of Sir Richard Phillips is *active*; therefore *energy*, as used in the text, means *active power*.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

No. II.

TO THE HEADS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING shewn, in my last, that Mr Ricardo and his followers are completely in error touching the effects of wages on profits, I will now shew that they are equally in error respecting both the maintenance and the beneficial operation of a high rate of profit.

Adam Smith and other eminent men hold, that the rate of profit must be governed by the supply of capital; and Mr Ricardo admits, that a low rate of interest is a symptom of a great accumulation of capital as well as of a low rate of profit. The admission amounts to an avowal that an abundant supply of capital can produce low profits, and, of course, that profits are controlled by the supply of capital. In truth, nothing could well be better established by reason and experience than this—a scarcity of money will produce a high rate of interest, and an excess a low one; if producers have a short supply of capital, they produce a short supply of goods, and in consequence obtain high profits; if they have an excess, they produce an excess of goods, and this gives them low profits.

Capital employed in business would, with a high rate of profit, be doubled every two or three years; of course, with such a rate, the whole trading capital of the world would be doubled every two or three years, and the increase would proceed in geometrical proportion. As population could not keep pace with such a rapid increase of production, the latter would soon outrun consumption, and cause a ruinous glut of every thing.

The Economists of the Ricardo school, however, deny that abundance of capital can produce a low rate of profit, and insist that such a rate can only flow from the cultivation of inferior land and taxation. They support themselves here by their constant resource—the invention of outrageous fictions. They maintain that there cannot be an excess of production, and that competition cannot possibly reduce profits. Never did falsehood conceive any thing more fiercely at variance with the whole of experience.

With regard to over-production, they admit that there may be an excess of any particular commodity; but they assert that the cause is not excessive production of this, but deficient production of other commodities. The market is broken down with a glut of corn. Granted; but the cause is, not too much corn, but a deficiency of woollens, cottons, or sugar. The cotton trade is involved in bankruptcy, and suffering by an excess of cottons. True; but this is produced by an inadequate supply of some other commodities, and not by a superabundance of cottons. Childhood would not disgrace itself by uttering any thing so absurd. If we concede to the Economists what they contend for, there is still an excess of the commodity—there is still over-production, and we only reverse the true meaning of words, and blame one cause instead of another.

But they aver that there cannot possibly be an excess of all commodities. What is the reply of history? It is, that such an excess has been a matter of continual occurrence. The state of this country and the world, at the present moment, decisively refutes them. I lament that it is necessary to support notorious fact with reasoning.

Suppose that every capitalist can, on the average, turn his capital over four times in the year, and gain a net profit on his sales of ten per cent. In this case, if a man begin business with L.10,000, his sales in the first year will amount to L.40,000, and his savings to L.4000. In the second year, his sales will amount to L.56,000, and his savings to L.5600. He will nearly double his capital in two years. I will assume that every capitalist will double his capital in every three years, and employ his savings in the extension of his trade. Of course, capital and production, in every business, will be enlarged in the same degree. In three years' time, therefore, the production of corn, cattle, and other

produce of the soil, will be doubled; and in six years it will be four times, in twelve years it will be sixteen times, and in twenty-one years it will be one hundred and twenty-eight times greater than it now is. Production will increase at the same rate in every business; and, consequently, in twenty-one years, one hundred and twenty-eight times more corn, cattle, woollens, cottons, iron, sugar, and other commodities, will be produced than now are. In thirty years, production will be above a thousand times greater than it is at present.

Every man employs his savings in the extension of his business as far as he can do so profitably. If, however, in this case, a capitalist should only so employ a part, what could he do with the other part? He could not put it into, without enlarging, another business; he could not throw it into the market as money, without employing it to increase production. If capital should be increased, it would increase production in the aggregate, as I have stated. According to the Economists, such an enlargement of production, even if it were a thousand times greater, could not cause a general excess of commodities, or reduce the rate of profit. Speak of the ravings of madmen! they ought to be reverenced as the essence of science.

The Economists assert, that consumption is governed by production, and that if the commodities should be produced, they would of necessity be consumed. I need not shew, that if consumption should not *constantly* keep pace with production, there would be a general glut; and the question therefore is, could it possibly do so? To give it the ability in the aggregate, it would be essential for the consumption of every individual on the average to rise regularly with production. The Economists say, the capitalist would not be induced by additional savings to increase his; but assuming that they are mistaken, and that both the capitalists and the labourers would raise their consumption as I have stated, each, at the end of thirty years, would consume above a thousand times more commodities than he now does if population should remain stationary. Supposing that under such favourable circumstances population would double itself in the thirty years, the consumption of each would be above five hundred times greater than it is at present. The capitalist who lives at the rate of L.2000 per annum, would then live at the rate of L.1,000,000. The labourer's family which expends L.50 per annum, would then expend more than L.1500. Of course, wages would have to be raised in an equal degree; therefore the mechanic who has L.2 per week, would then have more than L.1000; and the labourer who has 10s. would have above L.250, per annum.

The egregious error of the Economists cannot need further exposure.

The means of consumption must flow from, but they must govern, production. The consumption of manufactured goods must govern the production of them, and such production must govern that of raw produce. On the average, only the quantity of woollens and cottons can be made which is worn, and no more of the raw produce worked up in them, and in the machinery used in fabricating them, can be produced, than is required for this quantity. Wages, and that part of profits which is devoted to the expense of living, form the means of consuming manufactured goods, and of course they govern general production. If, therefore, the latter rise, they must rise equally, to prevent excess. To illustrate this, let us suppose a country town, wholly cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world, and in which all trades are carried on, but each by a single master. If, without any rise of wages or increase of population worthy of notice, every master double his production, what will follow? The baker will have double the quantity of bread, but the labourers and other masters will only buy the same quantity as before; therefore half of it will be unsaleable. The cotton manufacturer will have double the quantity of cottons, but half will be unsaleable, because the labourers and other masters will not enlarge their purchases. The case will be the same with every master. If the baker take his excess of bread to the farmer to exchange it for wheat, the farmer will not have it, because it will be as useless to him as his excess of corn; the cotton grower will not give his excess of cotton for the manufacturer's excess of cottons; he might as well throw it into the sea. It is absurd to confound bullion with money; but however, assuming that the town has its gold

mine, if all the masters take their excess of goods to it for the purchase of bullion, the owner will not buy the goods; he will not give his excess of bullion for useless commodities. Every master, including the owner of the mine, will want to sell his excess of produce for money, and no one will buy it; no one will give money for what he does not need, and cannot make use of. The glut of manufactured goods causes a glut of raw produce; the baker and cotton-manufacturer cannot get rid of their bread and cottons, therefore they cannot buy flour, wheat, cotton, and dyes; commodities, wrought and unwrought, must, of course, sink to the point called for by consumption.

It is manifest that nothing but a doubling on the average of every individual's eating, drinking, wearing of clothes, &c. could carry off the increase of production; and it is equally manifest that no such effect would flow from this increase. Let this town represent the world, and each master, each trade. Mr M'Culloch says, "Such commodities as are carried to market, are produced only in the view of obtaining others in exchange for them; *and the fact of their being in excess affords of itself a conclusive proof that there is a corresponding deficiency in the supply of those they were intended to buy or to be exchanged for.* An universal glut of all sorts of commodities is therefore impossible. Every excess in one class must be balanced by an equal deficiency in some other." Now, in reply, what are commodities carried to market to be exchanged for, excepting the small part of profits expended in living? For the money or capital which has been expended in their production. If it be obtained, and be exchanged for other commodities, what are they? Such only as are requisite for replacing those given for it. The cotton-manufacturer buys, with the money which he obtains for his cottons, raw cotton, labour, &c. in order that he may manufacture a new stock. It is therefore ridiculous to argue, that if we have an excess of cottons, it proves that there is a deficiency of cotton, labour, and duty. Mr M'Culloch is so far in error, that an excess of a commodity actually causes, not a scarcity, but an excess, of those which the producer wishes to exchange it for. His doctrine amounts to this, that commodities are produced to be exchanged only for the means of subsistence—that the capitalists expend their capital, as the labourers do their wages, in their own maintenance.

Capital, with a high rate of profit, increases infinitely more rapidly than population; it enters very largely into production, and it continually operates in various ways to make the same portion of labour produce a greater quantity of commodities. In consequence, it increases the production of manufactured goods much more on the one hand, than the consumption of them on the other; and its general tendency is, to cause glut in all.

Production may remain the same, and still, if a reduction of wages, an increase of machinery, or any other cause, diminish consumption, this will create a general glut. If production rise above the aggregate sum expended by the labourers and capitalists, in their maintenance, it will be excessive; it must rise and fall with this sum. The population of the world, like the labourer, can only consume goods in proportion to its income, no matter what abundance of them may be in the market.

Thus a high rate of profit must inevitably create an excess of capital, and this must create an excess of goods; such competition must follow as will bring down the rate, and probably for a time wholly destroy profits.

But, says Mr M'Culloch, "competition prevents any one individual, or set of individuals, from monopolizing a particular branch of industry, and reduces the rate of profit in different businesses nearly to the same level; but this is its whole effect. *Most certainly competition has no tendency to lessen the productiveness of industry, or to raise the average rate of wages, or the rate of taxation; and if it can do none of these things, it is quite impossible it can lower profits.*"

The ignorance displayed in this quotation is actually matchless. If competition can reduce profits in some trades, why cannot it reduce them in all? If it cannot raise wages or taxes, cannot it reduce prices? It might be inferred from the language of the Economists, that capital is a thing not produced in trade, but rained from the clouds, and which can be invested by those who pick it up in any business at pleasure. A high rate of pro-

fit causes an excess of capital, and great consequent competition in every business at the same time. Every man has more goods than he can dispose of, therefore farmer undersells farmer, manufacturer undersells manufacturer, and a general fall of prices takes place. This fall is one of profits; it is practically a rise of both wages and taxes. If wages be lowered, it makes the glut greater, and prices fall again; this is equal to another rise of taxes. It is, in truth, idle to waste argument on the point, when profits are annihilated in this country by a general excess of commodities, and when every shopkeeper's apprentice knows that competition is destructive to them. The Economists own, that if profits be very low in some trades, they can be rendered by competition equally low in others; and if it be impossible for it to lower them, it must of necessity be equally so for it to lower prices. If the latter can be reduced by an excess of goods, the rate of profit can be reduced by an excess of capital.

This is confirmed by the notorious fact admitted by the Economists, that the rate of profit is much higher in young than in old countries. A dozen houses in an old state possess, perhaps, as much capital as the whole population of a young one; and, in addition, the former has the advantages denied to the latter, of banks, and quick and large returns. Capital, during the infancy of a nation, from the smallness of its amount, and the limited extent and slow returns of trade, accumulates slowly; but when it reaches a certain magnitude it increases rapidly, and this brings down the rate of interest. This rate, in such a nation, is only high when there is a scarcity of capital; it regularly falls as the latter becomes more plentiful. Mr Ricardo states, that the rate of interest "is regulated chiefly by the profits that may be made by the use of capital;" and it is proved by the history of this country, that the rate is high or low, as capital is scarce or abundant.

To perceive the prodigious effect of a high rate of profit in accumulating capital, suppose that a country has one hundred millions of capital, which, on the average, it turns over four times a-year. A net rate of 25 per cent on the returns would double the capital annually; in the space of five years, the capital of this country would rise to three thousand two hundred millions. A net rate of one per cent would add four millions to it in the year. Turning to the individual, suppose that he has a capital of L.10,000, and that his annual sales amount to L.40,000. If he add one per cent to a paying rate of profit on his sales, it will put a clear additional gain of L.400 into his pocket. If a rate of ten per cent will pay his expenses, and allow him to save L.800 per annum, one of fourteen will enable him to save L.2400; and one of twenty will do considerably more than double his capital in two years. Proceeding to any trade, suppose that the cotton one has a capital of L.10,000,000, and that, as in the case of this individual, a rate of twenty per cent will double it in every two years. In the space of ten years this capital would be increased to L.320,000,000.

The rate of profit must operate on savings very differently according to circumstances. It must increase them in proportion to the quickness of the returns of trade. Suppose that a man has a capital of L.10,000, and that he obtains a net profit on his sales of five per cent. If his yearly sales only amount to L.30,000, his net profit will be L.1500; but if they amount to L.40,000, it will be L.2000. The greater quickness of his returns will enable him to make one-third more profit with the same capital. Trading capital in this country can do double or treble the business with banks, which it could do without them; and in consequence, the savings on the same capital, and with the same rate of profit, are two or three times greater than they would be if there were no banks. In a nation which has none, and in which the returns of trade are very slow, capital will accumulate far more slowly with the same rate of profit, than in one like England. In such a nation, the rate on sale must always be much higher than in this, to yield the same yearly rate of interest on, and the requisite increase of, capital.

It is from all this utterly impossible for any country to have generally a high rate of profit, because such a rate must cause capital to increase much more rapidly than profitable employment for capital, and thereby soon destroy itself. The natural rate of

profit appears to be that which will barely allow capital to increase in the same degree with beneficial sources of investment; and it must be, in a wealthy country, a low one.*

And it is from all this demonstrable, that the rate of profit cannot possibly be, in the nature of things, governed by wages, in the manner insisted on by the Economists. Whether wages be high or low, this rate cannot be permanently above the point requisite for producing such an increase of capital as can be profitably employed. The cotton trade has at present the lowest rate of profit with the lowest wages, and if it could obtain labour for nothing, its prices would fall, and still confine it to the lowest rate. The annihilation of wages, were it practicable, in every business, would not raise the general rate of profit.

And it is from all this manifest, that to keep the rate of profit at the highest point, it is necessary to multiply the means of employing new capital in the most rapid manner; and that to do this, the consumption of manufactured goods must be kept at the maximum; and that this consumption can only be so kept up by giving to every individual consumer the greatest possible command over such goods.

Having shewn that it is impossible for a high rate of profit to be maintained, I will now prove that such a rate would have the most baneful operation on the interests of society, particularly when combined with low wages.

There are in general two or three capitalists between the producers of commodities and the consumers. Between the producer of wheat and the consumer, there are the corn-merchant, the miller, and the retailer of flour or bread. Between those of animal food, there are the grazier and the butcher. Between those of cottons and woollens, there are the wholesale and retail dealers. The case is similar with all goods of moment. In consequence, goods have two prices—the one received by the producer, and the other paid by the consumer. The difference between these prices rises and declines with the rate of profit.

The Economists wholly overlook these intermediate capitalists, and in effect assume that there is only one price which is paid by the consumer to the producer. They here overlook that, without which it is impossible to judge correctly of the operation of fluctuations in wages and profits. Similar fatal omissions pervade their whole system.

Commencing with corn, suppose that at 60s. the quarter of wheat leaves the producer a profit of 10 per cent, and that wages fall so far that this profit is raised to 20 per cent. The producer gains this increase of profit without raising his price; but what is the case with the intermediate capitalists? They employ comparatively no labour, therefore their profits are raised in no degree worthy of notice by the fall of wages: to raise their rate from 10 to 20 per cent, they must raise their prices. The corn merchant will buy wheat for 60s. as usual, but if he have sold it at 66s. to gain the low rate, he must now sell it at 72s. to gain the high one. If the miller have paid 66s. to the merchant, and have added to this sum 6s. to gain 10 per cent, he must now pay 72s., and to gain 20 per cent, he must sell it for something more than 86s. If the flour retailer have paid 72s. and charged 79s. he must now pay 86s.; and to gain 20 per cent, he must charge 103s. To allow for the little labour which these employ, I say nothing of the shipowner's advance of freight.

The case then stands thus: While the rate of profit is 10 per cent, the farmer obtained 60s., the merchant, 66s., the miller, 72s., and the flour re-

* What I have said on the accumulation of capital, will shew the gross absurdity of the doctrines which are in fashion touching the currency. Two or three prosperous years add prodigiously to capital in trade and manufactures; and this creates an excess of goods. The increase of capital naturally draws out an increase of circulating medium. When the glut takes place, not a word is said about the increase of capital; it is practically assumed that there has been none, and the whole blame is charged on the additional bank-notes. The banks are denounced and punished, merely because men in business employ their gains in the extension of trade. Perhaps the time may come, when the rulers of this country will discover that there is a difference between capital and circulating medium

tailer, 79s.; the consumer gives 79s. for the quarter of wheat. When the rate is 20 per cent, the farmer obtains 60s., the merchant, 72s., the miller, 86s., and the flour retailer, 103s.; the consumer gives 103s. for the quarter. Although the producer's price remains the same, the consumer has to pay 24s. per quarter more for wheat, solely from the advance in the rate of profit.

Suppose that with a rate of 10 per cent, the producer of a bullock sells him to the grazier for L.20, the grazier sells him to the butcher for L.40, and the butcher sells him to the consumer for L.44. With the rate of 20 per cent, the grazier must charge at least L.42, and the butcher L.50. The difference in the rate makes the bullock L.6 dearer to the consumer.

Putting out of sight the wholesale dealer in cottons, woollens, &c. the retail one must, with a rate of 10 per cent, sell the goods for L.110, which he gives L.100 for; but with a rate of 20, he must sell them for L.120. The difference in the rate makes these goods L.10 dearer to the consumer.

If the rate of profit be raised by a fall of wages from 10 to 20 per cent to the producers of raw produce, their prices may remain the same, but still those of the manufacturers must be raised, to yield the higher rate. The producers of flax, cotton, timber, wool, &c. may sell those articles at the same price as before the rise of profits, but the intermediate capitalists, the foreign and British merchants, shipowners, &c. must raise their prices, therefore the manufacturers must pay more for raw produce generally. Assuming that there are two capitalists between the producer and the manufacturer, and that each adds 10 per cent to his rate of profit, the price of raw produce must be raised 20 per cent to the manufacturer. The latter must add, not only this, but 10 per cent more to raise his own profit in the proper degree—he must add 30 per cent—to that part of his price which consists of the cost of raw produce. The fall of wages will only raise his profit duly on the portion of his price which consists of wages. He must raise his price 7½ per cent if one-fourth of it consists of the cost of raw produce. This must re-act on the producers of the latter; commodities will be raised to them, and in consequence profits and prices may sustain some reduction; but if their rate of profit be raised by a fall of wages, the prices of all manufactured goods must be raised to the consumer to make the rise of profits general. If even the manufacturer do not raise his goods, the retailer must raise them 10 per cent to the consumer.

If none but the best land were cultivated in this country, wheat could not be grown on it for less than about 45s. per quarter. Suppose the farmer should receive this sum, and the merchant, miller, and flour seller or baker, should each add 20 per cent to it for profit, this would make the price of the quarter of wheat about 77s. to the consumer. And now suppose that the farmer receives 60s., and that the intermediate capitalists add each 5 per cent for profit, this makes the price of the quarter a trifle more than 69s. to the consumer. Were they to add 10 per cent, the latter would only have to pay about 79s.

To enable them to cultivate their worst land, the agriculturists of this country only require from 60s. to 70s. for wheat, and a proportionate price for other kinds of produce.

Agricultural produce would therefore, with a high rate of profit, be quite as dear to the consumer, if none but the best land were cultivated, or the corn trade were perfectly free, as it would be with a moderately low rate, if prices were sufficiently high to the farmer to keep the worst land in culture, or if foreign corn were, save in years of scarcity, prohibited. The Economists vituperate restrictive corn laws, on the ground that they make food dear, and thereby raise wages and diminish profits; yet their own doctrine touching a high rate of profit, would make food fully as dear to the labourers with free trade as a moderate one has made it with prohibition, and it would make other kinds of necessaries much dearer than they have been under the restrictive system. If, therefore, dear necessaries cause dear labour, the high rate of profit would keep wages constantly at the highest point.

If the doctrine of the Economists be true, that in general the same rate of profit must be obtained in every business, every rise of profits caused by a fall of wages must raise prices: the manufacturers must raise theirs to obtain the general rate, but if they do

not, the retailers must raise every commodity to the consumers. As wages fall, prices must rise; and when the former are at the lowest, the latter will be at the highest.

Is that which insists that dear necessaries cause dear labour; and which then virtually insists that labour ought to be kept at the cheapest point to keep necessaries at the dearest—which maintains that necessaries ought to be cheap to keep labour so, and then maintains that the latter ought to be cheap to make the former dear—to be regarded as science by the University of Oxford?

A high rate of profit, therefore, combined with low wages, according to the system of the Economists, would make food as dear to the consumer as it has been under the restrictive system, and still it would throw the greater part of the land of this country out of cultivation. It would keep every commodity at the dearest point to the community at large in respect of means, and bind the lower classes to the extreme of indigence. It would keep the consumption of manufactured goods, and consequently general production, at the minimum; of course, it would confine the working orders to the smallest quantity of employment, as well as the worst wages. Although it would give the capitalists high profits on sale, it would, by contracting trade and producing the slowest returns, confine them as a body to the lowest aggregate amount of yearly profit. Its fruits would be of the most baleful kind to both the individual and the nation.

While this is the case touching a high rate of profit, a very low one will not in many cases cover the expenses and losses attendant on business: it involves the smaller traders in insolvency, and, through their ruin, deprives the larger ones of profit. A very low rate on sale, by the bad debts, &c. which it produces, wholly takes away yearly profit, and substitutes for it loss. A moderate rate is the beneficial one to every party; it is that which yields the greatest amount of yearly profit to the capitalists.

In all this, I have spoken of the world as a whole; I will now shew how the system of free trade has operated on profits in this country.

This system has greatly reduced price to many Interests, and it binds them to the reduction. If corn rise above the price it has fixed, it overwhelms the market with foreign corn; it has similar operation in regard to various other commodities. If these commodities be not imported, they are only excluded by the lowness of this price. The agriculturist is not only bound in this manner touching corn, but he is almost prevented, by importation, from producing several important articles: he may produce wool, inferior horses, seeds, &c., but he has great difficulty in getting rid of them at prices which subject him to heavy loss. The system restricts some other interests not only to the low price, but to constant competition with foreigners. The shipowner cannot raise his freights, and the silk manufacturers, &c. &c. their prices, without having their trade taken away by foreigners; and, in addition, the latter are continually encroaching on their trade.

The price thus established by the system will, at the best, only afford the lowest rate of profit—a rate which will not protect the capitalist from average annual loss. The system continually tempts the foreigner to reduce it. While the British capitalist cannot raise it without losing his trade, the foreign one can greatly extend his by accepting it, and, in consequence, he constantly struggles to do so; the moment he is successful, it falls. This applies to the cases in which foreigners are generally excluded. In others, in which they share the trade, the price yields a larger profit to them than to British capitalists: in some it subjects the latter to loss, while it gives their competitors moderate gains.

It inevitably follows from all this, that these Interests are always involved in glut, which is caused, not by British, but by foreign capital. So long as British capital had a monopoly of the home market, the increase of it was employed in providing for the increase of population: as more agricultural produce, ships, silks, &c. &c. were called for, it was employed to supply them. If it produced excess, this caused loss, which made supply short, and enabled it to again command good prices and profits. For two or three years, prices and profits were, in general, good; this occasioned savings to be so great that they pro-

duced excess of commodities; a few months or a year of loss, aided by the increase of population, removed the excess, and then there were two or three good years, succeeded by another fit of suffering. In the interval of distress, foreign capital could not contribute to the glut; in that of prosperity, it could not assist in producing excess; the increase of British capital could alone be employed in enlarging production, and as all trades were enlarged together, the savings were spread through the whole business of the empire. This formed the reason why the one interval was so short, and the other so long.

Under the system of free trade, if more corn, ships, &c. be necessary, foreign capital is employed to supply them. If the British farmers make any savings, these cannot be employed in extending agriculture, therefore they must be thrown on the money market to create excess in other Interests. If the ship-owners, silk manufacturers, &c. realize any savings, they cannot use them in extending their own trades without producing a glut. The general savings of the country, instead of being, as heretofore, distributed amidst all Interests, are forced into a small number. The system not only restricts various Interests from making savings, but it subjects them to loss, and still this does not relieve them from glut. As their capital and production decrease, those of foreigners increase, and the excess continues.

The system thus, on the one hand, destroys British, and, on the other, increases foreign, capital and production; it increases the foreign, that they may destroy and replace the British. It keeps the Interests it bears on in constant glut, partly by making the employment of their savings productive of the latter, and partly by taking employment from their capital, and giving it to that of other nations. That which is glut to them, is release from it to the foreigner; that which is to them loss of capital, and the means of employing it, is to him great increase of both.

All this has its natural effect on wages. The capitalist reduces them, as his only means of protecting himself from loss; he is compelled by law to sell at a certain price, and he must reduce wages, or sell at a regular sacrifice of capital. The reduction diminishes consumption, and makes the glut greater, and more general. If price fall, the foreigner is soon compelled by excess to lower his; therefore it yields no lasting protection against him.

The general savings of the country are forced upon the cotton, woollen, and other trades, which are not directly affected by the foreigner; the capital which the latter keeps throwing out of employment in other trades is also forced upon them, and the consumption of their goods is reduced; all this keeps them in constant glut. As their prices fall, the foreigner raises his protecting duties against them, and in consequence they can only sell to him afterwards at the reduction.

The Economists assert, that all trades must obtain about the same rate of profit; the great majority, in points of importance, are in this manner bound to the lowest rate, and therefore, on their own doctrine, this must be made the general one by the system. It is one of their incongruous and monstrous inconsistencies, that while they make a high rate of profit almost the only source of national wealth and prosperity, and insist on stripping the labourer of bread to obtain it, they fiercely advocate a system which, from its nature, must of necessity bind the capitalist to the lowest general rate—to one which will not protect him from annual loss. According to their fundamental principles, their own system must be a consuming pestilence to the empire.

I will now look at the doctrines of the Economists touching the effects of the culture of inferior land on profits. Mr M'Culloch says, "The decreasing fertility of the soil is therefore, at bottom, the great and only necessary cause of a fall of profits;' and, he asserts, it becomes such a cause, "1st, By lessening the quantity of produce to be divided between the capitalist and the labourer; and, 2d, By increasing the proportion falling to the share of the latter." This means, in plain English, that the culture of inferior land must of necessity reduce the rate of profit, because a larger amount of capital and labour will be required to produce the same quantity of corn, &c., and wages will be raised.

Either this is gross error, or it is unimpeachable truth, that the price,

or exchangeable value of agricultural produce, is not in the least raised when the inferior land is taken into cultivation, and that such cultivation reduces the whole land of the country to an equality in fertility with the inferior land. This is above dispute. And, now, what say the Economists? They assert, that the inferior land will not be tilled until the price of agricultural produce rises—that nothing but such a rise can place and keep it under cultivation; in other words, they maintain, that it will not be tilled until a smaller quantity of produce will exchange for the same portion of money or commodities. I need not prove, that its culture will not reduce the fertility of the best land.

What, then, is the real fact? It is, that capitalists and labourers on the inferior land will have less produce, but they will have as much money and general commodities as they previously had on the best, to divide among them; and, on the best land, they will have the same produce, but a greater portion of money and commodities. Sacrificing landlords to the Economists, the rate of profit will be as high on the inferior land as it previously was on the best, and on the latter—that is, on nearly all the tillage land of the country—it will be raised.

But there is the rise of wages. Here we have an exquisite specimen of the scientific accuracy of the Economists. In the first place, they insist that nothing but a rise of price can cause the inferior land to be cultivated—then they insist that this rise must inevitably cause a proportionate rise of wages—and then they insist that the latter must reduce profits. Now the rise of price must of necessity be a rise of profit, or it can form no inducement for cultivating the inferior land, and, according to them, the certain rise of wages will reduce profit to less than its former rate. They therefore in reality maintain this:—Profits must rise, or the inferior land will not be tilled; the rise in them must be maintained, or the culture of the land will be abandoned; if they do rise, wages will assuredly be so far advanced as to make them less than they were previously, and still this inferior land will be kept in, and even worse will be taken into, cultivation.

After agricultural produce is raised, wages are. Conceding this, what does it amount to? The rise in produce causes the same quantity of it to command as much labour after the rise of wages, as it commanded before. Wheat is doubled in price, and wages are doubled, but nevertheless, the farmer obtains the same quantity of labour for the same quantity of wheat. This, in truth, is what the Economists contend for. They in reality maintain, that the culture of the inferior land cannot be continued, if the rise of profits be not permanent; and this is equivalent to maintaining, that when it is commenced, the rate of profit must be permanently raised to nearly the whole of the agricultural capitalists, and moreover, must keep rising to them, as still worse land is taken into tillage. According to them, if the rate thus rise in agriculture, it must rise generally.

Such is the absurdity of reasoning upon a mere division of the produce. In new countries, where the best land can be had for nothing, and is alone cultivated, the whole produce, however abundant it is, gives the capitalists and labourers jointly much less command over general commodities, than the small portion of produce yielded by the inferior land of England. In such countries, the rate of profit is extremely low in agriculture, while it is high in trade, and wages are high. The cause is to be found in this:—if a man have a little money, it will enable him to grow corn, though not to embark in trade; the labourer can become a farmer almost without capital; agricultural produce is raised in excess; and as the excess cannot be sold, it is used to extend production, and thus the glut is made permanent.

In old countries, where only the best land is cultivated, although the whole is appropriated, the rate of profit is extremely low in agriculture, while it is high in trade. Why do not the agriculturists, agreeably to the doctrines of the Economists, transfer their capital to trade, and thereby produce equality of profits? Because they cannot. They are the owners of the land, it is unsaleable, and they must cultivate it for the low rate of profit, or receive none.

It is indisputable that the rate of profit in agriculture is the lowest in countries where none but the best land is cultivated; and it is equally so, that

when corn was at the highest price in this country, profits were at the highest on the worst farms as well as on the best. According to all experience, the culture of inferior land has always been accompanied by a rise of profits to the general body of agricultural capitalists.

It is, from all this, impossible for the culture of inferior land to have any effect in reducing profits. No matter whether food and labour be cheap or dear, an abundant supply of capital must cause a low rate of profit, precisely as an abundant supply of goods must cause low prices.

I will now examine the doctrine, that population has a tendency to increase more rapidly than the means of subsistence, because, as it increases, land of less fertility must be cultivated to supply it with food.

Now what are its means of subsistence? Adequate wages and a sufficiency of employment: it is a scarcity of these, and not of food, which forms the cause whenever it has a scarcity of these means.

Does, then, the culture of inferior land reduce wages? The Economists say no; they aver that if food rise, wages must sooner or later rise also. It is laid down by their leading principles, that corn cannot rise without raising wages, and that the latter must rise when such culture is resorted to. Of course, according to them, wages will afford the same means of subsistence after this is done, as they did previously.

Does it reduce employment? No, reply the Economists, it employs a greater number of hands to raise the same quantity of food. Much more labour must be expended on inferior, than on rich, land, to raise the same portion of corn. Employment must then of necessity be greatly enlarged by it.

How, then, can it have the effect ascribed to it? Population, in proportion to its numbers, has less produce to divide. I deny this.

If the whole population were employed solely in raising agricultural produce as its *only* means of subsistence, the doctrine would be correct; but it is not. Or if the part of it not employed in agriculture could constantly obtain full employment at good wages in trade and manufactures, the doctrine would not be so fallacious as it is; but this is not the case. The assumptions which alone could support the Economists, are the reverse of fact.

Conceding that, when the inferior land is cultivated, a greater part of the population is required for raising the same quantity of agricultural produce, still if wages, as the Economists assert, be raised equally with food, the whole population has precisely as much of such produce as it would have if the best land only were in tillage. It has as much of such produce as it can consume; it cannot, except for a moment, have much more; and if it could, the excess would injure greatly its means of subsistence.

Granting that the agricultural part of the population has less of its own produce to divide amidst its members, than the same capital and labour would extract from land of the first quality, still it has as much of the means of subsistence to divide, as the latter would yield it. The small quantity of produce drawn from the inferior land, has the same exchangeable value which the large quantity drawn from the best would have; therefore it commands the same portion of the means of subsistence.

What is the case with the other part of the population?

The Economists compare the different qualities of land to the machinery employed in manufactures. They represent that the best land is like the best machinery, and that the culture of the inferior land is as injurious as the use of the least, instead of the most productive, machines would be. Their comparison is essentially erroneous. When before improvements the worst machinery only was used, every manufacturer in the trade had the same; therefore to make the comparison true, all better land ought to become as unproductive as the inferior is when taken into culture. When the inferior land is placed under the plough, the body of the agriculturists are placed in the situation the cotton manufacturers would be in, should they with the best machinery obtain prices which would pay for the use of the worst. The culture of this land raises profits greatly to the mass of the agriculturists, but the use of improved machinery does not raise profits to the manufacturers. The bad machine never gets any better; the inferior land

keeps rising in fertility; it is like a machine which from use becomes more productive, until it nearly equals the best. The culture of this land keeps continually enlarging the quantity of the best, and making it more productive.

Machinery which renders labour more productive, is not a good, but a mighty evil, if it diminish employment. If it do this, it of necessity diminishes the means of subsistence. It takes from these means far more on the one hand by destroying work, causing a glut of labour, and lowering wages, than it adds to them on the other by reducing the prices of commodities. It is only beneficial when it makes goods cheaper, without decreasing the quantity of employment and the amount of wages.

But the comparison fails the most signally here. Agriculture is the great source of manufactures and trade, and its extent must always govern theirs. Its produce is exchanged for manufactures and merchandise, and the quantity of these it requires, must govern the quantity which the manufacturers and traders can sell to each other. If we value the surplus agricultural produce of the world at a thousand millions, manufacturers and traders must exist to supply their goods to this amount, and likewise to supply each other. Let this value be reduced to five hundred millions, and half of those who have supplied the agriculturists will lose their employment, and be disabled from buying of their brethren.

Thus, provided wages and profits be not reduced in manufactures and trade, every demand of the agriculturists for additional goods must call into being an additional number of manufacturers and traders to supply both the demand and each other. And every falling off in the demand must deprive a proportionate number of employment.

The quantity of manufactures and merchandise which the agriculturists can take, must be governed by the price which they can obtain for their produce. Each can only raise a certain portion of produce on his land, whether the price be high or low, and he can consume no more manufactures and merchandise than he can obtain for it. If their prices be doubled, their consumption of manufactures and merchandise will be doubled, allowing for the increase of price in the latter and for savings; if their prices be reduced one half, their consumption will be reduced in the same degree. I may observe, that savings in agriculture are comparatively small. The frugal farmer can save but little in the course of a long life, and the landlord generally lives up to his income. Nearly all the profits, however great they may be, are expended in consumption.*

The case is wholly different with the manufacturers and traders. They do not extract a limited quantity of produce from a limited portion of land, but they practically labour for hire; they can produce their goods to any extent, and raise their means of procuring their agricultural produce as its price rises; provided they keep their wages and profits from real reduction, their giving a greater quantity of their goods for the same of such produce renders their means of subsistence the more ample.

There is, then, this radical difference between the circumstances of the agriculturists, and those of the manufacturers and traders. The former cannot govern the price of their surplus produce; they can only consume the manufactures and merchandise which it will exchange for, and they cannot increase the quantity of it as its exchangeable value falls: the latter can generally govern the prices of their goods; if the exchangeable value of the

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* In foreign nations, where there are comparatively no farmers, the leading landowners, who cultivate their own estates, expend their profits chiefly in consumption. The Economists ought to maintain, that the prices requisite for cultivating inferior land are the parent, not of rent, but of the farmer's profit. When prices are so low that they will not yield both rent and this profit, the latter, but not the former, is annihilated. The owner invariably cultivates his land for the sake of rent, when he cannot find a tenant who will pay it; but he never suffers a tenant to occupy it rent-free. The truth is, the expenses of the tenant's family are saved when the owner is also the occupier, and the amount contributes greatly towards paying the costs of cultivation.

latter fall they can increase the quantity so as still to command the same portion of agricultural produce, and they can make this increase a source of benefit. In respect of manufactures and merchandise, the agriculturists are the employers, and the manufacturers and traders are the people employed, therefore the means of subsistence of the latter must rise and fall with the means of the former to provide them with employment. A rise or fall in the exchangeable value of agricultural produce must enlarge or diminish the consumption of manufactures and merchandise, therefore it must enlarge or diminish the means of subsistence of the body of the population. Of course, a rise or fall in the exchangeable value of manufactures and merchandise must diminish or enlarge the general consumption of them, and therefore the general means of subsistence. I may add, that the profits of the manufacturers and traders are, to a large extent, converted into capital, while, as I have already stated, those of the agriculturists are chiefly expended in consumption. Add twenty millions to the income of the latter, and the sum will be in a great degree expended in consuming manufactured goods: add it to the income of the former, and to a large extent it will be formed into capital; for a year or two, it will be employed in carrying production to excess, and then will create glut, and much of it will be dissipated or put into the pockets of foreigners.

I am most anxious for this radical difference to be duly understood and attended to, because the essentials of Political Economy turn upon it. It can scarcely be necessary for me to say, that I am speaking of the world as a whole; therefore the point touching competing with other nations is out of the question. I shall in due time notice this point, and the culture of our own inferior land.

Recurring then to the comparison, when the agriculturists have to resort to an inferior machine, all the better ones are rendered more productive, the profits of the great body are raised, and a much larger quantity of manufactures and merchandise are required and produced. But when the manufacturers have the inferior machine, all have the same, the profits of all are equally low, and from their high price much less of their goods are required and produced. The bad machine in agriculture and the good one in manufactures have the same effect—both raise the consumption of commodities. The former could only operate like the bad one in manufactures, by reducing all the land to the same point of inferiority—by raising the prices of the agriculturists without raising their profits—by increasing the price of food without increasing the consumption of the commodities required in exchange for it. This bad machine becomes from use a good one before the next bad one has to be resorted to; therefore, nearly the whole of the lands cultivated must always be of good quality.

The Economists very naturally do not notice this difference, but, on the contrary, they practically affirm that it has no existence. They constantly speak as though, in regard to production, the circumstances of the agriculturists were precisely the same as those of the manufacturers and traders; and they always insist that the produce of the former cannot rise without entailing proportionate loss on the latter. If the manufacturer have to give 30 yards of cloth, or 30 hats, instead of 20, for the same quantity of corn, they maintain that he is a loser to the extent of the difference; and represent that he is in the state the corn grower would be in should the latter have to give the same quantity of corn for 20 instead of 30 yards of cloth or hats. That men so astonishingly ignorant should proclaim themselves the parents of a science, and rail against the ignorance of those who dissent from them, is not very remarkable; but it is extremely so, that they should have disciples amidst people of knowledge and experience.

If corn be so far raised as to require for the same quantity 30, instead of 20 yards of cloth, the manufacturer's workman, as the Economists assert, will raise his wages, so that his labour will still exchange for the same quantity of corn, and the master will raise his price, and still get the same profit per yard. The workman's wages, therefore, will command the same portion of commodities, and he will have much more work. The master, on the one hand, will have his trade and profits greatly enlarged; and on the other, his expenses of living will be, but not to the same extent, increased. Both will be much benefited; they will be more able to give the greater number

of yards, than they previously were to give the lesser. But if corn fall, so that 20 yards will purchase the same quantity instead of 30, no more than 20 will be purchased. The farmer cannot, like the manufacturer, increase his production, and still obtain the 30 yards by giving more corn for them; he cannot produce a grain more of corn in consequence of the fall, and if he could produce the additional quantity required for the 30 yards, the manufacturer would not buy it. The workman's wages will fall in proportion to the fall in corn, and his employment will be reduced; the master's price will fall, and his trade will be narrowed.

If the rise of wages should make it necessary for the manufacturer to raise his cloth to the extent of the rise in corn, his trade would not be enlarged, but a much less advance would be sufficient. Even if his trade should receive no increase, his profits on the cloth would not be reduced; his expense of living would only be increased.

The Economists support themselves here by these arguments, which utterly demolish each other. In the first place, they aver, that if corn fall, the consumers will have the amount of the reduction to expend in other commodities, and this is the same as maintaining that wages and prices will not be in the least lowered; and then they aver, that if it fall, wages will fall equally, and profits will rise, although no more of the latter will be expended in consumption. Now if, as they assert, wages will be, and ought to be, reduced in proportion to the fall in corn, the working classes cannot possibly have more to expend in other commodities after the fall than they had before; and if the capitalists save their increase of profits, their expenditure will not be increased. On their own shewing, therefore, the consumption of commodities will be enormously diminished amidst the agriculturists, without being increased amidst the rest of the population. What must inevitably flow from this? A great decrease of employment, and therefore of consumption, amidst the working classes; and a great glut of goods, and therefore a great fall of prices, profits, and consumption, amidst the manufacturers and traders.

If their prices, wages, and extent of trade, could be kept from proportionate reduction after a fall in agricultural produce, the manufacturing and trading classes might benefit from the fall; but this is an utter impossibility. These must rise and fall with the price of agricultural produce; of course, I mean the general price with average crops.

Thus, then, when it is necessary to cultivate the inferior land, the means of subsistence of the agriculturists are greatly increased; the masters gain greater profits, and the labourers gain a vast increase of employment. The Economists insist that wages will rise in an equal degree with food, therefore the manufacturing and trading labourers will have, in rate of wages, the command over commodities which they had previously, and they will, on the one hand, receive a great increase of employment, and on the other, be relieved from much competition; their means of subsistence must therefore be largely increased. And their masters will, as a body, obtain an immense increase of trade, which will enable them to raise their rate of profit, consequently their means of subsistence must be much augmented. These means must be greatly raised to the general population.

Let us suppose this country in its present state to represent the world—to have no intercourse with any other, and to produce every commodity. If, from the necessity for cultivating inferior land, wheat should rise to, and remain at, 80s. or 90s., with full crops, and other produce should rise equally, what would follow? The profits of the landlords and farmers would be enormously increased; not only would a large additional quantity of labour be employed on the inferior land, but every farmer in the country would employ considerably more. The agricultural part of the population would be greatly increased in number, and its means of subsistence would be greatly increased. It would require a vast additional quantity of manufactures and merchandise, and from this would flow a vast increase of trade and employment to the manufacturing and trading party. Saying nothing of the masters, it is evident that the working classes would have their means of subsistence very largely augmented in every calling; perhaps with the present population, two millions of souls more, including women and children, would be employed, than are at present.

And now, still supposing this country to represent the world, as I have stated, let us enquire what would follow if all the land required for culture could be instantly converted into land of the first quality. Rent, the Economists say, would be wholly annihilated; the means of investing money on mortgage would be destroyed—perhaps half the labour and capital employed in cultivation would be thrown out of employment—every farmer would be bound by the lowest prices to the lowest profit; and a very great number of farmers would be driven out of business, as infinitely less land would be cultivated. A vast part of the agricultural population would be deprived wholly of the means of consuming manufactured goods; and the means of the remainder would be very largely reduced; if prices shall fall only one third, the fall would take effect chiefly on these means, and would perhaps take from them two-thirds. Could the capital and labour here deprived of employment regain it amidst the manufacturers and traders? No, the latter would lose an immense part of their trade amidst the agriculturists; and according to the doctrines of the Economists, their means of consuming their own goods would not be increased; of course, amidst them employment would be taken from a very great portion of capital and labour. In agriculture, trade, and manufactures, the means of subsistence would sustain gigantic reduction.

The means of subsistence to population are to be found in *employment*. Whenever they are deficient, it arises not from the dearness of food caused by the culture of inferior land, but from the want of employment to buy food with. The deficiency is generally the greatest where food is the cheapest, and *vice versa*. Population, once fully employed on adequate terms, will never want these means, if employment increase as rapidly as itself.

This employment is to be found in the production of the various commodities which the population consumes annually, and of course it must be regulated by the quantity of it which such production will furnish. The latter must be governed by consumption. The population must consume as much as it produces; consequently, when it is fully employed on adequate terms, every increase of it, to find an equal increase of employment, must consume as much as it produces.

It is because the increase of population does not consume as much as it can produce, that it diminishes the general means of subsistence.

If the population of the world be fully employed on adequate terms, it must consume all the commodities it produces, or there must necessarily soon be an excess, which will deprive a large part of it of the means of subsistence, by depriving this part of employment. If in the course of a year there be an increase in it of a million, this increase must consume all it produces, or it will create such an excess. Savings must not consist of commodities, for if they do, they will produce ruinous glut; they are not savings until they are converted into money through the consumption of the commodities; practically they are a per centage paid in money out of general wages and profits to the capitalists for producing the goods.

Commodities are produced by capital and labour jointly; if they were produced wholly by the former, the means of subsistence could not be obtained by the mass of population, save from the charity of capitalists. This is indisputable, although the Economists hold that in each case the quantity of employment for labour would be at the maximum. In proportion as they are in the aggregate produced by it and not by labour, population will increase more rapidly than the means of subsistence—that is, than employment. Their money price, after certain deductions, is divided between the capitalists and labourers; and it goes principally to the former, if they be produced principally by capital. If the capitalist receive nearly all the price, he uses it to replace the money he has fixed on as savings, and expends very little of it in consumption; and his labourers can only consume to the amount of the trifling share of it which falls to them. A handful of individuals thus produce, in the course of a year, as many commodities as several thousands can consume, and they consume scarcely any. I speak of the consumption of manufactured goods, which, as I have already said, must govern all other consumption. In a case like this, the most trifling part of the increase of population can supply what the whole can consume; and in con-

sequence nearly the whole must be unable to procure employment. In this country, machinery, that is, capital, does the work, which it would require very many millions of people to do; in some cases, it makes goods much cheaper, and in others very little; several important articles which it produces could be produced almost as cheaply by hand labour. Assuming that if the latter were substituted for it, the goods which it produces would be doubled in price on the average, and only half the quantity would be consumed, still there would be employment for many millions of people beyond what there is at present. It must be remembered that I am speaking of the abstract question touching the world as a whole; for reasons which I shall afterwards state, I say nothing against the use of machinery in this country, circumstanced as it is in respect of other nations.

If the money expended in the consumption of manufactured goods could constantly buy all which the whole population could produce, there could be no deficiency of the means of subsistence, provided wages were sufficiently high. If wages were raised in proportion to the share which capital had in production, so as to enable the labourers and capitalists jointly to consume all that could be produced, there would be no scarcity of the means of subsistence. The case would be the same if the consumption of the capitalists were raised in such proportion. But with this production by capital, wages are reduced; and the capitalists only obtain the profit, and consume the same which they would do if they produced with labour. Thus a part of the increase of population is enabled to supply the whole, and the rest knows not where to find the means of subsistence.

The grand question then is—How can the money which is so expended be kept up to the requisite amount?

In manufactures and trade all must obtain about the same rate of profit; this rate must be the same with production by capital as by labour; it must be generally a low one, and profits will be, as far as possible, converted into savings. It is, therefore, utterly impossible to cause, by a rise of profits in them alone, the requisite expenditure in consumption.

If by any means the manufacturers and traders could be enabled to obtain the high rate of profit which high prices of agricultural produce give to the agriculturists, they would use their profits in production instead of consumption, and create ruinous glut; but even should they expend them in consumption, it would not have the desired effect. The exchangeable value of manufactured goods would be greatly raised, touching agricultural produce; and this, instead of increasing, would reduce both the prices and consumption of the latter. The agriculturists would be unable to charge more, and to extract more from the same extent of land, therefore their consumption of such goods would be much reduced; wages would not be raised, therefore such consumption would be much reduced amidst the working classes; from this the agriculturists would sell much less produce. I have already shewn that such high rate of profit would keep general consumption at the lowest point. The manufacturers and traders, therefore, would have their means of employing capital and their yearly profits reduced in proportion to the advance in their rate of profit, and, although individuals might be greatly benefited, as a whole this advance would yield no benefit to general consumption. If theirs should be raised, that of the rest of the population would be greatly lessened.

I ought, perhaps, here to notice the doctrine of the Economists, that the rate of profit must be as high in agriculture, as in manufactures and trade, because if it be not, capital will be transferred from the former to the latter until equality is produced. It is altogether erroneous. If he can obtain no profit, the farmer will keep on his farm so long as he can escape loss; no matter how high profits may be in trade, he will not enter it because he does not understand it, and could only expect to find in it ruin. If prices be so low that farmers cannot occupy without loss, the owner must cultivate his land, or wholly abandon profit. He cannot transfer his capital to trade; the value of his land has fallen with prices, and if he can find a buyer, he must sell it at the sacrifice of the greatest part of his capital. The buyer, to make any profit, must cultivate the land at the low prices. Here is loss, but no real

transfer, of capital. So long as the least profit can be drawn from it, the land will be cultivated without any regard to the profits of trade. Steady high prices of agricultural produce have effects the reverse of those produced by the high prices of manufactured goods. The large profits which they yield are expended in consumption. While the high exchangeable value of manufactured goods reduces the consumption of both them and produce, that of the latter raises such consumption. While the dearness of such goods, by reducing demand, narrows employment and lowers wages, that of agricultural produce, by increasing demand, enlarges employment and raises wages. Manufacturers and traders can obtain even a higher rate of profit, and they have far more trade; and wages are higher in proportion, and infinitely more labour is employed, when agricultural produce is regularly dear with good crops, than when it is cheap.

Nothing, therefore, but high profits on such produce can keep the money expended in manufactured goods at the requisite amount. If they could always be kept sufficiently high, there would never be any scarcity of employment, and, of course, of the means of subsistence.

In illustration, suppose that there is an increase of population of 1000 souls, and that they cannot procure any employment save what they can supply to each other. Suppose further, that half of them can raise all the agricultural produce, and that 300 of the remainder, with the aid of machinery, can produce all the manufactured goods required by the whole. In this case, there will be 200 people incapable of finding employment and the means of subsistence. Let the profits of the agriculturists be so far raised as to enable them to consume double the quantity of manufactured goods, and let wages and prices be so far raised as to yield the same command over commodities to the labourer, and the same rate of profit to the trader. The agriculturists will require a great additional quantity of goods; the manufacturers and traders will be enabled to consume more by receiving a great increase of trade; much more agricultural produce will have to be raised; and all this will provide employment for the 200 idle souls.

In speaking of high prices of agricultural produce, I mean such as will yield great profits. The natural fertility of land is only a matter of comparison. If all the land in the world were of such inferior quality, that expensive culture could only extract from it two quarters of wheat per acre, it would, with such prices as would yield good profits to the farmer, and two or three pounds per acre rent to the landlord, afford infinitely more subsistence to population, than it would do, if it were all of the first quality, and prices were so low as to yield no rent and scarcely any profit to the cultivator.

The culture of inferior land is the only thing which can give constant great profits to the body of the agriculturists. In countries where the land is all appropriated, and there is a profusion of the best, there is an excess of produce, and in consequence prices are so low, that they yield the lowest amount of profits. From this such countries, putting out of sight export, can only employ the smallest number of manufacturers and traders, and supply the least portion of the means of subsistence to population. In Russia, Poland, Prussia, &c., notwithstanding their excess of corn and cattle, population is confined to the lowest scale of living, that is, to the smallest share in proportion of the means of subsistence.

By the produce of land, I mean all kinds. That of corn and pasture land necessarily takes the precedence, not only from its direct value, but because it calls into use the produce of other descriptions of land. I may add, I have spoken on the assumption, that there is always as much land as is required for culture.

The Economists fall into their error here, as they do on other occasions, by looking at nothing but the mere division of produce. If the farmers and their labourers had nothing whatever to subsist on but the produce they extracted from the soil, and did not exchange it for other commodities, their means of subsistence would unquestionably be much less on inferior than on rich land. But this is not the case. They exchange the produce for the means of subsistence, therefore the means must be governed by its exchangeable value. It makes no difference to them, whether they extract

two quarters of wheat, or ten, from the acre of land, if the two quarters will exchange for as many commodities as the ten. If the Economists do not err touching land, it must of necessity follow, that because the masters and workmen in the cotton trade have now far more cottons in proportion to capital and labour to divide among them than they had formerly, they enjoy a far greater share of the means of subsistence. But what is the fact? These masters and workmen divide among them infinitely more cottons, and still they have far less of the means of subsistence. Why? Because the fall in the exchangeable value of cottons has been greater than the increase in the productiveness of the capital and labour which produce them.

From what I have stated, I draw the conclusions, 1st, The higher the exchangeable value of agricultural produce and labour is touching manufactured goods, the greater must be the consumption both of such goods and of such produce and labour; and the greater such consumption is, the more abundant must be the means of subsistence to population; 2d, The higher the exchangeable value of agricultural produce is, the greater must be the quantity of employment, and, of necessity, the higher must be the exchangeable value of labour in regard to both rate and aggregate amount of wages.

If the Economists do not err, what is the precise worth of their furious declamations against the culture of inferior land? From what they say of machines, the poor citizen may well imagine, that such culture compels him to pay a thousand-fold more for his food than he ought. Allowing reasonable profit to the farmer, a moderate standard of living to the labourer, and common interest to the landlord for the money he has expended in buildings and fences, wheat could not be grown on the best land in this country for less than 45s. per quarter. The Economists declare, that if the trade in corn were perfectly free, wheat could not, in general, be imported for less than 50s. or 55s. The price required for cultivating the inferior land is only from 60s. to 70s. According, therefore, to the Economists, the culture of such land can only make the consumer pay 10s. or 15s. per annum more for his wheat, than he would have to pay if the best land only were cultivated. Now, assuming that, in its whole operation, such culture will impose on the labourer an additional expense of a shilling per week, and that wages are raised in proportion, it will raise his wages 10 per cent who has 10s. per week, it will raise his 5 who has 20s., and it will raise his 2½ who has 40s. If the price of a commodity consist to the extent of one-fourth of British wages, and the labourer have 20s. per week, it will be raised about 1¼ per cent. The doctrine, that the world has continually to resort to still more inferior land, is erroneous. Speaking generally, the inferior land which is cultivated, and that which is not, keeps constantly improving. If wheat were kept at 70s., and other produce of all kinds at prices proportionally high, every hill, and every inch of land in this country, could be profitably cultivated, save the small part which is incurably barren. The reason why a vast portion of our waste land is not cultivated, is, the landlords have not the means or the will to drain, enclose, build, or otherwise put it into the state required by the occupier, although they might do so with profit to themselves.

I must reserve my further observations for another Article.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

London, 10th Sept. 1829.

IRELAND, TWENTY YEARS AGO.

CHAP. III.

IT is, I believe, a truth very generally known and acknowledged, that, during the last half century, the province of Munster, in Ireland, has never enjoyed, at any period, ten years of uninterrupted tranquillity. Either contending factions have disturbed the public peace, or banditti, confederated against all established government, have spread consternation by their excesses, and have excited horror in humane hearts by the punishment which their crimes provoked. At all times, the peaceable have been in a state of alarm, feeling but little reliance on the power of the law to protect them against those barbarities and disorders by which the country has been so long afflicted. Of some of these disorders —the bane of Ireland—it was not the least remarkable peculiarity, that their origin and occasion were unknown. Oppressive landlords, importunate and merciless agents and tithe-proctors, have been, from time to time, the subject of complaint, and have been represented as the justification of enormity; but, upon various occasions, no explanation or excuse whatever has been offered, and the country has become the theatre of a relentless and savage warfare, of which no man could say what was the cause or the object.

At the time when our story commences, the county of Tipperary had been agitated by the fierce contentions of two parties, known by the appellations of Caravats and Shanavests. The latter term, signifying "an old wallet-coat," had been, in a species of good-humoured derision, applied to the leader of one faction, and was, from him, derived to his retainers. The other was a name associated with more gloomy recollections, and was selected in a manner characteristic of the people who had assumed it, and of the times (it might be added) in which it was adopted. The head of their party, a man named Hanly, was, while he lived, a person who had attained high distinction in the chivalrous office to which he had dedicated himself —that of redressing the grievances of the peasantry upon all occasions where they needed his succour. He had gathered around him a ferocious band, styled the "Moyle Rangers," and, by their outrages, had acquired a very terrific reputation. The end, however, of such doings was, in some instances, death. Alienated friends are bitter enemies; and Hanly, after having been a plague and a terror to the country, was hunted down by some among those from whom, in former times, he would have sought assistance, and became an example, that justice does not always neglect the murderer. On the day of his execution, the leader of the Shanavests declared, that he would remain to see the caravat (the colloquial Irish for "neckcloth") on the neck of his fallen foe; and the epithet of dishonour was instantly caught up by a party who regarded the death of their chief as a martyrdom, and who resolved to efface the indignity sought to be annexed to their chieftain's name, by connecting the manner of his death with the symbol of their union. Hence the name of Caravats—a war-cry potent as the drum which Ziska bequeathed to his adherents, to inflame the valour of those among whom it was shouted forth—a name associated with many a terrible deed. This name was adopted in memory of Hanly's death; and certainly, if daring and atrocious crimes and exploits could spread a report beyond the confined and obscure theatre where they were perpetrated, and vindicate a title to fame, the Caravats succeeded in rendering the death of their chieftain memorable, and in removing dishonour from among the calamities of a public execution.

It does not appear that, in this procedure, there was any agency more subtle than the spirits of uninstructed desperadoes. It indicates, in consequence, rather the actual state of public opinion, than an effort to engage opinion on the side of faction. It is somewhat strange, that no use has ever been made of the instruction which it was calculated to afford. A man is executed for the commission of cruel and abominable offences, and the halter by which he suffered is hoisted, as it were, as the ensign of his fol-

lowers' union. This could scarcely be, were such a death as Hanly's esteemed shameful; or, even though it were, to adopt and persevere in such a method of counteracting ignominy, could not be long without effect. The natural consequence, in such a state of things, must have been, that all proportion between offence and punishment was destroyed. The vengeance of the law was accounted, not justice, but tyranny,—to implore its succour —to aid in its administration—was stigmatized as a crime. He who fell by the assassin's hand, because he had given information of murder, left a legacy of dishonour to his children;—he who perished on the scaffold, if only upon that awful stage he bore himself bravely, left a martyr's memory behind him, and gave his surviving family a claim upon the love and protection of all his associates. Against the spirit of insubordination, therefore, government had only the fear of an honourable death to wield; —against the manifestation of attachment to the law, the disturbers had to hold forth the far more effectual terror of a death without preparation or sympathy; and the menace, that his offence would bring down an evil visitation upon his friends, his wife and children. The terms of this conflict, between law and lawlessness, were certainly very unequal. It is remarkable, that "Intellect," in its rapid march, has done nothing to set the combatants more nearly on a level.

"Surely," said a great statesman, speaking on these matters—"surely," said he, "men will at length weary of the gallows. There is nothing so very captivating in the name or circumstances of such an exit from life, as to induce men causelessly to court it. They will soon abjure the ambition of being hanged, and leave both scaffold and country in peace." This, no doubt, was all reasonable. Men m ght be expected to grow tired of be ng hanged. Strangulation, however, is not the only violent death to which men may be disinclined. To be hanged by the neck was not the most terrific aspect in which a departure from this life could be exhibited. The ignominy of a public execution being altogether removed—*Bans gon Saggard,* "death without a priest," which usually terminated the informer's vocation, had terrors far more potential than those in which the orderly administration of law-justice as invested. Persecution in the field and the house—murder by the way-side—massacre—conflagration of sleeping families—general contempt—hatred—the consciousness of having a brand horrid as that of Cain—the natural apprehension, that every one who met the violator of the peoples' law would slay him—these were inconveniences of which men could be tired as well as those which great statesmen thought so prevailing. The question to be solved was, who could hold out longest —the disturbers or the informers? whether men would sooner grow tired of seeing their companions martyred on the scaffold—or of murdering those by whom their departed friends had been brought to their consummation? whether the spirit against which the gallows was raised up, or that which was to be laid by general obloquy, and by the blood shed in many a shocking assassination, more obstinately resisted the efforts to subdue it? The advocates and administrators of the law considered only one of the cases enumerated in these questions, and, accordingly, the disposition to uphold the law was wearied out and conquered, before tranquillity was restored; and that spirit which it was expected the gallows should quell, abated not a jot of its fiercest virulence, and manifested its presence and power with an audacity which has been continually increasing.

At this day it is easy to perceive the correctness of observations such as the above; but, at the period at which my story is laid, it was not a matter of ordinary calculation to anticipate the results to which insubordination might lead. While the various factions by which their country was dishonoured, confined their violence to acts of mutual depredation, many of the gentry imagined that such disorder was a species of safety-valve, by which the peace of the land could be preserved from accident. Upon various occasions, therefore, riot was actually permitted, as the preventive of a greater evil to be apprehended. O'Brien had an opportunity of witnessing the manifestation of such an opinion. The occasion on which it was displayed, as well for itself as for what followed it, is worthy of being described.

The village of Golden is situated on the banks of the Suir, and on an easy declivity in the valley through which it flows. That river has been too frequently celebrated in prose, and numerous verse, to need my poor praise. Denham's eulogy has been not inaptly applied to it,—

> "Though deep, yet clear—though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong, without rage—without o'erflowing, full;"

and, no doubt, he who has witnessed its calm assured course, as it proceeds through a very rich and luxuriant country, reflecting a most beautiful and varied landscape, will esteem the panegyric not unworthily bestowed. A fair was held in the village on the day when O'Brien came to visit it; a fair, however, in which there was little appearance of Hibernian light-heartedness and good-humour. On the contrary, every thing, except the glorious sky and the gay valley it lightened, wore an aspect of gloom and constraint. It smote upon O'Brien's heart to witness so little of sympathy between nature and human kind. He had ascended to the summit of a strong tower, intended in the olden time to defend the pass at Golden-bridge; and, as his eye traced the course of the full calm river towards him, and as it became lost to his view amidst the gently swelling grounds and the green plantations in which it disappeared, he saw nothing which was not calculated to call out in the heart all the sweet summer sensations of our nature; and when he turned his glance beneath, and looked upon the dense multitudes of his fellow-men collected before him, in them only could he discern the manifestations of a spirit and a feeling not in unison with the influences by which nature would attract them. He was not, however, unaware of the recollections and the fears by which the hearts of this multitude were prostrated. He had learned, that in just such a rejoicing day, in the preceding year, a sanguinary conflict had taken place where the meeting, which he was now looking down upon, had assembled; and he knew that the recollections of calamity experienced in that fearful encounter, had far more power to sadden the hearts which retained them, than the summer sun had power to chase such remembrances away. Nor was it alone the influence of memory which dejected spirits acknowledged. Fear also lent its aid; and, in many a resolved mind, a stern determination to avenge—in a struggle speedily to commence—the grief and the loss which the bloody meeting of the past year had inflicted. Therefore, throughout the entire multitude, you could scarcely discern a countenance not overcast by some sad or sinister expression. As yet, however, there appeared no tendency to strife or disorder;—the little village presented the usual appearance of bustle; but the confusion of tongues,—the noise,—the tumult of the occasion, were wanting to the life of the picture; and, to one accustomed to the usual loud and loquacious manifestations of Irish activity at meetings of this nature, it might almost seem as if his sense of hearing had been rendered obtuse, for the purpose of making a familiar scene become strange to him.

Thus the business of the fair proceeded. On the brow of the declivity above the little village—sheltered by a grove from an ardent sun—a strong detachment of cavalry were posted; and, in a space carefully preserved from intrusion, the arms of a company of infantry were piled, before which two sentinels kept guard, while their comrades rested under the same trees which afforded shelter to the horses. The ground on which these detachments were stationed, was bounded by two roads leading down to the village, and thus afforded no excuse to the country people for intruding on the little encampment. A few magistrates of the county were on horseback, ready to sanction the proceedings of the military if any disturbance required their interference; and, from time to time, they went down to the fair, and, having ascertained how the business was proceeding, returned again to their post on the hill. They had called out military aid for the purpose of protecting the peace and order of the fair, and with the intention of dismissing it so soon as the business of the day was over.

And, with more than ordinary celerity, this business was dispatched,—the usual higgling in making bargains was discontinued,—the eloquent eulogiums on stock to be sold,—affected indifference to purchase,—all were laid aside;

and, under the terror of an impending fight, and with the stimulus thus applied to rustic negotiation, transfers in the Stock Market, or Cornhill, could scarcely be settled with greater promptitude than they were this day at the fair of Golden. Tents soon began to be struck,—stock sold and unsold to be turned homewards,—and O'Brien, who had descended from his tower, and was walking through the separating crowds, was startled in his speculations by the piercing trumpet-call and the roll of the drum, which told him that the troops were in motion. He accordingly rejoined his friends on the hill, and found them preparing to set forward on their return from the fair, where their presence was no longer required. O'-Brien was of opinion, that now they were more especially needed. As he passed through the crowds which filled the village, he had witnessed much cause for apprehension;—scowling brows, and looks which betokened relief from the burden of constrained quiet, and muttered threats, had not escaped his notice; and, when the trumpet rang out, a murmur awoke among the crowd, which seemed almost as if it would swell to a shout; and weapons of various kinds were for a moment displayed, and then concealed again. One man near him sprang suddenly into the air, brandishing a heavy club; and, when he reached the ground, threw his arm around the neck of a boy at his side, and most earnestly embraced him. Presently, observing that he was remarked, he seemed amazed at his conduct, and stiffened into composure. O'Brien mentioned what he had seen; but the magistrates, satisfied with the protection they had afforded to the peaceably disposed, retained their purpose, and commanded the military to proceed.

The trumpet note with which the march commenced had scarcely sounded, when it was answered by a shout, in which the painfully pent-up passions of a ferocious multitude let loose all their fury. The silence into which its echoes died away was scarcely less terrific than the burst of rage which preceded it. O'Brien turned his horse, and, resisting all expostulation, rode back to the brow of the hill nearest to the village. Before him, still, a great multitude was collected. It did not appear that all had hostile intentions. Many seemed as if curiosity detained them; but, through the centre of the crowd, a condensed and wedge-like mass of men were marching in order. On each side of their march, the people were stationary. A little in advance, a boy proceeded—in one hand brandishing a cudgel for the defence of his bare head, with the other, dragging along the ground what seemed to be the badge of one of the hostile parties, which thus was trailed contumeliously in the dust. If any doubt remained as to the meaning of this indignity, it was soon removed. The boy cried out, "Ten pounds for the head of a Shanavest!" and instantly a loud shout from his followers rent the air; but no sound of answering defiance repeated it. At each proclamation from the boy, his party shouted and clashed their weapons together; and, until the third challenge, it could not be known whether the ears of enemies received it. The third defiance was proclaimed at the meeting of two roads; and scarcely were the words pronounced—"Ten pounds for the head of a Shanavest"—when a man, bare-headed, and with his limbs from the knees downwards uncovered, wearing a loose flannel jacket, sprang over an adjacent hedge, and, before the accustomed shout could be raised, the herald boy was prostrate, and he who had struck the blow was out of sight. This, however, was but for a moment. He instantly appeared in the corner of the hedge, and shouted to his enemies to advance. Behind him, multitudes took up the cry; and the green field suddenly became thronged with combatants, attired as he was, and displaying, in all their gestures, the fiercest ardour to encounter.

They were not to be long left inactive. Before the impetuosity of the multitudes who rushed to engage them, the frail barrier of the hedge, save only where a tree marked its position, was soon trampled under foot, so that the place of it soon became indiscernible. When all were in the field, a moment's breathing-time was allowed, the ranks on each side were formed into something like order and compactness, and, in words of mutual encouragement or silent pressure of hard hands, and sometimes in sudden shrieks and gestures, intimations were given of the ferocious purpose by which the hearts of all were possessed.

They now began to approach each other, and already little more than ten

paces were interposed between them, when, to O'Brien's astonishment, he saw them bow towards the earth, and heard from the entire multitude a deep and thrilling groan, in which not rage nor revenge, but fear and sorrow, were expressed. He rode nearer to the meeting, and beheld, moving in the space between the hostile parties, a form, which, if it did not account for the phenomenon which had amazed him, strongly engaged his attention. It was of a young man of great beauty, barefooted, and bareheaded, with no covering but that of a piece of whitish cloth thrown around him loosely, save that it was drawn in by a girdle at his waist. Around his neck was hung a string of large dark beads, from which a wooden crucifix was suspended, and in his hand he bore a long staff, which also was formed into a cross. The groan uttered by the assembly had died away; all was perfectly still, as the pilgrim passed along, his eyes bent to the earth, and his lips moving as in prayer. It was, certainly, a most strange picture, —more than a thousand astonished faces fixed earnestly, almost as if under fascination, upon the seemingly unconscious youth, and unbroken silence maintained throughout the whole wrapt assembly. When he had passed along the entire lines, and ascended a slight eminence at about an equal distance from each, he called, with a voice of singular sweetness and melancholy, to the leaders, it would seem, of both parties; and, after a brief pause, a few individuals from each side came reverently to receive his directions. The multitudes who awaited the issue of this singular conference were now somewhat released from their captivation, and murmurs arose among them—"Is it himself again?" —"Is it a spirit?"—"Is not he the picture of a blessed angel?" Various expressions of this kind O'Brien could hear, although he could not understand their import. He learned from them, however, that the youth whose appearance had been productive of so strange effects, was one well known to the people who beheld him, although some mystery had rendered his coming thus awful and affecting. While he conversed with the leaders who had obeyed his summons, he preserved, apparently, the same calmness with which he had walked through the threatening ranks of their followers. The calmness, however, was not communicated to his hearers—one had cast himself on the earth to embrace his feet, and all seemed agitated by strong emotion. O'Brien could scarcely control the impulse which urged him to intrude upon a conference, which, it was evident, was not designed to be public—for, when one or two stragglers ventured to leave their ranks, and were advancing towards the hill, they were impetuously forbade to approach by the leaders. Long, however, they could not be restrained; nor could O'Brien long endure suspense, and, at all hazards, he would have gone in amongst the people, when he was saved from the probable consequences of his rashness, and the whole assembly dispersed, by an outcry in the direction of the village—"The soldiers!" "The soldiers!" The helmets and sabres of the dragoons were seen over the tops of the houses, and instantly the multitude, mingled friends and foes, scattered and fled with the speed of terror, until they had obtained shelter from the dreaded pursuit.

O'Brien, his enigma unexpounded, was found by the Captain of the party who had been sent for his protection. Although it had not been thought necessary to harass the military by detaining them to prevent the bloodshed of a rustic battle, it appeared cruel to leave a young stranger exposed to the hazards of such an affray; and when it was found that he did not return, and when he could be no longer seen on the spot whither he had withdrawn from his friends to witness the termination of the proceedings of what he had seen, as he thought, the commencement, one of the magistrates proposed accompanying a few dragoons for the purpose of bringing him back in safety. The consequence was, the interruption of his efforts to solve a riddle—which much engaged him—and the probable protection of his life.

THE p AND THE q;

OR, THE ADVENTURES OF JOCK M'PHERSON.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.

" There was an auld man, and he had an auld wife,
And they had a son was the plague of their life;"
For even frae the time, when a bairn on the knee,
He was as contrary as callant could be.
He gloom'd and he skirl'd, and, when in hard case,
He whiles gae his mother a yerk on the face;
And nought sae weel pleased him, when he could win at her,
As to gar her mild grey een stand in back-water.
They scolded, they drubb'd him, they ruggit his hair,
They stripp'd off his claes, and they skelpit him bare—
But he took every chance baith to scart and to spar,
And instead o' growing better, he rather grew waur.
  This old crabbed carle it is hard to make verse on:
His trade was a miller, his name was M'Pherson—
And this wicked callant, the plague o' his stock,
I ne'er heard his name, but I'm sure it was Jock—
For I never yet heard of a stripling of game,
The son of an auld pair, but Jock was his name.
I am sure that my mother had thirty old stories,
And every one of them began as before is;
Or, " there was a man and wife like other folk,
An' they had a son, an' they ca'd him Jock;"
And so it went on—Now this that you're hearing
Was one of these stories—you'll find it a queer ane.—
  Jock went to the school—but there rose sic a rumpus!—
The scholars were maul'd, and their noddles grew bumpous;
The pretty wee girls were weel towzled and kiss'd,
In spite of their teeth, ay, and oft ere they wist;
But yet for as ill as the creatures were guided,
In Jock's fiery trials wi' him still they sided.
Good sauf's, how they squeel'd in their feckless resistance!
Good sauf's, how the master ran to their assistance!
He ca'd Jock a heathen, a Turk, and a Nero,
Grinn'd, clench'd his auld teeth, and laid on like a hero;
But no mends could he get—for, despite of his sway,
Jock fought him again twenty times in a day.
  Of course, Jock's advancement in learning was slow;
He got with perplexity as far as O;
But the p and the q, that sister and brother,
He wish'd at the deil, and he never wan further.
  He hated the Dominie's teasing and tattles—
He hated the school, except for the battles—
But he liked the sweet wenches, and kindly caress'd them,
Yet when they would not let him kiss them, he thrash'd them.
  There was ae bit shy lassie, ca'd Phemie Carruthers,
Whom he either lo'ed waur or lo'ed better than others;
From morning to e'en you'd have heard or have seen them,
For peace there was never a moment between them;
She couldna bide frae him, he seem'd to bewitch her,
Yet neither wad she let him kiss her or touch her,
But squeel'd like a rabbit, and giggled and ran,
Till Jock ran her down, wi' a curse or a ban.
Then many a sair drubbing he gat frae her brothers;—
O dear was his flirting wi' Phemie Carruthers!

The auld miller kendna what way to bestow him,
Or what in the world's wide range to make o' him;
For when at the mill, at the meadow, or mart,
He fought wi' the horses and coupit the cart;
He couldna even gang wi' the horse to the water,
But there was a battle, and gallop full blatter.
To a smith he was enter'd, to yerk at the stiddy,
But he lamed the auld smith, and he fired the smiddy.
Then went to a tailor of high estimation,
To learn to make trousers and breeks in the fashion;
But a' that the tailor could threaten or wheedle,
At every steek Jock gae 'm the length of the needle.
Ten times in a day he provoked him or trick'd him,
Then ance for amusement he fought and he lick'd him;
So Snip turn'd him off, and accepted another,
And Jock went once more to his father and mother.

Then they sent him to sea, to efface his reproach,
In fighting the Spaniards, the French, and the Dutch.
Jock fought with them all, for he happen'd to hate them;
Whenever he met them, he fought, and he beat them;
He fought from his childhood, and never thought ill o't,
But then he acknowledged he whiles got his fill o't:
Of all naval heroes, our country had never,
Than this Jock M'Pherson, a truer or braver.
He fought thirty battles, and never retreated,
Round a' the hale world that God has created,
And for twenty long years, for ill or for well o't,
He never saw Britain, and seldom heard tell o't;
Yet never in life such resistance he knew,
Nor retreated, except from the p and the q!

But the sights that Jock saw—O, no man can conceive them!
They're really so grand, folks will hardly believe them.
He cross'd both the circles, which we're rather dark about,
He saw both the poles, which folk make sic a wark about;
And by a most rigid and laboursome scanning,
Not only the poles, but the sockets they ran in;
And also the giants, austere and outlandish,
That wheel'd the earth round, like a kirn on its standish;
They were cover'd with ice, and had faces most grievous,
And their forms were mis-shapen and huge as Ben-Nevis;
Yet they stood to their business, though fretting and knarl'd,
With their cans of bear's grease for the poles of the world.
Let Barrow, and Parry, and Franklin, commence
From this as example, and learn to speak sense.

Jock sailed where no Christian ever had been afore,
And found out some countries that never were seen afore;
He came to a land where the language they spoke
Had exactly the sound of the Scottish moor-cock,
With a ick-ick-ick, uck-uck-uck—ne'er was such din heard!
And instead of coming outward, their voices went inward.
He came to another, where young women wore
Their faces behind, and their bottoms before;
Jock tried to embrace these maids once and again,
But the girls were confounded, and giggled amain—
For forward they fled in a moment, and smack
Jock came to the ground on the broad of his back;
Which makes me suspect—though I hate to asperse—
That their forms were like ours, but their clothes the reverse.
Pooh! Franklin's, and Hall's, and the whole, are a mock,
Compared with the voyages and travels of Jock!

Jock sail'd up a branch of the Plate through the Andes;
He visited Lima and Juan Fernandez;

Then spread all his canvass, and westward he ran,
Till he came to the shores of the famous Japan,
And an island beyond it, which Britons ne'er knew,
But Jock thought the natives pronounced it Cookoo:
The half of its wonders no history relates,
For its slates are all gold, and its money is slates!

* * * * * *

Jock rose from a midshipman up to an admiral,
And now to that island for ever he bade farewell,
And sailed by a coast that had skies very novel,
The sun was an oblong, the moon was an oval;
And from the horizon midway up the skies,
The stars danced outrageously reels and strathspeys:
But none of the stars he remember'd were there,
He missed his old friends of the Serpent and Bear;
But those that they had were of brilliant adorning,
All bright as Dame Venus, the star of the morning;
At midnight there glow'd out a radiance within them,
As the essence of light and its spirit were in them,
Till even the rude sailors with awe looked upon them,
As if a light sacred and heavenly shone on them.

One ship and one crew (a bold and uncanny ane)
At first sailed with Jock from the Mediterranean;
But now every thing was with him *sesquialter*,
As proudly he passed by the bay of Gibraltar.
He returned a commander, accomplished and nautical;
It is true, some suspected his conduct piratical;
But Jock from such chances and charges got well off,
For they happened so distant they ne'er were heard tell of.
He had as much good money—gold, silver, and copper—
As filled to the brim his old father's mill-hopper;
Two ships and a frigate, all trim and untented—
Such feats and such fortune are unprecedented!

Jock bought his old father the lands of Glen-Wharden,
The old wicked Dominie a house and a garden;
And all his school-fellows that thrashed him a-going it,
He gave them large presents, and blessed them for doing it;
Then took for his lady, in preference to others,
The wild little skelpie called Phemie Carruthers.
But he swore, that through life he had never been stopp'd
By Christian or Pagan with whome'er he coped;
By all the wild elements roused to commotion,
The roarings of storm, and the rollings of ocean;
Wild currents and mountains of icicles blue,
Except the two bouncers, the p and the q!!
" And blast my two eyes!" Jack would swear and would say,
" If I do not believe to this here blessed day,
That the trimmers were nothing for all the kick-up just,
Than a b and a d with their bottoms turn'd upmost!"

THE COURT AND THE CABINET.

BY A CALM OBSERVER.

Reports were some time ago circulated of changes in the Ministry, of discontent between the King and the Cabinet. These were sent forth to amuse and deceive the people. The King and his Ministers are on the best of terms, and on nothing are they more satisfied with each other than on the repeal of the Catholic disabilities. By spreading a different opinion it was designed to divert the public mind, and to allay the general indignation at that measure.'

After Mr Canning returned to power in 1822, he changed the political opinions by which he had been previously guided; he deserted the Pitt principles, and adopted those of the Liberals, till at last, in December 1826, his speech on the affairs of Portugal fully entitled him to be called, as Chateaubriand called him on that occasion, the first Jacobin in Europe.

Two years ago, the most determined opponents of Catholic Emancipation were the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel; now they are its most determined advocates. How is it that these great men, Wellington, Canning, Peel, so suddenly reverse their policy? On almost all public questions, a system of duplicity, falsehood, and apostacy, is acted upon with a degree of success truly astonishing! The public, and public men, seem to be besotted, stupid, bereaved of common penetration. This system has already effected serious alterations, and it is extending itself with increased boldness. It is time it should be examined, and that, by a review of the past, we may be put upon our guard for the future.

For the sake of convenience, the two chief parties shall be described as the Court and the Cabinet. By Court, it is intended to design those individuals about the King's person whose opinions influence his Majesty, while such opinions seem to him self-emanations. His early associates having been Whigs, it may not be difficult to recommend to him Whig principles; and it is flattering a Sovereign to make him suppose he directs the affairs of state, rather than those who are answerable for them. The Court has provided for him a variety of sponsors of late. Let the measures be black to-day and white to-morrow, sponsors are readily found. Nay, the same men will urge to-day the very same measures they hotly opposed yesterday; and what was formerly described as apostacy, as personal perfidy, is now called a happy conciliation of all parties.

The late Lord Chatham said, in the early part of the last reign, that the King's secret advisers were ruining the country—"that there was something behind the throne greater than the throne itself." That statesman's example may be pleaded in excuse of the opinion respecting the secret advisers of his present Majesty, a man as likely to be influenced by private counsel as his father. These secret advisers have their own objects to attain. Amidst the weakness and changes of the Ministry, patronage and emoluments drop readily into the hands of courtiers. George III. and Mr Pitt had many severe struggles about appointments; no such struggles have occurred of late; Whig and Tory have equally participated—but between them they have shared freely with the Courtiers. The Court has had the first choice; but something has been given to propitiate, to soothe, political parties.

When his present Majesty became Regent, the Whigs believed their immediate accession to power certain; they thought the government their right, they having been the steady supporters of the Prince of Wales. But the Courtiers knew that the Whigs were a needy, arrogant party, which would domineer and monopolize all patronage; they dissuaded the Prince from connecting himself with them, and an excuse was then found in his being only a restricted Regent.

When the restrictions expired, especially at the death of Mr Percival, which happened about the same time, the Whigs again expected to come into power, and many negotiations were set on foot, apparently to attain that object. But the Court had determined against their admission ever

since the Regent first entered upon power. The death of the King, it was known, would bring on a public struggle respecting the Princess of Wales. After the death of Mr Pitt, Mr Percival had been her chief adviser, under the directions of the late King, and all the Pittites were her partisans. By keeping them in office, the Regent's Court expected to deprive her of her friends; and as for the Whigs, they having eagerly espoused the cause of the Prince, were already committed against her; hence the Pittites were kept in power as long as the Princess of Wales lived; but no sooner was the danger from her removed, no sooner was she gone, than a new system was opened upon the public.

The policy of the Regent's Court had previously produced some bad effects, and had nearly led to ruinous ones; that policy consisted in sacrificing to the clamours of the journals, and of the mob-meetings, it being supposed they spoke the sentiments of the nation—a dangerous mistake. In this way it was that the most atrocious libels on all our institutions, and on our public men, were suffered to pass with impunity. The evil was of so crying a nature, that a number of gentlemen formed a society, and subscribed large funds, to do what the Government neglected—to prosecute and put down libellers; an object in which they succeeded to a considerable extent, rendering a valuable service to the country. Nay, such was the spirit early in the Regency, that at one time Bonaparte was in high favour with the Court, which eagerly sought for peace with him. At that time a well-known Earl, now a Marquis, then a Courtier, "offered bets," that within a certain period the Order of the Garter would be given to Bonaparte, while the Regent would wear that of the Legion of Honour. But the Princess of Wales still lived, and the Pittites were obstinate anti-Bonapartists. The French Emperor fell —the Court was checked—and the nations of Europe are free.

The first distinct display which the Court made of its present policy was after the appointment of Mr Canning to be Foreign Secretary, in 1822. The political progress of that gentleman had been singularly in unison with the Court system, of "divide and govern." He had divided and subdivided the Pitt party with which he began his public life. First, in his impatience to return to office in 1802 and 1803, he lampooned the Addingtons, excited Mr Pitt to attack them, drove them out of office, and lost to Mr Pitt for ever the cordiality of that part of his friends. Then he originated and completed the coalition between Fox and Grenville, designing Pitt to be of the party. Mr Pitt promised to co-operate with Fox to turn out the Addingtons, but he refused to coalesce. This untoward reserve lost to him half his friends. Lord Grenville and many of his principal partisans had been so committed to Mr Fox by Mr Canning, that they could not retract. Mr Pitt took office without Mr Fox, and was obliged to recur for assistance to the Addingtons, whom but the day before he had turned out for incapacity. Mr Canning went with Mr Pitt; but the chief members of the party went with Lord Grenville; and, yoked to the Whigs, they have reciprocally impeded each other's plans ever since. For thus embarrassing the Whigs, some of the members of that party long and many a day sought to revenge themselves upon Mr Canning, by groundless calumnies and rancorous invectives—such as their coarse attacks about the "Lisbon job," and "the ruptured Mr Ogden." Again, by his quarrel and duel with Lord Castlereagh, Mr Canning still further divided the remains of the Pitt party. When he retired from office in 1821, in consequence of his praise of Queen Caroline, he a fourth time divided that party; and lastly, after 1822, he went over in principles to the Whigs, though he then had no secret understanding with them, and brought none of them into office afterwards who was likely to dispute with him the ascendency in the Cabinet. The plan of the Court has been for some years to weaken and break up all parties, by picking out and giving offices to second-rate men. To such a plan Mr Canning's conduct had contributed, not from design, but from the impatience, warmth, and rashness of his temper.

After he had retired from office, in consequence of his duel with Lord Castlereagh, Mr Canning's friends made indirect attempts to unite him with the Whigs; but the leaders of that party in the House of Commons spurned his approaches, in alarm at

the consciousness his talents would make him their leader, and deprive their own chiefs of the fruits of their long-fought party battles. Neither would they trust him; they regarded him as an intriguer, and not to be relied upon. Mr Canning had also quarrelled with Lord Eldon; he and his Lordship had openly censured each other in Parliament. Opposed by the cool firmness of Lord Castlereagh and the stern contempt of Lord Eldon, it may easily be understood how uncomfortable a man of the conscious talents, the high ambition, and the quickness of temper of Mr Canning, found himself in the Cabinet.

On the death of Mr Percival, Lord Liverpool, being appointed Premier, solicited Mr Canning to take office; but he declined, under pretence of the Catholic Question, though in reality because Lord Castlereagh was to lead in the House of Commons. This appears by the published correspondence. Mr Canning enquired who was to lead in the Commons? On being informed by Lord Liverpool it was to be Lord Castlereagh, his desire to treat cooled; and when the Ministry was formed without him, he brought on the Catholic Question in Parliament. On the occasion of the celebration of Mr Pitt's birth-day, he declined being present, as the toast of the "Protestant Ascendency" was to be drank, which he assumed to be a declaration against Catholic Emancipation, though it amounted to no such thing; for, even now that the Catholic Relief Bill has been passed, giving more latitude to the Papists than ever was claimed before, the Protestant Ascendency is asserted and maintained.

But Mr Canning, in 1812 and 1813, was in a vexatious situation. He had refused to join the Liverpool Ministry, and the Whigs were hostile; yet his personal friends in both Houses were numerous and warmly attached to him, for his manners and talents were most engaging. He shewed a disposition to oppose the Ministry, whenever opportunity occurred consistently to do so, and probably he relied on the great changes likely to ensue from the events of the war. Bonaparte being then on the point of attacking Russia with the finest army ever produced, and most men calculating on his success, the overthrow of that great general, though weak statesman, appears to have deprived Mr Canning of all hopes to have cast him down prostrate at the feet of his rival. He accepted the appointment to Lisbon—one certainly ill suited to his dignity and character, especially with reference to the Cabinet; but some of his friends were impatient to return to office, and now saw no hope of doing so, from any change of Ministers. Lord Castlereagh's conduct having elevated him to the highest eminence as a statesman, even those of Mr Canning's friends who had been indulged with appointments, could not conceal their mortification at the glory of Government. While they admitted the triumphant station to which Britain was raised, they nibbled at the omission of commercial stipulations in the treaties of peace, as if Britain alone could have dictated to all around her, or could have attempted to dictate, without danger of breaking up the grand alliance which had subdued, and was yet necessary to restrain, France. Any one of these great monarchs, as well as France, might have raised such a clamour of selfishness against England as might have deprived her of the grace of being a public protector, and of a due authority in adjusting the settlement of the affairs of Europe, making her odious to mankind, rather than respected as her deliverer. Free Trade!—Was that the object of those who then in corners murmured?

On his return from Lisbon, Mr Canning accepted the Presidency of the Board of Control and a seat in the Cabinet. This was a seasonable accession of strength to the Ministry, against whom and the whole Government domestic conspiracies were going on, extensive and desperate. At Spafields, at Derby, at Manchester, at Cato Street, &c. &c., the disaffected sought to effect those objects which they had hoped Bonaparte would accomplish. Mr Canning manfully and ably defended the Government; he scourged the Reformers to the very quick; and, writhing under his cutting lash, they sought revenge. They insulted him for having accepted of office under Lord Castlereagh, whom, in 1809, they said he had accused of incapacity. Mr Canning never complained of his Lordship's capacity. Lord Castlereagh, as War Secretary of State, was sending emissaries into Spain, half military, half diplomatic, to raise and arm the people, while Mr

Canning, as Foreign Secretary of State, was also sending diplomatic agents into Spain for similar purposes. These agents clashed, and Mr Canning said he would either resign, or Lord Castlereagh should resign that part of his duty. His Lordship had been sounded without success; and as it was foreseen one of them would retire, the Premier, the Duke of Portland, Mr Canning's family connexion, in conjunction with the Marquis of Camden, Lord Castlereagh's uncle, agreed that Lord Castlereagh should withdraw. But in all this there was no impeachment of Lord Castlereagh's abilities. Spanish affairs were then the leading consideration of this Government, highly popular with the people, and a darling object with Mr Canning, who, as Foreign Secretary, thought himself entitled to the direction of them. Lord Castlereagh was equally desirous, and thought himself equally entitled. This was the difference between them. The concealment by Mr Canning of the promise of his Lordship's dismissal, that was the cause of the duel—a step which the best of Lord Castlereagh's friends must ever blame, as ill suited to the dignity of his station and to an affair of state. Yet Irishmen, of rank too, who on all occasions warmly opposed his Lordship's politics, exulted at his conduct, exclaiming, "Ah! he has a bit of the Irishman in him still!" Such is the feeling of that people!

Had the embassy to Lisbon been intrusted to any ordinary individual, it would not have been noticed; but, in the hands of Mr Canning, it was made the ground of coarse invective and slander. Mr Canning proved the necessity of the mission, and exposed the exaggerated accounts of his emoluments; but the charge served the purposes of party clamour, which disregards truth and justice. Mr Canning continued to oppose and expose the Reformers, to support the Government, and defend the Ministers who had overthrown Bonaparte; he did this, too, with an earnestness and an ability against which no one could make a successful stand, and the faction determined to destroy him by any means. They made very little impression upon the public, but there is reason to suppose they disturbed Mr Canning's mind — exasperated him. Exasperated is a strong word to apply to a Cabinet Minister; but when it is recollected, that to the publisher of a scurrilous, vulgar pamphlet which appeared at this time against Mr Canning, he sent a letter, calling the author a liar and a scoundrel, and challenging him to fight a duel, exasperated will not be thought a word too harsh. However much Mr Canning's feelings might have been hurt, he continued to defend the measures of Government in unqualified language and with undaunted courage. His speeches in vindication of the suppression of the riots at Manchester at the end of 1819, were masterpieces of eloquence and reasoning, which drove his opponents to misrepresent him as guilty of inhumanity, in ridiculing, as justly and as ably as he did, the cant set up about "the ruptured Mr Ogden."

The death of the King, the return of Queen Caroline, and Mr Canning's extravagant eulogium on her (yet unexplained) in Parliament, rendered it necessary he should retire from office. Mr Pitt had gone, perhaps, beyond the wishes of the late King, in espousing the cause of the Princess of Wales; and Mr Canning, acting under Mr Pitt as her personal adviser, had probably gone beyond the wishes of his friend the Premier. After that extravant eulogium, decorum required Mr Canning's retirement from office; but his silence in Parliament was rewarded with one of the most splendid and lucrative appointments in the King's gift—the Governorship of India. Many circumstances disposed Mr Canning to accept of that office. He had offended the King by his praise of her Majesty; the ascendency of his rival, Lord Castlereagh, in the Cabinet, was not to be shaken; Lord Eldon was strongly opposed to him; and in the Cabinet he had no efficient support—there he was obliged to act the part of an underling. His private fortune, too, required attention—and he had been so traduced by his opponents, so coldly supported by his political party—he had met with so many untoward events, that, tired of political speculations and adventure at home, he viewed India as affording a dignified retreat—as a place of profitable repose. The Whigs were displeased at the prospect of his loss. They had rejected him some years before as a partisan, but his own personal political friends were now dis-

contented, and veering towards Whig principles. Yet he firmly refused to change his destiny. His house and furniture were even sold, or advertised for sale, when the unexpected death of Lord Castlereagh reversed the scene.

A Premier of more energy than Lord Liverpool, would have found a successor to Lord Castlereagh without reverting to Mr Canning. But Lord Liverpool, a kind-hearted man, was Mr Canning's personal friend; and, now that Lord Castlereagh was removed, Mr Canning would find less opposition in the Cabinet, and would lead in the House of Commons—the first object of his ambition—as that would, in fact, constitute him the Prime Minister. Mr Canning feared the Court would oppose him; but in that he was mistaken. Humbled by the calumnies of the Whigs and Radicals, ill at ease with the members of the Cabinet, penitent for his transgressions in favour of the Queen, he was just the supple tool the Court required; and, to his astonishment, they soon confided to him their views by such language, "as that it would be desirable to take such and such measures, if we could; but (for instance) on the Catholic Question, the Duke of York, Lord Liverpool, and Lord Eldon, obstinately oppose it."

Events might change men's minds. The designs of the Court were not to be prematurely disclosed. Mr Canning was received at Court with open arms. Being a Pittite—a high Tory—he was the very man to blind that party, and to carry into effect a liberal system, one which should be opposed in all things to the system of George the III. In 1827, Sir John Copley was made Lord Chancellor, having made an able speech against Catholic Emancipation, and affronted Mr Canning. It was supposed such an appointment would give some colour of Protestantism to the new Cabinet—would show that Mr Canning and the friends of Popery were not masters of it—and Sir John, in such a character, more complying than Lord Eldon, would be more able to assist in passing the very bill he had opposed, since the public would rely on him, discovering only, when too late, how much they had been mistaken.

The first important step of Mr Canning, as leader in the House of Commons, was his opposition to the interference by France in the affairs of Spain early in the year 1823. By the revolution in 1820, the Liberals in Spain, then possessed of the Government, had set up principles as inconsistent with the peace of society as those which disgraced the French Revolution. The clubs at Madrid far exceeded, in their language and principles, those of the Jacobin Club at Paris; and France was bound, for its own safety, to suppress proceedings which threatened to revive former horrors at home, more than Mr Pitt had been bound, for our domestic tranquillity, to make war upon the French Revolution. Yet Mr Canning, pretending still to be a Pittite, opposed the interference of France to such a degree, that a war had almost ensued. He afterwards promoted a counter-revolution in Portugal in favour of Liberal principles, and gave to the Portuguese a new—a Liberal constitution, that if despotism was re-established in Spain, we might establish Liberalism in Portugal, to act upon the adjoining kingdom and produce a similar change there, which would gratify the Whigs and Radicals in England, and reverse the system of Lord Castlereagh. In his eagerness to overthrow the system of his late rival, Mr Canning forgot he was overthrowing that of Mr Pitt. For in the political course he now pursued, it may be assumed he felt pleasure in knowing he was running down that of Lord Castlereagh, who had so signally triumphed over him. This may be assumed, too, from his conduct at Liverpool speedily after the death of that great statesman. At a public dinner, in the course of a long speech, Mr Canning mentioned the reports of his speedy return to office; but not one word of kindness, or even of compassion for his rival, who had terminated a glorious career so deplorably, escaped his lips—an omission which his admirers noticed with regret at the time—an omission which countenances the opinion, that Mr Canning betook himself to Liberal principles, and led the Government in the course it pursued, among other motives, to diminish the fame Lord Castlereagh had left behind him. He warmly decried the Holy Alliance as an odious measure, sanctioned by Lord Castlereagh, and boasted that he himself never had concurred in it.

At this time neither the Whigs nor the Tories were in the secrets of Mr Canning and the Court. In 1823 violent personalities passed in the House of Commons between Mr Canning and Mr Brougham; these convinced the members of the Cabinet that no understanding existed between him and their opponents, at a time when his measures, and still more his language, led to suspicions of a contrary nature. The King's visits to the Duke of Devonshire, and his civilities to other Whigs, were viewed with surprise and fear; and Mr Canning's visits to the city to dine with Alderman Waithman, his compliments and coquetry with the American minister, were equally extraordinary and unsatisfactory. The majority of the Cabinet found themselves in suspicious company, and knew not what to do. If they retired, Mr Canning would throw himself into the arms of the Whigs, who would then form the Ministry; if they remained, they found they were sanctioning, if not positive measures, yet language and conduct in Mr Canning which they did not approve, and which was likely to lead to measures prejudicial to the state. Between the Liberalism of Mr Canning and the Radicalism of the Whigs, they endeavoured to preserve a preparation, supposing it better to keep out the Whigs than to go out themselves; an opinion which led them into great faults. Had they withdrawn, the public would have been alarmed and on their guard against the Whigs, who would not have dared to do so much as was done under the cloak of Toryism.

The language and measures of Mr Canning (secretly those of the Court) speedily disarmed his opponents. Falsehood and calumny they discontinued; they were lost between approbation and doubt. Some of his personal friends gave assurances, and made general promises. Such a course as that which was indicated, it was foreseen, must lead to changes in the Cabinet. Presently they were required to strengthen Mr Canning by the junction in office with him of some of their members. But Mr Canning took care not to admit any of ascendent power and character. The Ministry now consisted of Whigs and Tories in nearly equal proportions—the Whigs supporting Mr Canning with zeal, the Tories acquiescing. Never did Minister possess a more absolute sway. The object of the praise and the hope of the Reformers, his conduct silently approved of, in appearance, by the Tories, Mr Canning found himself on a bed of roses compared with the situation he had stood in five or six years before, when slandered and insulted by a worthless faction, in hopes of putting down its most powerful opponent.

Not only did the two parties in Parliament join in supporting or acquiescing in the conduct of Mr Canning; not only did unanimity prevail in the Legislature; but, more extraordinary, he was equally supported by all the leading journals of London, and by almost all the journals in the other parts of the kingdom. Even the Quarterly Review became neutral and stultified. The Opposition journals supported him with zeal, seeing as they did that he was doing their work; and the Government journals, of course, supported him, as the leader of what was yet supposed to be a Tory Government. One or two of the weekly London papers occasionally made attacks, but their efforts were weak, their influence small. The John Bull, notoriously the Court journal, and nothing else, published some squibs against him. This was a part of the Court system of tactics. It was thought necessary to make it be supposed Mr Canning was not a favourite at Court, that the Tories might be easy. But such was the concurrence of the daily journals in Mr Canning's favour, that writings exposing the system then going on, as this Letter now attempts to expose it, could nowhere obtain insertion. The London daily journals mainly feed and lead all the other journals of the kingdom. The original political writings in the country papers are most of them manufactured in London by the writers of the daily press, paid for their correspondence; and thus the press, as well as the Parliament, was in Mr Canning's hands, at his devotion;—such a state power was never before enjoyed by any Minister. The authority of almost all our public men might be quoted to shew, that they have declared, the support of the unanimous press places a Government above all other control; that is, the fulcrum that can move the world. Such, too, was the effect on the Radical faction, that though they had raised an unjust and scurrilous cry against

the expense of a few thousand pounds for building a cottage for the King at Windsor, now half a million was voted for the alterations of palaces without a murmur. This agreeable consequence of gratifying the Reformers, was no doubt pointed out to his Majesty by the Courtiers. They had discovered a road to a gold mine, and Mr Canning, as chief engineer, became a prodigious favourite. A quarter of a million of French money, destined to pay British claimants on France, has since been used; and the temporary use of other large sums—of the Levant Company, &c.—lying idle, may have been found convenient. Mr Herries knows of many resources in times of difficulty, but of none so productive as those discovered by the Courtiers, which flow from revolutionary measures.

Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, favoured the designs of the Court by yielding to his friend Mr Canning. Of a kind, easy, unambitious nature, he opposed himself firmly to French ambition, English Reformers, and Irish Papists. Dignified, yet meek, on several occasions he disdained a compromise with the opponents of Government, which others would have caught at; though he was easily influenced by its friends, he was the head, but not the leader, of the Ministry. The chief of every department readily obtained his sanction to any measure. He bowed assent to all around, and was popular with each. Such a man was precisely fitted to be Prime Minister for the Court and for Mr Canning, who acted upon his Lordship with success, notwithstanding the opposition or looks of Lord Eldon. Lord Liverpool should have been in the Church; he was too accommodating to his colleagues and friends to be Prime Minister of England; and yet it is supposed his resistance to some great measures produced the illness from which he never recovered.

Of a similar character was Lord Sidmouth, the favourite of the late King, who having detected, exposed, and punished with death Despard's treasonable conspiracy in 1802, without resorting to extraordinary laws, he, as Home Secretary, afterwards put down a more extensive conspiracy formed in 1816, and extinguished at Manchester in 1819. Gentle and humane by nature, Lord Sidmouth, for doing his duty, though with mildness, was as much assailed with slander, falsehood, and menaces, as ever Mr Canning had been. By an able and faithful discharge of his office, having rendered himself odious to traitors, he was obliged to retire from the Cabinet. Popularity among the Reformers being the object of the Court party, which perhaps thought they would please the Regent by dismissing his father's favourite servant, Lord Sidmouth withdrew, but not till he had "killed the snake," and left to his successor a bed of roses.

A Protestant or Orange Association in England was spoken of before Mr Canning's last return to office in 1822, but when he came into power, such an institution was more seriously meditated by several high personages. The Duke of York was to be at its head, Lords Yarmouth and Kenyon were its active promoters; but it was discountenanced at Court. It was said the King was unwell, very nervous, and that such an excitement to party—to faction; such an active division among the friends of Government, would agitate—would distress him. So much was it discountenanced by the Courtiers, that early in 1823 the design was laid aside; yet, in the May of that year, the Catholic Association first met in Dublin—first met about half a year after Mr Canning had last been appointed to office. In the same spirit have the Popish and Protestant interests been treated ever since. The libellous seditious and treasonable proceedings of the Catholic Association have passed with impunity, though Mr *Conyngham* Plunkett was Irish Attorney-General, and Mr *Conyngham* Tindall the confidential law guardian in England. Yet the moment the Protestants, as Brunswickers or otherwise, shewed themselves in opposition to Popery, the Courtiers raised an alarm about party violence, and the danger of civil war! No Orange processions, clubs, or ensigns, were allowed, while the green of the rebels was insolently displayed in defiance. The Protestants supposed they were living under a protecting Protestant Government, and that in due time it would stretch forth its arm to crush Popish usurpation; never suspecting that the ruling influence — the Courtiers in England—were successfully advancing

the power of the Papists, and were repressing Protestant zeal under pretence of crushing party spirit on both sides.

In furtherance of the design secretly meditated, the Marquis of Wellesley, a known favourer of the Catholic claims, was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the instance of one of the Court party,—a person of little note in the public eye, but of much talent and strong interest. The Marquis was appointed, too, upon the principle of employing all public men of reputation, without allowing any party to dictate or influence the choice. His Lordship was then of no party. The appointment alarmed the Protestant members of the Cabinet; to appease whom, an Anti-catholic secretary for Ireland was associated with him, that if one drew one way, the other might draw the other, and so nothing might be done. This was on the plan of crooked policy since acted upon with less disguise. It was soon felt whose sway was to prevail, the viceroy's or the secretary's. Mr Canning visited Dublin under pretences, and had confidential conferences with Lord Wellesley and others. Mr *Conyngham* Plunkett, through his connexions in England, knew better what the Cabinet would do than the members themselves. Mr O'Connell and the Catholic Association went on with as much violence as if they had been conscious of impunity. Had the Papists been told that to attain their object they must resort to violence,—that every thing should be done to protect them in such a course, and to discourage Protestant opposition, they could not have proceeded in a less daunted or temperate manner.

While the Marquisof Wellesley governed Ireland, and *Conyngham* Plunkett was Attorney-General, the Catholic Association increased in numbers and in power, till at last its confederates, the priests, bound all parts of that kingdom in its chains, levied taxes, created large funds, paid journalists in England, and on the Continent; from whence, in the newspapers, came back to act upon London as the sentiments of foreigners, essays in favour of emancipation, which had been written in Dublin. Large numbers associated in various parts of Ireland to be taught military discipline, and they appeared in military array. Why were not such treasonable assemblies put down? Why was not the parent of all—the Catholic Association in Dublin—suppressed? Let Mr *Conyngham* Plunkett answer. These strides towards rebellion being made, the Protestants associated in their defence under the name of Brunswickers; and then was raised a loud cry of danger of civil war!

The Marquis of Wellesley was recalled, as if he had encouraged the Papists to go too far, and a successor was named, who had qualified himself for the office of blinding the public, by a violent speech in the House of Lords against Catholic Emancipation: The Marquis of Anglesea! He, it was supposed, would protect the Protestant interest with vigour. Scarcely had he arrived in Dublin when he began to change sides, and speedily became the patron of the Papists. This was a part of the plan formed in England, which was, first to excite the Catholics to become formidable and menacing: and then, in proof of the danger, to make their most determined Protestant opponent confess there was no safety but in conceding to them their claims. The danger had been permitted to grow up,—had been nursed into strength, till it appeared there was no remedy but concession; and this had been done, that concession might be submitted to as unavoidable. When concessions were positively determined on, then the Marquis of Anglesea was recalled, that the public alarm might be averted by a step so apparently Anti-catholic as the recall of a Governor for being too favourable to concession. It is probable Lord Anglesea does not know, notwithstanding his *connexion* with the Court party, how much he has been used as a tool to work a purpose; nor, perhaps, are O'Connell and others in the secret, that the Court uses them as its instruments. It is not necessary to repose confidence in them; they work better without it: Such is the crooked policy of the ruling influence behind the throne. Rumours of dreadful dangers were spread at the moment it was necessary to submit to the Catholic Bill. What these dangers were was never explained. It was said there was disaffection among the troops in Ireland,—an inclination to espouse the Catholic cause. This was a gross imposition, of which, how-

ever, it is probable the Duke of Wellington and Mr Peel were the dupes. Pending the Queen's trial, many reports were circulated of parties of soldiers, and of whole regiments, having declared in her favour, which had no foundation. It is a common fraud to report a greater strength of partizans than exists; but it is to be below common sagacity to believe such reports without strong proof. On the Catholic Question, indeed, the supposed-opposite side was so desirous of excuses for conceding emancipation, that it readily believed, and magnified, any sinister rumours of dangers from the army or otherways. It has been the policy to create and cherish every means of terror to intimidate England into the surrender of her constitution. It has been said, the King did not consent to the measure till within a few days of the meeting of Parliament. Literally that may be true, and yet it may be false in fact. If the secret advisers of his Majesty had long been labouring to effect their purpose, and if they had determined to effect it at that moment, as all circumstances demonstrate they had, they might not have pressingly proposed to his Majesty, till the very last moment, to sanction the measure.

It was a part of the plan of crooked policy to delay his Majesty's official sanction as long as possible. The Solicitor-General, *Conyngham* Tindall, who stood guard over the criminal state prosecutions in England, as *Conyngham* Plunkett did over those in Ireland, had secretly drawn and managed the bill. Sir Charles Wetherell, the Attorney-General, his superior in office, was too firm a friend of our Protestant constitution, and of integrity too inflexible, to be trusted. He had been recalled to office with the Duke of Wellington the year before, to blind the public into a belief that the Catholic disabilities would not be repealed, though it was then fully determined to repeal them by every means of surprise, fraud, force, and calumny.

Throughout the struggle for the preservation of our Protestant constitution, it was disheartening to witness the passiveness of the English clergy. Some few bodies petitioned; but not one parochial clergyman in a thousand took the least notice to his parishioners of what was passing; while in Ireland, every Popish priest exerted himself among his flock, with unceasing energy, to raise money, and inspire them with desperate resolutions. Had the English clergy defended their church with half the zealof the Popish priests in attacking it, there could not have been even a pretended doubt in Parliament of the sentiments of the English people. If any Protestant clergyman did bestir himself in his own circle, in the cause of his Church—and there were a few, a very few, who did so—an outcry was raised against him by the Liberal press, as if he had been a monster; while in Ireland, such interference by the Popish priests, even to excitement to excesses, was universal. What could have been the cause of this apathy in the English clergy? Had the Bishops received a hint from the Courtiers, and were the clergy given to understand that it was only a political question? Whatever the cause, the parochial clergy dishonoured themselves by their silence. They are pledged most solemnly to defend their Church; yet, by their conduct, they have disregarded attacks upon it which shake its foundations.

Soon after Mr Canning last came into power, he admitted, in Parliament, that every branch of national industry, of property, and of wealth, was in a satisfactory condition, except agriculture, which he professed a desire to relieve, if the means could be pointed out to him; but he owned that no such means were within his knowledge. The truth of this statement may be proved by a reference to the two pamphlets on "The State of the Nation," half official, published by Hatchard, the one in 1821, the other in 1822. What is the present situation of our affairs? The agriculturists, not so much distressed, certainly, yet still they are complaining. But all the other branches of industry are suffering as severely as at any other time since the Peace. This is the consequence of the Free Trade system, for the neglect of which, in his negotiations at the close of the war, Lord Castlereagh was sneered at in a corner by Mr Canning's friends. Nothing is more true than Mr Huskisson's assertion, that, as a general principle, trade should be free; but nothing requires encouragement and protection more than trade and manufactures. The silk trade in this country was brought to perfection by exclu-

ding foreign competition; and how it is, that lowering the duties on foreign silks, to facilitate their admission, can increase the consumption of home-made goods, is a problem which plain men cannot understand. Equally paradoxical is the assertion, that the admission of foreign ships on the same terms with our own, will increase our marine. It has already increased the marine of foreigners, which increase should have been added to our own. We are told our manufacturers will maintain their pre-eminence by their constant progress in improvement, which will always enable them to head other nations; but why assist those nations in the race, by allowing our artizans to emigrate, our machinery to be exported? A temporary abundance of employment and profit was given to machine makers, but it was foreseen, that, in proportion as that trade was brisk then, it would be slack ever after; and many of those mechanics are now idle. Our manufacturers feel severely the decline of employment, which these helps to foreigners have occasioned. Mr Hume proposed a bill to secure freedom of labour, and Mr Huskisson supported it; though its obvious objects and effect were to prevent freedom of labour, by authorizing combinations to extort high wages, and permitting the exercise of the most horrible tyranny over those who really sold their labour freely for the best price they could obtain! Adam Smith and others have fallen into a great mistake on this subject. They have taught the public to view, with equal jealousy, the combinations of the masters and of the journeymen; but there is no comparison between them. The masters do not necessarily associate, except it be now and then about wages. They live in a state of rivalry and independence of each other. Their society is not confined to those of their own trade. The majority has no means of controlling the minority by oppression; but the journeymen work in bodies, and live in clubs. They rarely have any other acquaintance or society than their fellow-tradesmen, the majority of whom rule with an iron rod. A Papist, excommunicated by the Pope, never, in any age, found himself more wretched than a journeyman tradesman denounced by his comrades for practising free labour. Mr Huskisson was equally mistaken when he threatened to send our ships to foreign ports to be repaired, unless our journeymen shipwrights lowered their demands. In 1809, the pressmen of the book printers struck for an increase of wages, as they had often before done with success. Their masters determined to resist them, and applied to the booksellers to postpone the Reviews, Magazines, and all publications, till some stout young men could be taught the press-work—a simple employment, requiring strength only. The masters triumphed; not one of the journeymen dared to yield up their demands, and none of them were again employed. On enquiring of the masters what had become of the journeymen, they said, some had gone for soldiers, some for sailors, some as porters, or into other employments; but such was the *esprit du corps* among them, they would rather suffer—nay, starve—than yield. Had Mr Huskisson sent our ships abroad to be repaired, our shipwrights would probably have followed them, and worked for lower wages in a foreign land, where they would have settled, to the injury of this country.

But it is not intended to go through the Free-Trade measures here. Mr Huskisson possesses extensive information on commercial subjects; his arrangement of the Boards of Customs and Excise do him honour; he has a clear head, and a valuable facility in business; but he is too fond of theory and system, and the modern philosophy in political economy. It is, indeed, "the spirit of the age" to change every thing, even those institutions which have raised us to our present eminence in wealth and happiness, in power and in glory. Let the two pamphlets of 1821 and 1822, on the state of the nation, be read, and compare our present with our former condition. It will then be understood what the "spirit of the age" has done for us. Soon after his last return to office, early in 1823, Mr Canning declared his intention of governing the country according to "the spirit of the age;" he said it could not be supposed he would not follow "the spirit of the age." This, the contemptible cant of the Court—"the spirit of the age!" Then, if Mr Canning had lived in the time of Charles the Second, he would have been a profligate buffoon, a heartless wit, a merry jester, turning every virtue into derision; or, if he had

lived during the Civil Wars, he would have been a stubborn roundhead, a religious fanatic, a sanguinary regicide. To follow "the spirit of the age" is a course unworthy of a statesman, who ought to create and lead the public sentiment, not follow it, however base or mischievous it may be. Oh! calumniated Vicar of Bray! how unjustly has thy memory been treated! Hadst thou but lived in this enlightened age, "at this time of day," the facility with which thou wouldst have followed "the spirit of the age" would have distinguished thee as a most popular patriot.

All Ministers who have been in office since the present Court influence predominated, have been remarkable for duplicity—for their assertions that no changes were to be made, while the greatest changes were meditating and making. When Mr Canning last returned to power, he repeatedly affirmed in Parliament that his steps in favour of the new American Republics were only those which his predecessor had prepared; that he was only carrying into effect the measures Lord Castlereagh declared it impossible long to avoid. Cautiously he professed to be but completing the works of his noble predecessor, that he might not alarm the Tory party in the Cabinet, at the time he was meditating and making strides in favour of Liberalism. Such was the dislike of the English to Catholic Emancipation, he said it was in vain to attempt it at that time, though then it had been secretly determined to force it on the public suddenly by surprise. In the Session 1826, the discussion of the Corn Question was deprecated by Ministers, on the assurance that nothing would at that time be done to favour the admission of foreign grain; and yet, when the Session was near a close, and many members had left town, a law was passed, permitting a large importation. The new Parliament was called together at an unusual season, on pretence of passing a Bill of Indemnity for admitting foreign oats, and to go through the form preliminary in a new Parliament; yet it proved to have been called to sanction the sending of an army to Portugal, which, when it had done, the doors were locked next day.

When Mr Canning became Premier in April 1827, he declared the new Cabinet to be only a continuation of the Protestant Ministry of Lord Liverpool, though it was very different in its members, and very different in its designs. Lord Goderich's Ministry was declared to be a continuation of Mr Canning's, and the Duke of Wellington's to be a continuation of Lord Goderich's, as in truth it has unfortunately proved to be. The Catholic Relief Bill being seriously meditated several years, Lord Anglesea was induced to make an indiscreet speech in Parliament against it; and thus, having acquired the confidence of the Protestant party, he was sent Governor of Ireland, where he had scarcely arrived when he made overtures to the Papists, and became the champion of their cause. Having acquired that character, he was recalled as a dangerous favourer of Popery, that this step might lull into security the Protestants, at the moment it was determined to concede to the Papists all their demands. These are the tactics of the ruling Court party. They deprecate change while they are making great changes, pretend the same spirit and principles guide the Cabinet which guided it these thirty years, while it is gradually becoming liberal and revolutionary, and give assurances of respect for institutions and individual rights at the moment it is intended to sacrifice them. Lord Winchelsea was of this opinion when he pronounced against the King's College. Let not the West Indians rely on promises for the protection of their property. East India interests will be easily invaded, the Directors of the Company not being deeply interested in them. It is but for some petty faction of bad men with some low journals to raise a clamour. The Court mistakes this for public opinion—"public opinion must be gratified," we must govern in the "spirit of the age," and immediately revolutionary changes are resolved upon, contrary to the interests of the nation, and the sentiments of nineteen-twentieths of the people, including all the respectable classes. This is an unfortunate consequence of the state of the representation in the House of Commons. The Court party do not look for the expression of the public will to that House, which the Catholic Question and other recent measures shew the Cabinet can change, can wield to its purpose. A London or a Manchester

mob, and the low journals—by such wretched guides the Court party govern the country.

Not only had Mr Canning, by his aptitude to break up a Cabinet and divide a party, qualified himself for the purposes of the Courtiers, desiring, as they did, an unsettled government, changes of Ministers, confusion and weakness of parties, that they might take to themselves the patronage and emoluments of office, but, as he stood, he was clothed with this particular character; he was the champion opponent of Parliamentary Reform; and for that reason the respectable classes of society relied upon him as an enemy to innovation; yet he became the greatest innovator in all things, except in the mode of electing members of Parliament. Men do not desire Parliamentary Reform, that the electors and elected may be different men from those now existing; they desire it, that the members may pursue a different course, may make innovations, change the system. Mr Canning carried on the work, without resorting to the means. Following the crooked policy of the Court, he effected changes, while he possessed the character of being the enemy of change. The Whigs and Radicals, who saw how well he was forwarding their objects, drew around him, and gave him their support. The Tories were confounded; habit prevented them from hastily opposing the Court, which obviously encouraged Mr Canning. He went over to the Whigs and Radicals, and carried part of the Tory Cabinet with him, as well as many other members of the Tory party. This fact was often disputed in Parliament, his friends denying, the Whigs affirming, his change. Lord Holland's and other speeches may be consulted. They fully prove that Mr Canning did break up his party, and go over to Whig principles, if he did not altogether embark with Whig colleagues. Such, indeed, are the shiftings now in motion, that Mr Brougham and Mr Denman may be on the eve of preferment; even Sir Francis Burdett and Mr Hume may come into the Cabinet. The worthy Baronet's mobs never insulted Carlton House in passing; he has received favours, and has long lived in expectation. When Mr Canning became Premier in 1827, Lord Dudley, and others whom he took into the Cabinet, were said to have accepted of office only for a short time, till arrangements could be made for the admission of the Whig chiefs. The Duke of Wellington, in taking in Sir George Murray and others, has been supposed to have a similar object in view. In this way is the country amused; the weakness of Ministers, from want of confidence in their stability, is prolonged, that the power of the Court may be preserved.

Most unnecessary and unwise was our interference in the affairs of Greece, though it did propitiate the Reformers —clamouring against the waste of the public money. Our commerce was exposed and plundered by the vessels engaged in the struggle, it was said; but it was not the Turks who attacked our ships; the depredations were committed by the Greeks alone, acting like pirates. Yet these Greek pirates Mr Canning stepped forward to protect, at the instance of the Court, to gratify the Reformers. Humanity was one of the reasons assigned. The Civil War had been long and sanguinary in Greece; but such struggles, however deplorable, were of common occurrence in the Turkish provinces. This of Greece took place when insurrections broke out in Portugal, Spain, and Naples. Russia was known long to have desired the possession of a strong point in Greece, from which she might act against Constantinople, as she now is acting, by the blockade of the Dardanelles. The people of Moldavia and Wallachia, being of the Greek church, as well as those of Greece, revolted at the same time from the Ottoman authority. In those countries, religion is the bond of society, the sheet-anchor of government, though in Ireland we are told it has only a spiritual, not a civil influence. With difficulty the Emperor Alexander repressed the impatience of the members of the Greek church in Wallachia and Moldavia, and in his own army, to make war upon the Turks. Consistency of character, a sense of self-dignity, prevented him from openly espousing a rebellion even of Turkish subjects, at the moment he was attempting to establish a grand alliance to prevent the insurrection of a people against any existing government. When he died, the Russians saw the field open for the accomplishment of their favourite design. They

had kept up a quarrel with the Turks during several years, and a secret understanding with the Greeks; but they could not enter upon hostilities, till they had secured the neutrality of the European powers. They contrived a war with the Persians, whom they crushed, and placed *hors de combat*, that when the struggle with Turkey began, they might meet only with Turkish resistance on the east of the Euxine. They next inveigled Mr Canning into that unstatesmanlike measure, the Treaty of the 6th of July, which, under pretence of mediation, amounted to an alliance in favour of Greek independence of Ottoman authority. It was pretended, and supposed, it would prevent Russia from making war; but it was the very step she desired, to enable her safely to commence hostilities. Mr Canning was duped into an opinion, that he was preventing war by Russia against Turkey, whereas he was affording facilities. Never was a treaty signed more discreditable to this country, or more mischievous to our own interests, though it might gratify the Radicals, and abate their clamour about the public expenditure. That calamitous event, the Battle of Navarino, followed, occasioned, it is said, by the private requests, given without the knowledge of the Cabinet, to Admiral Codrington. The Turkish navy was then destroyed, and the ascendency of that of Russia in the Mediterranean, as well as in the Black Sea, was secured. Russia dupes us at every step. She promised not to avail herself of her belligerent rights in the Mediterranean, and then blockaded the Dardanelles. She circulates reports of the weakness and sickness of her armies, of her pacific, her moderate designs, while she is making important conquests. Mr Pitt was so much alarmed at the increase of the power of Russia in 1791, that he would have gone to war to prevent the fortress of Oczakow from being ceded by the Turks to her; since that time she has added Poland and Finland, and extensive countries beyond the Black Sea, to her dominions, altogether comprising a population and territory larger than those of any other European State, and of high importance with reference to richness of soil and geographical position. Yet, after all this, Mr Canning the Pittite boasted of being guided by Mr Pitt's principles, and made a treaty, the effect of which was obviously to assist Russia in acquiring dominions calculated to make her mistress, not only of Europe, but of the world. Colonel de Lacy Evans's able pamphlet, and the answer to it, may be read profitably on this point. In the debates in 1791, Mr Fox advocated the cause of Russia, boasting, that nine years before, when in power, he had favoured her conquests from the Turks. The Opposition prevented a war in defence of the Turks in 1791. The Whigs now zealously desire the expulsion of the Turks from Europe, on account of the despotism and oppression of their Government; and one of their leading members lately published a pamphlet in furtherance of that desire. The Court party appear to be determined not to interfere, that the Whigs and Liberals may not be offended. Turkey has been a valuable ally to this country, though an unwritten one. She contributed to protect our East Indian possessions, by the assistance she gave in expelling the French from Egypt; and at our instance she made peace with Russia in 1812, that the latter might be enabled to employ all her forces against Bonaparte, whom she overthrew. As a military point of support, as well as an extensive and profitable commercial market, the existence and power of the Turkish Empire are of high importance to England; and still more is her existence in full strength desirable, when we recollect, that what she loses is to be transferred to an insatiate, ambitious military power, which is rapidly subjugating her neighbours, and which, possessed of Constantinople and Greece (nominally independent), will reduce the South, as she has already done the North, of Europe to her authority. What compensation Austria and France expect for their neutrality—what part of the spoil, whether some countries in Europe to the one, and some countries in Africa to the other,—yet no motive can be discovered for the conduct of the English Government, except that of gratifying the friends of Liberalism and Revolution. The diplomacy of Russia outmasters that of every other state. Through the French Ambassador at St Petersburg, she led Bonaparte to ruin at Moscow; and, after having kept up a great army, and a quarrel ready with

the Turks, during many years, she has now prevailed on England and France to assist her in adding largely to her already alarming power, at the expense of one of their own supports. Still artfully masking her designs, Russia spreads reports of the disasters and inefficiency of her armies, of her desire of peace, and of her moderate demands, that she may ensnare the Turkish forces, and allay the fears of the European powers, while she moves on steadily to her object. Fatal to Turkey may be her ignorance of the present policy of England. She may resist too long, relying for support on the Duke of Wellington's, as a Tory Government following Mr Pitt's views, until, too late, she finds the Court has changed the Duke's politics, which are now as Whiggish and as Liberal as those of Mr Canning. Circuitously by her agents, Russia will persuade the Porte to persevere, as she has already persuaded it to destroy the Janissaries—a measure, however desirable in itself, yet most unseasonable and enfeebling, taking place, as it has done, at the moment of going to war.

Such is the plan by which the Court governs the Cabinet. Whatever changes are made, however different the views and designs of the new Ministers may be from those of the men they have supplanted, we are told the same system of policy is pursued; and every artifice is practised up to the very last moment of possible concealment to dupe and deceive the public, till it is too late to remonstrate or oppose. There is a settled scheme, now long acted upon, of breaking up and destroying, not of conciliating and consolidating, parties. It is not the union of parties to make a strong Government, but their dislocation to make both a weak Ministry and a weak Opposition, that a third party may rule both. Most ably Mr Canning and the Court played their parts during his short Premiership! To the Whigs he turned, saying, If you do not support me, every thing must be surrendered to the Tories; and to the Tories he, or the Court, turned with a like declaratory solicitation. The Whigs were propping him up on one side, the Tories on the other, while he duped and kept up the hopes of both, selecting as a part of his Ministry some of the second-rate Whigs whom he could control in the Cabinet.

When his Majesty was prevailed on by the Court to take the handsome complimentary adieu of Lord Eldon, it was well understood by those who know Court tactics, that it was a determined farewell for ever. Of the fourteen members in the present Cabinet, ten never sat in it till within these three years; of the other four, the Duke of Wellington was not regarded as a political character, and Lord Melville is more a man of business than a partisan. The only politicians in it of three years' standing, are Earl Bathurst and Mr Peel. All others, of all parties, have been discarded—a tolerably sweeping change. What has become of "All the Talents?" When they were boasted of, a Ministry was formed by an union of the leaders of parties; now a Ministry is formed by their disunion, excluding them all.

Amidst the present reforms, no disposition has been shewn to make retrenchments in our expenditure. After fourteen years of peace, no reduction of our debt has been made, the Sinking Fund has expired, the revenue declines, pensions and annuities are placed upon the Consolidated Fund, which properly belong to the Civil List, and the military half-pay increases. Mr Canning, during his short Premiership, as one of the most necessary and popular steps he could take, established a Finance Committee, which had proceeded only a very little way when its enquiries were found to be inconvenient. After his death, Mr Tierney and the Whigs were proceeding to constitute an efficient Committee, that serious investigations might take place, when, to the astonishment of every one, the Administration was blown up. Mr Herries, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, and secretly the finance agent of the Court, under pretence of etiquette, broke up the Ministry. The Whigs were excluded, but Mr Herries was well taken care of, and we have heard nothing more of the Finance Committee.

The finances? Yes! that is the subject which above all others requires legislative interference—sincere, active, searching, and impartial, since such a proceeding, by lowering the expense of our establishments, by paying off part of the debt, and reducing taxation, can alone raise the country to a buoyant condition, and secure it from the horrors of a Bankruptcy Re-

volution. Forty years ago, sixteen millions paid the interest of our debt, and the charges of our establishments. Now the expense exceeds three times that amount, and nothing is done to check or reduce it, while the military half-pay, even in time of peace, gradually augments the burden. The task of subduing the Court party, and of thwarting their schemes, will not be found an easy one. They have in their hands two powerful individuals.

Towards the Duke of Wellington it is impossible to feel otherwise than kindly—his services in the field entitle him to the gratitude of his country. Nothing can or ought to weaken the public affection for him. It is to be regretted, that a man justly possessed of something more than human power over the feelings of the people, should be employed in measures respecting which there is so much civil contention. He should have been left in the command of the army—an office which would have kept him out of party politics, in the undisturbed enjoyment of the love and veneration of the country.

The other individual, His Majesty, is of course still more powerful by his high office, but more powerful is he still by his personal influence. No man in Europe possesses so captivating an address, such a fascinating condescension, such an insinuating play of manners, at once gracious, kind, and dignified. As an abstract character he has been weighed, divested of the lustre of the crown; and as a private gentleman, the influence of his personal address has been acknowledged to be irresistible. He is no ordinary power in the hands of Courtiers, who may set before him the Whig principles of his early connexions, to pique him on his personal consistency, and exaggerate the popularity to be derived from acting upon them. But the Government is held in trust for the benefit of the people, not for the gratification of the factious, whose objects usually are opposed to the people's benefit.

Great changes have been made, and great changes are meditated. It is "the spirit of the age" to destroy or remodel all our institutions, though they have elevated us to the heighth of glory and of power we at present enjoy. Portugal is to be liberalized; Spain is to be liberalized by Portugal; Greece, Italy, Turkey, are all in a state of fusion; our Indian possessions, both East and West, are menaced with Radical improvements; the United States threaten the Canadas; and Ireland has received encouragement to revolt; while at home, in England, distress and discontent pervade every class. Most of this is the result of the crooked policy adopted since the death of the late Queen, and of which Mr Canning was not the projector, but the champion and the instrument. We are in a state of revolution, and every man should be prepared for events.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

If the subject were of a less melancholy character, the manner in which the Treasury and Liberal newspapers speak of the distress which overwhelms the country, would afford much merriment.

The decrepid Treasury minions, true to their calling, and aware of their inability both to argue and to utter truth, assert, in oracular declamation, that there is no distress, but, on the contrary, great prosperity. To these persons, the solemn declarations of every division of the community—the most notorious proofs of general loss, insolvency, penury, and want, are below notice; and nothing is worthy of credence save the commands of their masters. As the latter are compelled to own that suffering is very prevalent, we are surprised that they will suffer their slaves to insult the country as they do in its present state of excitement.

A new ministerial print of the liberal school, which even surpasses the old ones in sycophancy, and which—the libellous knave!—calls all "incendiaries" who describe the state of the community correctly, admits that matters are somewhat worse than they ought to be; but it protests that no part of the distress is to be ascribed to the Free Trade and Currency measures. On what does it ground its protestations? Free trade has admitted no foreign cottons, woollens, and iron, worthy of notice; *ergo,* it cannot have produced any suffering in the cotton, woollen, and iron trades. This is an admirable specimen of Cockney deduction. Its parent, of course, cannot discover that if the free trade measures distress the agricultural, shipping, silk, and other interests, this must largely reduce their purchases of, and thereby involve in distress, the trades in question. The sage print says, in effect,—A decline in the domestic consumption of cottons, woollens, and iron, however great it may be, cannot possibly reduce the trade and prices of those who produce them. Then, as to the small notes, their suppression must necessarily have proved highly beneficial to trade, because the late failures in London shew that they only caused speculation and bankruptcy. Most wonderful statesman! who beside could have seen, that the failure of those who never had any thing to do with country banks or their notes, furnished evidence to the prejudice of either? It is an historical fact, of which few are ignorant, that small notes circulated for a long term of years, and that during that term the country enjoyed unexampled prosperity; but this fact cannot be taken cognizance of by the faculties of such statesmen. What are facts to liberal newspapers! Their assertions are alone facts; physical and experimental truths are all falsehoods. Of course, according to this print, small notes can only produce insolvency and distress, although when they were in circulation, the community was in the highest degree prosperous; therefore the present suffering cannot have been caused in the smallest degree by their suppression.

Another liberal paper makes a most laborious calculation to prove, that the foreign silks consumed in this country only employ a small portion of labour, and, therefore, can only deprive a like portion of British labour of employment. This is an odd method of establishing the innocence of free trade. But does the import of foreign silks produce no other than this confessed mischief? Does it not keep the British silk trade in continual glut, and bind it to prices which will not yield profit to the masters, and a sufficiency of bread to the workmen? And does not the general distress produced by the free trade measures reduce greatly the consumption of silks? The paper is too knowing to be acquainted with such matters, and it is too sagacious to believe that glut and losing prices can injure profits and wages. The most experienced members of the silk trade assert, from demonstration, that their distress is created chiefly by the admission of foreign silks; but what are they as an authority, compared with the omniscient scribe of a liberal newspaper? The modesty and humility which can thus lead an inexperienced writer to place himself in opposition to a whole trade, cannot be admired sufficiently. Then the export of manufactures is pompously contrasted with the import of silks, and a profound caution is given against restricting the exchange of manufactures. Now, what British manufactures are given in exchange for French

silks? None. Well, but if France will only take money in payment, the money has to be procured by the export of manufactures to some other part. It would be as true to say, that the money has to be procured from the moon. When adverse exchanges render it necessary to import gold, the import is so far from increasing, that it diminishes the export of manufactures. In addition to this, such exchanges, when they do not render the import of gold necessary, injure greatly the profits of the manufacturers. The import of French silks, instead of increasing the export of manufactures, diminishes it, by diminishing the import of the raw produce used in the silk trade, as well as in other ways.

Then the ministerial and liberal papers, in a body, plead the aggregate exports. As many manufactures have been sent abroad as ever, therefore free trade cannot have produced evil. If these blundering oracles possessed a very small portion of the attributes with which they invest themselves, they would be aware that they urged this to their own complete refutation. The manufacturers have two markets —the home and the foreign one. The foreign one takes from them its usual quantity of goods, and still they are overwhelmed with excess. What is the inference? It is that the purchases of the home market must be greatly reduced. The truth of this is established by the experience of the manufacturers. From all quarters the complaint is continually raised—The home trade is bad; the country buyers will take comparatively nothing. Why is the home trade so bad? Because the community is so greatly distressed. What causes the distress? Bad prices and loss of business, caused by the free trade measures.

According, therefore, to these prints, if free trade ruin the home market, it will do no mischief, provided it spare the foreign one. With them the home market is not of the least value; they never mention it, save to propose or defend some attack upon it. Sell an additional million's worth of goods to foreign nations, and it will enrich you; sell twenty millions' worth to your own countrymen, and you will lose from it: Sell an additional million's worth to foreigners, by losing the sale of twenty millions' worth to your British customers, and you will gain from it prodigiously. Worthy people of Manchester! you may be carrying on trade at a loss, your looms may be idle, and your workmen starving—you may be involved in loss, insolvency, and misery—but nevertheless, if that system which has brought all this upon you have enabled you to send abroad a few extra tons of goods, it is a most invaluable one, and has yielded you incalculable benefits.

So, in effect, say these unerring regulators of trade—these profound masters of the philosophy of buying and selling!

But do they deign to inform the country whether the export of manufactures has resulted from healthy demand or improvident speculation— whether it has been produced by the calls of buyers, or the necessities of sellers—whether it has yielded due profit, or the contrary? On these material points they are totally silent, doubtlessly from this weighty reason, that they are infinitely too knowing to be aware that they are of any moment. The goods have been sent abroad, and this is sufficient; granting that it has been ruinous to the exporters, it must of necessity have added greatly to the wealth of the nation.

Speaking generally, this export has yielded heavy loss instead of profit. The goods were sent to glutted markets in a great measure from these causes—the manufacturers could not sell them at home, and had no other means of getting rid of them; or, from the want of money, they sold them at a great sacrifice to the merchants, who were tempted by the low prices to export them. The export arose to a considerable extent from the badness of trade and the necessities of the manufacturers; and its fruits have been loss and bankruptcy. It would have been some millions less, if it had been properly proportioned to the needs of the foreign market.

While these prints prove, by such logic and facts, that the baleful legislation of late years has had no share in plunging the community into its fearful sufferings, they furiously protest against any thing attempted in the way of remedy. What is the future which they promise? The country, say the treasury hirelings, will soon grow immensely rich and fat by persevering in its system of insolvency and hunger. No! ejaculate the liberal pedagogues, things must be much worse, manufactures must decline, and

a tremendous general crash must be experienced. All, however, agree that nothing in the shape of remedy shall be resorted to.

Here, then, is a band of briefless lawyers, Irish, Scotch, and other adventurers, and literary menials of the Ministry, who are destitute of experience, and who know just as much of the nature and mechanism of trade as they know of the centre of the globe, setting themselves as authorities above all the knowledge and experience of the country. WE, Cockney, Irish, and other gentlemen of the press, know infinitely more of shipping than the shipowners—we know infinitely more of the silk trade than the silk manufacturers—we know infinitely more of farming than the farmers—these people know nothing of their own trades—every man in business is equally ignorant, and these trades, with all others, are understood by ourselves alone! The scribes everlastingly disgust the world with this brilliant character of themselves. Their humanity is just equal to their modesty. Are the silk weavers starving—let them starve. Are the shipowners sinking into ruin—let them sink. Is the whole population involved in suffering—let it suffer. Any experiment may be made which is calculated to produce distress; but not one shall be resorted to which may be likely to remove it. WE of the Cockney press decide, that you shall not make the least endeavour to mitigate the unexampled misery of the nation.

The country which will nurture these vipers deserves to be stung to death by them.

Ministers imitate their mercenaries, although they cannot go quite so far as the most profligate of them. They own the country is in a dreadful condition, but they declare there is no remedy. As to a change of system, it is not to be thought of; why? because their system works in such an admirable manner. The silk trade is overwhelmed with suffering—granted, but the system works most charmingly. The shipping interest is little better than a mass of insolvency—true, but nevertheless the system is a most beneficial one. Agriculture is involved in beggary and hunger—admitted, but still the system is perfection itself. The whole population is struggling with unprecedented losses, want, and misery—it is too evident; but however the system teems only with gigantic benefits, and is utterly incapable of improvement. Nothing can be done; if the silk trade, or any other be perishing, it must perish; no experiment to prevent the ruin of any interest can be consented to; and, no matter what the state of the empire may be, this exquisite system shall be kept in full operation.

Whether this proceeds from infatuation, or sheer incapacity, or any other cause, it can find no parallel in history.

It is worthy of remark, that the prints we have alluded to represent themselves and their leaders, in and out of office, to be the sole monopolists of knowledge and ability; they stigmatize all who dissent from them as "boobies" and "knaves," who can utter nothing save ignorance and folly; yet, at the same moment, they confess that although the empire possesses such vast capabilities, they are wholly incapable of suggesting a single measure calculated to diminish its sufferings. Thus, to their egotism, they append a confession of the extreme of imbecility.

Where the country is to look for hope we canot tell, unless it be in the fall of the Ministry. The latter is feeble and unpopular in the last degree, and there is little probability that it will be able to form alliances capable of keeping it in being. All parties begin to suspect, that a connexion with it will be ruinous to themselves. The reports that it was about to be joined by what is called the Protestant party have not been verified, and this has given us no sorrow. We have never followed a party, and we can see nothing amidst public men to induce us to follow one at present; but we are nevertheless extremely anxious, on public grounds, that this Protestant party should so act as to deserve our support. Some parts of the reports are entitled to observation.

A circumstance, connected with their origin, is highly illustrative of the present state of honourable feeling amidst public men. On the one side, the press asserted from "authority," that the Duke of Wellington had invited certain noblemen to join his Ministry: on the other side, the press declared, on "the authority of the Ministry," that this was wholly false. Now, the question had nothing to do with opinion; it was one of common fact: the one party maintained that a specified act had been done, and the

other that it had not. If we acquit the newspapers, and believe that they only published what they had authority for, it follows that either the Protestant party, or the Ministry, has been guilty of putting forth a deliberate, gross, and heinous falsehood, in order to delude the public. We disclose no opinion as to which is the offender; but we say, that if the Protestant party be innocent, its character, and something of greater importance, render it necessary, for the proofs of its innocence, to be laid before the world.

It was said, that the Protestants—we will call them the Tories, for we like the name much better—were willing to join the Duke of Wellington on condition that he would dismiss Mr Peel. This we cannot believe. Mr Peel was, in regard to the Catholic question, more guilty than the Duke, but the latter, if guilt was committed, was still a—we had well nigh said the—principal, in it. It was through the Duke that the question was carried; if he were not so deeply pledged as Mr Peel, he still was deeply pledged; and Mr Peel was not the Minister who forced his reluctant colleagues into acquiescence. If the Tories declared that they felt themselves bound in honour from acting with Mr Peel, they spoke like virtuous and high-minded men; but if they likewise offered, in case of his dismissal, to join the Duke, they spoke like men of a different description. To stipulate for such dismissal was to ask the Duke to commit an act of base injustice and ingratitude towards his ruined colleague.

We are therefore inclined to believe that the Tories went no farther than to refuse office on the ground that they could not act with Mr Peel.

Our opinions of this Minister have undergone no change, but they are equally unchanged touching the Duke; and, in consequence, even-handed justice compels us to say, that the former is in some quarters hardly dealt with. All the scorn, reproach, and contumely, are heaped on him alone; and the Duke is spoken of as a guiltless person. This is both unjust and pernicious. If the Duke be innocent, so is Mr Peel; if upright men can in honour act with the one, they can with the other; and, in respect of confidence, we would yet repose more on the words and principles of the Secretary, than on those of the Premier. Never will we repose the least on those of either.

Having said this in defence of Mr Peel, we caution him against suffering his cause to be advocated by such publications as *The Courier*. If he cannot find honest men to speak for him, let him remain undefended; public sympathy will in time be attracted to him whom all assail, and who is friendless. But if the renegades of the polluted and depraved print we have named defend him, and in the same breath proclaim that they are the tools of the Ministry—that they are compelled to write, and publish any thing which the Ministry may dictate—that they are constrained to give to the world as their own, any thing which Mr Peel himself may send to them—that with them writing and publishing form a sordid infamous trade, with which principle and integrity are not suffered to interfere—and that notwithstanding all this, they are almost the only people who can be found to speak in his favour—if these renegades do this, what can he expect from it, but the destruction of any remnant of character which the last Session of Parliament may have spared?

We cannot discover what benefits the Tories could expect to reap from a coalition with the Duke of Wellington, but we can easily divine what evils they would reap from it. If they join him, they will go alone; they will take no party with them so far as regards the community. Let them not dream that the mighty part of the nation, which now regards them as leaders, will follow them, if they deviate a single step from the path of inflexible consistency and high honour. The country cannot see why, in point of innocence, any distinction should be made between him and Mr Peel; and their union with the one, through the expulsion of the other, will be regarded as the bartering of honesty and creed for place and aggrandisement—as apostacy not more defensible than that which they have so justly denounced.

If they join the Duke, they will be, in respect of popular support, powerless; and what will or can be thought of them if, after their union with him, there be no radical change of system? The heads of them are pledged in the strongest manner against the present one; and the iniquitous doctrine will pass no longer, that when men enter office, they must bend to the creed of their colleagues, or, in plain English, they must apostatize from their own.

If there be no such radical change, they will be looked on as men destitute of principle; and if there be, the Duke and his party must necessarily be looked on as the same; in either case, they will belong to a Ministry destitute of character.

Until the Tories can enter office honourably, they will be able to render their country infinitely more service out of, than in it. Let them be content at present to remain what they are, but let them strain every nerve to increase their party power. We wish to see them shake off every characteristic of being a mere Irish party; the Catholic question, so far as regards parties, is now settled; and if they stand only on the difference between Protestant and Catholic, it will not support them. Let them take up the questions which agitate England, and place their creed before the world in a comprehensive form touching general policy. They stand in the most favourable circumstances which could be imagined. The condition of Ireland is appalling—foreign affairs are in the most unsatisfactory state—and at home the state of things is truly horrible. The supporters of the Ministry admit that it has no party in Ireland, and it is equally destitute of a party in England.

Ministers, conscious of their feebleness and unpopularity, and unable to strengthen themselves, are resorting to the last worthless resource of all such ministers; they are carrying on a furious crusade against the press. Incapable of preserving power and favour by virtue and ability, they are determined not to lose them by being spoken against. Certain characteristics of their prosecutions deserve serious notice.

During a long term of years, the rulers of this empire have instituted no prosecutions against the press; and during a very long term previously, they confined their prosecutions to seditious and blasphemous libels—to offences against the state. Speaking generally, it has always been the maxim with men in office to prosecute such offences only. A Minister of talent and high honour always shuddered at the idea of attempting to vindicate his individual character by means of an action for libel; because he knew it would be the most effectual thing he could resort to for ensuring its destruction. Whatever bitter libels, therefore, were showered on such a Minister, he left them to be refuted by the only matters which could refute them—his principles, conduct, and public services.

The present prosecutions in England have nothing to do with offences against the State; they are merely to punish personal offences against individual Ministers; they are for the private individual benefit of the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister.

For years, publications which contain the most atrocious attacks on religion and public morals—which advocate infidelity, lewdness, and every thing that can injure the State, have circulated with impunity. The present Ministers, whose especial duty it has been to suppress them, have never, though urged in Parliament to do so, given them the least molestation; but, on the contrary, have encouraged their circulation, by declaring that they would take no steps against it.

Our readers will remember the libels contained in Lord Byron's Don Juan, Parody on the Vision of Judgment, &c., on religion, the late King, and many of the most eminent characters in the country. Not many months ago a subscription was entered into for raising a monument for the noble poet, and the Right Hon. Robert Peel, his Majesty's principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, figured conspicuously in the newspapers as one of the leading subscribers. This Mr Peel is the Home Secretary amidst the Ministers who are labouring to crush publications for alleged libels against them as individuals.

It appears from all this, that it is one thing to write down religion and morals—to fill the land with infidelity, vice, and crime; and a very different one to write the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst out of office.

Our readers have not forgotten the libels which not long ago were heaped by *The Times* on the Duke of Cumberland—libels which, for fiendish atrocity, were never equalled. They were directed against an individual who held no public office; they were levelled against his private character; and their avowed object was, to drive him out of his country merely for doing what it was his public duty to do. At different times previously to their publication, *The Times* stated, as from authority, what the Duke of Welling-

ton's intentions were touching the Catholic Question, and on one occasion it intimated that its authority was himself. At the very moment when it published the libels, it gave confidential information respecting the private sentiments of Ministers, what passed at their Cabinet meetings, and even what took place in the King's closet. It could not possibly have gained this information, except from themselves. If they at that time supplied the paper with matter for its leading articles, or had the least connexion with it, the Ministers, including the Duke of Wellington and Lord Lyndhurst, were virtually parties to the publication of the diabolical libels.

Comment, we need not offer.

If there be any virtue and public spirit left amidst the English aristocracy, the times press imperiously for their exercise. The aspect of affairs is awful, and there must soon be either a change of Ministry, or one of a much more terrible description. The country is disgusted with the present *Irish* Ministry; the bad side of the Irishman's character was never relished in England, and it is at present producing a sufficiency of calamity and wretchedness in Ireland, without its being suffered to hold possession of the English Cabinet. We, therefore, say to the aristocracy of England—*Give to your suffering and threatened country an English and un-military Ministry!*

We will not conclude without doing justice to Mr Peel. The press has dealt far more severely with him than with his two prosecuting colleagues, and yet he has hitherto scorned the mean and savage spirit of revenge—he has not retaliated by attempts to suppress and ruin. From this manly conduct he will profit greatly. We have lately thought him, in some degree, a victim: he shall not outdo us in forbearance; and pressing indeed must the necessity be, which shall ever induce us again to say a syllable against him.

L'Envoy.

Our Dear Public will, we are assured, sympathize with our present situation, and perhaps hint to us how to escape its unprecedented pressure. She must have observed that last month Maga had Twins. And lo! now another birth of portentous dimensions! To drop this very original metaphor, and, like Wordsworth, to use the ordinary language of men when in a state of excitement, pray observe, gentlest of Periodical Perusers, that this Number of Blackwood's Magazine contains about two sheets and a half over and above the common quantum, the usual allowance for the month. While the resources of the nation are at the lowest ebb, ours, under a somewhat different administration, are at the highest flow. The great question, therefore, to our Dear Public is perpetually recurring—How are we to act? Must we throw triplets? But we pause for a reply. Meanwhile we respectfully request the mediocrity of these Realms to withhold from us all their manufactured articles, and all their raw material. As they have Christian bowels, let them pity the plethora of Maga, and abstain. Farther, let not any Contributor, even of the highest order, murmur though no article of his should appear for several years. We now decide precedence by lottery. In go the tickets into an old shovel-hat of O'Doherty's, and a Devil, putting in his paw, takes out a Tickler, a Mullion, a Wodrow, a True Englishman, or a North; and thus, in a pair of minutes, or thereabouts, is edited a Number. Finally, let all blockheads remember, that escape from the Balaam-box is as impossible as from the grave. We have not made ourselves very intelligible; but, pinched for room, must conclude.

Christopher North.

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MALAVOLTI. A NEAPOLITAN STORY.

By the Author of "First and Last," &c.

"I am innocent—let that content you," said Malavolti.

"It does content *me*," replied Beatrice; "but will it content Heaven? Believe it not. The proud spirit sins deeply in the very act of denying sin; for who outlives but one rising and setting of the glorious sun, and does not, in thought or deed, offend the Almighty? Hear me, Malavolti—hear me and heed me. You are doomed to die; all intercession, all the prayers and supplications of friends and kindred, have been cast back upon them; and I, your mother, pleading for your life in nature's holiest accents, have wept and sued in vain. Reason with your condition, then, as if disease or length of years had brought you to the grave; and do not, in scorn of worldly wrong, so wrong your eternal soul as to hazard imminently, if not surely to fling away, its salvation. You say you are innocent."

"I am! I am!" exclaimed Malavolti, impatiently.

"Ay," answered Beatrice, "of blood—of that one crime, for which, unjustly, you are to die; but not of all crime, and therefore not fit to die, till by meek repentance, and perfect faith in Christ's atoning sacrifice, you wash out every stain; for in the centre of the proudest heart the seeds of rottenness lie enshrined."

"True, most true," replied Malavolti, calmly. "And it is most true, too, that I am to die—but never on a scaffold. Fools! They think these fetters, and this dungeon, and their careful watch to keep from me each implement of death, will achieve their triumph; as if steel, or poison, or the free use of hands, were all the means by which a man can escape from injustice! Oh, mother! do not weep, nor look upon me with such sorrow. I am so changed by what I am, that my heart aches not, as once it would, to see your tears, nor smites me with that remorse a son should feel, who makes a mother weep."

"Alas! alas!" exclaimed Beatrice, sobbing piteously, "I can bear to lose you in this world, for I feel that our earthly separation will be short. But it is terrible to think that I must lose you for ever, Malavolti; and that when my own dying hour comes, its pangs will be mitigated by no hope of rejoining thee, my only one, 'the choice one of her that bare thee,' in the mansions of the blest, in the abodes of everlasting peace. Oh, God! What affliction it is to be a mother, when the child we cleave to is encompassed with trouble!"

Malavolti bit his lip, which quivered with emotion in spite of himself; and his eyes glistened with tears that he could not repress. There was a tone of such deep anguish in the voice of Beatrice, as she uttered the last words, such a truth of maternal suffering in them, that even the gaoler, who sat in one corner of the cell, felt a sort of pity kindling in his rugged bosom, and he addressed Malavolti.

"Come, signior," said he, rising and advancing towards him, "don't be too obstreporous. You see what a way your poor mother is in, and it is not much she asks of you, methinks, when she only begs you to have a priest. What harm can he do you? You say you are innocent; but that does not make the matter either better or worse, as I can perceive; for, innocent or guilty, your head is to be chopped off, and so you ought to be shrived. You are not the first man by many, I can tell you, that I have had under my care, who has felt a little qualmish about confessing his guilt. According to their own account, indeed, very few of them deserved what they got; but what then? They were none the better for being innocent; so do what your mother wishes, send for a priest, and confess your—innocence to him. It will be a comfort to yourself; and I am sure this noble lady will be all the happier for it, when you are gone."

"My good fellow," replied Malavolti, who knew exactly what the gaoler meant to say, though his manner of expressing himself was neither very bland nor much adapted to his purpose,—"My good fellow, I'll talk with you upon this subject when we are alone——"

"Which we must soon be now," interrupted Verruchio, "for the evening gun went ten minutes ago; and by this time they are making preparations to lock up the outer prison gates for the night."

At these words Beatrice arose, and embracing her unhappy son, the wretched mother took her leave, imploring him to think of all she had said, and promising to return on the following morning at the earliest hour which the regulations for admitting strangers would permit. Malavolti kissed her tenderly, but made no reply; and when she had quitted the cell, he cast himself upon his litter of straw to brood in silence over his design.

Malavolti was a Florentine by birth, but a Neapolitan by education, and by all those relations, social, moral, and political, which constitute the affinity of country. His father was of patrician descent, though he inherited with the pure blood of his ancestors only a very slender portion of that wealth which in former times had ranked them with the princes of Italy. Still, however, the wreck of his patrimonial property, that had escaped public confiscation, and the waste of private prodigality, through the long course of three centuries, enabled him to maintain the independence, if not to assume the state, of his noble lineage. At an early age he married Beatrice Polenta, the youngest daughter of the Marquis Polenta, and of a family as noble, but as decayed, as his own. The personal charms of the youthful Beatrice, and the lofty qualities of her character, were her only dowry; but when she bestowed these, with her heart's first love, upon the father of Malavolti, she went to the altar, rich in the costliest treasures of a bride. It was about two years after their marriage, and when Beatrice had given birth to the son whose doom she now bewailed so bitterly, that she accompanied her husband to Naples, where he had sought and obtained a civil office of considerable rank and emolument under the Neapolitan government. But he had scarcely entered upon its duties, and begun to nourish hopes of future advancement, which lay fairly within the range of his position, when a malignant fever, whose fierce progress no skill could arrest, brought him to his grave in the short space of three days.

Beatrice idolized her husband. Every hour since their union had developed some fresh cause why she should do so. When the ardour of mere passion had subsided, instead of clinging to her only by the cold remembrance of expired or expiring sympathies, (that common, though feeble link of conjugal attachment,) far nobler bonds succeeded. The lover, chosen by the heart alone, had grown into the being whose virtues kindled the devotion of the mind. And this love dies not, because it is inspired by that which partakes not itself of death. Memory retraces, in fleeting colours, that comeliness of the body which was pleasant to the eye, when the body lies in corruption; but the enduring record of departed goodness dwells in the soul, like the writing that is inscribed upon adamant.

There is, in singleness of grief,—in the rare privilege to sorrow, with-

out the upbraiding consciousness of disregarded duties,—a refuge for the mourner. When we can say to ourselves, our tears hallow the dead, but wrong not the living; when we feel we are at liberty to consecrate our whole existence to the deep, silent homage of the tomb, because we feel that all we have lived for has been taken from us, and that therefore all our thoughts may gather, unblamed, round the past, and a mysterious, and a scarcely earthly repose, dwells within us. We shut out the world, and a calm solemn submission of the bereaved spirit seems to reconcile us to afflictions with which we are thus permitted to hold undisturbed communion. But this Sabbath of the heart was denied to Beatrice. She had been a happy wife; he who had made her so lay festering in his shroud; yet—she was still a mother, and her maternal yearnings gave eloquent language to the utter helplessness of her first born. "Poor child!" she would exclaim, as she watched its placid slumbers, or gently wiped away the tear that had fallen on its orphan brow, "it were a cruel office for my hand to barb death's arrow afresh, and leave thee, like a thing of chance, to sink or swim, upon the vexed waters of life. That thou art fatherless, is Heaven's will; but wherefore thou art so, concerns thy wretched mother less to know than it does to confess before Heaven the sacred duties she has to discharge towards thee! Yes, thou sleeping image of him who sleeps in death!—thou strange and incomprehensible source of bright hopes and a laughing future, streaming across my dim path, like sunbeams irradiating the dark edges of a passing thunder-cloud, giving fair promise of a serener sky anon!—yes, thou secret spell, that canst make a mother's warm smiles glow within the cold, cold sepulchre of her widowed heart, I will bid sorrow be gentle for thy dear sake; and when my sad thoughts steal to thy father's grave, or linger there with fond recollections, summon them back to the cradle of our child, and make them obedient servants to thy happiness."

Beatrice kept faith with herself. As years rolled on, the prattling infant grew into the sturdy boy; and the sturdy boy ripened into the manly youth, in whose every look and feature, tone of voice, proud bearing, and impetuous spirit, she saw the exact counterpart of him whom in her own youth she had loved to idolatry. Nor was the resemblance the self-created picture of a mother's partial eyes. Friends and kindred, nay even strangers, who knew the father, would dwell upon the extraordinary identity which shone forth in the young Malavolti. Oh! how she would sometimes sit and gaze upon him, or mark his lofty carriage as he trode the earth, or listen to his full melodious voice as its tones deepened into manhood, and in the thrilling ecstasy of imagination forget that twenty years had passed away! In such moments, he was her own Malavolti, and she the Beatrice Polenta who had stood with him blushing at the altar, and weeping in the fulness of her joy. When the delusion vanished, the charm remained, and the son was loved with feelings in which Beatrice unconsciously mingled the memory of her husband.

He was in his seven-and-twentieth year when the lamentable event occurred, which consigned him to a dungeon, with the sentence of a felon's death. Lamentable indeed it was in its consequences to Malavolti; but he was the victim of circumstances and not of premeditated iniquity. Without seeking it, and, in truth, without deserving it, he had drawn upon himself the enmity of a young Neapolitan nobleman, Count Brittorno. The immediate cause of this enmity was jealousy; the imagined offence of Malavolti, a secret intrigue with his self-assumed rival's mistress, the beautiful Angelica Donzelli. But Malavolti was too proud an aspirant for woman's heart to dispute its possession. The loveliest of the sex, if she could balance between his pretensions and those of another, was disdainfully released by him from the perplexity of a choice; though, in a case where he had once been received, he would punish an intruder, while he relinquished with scorn the object of contention. This haughty feeling, which could be satisfied with nothing less than unquestioned and unquestionable supremacy, presented an insuperable barrier to what he would have considered the intolerable de-

gradation of seeking to supplant another from whom the tenure of possession might be supposed to consist in the mercenary conditions of a stipulated price. Still more was it a defence against the mean and pitiful ambition of declaring himself a suitor for the preference which had been already bestowed with the sanctity of love.

Brittorno, however, acting under the influence of seeming circumstances that warranted his suspicion, and ignorant of Malavolti's creed in matters of gallantry, had pampered his jealousy with what he deemed proofs of design, if not of success, in participating with himself in the favours of Angelica. But instead of making a direct accusation, he sought to involve Malavolti in a quarrel, by stinging insinuations or insolent taunts. Malavolti had noticed these splenetic efforts; but though a man of fiery character, and prone enough to dare the proudest he who ruffled his self-complacency by a look only that could be construed into a precursor of defiance, he held the mastery over his impetuous passions with too noble and dignified a spirit, to let them be played upon, or to suffer that they should be made the instruments of his own arrogance at the will of another. Hitherto, therefore, he had studiously parried, sometimes with raillery, sometimes with scorn, and sometimes with contemptuous silence, the repeated endeavours of Brittorno to provoke him into a feud; but the latter, goaded on by his fancied wrongs, and mistaking the deliberate self-command of Malavolti, for a taint of cowardice, angered him at last beyond the endurance of that habitual control which he had imposed upon his feelings in all their previous clashings. It was in the saloon of the Duke de Montrefelto, and in the presence of some of the most distinguished inhabitants of Naples, that Count Brittorno happened to encounter Malavolti on an evening subsequent to one in which he believed he had been serenading the fair Angelica under her garden window. Malavolti observed that his brow was more tempestuous than usual, and that the firm compression of his lips, and the scowling wrath of his eyes, indicated he was writhing under the torment of strong emotions. It so chanced, too, that Malavolti, who was a little flushed with wine, felt an inclination to sport with his moody humour; and advancing towards Brittorno, he remarked, in a tone of careless freedom, that he had "never seen the incomparable Angelica look so lovely as when last I saw her at the opera. She seems passionately fond of music."

"Yes," replied Brittorno, curling his lip into an expression of cold disdain, "so fond of it, that I believe she sometimes finds pleasure in the discordant twanging of a cracked guitar."

"I dare say," rejoined Malavolti; "for the soul holds intercourse with the divine melody of an air it knows, in spite of its bungling execution, as we can withdraw ourselves from the rant and monotony of a bad actor, and suffer the mind to settle upon the inspired conceptions of the bard whose language he profanes."

"You seem to understand the power of music over a heart susceptible of its charms," answered Brittorno.

"Oh!" replied Malavolti, gaily, "it is not the power of music only over susceptible hearts that I understand. I have studied every avenue to them."

"And made yourself master of all, I doubt not," said Brittorno, ironically.

"And made myself master of all," repeated Malavolti, "from a burning look, and an inexpressible tender sigh at morning prayer"——

"To the lascivious treachery of a midnight serenade under a garden window," interrupted Brittorno, abruptly.

"Aye," said Malavolti laughing; "an evening serenade by moonlight under your mistress' window, especially if you can find your way to her bedroom window, is our charming Italian method of delicately offering the homage of an impassioned heart to its refined idol. But for the grossness of what you call the 'lascivious treachery of a midnight serenade,' I am no follower of such pastimes. They are apt to give a man the quinsy; or, as it may chance, provide a grave for him before he has thought seriously of dying."

"And yet, signior," answered

Brittorno, folding his arms in his mantle, while he fixed his eyes steadily upon Malavolti, "there are fools in this city of Naples, who tempt the chance you mention."

"There are fools every where, as well as in Naples," retorted Malavolti, giving a marked emphasis to his words; "but the fool to wonder at in my mind, is he who rashly seeks to play with a lion till he rouses him. Rousing him at once were better, if he have nerve for the encounter."

"Your pardon, signior," said Brittorno, with much caustic bitterness; "I can imagine a climax of folly beyond that, and my school-boy reading furnishes me with the example—the ass who clothed himself in the lion's skin, and thought he *was* a lion; but when he meant to roar, he only brayed,—and laughter, not terror, was the consequence."

"Count Brittorno!" exclaimed Malavolti fiercely, stepping closer to him; "there is offence in your words. Am I their aim?"

"Signior Malavolti," replied Brittorno, sarcastically, "a Neapolitan does not *ask* that question. Or if he does, it is only of himself, to be directed in his resolves by the answer. But *you* are a Florentine!"

"Enough!" said Malavolti.

"More than enough," replied Brittorno, contemptuously; "and yet, I dare say, less than sufficient."

Malavolti's person seemed to dilate itself with indignation, as he glared upon Brittorno, and addressed him in a stern and angry voice:—

"Florentine, or Neapolitan,—either, or both—for birth and breeding dispute the distinction in me,—the high blood of Italian nobility runs in my veins, and you have to learn I shall not dishonour it. *Why* you are my enemy, I know not; and because I know not, I have avoided being yours. For months you have crossed my path, at every turn meanly seeking to fasten a private quarrel upon me, and so make a cause for vindictive strife to hide the true one. Was this manly? If you could dare to think I had wronged you, you should have had the greater daring to tax me with the wrong, and not bait me with ambiguous taunts and obscure allusions, like a foul bird of ill omen, who shuns the light, but screams portentously, shrouded in darkness. I am choleric and proud enough to be stung with injury; and being chafed, as now I own myself to be, prompt enough to strike at my assailant. Follow me, Count Brittorno!" added Malavolti, pointing to his sword, and retreating a few paces.

"If, as you say, signior," replied Brittorno, with an air of cold, insulting mockery, "it has taken months to chafe you, perhaps the noble heat that burns so fiercely at present will hardly cool before the morning. I have a pleasant appointment an hour hence, that might be marred were I to go forth with you now; but you know my retreat," he continued significantly, "the silvan villa where I sleep during these sultry nights of summer."

"It contents me," said Malavolti, after a pause. "Be it so." Then advancing to Brittorno, he added, "But, Count, that there be no mistake in this business when the morning comes, I make *my* pleasant appointment with *you*, thus"—striking him gently on the arm with his glove. He then turned on his heel, and quitted the room.

The blood rushed into the face of Brittorno; his sword was half out of its scabbard; and if those who were standing round had not held him back, the saloon of the Duke de Montrefelto would have been the scene of a sudden combat, where nothing less than the death of one or both of the combatants must have ensued.

That night, in repairing to his villa, Count Brittorno was way-laid and assassinated. He was discovered the following morning, at the foot of the steps leading up to the Marble Terrace, covered with wounds, as if he had either fought desperately with his murderers, or they had wantonly mangled his body with repeated stabs. There were strong reasons for supposing, too, that the fatal encounter had not taken place where the body was found, but that it had been brought there after life was extinct; as there was a track of blood through the garden, and for a consit derable distance along the unfrequented road which led to the villa.

Suspicion naturally fell upon Malavolti, who was immediately arrested. He denied the crime laid to his charge, and demanded to know the alleged proofs of his guilt. But the

compendious principles of criminal jurisprudence which regulated the Neapolitan tribunals, were too well adapted for the gratification of powerful malignity, to protect less powerful innocence. The family of Brittorno was potent in its wealth, in its alliances, and in its influence; and the trial of Malavolti was so conducted, as to secure that decision from his judges, which had been already bargained for by his prosecutors. He was found guilty upon the negative evidence of his own inability to disprove his guilt. Sentence of death was passed. Malavolti appealed to the superior court. Grey heads and wrinkled brows, clothed in scarlet and ermine, went through the solemn plausibility of revising a decree which they never intended to reverse; and Malavolti had the consolation of knowing that all the forms of justice had been duly observed, in grave mockery of all its essential principles, and its fundamental spirit. He was ordered to be executed at the expiration of three weeks.

It was on the day this decision of the superior court had been officially notified, that his noble-minded mother, resigned to part with him in this world, but deeply impressed with the awful necessity of religious preparation for the next, had vainly besought him to employ those means of eternal salvation, of whose efficacy she not only entertained a profound belief, but the rooted conviction, that without them the everlasting perdition of the soul was inevitable. Hence her entreaties; hence her imploring supplications to Malavolti, who resisted her prayers from no infidelity of the heart, nor from any lukewarm sentiments of devotional piety. But in his proud scorn of a malefactor's death on the scaffold—in the fierce resentment of his impetuous spirit at the iniquity of his sentence—and in the bitter repugnance he felt to furnish such a triumph to his enemies, he had conceived a purpose, the execution of which, while it dazzled his heated imagination by the heroic fortitude which it demanded, sternly admonished him, he must yield neither to the solicitations of filial love, nor to the sometimes importunate cravings of fainting nature, (which, in the hour of death, doth ravenously hunger for the food of eternal life,) by admitting priestly counsel. If he would persevere to the end, he must hold no parley with creeds or dogmas. Therefore was his mother denied; though to deny her as he did, was a harder trial of his resolution than the stern purpose for which he denied her.

On the following morning Beatrice visited her son as she had promised to do. There were the visible traces in her countenance of much mental anguish, and much bodily suffering. She embraced Malavolti in silence; but there was a clinging tenderness in her embrace, as if she were loath to part with her treasure; and when she grasped his hand, the pressure of her own was a mute exhortation to be composed, which spoke to his heart.

"I have spent the live-long night in prayer for thee," said Beatrice, after a pause, "and my hope is strong that I have not humbled myself before God in vain; for, methinks I behold in thee, my son, the departing signs of that sore tribulation which so grievously oppressed thee yesterday."

"Yes," replied Malavolti, calmly, "it is doubt, not certainty, that makes a steadfast spirit falter. Till yesterday, life was a stake I played for; and though my chance was desperate, my feverish hopes hung trembling on the throw. To-day, I count the hours between me and the grave; and I thank the reverend council for their dispatch. They might have clothed cruelty in the garb of mercy, and, by seeming to deliberate, mocked me with the belief that justice sat on their right hand, and that they would execute the judgment of truth. Yesterday, the terrors of death were upon me, because in my heart there still lingered the gladness which whispered to it, the light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing for the eye to behold the sun; but to-day, the terror is gone, and I languish for the end."

"I grieve to hear thee say so," answered Beatrice; "for it is pride, not religion, that supports you; pride, which is of this world only, who, when she plants her foot upon the sand, believes she treads upon a rock. I do not doubt you dare to die, but *I* dare not think of what it is you dare, when it is only death you are

prepared for. It is a miserable vaunt, Malavolti, to boast your equality with the beasts that perish! Yet, you do no more, when you make your reason perform the office of their instinct, by exchanging the fear of death, which should appal the most righteous, for the ignoble heroism of merely despising the body's sufferings."

"Would you have me led forth to execution, and see me mount the scaffold like the vilest criminal?" exclaimed Malavolti.

"No!" answered Beatrice, firmly; "I would not see you led forth to execution—I would not behold you mount the scaffold—I would not see you die at all, if what I would were what I could. But can you bid these stone walls yield you a free passage to liberty and life? Can you achieve the substitution of a just pardon for an unjust sentence? Oh, my son! can you—can you escape the scaffold?"

"Aye!" murmured Malavolti.

"How?" said Beatrice.

Malavolti was silent. Beatrice looked at him for a moment, and then advancing with a slow step and dignified air, "Proud man!" she exclaimed, "tremble at what you see! Behold, your mother kneels to you!"

Beatrice knelt at the feet of her son. Malavolti covered his face with his hands.

"Hear me, Malavolti! When you were a cradled infant, your father died. I did not mourn as women do who shed brief tears upon a husband's grave, and balance the account of sorrow with the surplus of remaining joys. Mine was the condition, rather, of a prosperous merchant, whose wealth is great indeed, but all, all embarked in one fair venture, which being shipwrecked, he is a very bankrupt, even to the beggary of hope. But what did I when the tempest came and stripped me of my wealth? Ah, my son! I forgot myself and remembered you! I commanded back my tears—I stifled my sighs—I calmed my grief, divorced my sad thoughts from your father's tomb, and lived through many a grievous hour because thou didst live. Now, Malavolti, I demand sacrifice for sacrifice! Give me, in return, for all the years I have been a weary pilgrim on this earth for thee, the few miserable days that stretch between the present one and that whereon it is appointed thou must die. Oh, God! the pang is sharp enough to look upon you, as now I do, and think how soon I *must* lose you; yet can I gather some consolation from the knowledge that a thousand puny accidents in life's daily course might have wrought the same calamity, with a suddenness, too, whose shock would have bruised my poor heart even worse than this that hath befallen. But my thoughts grow frantic, Malavolti, and my affliction is without hope, when I behold thee 'blotted out of the Book of Life, and not written with the righteous,'—when the tremendous truth smites me, 'that from beneath, hell is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming!'"

"Mother! mother!" exclaimed Malavolti, in a voice suffocated with emotion, "spare me!"

"Son! son!" rejoined Beatrice, rising, "spare me, and save thyself! Disrobe thy haughty spirit of those tinsel gauds of a mountebank world, whose vanities thou ne'er again mayst look upon; prepare for death, not as a pageantry, where man is to look on and call you noble, but as a sacrifice where the eternal God is to be appeased, and which the saints of heaven may offer up, with prayers, upon their golden altars."

Malavolti, whose face was still covered with his hands, wept bitterly, and his sobs were audible.

"Blessed be those tears!" exclaimed Beatrice, in a voice of fervent zeal; "they are the gracious harbingers of contrition, the penitential waters of the soul, which cleanse it from its impurities. Oh, my son! child of my love! my only one! I never saw thee weep, till now, that sorrow for thy sorrow, whate'er it was, did not make me prone to weep too. But this grief is holy; and with a joy as holy do I welcome it. The parched earth smiles not more gratefully when gentle rains descend, than does my almost withered heart smile in gladness, refreshed by these precious drops thine eyes let fall."

She paused. But while she gazed at Malavolti, her features assumed an expression of divine sanctity, which seemed to heighten with her

progressively deepening conviction that the moment of assured victory was near. Blended, however, with this saint-like ecstasy, there was a troubled air of chastened and subdued, though intense, melancholy, which told all the story of a mother's grief. Whatever might be the sublime consciousness of triumphant piety, it could not silence the voice of nature; and that voice eloquently revealed to the heart of Beatrice that after all she had done, she had but brushed away a loathsome weed growing in the rank soil of a grave. The grave remained!

Malavolti, meanwhile, was fearfully agitated. The impassioned appeal of his mother had unnerved him. He spoke not; neither did he uncover his face. But his labouring chest, the trembling of his body, his deep-drawn sighs, and his convulsive sobs, denoted what a tempest raged within. Grasping the ponderous fetter that hung upon him, he arose, paced up and down his cell, and dashed away, with an impetuous hand, the tears that still gathered in his eyes. Beatrice uttered not a word. In anxious silence she watched the stormy conflict of his passions. It was to her the omen of a prosperous issue; for what alone she feared was that calm unruffled spirit, which, in the beginning, had betokened so fixed, so deep, and so inexorable a purpose. Some minutes had thus elapsed, and the violence of Malavolti's emotion was gradually subsiding, when he approached Beatrice, took her hand, and, in a faltering voice, addressed her:

"You have prevailed!" said he. "Be satisfied! I am as innocent of this crime, mother, as when you bore me: doubt not that. But you shall see me mount the scaffold like a felon; and I will die—a murderer's death—and let a holy priest shrive me of my sins. All this I'll do, in poor requital of that weary pilgrimage you have borne for me. But oh! I did, indeed, meditate far other things! I did look to mock at my destroyers, and in such a way as would have told the world that Malavolti, who shrunk from the axe, had fortitude to embrace a hundred deaths in shunning one—to die hourly, ay hourly, through the space allotted him yet to live. But it is idle, now, to talk of cancelled oaths made to my own heart in the agony of shame, as I contemplated the ignominious scene of a public execution. Do with me as thou wilt."

Beatrice embraced her son, and wept upon his bosom. The feelings of both were at that moment beyond the reach of language; and even after their first vehemence had abated, silence was the sanctuary of their thoughts. The mind of Malavolti had undergone a complete revolution. He had a new character to play; new passions to control and guide; new duties to learn; and a new path to tread in his passage to the grave. Beatrice, on the other hand, now that the pressure of the greater evil was removed, felt with accumulated sharpness that which she fancied was entirely blunted, because its pain had been lost in the more acute anguish of one whose anticipation maddened her. She could now meditate upon the single grief of her approaching bereavement, and sorrowful enough were her meditations; but never once did she allow them to betray themselves by word, or sigh, or tear, or look, in the presence of Malavolti: No! This incomparable woman, with all the lofty spirit of the noblest matrons of ancient Greece or Rome, held her maternal grief in subjection, that she might the better comfort and sustain her son. It was only when she was alone and in the solitude of her own thoughts, and unobserved of any, that she paid the natural tribute of the heart, and discharged it of its swelling burden.

Time passed on, and every day Beatrice was at her post. No sooner did the hour strike at which the outer gates of the prison were unlocked, than she presented herself for admission, and sought the gloomy dungeon of Malavolti. Sometimes she was accompanied by the venerable Padre Anselmo, who administered the holy offices of religion, and with pious zeal prepared her unhappy son for death. It was an inexpressible consolation to Beatrice herself to participate in these offices, to listen to the exhortations of the sacred apostle of grace, and to join her own fervent prayers with the appointed ones of the Church, for the efficacy of their intercession. At other times, when

Anselmo was delayed or prevented in his attendance by duties elsewhere, she would sit for hours with Malavolti, discoursing of a world to come, with such calm earnestness of voice, and with such seeming tranquillity of spirit, that, but for the affectionate ardour of her manner, she might have appeared a kind friend only seeking to lighten the tribulation of a friend, instead of an anxious, heart-broken mother, supporting a beloved son under the trial of approaching death.

It was on the evening of the eighteenth day, and when only three more intervened before the day of execution, that Malavolti was awakened from a quiet sleep into which he had fallen, after the departure of Beatrice for the night, by the harsh grating of his cell door.

"Here is a holy father," growled Verruchio, "who says he must speak with you. He would not be denied; but, by St Agnes, it is as much as mine office is worth to let him in at this untimely hour.—You must be quick, friar, or come again in the morning, for I shall return speedily to conduct you forth."

The gaoler retired, locking the door after him. Malavolti, in the dim twilight of his cell, could just discern the tall figure of a man, closely wrapped in the cowl and black drapery of a Franciscan monk, who listened for a moment to the receding sound of Verruchio's heavy footsteps along the stone passage, and then, striding hastily up to him, threw back his hood and cloak, exclaiming, "Fly! save your life!"

"Who are you?" replied Malavolti, raising himself from his straw.

"It matters not. I come to save you. There is no time for words. Put on this disguise. The gloom of evening will befriend you. Get beyond the prison walls. There you will find persons waiting to convey you from the danger of pursuit; and leave the rest to me."

"Why should I do this?"

"Tut, tut—ask questions, man, when you have leisure to be inquisitive. A moment's irresolution, and we fail. Here—hold your chains thus, and they will not clank; wrap yourself in this cloak, draw the cowl down round your face, and be sure you speak not, nor walk with a too eager step, till you are once fairly on the outside. Here—here."

"You come upon a thriftless errand, whoever sent you," said Malavolti, disengaging himself from the disguise which the stranger was placing upon him.

"Are you mad?"

"No; I am innocent!" replied Malavolti proudly.

"Granted; but your death is inevitable."

"I know it; and I will not avoid it by an act which would give every tongue in Naples a license to say I deserved it."

"By St Francis!" exclaimed the stranger, "you amaze me. But I have risked too much already not to risk a little more. Consent to fly, or——"

"Or what?" interrupted Malavolti.

"Hark!—Verruchio returns. I hear his footsteps—quick! quick! I'll throw myself on this straw, while you, as the door opens, stand prepared to quit the cell, that so he may not enter himself and perceive the cheat. When you are safe, I know a way to save myself."

"You disturb me," said Malavolti. "Be quick yourself, rather, and resume, for your own secure return, the disguise that has enabled you to come safely hither. Whoe'er you are, your motives claim my gratitude, though I disdain to use the means you proffer."

The next moment the key was heard in the door. The stranger hastily re-clothed himself in his Monk's garb; as Verruchio entered, ejaculated in a low voice a pious *Benedicite!* and slowly followed him from the cell. Malavolti returned to his straw; but it was long before the perturbation which this mysterious scene had occasioned would allow him to sleep. There was no clew by which to unravel the interest any human being, except his mother, could be supposed to feel in his fate, sufficient to suggest such an enterprise; and well he knew it originated not with her. She had, all along, fixed his thoughts too steadily upon the fatal consummation of his iniquitous sentence; and was, besides, as incapable as himself, of favouring a scheme which, though it might save

his life, would ratify his imputed guilt. Wearied with conjectures, he at length sunk into a feverish and disturbed slumber.

Not such was the slumber into which he sunk a few short hours before he went forth to execution. Beatrice had obtained permission to pass with him that last, that dreadful night. And she did so. At midnight, the good Padre Anselmo retired to seek a brief repose, promising to return at sunrise. Beatrice sat by her son's side, supporting his head upon her bosom, and gazing wistfully at those features which had the paleness of long imprisonment upon them, but nothing else to wring her heart. Their expression was angelic, and shone with the sanctity of perfect resignation. As she parted the clustering raven locks that covered his fine open brow, she thought he had never looked so like his father, as she last remembered to have seen him, when he too in his dying hour reclined upon her bosom. And then unbidden recollections crowded fast upon her mind; step by step they carried her back through buried hopes, and bright dreams that were, when all of present joy, and all of future bliss, that beamed like sunny visions upon the sparkling tide of time, was precious to her only because it *was* shared, or prophesied of being so, in years to come, with her much-beloved son. The transition from these remembrances to the scene before her was dreadful. It pierced her very soul; and it was a relief from the torture of her own solitary thoughts while Malavolti slept, when the entrance of Anselmo called both herself and him to the solemn preparations for the scaffold.

The bell tolled! the assistants of the prison entered the dungeon to attire Malavolti in the usual dress of a criminal who is to die for murder. A faint flush passed across his cheek during this humiliating ceremony, and he cast his eyes round the cell for his mother, as if he would have conveyed to her by one hurried look all that his proud spirit then suffered, as the price for yielding to her prayers. But she was no longer present. Firmly resolved to abide all, while she could be firm, she had found it impossible to witness this ceremony, and to take her last farewell, without betraying such emotions as might have unmanned Malavolti at the moment when he had most need of all his energies. She had, therefore, withdrawn unperceived, pronouncing no other adieu, than the mute one which was concentred in the agonizing look she fixed upon him, as she hurried out of his presence for ever!

The procession began. Malavolti walked with a firm step, an erect figure, an air of conscious innocence, and with something of expressed contempt for the injustice he sustained, mingled with a profound character of religious awe at the solemnity of his situation. The scaffold was erected about a hundred yards from the walls of the prison. It was a beautiful summer morning, and the sun shone with all the brilliant radiance, and the air fanned upon his pallid cheek as he passed into it, with all the balmy softness, of the Italian climate. The assembled crowd was numerous; but of the many thousands who were there collected, not one ventured to disturb the thrilling silence of the scene. Malavolti surveyed the multitude; and again his face was flushed for a moment, while his knitted brow, and the haughty gathering up of his body, proclaimed that one last struggle with himself, one expiring rally of mere earthly passion, was throbbing in his heart. But it was soon over, and he ascended the scaffold with the calm demeanour of a man in whom the fear of death had passed away.

The last offices of religion were performed by Anselmo, who had retired a few paces from the block; the executioner stood ready with his axe; and Malavolti was in the act of kneeling down, after having requested the headsman not to strike till he gave the signal, by stretching forth his hand, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed, "Stop!" Malavolti either heard it not, or supposed it was some other cry, for he knelt down, while the assistants proceeded to place him in the proper position, when the same voice, in a louder and frantic tone, was heard again. "Innocent! Innocent!" it cried, or rather screamed. The words were instantly repeated by a thousand tongues, and the air resounded with tumultuous shouts of "Innocent! Innocent!" The scene

that followed was at once sublime and terrific. Malavolti raised himself on one knee, and gazed wildly round, as if suddenly aroused from some frightful dream. The officers of justice, mistaking the confusion for a desperate attempt at rescue, laid hold of him, and endeavoured to force his head down again to the block, while the executioner, grasping the axe firmly in both hands, with a ferocious look, stood in an attitude to strike the fatal blow, the moment there was room for him to wield the instrument. The populace hooted, groaned, yelled—amid loud and louder cries of, "Innocent! Murder! Brittorno! Brittorno!"

Malavolti, with a giant's strength, wrested himself from those who were struggling to hold him, and like a maniac, sprung at the throat of the executioner, who had raised his axe to fell him where he stood. The people, bearing down all opposition, rushed forward; Malavolti and the executioner rolled together on the platform, the latter streaming with blood from a wound inflicted with his own axe in falling, when, just at that moment, a man was seen forcing his way through the crowd, and ascending the steps of the scaffold. It was the Count Brittorno himself! He was enveloped in a black cloak, his hat off, his features distorted with agony, and exclaiming in a voice that resounded above the wild roar of the multitude—"Look on me! look on me! I am Brittorno—Malavolti is innocent!" The eye of Malavolti caught one glimpse of his person, and bursting into an hysterical laugh, he swooned in the arms of the Padre Anselmo. A tremendous shout of exultation burst from the populace, which was repeated with deafening violence when they saw the hand of Malavolti firmly grasped in that of Brittorno, who was kneeling by his side.

In a few moments peace was restored; and though no one could explain the cause of what they had all witnessed, every one rejoiced in the miraculous preservation of a noble cavalier from an unmerited and shameful death. Malavolti, as soon as he recovered from his swoon, was conducted back to the prison, amid the now silent sympathy of the thousands who had assembled to behold his execution. They gently blessed him as he passed, but abstained from all violent demonstrations of joy, with an instinctive delicacy of feeling, which animated the whole as if they were but one man, and taught them to reverence the grandeur of his situation. And Beatrice! Where was she? Did no messenger of gladness pour the balm of joy into her sad heart? Was there no swift tongue to tell her she was still a mother? Oh, yes! Those shouts—that wild uproar—those straining throats that filled the very air with voices innumerable, crying aloud, "Malavolti! Innocent!" outran the surer tidings of the good Anselmo, who sought the poor mourner in her desolate habitation. "I will praise the Lord as long as I live! I will sing praise to my God while I have my being!" was all she could say, when, with streaming eyes upraised to heaven, she again folded in her arms her living son!

A few words will suffice to relate the circumstances which led to this extraordinary catastrophe. The Count Brittorno was the victim of his own snares. Believing that Malavolti was his secret rival in the affections of his mistress Angelica, he had resorted to the familiar practice of his country, and employed three desperate bravos to prowl about the grounds of his villa, and watch their opportunity for assassinating him, should he approach the house. These hired stabbers had been in his pay for several weeks; but as Malavolti was really no candidate for the lady's favours, they might have pursued their honourable calling for as many months without surprising their prey. It was to this secret ambush, however, that Brittorno alluded darkly, when in his altercation with Malavolti at the Duke de Montrefelto's, he retorted, that there "were fools in the city of Naples who tempted the chance he mentioned;" that of being "provided with a grave, before he thought seriously of dying." By what fatal mischance, or under what unforeseen circumstances it happened, was never known; but that very night, Count Brittorno himself, repairing to his villa, was mistaken for Malavolti, set upon by his own blood-hounds, and left for dead, in the way already mentioned. At first, Brittorno be-

lieved that the persons who had attacked him were hired by Malavolti, who had taken that method to supersede the necessity of meeting him on the following morning. Hence his own willingness, and that of his family, to conceal the fact of his wounds not being mortal, in the hope that the convenient forms of Neapolitan justice would work out their revenge by sending him to a scaffold; while they knew it would be no inexpiable offence in the eyes of the majority of their countrymen, that Brittorno should afterwards appear. He would be rid of a detested rival at all events; and he did not despair of living down whatever odium the circumstance might at first excite. The scheme, therefore, was fully resolved upon, and adroitly managed. But in the interval, and while slowly recovering from his wounds, Brittorno received unequivocal proofs from his mistress, that his suspicions were utterly unfounded with regard to Malavolti, and he also learned who were his real assassins. It was then that something like compunction began to awaken in his breast for the impending fate of Malavolti. He would willingly have rescued him from it. But how could he do so, without betraying his own unparalleled perfidy? His first contrivance was sending one of his myrmidons, disguised as a monk, to prevail upon Malavolti to escape from prison; but when this project failed, he knew not what to do. Base as he was, he could not reconcile even to *his* conscience the idea of sacrificing not only an innocent man, but one who, he had ascertained, had never wronged him in the point where he was most sensitive. Still he could not resolve to make the sacrifice of himself in the only way that would enable him to do substantial justice. At length the day of Malavolti's execution arrived, and impelled by a restless impulse which he strove in vain to resist, he mingled with the crowd in disguise; but when he saw the guiltless Malavolti in the act of offering up a life he had not forfeited, his emotions became so violent and ungovernable, that he rushed forward to arrest the fatal catastrophe in the way described, though almost too late to give effect to his tardily awakened sense of honour.

M.

THE CRUISE OF H.M.S. TORCH—CONTINUED.*

I WAS the mate of the morning watch, and, as day dawned, I had amused myself with other younkers over the side, examining the shot holes and other injuries sustained from the fire of the frigate, and contrasting the clean, sharp, well-defined apertures, made by the 24lb. shot from the long guns, with the bruised and splintered ones from the 32lb. carronades; but the men had begun to wash down the decks, and the first gush of clotted blood and water from the scuppers fairly turned me sick. I turned away, when Mr Kennedy, our gunner, a good steady old Scotchman, with whom I was a bit of a favourite, came up to me—"Mr Cringle, the Captain has sent for you; poor Mr Johnstone is fast going, he wants to see you."

I knew my young messmate had been wounded, for I had seen him carried below after the frigate's second broadside; but the excitement of a boy, who had never smelled powder fired in anger before, had kept me on deck the whole night, and it never once occurred to me to ask for him, until the old gunner spoke.

I hastened down to our small confined birth, and there I saw a sight that quickly brought me to myself. Poor Johnstone was indeed going; a grape shot had struck him, and torn his belly open. There he lay in his bloody hammock on the deck, pale and motionless as if he had already departed, except a slight twitching at the corners of his mouth, and a convulsive contraction and distension of his nostrils. His brown ringlets still clustered over his marble forehead, but they were drenched in the cold sweat of death. The surgeon could do nothing for him, and had left him; but our old captain—bless him for it—I little expected, from his usual crusty bearing, to find him so employed—had knelt by his side, and,

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* See No. clvi., p. 317.

whilst he read from the Prayer-book one of those beautiful petitions in our church service to Almighty God, for mercy to the passing soul of one so young, and so early cut off, the tears trickled down the old man's cheeks, and filled the furrows worn in them by the washing up of many a salt spray. On the other side of his narrow bed, fomenting the rigid muscles of his neck and chest, sate Misthress Connolly, one of three women on board—a rough enough creature, heaven knows, in common weather; but her stifled sobs shewed that the mournful sight had stirred up all the woman within her. She had opened the bosom of the poor boy's shirt, and untying the ribbon that fastened a small gold crucifix round his neck, she placed it in his cold hand. The young midshipman was of a respectable family in Limerick, her native place, and a Catholic—another strand of the cord that bound her to him. When the Captain finished reading, he bent over the departing youth, and kissed his cheek. "Your young messmate just now desired to see you, Mr Cringle, but it is too late, he is insensible and dying." Whilst he spoke, a strong shiver passed through the boy's frame, his face became slightly convulsed, and all was over! The Captain rose, and Connolly, with a delicacy of feeling which many might not have looked for in her situation, spread one of our clean mess tablecloths over the body. "And is it really gone you are, my poor dear boy!" forgetting all difference of rank in the fulness of her heart. "Who will tell this to your mother, and nobody here to wake you but ould Kate Connolly, and no time will they be giving me, nor whisky—Ochon! ochon!"

But enough and to spare of this piping work. The boatswain's whistle now called me to the gangway, to superintend the handing up, from a shore boat alongside, a supply of the grand staples of the island—ducks and onions. The three 'Mudians in her were characteristic samples of the inhabitants. Their faces and skins, where exposed, were not tanned, but absolutely burnt into a fiery-red colour by the sun. They guessed and drawled like any buckskin from Virginia, superadding to their accomplishments their insular peculiarity of always shutting one eye when they spoke to you. They are all Yankees at bottom; and if they could get their 365 *Islands*—so they call the large stones on which they live—under weigh, they would not be long in towing them into the Chesapeake.

The word had been passed to get six of the larboard guns and all the shot over to the other side, to give the brig a list of a streak or two astarboard, so that the stage on which the carpenter and his crew were at work over the side, stopping the shot holes about the water line, might swing clear of the wash of the sea. I had jumped from the nettings, where I was perched, to assist in unbolting one of the carronade slides, when I slipped and capsized against a peg sticking out of one of the scuppers. I took it for something else, and damned the ring-bolt incontinently. Caboose, the cook, was passing with his mate, a Jamaica negro of the name of John-crow, at the time. "Don't damn the remains of your fellow-mortals, Master Cringle; that is my leg." The cook of a man-of-war is no small beer, he is his Majesty's warrant officer, a much bigger wig than a poor little mid, with whom it is condescension on his part to jest.

It seems to be a sort of rule, that no old sailor who has not lost a limb, or an eye at least, shall be eligible to the office; but as the kind of maiming is so far circumscribed that all cooks must have two arms, a laughable proportion of them have but one leg. Besides the honour, the perquisites are good; accordingly, all old quartermasters, captains of tops, &c., look forward to the cookdom, as the cardinals look to the popedom; and really there is some analogy between them, for neither are preferred from any especial fitness for the office. A cardinal is made pope because he is old, infirm, and imbecile,—our friend Caboose was made cook because he had been Lord Nelson's coxwain, was a drunken rascal, and had a wooden leg; for, as to his gastronomical qualifications, he knew no more of the science than just sufficient to watch the copper where the salt junk and potatoes were boiling. Having been a little in the wind overnight, he had quartered himself, in the superabundance

of his heroism, at a gun where he had no business to be, and in running it out, he had jammed his toe in a scupper hole, so fast that there was no extricating him; and notwithstanding his piteous entreaty "to be eased out handsomely, as the leg was made out of a plank of the Victory, and the ring at the end out of one of her bolts," the captain of the gun finding, after a stout pull, that the man was like to come "home in his hand *without* the leg," was forced "to break him short off," as he phrased it, to get him out of the way, and let the carriage traverse. In the morning when he sobered, he had quite forgotten where the leg was, and how he broke it; he therefore got Kelson to splice the stump with the but-end of a mop; but in the hurry it had been left three inches too long, so he had to jerk himself up to the top of his peg at every step. The Doctor, glad to breathe the fresh air after the horrible work he had gone through, was leaning over the side speaking to Kelson. When I fell, he turned round and drew Cookee's fire on himself. "Doctor, you have not prescribed for me yet."—"No, Caboose, I have not; what is wrong?"—"Wrong, sir? why, I have lost my leg, and the Captain's clerk says I am not in the Return!—Look here, sir, had Doctor Kelson not coopered me, where should I have been?—Why, Doctor, had I been looked after, amputation might have been unnecessary; a *fish* might have done, whereas I have had to be *spliced*." He was here cut short by the voice of his mate, who had gone forward to slay a pig for the gunroom mess. "Oh, Lad, oh!—Massa Caboose!—Dem dam Yankee!—De Purser killed, massa!—Dem shoot him troo de head!—Oh, Lad!" Captain Deadeye had come on deck. "You, Johncrow, what *is* wrong with you?"—"Why, de Purser killed, Captain, dat all."—"Purser killed?—Doctor, is Save-all hurt?" Treenail could stand it no longer. "No, sir, no; it is one of the gun-room pigs that we shipped at Halifax three cruises ago; I am sure I don't know how he survived one, but the seamen took a fancy to him, and nicknamed him the Purser. You know, sir, they make pets of any thing, and every thing, at a pinch!"

Here Johncrow drew the carcass from the hog-pen, and sure enough a shot had cut the poor Purser's head nearly off. Blackee looked at him with a most whimsical expression; they say no one can fathom a negro's affection for a pig. "Poor Purser! de people call him Purser, sir, becaase him knowing chap; him cabbage all de grub, slush, and stuff in him own corner, and give only de small bit, and de bad piece, to de oder pig; so, Captain"—Splinter saw the poor fellow was like to get into a scrape. "That will do, Johncrow—forward with you now, and lend a hand to cat the anchor.—All hands up anchor!" The boatswain's hoarse voice repeated the command, and he in turn was re-echoed by his mates; the capstan was manned, and the crew stamped round to a point of war most villainously performed by a bad drummer and a worse fifer, in as high glee as if those who were killed had been snug and well in their hammocks on the berth-deck, in place of at the bottom of the sea, with each a shot at his feet. We weighed, and began to work up, tack and tack, towards the island of Ireland, where the arsenal is, amongst a perfect labyrinth of shoals, through which the 'Mudian pilot *cunned* the ship with great skill, taking his stand, to our no small wonderment, not at the gangway or poop, as usual, but on the bowsprit end, so that he might see the rocks under foot, and shun them accordingly, for they are so steep and numerous, (they look like large fish in the clear water,) and the channel is so intricate, that you have to go quite close to them. At noon we arrived at the anchorage, and hauled our moorings on board.

MY LANDLADY AND HER LODGERS.

By the Author of "The Ayrshire Legatees," "Annals of the Parish," &c.

Chap. XIII.

I forget now the cause, which, for some time after the Blackbirch affair, interrupted my *tête-à-têtes* with Mrs Winsom, or, as her handmaid Babby called them, our crim. cons.; but the renewal, as I well recollect, took place on a Sunday evening. I had been the night before at the Opera to hear Catalani for the first time, who was then in all the plenitude of song and beauty. Having invited Mrs Winsom to make tea for me, after some disquisition concerning the performance, she began:—

"Experience has taught me that the lodging trade, like the generality of commercing, is not always of the same profitableness. So it came to pass in the course of time that my apartments were no to be let to the progenitors of the AA or the PP; that is to say, artists, authors, or actors, commonly called painters, poets, and players; and for a good and solid reason, as I shall make manifest to your hearing.

"Artists, though needing but small attendance, and being of a frugal nature, are yet of such ill-redd-up dispositions, that it is often no in the power of soap and water, besom or brush, to make a satisfactory restoration after them, without the help of a char-woman—and she costs money.

"I once had a short-sighted, prejinct, pernicketty bodie of a minatour maker, who staid with me only three months; but it took such a length o' time to make a clearance o' his residues, that, besides the positive outlay for the white-washer and charwoman, I lost, before the rooms were again ready, a Glasgow magistrate, with a punch-bowl belly, whose very face, to any lodging-house, was as the sight of a dripping roast—for he was a dining-at-home customer.

"As for authors, one of them, for troublesomeness, is equal to two artists; and I verily think, that, according to the rule of three, if two poets be equal to one player, the whole nine Muses could not be worse than a single she-play-actor.

"For making a litter of paper, the authors are just tremendous; and then they are never ready for their meals, for they are of the kind that live at home, but have either a line to finish, or a sentence to conclude, at the very time the dishes are going to the table. Moreover, they are naturally crisp in their temper, and cannot abide to be told any thing in a hurry, even when the case is necessitous; and they sit up to the dead hours of the night, and often frightening sober lodgers from the country with the dread of robbers, as they walk about romancing or mumbling their reasonless rhymes. In short, they are 'dividuals of a precarious humour, and neither profit nor pleasure is to be won at their hands.

"Then the players—Gude! put never another of thae things till me, especially of the feminine gender! But the vocality are the worst of all. About five years since, I was so misfortunate as to let my first floor to a leddy-player, who was reckoned very prime at Drury-lane Theter. Never was a creature in this world so void of understanding; she had hands and fingers too, that must be allowed, but they were as useless as the siclike of a heathen goddess, cut out in a marble statue—saving that she could jingle parley-voos on a piano-forte. Oh! such a drawing-room as she did keep! It was an anarchy and confusion—a French revolution compared to the shop-board with nine tailors sitting on it making clothes for three bridals and six burials that are to happen the morn's morning. And she had a guinea-pig whittering about her petticoats; a lap-dog would have been Christianity compared to such an abomination.

"'Miss Cymbal,' said I to her one day, 'I wonder how ye can demean yourself with such an uncircumcised

thing. It's no right of you—It's a beast of prey, Miss Cymbal, and ought not to be allowed to live in a land of law and gospel.'

"'My beloved Porkettino!' said she, lifting it up—and she kissed it—as I am a living woman, she kissed it! The pig-faced leddy, from all I have heard of her, would never have done the like of that."

Here I deemed it advisable to arrest the garrulity of the worthy old lady, for by this time I had discovered, that when once set a-going on any topic affording scope for simile or illustration, she was apt to run a little too long, particularly when morals or manners were concerned.

"And what became of Miss Cymbal?" said I.

"What became of her! I'm just ashamed to tell—It's enough to sanctify concubinage as holier than wedlock! She was married to an auld lord that's fond o' fiddling, an' she now gallants about the streets in her own carriage, as if she was a natural dignitary with a pedigree."

"But do you know what sort of wife she makes?"

"Wife! what could you expect of a woman that made a beloved of a grumphy? To be sure it was a small one, but that did not make the fault any less—as I told her. However, as I was going to tell you, from that time I could not look on her with complacency; and so I resolved to see her back to the door on the first convenient opportunity. But that did not come to pass quite so soon as I had hoped it would do, and I was obligated to thole with her for more than five weeks, when one night, instead of coming home from the theter, she whisked awa', with a hey-cockelorum, to the house of my Lord L——. I must, however, do her justice in one particularity; next morning, when both Babby and me were boiling with a resolution to ding the door in her face if she shewed herself at it, my Lord's own gentleman came to make an apology, which he did in a most well-bred manner, presenting me with a marriage favour, which, besides a very large slice of very excellent seed cake, and a knot of silver-ribbon, consisted of a fifty-pound note to clear her bill—I assure you it was one of the sappiest settlements I have ever had."

I was a good deal amused with this account of Miss Cymbal, and said to Mrs Winsom, that, besides her general objections to authors, she had doubtless met with some one of the remarkable among them.

"I think every one was more remarkable than another," said she—"But if ye'll allow me, as the tea is by this time well masket, I'll pour you out a cup."

Chap. XIV.

While we were engaged with our tea, some of Mrs Winsom's friends happened to call, which obliged her to retire with them to her own apartment; and I had no opportunity, for several nights, of resuming the conversation. But at last, a favourable evening, the weather being very wet, came round, and as I had no temptation to go abroad, I sent her the customary invitation.

I had, during the forenoon, been visiting the improvements on the Bedford estate, at Russell Square; and opened the sitting by telling her where I was, and what I had seen.

"Yes," said she, "though London is London, and aye likely to be, at least for our time, yet being a world within itself, it is, to a surety, subject to world-like changes. Ye cannot well say in what it alters, but after a time ye can see where a change has taken place, just as I observed to Mrs Carroway, when I went with her for the second time to Margate.

"'The rocks,' she observed, 'every body of a right frame of mind may tell, without a text of Scripture, are everlasting, and bear testimony to the nothingness of human life.' But I proved to her, though they were, in a sense, unchangeable, still they were ever changing, shewing to her, in divers places, how things were worn and mouldered away, while the generality of the cliffs were seemingly still the same; among others, a projectile of the works on which her nephew had carved our names only two years before; it was quite gone, obliterated, and no more.

"But, as I was saying, London being of the nature of a perpetual

world, undergoes alterations in a way that, without making a visible change, is still a change. It came to pass that, one summer, the winter having been adjourned from June to October, for the convenience of Parliament, my rooms were evacuated for a longer space of time than had ever happened before, from the time of Mr Winsom's departal, in so much, that I was beginning to dread a total desertion—for the French Revolution was then rampaging like a drunken man with a drawn sword; and I had nightly fears anent dethronements, and the casting forth of every man of substance, so that lodgers should come no more.

"Well, you see, there being a dearth of lodgers, and rent and taxes dreadful, I made a resolve in my own mind no to be so overly particular when the season was over; and thus it came to pass that, one Saturday, a most respectable-looking elderly gentlewoman came in a coach to the door. She had seen the bill on the window, and liking, as she was pleased to say, the appearance of my house, she had stopped to enquire, and was glad that I responded she could be accommodated.

"'I'll take the first floor,' said she, for all were empty, 'without taking the trouble to look at any of the other apartments.'

"I was greatly ta'en with this leddy, for she was motherly in her looks; her dress foretold she was a gentlewoman, and her countenance that she was by ordinary.

"I got for her, as ye may believe, a comfortable cup of tea, for she had come from off a long journey. She tasted it, and said it was excellent—and indeed it was a fine tea; but I could observe, while making it for her, that her heart often filled full, and was ready to burst, and that the tears shot into her eyes from some hidden source of sorrow.

"When she had composed and refreshed herself, she observed that the day was far spent, and said, with a sore sigh, 'It is too late this evening!' She then returned into her bedchamber, leaving me to wonder what she could mean by saying, 'It is too late this evening.'

"Her room was below mine, for I slept that night in the second floor to keep the bed aired, which I regularly do when my rooms are empty; and all the live-long night I could hear she was restless, often moaning to herself, as with the anguish of a great agony.

"By the break of day she was up, and gone forth without giving a single direction about her breakfast, which, you will allow, was leaving me in a perplexity; and she did not return till the heel of the evening, which did not look well; and yet I could not say wherefore, as she was plainly a most decent matron, and had signs of a substantiality about her that were, to me, as good as securities for her bill.

"I could discern, however, that she had not been abroad gathering honey, for, though her countenance was composed, it was of a constrained composure, more of fortitude than calmness, and she was absent of mind, thanking me kindly—more so than need have been—for my civility.

"I saw she was troubled, and marvelled what could be the cause; but she was of a powerful endurance—that was evident; and I had not courage to enquire into her misery.

"On the morrow it was with her as the yesterday; she was up, out, and gone at a most premature hour; and I was all day in a consternation concerning three particulars—whence had she come, what was her grief, and where did she go? But conjecture gave no satisfaction.

"Day after day the same thing was as regular a come-to-pass as the rising and the setting of the sun. But when she had been my inmate eight days, she came not back till very late at night—a Saturday night: a fearful night that was! Seven lamps in Cavendish Square were blown out of their places on their posts; a chimney-pot in Henrietta Street fractured the skull of an aged watchman; and in Portland Place arose a yell of fire frightful to hear. In such a night that mysterious lady, whose name was unrevealed, came home from Newgate. The Sessions were over.

"She said to me nothing of where she had so often been; but on this occasion her countenance was a darkened wonder. It was sad, but with a sadness in which there was no melancholy; her eyes were uplift and religious, and very piteous to behold; still she appeared serene, but it

was manifest her heart was weeping —weeping blood. I let her in myself at the street door, and lighted her up stairs without speaking—her look smote me, so that I could not speak. As I set down the candle on the table till I could light her own, I found strength at last to say, 'I fear, madam, you have met with a sore trial?'

"'Yes,' said she, 'but it is now over.' She then requested me to get her a glass of wine and a crust of bread; and when I had done so, and she had tasted the wine, she desired me to send for Mr Hatchment the undertaker, from the next street; which I did, and he came immediately.

"After they had been a season by themselves, I went into the room to enquire in what I could be serviceable, and found her weeping very bitterly. Mr Hatchment had received his orders, and had then gone away; Babby opened the door to him as he went out, and she told me he was like a man that had seen a consternation.

"After the passion of her grief had in some measure abated, she said she hoped I would have no objection to receive the remains of a relation of hers——She could say no more, her sorrow returned with such violence. Judge what I felt; but I sympathized with her, and assured her I would do all I could to serve her.

"The next day being Sabbath, she moved not from her room till the gloaming, when she sent for a coach, and said she would not return before daylight. When she did return, there was a great change upon her. Her countenance was of a sedate solemnity, her tears were dried up, and there was more of melancholy and less of despair about her.

"All Monday she was hidden in her darkened room above; and there was such a dread—we could not tell the cause—on Babby and me, that we spoke to one another in whispers, and walked about the house on our tiptoes, as if the corpse was already come.

"Soon after dark Mr Hatchment arrived, and the door being opened, he said, 'It is coming,' and presently a hackney-coach stopped at the door, and out of it was brought a plain coffin, and the coach was sent off.

"Mr Hatchment's men bore the coffin into the parlour, and placed it on my big table, which was set out on purpose; and shortly after two other men came with a fine coffin, covered with crimson velvet, and adorned with gold ornaments, into which the beggarly box of criminality was set and screwed up;—at the same time a grand hearse came to the door.

"As the men were moving the pageant of mystery to the hearse, an old gentleman came in at the open door, pushed the grand coffin aside, and demanded to see the lady; at that moment a shrill scream from her told him where she was. He said but three words to Mr Hatchment, and hastened up stairs, crying in a wild and pathetical voice—'It is pardonable in a mother,—but must not be!'

"Mr Hatchment hurried off the hearse with its dismal load; and in the course of a few minutes after, a footman with a fine carriage came to the door, into which the old gentleman handed the lady, and took his place beside her, giving me a twenty-pound note, which was, I own, very handsome. But really it was a mysterious affair, and I was more than a month before I got the better of it."

Chap. XV.

As my acquaintance increased in town, my leisure diminished, and I had gradually less and less time to spend at home. Still, as often as I could command an evening, I endeavoured to enjoy the company and stories of my Landlady. An accident, however, suddenly placed a little more time at my disposal than was quite agreeable—a bit of orange-peel on the pavement caused me one day to sprain my ankle, by which I was confined to the house upwards of a week. During that time Mrs Winsom told me several more of her stories; among others, the following of a Country Captain.

"Soon after the tragical mystery, of which I told you the particulars at our last sederunt, I was sitting by

the fire when Babby came into the room with a great flaught, to tell me that a gentleman wished to look at the first-floor rooms.

"'What like is he, bairn?' said I. 'He's a most weel-far'd, sponsible-looking elderly man,' (he was little mair than fifty, but Babby was young.) 'He speaks wi' a loud voice, as one having authority, and not as the scribes. I dinna think he's under the degree of a bawronet, or at least the master of a Dublin veshel.' So I hastily preent on my dress-mutch—which I was in the act of doing when Babby cam ben—and went to the gentleman.

"I, who have seen so much of the world—(as a second-floor lodger of mine, Lieutenant Splice, used to say, who had been at the four quarters of the world, and was thirteen years a-board ship without sleeping as many nights on shore,)—as I was saying, I, who have seen so much of the world, am not easily deceived with appearances. I saw at a glance that Babby was wrong in some particulars. Bawronet he plainly was not, and he was as plainly of another sort than the skipper of a Dublin coal-bark sailing from Ayr. His age was on the more judicious side of fifty. He was as sun-burnt and swarthy as a Spaniard; frank, rattling, portly, and good-natured; but he did not leave me long in the conjecturals about him.

"After looking at the rooms, and being satisfied with their convenience, and, what was more pleasantly to the purpose, surprised at the moderation of the rent, he told me that he was a country captain in the East Indies, and commanded a vessel between the island of Bengal and Calcutta, and some of the other islands, of which I do not recollect the names; and then he informed me, with a friendly frankness very unlike a European, that he had made a little money, and had managed to remit a sackful of rupees wi' a vestment of silk and indigo, and that he was still half owner of the Babec Sahib of Calcutta, the ship he had been the captain of.

"He agreed to take possession of his rooms next day; in the meantime, he behoved to go to the Jerusalem Coffee-house to meet a friend who had come home three years before, and with whom he was to spend the day at a snug Bungalow, on a reach of the river below the Isle of Dogs, in a pleasant airy situation between the coal-tar factory and the chain-cable smiddy.

"About mid-day of the day following, as agreed upon, he took possession, and soon after came a waggon from the East India docks, 'with,' as he said, 'what little baggage he would require in town.' The heavy baggage he had shipped in a Leith smack. What quantity there was of it I cannot say; but for light baggage no Christian ever saw sic a collection—kists as big as meal girnels, with brass locks and hinges, and baskets made of cane o' a' sorts and sizes. One of them, that might have held himsell, was fu' o' dirty claes; he afterwards gave it to me, for, being made of cane, I thought it better than a close kist to haud claes. Among other curiosities, he had a fine auld kind of Madeira, of which he left me half a dozen bottles; likewise he left me a bottle of Balairic rack, a cordial medicine, which had the taste of rum pushiont wi' tar.

"He had also a black, or rather a brown, serving-man, in an Indian dress, and a turban like a puddock-stool;—an extraordinary well-bred thing it was, and it aye made a low boo, with its hands on its forehead, not only to me, but to Babby, and the lassock Sally we then had to help, for Babby was but newly come from Scotland, and had not properly learnt the English language.

"After dinner he invited me ben (for he was a home-faring lodger) to taste the fine auld Madeira; and being couthy and pleased, he began to recount to me his adventures. He came from the shire of Ayr, like mysell, and served his time to the sea oot o' Greenock, after which he was shipped for Calcutta, wi' seven-and-thirty young lads from the same kintra side, consigned to Messrs Warden, M'Fergus, and Co., a' kith or kin to the chief of the concern. The Captain, being the nearest relation of the whole tot, was soon made third mate of a vessel; and so, by interest and merit, he had risen to the command of the Babec Sahib, and to be master of the lac of rupees.

"He told me that he had no family, but he had two natural daughters by

a Hindoo woman, for whom he had well provided; and his plan of life was, after he had taken a cruize in London, to go down to Ayrshire and build a cottage near Ardrossan, which he had heard was a pleasant place, much frequented during the summer by the best of company from Glasgow and Paisley.

"He went out early for the theatre without taking tea, as he wished to see how they came on there, in comparison with the gentlemen who acted at Calcutta. Seeing he was innocent of the ways of London, I admonished him o' the deceits practised by the slight-of-hand part of the audience; but he made light of them, and told me, that the pocket-pickers here were not worth a d—— (ye must not expect me to repeat all the whole word) compared with the thieves and reevers of China; and that though he had made many voyages to Canton, they ne'er were able to come over him.

"Weel, to the playhouse the Captain goes; and as he told me he would be home early, I had a bit of my own Dulap cheese ready toasted for him, with a bottle of Edinburgh ale for daintice. Never was a man, come to so many years of discretion, so comical as he was on his return. The grandeur of the house was above all parabolics; but as for the players, they did not understand their trade at all compared with the Calcutta gentlemen, though he thought one Mr John Cammell, and a Mrs Siddons, might pass, too, at Calcutta.

"But, above all, he was most delighted with the civility of the company, especially with a most polite gentleman whom he had met at the pit door, and who warned him of the blackguards who infest that theatre. He told him the names of the players, and pointed out every thing most interesting, from the ladies in the boxes, to the beautiful chandelier, which cost a thousand pounds, in the ceiling. 'I promise myself great pleasure,' said he, 'from this acquaintance, and I have invited him to dine with me to-morrow; but he suddenly left me to join a friend he saw in one of the upper boxes.'

"By this time, as it was wearing late, the Captain thought of going to bed, and feeling for his watch to wind it up, lo and behold it was gone! and away also was his diamond breast-pin! Though I was sorry at his loss, I yet couldna but feel something like a satisfaction that he had found frost in no taking my advice; however, I counselled him to go to Bow Street and consult the magistrates. I trow he owed me a fee for that advice, for at the cost of no more, as he said, than ten guineas, both his new gold watch and diamond pin were recovered. But, poor man—we ought to be proud of nothing in this world—when the newspapers came in the day after, there was the whole story set forth in a most reprobate manner, under the title of, 'The misfortunes of a wise man of the East, or, doing a flat.' I need not add, that his polite and ceeveleezed frien' never came to dinner—You understand?

"While he was at Bow-Street, a young woman, clothed in the rags of what had once been a silk dress, came into the office. She stated her case to the Magistrate in a most moving manner. She was the widow of an Ensign, who, in consequence of a quarrel with his commanding-officer—a tyrannical character—had been brought to a court-martial, and was deprived of his commission in the Island of St Kitts, where he immediately after died of the yellow fever, brought on by a broken heart. His brother officers, and other humane gentlemen, raised a subscription and sent her home; but on her landing at Chatham out of a transport, she fell sick, and all her little money was expended, and her clothes sold, before she was in a condition to come to London. The Magistrate was deeply affected by her tale of woe, and giving her a small sum for immediate relief, advised her to memorialeeze the Duke of York.

"Captain Monsoon said he never felt more for a poor creature in his life; but having, since his landing, been taken in before by a pitiful story, he was determined to be more cautious for the future; so, instead of giving her any thing in the office, he took her address, and went next morning to the house,—a wretched shell, in a loathsome place,—and there, in a hideous garret, he beheld such a scene of misery and starvation as couldna be equalled. The poor creature was sitting in the midst of seven more than half-naked child-

ren, all huddling together to keep themselves warm, and the helpless orphans told him they had not tasted food for two days. His heart was so melted he could stand no more; so he put a five-pound note into their mother's hand, and promised to raise a subscription for her among his friends at the Jerusalem Coffee-house. Nor did he fail in his promise; some days after, having gathered upwards of fifty pounds, he came to me triumphing, saying he would make the widow's heart sing for joy; and he actually persuaded me to put on my pelisse—and I put on my best—to go with him to that house of mourning.

"Well, when we arrived, we could not get up the stairs, there was such a crowd of women assembled round the door, all speaking at once to a decent-looking, short, fatty, elderly man, with a curly brown wig. He was one of the Mendicity Society, come to enquire into the sorrowful tale; and, by putting different things thegither, he discovered that the afflicted madam was a second-hand country play-actress, and that the seven children were beggars' brats, hired by the week, at a shilling a-piece, to make a scene. Did ye ever hear of such limmerhood? But the leddy was off and away, having eloped with a notour pocket-picker, after she had filled him fou the night before out of the five-pound note.

"It's no possible to describe the kippage the Captain was in at this discovery, nor what he said of the Londoners in general; but he gave me the fifty pounds to distribute in charity, charging me never to mention it, for if it reached the Jerusalem, he would never hear an end o't. And much good did that fifty pounds do to many a straitened Scotch family, who had not proved so fortunate as the generality of our country-folk in London.

"Soon after this another accidence befell the Captain. The Indian lad, his serving-man with the puddock-stool turban, was, along with our Sally, whom he engaged for a house-maid, sent off in a Leith smack, with a letter to his sister, a minister's widow, living in Edinburgh, that they might have a house ready for his reception, he himself intending in the meantime to take a tour by land to see the country, by the mail coach. But his first news was, that as soon as the two landed they got themselves married. How they courted, or how came to a love-paction, is past my fathoming; for no a word of English, or even of Scotch, could the lad speak; and it was no in nature that Sally could understand Hindoo, or any other dead language.

"But the Captain's tribulations were manifold, and some of them of a comical kind; for after he was so often taken in he grew just desperate, and would scarcely believe the sun was in the firmament on the sunniest day. To me, however, he proved a very worthy and discreet lodger; and I daresay in time, when his Indian vapours were properly evacuated, he sobered down into a good-hearted gentleman, with a competency of common sense, which is more than I can say of all my other Indian acquaintances."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Mad. de Barri—La Contemporaine—Le Millionnare—Vidocq.

Autobiography is allowed, by common consent, to be one of the most universally agreeable kinds of reading, combining utility with amusement. To the historical and the metaphysical student, it affords relaxation from laborious investigation, or from intense abstract thought, combined with valuable information in their respective pursuits; whilst to the general reader, to him who reads chiefly to "kill the enemy," it unites much of the entertainment of the novel, with the proud satisfaction of seeming to be engaged with an instructive book. This has long been the brilliant condition of autobiography, but (alas for the vicissitudes of all earthly things!) we doubt the era of its splendour is rapidly passing away. In the days of autobiographical glory, no one dreamed of bestowing his or her memoirs or confessions upon the world, who had not either obtained such a lofty reputation as might render the private conduct and

feelings of its proprietor matter of general interest; or played such a distinguished part in the great drama of life, as might bestow historical importance upon their anecdotes of themselves and their fellow-performers. If any persons of inferior pretensions did then presume to intrude into the legitimate autobiographical class, they were only such as, having spent their lives amongst those master-spirits of whom we long to know every thing, had beheld them in dishabille, at least in their working-day garb, and whose misnamed autobiography, in fact, consisted of gossip,—we beg pardon, reminiscences, we believe, is the technical term,—concerning their betters. But really, if stock-jobbers and contractors are to give us accounts of their profits and losses; if every unfortunate female (the sentimental modern designation of those, whom our more jocular fathers termed ladies of easy virtue)—if every swindler and thief-taker is to nauseate the public with the detail of their vulgar vices, relying upon the names of those whose pockets they have, after their respective fashions, assailed or protected, for exciting a prurient curiosity that may command a sale, the very name of autobiography will, we apprehend, erelong be loathingly rejected in the drawing-room, as fit only for the kitchen or the servants' hall.

The first incentive to reflections of this kind arose, we grieve to say, at home. When the notorious Harriette Wilson published her life, the mass of scandal was greedily devoured by many, who, we should fain have hoped, would have shrunk from the history of vice, however garnished with splendid names. But the odious publication passed away without founding a school; and, for ourselves, we had really forgotten its apparition, when it was recalled to our memory by the swarms of *soi-disant* autobiographical memoirs with which the French press is at this moment teeming. We say *soi-disant*, because it is manifestly next to impossible that all these memoirs should be the work of their nominal writers; although we do not intend entering into a critical investigation of their respective pretensions to authenticity, which would require more time than we have leisure or inclination to bestow upon these effusions, and a knowledge of local circumstances difficult of acquisition in a foreign country. Nor, in fact, does the question of their truth or falsehood much signify to our view of the subject. That they all profess to be genuine, and seem, as such, to be popular, shews the present lamentable degradation of autobiography in France at least; and really, some amongst these memoirs most generally believed to be genuine, betray so clearly the revising touches of the bookmaker, (as Vidocq's Memoirs, where we find a display of erudition, for which we really cannot give the worthy autobiographer credit,) that we cannot find in our hearts to make much difference between these, and those most positively condemned as forgeries, which are, at least, the production of persons well acquainted with, or well read in, the times, manners, and morals they delineate, and who possess one of the principal talents of the dramatist and novelist, *i. e.* that of thoroughly identifying themselves with the character assumed, keeping clear of caricature—perhaps too clear, if we consider the books as works of imagination. So, for instance, in the MEMOIRES DE MAD. DU BARRI, the occasional mistakes are not palpable enough for laughter, but are such as a low-born, low-bred, and illiterate woman must almost inevitably make; as where, to take an example at random, she says that Louis XV. was afraid of being pressed to *revoke* the edict of Nantes, necessarily meaning to *re-enact* it. Moreover, the way in which the vulgar sins of the supposititious writer's early career are slurred or glossed over, as all, however numerous, affairs of the heart, and the attempt to prove her birth legitimate, are more natural from the pen of an autobiographeress, than from that of an author anxious only for the sale of his book.

Some of these real or *pseudo*-autobiographies, however, although assuredly not books such as we would recommend to our fair readers, or as can be perused by any one without painful disgust, are yet not devoid of instruction. They contain useful, though detestable pictures of human nature, which he who would study it thoroughly, should know; and some of them may afford a frightful political lesson to the philosophical legislator, in their exhibition of the utter

depravity of heart, mind, and even taste, that absolute power, unchecked by public opinion from without, and by religious or moral principle from within, will produce. It is in this point of view that we may bear to read in Mad. du Barri's Memoirs, of the highborn and wealthy dames who contended for the envied situation of the king's declared mistress;—of the nobles, courtiers, and ministers, who assisted the struggles of their sisters, wives, and daughters, to attract—that was easy—and to fix, the royal notice, which was to bestow such infamous exaltation;—of the honour and privileges attached to the post, such as the ministers being ordered, as a matter of *etiquette*, to assemble in the mistress's apartment, and hold in her presence a sort of preliminary council, for the arranging of business, to be discussed in the regular Council, at which the King presided; (somewhat a dull honour for the ignorant Du Barri, whatever it might have been to her predecessor the Pompadour, who aspired to govern the kingdom; she stickled for it, nevertheless, as her prerogative)—of the obscene conversation at the imbecile old royal profligate's snug parties, the only conversation he enjoyed, which the ladies of the court, admitted as a signal favour to his suppers, listened to, if they did not join in it, but which was too gross to be subsequently repeated by the favourite, though trained to the habits and manners of her class;—of the princes of the blood, who, having gone into open opposition to the court upon the Chancellor Maupeou's measures against the Parliaments, sent the Princess of Conti to the royal Mistress, (so lately all but a street-walker,) to solicit the restoration of their *secret* pensions, and who, foiled in this honourable negotiation, fairly and frankly bargained for the price, in hard cash, of their ratting, and reappearing at Versailles, their absence from which annoyed his Majesty. The only thing like an ordinary sense of decency that occurs from beginning to end of Du Barri's court life, is the difficulty that was made about her first presentation at court to the King at the drawing-room, and his daughters, *Mesdames de France;* and even this appears to have been, in fact, a political intrigue, of which her career, as a common courtezan, was rather the pretext than the cause. The only point really important to the presentation, it should seem, was her being married, and that was equally important at an earlier stage of her favour, when we assuredly had not anticipated its coming into question. The *Valet de Chambre*, who first presented the beautiful candidate for the vacant office, to the amorous Monarch, upon a less public occasion, was almost driven to despair when he soon afterwards discovered, not that, according to the editor's delicate as elegant phraseology, "she had resigned her charms to the first comer," but that she had never been married to her last keeper's brother, whose name she bore. To relieve the distress of the royal Mercury, and secure the fortune of the patrician house of Du Barri, the provincial nobleman hastened to Paris, and legalized the infamy of his name. Moreover, as if to counterbalance any prudish fastidiousness that might be suspected in the difficulty about compelling the somewhat elderly *Mesdames* to receive their father's new Sultana, this woman, recently so low in her degraded caste, that we apprehend the Harriette Wilsons and Co. would have shrunk from the contamination of fellowship with her, was the first female, out of the royal family, presented to the youthful bride of the heir-apparent, to Marie Antoinette, upon her arrival at Versailles as Dauphiness. We cannot but pause at this foul climax of licentious disdain for all morality, decorum, and even for their mere external observances, to ask who shall dare rigidly to condemn a young and lovely creature, forced into such association by him who should have been her guide, by her husband's grandfather, if she did learn not to reverence chastity as the first and most indispensable of female virtues?

After what we have said of the portraiture given us of the Court of Louis, so strangely surnamed *Le Bien Aimé*, the thorough contempt which the King and his favourites, male and female, entertained for literary genius, would hardly be worth mentioning, even for the pleasure of classing literary genius with virtue, honour, honesty, and every other object of human veneration then despised

and ridiculed at Versailles. But we are reluctantly compelled to notice the circumstance for the purpose of adding the humiliating avowal, that literary genius richly merited the rebuffs it experienced, by seeking the patronage of such Mæcenases. Voltaire and his school, flattered and courted Mad. du Barri as they had flattered and courted Mesdames de Pompadour, de Chateauroux, &c. &c.; and she appears to have concealed her Platonic correspondence with the unprincipled patriarch of Ferney from her royal dotard, with nearly as much care as her intercourse of a very different character with her footman Noel, with her friend and privy-counsellor the Duc d'Acquillon, with her lover the Duc de Brissac Cossé, and the Lord knows how many more.

Mad. du Barri, however disagreeable to read, however revolting be her Memoirs, may be admitted as belonging to what we have spoken of as the inferior order of legitimate Autobiographers. But if, throwing her four volumes aside in disgust, we turn to the SOUVENIRS D'UNE CONTEMPORAINE, Recollections of a Contemporary, that fill eight, what shall we say to the presumption of a Dutch private gentlewoman, who, like our own already mentioned shameless countrywoman, has no pretention but her guilt for intruding upon our notice? Who, whilst she professes herself the avowed or the casual paramour of men, whose large share in the fearful chances and changes that, for so many years, convulsed the continent of Europe, and shook even our sea-girt home with alarm, renders them objects of eager curiosity, tells us nothing of the public conduct of her lovers beyond what is generally known, and nothing of their private conduct that is worth knowing? The fair contemporary of the Revolution, of the Empire, and of the Restoration, is in fact far too exclusively engrossed with her own perfections, intellectual and moral; her universal genius, her independence of character, her romantic disinterestedness, and her passionate sensibility, to impress us very forcibly with her sincerity. We are nevertheless inclined to give her so far credit for truth, as not to hold her book a lie from beginning to end, and thence to believe the representation she, with apparent unconsciousness, gives of the state of morality in France, during not only the Revolution, but the Empire; a period so unaccountably eulogized by some of our compatriot liberals, exhibiting it as worse, if worse be possible, than under Louis XV. This is some little consolation, though we confess a sorry one, for us lovers and champions of legitimacy: but we have found another of a higher and purer nature, one that has almost repaid us for wading, as, in our character of caterers for, and regulators of, the public taste, we felt it our bounden duty to do, through the *Contemporaine's* voluminous recollections of every body in the world; the consolation of ascertaining how little popular is such a work in our own country. The proof of this gratifying fact is, that one of our new Hebdomadal Periodicals has ventured to enliven its columns with large portions of these *Souvenirs*, as original correspondence or information, or —— We really neither recollect or care what was the title under which these plagiaries appeared. But as we have had the trouble of perusing these volumes, we will so far turn our labour to account, as to give our readers such a notion of the heterogeneous contents, as may, we should hope, effectually guard them against being drawn into following our example.

La Contemporaine is the daughter of a noble Hungarian exile by a Dutch heiress, whose name, Van-Aylde-Jonghe, he was obliged to assume in marrying her. Mademoiselle Van-Aylde-Jonghe married, at twelve or thirteen, a rich Dutch merchant, who passionately loved her, and whose name she conceals that she may not disgrace it. She accompanied her husband to the army in boy's clothes, and afterwards ran away from him, partly because the independence of genius cannot submit to the trammels of domestic happiness, partly because she was indignant at his weakness in forgiving her detected intrigues with French officers. She then lived with Moreau, one of the most estimable of the heroes of the Revolution, who after a while allowed her to bear his name, and introduced her as Mad. Moreau to the wives of his friends and acquaintances, amongst others, it should seem, to Mad. Bonaparte.

When he had turned her off, upon discovering that she was soliciting a correspondence with Ney, having conceived a sentimental passion for *le Brave des Braves*, whom she had never seen, and the insulting imposition of her introduction was thus made manifest, no husband or father seems to have resented it. A meek forgiveness of personal insult, at which we should more exceedingly marvel, were we not informed that the fugitive wife's acquaintance had been courted by ladies, *viz.* Mad. Tallien and others, before she had assumed the name, style, and title of Mad. Moreau.

Ney seems to have returned her passion but coldly; "indeed her youth was gone by," when he at length visited her, and he himself was on the point of marriage with a young and lovely wife: nevertheless he let himself be loved, and occasionally rewarded his she-lover's devotedness, more than *Mad. le Maréchale* might have liked had she known it, and more than she may even now, if still alive, like to learn. The enamoured Contemporary ran after her idol every where, to Spain, to Russia, and where not; sometimes it should seem getting a kiss, and sometimes a kick, for her pains. But neither harsh treatment nor neglect, neither absence nor that worst of absences, death itself, could turn her constant heart, or in the least damp her ardour; and she now adores Ney's memory as fervently as she ever did his person.

This contemporaneous heart, however, if it is not fickle, is of a capacious nature, somewhat startling to our insular notions of hearts, and especially of female hearts. Our Dutch heroine's immutable passion for Ney, did not prevent her subsequently conceiving a similar co-existent passion for a handsome youth called Leopold. Still less could it interfere with her regard for Talleyrand, or offer any impediment to the proud alacrity with which, at Milan, she received the handkerchief thrown her one night by Napoleon. The high honour of this single nocturnal *tête-à-tête* with the Emperor, entirely changed her politics, and from being a zealous Republican, she became a fanatic Imperialist. It does not seem to have been the amiable gallantry of Napoleon's manners that wrought this change; for all that she tells of his behaviour towards her is, that upon her introduction he allowed her to wait, without a word or look of apology, till he had finished his letters. It might, however, be gratitude, for he rewarded the prompt compliance of Moreau's cast-off mistress, by placing her in the household of his sister Mad. Bacciocchi, *alias* Eliza, Grand Duchess of Tuscany. With this princess the *Contemporaine* became a prodigious favourite, probably from congeniality of disposition, and was employed upon an important diplomatic mission to Naples, the object of which was the reclaiming a truant lover of the grand duchess's, who had been lured from his allegiance by the superior youth and beauty of her sister Mad. Murat, *alias* Queen Caroline.

The vehemence of the new convert to monarchy's admiration for the Emperor, seems to have displeased Ney, with whom, after the restoration, she had wellnigh quarrelled for his loyalty to the Bourbons. She represents the Prince of Moskwa as honest in his intentions when he marched against his former master; and the conduct that cost his life, as simply the result of a moral imbecility of character, by no means incompatible with the most reckless daring in battle. Although we place no great confidence in *La Contemporaine*, we incline to believe her testimony upon this point, partly because it agrees with our own previous opinion upon the subject, and partly because it is self-evident that she would have preferred painting her hero as a devoted Napoleonite, engaged in the plots of which she speaks as having paved the way for the return from Elba; and in furtherance of which, she visited that toy-empire, where, from her reception, she was mistaken for Marie Louise. But she was cordially reconciled to Ney when she again saw him amongst the Marshals of the empire, and followed him to Quatre Bras, and Waterloo, where he achieved prodigies. In fact, he won the battle of Waterloo, and put the whole English army to flight. She does not explain what brought them back again; and indeed seems much at a loss to conceive how the battle came afterwards to be lost. We cannot blame her perplexity under such cir-

cumstances; and we well recollect, that in Spain, the Duke of Wellington was in the habit of similarly perplexing the *Moniteur*, by blundering, like an Irishman as he is, into a victory, when, by all the rules of military science, he ought to have run away.

So far, we have no means beyond internal evidence, of judging of the truth or falsehood of the *Contemporaine's* recollections; and she may likely enough have intrigued with all the distinguished men whom she claims as her lovers; but she now gives her English readers a test by which to judge of her veracity. Soon after Ney's execution, she revisited Waterloo, where she met the Duke of Kent, who was touched by her anguish, and engaged her as an Italian teacher during her stay at Brussels. To this we can offer no contradiction; but when she adds that the Duke of Kent (the strongest, we believe, of his strong family) was then, in December 1815, dying of a consumption, and actually did die of it at Brussels, in the month of July following, 1816, whilst she herself was there, weeping for the loss of this kind friend, we who saw him marry, in 1818, in perfect health, and die in Devonshire in January 1820, of a sudden inflammation of the lungs, must be allowed to doubt the perfect accuracy of some of the *Contemporaine's* recollections. Perhaps after this proof of at least embellishment, it may hardly be thought worth while to mention any more of her reminiscences. But we really must inform our readers, that in Spain she was admitted, *en passant*, to Ferdinand's intimacy, and conceived a high opinion of the absolute king's head and heart; that in England she had an interview with our Queen Caroline, who was too confidentially communicative to allow of the conversations ever being revealed, and from which interview the trusty confidante was scared away by Brougham's acerb physiognomy; that she afterwards enjoyed a *tête-à-tête* with Lord Castlereagh, having in her turn by a look scared away the Duke of Wellington whom she had found with him; was made love to by the English Secretary of State, and drove him to despair by her cruelty, (for she was faithful, it appears, to the continent); and, finally, that she heard an English bishop preach a sermon of two hours long; was presented to the reverend prelate by his mistress, a French actress, and being so reputably made known to him, was introduced by his lordship to an English lady of high rank and fashion, whom she found at least as confidentially communicative as the Queen! We think these latter anecdotes may be sufficient warning against being tempted by the title or the French names introduced, to waste time upon the *Contemporaine*.

Having, in the true spirit of British courtesy, given precedence to the ladies,* we now turn to the gentlemen.

The life of a stock-jobber and government contractor † does not naturally promise to afford very interesting materials for biography, the style of vicissitude to which such a mode of existence is specifically liable, however important to the individual and his friends, not being of a kind to call forth general sympathy. Let us not, however, be understood as meaning to assert, that great reverses, even in mere pecuniary concerns, do not touch the heart. Far from us be such pitiable affectation! But it is when those born to affluence are reduced to want—when a splendid name, surviving its concomitant splendours, gleams painfully through the heavy mists in which the squalid evils of vulgar distresses have enshrouded it, that human sympathy is powerfully awakened. Then every circumstance touches the imagination—then the proud ones of the earth shudder at the calamity that has fallen upon one of themselves, and the lowliest mourn over the fall of a greatness too exalted to have ever excited in their bosoms any emotions save reverence. When, on the contrary, upstart wealth is crushed by a revolution of the blind

* English is the only language we are acquainted with in which the address to a mixed assembly runs, Ladies and gentlemen. The French say, *Messieurs et Mesdames*, notwithstanding their pretensions to gallantry; and other nations, as far as our knowledge extends, follow their example.

† Memoires de G. J. Ouvrard sur sa Vie et ses diverses Operations Financieres. 3 Parties. Paris. 1827.

Goddess's wheel, as sudden as that by which it had previously been raised, the imagination sleeps unmoved; the aristocracy look down with contemptuous pity upon the chastisement of the *Canaille*, who had presumed to rival their superiors; and former equals, outstripped in the money-making race, behold, with almost undisguised pleasure, the downfall of a prosperity that had provoked envy untempered by respect. But though all this would fully apply to M. Ouvrard, even had his reverses been so complete as to demand compassion—which, we apprehend, they are not—the gigantic nature of some of his speculations, and the peculiar character of his relations with the various governments that have passed, like the figures in a magic lantern, only not quite so innocuously, over France during his adventurous career, give his Memoirs an interest of an entirely different description. His immense wealth seems early to have irritated the jealous temper of Napoleon, who, detesting every kind of independence, would fain have held the fortunes of every one in his gift; and who, upon assuming the Consulate, said of Ouvrard, as our autobiographer tells us,—"A man worth a million,* and careless of risking it, is too dangerous in my position." The *Millionnaire*, accordingly, became the object of a consular and imperial malevolence, resembling in character, if not in degree, the sentiments entertained by the Master of the Continent towards the sturdy island that defied his power, and prospered in his despite.

Towards England such sentiments might not be unnatural; but with respect to the poor *Millionnaire*, we really cannot but deem them singularly barbarous, considering the said *Millionnaire's* especial *tendre* for all governments—a *tendre* hardly to be chilled by the ingratitude with which it was constantly repaid, and of which he so bitterly complains, observing, in his preface, that governments sign bargains with money-lenders with mental reservations, and consider as a robbery any profit made by such money-lender—unless he should chance to be a Rothschild,—which family, (*par parenthêse*,) M. Ouvrard accuses the French ministers of extravagantly and unjustly favouring. With regard to himself, pathetically does the man of money exclaim,—"Never was I deaf to the cry of a distressed administration. My credit, my activity, my experience, were always ready to be employed in its service. Often have I flown to the assistance of those who had persecuted me but the day before, and who, I felt a melancholy conviction, would persecute me again on the morrow." This Quixotic devotion to distressed governments, our capitalist would explain by some internal organization, some cerebral developement, probably, (though never having heard of a *philo-financitive* bump, we fear it can be nothing better than *acquisitiveness*,) impelling him irresistibly into *les grandes affaires*,—*Anglicé*, speculation. This passion, however it originated, appears to have rewarded itself, and government, notwithstanding its ingratitude and downright cheating, to have proved a reasonably good customer; else, how came M. Ouvrard by the millions upon millions—by the innumerable domains—by the more than princely establishments in town and country, at the latter of which he boasts of having provoked the upstart Emperor, by a rival court and a rival theatre, where the actors from the *Français* performed? We cannot much wonder if Bonaparte thought his ministers must have made bad bargains, and if his legitimate successors have adopted his suspicions, whatever we may deem of the easy way in which both governments seem to have cancelled, by their mere will and pleasure, engagements signed and sealed.

G. J. Ouvrard, while yet under age, plunged pretty boldly into *les grandes affaires*, by speculating upon the *cacoethes scribendi*, with which the Revolution threatened to afflict France. At the earliest dawn of that fearful season, he monopolized all the paper to be made for some years, and netted L.12,000 by the operation. Nantes, his birth-place, then became too confined a theatre for his genius, and he repaired to Paris; where, during the reign of terror, he rescued, as he says, some hundreds of his townsfolk from

* For the reader's convenience, we have everywhere reduced the *francs* into sterling money, giving the sums in round numbers.

the guillotine. At Paris he established himself as a banker and a merchant, and, at one stroke, made L.20,000 by Colonial produce.

Our speculator's connexion with government began under the Directory. The victualling of the navy was grossly mismanaged by the agents to whom it was intrusted; and Ouvrard, having convinced the minister of the superior advantage of the contract system, obtained a provision contract for himself. When the Spanish fleet joined the French in a French port, he undertook the victualling of that also upon similar terms, and cleared, as he tells us, between £6 and £700,000 by this second job. This is the only occasion upon which M. Ouvrard distinctly states the amount of his profits; but from this one, which is not mentioned as any thing unusual, and from the fortune which he amassed in 1809, (he reckoned it at £1,250,000,) we may judge that so long as government only tried to cut down his emoluments, he had little cause to complain of the result at least of these attempts, unjust as they indisputably were, to correct by the law of the strongest, in the form of non-execution, an improvident bargain. It must, however, be allowed in behalf of government, that this was probably the only practicable way of economizing, as there seems to have been no competition, and Ouvrard would probably not have treated upon lower terms. Our contractor's defence of his exorbitant profits turns upon the assertion, that to have victualled the army and navy through the agency of commissioners would have cost more. And he is most likely in the right, as it seems a matter of course, that in France every one connected with administration should make his fortune. So decidedly so, that Ouvrard mentions, with full as much wonder as admiration, the disinterestedness of the opulent Duc de Richelieu, and of the indigent Spanish finance ministers, Soler and Espinoso, who, after respectively presiding fifteen and sixteen years over the pecuniary affairs of Spain, remained poor as on the day of their appointment.

The Spanish government paid honestly as long as it had the means; but in France Ouvrard soon began to experience difficulty in getting his money. He had long been unsuccessfully claiming some few hundreds of thousands, when, under the consulate, he undertook the whole commissariat department by contract, and further agreed to lend whatever sums Bonaparte should want, upon condition of his government bills being taken as hard cash. In 1802, when a scarcity produced alarms of sedition, he was employed by the first consul to purchase corn upon commission; but when the danger was over, and the bills drawn upon the treasury became due, the finance minister refused to pay them without an abatement of one-half the commission charged by agreement upon the purchases.

Experience might by this time, one should have thought, have cured Ouvrard of his predilection for transactions with government. No such thing! Either his *monomania* prevailed, or he found his bargains, after all reductions, satisfactorily profitable; for he went on with his contracts. When his advances amounted to nearly two millions, Bonaparte remarked with a smile, as he cast his eye over the account, "Ouvrard should now begin to be embarrassed." These inauspicious words were repeated to the *Munitionare General;* but he was perhaps too far involved to draw back, and still went on with his contracts.

Ouvrard subsequently either advanced, or procured, for Bonaparte's government, loans to the amount of nine millions, of which one million was upon account of Spain, as part of the tribute due, under the name of subsidy, by that enslaved kingdom to France. The necessary arrangements with this new debtor took the creditor to Madrid in 1815; and he found the sovereign of Mexico and Peru not insolvent indeed, but totally unable to meet his engagements. To relieve the embarrassment of the Spanish government, and bring its then prodigious resources into action, our projector conceived a splendid sort of Mississippi scheme for establishing public credit, working the American mines, and vivifying trade and agriculture, by means of banks and companies, copied from the Bank of England and the English East India Company, and of the sale of church lands; the foundation of the whole being a partnership betwixt his Majesty Charles IV., King of

Spain and the Indies, and G. J. Ouvrard, under the firm of Ouvrard and Co. All this was approved by the Prince of Peace and his royal Mistress; the King of course assented, and the partnership was actually signed. The Pope sanctioned the sale of the church lands, and Mr Pitt, who judged that all commercial activity must redound to the benefit of the Ocean Queen, promised to allow the transportation of the precious metals from America to Spain. All obstacles seemed now removed; but the magnificent project melted into air under the rough grasp of the French Emperor, who, in M. Ouvrard's estimation, was an ignoramus in finance, knowing no means of acquiring wealth except that wholesale species of robbery yclept conquest. Napoleon was moreover incensed, both at the intervention of England, and at the idea of a partnership betwixt a king and a trader, which, he said, "lowered royalty to the level of commerce." Accordingly, instead of favouring measures that were to have laid the riches of the New World at his feet, through the hands of his royal Thrall, he attempted to seize the funds of the new firm, and by divers arbitrary transfers of payments, debts, and credits in the state ledger, made out his creditor Ouvrard to be his debtor to the tune of some £1,200,000. Even this Ouvrard paid; it embarrassed him however, and occasioned a temporary stoppage. But he was more than solvent by £1,250,000 due from government; and his creditors suffering him to manage his own affairs, he paid every body, and went on with his government contracts.

Napoleon next declared Ouvrard security for the remainder of the subsidy due by Spain to France—a debt which Charles IV. had left to Joseph with his crown; and Joseph proving yet less able to pay than his predecessor, Ouvrard, still a creditor upon Spain for the amount of his former advance, was thrown into prison, and his property sequestrated. He was, however, released on bail, when things began to go wrong; and in that state of imperfect liberty the restoration found him.

It should seem that, notwithstanding all this ill usage, M. Ouvrard was not reduced to what would, in the world of letters, be esteemed any great extremity of indigence, since he was still in a condition to take a new commissariat contract under the royal government, and a new loan of two millions during the Hundred Days, when he found Napoleon far more rational than of yore in matters of finance, and concludes that he had been studying political economy at Elba. After the second restoration, it was Ouvrard who conceived the plan of the loan which enabled France to pay off the Allies, and rid herself of the Army of Occupation. This loan he effected by great personal exertion, in negotiation with all parties, crowned heads, ministers, and moneyed men; and was of course to have amply participated in it with the Hopes and Barings, but he was, he says, defrauded by the French ministers of his share, for which he had somehow separately bargained, and of all profit. That the King's government should have refused to pay his claim of £500,000 or £600,000 upon the Imperial government, is less surprising.

Still, after these additional robberies, Ouvrard was able, when the Spanish troubles occurred, to offer the Regency of Urgel a loan of sixteen millions, upon condition of its authority being recognised by France, and of the said Regency's both conducting the civil war according to the military plans, and establishing a constitution according to the political theories, of this universal projector. The French invasion broke off the bargain, but substituted new contracts in its place. At Paris, Ouvrard contracted with the Minister of War to supply the army with butcher's meat, and, repairing to Bayonne to make the needful arrangements, there found the army totally unprovided with every thing requisite for operations that were to commence in a few days, and its general, the Duc d'Angouleme, in great consequent perplexity. The Prince gladly contracted with Ouvrard for provisions, forage, and carriage, draught cattle for the ammunition waggons included; and the contractor endeavoured to guard against a repetition of former vexations, by stipulating that his demands should be paid monthly, that his accounts should be settled upon the spot, and that any disputes which might arise should be referred to arbitration, not

decided by his adversaries themselves, the ministers or their underlings, as seems to be the French fashion.

That Ouvrard took advantage of the emergency to drive a hard bargain, we have no doubt; and as little that, according to John Bullish notions, the minister whose mismanagement had laid the Prince and the success of the operations intrusted to his conduct at the mercy of one of the Crœsuses of the day, should have been impeached. But, if Ouvrard obtained exorbitant terms, he executed his contract boldly, zealously, skilfully, and in a manner that no man, expending public money, could have ventured upon. In Spain, where all yet trembled at the recollection of French rapacity, he procured supplies at little more than a day's notice, by offering and paying hyper-extravagant prices for the first provisions brought in, and tenfold their value for those delivered by a certain hour; and having thus inspired sufficient confidence to produce competition, he experienced no further difficulty. It is generally allowed, we believe, that the army wanted for nothing, and that the success of the compaign was in some degree attributable to the *Munitionaire's* judicious measures.

When the objects of the invasion were accomplished, and Ouvrard's services no longer wanted, the Duc d'Angouleme, not of his own free will, but in obedience to ministers, asked Ouvrard to give up his contract for continuing to victual the troops during their pacific occupation of Spain, which would of course have been the most profitable part of his bargain; and Ouvrard complied, upon condition that no question should be raised touching his existing claims. The Prince signed an engagement to this effect, telling the contractor, that he should hold himself bound to pay whatever the ministers did not; and he afterwards caused the Commission of Enquiry to be informed of his having thus pledged his word. Yet scarcely was this new agreement concluded ere the French ministers forbade any further payments being made to Ouvrard in Spain, ordered him home for the purpose of having his accounts investigated and settled, and seized upon his papers. Matters were in this state when the Chambers objected to the enormous expense of the Spanish campaign; and the ministers, by way of exculpating themselves, accused Ouvrard of having obtained unfair prices by bribing every one about the Prince-Generalissimo, including the Major-General Count Guilleminot, and, moreover, promised a million or so of deduction from the contractor's accounts. As a preliminary step to all enquiry, the troublesome creditor was thrown into prison—a comfortable way of disposing of duns, as most debtors will allow. There the victim of his pity for distressed governments lay during nearly two years, whilst the prosecution, upon the charge of corruption, was bandied about betwixt the ordinary tribunals and the Chamber of Peers. At length, the Peers pronounced the acquittal of all parties accused of corruption; a minor charge, of attempting to corrupt, failed in a Court of *Police Correctionnelle ;* and in prison, nevertheless, Ouvrard, at the close of his three volumes of Memoirs, remains, it should seem, for no offence beyond the original sin of being a government creditor, but rather as a gentle precautionary measure respecting the disputed amount of his claims upon the Treasury, and the Treasury's upon him, somewhere about a million.

Can such things be under the Charter? And if Ouvrard's statements be false, why is no vindication of government put forth? *Au reste,* we own ourselves somewhat curious to know how many sterling millions the worthy contractor has left after all this ministerial squeezing, and whether he retains his *tendre* for *les administrations en souffrance.*

Vidocq's book is yet more disgusting than Du Barri's or the Contemporaine, but infinitely more important. Whilst we admit its importance, however, we cannot quite agree in the author's own estimate of that importance, when he says, "Let this work be studied in all its parts, and the offices of *Procureur du Roi,* judge, *gend'arme,* and police agent, will perhaps, some fine day, prove sinecures!" We apprehend we have not studied it with due diligence, for we confess we do not feel thoroughly enlightened by its perusal as to the means of effecting so desirable an object, al-

though we certainly have found instruction touching both the securing a watch from the pickpocket's snatch, by twisting the fob that contains it, and the danger of communicating to utter strangers the sum contained in our purse, when that sum happens to be considerable. It must be acknowledged, however, that the study may prove more beneficial to the author's own countrymen than to us, since to know what abuses require reformation in the French mode of administering criminal law and police, it seems only necessary to learn what is the established practice. It is really frightful to read of the artifices, the moral torture, employed to extort from prisoners a confession of their crimes, which is to become evidence against them; of the arbitrary arrest and imprisonment, after years of honest industry, and uniform good conduct, of all who have ever been convicted of crime, and that by magistrates, whose zeal to dispatch business cannot pause to listen to the defence of the accused; of the innumerable and almost insuperable impediments of every kind opposed to criminals desirous of forsaking the paths of vice; of the connivance of the police at the continued violation of the law, by the most notorious and atrocious ruffians, provided they will betray their accomplices, &c. To the French nation such information is valuable, and such as, now that the nation has some voice in legislation, may amply repay the patriotic reader for enduring the disgusting horrors of the work. To us, the only compensation for our sufferings under them, is the consciousness, that, defective as our own criminal code and police system may be, they are free from stains like these.

Vidocq entered this world as the son of a baker at Arras; he began by plundering his father, and passed through the several grades of jack-pudding to a mountebank, bully to a courtezan, sharper at a gaming-house, swindler, deserter, galley slave, ending in obtaining admittance into the ranks of the police, which seems indeed to be the only asylum for repentant, or unrepentant, convicts of either sex. He was first thrown into prison for maltreating an officer whom he had surprised with his mistress, a common prostitute; and in prison either committed, or, as he asserts, was falsely accused of committing, the offence for which he was condemned to the galleys, viz. forging some document to procure the release of a fellow-prisoner. The most interesting part of Vidocq's book is the account of his extraordinary and repeated escapes from prison, (indeed, the art of prison-breaking appears to have attained in France to a much higher degree of perfection than in England,) and of the constant failure of his various attempts, during his successful evasions, to earn an honest livelihood; many of these failures resulting from the persecution of old robber associates, who strove to tempt him to rejoin them, compelled him to purchase their silence dearly, or betrayed him to the police. The most hateful part is the triumphant detail of the stratagems by which he acquired his marvellous celebrity as a thieftaker. That it must frequently be necessary to use stratagem, in order to surprise bold and wary villains, and that it is lawful and laudable so to do for the protection of the honest against the dishonest, is indisputable; but those stratagems need not be of a nature to enlist all our sympathies on the side of the criminal, as Vidocq's commonly do. He imposes upon the hospitality of thief-loving old women; he appeals as a starving beggar to the charity of suspected robbers, is relieved and fed by them, is kindly offered a share in the next job meditated, and accompanies them upon their burglarious adventure, to ensure their capture; he himself proposes such jobs to old comrades who had invited him to dine with them, in the cordial joy of meeting, and contrives to play them into the hands of his police confederates, by affecting excessive intoxication; he makes a wife or mistress betray the man she loves, by working upon her jealousy, or a child its parent, by otherwise deceiving it, &c. &c.

These odious statements are relieved by some curious stories of individual malefactors, one of which would be singularly interesting, could we implicitly rely upon the veracity of M. Vidocq, to do which, we confess, passes our talent for believing.

He is far too dramatic, pathetic, philosophical, and erudite, for our notion of a country baker's scapegrace son, and we most grievously suspect, though he point-blank denies the charge, and generally gains credit for his denial, that he furnished the groundwork, the raw material, of these Memoirs, to be worked up by a professional *Litterateur.* The story to which we allude, is of two robbers and murderers, whom, with great difficulty and dexterity he detected, entrapped, and at last persuaded, frightened, and tricked, into confessing their crimes. These men, he asserts, from the moment they had thus confessed, though never for an instant hoping to escape the death they had merited, became perfectly cheerful; and, describing the agonies they had habitually suffered from remorse and fear of detection, declared, that being relieved from such a load made them feel themselves in Paradise. In these sentiments they persevered to the last, called Vidocq their best friend, and pressed him as such to accompany them to execution.

There are likewise some strange accounts of associations, felonious or political; one a swindling confraternity, such as could only have existed during a French Revolution. This society, calling itself *l'Armée Roulante*, was composed of 2000 impostors, who assumed military titles from ensign to general, were dressed accordingly, and provided with forged documents. They professed to be either employed upon some special mission, or on their road to join their respective *corps*, and thus procuring themselves to be billeted upon respectable houses in all places they visited, commanded admittance into the best company, and cheated, robbed, or swindled at their leisure. At Boulogne, in the Army of England, as that destined for the insular conquest was entitled, a sort of subdivisional *corps* formed itself, under the name of the Army of the Moon. This consisted of all the various thieves engaged in the ranks, who, as patrols, as officers with escorts, &c. went forth in an orderly way at night, to plunder the country for twenty or thirty miles round. They were provided with all requisite signs and countersigns frôm the *Etat Major*, where, somehow or another, they had accomplices. Indeed, we have another story of military officers aiding and abetting, by their connivance, the operations of gangs of robbers.

But we are sick of recording crimes and depravity. We have said enough to guard readers of unvitiated taste from taking up any of these volumes in search of amusement; and those who need the information they may contain, would hardly rest content with the little we should extract thence, even were we willing to continue the irksome task.

SORTING MY LETTERS AND PAPERS.

I HAVE been twenty years waiting for an opportunity of having nothing to do, in order that I might do something which has never yet been done, namely, sort, select, classify, docket, and put into order, three huge chests of letters and papers. There they stand, in one corner of my library; and every time I have cast in some new comer, making "confusion worse confounded," I have "sighed and looked, sighed and looked, and sighed again," to think that there they were likely to stand. *C'est le première pas qui coute*—the first step was all the difficulty—but I was never able to take this first step. At length, however, I have realised my long-wished-for possession of a sinecure. I am laid up with a virgin fit of the gout, my feet are crippled, and I have nothing to do, because I can do nothing. I was about to add, I have nothing to think of, but that is not the case; for, every five minutes, a smart twinge in my right foot makes me expostulate with it in language which has been addressed to two of the higher branches of its family, ("let not the left hand know what the right hand doth,") by way of salutary hint.

If I had any sufficient reason for supposing that this attack would last till winter, I would at once make up my mind to write "My Life and Times," in two quarto volumes. Were there even a probability of its return at stated periods, I should, perhaps,

be inclined to reserve my past life for its future entertainment. But I am positively assured by my physician, (who ought to know something of my constitution, considering he has built it up, as he calls it, at least half a dozen times during the last ten years,) that I am "not a subject to be subject to the gout;" and that "when this attack leaves me, it will be for good and all." For good it must be; and that is all I care about. Being in this predicament, however, I have determined to set about emptying the aforesaid three chests, which are now standing open before me, and whose appearance is truly awful. I cannot, indeed, boast of quite so voluminous a correspondence as the late Dr Parr, who once assured a friend, he had been sorting the letters of a single family, and that they amounted to *eight thousand!* To be sure, they comprised the epistolary scribbling of three generations, Dr Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, and Tom. But I have had my share; besides which, I have always been both a collector and a preserver; and among the huge mass of blotted paper, thus accumulated, there are certainly *some* literary curiosities.

And what shall I do with those I consider as curiosities? was a question which naturally suggested itself. Leave them where they are? That would be selfish. Bequeath them to the British Museum? That would be deferring a benefit till it was no benefit to myself. Write my own life, and smuggle them all into it? But there is no chance, it seems, of the gout making me weary of life long enough, to enable me to make the world weary of *my* life. Lastly, shall I throw them into the fire? Alas! as a good punster might say, and as I say, *meo periculo,* that would be a burning shame, because many of them are calculated to throw a light, without that, upon various matters, persons, and things. It was in the midst of these cogitations that a "still small voice" (as certain small poets call their own thoughts, by moonlight, or in a grove) whispered to me, "Send them to Blackwood for his Maga. If they are what you describe, that is the only place for them; and if they find a place there, you may be satisfied they *are* what you describe." I could have no possible objection to urge to this advice from my "still small voice;" so I made my first dip into the chest, and drew up a small packet of letters, from no less a personage than his Grace the Duke of Wellington. But, before I transcribe them, a little prefatory explanation will be necessary.

The battle of Waterloo put all the pens in Europe in motion, and mine among the rest. The reader must not settle himself in his chair into an attitude of patient martyrdom. I am not going to say a single word about myself beyond what is absolutely required to qualify him for understanding the deeply-interesting letters of his Grace. And, first of all, let me set myself right with those, if any such there be, who may question the right I have to make such a correspondence public. My own feeling upon the subject is, that I have exercised a very dubious right in withholding documents like these so long. The battle of Waterloo already belongs to history, as does every fact or circumstance connected with the Duke of Wellington's military achievements. The information communicated by his Grace, was given for public use, inasmuch as it was avowedly sought for that purpose; and the frank, unostentatious style of the illustrious writer, can only redound to his honour. Lastly, a curious, though not, perhaps, a very important occurrence, is established by one of the letters, which may well make us look upon what is called authentic history as mere fable.

I have said that my pen was one of the many hundreds, from Sir Walter Scott's and Southey's, down to the anonymous "Eye-witnesses" and "Near observers" of pamphlets, magazines, and newspapers, which the day of Waterloo set in motion; and, having said that, the reader must make his own choice as to which of the "grey goose quills" I flourished on the occasion. Being desirous, however, to get at the fountainhead of truth, I adopted a course every way suited to a man of my genius and enterprising character. Disdaining to wriggle myself into his Grace's august presence, by setting to work the friend of a friend of some aide-de-camp, who was intimate with another aide-de-camp, who had the confidence of a major-general, who was brother-

in-law to the military secretary of his Grace; and, having no shorter channel at my command, I e'en sat down, wrote a plain letter to the Duke himself, and sent it, with a portion of my intended work, addressed to his Grace, at the head-quarters of the British army in France, trusting to the chapter of accidents for its safe arrival and favourable reception. It did arrive safely; and its reception is told in the following letter, which I received about three weeks afterwards:—

"Cambray, May 2d, 1816.

"Sir,—Upon my return here, on the 29th April, I received your letter of the 13th April, and the first part of the work which you propose to dedicate to me; and I beg leave to make you my best acknowledgments for this intention.

"I have long, however, felt myself under the necessity of declining to give my consent that any work should be dedicated to me, with the contents of which I am not previously acquainted; and you will readily believe, that I feel this necessity in a stronger degree in regard to a History of the Battle of Waterloo, than I should do upon any other subject.

"More accounts have been published of that transaction, than of any other that for many years has attracted the public attention; and those who have written them have thought they possessed all the necessary information for the purpose, when they have conversed with a peasant of the country, or with an officer or soldier engaged in the battle. Such accounts cannot be true; and I advert to them, as only to warn you against considering them as any guide in the work which you are about to publish.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,
your obedient humble servant,
"Wellington."

"To —— ——, Esq."

In acknowledging the receipt of this letter, it was impossible for me, while expressing the sense I entertained of his Grace's kindness, in thus guarding me against erroneous accounts, to abstain from seeking a clew to certain and authentic ones. I accordingly did so, with as much earnestness and delicacy as my anxiety to obtain the information, and my consciousness of the slender pretensions I had to urge the request, alike dictated. My letter was dated the 21st of May, 1816, and on the 8th of June his Grace honoured me with a reply. Before, however, I transcribe it, let me prepare the reader for the most interesting passage, by making two short extracts from two of the official accounts of this memorable conflict. The first is from Marshal Blucher's "Official Report of the Operations of the Prussian Army of the Lower Rhine," drawn up and signed by his Quarter-Master-General Gneisenau. It runs thus:—

"In the middle of the position occupied by the French army, and exactly upon the heights, is a farm, called *La Belle Alliance*. The march of all the Prussian columns was directed towards this farm, which was visible from every side. It was there that Napoleon was during the battle —it was thence that he gave his orders, that he flattered himself with the hopes of victory—and it was there that his ruin was decided. *There, too, it was, that, by a happy chance, Field-Marshal Blucher and Lord Wellington met in the dark, and mutually saluted each other as victors.* In *commemoration* of the alliance which now subsists between the English and Prussian nations, of the union of the two armies, and their reciprocal confidence, the Field-Marshal desired that this battle should bear the name of *La Belle Alliance*."

The Austrian official account of the battle says,—"Field-Marshal Blucher, who was the nearest to Genappe, undertook the pursuit of the enemy, as the two commanders *met at La Belle Alliance* about nine in the evening."

I shall now transcribe the Duke of Wellington's letter to myself:—

"Paris, June 8, 1816.

"Sir—I have received your letter of the 21st May. I have already explained to you my reasons for declining to give a formal permission that any work, with the contents of which I should not be acquainted, should be dedicated to me, with which you appear to be satisfied; and I applied those reasons particularly to a work on the battle of Waterloo, because that, notwithstanding so much had been published on that event by so many people, there was but little truth.

"You now desire that I should

point out to you where you could receive information on this event, on the truth of which you could rely. In answer to this desire, I can refer you only to my own dispatches published in the London Gazette. General Alava's report is the nearest to the truth of the other official reports published; but even that report contains some statements not exactly correct. The others, that I have seen, cannot be relied upon. To some of them may be attributed the source of the falsehoods since circulated through the medium of the unofficial publications with which the press has abounded. Of these, a remarkable instance is to be found in the report of a meeting between Marshal Blucher and me, at La Belle Alliance; and some have gone so far as to have seen the chair on which I sat down in that farm-house. *It happens that the meeting took place after ten at night, at the village of Genappe;* and any body who attempts to describe with truth the operations of the different armies, will see that it *could not be otherwise.* The other part is not so material; but, in truth, I was not off my horse till I returned to Waterloo between eleven and twelve at night. I have the honour to be, your most obedient humble servant,

WELLINGTON."

"To —— ——, Esq."

I know not what others may think of this letter; but, "to my mind," a more interesting document can scarcely be imagined, whether we consider who the writer was, what his subject was, the simplicity of its style, or the singular error which it rectifies. For, be it observed, the question as to the place where the two illustrious commanders met, is not left to be decided by the comparative probabilities of conflicting testimonies; it is not which is the more likely to be correct—General Gneisenau, who says they met at La Belle Alliance, and that Blucher wished the battle to be called, *The Battle of La Belle Alliance,* in commemoration of the place of meeting, and of the alliance which subsisted between the English and Prussian nations, &c. (for this, I take it, is the legitimate inference from Gneisenau's denominating the occurrence "a happy chance"); or the Duke of Wellington, who says they met at Genappe, a place five or six miles in advance of La Belle Alliance. "It *could not* be otherwise," observes his Grace. And, truth to say, it could not; for any one, inspecting a correct plan of the battle, and of the operations, will at once see the impossibility. To such as have not a plan before them, or a distinct recollection of localities, this impossibility may be made familiar by supposing London the scene of action, Bonaparte retreating by Cheapside and Whitechapel, Wellington and Blucher pursuing by Fleet Street and Holborn, and then adding, that *in the pursuit,* they met by "happy chance" at Charing Cross!

But such is the uncertainty of human testimony, even where there exists no conceivable motive to disguise the truth. Nor was this the only lesson of the kind which my endeavours to verify facts by the authority of living witnesses, taught me. I had personal communications with several individuals who held distinguished posts during that memorable day. They all gave me their own observations of particular transactions, in which they bore a part; they all spoke of what they all saw, and of identical occurrences; but they *all* differed from each other. I especially remember receiving from three general officers the *exact* time at which the battle began, each of them remarking to me, that he pulled out his watch to note the very minute. There was *only* the difference of an hour and a half between the three accounts! Yet, who would impeach or question their veracity? They scrupulously asserted what they thoroughly believed; but what they believed, was not what had happened. Well might Sir Walter Raleigh cast the MS. of his second volume of the History of the World, just as he had finished it, into the fire, and exclaim, "Here am I, pretending to describe accurately what took place three thousand years ago, and I cannot get at the precise truth of a brawl which happened under my own window only ten minutes since!" Voltaire's History of Charles XII., too, is probably not a whit the less instructive or authentic, because, when some important documents that were in the state archives at Stockholm, and for which he had applied, were transmitted after considerable

delay, he sent them back unopened, observing, "that he had already finished that part of his history."

But, to return to my illustrious correspondent. My communications with his Grace did not terminate here, though here must terminate the use I feel myself at liberty to make of them. I shall only add one curious little document, which it will be impossible to read without wishing that the calculation it exhibits had been realized; for then, though the victory at Waterloo could not have been more complete, but might perhaps have been less miraculous, it would doubtless have been achieved with less sacrifice of human life. The document in question is a little slip of paper, written in his Grace's own hand, and delivered by him to the Secretary of the Commissary-General, previously to the battle of Waterloo. It will be seen that it is a rough estimate of the force with which his Grace *expected* he should be able to take the field against Napoleon. With what a vastly inferior force he actually took it, is well known. It will also be seen, that the sum-total is wrong, arising from his Grace having altered the amount of the Hanoverian force from 24,600 to 25,600, after casting up the several items, for the original figures are visible through those that were subsequently written. The following is the document:

" British, including German Legion,	60,000
Dutch,	30,000
Hanoverians,	25,600
Brunswick,	7000
Nassau,	3000
Hanse Towns,	3000
	127,600"

Now for another dip into the chest on my right hand, and see what I shall bring up.—Delightful! Here, I am at once carried back to the days of Pope, of Voltaire, and of Johnson. The first letter I open is a scrubby bit of paper, marvellously unpromising in appearance, and not very much to my purpose in its contents. But it is short, and the words were traced by fair fingers, for it is a note from the identical Lady Frances Shirley, of whom the bard of Twickenham sang, in the lines beginning,

" When Fanny, blooming fair,
First caught my ravish'd sight."

But, alas! how unpoetical was the theme that employed her pen, though writing, as it would seem, in the inspired and inspiring haunts of the poet himself! What an atrocious outrage it is to all our finer feelings of love and romance, when we see the " blooming fair" inditing, not a billet-doux, but a homely enquiry about ham and bacon! What then? Poets' goddesses must eat as well as poets themselves. Here it is:—

" Mrs Green—Lady Ferrars thanks you for the hams you was so good to send her, and desires to know if you have heard any thing of the two fletches of bacon your sister bespoke of the same man. When they come, L^y. Fer. begs you will pay for them and send them her. The waterman has orders to pay you. Believe me, your sincere friend,

F. Shirley."

" Twick. Friday."

Addressed—" To Mrs Green, in Holburn."

And here—here is what may be considered a curiosity in its way; an English letter from Voltaire. How we should delight to read a French letter from Shakspeare, though it were about nothing—at least I am sure I should! This was probably written during the time that Voltaire sought a refuge in England from the fanatical persecutions which assailed him in France. The very handwriting betrays the elaborate effort which it required to put the letters properly together; while the general correctness of the orthography, compared with the total neglect of the usual epistolary form and manner, betrays as evidently that Voltaire was satisfied he had done every thing when he had carefully consulted his English Dictionary for the proper spelling of his words. Almost the only word which is not spelt correctly, is that which he could not find in a dictionary, the name of Lord Bolingbroke. The following is an exact transcript:—

" Sr, j wish you good health, a quick sale of y^r burgundy, much latin and greek to one of y^r children, much Law, much of cooke and littleton, to the other. quiet and joy to mistress brinsden, money to all. when you'll drink y^r Burgundy with Mr,

furnege pray tell him j'll never forget his favours.

"but dear john be so kind as to let me know how does my lady Bullingbroke. as to my lord, j left him so well j don't doubt he is so still. but j am very uneasie about my lady. if she might have as much health as she has spirit and witt, sure she would be the strongest body in england. pray dear s^r^. write me something of her, of my lord, and of you. direct y^r^ letter by the penny post at Mr Cavalier Belitesy Square by the R exchange. j am Sincerely and heartily y^r^ most humble most obedient, rambling friend Voltaire."

"To john Brinsden esq.
durham's yard
by charing cross."

Whoever has read that most amusing of all amusing books, Boswell's Life of Johnson,—that book of which I can fancy the Doctor himself (if exactly such a work had appeared, of any other great man, during his own life-time) would have said, at the Literary Club, or Mrs Thrale's, "Sir, let us not deny Boswell praise; one of the ends of writing is to please, and no book pleases more;"—whoever, I say, has read that delightful piece of gossiping biography, may remember something of one "James Woodhouse, the poetical shoemaker." I knew him well when I was a truant-playing schoolboy—(I don't choose to mention how many years ago;) and I must say something about him, as a necessary introduction to a letter of Mrs Piozzi's, which now lies before me, and which I intend to lay before the reader.

Yes! I knew "the poetical shoemaker" well; but at the time I speak of, he kept a little bookseller's shop, and thither I used to go, many a time and oft, in the days of my pocket-money, not so much to avert the predicted mishap of having a hole burned in my pocket by the newly deposited shilling or half-crown, as to pay it with delight for "another Number" of Milton, or Dryden, or Gray, or Thomson, published in a neat pocket edition, by "C. Cooke, Paternoster Row." Ah, me! life has had many joyous moments for me since; and none so purely joyous, none so fresh and all-engrossing, as those were, when I was rich enough to complete the yet only half-read works of some favourite author, or possess myself, at last, of those which I longed to read. With what a gust I devoured every line! I had not then learned to play the critic. There was no cold pedantry of the head, to chill the glowing feelings of the heart, or the kindling fervour of the imagination. I luxuriated in the quick succession of new-born delights, that thronged around me. Every step in this fairy land was strewn with flowers, and I stopped not to examine their value, or——

Oh! Oh! that—God forgive me, I was going to swear; but it would try the patience of Job himself, to be called from such a sunny vision of boyhood, to a sensation in my great toe, as if it had been suddenly seized with a pair of red-hot pincers. Whew! There they are at it! nipping and tearing the flesh, and then rubbing the lacerated joint with aqua-fortis, or a solution of blue vitriol! And now, the pain shoots along the nerves on that side, till my head bumps and bumps as if a legion of imps were playing at leap-frog in it! I must lay down my pen.

I am a little easier; but I find it impossible to work myself up again into that amiable state of feeling which was stealing over me, when I got among the flowers of my schoolboy days. However, I can fancy I see James Woodhouse,—tall, erect, venerable, almost patriarchal, in his appearance—in his black-velvet cap, from beneath which his grey locks descended upon his forehead, and on each side of his still fine face,—his long, black, loose gown,—and his benignant air—issuing from his little parlour with a stately step, as the tingling bell which hung over the shop door gave notice of a customer, when it was opened. And then his cordial greeting, and his kind smile, and his clear, sonorous voice—and his primitive *haths* and *doths*, and his *hast thous* and *wilt thous*—and the pleasing, to my ears, at least, mixture of a provincial accent, which he still retained in his speech—all these stand before my "mind's eye" as visibly and distinctly, as though it

were but yesterday I was of that age, when I longed to have a beard, and write myself man.

I suppose he saw that I was smit with the love of sound reading, from the choice I made out of his literary stores,—for at these visits he would often seat himself behind his counter, while I mounted a high stool, which stood by the door, and tell me the story of his early life. How, when a young man, and following the craft of a cordwainer, in the neighbourhood of Shenstone's Leasowes, some verses he wrote and sent to him, were followed by the patronage of the poet—how a copy of other verses upon the recovery of Shenstone from a fit of sickness, was prefixed to Dodsley's edition of his works—how he afterwards came to London, and was noticed by Mrs Montague, whose "Essay upon Shakspeare" he lent me to read—how the fame he acquired in London, as the "poetical shoemaker," made him an object of curiosity to the "great Dr Johnson," then one of the gods of my youthful idolatry—and how the desire which the "great Dr Johnson" had to see him, was the occasion of Mrs Thrale's first acquaintance with the Doctor. Then he would relate all that was said to him by Johnson—give me a description of his manner of talking,—his dress,—his appearance,—which I listened to with such a "greedy ear," that I could have found in my heart to strangle any intruder, who, during the recital, came into the shop to ask for a twopenny stamp, or enquire if he sold sealing-wax. There was, in truth, a simplicity of diction, and a richness of colouring, in the narrations of the good old man, which might have fixed the attention of a much more fastidious auditor than myself.

The anecdote he told me of Mrs Thrale's introduction to Dr Johnson, I mentioned in the *first* work I ever wrote. Some years after it had appeared in print, its authenticity was publicly questioned; I forget where, or by whom; but as I was tenacious of my veracity, I resolved to apply to the only two persons then living, who could verify the statement—James Woodhouse and Mrs Piozzi. The former wrote to me thus :—

"I shall now answer your request concerning the anecdote relating to Dr Johnson and myself, which is simply this :—I was informed at the time, that Dr Johnson's curiosity was excited by what was said of me in the literary world, as a kind of wild beast from the country, and expressed a wish to Mr Murphy, who was his intimate friend, to see me. In consequence of which, Mr Murphy, being acquainted with Mrs Thrale, intimated to her that both might be invited to dine there at the same time; for, till then, Dr Johnson had never seen Mrs Thrale, whom, no doubt, he also much desired to see. As a confirmation of this statement, this anecdote is related in the Introduction to one of the folio editions of the Doctor's Dictionary, where I have seen it, or my memory greatly deceives me. A close intimacy having grown up betwixt the Doctor and Mrs Thrale, I was a second time invited to dine at her table with the Doctor, at which time the circumstances took place which are recorded in your work."

From Mrs Piozzi I received a more interesting communication upon the subject; and the concluding sentence of her letter conveys a touching picture of the melancholy blank which the survivor of half a century must ever be doomed to contemplate in his list of friends.

"Brynbella, Aug. 29, 1810.

"Sir,—I feel glad to be told that Mr Woodhouse yet lives, who certainly was made the excuse of bringing Dr Johnson to my acquaintance. My own book tells the story *truely*. I am confident—yours has not reached me—and I have nothing here at present to refer to: but thus called on, I will try my recollection.

"Poor Mr Murphy was an intimate of my first husband's, and soon after our marriage, expressed an eager desire that we should know the great writer, of whom we were always speaking. Our residence was in the borough of Southwark; yet I *could bring* him here, says he, only we must seek an ostensible reason for his coming. That reason was found in Mr Woodhouse's celebrity. The day was appointed, and passed so agreeably, that the *same* day in the *next* week was fixed for our meeting again—but I think, Mr Woodhouse came but once. Johnson's injunction to

him about the Spectators struck me very forcibly—'Give days and nights, sir, to the study of Addison.'

"Your letter, saying *Mr Murphy is dead*, struck me forcibly too: but of friends we were living with forty-six years ago, who is left alive? The portraits painted for Mr Thrale at Streatham, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, have *all* lost their originals, except Dr Burney of Chelsea College, and her, who has the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your very obedient humble servt.

"H. L. Piozzi.

"If I come to town next spring—meaning, if I should *live* till next spring, and could give you any means of information for your enquiry, pray command me, and accept my best wishes for its success."

I shall now take a dip into the chest on my left hand, for in that on the right I seem to have got among nothing but affectionate epistles from cousins and aunts, sisters and brothers. Aye, here is metal more attractive. The very first is a lively little morsel—and from a peer,—Richard, the fourth Earl of Effingham. It does not appear in what year it was written; but the playful confession which it contains, must surely settle the noble writer's age on the wintry side of fifty, at least. It is addressed to a friend, who had solicited his lordship's subscription in behalf of an amiable and highly gifted female, who was about to publish a volume of poems.

"Dear ——,

"Any recommendation from an old Whig, or an old Etonian, comes very strong to me; and though I cannot say that the nine old maids had ever such attractions for me as younger ladies of mere mortal mould, I shall consider the volume of poems in question, as Colonel Hackwell does the Chinese dancers; that is to say, that provided the scheme takes and answers the purpose of serving the lady you interest yourself for, 'I shall not care whether the aforesaid dancers come over or no.'

"I think, in my conscience, your demand of one guinea is too moderate for beauty, and virtue to boot. I have therefore enclosed a couple, upon consideration that I have, many years ago, when all things were cheaper, given one for the former qualification, with even a particular stipulation that I should not have the latter thrown into the bargain.

"But though I have thus unbosomed myself to you as a friend, I would not have it publicly known that I am old enough to set a greater value upon virtue than on beauty, or even an equal one; therefore, if you please, let one of the guineas be supposed Lady Effingham's, and if the accounts are to be examined by the auditors, let hers be for the virtue, and set down mine to either love or friendship, whichever you think may become him who is, Dear ——, your very faithful friend and servant,

Effingham."

"Parliament Street,
July 28, quarter past seven."

What a contrast there is between the elegant pleasantry of this, and the morose, splenetic humour of the following, which is from the eccentric, if not crazy, Philip Thicknesse, who was celebrated for many fooleries; and among others, for travelling half over the Continent with a monkey, dressed up as his postilion. He used to say, the French never discovered the difference between *Jackoo* and their own countrymen, except when he stopped to change horses. The letter is an inviting effusion of surly growling. It is addressed to ——, but has no other beginning or ending than what is here exhibited.

"I have returned Mr Seward his guinea, and therefore you will be pleased to send me his. I do not let any man subscribe to me, who, calling himself my friend, visits Dr Adair because he sent him a book which he was glad to get any body to take. I have given Mr Seward a letter which I believe he will find smart him more than I smarted at Adair's. Mrs Thicknesse has for years read that gentleman, and sometimes made me angry. She has to-day told him of my mistake; I know he speaks well of me, and so he does of every man on earth, even of the ——* painter whom he also visits. This is the way to glide

* I dare not transcribe the epithet here used.

smoothly along the paths of life; but it is a path I will never walk with any man in, after I know it to be his. Adieu."

Another dip! But I must pause for the present, and lay aside, till another opportunity, letters from Prince Rupert, General Monk, Admiral Byng, Emanuel Swedenborg, Garrick, Lord Chief-Justice Eyre, Pitt, &c. &c. I have just room enough, however, to transcribe two little morsels. The one is from Lady Hamilton—Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton—addressed to Mrs ———, Stratford Place. Oh, that I could exhibit a *facsimile* of the writing! I have seen many extraordinary handwritings in the course of my life, and amongst them, that of Sir Harcourt Lees, which looks as if a garden-spider had had his legs dipped in ink, and then put to crawl over a sheet of paper. But this, if it resemble any thing, can only be compared to a successful attempt at writing with a drum-major's walking-stick, held at arm's-length, for each gigantic word forms a line, and the whole covers three sides of a sheet of note paper.

"Dover Street.

"My Dear Friend—I am come to town. But I find so many letters to answer, and papers to look over for to-morrow, that I cannot stir, which vexes me, as I long to see Mrs Denys, to whom I beg my love; and so, sweet Peg, I make my leg. Ever yours, in haste, sincerely,

"Emma H."

The other *morceau* is an important official document, relating to one of the most serious occurrences that can befall a man; the more serious, because it is never expected to happen more than once in any man's life. Like the second letter of his Grace the Duke of Wellington, it tends, too, to rectify an error which very generally prevails, namely, that it costs only thirteenpence-halfpenny to be hung. But it will be seen by the following bill, which is copied *literatim et verbatim*, from one made out by Mr Ketch himself, that a man cannot be hung for so mere a trifle.

"Silvester.

"1813.			
Nov. 10.	Executioner's fees,	7s.	6d.
	Stripping the body,	4	6
	Use of shell,	2	6
		14	6"

Your's ever,

P. P. P.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE LAW OF DIVORCE.

As the duties arising from domestic relations are the primary obligations of men in society, so the due regulation of divorces, by which the conjugal relation is occasionally abrogated, is one of the most important objects of legislation. Yet, however important the regulation of this proceeding may be, it cannot be said to have received any settled form in our government since the Reformation. By the ecclesiastical law, no divorce, properly so named, is in any case granted; for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* is by that law pronounced only in those cases, in which a marriage had been for some reason originally void, and a divorce *a thoro et mensâ*, which may be pronounced in certain other cases, is not properly a divorce, but merely a separation. Effectual divorces are, indeed, granted among us, but not under the authority of any general law. The person seeking such a divorce is compelled to make application to the legislature, soliciting a law to be enacted for the particular case, and so far to supply the deficiency of the general legislation.

This surely is not the state, in which a matter so mainly important to society should be suffered to remain, even if the theory of legislation were alone to be considered. It is an anomaly in legislation, that laws should be enacted for individuals. A law should be the expression of the general will, proposing a rule for general regulation; and a legislature departs from its proper duty, when it is occupied in deciding for individuals, and not for the community. The actual state of our legislation is simply this. It does not sanction the ecclesiastical law, which restrains divorced persons from entering into other marriages; it does not substitute

for that law another, by which the subsequent marriages of those parties might be generally legalized; but it does from time to time grant special indulgence in cases in which an ecclesiastical court has pronounced its imperfect divorce, and bound the parties to adhere to the engagement already violated.

The present system is, however, exposed to much more serious objections, than any consideration of legislative anomaly, for it tends to demoralize both the classes of society, which experience in this respect the indulgence of the legislature, and those others, from which it is unavoidably withheld.

These private acts of the legislature, though they name both parties in pronouncing a marriage dissolved, yet professedly grant only to the party injured by the adultery of the other the permission of entering into another marriage. The dissolution of the former marriage certainly renders the subsequent marriage of either party legal, but only the injured party is named in an act of this kind, as an object of the indulgence of the legislature. But it is to be observed, that these acts are never printed and published, like those which contain general regulations; and though passed at the solicitation of the injured party in each case, the first and most direct consequence commonly is, that the guilty person becomes united in marriage with the partner of the offence, as if the law had kindly interposed to grant a favourable opportunity for the consummation of a criminal intrigue.

To persons in the humbler classes of society these acts are unattainable, on account of the considerable expense which must be incurred. This difficulty does not, however, guard the morals of the poor, but, on the contrary, exposes them to a depravation peculiar to their obscure condition. Persons in these classes, whose best feelings have been wounded by conjugal misconduct, divorce themselves, and, when they do not enter into irregular and unlawful marriages, seek in concubinage that gratification which the general law of the land does not grant to any, and which private statutes cannot afford to persons in their circumstances.

When the separation from the church of Rome had suggested the expediency of preparing a new system of ecclesiastical law, accommodated to the independence of the national church, a commission for the reformation of the ecclesiastical laws of England was issued, first by Henry VIII., and again by Edward VI., intrusting this charge to thirty-two individuals. The commission issued by Henry* appears to have been frustrated by the king's jealousy of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction; that issued by Edward proved abortive on account of the death of that prince. What had been done under the former commission, we have not been informed. The latter has left† an elaborate report, which, however, at least in regard to the particular subject of divorce, must free us from regret for the failure of the attempt. The system of regulations proposed in this report for the case of divorce, is liable at once to the contrary objections of excessive indulgence and of excessive severity, since, agreeably to the prevailing spirit of the Protestants of that period, it would have permitted much too great latitude in the dissolution of the nuptial bond; and, on the other hand, it proposed to punish the crime of adultery with a severity, which probably would have frustrated the operation of the law.

In this report it was proposed, that the separations *a thoro et mensâ*, which had been established by the church of Rome, should be abolished, and that perfect divorces should be permitted in all cases of adultery, of desertion, of long absence without any certain account, of deadly enmity, and even of bad treatment, the innocent party being in all these cases permitted to enter into another marriage. The offending party was in every case to be punished either with perpetual banishment, or with perpetual imprisonment.

Though this report happily was

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* Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation, vol. ii. p. 315. Lond. 1715.

† Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum. Lond. 1640.

never adopted as law, it seems to* have exercised an influence on the subsequent proceedings of the legislature, and to have generated the practice of granting divorces by private statutes, though under modifications disagreeing widely from its spirit, for the indulgence so granted has been limited to the case of adultery, and has not been accompanied by any punishment inflicted on the offending party. As the first of these private statutes seems to have been enacted in the fifth year of Edward VI., we may conclude that these modifications were not suggested by any change of opinion in regard to the general question of divorce, but only by considerations connected with the anomaly of private statutes. It was probably deemed improper, that the legislature should interpose for individuals, except in the important case of adultery; and no punishment could be justly enacted against an offender in a case in which no general law had prescribed a penalty.

The private act of the fifth year of Edward VI. was not, indeed, of the same form with later statutes, for it professes only to legitimate the children of a certain marriage, and would not have been specified here, if it had not been noticed by Bishop Gibson as the first of the series. This statute was accordingly repealed in the first year of Mary, probably because the doctrine of the indissoluble nature of marriage, held by the church of Rome, was then revived in England.

From this time to the reign of William and Mary, the legislature appears to have abstained from interposing in such cases. The first interposition of this kind was in the statute of the ninth and tenth years of that reign; but this statute merely dissolved an existing marriage, without granting to either party a permission of contracting another. The statute of the eleventh and twelfth years of William and Mary contained the first enactment, which distinctly dissolved a marriage, and enabled one party to marry again. This was in the same reign followed by one other of the same nature. In the reign of Anne, we find two such statutes; in the reign of George I., we find five; twenty in the reign of George II.; in the long reign of George III., we find so large a number as one hundred and nine: and, since the accession of the present King, the number to the close of the last session has amounted to eighteen. From this account, it appears that, in an interval of a hundred and twenty-eight years, computed from the twelfth year of William and Mary, a hundred and fifty-five such statutes have been enacted, and that all these, except twenty-eight, have been enacted within the last and the present reigns. The number of such statutes enacted since the commencement of the present century is found to be sixty-four.

While the law of England was left in this unsettled state, the law of Scotland, in regard to divorce, was regulated by † a statute, enacted in the year 1660, which prohibited all marriages of persons divorced for adultery, so that an ordinance was made for that part of a case of divorce, which the private statutes of England wholly omitted. In Scotland, where the civil law of Rome is the basis of the municipal law of the country, and the ecclesiastical law had been wholly set aside, no necessity existed for enacting a statute authorizing divorce.

If we enquire why the law of England remained unsettled, we shall probably discover sufficient reasons in the circumstances of the several reigns. Elizabeth, who exercised a commanding influence over her parliament, was herself a celibatist, and was known to be favourable to the celibacy of the clergy even in a church of Protestants. In such a reign a statute for extending the permission of divorce beyond the rule of the canon law, was not to be expected. In the first year of her reign, indeed, we find an act for confirming a marriage of the Duke of Norfolk and the jointure of his wife; but

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* Gibson's Codex Juris Eccles. Anglicani, p. 536. Lond. 1713.

† Ferguson's Reports of some recent Decisions by the Consistorial Court of Scotland in Actions for Divorce, Appendix, p. 427. Edinb. and Lond. 1817.

nothing appears to prove that it was connected with a divorce. In the reigns of the two earlier Stuarts, the puritans had become so considerable, that no disposition could then have existed to establish a regulation, which would have extended the jurisdiction of the established church. The reigns of the later Stuarts were unfavourable for a contrary reason, the current of public opinion among the higher classes inclining towards Popery; neither in the dissolute reign of Charles II. can much solicitude be supposed to have been felt for the preservation of the purity of the nuptial union. With the Revolution began a struggle of parties, which continued to the commencement of the reign of George III., and fully occupied the minds of public men. In that interval, however, a new practice began to prevail, which served to supply, in some degree, the deficiency of the general law. How far this practice has since been extended, has been already stated; and the great increase of the number of these private acts is, of itself, a strong evidence of the necessity of framing some general regulation on the subject.

The two great codes of Europe, the civil and the canon law, have in this respect, as in others, been mutually opposed, the former permitting in many specified cases, the latter prohibiting in all, the dissolution of the nuptial bond, though the canon law allows separations, which, in a qualified sense, it denominates divorces.

It had been the boast of ancient Rome, that no instance of a divorce, however permitted by the laws, had occurred in it before the year 520 of the city. To such a degree, however, did the practice afterwards prevail, that marriage ceased to constitute a permanent connexion, any reason, even mere caprice, being sufficient for dissolving it. Of this extreme abuse, it will be sufficient to produce, as an example, the philosophic Cicero, so immersed in public business, and so solicitous for the favourable opinion of his countrymen, who,* at an advanced age, divorced his wife, Terentia, for reasons so frivolous, that he was believed to have dismissed her only that he might, by another marriage, secure to himself the property of his young ward, Fulvia, and afterwards divorced this other wife, simply because she seemed to rejoice at the death of his daughter Tullia.

Augustus, among other measures of reformation provided in the Julian law, endeavoured to control this license of divorce; but his efforts were unsuccessful, and it has, though, since the imperial government became Christian, with much limitation, continued to this day to characterise the Roman law. Constantine† allowed a husband to divorce his wife, not only if she were an adulteress, but also if she were a poisoner, or a procuress; and the wife to divorce her husband, if he were a murderer, a poisoner, or a violator of sepulchres,‡ or if he had been four years absent in the military service of his country, and no account of him had been received in that interval. The liberty of divorce was afterwards§ much extended by Theodosius and Valentinian, for they allowed fourteen cases for each of the two parties. Justinian,‖ though he repealed the permission granted by Constantine to the wife in the case of the protracted absence of her husband, and also an ordinance of the Emperor Anastasius, permitting divorce by consent, unless the separation were made in the desire of living chastely, added three others to the list of cases allowed in favour of the husband.

The church of Rome, being of an original very different from that of the empire, naturally adopted different maxims in regard to divorce, though many ages had elapsed before the law of the church was, in this particular, fully determined and established.

The Fathers did not hold the same sentiment on this subject, nor was the present principle maintained by

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* Plutarch, Life of Cicero.

† Codex Theodosianus Jac. Gothofredi, lib. iii. tit. 16. Lugduni, 1665.

‡ Codex Justiniani, lib. v. sect. 7. Lugd. 1571.

§ Ibid. sect. 8. ‖ Ibid. sect. 9.

any of them before Augustin. Tertullian* chose to understand our Saviour, as speaking only of a man who should put away his wife *that he might marry another*, and therefore only as forbidding the malice, or the lust, of an unnecessary change. Origen† doubted whether the divorce of a wife may not be permitted for various other reasons besides adultery. Lactantius,‡ on the other hand, limited divorce to that single case. Jerome§ appears to have first considered a divorce, however permitted, as not leaving the parties free to enter into other marriages; confining this disqualification however to the female, whether she divorced her husband, or was divorced by him. Augustin|| at length advanced the general principle, that the nuptial bond is not in regard to either party dissolved by a divorce.

The first public act of the church, by which the modern principle was in any degree maintained, was¶ the seventeenth canon of the second council of Milevitum in Africa, assembled in the year 416, and consequently in the time of Augustin. By this canon, it was declared, that agreeably to evangelical and apostolical discipline, neither a man divorced by his wife, nor a woman divorced by her husband, should be united to another, but that they should so remain, or be reconciled. This canon goes further than the opinion of Jerome, for it restrains the male equally as the female; but not so far as the opinion of Augustin, for it limits the disqualification to the party divorced.

It seems that, as monkery, by a moral revulsion of the human mind, had its origin in the warm temperature of Egypt, so another part of the same heated continent was naturally fitted to generate the kindred disposition of ascetic rigour, by which the nuptial bond was at length rendered indissoluble. The principle was slowly, and with difficulty, adopted in Europe, which was not subject to a similar influence. Even in the year 506, a council,** assembled at Agatha in Gaul, decreed only that, if laymen, who divorce their wives without some very grievous fault, and without assigning any probable reason, do this that they may engage in unlawful connexions, or with the wives of other men, before their wives have been condemned by the provincial bishops, they should be excommunicated. It was†† reserved for the latter part of the twelfth and the earlier part of the thirteenth century, and for such pontiffs as Alexander III. and Innocent III. to establish the law of the church, that matrimony regularly concluded, should in no case be dissolved. The former of these pontiffs, it will be recollected, was the adversary of our Henry II., the latter of John.

When, in the sixteenth century, a separation from the church of Rome was effected, a contrary spirit in regard to the question of divorce naturally prevailed among Protestants; and Milton, the great advocate of an enlarged freedom in this particular, has accordingly‡‡ produced a long list of authorities, among which we find the names of Wickliff, Luther, Melancthon, and especially Bucer, as admitting divorce, not only for adultery, but also in other cases. It appears also from the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, prepared by commissioners, at the head of whom was Cranmer, that the original reformers of England entertained similar sentiments. The death of Edward VI., however, and the subsequent agitations of the government, impeded the settlement of this very important question, and these countries have remained under the eccle-

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* Adv. Marcionem. lib. 4. xxxiv.

† Comment. pars prior, p. 364. Lutetiæ Paris. 1679.

‡ Epitome, 748. Op. Lugduni Batav. 1660.

§ Ad Amandum Ep. Op. tom. iv, p. 162. Parisiis, 1706.

|| Op. tom. vi, pp. 324, 393, 394. Venetiis, 1731.

¶ Corpus Juris Canonici Gregorii XIII. p. 221. Parisiis, 1687.

** Conc. Labbei et Cossartii, tom. v. Venetiis, 1728.

†† Decret. Greg. lib. iv, tit. 19. Corpus Juris Canonici Greg. XIII. p. 221.

‡‡ Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, addressed to the Parliament of England, with the Assembly.

siastical law of Rome, except so far as legislative acts for the relief of individuals have infringed that unacknowledged, but yet in some degree admitted code.

If it be thought that the comparative purity of conjugal morals among us may best be maintained, by persisting in the present practice, however anomalous, it should be considered, that the intimate, and daily increasing, communication with the continent, has perhaps already introduced among us, but certainly tends to introduce, a laxity of domestic morals, which may well be deemed to require a general determination of the legislature, for guarding the sanctity of the nuptial union. That this cannot be effected by prohibiting in every case a dissolution of that union, is unhappily apparent in the notorious disregard of its obligations among the Roman Catholic nations of Europe, in which the union is indissoluble. It is indeed natural that those, who feel themselves for ever bound by an engagement, the primary duty of which has been violated, should learn to acquiesce in a licentiousness, for which the law affords them no effectual redress, and to seek compensation for the injury in imitating the conduct by which they were aggrieved.*

It has unfortunately happened also, that the contrary extreme of an excessive facility in dissolving marriages, which, though in various degrees, prevails through all the Protestant countries of Germany, has produced effects almost equally injurious. A separation is there obtained on reasons so trifling, as to differ little from mere caprice; so that marriage is little more than a licensed concubinage. In Prussia, in particular, three thousand marriages were dissolved in the year 1817, among a population not much exceeding ten millions. In this government, a code of laws has been prepared under the direction of the celebrated Frederic, the† general principles of which were taken from the Roman law; and, according‡ to this code, a marriage may be dissolved by mutual consent, if at the close of a year there should remain no hope of a reconciliation.

The Protestants of the continent thus present an example of licensed libertinism, while the Roman Catholics, under the too rigorous restriction of a law, which we have borrowed from them in the absence of a better, violate with little scruple an obligation, which they cannot set aside. It seems to belong to the British government to establish an intermediate, and properly limited regulation, which should neither encourage licentiousness by facility, nor corrupt the conjugal union by rendering its dissolution hopeless.

It will be admitted, that the determination of the question concerning the lawfulness of so dissolving the bond of marriage, as to permit the separated parties to enter into new engagements, must depend on the just interpretation of those passages of the Christian scriptures which relate to this subject. Whether the contract be deemed to be, in its form of solemnization, civil, or ecclesiastical, it must be acknowledged by all Christians as a divine ordinance, the obligation of which can be relaxed only in correspondence to the declarations of the divine will, which may be found in those writings. It so happens, that they contain five passages relating to this subject. The Romanists§ rely on three of these five for their prohibition of a complete divorce, giving no attention to the remaining two, which, however, are the most specific and distinct, and should therefore naturally be considered as interpreting and limiting the others.

We find in the two gospels of Mark and Luke positive prohibitions of divorce, without any qualification or exception. In‖ the former of these two narratives, our Saviour is represented as declaring, that "whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her; and if a woman shall put away her husband, and be married to another, she committeth adultery." In the latter¶ it is added, "that whoso-

* Russell's Tour in Germany, vol. ii. p. 51. Edinb. 1828.

† The Frederician Code, pref. sect. 28. Edinb. 1761.

‡ Ibid. tit. iii. art. 1. sect. 35.

§ Gibson's Codex, p. 536. ‖ Mark, x. 11. ¶ Luke, xvi. 18.

ever marrieth her that is put away from her husband, committeth adultery." But it is to be considered, that as the former passage is an answer to the question of the Pharisees, which by Mark has been stated without any limiting specification, the answer should be interpreted but as a general declaration, which might admit qualification in a particular case. Mark has not, like Matthew, represented the Pharisees as enquiring, Whether a man might put away his wife "for every cause," that is, for every cause understood to be allowed by the law of Moses; but generally, Whether a man might put away his wife. The question being stated thus generally, the answer is naturally given with a similar generality. The passage of Luke, again, does not refer to any question of the Pharisees, but merely states generally the indissoluble nature of the nuptial union—a doctrine most important to Christians amidst the wide license of divorce, in which both Jews and Gentiles then indulged themselves.

Matthew, as addressing himself specially to the Jews, is naturally more specific in his reference to the provisions of the Jewish law. This evangelist, it should also be observed, has given* two passages relative to the question of divorce, one corresponding to the passage in the narrative of Mark, the other to the passage in that of Luke. In these two passages, thus corresponding to the others, we find an excepted case, in which divorce is permitted to the followers of Jesus Christ; and it is a sound principle of interpretation, that of two narratives of the discourses of the same person, that which is the more general should be understood agreeably to the qualifications of that which is the more detailed.

The passages cited from Mark and Luke are two of the three on which the Romanists rely, in resisting the admission of divorce properly so named. The third is contained in the first Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians. In this passage† Paul says, "And unto the married I command, yet not I, but the Lord, let not the wife depart from her husband; but and if she depart, let her remain unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband; and let not the husband put away his wife." Of this passage it is to be remarked, that it is a part of an answer given to a question, which the Corinthians appear to have proposed to the Apostle, concerning the preferableness of celibacy to a married life, in reference to the practice of devotional exercises, and that therefore it cannot fairly be considered as having any relation whatsoever to the very distinct question of the justifiableness of divorce for the offensive conduct of either of two parties connected in marriage. In reply to the question which had been thus proposed to him, the Apostle first advises, though without enjoining, that the married should separate but for a time, and that they might devote themselves to prayer; and then, lest this devotional exercise should be abused to the dissolution of the nuptial bond, he subjoins, as from the Lord, that no permanent separation should be effected by the act of either party, so as that they should not be considered as still bound by their former union. It is manifest, that the direction thus given relates only to the devotional exercises, concerning which the Apostle had been consulted, and not to the lawfulness of a divorce occasioned by misconduct.

It hence appears, that the question concerning the lawfulness of divorce must be decidedly a consideration of the two passages of the Gospel of Matthew, each of which specifies a case to which the prohibition of divorce is not extended, and, consequently, by direct and necessary inference, allows a divorce in this case. We are therefore now to consider, what is the precise description of the case so excepted.

It is remarkable, that in these two passages the exception is specified by a word signifying fornication, and not adultery, and accordingly so translated. The choice of this term has perplexed commentators. Perhaps the selection may be satisfactorily explained, from a consideration of the state of the existing law of the Jews, with which our Saviour proba-

* Matt. v. 32; xix. 3.

† 1 Cor. vii, 10, 11.

bly shunned to interfere by any direct injunction. For adultery the law of Moses* had prescribed death, and therefore by that law, divorce was not applicable to that offence. If, then, our Saviour, in his prohibition of divorce, had expressly excepted the case of adultery, as one in which divorce was permitted, he would have exposed himself to the very charge of attempting to rescind the law of Moses, which his adversaries were at that very time endeavouring to fasten upon him. This inconvenience he appears to have avoided, by employing a different term, which yet might, with sufficient perspicuity, convey the same idea, and has, in reality, been always so interpreted.

This consideration appears to receive confirmation from† the story of the woman taken in adultery, which has been recorded by John. The Pharisees and Scribes seem to have understood, that Jesus had in this particular impugned the law of Moses; and to bring him to a test, they presented to him an adulteress, stated to him the law, directing that she should be put to death, and demanded his opinion on the subject. The case was precisely one for the application of the law, because the woman had, as they stated, been taken in the act, which was the case specified in the law. They might therefore reasonably have expected, that the answer of our Saviour would determine whether he was disposed to maintain the existing law, or to set it aside. We may accordingly conclude, that they were desirous of depriving him of the protection which he seems to have sought in the substitution of another term for that which would have brought him into a direct collision with the existing law, and that, with this intention, they had submitted to his judgment the decision of a case which precluded all ambiguity. The wisdom of our Lord, however, extricated him from the well-contrived difficulty. His wily adversaries all departed, convinced in their consciences, by his heart-searching appeal, that they were disqualified, by their own guilt, for executing upon an offender a law of rigorous severity. Jesus then turned to the woman, and said, "Neither do I condemn thee." His purpose was to substitute a law of divorce for that severe law of Moses, and therefore he would not sentence her to the penalty which the ancient lawgiver had ordained for her offence. That offence in a moral view he did not overlook, for he directed that she should "sin no more;" but the law of Moses he designed to abrogate, and therefore he did not condemn her to the punishment which it prescribed.

There is one particular of the admonitions of our Lord in regard to divorce which seems to have wholly escaped observation. While he has, by an obvious inference, permitted the innocent person, in the case of adultery, to enter into a new marriage, he has been silent in regard to the offender. According to Matthew, who alone has specified the excepted case, the man who for any other reason divorceth a woman, is answerable for any adultery which she may in such circumstances be tempted to commit; and the man who marries a woman so divorced committeth adultery. But concerning a woman divorced for the sufficient cause of adultery, our Saviour is silent; and, apparently lest any inference should be drawn to this as the excepted case, no mention is made of the guilt into which a woman may be led by an unauthorized divorce, except as it concerns her associate. Yet, according to Mark, the woman who putteth away her husband, and marrieth another, is at once pronounced an adulteress, and no mention is in this case made of the husband, whom we must suppose to have been unjustifiably divorced. How can this be explained, except by conceiving that, in the only justifiable case of divorce, the person divorced is an offender, concerning whom our Saviour chose to abstain from giving any direction even by inference? Both by Matthew and Mark, the woman is described as entering into a new marriage. In the statement of the latter, the woman, to whom no antecedent guilt had been imputed, is said to commit adultery in marrying another man: in that of Matthew, the man who di-

* Deut. xxii. 22.

† John, viii.

vorces his wife without sufficient cause, is said to cause her to commit adultery, and the man who marries her is said to contract the like guilt; but of the woman herself no judgment is pronounced, apparently lest an inference should be drawn in her favour, when a divorce had been justified by her previous misconduct. Why should the conduct of the woman, in entering into another marriage, be directly censured as adulterous in the one case, and not in the other, unless it were the intention of our Saviour to pass in silence over the case of the offending party, lest his determination should be so perverted in its application as to afford an indirect sanction to the criminality which might justify a divorce?

If our Saviour had directly authorized the inference, that the offending party, in entering into another marriage, would not commit adultery, he must have been understood to grant encouragement to the adulterous connexion which had occasioned the divorce, because a marriage contracted with the partner of that guilt would certainly be less objectionable than any other. If, on the other hand, he had expressly limited the permission to the innocent party, the other would have been abandoned to all the temptations incident to the constrained celibacy enjoined upon both by the imperfect divorces of the church of Rome. He avoided both inconveniences by being silent in regard to the moral situation of the offending party. The former marriage being by direct inference pronounced to be dissolved for one party, was consequently dissolved also for the other, but nothing was said to give an express authority to this other conclusion. He had been questioned merely about the lawfulness of divorce, and not being required to speak particularly of the offending party, in the only allowable case of divorce, he appears to have declined to express an opinion which might have involved one or other of the two inconveniences.

The law of divorce among the Jews was limited* to lesser cases of offence, death being the appointed penalty for adultery. The permission of divorce in these lesser cases had been practically extended so far, as to refer the matter wholly to the will of the husband, for to the wife no permission of this kind appears to have been allowed. Whether the law had been justifiably thus extended, had† in the time of our Saviour become a subject of discussion between two sects, or rather schools, of the Jews, those of Hillel and Shammai; and the determination of the controversy was referred to his judgment, when he was required to pronounce, whether it was lawful that a man should put away his wife "for every cause." His answer condemned the opinions of both, by limiting divorces to that case to which they had not been at all applied by the law of Moses.

According to the learned‡ Lightfoot, indeed, the law of divorce among the Jews did relate to the same case of adultery, for which, by another law, the penalty of death had been ordained, and should be considered as a merciful alternative of a very severe ordinance, which had been promulgated *in terrorem populi, atque in peccati istius detestationem.* It is not, however, very conceivable, that one law of great severity should be promulgated by God, for expressing his detestation of a crime, and for the very same crime a far milder one should at the same time be promulgated to be carried into execution. Such an interpretation, indeed, appears to be refuted by the answer which our Saviour gave to the Pharisees when they demanded why Moses had directed them to give a writing of divorcement. He did not tell them, that such permission had been really limited to the case of adultery, and that they by an abuse of the law, had extended it to others to which it should not have been applied; yet this should have been his answer, according to the interpretation of the law of Moses proposed by Lightfoot. Our Saviour, on the contrary, admitted that they had justly represented the law of Moses as permitting them to divorce their wives in other cases, and proceeded

* Deut. xxiv. 1. † Poli. Synops. in Matt. v. 32.
‡ Op. vol. ii. in Matt. v. 31. Franequeræ, 1699.

to give them a more correct notion of the conjugal union.

It may seem strange, that a man so learned in the institutions of Judaism as Lightfoot should be charged with misconceiving the law of Moses in a particular so important. This may perhaps, however, be explained by remarking, that he may have thought it necessary to maintain that this part of the law of the Jews had not been abrogated by the law of Jesus Christ. Milton has strenuously contended for the unalterable permanency of their law of divorce, though with the contrary intention of claiming for Christians the liberty of divorcing their wives according to their own discretion; and the ground of his plea is, that our Saviour* declared, in connexion with this very subject, that not one tittle of the law should fail.

For determining whether this declaration is sufficient to warrant the opinion of the unchangeable nature of the law of divorce, it should be considered, that the principle so applied would maintain not only the rigorous, though, according to Lightfoot, the merely nominal, law, which punished adultery with death, but likewise all the causes of divorce admitted by Moses; and that, in the very passage in which it is found, it is immediately followed by a general prohibition of divorce without any exception. The reasonable interpretation of the declaration is, that every part of the moral law should remain unshaken in its principle, however its application might be modified in correspondence to the altered circumstances in which it was to be enforced.

This eminent scholar has represented our Saviour, in saying that Moses had permitted divorce to the Jews on account of "the hardness of their hearts," as signifying that the permission had been given, lest they should be disposed to put in execution a severe law which had been ordained merely as a denunciation of the crime. We are thus required to believe, that our Saviour imputed hardness of heart to the Jews, simply because they might be disposed to act in strict conformity to a divine ordinance. The more usual interpretation is, that this hardness of heart would have disposed the Jews to treat their wives in many cases with cruelty, if they had not been permitted to divorce them when they had ceased, as the law says, to find favour in their eyes. Perhaps a yet more satisfactory interpretation may be found in this consideration, that the bad treatment of the wives, if divorces had not been very freely permitted, would probably have given occasion to multiplied acts of adultery, which would have multiplied the instances of the application of the severe law ordained for the punishment of that crime.

It would appear, according to the last interpretation, that a large permission of divorce was a necessary accompaniment of a rigorous law for the punishment of adultery; whence it would follow, that in the Christian system, in which adultery is not punished as a crime against the state, that liberty of divorce was not longer required. The same change of circumstances, accordingly, which gave occasion to the substitution of divorce for death in the case of adultery, may have removed the occasion of that large permission of divorce in other cases, which had been granted to the Jews.

In the application of the general principle of the moral law in respect of divorce to the circumstances of Christians, our Saviour appears to have introduced three several changes: 1. He prohibited all divorces for the causes allowed by Moses; 2. in the case of adultery He substituted divorce for the penalty of death; and, 3. He allowed in this case a right of divorce to women, equally as to men.

In these changes we may discover the difference of the characters of the two dispensations. The law relative to the conjugal relation, so far as it was among the Jews a national regulation, had for its object the preservation of the purity of descent in the families of their tribes, which could not be affected by the irregularities of divorced females, or by the licentiousness of the males. The law, as ordained for Christians, has,

* Luke, xvi, 17, 18.

on the other hand, for its object the preservation of the purity of the morals of individuals, and therefore has reference to the irregularities, which might follow divorces, and to the licentiousness of males, not less than of females. The principle of that part of the moral law is thus not only maintained, but even strengthened, while the special regulations which were accommodated to the special circumstances of the Jews, have yielded to an ordinance adapted to the general support of moral purity, and therefore better fitted for the regulation of the conduct of Christians.

It may deserve to be remarked, that the arguments of Milton, in his celebrated plea for a discretionary liberty of divorce, besides the inference from the declaration of our Saviour concerning the imperishable nature of the law, are all reducible to these two principles: 1. That if fornication be a sufficient cause of divorce, every other offence, which to the feeling of the husband—for he contends only for the right of divorcing a wife—would be as galling as fornication, must also be sufficient; and, 2. When a man is required to cleave to his wife in indissoluble connexion, it must be supposed that she is what a wife is required to be. The declaration of our Saviour concerning the law has been already considered; these two principles it is surely not necessary to discuss.

The numerous acts of parliament which, in default of a general law, have been passed for the relief of individuals, have all corresponded to the determinations of our Saviour, so far as they have proceeded. These acts have been passed only in cases in which the offence of adultery had been judicially proved; and they professedly grant the permission of entering into another marriage only to the injured party, being silent in regard to the other, but declaring the marriage dissolved, and thus leaving the offending party at liberty, though not directly sanctioning any new engagement. These acts, however, possibly because no application for such an act had been made on the part of any female, have been passed only for husbands, aggrieved by the adulterous conduct of their wives. It may indeed be thought that the adulterous conduct of a husband, however it may aggrieve his wife, does not constitute a case requiring the interposition of the legislature, because it does not affect the transmission of property by introducing into his family a spurious progeny. This principle would be just, if the only care of a legislature should be to regulate the transmission of property; but if it should also be considered as its concern, that the purity of the public morals should be preserved, it might be right to consider whether the wife ought not to receive similar relief from the misconduct of an adulterous husband. A strictly virtuous woman has a fair claim to be protected against the outrage; and a woman of doubtful principle should be protected against the temptation of seeking compensation for the injury in her own licentiousness, aware that the complaint of an adulterous husband would not receive attention. The law of Scotland does actually grant such redress; and, accordingly, there is at present a remedy for an aggrieved wife in one part of Great Britain, which neither the general law, nor the occasional practice of the parliament, affords in the rest of the empire.

If a general law were substituted for the occasional, but numerous statutes, hitherto enacted for the relief of individuals, one important advantage would result to the public morals, namely, that the vices of individuals would not longer enjoy the disgraceful importance of engaging the attention of the legislature, but would in this case also, as in others, be left to the general determination of the known law of the land. It would be a yet greater benefit, that a general statute would be known to all, and it would be plainly seen, that the subsequent marriage of an offending party is but tolerated as a consequence of the dissolution of the former, granted for the relief of the injured person, the injury being such that the nuptial union could not longer be maintained. In a private act of the legislature, which is never printed, both parties appear to the public to be equally concerned, and the marriage of the offender, in consummation of the adulterous connexion, which had given occasion to the statute, is commonly its first practical consequence, because the innocent

and injured party is not involved in any previously contracted engagement, and must naturally be slow to enter again into a connexion, in which the best feelings of the heart had been so sorely wounded. The greatest advantage of all perhaps would be, that such an enactment would provide the same law for all the classes of society, instead of leaving the humbler to form illicit connexions under the imperfect divorces of the ecclesiastical law, or to separate without any authority whatsoever, and abandon themselves to a course of profligacy, in their inability to procure a regular and authorized divorce.

For carrying into execution such a law as is proposed, it would not be necessary to extend the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts, but it might even be expedient that questions of divorce should be wholly withdrawn from them, and referred altogether to the constitutional and satisfactory determination of juries. What objection could be urged against submitting to their cognisance the entire question of the dissolution of a marriage, instead of referring to them the question concerning the injury sustained, and to the legislature the subsequent question concerning the maintenance of the nuptial union? Might it not be enacted, that the jury, impanelled to try the question of injury, and to estimate in money the wrong sustained, should also, by another and separate verdict, pronounce whether the plaintiff in the suit had been guilty of connivance, or of culpable negligence? The latter is at present reserved to the consideration of the legislature, so far as it belongs to the consideration of the dissolution of the marriage. A jury must, however, take it into consideration in estimating the injury, for by this consideration does it determine, whether there should be any abatement in the estimate, or whether the damages should be merely nominal. Two distinct verdicts, however, appear to be necessary, for no line of general distinction could be drawn, so that a mere verdict of damages should decide the question of the dissolution of a marriage. It would be impracticable to determine generally how much the estimate of damages might have been diminished by a consideration of misconduct proved against the plaintiff, and therefore it would be necessary to have a specific verdict, declaring the plaintiff entitled to the relief afforded by a dissolution of the marriage. This is the more necessary, as it is at present not unusual to allow the damage to be estimated without opposition, it being understood that the plaintiff would not require payment, so that nominal might apparently be converted into real damages, for procuring permission to complete the adulterous intrigue which had been the occasion of the suit.

The proposed law might accordingly determine, that in every case in which a jury should have granted damages on a charge of criminal intercourse, the same jury should be required also to declare by a separate verdict, whether the plaintiff had been guilty of connivance, or negligence, in regard to that intercourse, and that, if this other verdict should be favourable to the plaintiff, so that in the opinion of the jury he should be fairly entitled to a dissolution of the marriage, the marriage should be dissolved without any further authority. By such a law the remedy would, as our Saviour appears to have designed, lie open to aggrieved persons of either sex, and at the same time, as appears also to have been observed in the doctrine delivered by him, no more than a tacit permission would be given for other marriages of the persons offending. If such a law should be enacted for Scotland, equally as for the remainder of the United Kingdom, it would put an end to the strange and most inconvenient discrepancy at present existing under a common government, one part of the United Kingdom granting divorces, as it is conceived, with all the laxity of the civil law of Rome, but by a statute refusing, in every case of adultery, to the offending party the liberty of entering into another marriage, and the other granting divorces only by statutes enacted for individuals in the single case of adultery, and imposing no direct restriction in regard to marriage on offenders, the former also granting a divorce on the application of either party, and the latter limiting its interpositions to the case of the injured husband.

A Surrogate.

OUR DOMESTIC POLICY. NO. I.

When we ventured in a late number to express our opinion of the state of the country, in such plain and emphatic terms as seemed to us suitable to the occasion, we little imagined that we were about to excite so much of the virtuous alarm of those whose nice gentility is shocked by the mention of any thing so coarse as the rights of the common people. We congratulate these very refined and worthy personages upon their newly-found sensibility to the excellence of our institutions, and we only entreat that they would be pleased to exercise their zeal amongst some of their friends where it may be really useful, rather than upon ourselves, whose most ardent desire it is, and ever has been, to preserve those institutions in their strength and purity, even when deserted by those whom we had fondly, and, as it appears, foolishly looked upon as their faithful guardians. It is our fashion to speak out boldly and plainly; and whatever may be the advantages which attend versatility in these times, we certainly have no stomach for the experiment, but must take leave to speak out, even as we have been wont. Since, however, very learned, or very refined people sometimes do not understand plain language, by reason of its very plainness, we are willing, without desiring to be particularly complimentary, to seek in this fact, the solution of the strange interpretation which has been put by some upon what we have said. To this must we attribute the cleaving the general ear with horrid speech, relative to "levelling principles," and the less articulate noise about "Spencean doctrines," the which, in hollow murmurs, we have been charged withal. These expert logicians, running with a nice and spider-like dexterity along the thread of an *argumentum ab exemplo*, spring from the assertion of a fact to the maintenance of a general principle, and thence look down, in all but speechless horror, upon the extent of revolution which their dialectic vision places before their eyes. Now, as we ourselves once went to school, we have no objection to the logical machinery, so as it were applied with due precision; but as the drawing of inferences is an operation which requires rather a steady application of the intellectual eye, we should recommend practitioners, and particularly such as sit in dark libraries, to have recourse to their best spectacles ere they begin. For ourselves, we must object to this *per saltum* sort of logic, this leaping to conclusions in the dark, and this substitution of erroneous imputation for adverse argument.

If, however, we have, on the one hand, to regret the misapprehension of our plain and honest endeavours, we have, on the other, to rejoice in the sympathy of feeling, with which those whose sympathy we more regard, have hailed our exposition of true Tory principles—of principles which, while they maintain the due order and proportion of each separate rank in the state, maintain also that protection and support are the right of all, so long as there are the means, within the state, of affording them. In opposition to those cold and heartless politicians, who, with the words liberty and liberality ever in their mouths, look with scientific composure upon a people's sufferings, we would say, govern the people, and govern them strictly, for their good, but see that they are fed. The sort of liberty which the Liberals afford, is something like that which he would bestow who should turn his steed loose in the desert, with many encomiums upon his own magnanimity, forgetting, or not caring to remember, that while he gave the animal his freedom, he deprived him of his food. As Tories, we maintain that it is the duty of the people to pay obedience to those set in authority over them: but it is also the duty of those in authority to protect the people who are placed below them. They are not to sit in stately grandeur, and see the people perish, nor, indeed, are they ever to forget that they hold their power and their possessions upon the understanding that they administer both more for the good of the people at large, than the people would do, if they had the administration of both themselves.

If this were not Tory doctrine, we

should be ashamed of the name in which we glory; but because it is Tory doctrine; because it is the doctrine of genuine practical freedom, deduced from the precepts of our religion, and sanctioned by the principles of humanity; because it is all this, we grieve, aye, and are filled with disgust and indignation, at the pernicious folly which runs counter to it.

But to maintain that the poor have a right to be cared for, is, according to the science of liberal politicians, to advocate dangerous and levelling principles. We protest against such *liberal* interpretation. It is to advocate the principles of the Bible. It is to advocate the principles of the wisest philosophers of antiquity—the principles of the common law* of England, and of that illustrious statesman, under whose auspices the statute for the parochial relief of the poor was first enacted; but it is *not* to advocate any thing which is not strictly constitutional.

When we admonish those who revel in abundance and in luxury respecting the wretched condition of the common people, and tell them of the necessity which exists of a better distribution of those gifts which they unfeelingly monopolize, and when at the same time we protest against levelling principles, we are guilty of no inconsistency, or, if we are, it is an inconsistency which we share with those whose example we do not fear to follow. Cicero, in the first book of his "Offices," (we quote from the excellent translation of Dr Cockman, for the greater ease of certain critics that we wot of, who are far more clever than classical,) tells his son Marcus, that "those who design to be partakers in the government should be sure to remember those two precepts of Plato: First, to make the safety and interest of their citizens the great aim and design of all their thoughts and endeavours, without ever considering their personal advantage. And, secondly, so to take care of the whole collective body of the Republic, as not to serve the interest of any one party, to the prejudice of or neglecting of all the rest." Now, he who recommends these as the principles of good government, was so far from being a leveller, that in the second book of the same work, he expressly reprobates levelling doctrines, and describes an assertion of Marcius Philippus the tribune, which favoured such opinions, as "a very pernicious and desperate saying, directly tending to bring all things to a level, which is the greatest misfortune that can befall any people."

But we have done with this controversy. The time has been when we should not have desired better amusement than to enter the lists with our adversaries, and break a lance in the field of argument, merely for the sake of victory; but we have fallen upon evil days and evil times, when graver matters demand our attention. We shall now, therefore, turn to the more serious object of this paper; namely, that of offering some brief considerations upon the domestic policy of the country.

In the present unhappy state of the mass of the population of these kingdoms, it cannot be supposed that the government will long delay the assembling of Parliament, or that, when assembled, they will long postpone that enquiry into the state of the country which circumstances so imperatively demand. It must be ascertained, so far as examination can ascertain it, what the causes are which have produced so deep and general a distress, as that which prevails; and next, it must be examined what relation subsists between these causes, and the political system we have been of late pursuing—whether the distress has its origin in the measures of the go-

* The common law, as laid down in the Mirrour, is, that the poor were "to be sustained by parsons, rectors of the church, and the parishioners, so that none of them die for default of sustenance;" from which, certain gross writers infer, that at this day the ecclesiastical revenues should be made chargeable with the support of the poor. They either do not know, or do not choose to acknowledge, the immense confiscation of church property which took place at the commencement of the Reformation. Were all the property, formerly ecclesiastical, and at present ecclesiastical in its name and form, but in the possession of laymen, restored to the church, there would be more justice in the proposition, that the church should maintain the poor,

vernment; in which case the course to be taken will be evident; or supposing this not to be made out, whether the present system, or a different one, is that best calculated to extricate us from the gloomy position in which we find ourselves.

From the peculiar species of *candour* which distinguishes the ministerial leader in the House of Commons, we shall probably have an assurance that he considers it the most "manly" course to avow that great distress exists, but that he is sure it is only one of those temporary depressions to which all great commercial countries are liable, and that he confidently trusts to the excellent good sense of the English people, for bearing with their difficulties while they are inevitable, &c. &c. &c. We think we may, without violence to probability, and on that best ground of anticipation, the experience of the past, venture to predict, that in some such courteous and unmeaning fashion, he will endeavour to avoid a subject, which he will be unwilling to grapple with. *We* trust, that the time is come when some persons will be found in the House of Commons, with energy and industry sufficient to compel a strict investigation of things as they are, and to treat as it deserves any attempt to slip out of the subject, by the utterance of certain polite and vague generalities, which do not go even the smallest conceivable distance beneath the surface of the matter in hand. We hope that the time has gone by, when men will be content with mere words which mean nothing, or, if any thing, not that which makes the matter a whit clearer than it was before. It is really amazing, how, even in matters of the first importance, those who propound difficulties are satisfied with answers which are no more than the statement of some other difficulty, which they are induced to believe has some relation to the question. Nothing, for instance, is more common than to hear the distress of the people accounted for by "over production," while other sages are assuring us at the same time, that with such an increased and increasing population, it is in vain to expect that we can continue to have enough for all.

The first solution is a paradox, and the second, which has the advantage of being intelligible, insinuates that which is not true. If one were to say that a man was miserably poor, and the reason was that his pockets were overflowing with money, it would certainly appear to most people, rather an absurd assignment of a cause; and yet, it is not more so than the unexplained and broad assertion, that the people are distressed, because there is an over-production of commodities. If over-production mean the produce of more than enough, how can that be the cause that the people have not enough? But if the matter be pushed a little farther, as rational men ought to push it, until they see some relation between cause and effect, they will no doubt discover that over production only means a greater produce than there is a demand for in the market; and then immediately follows the important political question, why should there *not* be a demand in the market for the commodities, the want of which distresses the people, and for which they would be but too happy to give their labour in exchange? This will bring the enquirer to the root of the matter; and it will be for him to examine whether the tendency of our policy has not been directly to diminish the value of domestic labour, which is the only equivalent the poor man can bring into the market; and to cause producers to depend upon a foreign demand, which is repaid in luxuries, used only by the rich, rather than upon the home demand, which circulates desirable commodities amongst the poor.

We have taken this instance of a very ordinary answer to those who enquire concerning the cause of public distress, in order to shew how idle it is, to take as a reply, a parcel of words which convey no satisfactory meaning, instead of sifting the matter to the bottom, and coming to something tangible, something that will bear to be argued about. We really do hope that the authors and abettors of our new system of policy will no longer be suffered to run away with the matter by mere talk, and quotations at large of custom-house returns, without the least particle of proof that such returns are true, either in spirit or in letter. We hope that they will be pinned

down (if we may use so homely an expression) to broad, distinct, and tangible facts, and forced to a satisfactory explanation, or put to shame, if that be indeed possible, by an open exposure of their incompetency. It is of great importance that no honest man in the House of Commons should be deterred from the task of rigid cross examination, which the state of the country makes it his duty to undertake, by any fear of the book learning, and the ready jargon about capital, and surplus profits, and so forth, with which these men of the new school seek to scare plain common sense. Let plain facts be steadily kept in view, and plain answers be sternly insisted upon; let there be no juggling, or bandying of pedantic phrases, when so great a matter as the misery of the whole mass of the common people is in question. The gentlemen pensioners and placemen of the new system have actually talked themselves into a kind of confused belief in its truth, because they have never been forced from behind their rampart of hard words, nor compelled to maintain their cause with the ordinary weapons of universally intelligible language.

As our new system of policy, with respect to trade and currency, has now had the benefit of a sufficient period of trial to prove its efficacy, or the contrary; it will be for its advocates to shew what practical good has arisen from it, and what class of the community is better, richer, happier, than before this bright light of political wisdom broke in upon our councils, and caused us to make alterations so important. If they can shew nothing of this kind, and in the present state of the country a different hypothesis is monstrous, the negative argument would be quite sufficient to give the victory to the adherents of the old system; for, in the affairs of a nation, alteration without improvement is an evil. But it would be well that those who are persuaded of the positively evil tendencies of the new system, should be prepared to show how the system operates in the production of distress and calamity, and thus come upon their opponents with the united force of argument and fact. We really think there is but little difficulty in this; yet in all matters of political discussion, however obvious they appear, it is best to proceed cautiously, and not to venture upon too wide a field; for the liberals—to whom it must be conceded, that they are much more adroit in matters of speech, than the professors of what we conceive better principles—will be ready enough to seize upon one weak point, and by overturning it, throw an air of defeat upon a whole argument, which they have scarcely touched. The arguments, therefore, which they have hitherto produced, should be closely scanned, and their train of reasoning followed down to the point where the difference appears between what has happened, and what they argued would happen; and let it be put to them to explain the discrepancy if they can. In our opinion, the advocates of free trade have always argued, taking as an admitted principle, that which common experience proves to be false; namely, that all the labour which we save by getting from another country a commodity cheaper than we can ourselves produce it, is immediately turned to some other profitable account. Now we maintain, that in practice this does not happen, but that while we suppose we are getting the foreign commodity on terms more favourable to the nation, we actually render those who were formerly employed in its produce at home, totally unproductive, the country being at the same time burdened with their support. But a year or two ago, a Political Economist, whose dictum is considered as cogent as " proof of holy writ," amongst the Whigs, informed us in the Edinburgh Review, that by the admission of foreign corn we might obtain the same quantity of food with the labour of a million and a half instead of two millions of people; and then he goes on to say, that " it is clear to demonstration, that after the fall of prices the surplus half million of hands would be *employed in some other pursuit*, and consequently, that the produce of their labour would be so much clear gain—so much of positive addition to the previous wealth and riches of the country." This is the ordinary language of the sect, and yet we put it to the common experience of any man who sees what is passing around him, whether it be

not mere delusion. It is easy to assert that a thing is "clear to demonstration," when no attempt is made to demonstrate it. We say it cannot be demonstrated, because it is not true. It is not true that if half a million of our agricultural population were found unnecessary, because we could get the same quantity of bread without their assistance, that therefore the country would become richer in consequence of employing them in something else; but it is true, that the result would be their total idleness, their unutterable distress and misery, and perhaps a rebellion caused by starvation and despair.

Happily for the country the notions of the Economists have not yet been carried into practice with respect to the reception of foreign corn; but in the various branches of our produce where they have been adopted, the effects of a mistake precisely similar to that we have just endeavoured to expose, may be found operating in proportion to the extent of population employed in the pursuits affected by the adoption of the new system. Let us take, for example, the lead trade, and compare the theory of the Free Trade advocates with its practical effects. Let it be granted that we can get as much good washed ore from Spain for £70, as we used to get out of the mines of Northumberland or Cumberland for £100. The Economist says, it is a manifest saving to the country of 30 per cent on this article, and your mining population will be better employed in doing something else for which the country possesses greater advantages. But it so happens, that for doing this "something else" the mining population is *not* wanted. It is true, that for £70 worth of goods sent to Spain we get as much ore as we did for £100 worth sent into Cumberland; but our miserable miners, once a cheerful, happy, comfortable population, are all paupers —some altogether idle, some breaking stones on the roads, and some working at their trade for wages so low, that to keep them from starving the parish is obliged to half maintain their families. In a national point of view, the difference, as it appears to us, between the new and the old system is just this: by the former, the country sends away £70 worth of goods, and gets back a given quantity of lead ore, and the wealth of the country can only be increased by the amount of the difference in value between the ore received and the goods sent away, minus the cost of supporting certain lead miners who have become unproductive consumers. By the latter, the country first became richer by £100 worth of goods manufactured to be exchanged for lead in Cumberland, then it became richer by the £100 worth of lead raised to meet this demand, the goods which purchased it never having been sent out of the country; and against these two profits there is no drawback for the support of paupers. If this be a fair statement of the case, and really we can see no fallacy in the view we have taken of it, it is no wonder that the country should be on the high road to ruin under the operation of the Free Trade system. If our demand were limited only by our power of purchasing, the case would stand otherwise, and in a few years our miners might become cutlers and calico weavers, and more lead ore be brought from Spain than the same number of labourers could possibly produce in England; but our demand is limited to the quantity we have immediate use for, and *that* we can purchase with the produce of those already employed as cutlers and calico weavers, and therefore our miners become a dead unprofitable weight upon the country.

All the means of wealth may exist within a country,—an abundant and industriously disposed population, powerful machinery, and an inexhaustible store of raw material; and yet, if a demand cannot be excited for the products of one class by another class, the wealth will not be created. People will not manufacture goods merely to increase the wealth of the nation; they must see a means of exchanging them for something which is desirable to themselves; and, therefore, it is vain to adopt a system which only increases the *possibility* of attaining national wealth, while it takes away the inducement to individuals to create it. Suppose a manufacturer of cotton gowns to give a thousand gowns in the year to a hundred women in Woodstock for gloves; when he finds

that, by our new system of policy, he can get the same quantity of gloves from France for 700 gowns, he does not make a present of the surplus 300 gowns to the women of Woodstock, nor does he use more gloves than he did, but he turns off some dozen or so of the gown-makers, to add to the now unemployed population of the glove-makers, and he gets his usual quantum of gloves from France in exchange for his 700 gowns. Thus what is called a saving is not a saving; a given quantity of something is indeed obtained for a less quantity of something else, but, upon the whole, production is not only not increased, but it is greatly diminished. Such, we believe, to be the working of the Free Trade system; and though we feel warmly enough upon the subject, we have endeavoured to examine it with all the calmness and carefulness due to so very important a matter, upon which a great deal purporting to be argument has been put forth.

Throughout this paper we have assumed that the state of the country, with respect to trade and manufactures, is lamentably bad. We have conceived ourselves justified in the assumption, because of the general consent to the fact, and the uniform tendency of all the published accounts which we have read; it is therefore almost needless to say any thing about the lists of exports which have been published with something of a triumphant flourish. If the lists prove any thing in the matter at issue, they prove *inferentially* that trade is not bad; but to think to convince the world by inferential argument that a thing is not, when there is direct evidence that it is, is a very idle exercise of argumentative skill. "Lord Peter's" demonstration to his brothers Jack and Martin, that a loaf of bread was a leg of mutton, must no longer be considered ludicrous, if we are to take a list of exports for a grave argument that trade is brisk and prosperous, notwithstanding that half the people in trade have nothing to do but walk about with their hands in their pockets, and with, unfortunately, nothing else there. If the account which has been lately published of the enormous revenues spent abroad by British absentees be at all near the mark, a great portion of our exports must be a dead loss to the country, an outlay without any return; and if the view we have taken of the effect of the Free Trade system be correct, another large portion of the exports is a mere exchange; whereas, if the goods were disposed of in the home market, an equivalent to them would be created, and both original and equivalent be added to the wealth of the country.

Besides, we believe that no official return from the public offices is to be taken without allowance. We do not mean to impute intentional deceit, when we say, which we do without fear of contradiction, that these returns are more commonly according to form than according to truth.

There are a number of rules and technicalities the knowledge of which forms a key to the truth for the initiated, but those who compare the evidence of public returns with the evidence of their own observation, are apt to be incredulous. Nor is this opinion one of novelty to some of those who now find it convenient to express extreme horror at its heterodoxy. So long ago as the 24th of May, 1819, a gentleman, upon whom a new light had suddenly burst as to the enormous magnitude of the evil of a paper currency, finding it would strengthen his argument if he could shew that, along with the abundance of paper money, distress was much more abundant, thought proper to indulge in the following ungenteel insinuation against the immaculate purity and truth of Custom House returns. "It is impossible," said the Right Hon. Gentleman, "to listen to the descriptions recently given of the situation of the labouring poor in many parts of the country, and not *suspect* that whatever may appear by the returns from the Custom House, there is some unsoundness in our present system. It is idle, while such distress exists, to talk of national prosperity." The gentleman who so spoke, has now the honour to be Secretary of State for the Home Department; and, amongst many new things which he has learned since 1819, has been a more profound deference to the authority of Custom House returns. It would, however, in speaking on this subject, be unpardonable not to ac-

knowledge the superior dexterity with which the game of the "Returns" is played by a Right Hon. Ex-Secretary who once wrote a letter after midnight. His skill is only to be equalled (for nothing can surpass it) by the singular feats which conjurors display with packs of cards. Though the account you look at appears to you to be dismally black, let the Ex-Secretary but shuffle his returns, and, lo! 'tis most undeniably a rosy red. There is but one thing that he cannot do with them; if all the shipowners in England were in the Gazette, give him his pack of returns, and in ten minutes he'd shew you clearly they were all very prosperous men, or, though you had just walked down to the House with difficulty through an afflicting crowd of idle starving silk-weavers, give him once more his returns, and he'll shew you presently that the greasy rogues are sleek with good living; but as even conjurors, to the wonder of all the little boys, cannot make their fortunes, so the Ex-Secretary, with all his very wonderful dexterity, cannot get back his place. Nevertheless, his perseverance is surprising, and if "*frustra niti*" is to be his portion, it will be a "modern instance" in the teeth of many a "wise saw." Perhaps he works for the work's sake, feeling with the wise man, that "in all labour there is profit," a text to which he may be the more attached, as it is more like a sentence out of a political economy book than any other in the whole Bible—but let him pass.

It was our intention in this paper to have shewn our view of the way in which our new system of policy, with regard to the currency, operates upon the condition of the people, but as our essay has already grown to as great a length as we think convenient for this Number, we reserve that part of our subject for next month.

J.

AN ESSAY ON THE THEORY AND THE WRITINGS OF WORDSWORTH.

Part III.

Thus far Wordsworth explains his own theory, of which the whole substance seems to be the almost self-evident proposition—that natural thoughts, clothed in simple language, (however lowly the subject,) speak at once to the heart.

But the poet's disciples go beyond their master in aggrandizing his principles of composition. They "see in Wordsworth more than Wordsworth knew." Conscious, perhaps, that his own exposition (in prose) of his theory can lay claim to verbal originality alone, and that, moreover, it half condemns his own practice, they deduce from his works themselves a far more sublime and mystical creed—the "Revelation"—sufficient, as I have before observed, in the opinion of the elect, to work a moral change in any erring (but philosophic) individual. The Revelation, as far as I can learn, consists in a divine discovery by the poet, of the following arcana—namely, a certain accordance, which imaginative minds perceive when, shutting out the clamour of the world, they listen to Nature's still small voice, between the external universe, and the internal microcosm of man;—a purifying influence exerted through the medium of visible objects upon the invisible mental powers;—a sort of *anima mundi* pervading all that is;—a sublime harmony between the natural and moral creation. It is, in short, the quakerism of philosophy, the transcendentalism of poetry; a something between the abstractedness of Plato, and the unction of Madame Guion. But let Wordsworth speak for himself:

> "My voice proclaims
> How exquisitely the individual mind
> (And the progressive powers perhaps no less
> Of the whole species) to the external world
> Is fitted;—and how exquisitely too
> (Theme this but little heard of among men!)
> The external world is fitted to the mind."

Is this new? Akenside, in his Pleasures of Imagination, says,

> "For as old Memnon's image, long renown'd
> By fabling Nilus, to the quivering touch
> Of Titan's ray, with each repulsive string
> Consenting, sounded through the warbling air

Unbidden strains; even so did Nature's hand
To certain species of external things
Attune the finer organs of the mind."

But Wordsworth, moreover, insists upon a few items culled from other quarters. He seems to believe in certain native and beautiful properties of the human heart; (what the divines would say to this I know not;) he thinks that we are born in a glorious state of wisdom and of "heaven-born freedom," and that we have nothing to do but to keep ourselves aloof from the "weight of custom," and to carry on one smooth unbroken stream of thought from infancy to age, in order to be very perfect creatures. He greatly reprobates the fragmental manner in which most persons confound their identity by running after new objects, or adopting new opinions at different periods of their lives, and in consequence breaks out into the following short but pithy poem:

"My heart leaps up, when I behold
A rainbow in the sky,
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

This is the whole of the poem, which I have heard many admirers of Wordsworth extol as an almost superhuman flight of intellect. This, they say, is the text which contains the essence of all his after discourses—this the epitome of the Wordsworthian philosophy—this the Shibboleth of the true believers. If you comprehend and feel this, you are already in the vestibule of the temple—if you do *not* comprehend and feel this, you have come into the world to very little purpose—you are but a piece of animated dust. Alas for me! I can indeed understand, or seem to understand, this divine little poem; but then I can perceive in it nothing beyond the quaint expression of a very natural wish, often uttered both in poetry and prose, namely, to preserve unto the evening of life

"Immaculate the manners of the morn."

In plain language, the meaning of the poem appears to be—"The sight of a rainbow gives me as much delight now as when I was a child, and I hope that, when I am old, I shall still be equally alive to this and other beauties of Nature. I had rather die than become insensible to them. A man will resemble what he was when young; and, seeing that I was a promising child, I trust that I shall always be consistent, and that feelings of piety, excited by natural objects, will accompany me to my life's end." I may boast that I have supplied a hiatus in the last three lines by inserting—"seeing that I was a promising child," for without this clause the reasoning is inefficient.

"The child is father of the man,
And I could wish my days to be," &c.

is a *non sequitur:* for if childhood really contain the germ of our future character, it is clear that this circumstance must be either a blessing, or a curse, according as a child is amiable or otherwise; unless, indeed, Wordsworth means to assert that *all* children are born with equally happy dispositions; and, in this case, it would not be worth while to combat an opinion so contrary to the conclusions of experience. But no!—he is too orthodox to disseminate such a heresy.

We will now proceed to a certain ode, entitled "Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of early Childhood," since it is the sermon of the foregoing text, the *opus magnum*, the *ne plus ultra* of mysterious excellence; it contains and condenses the grand peculiarities of "the Revelation." I was once present amongst a party, consisting of many true believers in the Wordsworthian faith, of a few Neophytes, and one or two absolute and wicked sceptics. A sincere and most zealous disciple offered to read aloud the ode in question. Reader, didst thou ever hear a Wordsworthian spout poetry? If not, thou canst scarcely frame to thyself a mode of recitation so singular. A praying Quaker, a preaching Whitfieldian, is nothing to a spouting Wordsworthian. In compliance (as I suppose) with their master's wishes, who declares that, "in much the greatest part of his poems, as a substitute for the classic lyre or romantic harp, he requires nothing more than an animated or impassioned recitation adapted to the subject;" and that the

reader must not be "deprived of a voluntary power to modulate, *in subordination to the sense*, the music of the poem;" taking a hint also, I imagine, from Wordsworth's description of the poet's privilege to

> "Murmur near the running brooks
> A music sweeter than their own,"

they part chant, part speak, part murmur, part mouth (with many a rise and fall and dying cadence) all poetry, but more especially Wordsworth's poetry, after an unimaginable manner—whether in subordination to the sense it were hard to determine.

No sooner had the Wordsworthian begun,

> "There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
> The earth, and every common sight
> To me did seem
> Apparell'd in celestial light,"

than one of the sceptics, of laughing propensities, crammed his handkerchief half way down his throat; the other looked keen and composed; the disciples groaned; and the Neophytes shook their heads in deep conviction. The reciter's voice deepened in unction as he repeated,

> "The moon doth with delight
> Look round her when the heavens are bare,"

and, unheeding the aside remark of the calmer sceptic that the last was rather a *bare* line, he proceeded without farther interruption through some really beautiful passages, descriptive of that season when (as Shakspeare says) "May hath put a spirit of youth in every thing," and of the regret which the mind experiences from not sympathizing with the general gladness as vividly as in early youth—until he came to the following:

> "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
> The soul, that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar;
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness,
> But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
> (Here the reader's voice became very impassioned.)
> From God, who is our home;
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Here one of the Neophytes timidly interposed with—"I confess that I do not *quite* comprehend that passage. Perhaps you would be kind enough to explain it to us." The Neophyte could not easily have made a request more disagreeable, or more embarrassing, to the disciple, who was a man hating definition, and delighting in the vague, the obscure, the mysterious; and of whose mind the whole tenor was synthetical, rather than analytical. Making a wry face, then, he floundered about in a vain attempt to render the poet's creed intelligible, until, getting quite into a passion, he accused the poor Neophyte of having interrupted his feelings in their full flow; and roundly declared that things so out of the common way, so sublime, and so abstruse, could be conveyed in no language but their own.

Here the composed sceptic very quietly said, "It appears to me, that the passage in question is nothing more than an assertion of that old Platonic doctrine, the pre-existence of the soul, which the poet calls 'our life's star,' and which he represents as having previously set to, or, in other words, lost sight of, another state of being, before it rises upon this present world. He also seems to favour the classical creed of a little dip in Lethe, before we take upon us the fleshly form, by the expression, 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,' and at the same time avers that, like the son of Thetis, we did not undergo a complete immersion, insomuch that glimpses of our former and more glorious state yet remain unto us, more especially in childhood, as we then are nearer to the scene of our original splendour, and as yet unclouded by the gross exhalations of earthly cares." The Wordsworthian loudly protested against so commonplace and (as he called it) degrading an exposition of the poet's doctrine, and then went on to that part of the ode, where the author declares that he does not value the recollections of childhood on account of the delight, liberty, and hope, of that happy period,

> "But for those obstinate questionings
> Of sense and outward things,
> Fallings from us, vanishings,
> Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realised."

Here again the timid Neophyte besought a little enlightening. "What

can 'fallings from us' mean, I wonder?" he dolefully sighed out, as if he despaired of ever getting beyond his noviciate. The previous annotator was again forced to unravel the mystic knot. "The poet (he said) is still speaking of the dim recollections, which he supposes us to retain in childhood, of our former state, and calls them 'obstinate questionings,' that ever recur to the mind with the enquiry, Whence came we?—transitory gleams of our glorious pre-existence, that 'fall away' and 'vanish' from before us almost as soon as they appear—'misgivings' that we are not as we have been—a feeling that we have scarcely as yet realised our present state of being to ourselves." The Neophyte thanked the expositor, but still sighed; "for," said he, "when I think of my childhood, I have only visions of traps, and balls, and whippings. I never remember being 'haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind.' To be sure, I did ask a great many questions, and was tolerably obstinate, but I fear these are not the 'obstinate questionings,' of which Mr Wordsworth speaks." The reader proceeded:—

"Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea,
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

"Well!" exclaimed a sort of neutral personage, a very good, but somewhat heavy man—"these lines are, I must say, very grand, and—(he paused)—very sublime! I like them better than all the rest."—"Are you quite certain that you understand them?" asked the laughing sceptic. "To be sure!" answered the previous speaker. "Have I not often put a conch shell to my ear, and heard the roaring of the sea as plainly as if I were at Brighton, though I really was in London?" A burst of laughter from the querist followed the reply, and became infectious to many of the party. When order was restored, the other sceptic, who had maintained his gravity throughout, remarked that he thought the neutral's explanation of the idea raised in his mind by the poet's words was interesting, inasmuch as it proved that, very frequently, the pleasure we derive from poetry consists in the colouring which our own minds impart to an author's meaning; and that words, taken in the aggregate, often stamp on the fancy an image, which, when they are analysed, is found to be scarcely analogous to their real signification. Thus, also, one line in a poem may excite a series of delightful thoughts, which the next line may destroy by giving too definite a form to the unfinished sketch whereon Imagination had delighted to exercise her scope and power. "To give an instance of this," he continued, "I remember opening, for the first time, Lord Byron's third canto of Childe Harold, at the notes, and reading this line placed at the end of one of them,

'The sky is changed; and such a change!
—oh Night!'

This simple ejaculation 'Oh night!' touched upon a thousand vague and delightful associations, and involuntarily I anticipated to myself, in a dim kind of way, the grandeur that was to follow. But, when I turned to the page whence the line was taken, and read,—

'Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman,'

the whole tone of my feelings seemed lowered, and the same sort of jarring sensation was produced in my spiritual man, as that which our bodily organs experience, when, walking in the dark, we put out one foot with the notion that a deep step is below it, and find ourselves still on plain ground. This power of association—this imperfection of language as a vehicle of thought—this omnipotence of mind over matter, should make us less surprised that ideas, which appear original and splendid to one person, should to another seem trite and poor. That which Shakspeare affirms of a jest, is equally true with regard to serious matters.

"Their propriety lies in the ear of him that hears them. Wordsworth, if I mistake not, himself acknowledges, that, in some instances, 'feelings even of the ludicrous may be given to his readers by expressions

which appeared to him tender and pathetic;' but he does not, as in fairness he should have done, observe, on the other hand, that ideas and expressions which he scarcely *meant* to be other than laughable, or at least subordinate, may excite in his admirers very tender or noble feelings. He tells us, (for I have accurately read his own defence of his system,) 'the reader ought never to forget that he is himself exposed to the same errors as the poet, and perhaps in a much greater degree;' but, I confess, I am of opinion, that in proportion as the author's feeling of his subject is more intense and more tinged with his own peculiar consciousness, in that proportion is he more liable to be mistaken in appreciating the originality and excellence of his compositions. That which we feel vividly, we are apt to think we feel newly; and all that appears new to ourselves, we deem must be new to all the world. Every poet is, no doubt, original to himself, just as every retailer of Joe Miller is a wit in his own eyes, for no one knowingly relates a twice-told tale. Let a really original thought strike a reader ever so much, it can never have upon his mind the same full and fresh effect that it had on the writer's, when it first struck him;—and for this reason—a true poet can never express his *whole* meaning: there still remains behind that which passes utterance. Wordsworth, fond as he is of paradox, never vented a stranger than when he affirmed that the author is a more competent judge of his own works than the reader, *because* the latter 'is so much less interested in the subject.' The voice of ages,—the embodied spirit of human wisdom—to which Wordsworth declares 'his devout respect, his reverence, is due,' has decreed that no man is a competent witness in his own cause; and for this manifest reason, that, as long as we are fallible human creatures, our self-partiality must, to a certain degree, throw dust in the eyes of the best of us. It is the looker-on who sees most of the game: it is the cool, *uninterested* reader who can best detect an author's errors. Even though the former, as Wordsworth fears, 'may decide lightly and carelessly,' yet his very lightness and carelessness may hit off a truer judgment than any to which the passionate earnestness of the poet can, in its over-zeal, attain. The fresh eye of a casual spectator can better decide upon a portrait's resemblance than the eye of the painter, who has so long pored over the canvass, as to have his very errors wrought into his visual perceptions with all the force of truth, and who has bestowed so much attention upon each separate part, that the result escapes him. It is this which renders it dangerous for an author to paint too exclusively, as Wordsworth has, from his own mind. Although it is not to be expected that a poet's ideas are to be recognised by all the world, (since he places himself in colloquy with the better part of his species,) yet it is a poet's wisdom, as well as his duty, to bring forward such thoughts and feelings as shall be held in common by a large body of mankind, otherwise he runs a risk of substituting the idiosyncrasies of an individual, for the grand features of human nature in general. The greater part of the Platonic ode, to which we have been listening, lies under this objection, namely, that it gives a private interpretation to a feeling almost universal—I mean the lingering regret with which we look back upon the period of childhood. Wordsworth calls the Ode, 'Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood.' It should rather be entitled, 'Intimations of Pre-Existence;' unless our author means to say that, having existed from all eternity, we are of an eternal and indestructible essence; or, in other words, that being incarnate portions of the Deity (as Plato supposes), we are as immortal as himself. But if the poet intends to affirm this, do you not perceive that he frustrates his own aim? For if we are of God's indivisible essence, and receive our separate consciousness from the wall of flesh which, at our birth, was raised between us and the Fount of Being, we must, on the dissolution of the body, on the casting down of the partition, be again merged in the simple and uncompounded Godhead, lose our individual consciousness, and, although in one sense immortal, yet, in another sense, become as though we had never been. If I were to speak as a critic, of the whole

poem, I should say that Wordsworth does not display in it any great clearness of thought, or felicity of language. I grant that ideas, however well expressed, may possibly be so abstruse as to present difficulties to the ordinary reader; but the ode in question is not so much abstruse in idea as crabbed in expression. There appears to be a laborious toiling after originality, ending in a dismal want of harmony. With a dithyrambic irregularity of construction, which ought to have afforded the poet full scope for varied music, there exists a break-tooth ruggedness of versification—the general characteristic of Wordsworth's attempts at mysterious loftiness. Melodious as he is in his simpler movements, the jerks and jumbles of his more ambitious style are truly astonishing. His sublimity seems, like the burden of Sisyphus, pushed hard up hill, only to rumble back to the plain. In one instance we find a line of four syllables succeeded by a super-Alexandrine of fourteen.

> 'Thou Child of Joy,
> Shout round me—let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd Boy!'

The rhymes are inartificial, and indeed incorrect, to a degree which would appear to indicate either a want of ear, or a deficiency of skill, in the poet; and which would for ever forbid the ode from ranking with the great lyrical models in our language. Witness—

> 'Oh evil day, if I were *sullen*
> While the earth herself is adorning
> This sweet May-morning,
> And the children are *pulling*,' &c.

And again,

> 'Not in entire *forgetfulness*,
> And not in utter *nakedness*,
> But trailing clouds of glory, do we *come*
> From God, who is our *home*.'

In a composition of high pretensions, such careless and brief numbers as these,

> 'A wedding or a festival,
> A mourning or a funeral;'

> 'As if his whole vocation
> Were endless imitation;'

together with the perpetual introduction of the expletives 'did,' and 'do,' produce the same unhappy effect as a dancer in a minuet tumbling head over heels. But I have too long suspended the conclusion of the Ode, which is beautiful, and which sufficiently attests the superiority of Wordsworth's natural, over his artificial style. What can be more noble than the following lines? They must find an echo in every human breast.

> 'What though the radiance, which was once so bright,
> Be now for ever taken from my sight,
> Though nothing can bring back the hour
> Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
> We will grieve not, rather find
> Strength in what remains behind,
> In the primal sympathy,
> Which having been must ever be,
> In the soothing thoughts that spring
> Out of human suffering,
> In the faith, that looks through death,
> In years that bring the philosophic mind.'"

"Well," exclaimed the Wordsworthian, "who would have thought that *you*, of all persons in the world, knew Wordsworth by heart?"—"I have derived as great pleasure," replied the sceptic, "from the best part of his works, as I have received pain from the worst." The Ode was then finished without farther interruption, and the party dispersed; but not before the good dull neutral had petitioned for the loan of the book, that he might study at his leisure that sublime passage about "the mighty waters rolling evermore."

It may be expected that I should not pass by in silence the poem which some persons consider Wordsworth's best—the Excursion. It is certainly the most ambitious of his productions, and by its length seems to claim an importance, not possessed by his shorter pieces. But while I acknowledge that there are exquisitely beautiful passages in the Excursion (and perhaps none more so than that which the Edinburgh Review extracted for reprobation, beginning—

> "Oh then what soul was his, when, on the tops
> Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
> Rise up and bathe the world in light!")
> (Page 13 of the octavo.)

—while I reverence the purity of intention, and devotional love of nature, which it displays, I cannot but consider that the ground work is a

mistake, and the execution, on the whole, a failure. As this poem is the most bulky which Wordsworth has published, so it displays, on a larger scale, the errors produced by his erroneous theory. By tying himself down to humble life, the author has involved himself in a net of contradictions; for his system bound him to choose a hero of lowly birth and breeding, yet his purpose demanded that he should make that hero the mouth-piece of the profoundest philosophical reflections. He was also, by the plan of his poem, constrained to give a vagabond existence to the principal personage, whose unity of presence was to connect the scattered thoughts, scenes, and histories, into one; therefore he does not hesitate boldly to shock our poetical associations, by choosing a pedlar for the hero of the Excursion. Whether he has been more especially mistaken in selecting a man of this judaical trade—the very mention of which brings a black beard, a mahogany box, garters, tapes, and tin trays before the eye—I will not pause to enquire; but, "taking up the question on general grounds," I may observe, that to make *any* man in low life the repository of such sentiments, as a highly-gifted individual alone could be supposed to entertain, is extremely injudicious; because probability is violated, and probability is the soul of that pleasure which we receive from fictitious incident or dialogue. If a Burns, or a Chatterton, be a miracle, a production of nature out of the ordinary course of her creation; if, by *possibility*, once in a century, a low-born man reaches to high attainments by native vigour of intellect—why choose the solitary instance on which to found a poem of human interest—why make a pedlar utter reflections which are only to be found in the mind of a Wordsworth? For instance; (I quote *ad aperturam libri;*)

> "Powers depart,
> *The grey-hair'd wanderer steadfastly replied,*
> Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
> And Passions hold a fluctuating seat;
> But by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
> And subject neither to eclipse or wane,
> Duty exists;—immutably survive,
> For our support, the measures and the forms,
> Which an abstract Intelligence supplies,
> Whose kingdom is, where Time and Space are not."

Is it likely, that the same voice, which asks a farmer's wife to buy a piece of bobbin, should pronounce a speech like the foregoing?

The language also of the Excursion, as being more strictly in accordance with that part of Wordsworth's theory which identifies verse with prose, is generally harsh and dragging, full of long, unimaginative, and, (if I may use the expression,) *mathematical* words. For instance—

> "Of rustic parents bred, he had been train'd
> (So prompted their aspiring wish) to skill
> In numbers, and the sedentary art
> Of penmanship,—with pride profess'd, and taught
> By his endeavours in the mountain dales.
> Now, those sad tidings weighing on his heart,
> To books, and papers, and the studious desk
> He stoutly re-address'd himself."

What art, I would ask, can render such words as "sedentary," and "penmanship," poetical? The mind has been too much accustomed to them, in its prosaic moods, to feel them so. This is *blank* verse indeed! "The continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise from the metrical arrangement" of which Wordsworth speaks, are as though they were not in such metre as this. I would undertake to read many a page of this poem without being convicted of poetry—that is, if I read it in the usual mode of recitation; but give it to a Wordsworthian, and he perhaps, by the alchemy of his voice, would convert it into numbers. If Wordsworth recites poetry in the same style as his admirers, I can easily imagine how it is that the prosaic seems to him the poetical,—the ludicrous, the sublime; for they repeat the tale of Goody Blake with the same good emphasis and discretion wherewith they say or sing a passage from the Excursion. Their monotone levels all distinctions, and would make the most laughable comedy in the world a very tragic performance. But an ordinary reader must regret that Mr Wordsworth should have given himself the trouble to arrange a great part of the Excursion in lines of ten syllables; for, as far as regards

effect, the pleasure of the ear is lost. The most fatal fault of the Excursion is, that it is too long. I do not mean long in respect to quantity, (for I have heard a longer sermon of fifteen minutes than one of fifty,) but long in respect to the quantity of idea spread over a surface of words. Every thing is long in it, the similes, the stories, the speeches, the words, the sentences (which are indeed of a breathless length),—and yet, awful to relate, it is only the third part "of a long and laborious work!"

But it may still be urged, by those who consider Wordsworth a poet of *first-rate* merit and originality, that the force of his genius has been demonstrated by its effects upon the taste and literature of the age. They may boast that he brought back the public mind from a love of false glare and glitter, to the simplicity and truth of nature.

He himself says, after a retrospective view of different eras of literature, "It may be asked, where lies the particular relation of what has been said to these volumes? The question will be easily answered by the *discerning* reader, who is old enough to remember the taste that prevailed when some of these poems were first published, seventeen years ago, who has also observed to what degree the poetry of this island has *since that period been coloured by them.*"

That the taste of the age, about the period when Wordsworth published his first poems, was far gone from nature, I allow. I grant that (to use Wordsworth's own words) "the invaluable works of our elder writers were driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse," and I honour the attempt to restore a healthier tone of feeling. Still, I cannot attribute the inevitable reaction, which took place at one period, to aught but the natural tendency of all extremes to produce reaction, and unfortunately again to verge into extremes. Wordsworth himself I consider less a moulding spirit of the age, than a perverted production of it. He began to write at the era when men were wearied with perpetual stimulants, and disgusted with copies of copies *ad infinitum*. Thomson, in his Seasons, had already dared to use nothing but a pencil and a pallet, and his own eyes, in delineating nature; Burns had presented her to the world in her sweetest, her freshest, her simplest attire: and Wordsworth went a step farther,—he stripped her naked. Yet his followers have been few. The master-spirits of an age have always had their imitators, and have given somewhat of an abiding character to the literature of a whole century. But who has imitated Wordsworth? Where is the stamp and impress of his mind to be found in this generation? Simplicity has again lost her charms for the public taste. Nature, indeed, is still worshipped, but it is nature in frenzy and distortion. Alas! that evil should be so much more enduring and energetic than good! If Wordsworth cannot justly be ranked (as his worshippers rank him) the first Genius of the age, still, his lower station on the fair hill of Virtue is more enviable than that of others on the lightning-shattered pinnacle of Vice. And, if Wordsworth would be contented to occupy that more lovely station gracefully and meekly, there would be no dissentient voice to dispute his honours. But he has yet to learn the important lesson of remaining silent under evil report and good report. Why, if Wordsworth so implicitly believes in the justice of "Time the corrector, where our judgments err;" why, if he is so steadfastly assured that the "great spirit of human knowledge," moving on the wings of the past and the future, will assign him his proper station in the ranks of literature; why, if he is persuaded that his volumes, "both in words and things, will operate in their degree to extend the domain of sensibility, for the delight, the honour, and the benefit of human nature,"—why does he write so many pages to *prove* the truth of his convictions? Can he talk himself into immortality? Self-praise is, of all modes of self-aggrandisement, the least graceful, and the most impolitic. Why should we give a man that which he has already bestowed on himself? And, if we think that the self-eulogist claims too great a share of merit, human nature is up in arms to dispute with him every inch of

his overgrown territory. What shall we say to a poet who thus writes of his own works? He first notices, that "after the transgression of Adam, Milton, with other appearances of sympathising nature, thus marks the immediate consequence:

'Sky lower'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
Wept at completion of the mortal sin.'"

And then, a little while after, he goes on to say, "Awe-stricken as I am by contemplating the operations of the mind of this truly divine poet, I scarcely dare venture to add, that 'An Address to an Infant!!!' which the reader will find under the class of Fancy in the present volumes, exhibits something of this communion and interchange," &c. Yet awe-stricken as Wordsworth says he is in the contemplation of Milton's mind, he does not scruple to parody Milton's sonnet, beginning "A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon," by one beginning "A book was writ of late call'd Peter Bell." He should have remembered that Milton never wrote one line in defence of his *poems*, as indeed a person's own poetry is no fit subject for polemics: and while assimilating himself (in kind, if not in degree) to Shakspeare, he should have taken a lesson from the silent grandeur with which the latter gave his works to posterity, not even keeping a copy of those writings, which he knew "the world would not willingly let die." He should have reflected that true power is calm. Indeed, were I not disposed to estimate Wordsworth's powers very highly, I should almost draw an argument against them from the tone of self-exaltation which pervades his prose writings. To be dissatisfied with its own productions, is the most usual temper of a mighty mind that sees before it "the unreached paradise of its despair." Virgil condemned his Æneid, the delight of after ages, to the flames; and Collins, with his own hands, burnt the unsold edition of his poems. Wordsworth, however, need not fear. The uneasy doubts, respecting his real title to immortal fame, which his very restlessness and irritability betray, are groundless. He *must* survive. But, in the mean time, he must allow the present generation to be a little amused, when they meet in his works with such a passage as the following:—"Whither, then, shall we turn for that union of qualifications which must necessarily exist before the decisions of a critic can be of absolute value? for a mind at once poetical and philosophical; for a critic whose affections are as free and kindly as the spirit of society, and whose understanding is severe as that of dispassionate government? Where are we to look for that initiatory composure of mind which no selfishness can disturb? for a natural sensibility that has been tutored into correctness, without losing any thing of its quietness, &c. . . . . associated with a judgment that cannot be duped into admiration by aught that is unworthy of it?" And he then answers his own interrogatories:—"Among those, and those only, who, never having suffered their youthful love of poetry to remit much of its force, have applied to the consideration of the laws of this art, the best power of their understandings." And does not Mr Wordsworth consider himself to possess these qualifications? Is he not to be found amongst this elect band of critics? Can he not, therefore, criticise his own works better than any exoteric? This spirit of self-admiration has made Wordsworth overrate the effects which his poetry has produced on the age. He mistakes the clamour of a party for the voice of a multitude. He says, "A sketch of *my own* notion of the constitution of fame has been given; and, as far as concerns myself, I have cause to be satisfied. The love, the admiration, the indifference, the slight, the aversion, and even the contempt, with which these poems have been received, knowing, as I do, the source, within my own mind, from which they have proceeded, and the labour and pains which, when labour and pains *appeared needful*, have been bestowed upon them, &c. &c. . . . . are all proofs that for the present time I have not laboured in vain; and afford assurances, more or less authentic, that the products of my industry will endure." Wordsworth forgets that this theory and his poems have been made a party question, and that he has perhaps more extrinsic causes of fame

than any other; that his startling oddities, and paradoxical assertions, are perhaps as stimulating as the outrageous *stimulation* (as he calls it) which he reprobates. Wordsworth thinks that he introduced a taste for simplicity. If so, he introduced a taste most hostile to an admiration of his own writings, for he is any thing but simple. He is grotesque, which is quite opposite to being simple. His very attempt to clothe lofty sentiments in lowly language betrays the greatest eccentricity. If a king wore a shepherd's frock, he would manifest more ambitious singularity than were he dressed in purple. Inconsistency and strangeness have been the very steps by which Wordsworth has mounted into notice. Even were it granted that he had *influenced* the taste of the age, it by no means follows that his influence has been *beneficial.* He talks of the "strange abuses which poets have introduced into their language, till they and their readers take them as matters of course, if they do not single them out expressly as objects of admiration." Even if he have abolished these, what does he gain if he replaces one form of abuses by another form of abuses, till his readers take them as matters of course, and most certainly do often single them out expressly as objects of admiration?

Wordsworth's love of singularity is such, that he will not even publish his poems in the ordinary form—but must classify them under the heads of "Poems founded on the Affections"—"Poems of the Fancy"—"Poems of the Imagination," &c. When they first made their appearance, they were not divided according to any arrangement of the kind; therefore it seems that this ingenious classification was an after-thought—still farther (it might be) to separate them from the herd of common poems. One word upon the term "Poems *of* the Imagination." It appears to me greatly too vague for the use of such a philosophical writer as Wordsworth, whom his partisans laud as almost the founder of a pure philosophical language. He says that "poems, apparently miscellaneous, may with propriety be arranged either with reference to the powers of mind *predominant* in the production of them, or to the mould in which they are cast; or, lastly, to the subjects to which they relate." Does the word "of" express all this? Does it comprehend all the three cases? To which head is the poem of Goody Blake and Harry Gill to be referred? I suppose to the last; for as the story narrated is a *fact,* imagination was not requisite for the production of it, and as it is related in a plain style, it is not cast in an imaginative mould. The question then is, Does it *relate* to the imagination? If we entertain the same lofty, and somewhat vague ideas, that Mr Wordsworth does, of this power, we should say *not;* for, if it was imagination that made Harry Gill cold for life, it appears to be a faculty of the same order, only more intensely exhibited, with that which suggests the maladies of a nervous lady; and it is hard to conceive that this is the same power which dictated the Paradise Lost, and which breathes throughout Shakspeare's Dramas.—The main object of Harry Gill seems to be, not so much to demonstrate the power of the human imagination, as to teach farmers to be merciful; for with this moral the tale concludes—

> "Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
> Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!"

This rather savours of a post-application to the theory. Such expedients as these to appear original, and to excite attention, may succeed for a time, but when the party question has ceased, will Wordsworth's poems ever be remembered or admired as illustrations of a theory, or as coming under the class of some predominant power of the mind? Let Wordsworth ask himself in what manner poetry is recalled to the memory of any person—some thought, some image dwells with us, which some association recalls; and so far from stopping to enquire, Does this come under the head of Fancy, or Imagination? we scarcely ask if the lines are to be found in Shakspeare, Dryden, or Pope. Good writing has but one mistress—Nature, who is the same in all, however variously she may arrange the folds of her decorative mantle; and it is the jewel of the casket, the thought, the idea, that inward part of poetry which stirs the sources of reflection in the mind it addresses, which alone is valuable.

The rest is leather and prunella. If we are moved with the *matter* of a quotation, it signifies little whether the *manner* be in accordance with any particular theory. We admire it as good *per se*. If a theory could make a poet, might not all be poets? Away, then, with the theory, and with half the poems founded on the theory—the sister Emmelines—the small celandines, sparrows' eggs, and Mr Wilkinson's spade into the bargain.

I have thus endeavoured to shew, that neither by his theory, nor by his mode of illustrating it, can Wordsworth claim the honours due to the first-rate and original genius—that he has not done any thing better than it has been done by others. If we were fully to admit his own test of genius,—namely, "the art of doing well what is worthy to be done, and what was *never done before*,"—we should deny that Wordsworth has any genius at all. It is true that he has frequently "done well what is worthy to be done;" but he has *not* accomplished what "was never done before." Even amongst writers of our own day, he does not stand alone. In the choice of humble themes, he has a formidable competitor in Crabbe; in narrative, he is rivalled by Scott and Southey; in impassioned grandeur, by Byron; and (if we look a little farther back) in philosophy, by Akenside. Yet I am far from denying that Wordsworth has genius. In my opinion, the art of doing well what is worthy to be done, is of itself a sufficient proof of genius. Virgil has followed Homer in the management and conduct of his great heroic poem; yet who will assert that Virgil has no genius? I am rather disposed to adopt Madame de Stael's definition of this subtle essence, namely, "enthusiasm acting upon talent;" and I conceive, that if a thing be good of its kind, it may manifest genius, even though its prototype should exist. An author of the highest order indeed, such as Homer, Shakspeare, Dante, is necessarily the founder of his class; but a man may be a fine writer, who, to whatever class he may be referred, can be esteemed for his fine writing alone. Now, I do not think that Wordsworth is first of any class; but I do think that he excels sufficiently in what belongs to two or three classes, to be entitled (if we look to his best performances) even a great writer.

One fatal bar to Wordsworth's elevation in the ranks of poetry is, that (to speak properly) he has no style of his own. This assertion may surprise both his admirers and non-admirers, each of whom may have mistaken certain peculiarities of diction for a style of composition. That even these peculiarities are assumed, and do not result from an inherent originality of constitution, is evident from his two earliest poems, namely, the "Evening Walk," and "Descriptive Sketches," which were published by themselves before the appearance of the "Lyrical Ballads," and which are given entire in the later edition of his works. In these poems, Wordsworth pursues the beaten track, adopts the good old Popean metre, and most approved cadence, and raises the whole composition upon the stilts of poetic diction—his present horror. He represents himself as wandering

> "His *wizard* course where *hoary* Derwent takes
> Through crags, and *forest glooms*, and opening lakes;"

and depicts scenes,

> "Where, *all unshaded*, blazing forests throw
> *Rich golden verdure* on the waves below;"

and where, moreover,

> "*Soft bosoms* breathe around *contagious* sighs,
> And *amorous* music on the water dies."

These poems indeed shew talent, and contain some beautiful lines,—as, for example,

> "In thoughtless gaiety I coursed the plain,
> *And Hope itself was all I knew of pain.*"

And in a comparison of life to a sundial, he even finely says,

> "*We know but from its shade the present hour;*"

but the greater part of these productions is written in a style of vicious ornament, and most commonplace diction. We find "angelic moods," "ruthless ministers," and "ægis orbs." I shall be told, per-

haps, that Wordsworth was a very young man when he wrote thus, and that his present style is the adoption of his maturer judgment. It is the very circumstance of his having *adopted* a style, which makes me say that he has no style of his own. The early productions of our greatest poets (as far as they are preserved to us) differ only in degree, not in kind, from their after works. Il Penseroso has Milton's stamp upon it, and in Comus (as Dr Johnson observes) may plainly be discerned the dawn of "Paradise Lost." Pope's "Pastorals" have the same cadence and method of expression which his maturer works exhibit. Shakspeare's early poems and sonnets are marked by his peculiar turn of language, and possess a singularly dramatic character. These great masters never sat down to *adopt* a fixed style of composition. It was their minds which made their language, afterwards indeed pruned by experience, and ripened by the summer of their intellect; but the fruit had a sharp and native flavour long "before the mellowing year." That which was said by Wordsworth relative to the connexion between youth and age, may be truly affirmed of their style—"the child is father of the man." But between the Wordsworth of the "Descriptive Sketches," and the Wordsworth of the "Lyrical Ballads," there exists no link of union. At one leap, he passed from the extreme of melodious ornament to the extreme of harsh simplicity; and by the rapidity of the transition proved that he possessed no native originality of expression. His early poems were imitations of Pope and Darwin; his succeeding compositions were imitations of "Percy's Relics of Ancient English Poetry;" in his sonnets he has imitated Milton; in his inscriptions, Akenside. If we admit, for the sake of argument, that his song possesses any native note, where shall we discover it, if not in his earliest warblings? We must turn from the instructed cadences of the bulfinch to the first trill which came fresh from the teaching of nature. If, then, Wordsworth's first style was his truest, his subsequent manner could not possibly have been natural to him; and, if not natural, how could it fulfil the conditions of his own theory, how could it make good his pretensions to convey simple thoughts in natural language? What can be native but that which flows from nature? Our poet too visibly displays the ropes, wheels, and pulleys, whereby he sets his machinery in motion, when he says that he has taken "as much *pains* to avoid poetic diction, as others ordinarily take to produce it;" or when he talks of "*processes* of creation, or composition, governed by certain *fixed laws*." Perhaps (and I can easily believe it) he found it difficult to write so ill . . . . It is rather singular that Wordsworth's later poems have sided round to the opinion of the world, and that they approach nearer in style to his early productions. They are less startling, less incongruous,—more ornate, more latinized than those in his middle manner. He goes so far as to commence a sonnet with,

> "Change me, ye Gods, into some breathing Rose,
> The love-sick stripling fancifully cries;"

and he has (as he once phrased it) *stooped* to accommodate himself to public opinion so much as to omit several stanzas, and even whole poems, which had excited more animadversion than others. By this temporizing conduct, he has even offended his worshippers, many of whom have regretted, in my hearing, the absence of the Wordsworthian peculiarities from his later strains, and the consequent decline of his genius. If his genius consisted in these peculiarities, what sort of a genius must it have been? The truth is, that the spring of Wordsworth's poetical conduct has ever been the love of Popularity—aye, let his admirers start, and the poet be ever so voluble, I repeat, of Popularity. And a very rational incentive it is: it only becomes ridiculous when loudly disavowed. Wordsworth sought popularity, in his first publication, by accommodating his style to the then prevailing taste. This gained him nothing. He was overlooked amongst the multitude of conformists. He then bore boldly up against general opinion, raised up a host of haters, and consequently another host of defenders, and chafed himself into notice, even as an uprooted tree, while it

floats down the stream, raises no disturbance in the water, but when it stops short against the bank, throws up a dash of foam and sparkles. At present, since the human mind must ever be uneasy, while even one Mordecai sits in the gate, his object is to conciliate his literary enemies, yet still to retain his literary friends—an object, I fear, unattainable. Thus, I repeat, governed by any impulse rather than that of his own mind, Wordsworth has no settled style, no native peculiarity of expression. A line quoted from Shakspeare hath the image and superscription on it. Milton's autograph is not more decided than the poetry it conveys; but read to any one, not acquainted with Wordsworth's writings, his early poems—his Betty Foy, his Laodamia, one of his sonnets, and a passage from the Excursion—would the auditor conjecture that they were written by one and the same person? You may urge that this variety of style shews great versatility of talent. Possibly so, but versatility itself is a proof of lightness rather than of strength: an intellectual gladiator will not be an intellectual athlete.—Wordsworth has frittered away his undoubtedly great powers by trying many styles and "experiments" in literature.

The last reason which I shall assign for my denying Wordsworth's supremacy is—the extreme inequality of his writings. By inequality, I do not mean the defects incident to all human composition, or the judicious neglect by which certain parts of a poem are left less laboured than others—I mean an inequality almost peculiar to Wordsworth, and greatly resulting from the tendency, which I before noticed, of his mind, to view all things, great and small, on a level of equal importance. From this disproportionate mode of observing objects, arises an extreme minuteness in depicting them:

> "Nothing is left out, much less forgot;"

and on this account it is that we read Wordsworth's most beautiful passages in fear and trembling, for we can never be certain that the next stroke of his pen may not hurl us at once from the eminence to which we had risen. From the affecting story of a mourner, we are snatched to

> "Gooseberry trees that shot in long lank slips,
> Or currants hanging from the leafless stems,
> In scanty strings;"—(*Excursion.*)

from the solemn contemplation of a funeral, to

> "A work in the French tongue, a novel of Voltaire."—(*Excursion.*)

We read such touching lines as the following:

> "Beside yon spring I stood,
> And eyed its waters till we seem'd to feel
> One sadness they and I. For them a bond
> Of brotherhood is broken: time has been,
> When, every day, the touch of human hand
> Dislodged the natural sleep that binds them up
> In mortal stillness, and they minister'd
> To human comfort;"

and immediately we are hurried away to

> "The useless fragment of a wooden bowl,
> Green with the moss of years—a pensive sight!"

Thus, by going one step too far, Wordsworth loses all the ground which he had previously gained. He so nakedly exhibits objects over which the decent veil should be drawn; he brings into such unhappy prominence the minor parts of a picture, that he leaves nothing to the imagination, which, if allowed more play, would suggest to itself, in its own beautiful light, those very adjuncts to the scene, which, when put into words, only offend its delicate perceptions. The lonely spring had no need of the wooden bowl to make its loneliness be felt. The "fragment" was in every way "useless." This is what Delille calls "peindre les ongles." I have always regretted that one of Wordsworth's most beautiful small poems should exhibit, in two places, this faulty mode of description.

> "I met Louisa in the shade,
> And, having seen that lovely maid,
> Why should I fear to say
> That she is *ruddy, fleet,* and *strong,*
> And down the rocks can leap along
> Like rivulets in May?"

Here we see a beautiful image mar-

red by unlucky associations. This is still more the case in the following stanza:

> "She loves her fire, her cottage-home;
> Yet o'er the moorland will she roam
> In weather rough and bleak;
> And when against the wind she *strains*,
> Oh might I kiss the mountain rains,
> That sparkle on her cheek!"

Here, one of the most fresh and animated pictures in the whole compass of English poetry is blurred by one disagreeable expression. Applied to the movement of horses, as in the triplet,

> "Up against the hill they *strain*—
> Tugging at the iron chain,
> Tugging all with might and main,"

the word is appropriate; but, as describing the activity of a young and beautiful girl, it is out of place; for Louisa, although "ruddy, fleet, and strong,"

> ——"Hath smiles to earth unknown,
> Smiles, that with motion of their own
> Do spread, and sink, and rise;
> That come and go with endless play,
> And ever, as they pass away,
> Are hidden in her eyes."

The foregoing stanza, which is perfect both in thought and in expression, makes us feel how much we lose by the fatal perversity with which Wordsworth blends the coarse and the elegant, the ridiculous and the sublime. Would that he had "*feared to say*" a good deal of what he has said! A fondness for repetition, not less than for amplification, characterises his Muse. For instance, in the beginning of the Excursion, we are told,

> "From his sixth year, the boy of whom I speak,
> In summer, tended cattle on the hills;"

and, in the space of a page or two, this piece of information is repeated, for the benefit of the forgetful reader;

> "From early childhood—ev'n, as hath been said,
> From his sixth year, he had been sent abroad
> In summer to tend herds."

Weakening what he thereby vainly endeavours to render impressive, our author frequently uses the prosaic expression, "or rather."

> "The old inventive poets, had they seen,
> *Or rather* felt," &c.

> "At early dawn, *or rather* when the air
> Glimmers with fading light," &c.
> (*Sonnets on the Duddon.*)

But I should weary my reader by numbering all the heads of the Hydra fault. What I have brought forward may suffice, to prove that Wordsworth is unequal, to a degree never yet observed in any of the primates of poetry. It may be urged that we are too apt to judge a living author by his worst productions, while we judge him "centum qui perficit annos" by his best. There is some truth in this; but the best works of any established author are generally good throughout, however they may have written unworthily in other pieces; while Wordsworth's good and bad are often so blended, so identified even, in the same piece, that he is not elevated by it to the rank which he would have gained, had it been complete in itself. I would not act so unfairly as to judge Wordsworth by his Harry Gill; I would impartially rate him by his most important work—the Excursion. I do not deny but that this latter poem demonstrates genius sufficient to have built a proportionate and goodly edifice; but, as it is, the Excursion stands like a vast unwieldy structure, combining the barbarous magnificence with the unsightly rudeness of darker ages; adorned with lofty towers, disfigured by masses of shapeless architecture, displaying some portions in apparent ruin, and others that seem never to have been completed; hallowed by shrines of elaborate carving, desecrated by headless and grass-grown images; irradiated with chambers of gorgeous delight, perplexed by obscure passages that lead to nothing.

I have now laid before the reader my reasons for refusing to pay Wordsworth the same homage that I think justly due to Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Thomson, Gray, Collins, and Burns. The nature of the criticisms, and the intricate mazes in which Wordsworth has involved his theory, have obliged me to treat the

subject at some length; and the specious manner in which the author has invested thoughts by no means new with an air of originality, has constrained me to enter into the details with perhaps too great a degree of minuteness. Yet for this I can scarcely apologize, as I consider the subject sufficiently important to justify a particular investigation. In this day, when the correct and classical models of poetical composition are not only deserted, but contemned,—when Pope is looked upon as a mere heartless versifier, and when a place beside Milton is gravely demanded for Wordsworth, there is great need that such questions should be calmly and impartially discussed. It may be expected that I should here make some disparaging speech concerning the feebleness of my own voice; but I forbear, for such speeches are never believed. If it be asked from what motives I have written, I answer, first, and more especially from the conviction just mentioned above, that correctives to literary taste are needed in the present day, and from a wish to protect the rising generation from the sophistry of zealous proselytes. To this leading incentive may, no doubt, be added the usual blending of motives, which produce almost every human action. As far as I know myself, they are these. The pleasure of considering any literary question—a large endowment (as the phrenologists would say) of the organ of combativeness—a love of what is genuine, impelling me to oppose that which is vulgarly called *cant*, of all sorts, (and that there *is* a cant of Wordsworthianism, few can deny)—and finally, the natural tendency of the mind to revolt from unfounded pretensions. These motives have influenced me, without the admixture (I owe it to myself to affirm) of one grain of malice. Indeed, when I consider the pleasure which some of Wordsworth's best productions have given me, when I think how often a striking line or image from his works will rise upon my remembrance, to enhance the enjoyment of the fairest landscape, or of the happiest incident, I seem to stand convicted almost of ingratitude towards one who has ministered so largely towards my gratification; and nothing but a strong belief that, in proportion as Wordsworth's powers are great, and the beauties of his Muse numerous, in that proportion are his faults influential and dangerous, could have overcome the reluctance with which I sat down, with an apparent intent to lower the fame of the bard. I say *apparent*, for the fact is, that I propose to do him more real justice than his vehement admirers, inasmuch as I shall bring forward his best compositions, while they only defend his worst. Moreover, from the false supremacy in which his disciples have enthroned him, the fall must, one day, be so great as to shake his reputation altogether; while, on the other hand, his claims to admiration being once placed on the basis of Truth, become immutable, and not to be assailed. I have fully complied with Wordsworth's one request, which he makes to his reader, namely, "that in judging of the poems in question, he would decide by his own feelings genuinely, and not by reflection upon what will probably be the judgment of others." "I do abide," as Wordsworth desires, "independently by my own feelings." I may be "incapable," but I am not biassed. Let my reader bear in mind, that I have, all along, only judged Wordsworth by the public standard of his works—as an author, and not as a man. The literary vanity on which I have freely animadverted, does not exist in his private life; in that sphere he is unimpeachable; and with regard to his political conduct, no one would be readier than myself to defend him from charges, which, when brought against a man of his stamp of mind, are plainly ridiculous. I have now concluded the indictment, and all that remains to me, is the pleasanter task of calling witnesses on the other side. Having endeavoured to prove that Wordsworth cannot be classed amongst our highest authors, who are great by consistency, I shall proceed to shew, in the next and last part of this essay, that he may, nevertheless, fairly claim to be associated with the band of true poets in general.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. NO. III.

TO THE HEADS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

GENTLEMEN,

I WILL now examine the doctrine of the Economists, that a country ought to buy where it can buy the cheapest; and that it ought to buy abroad, if it can do so at a cheaper rate than it can produce at home.

Here is the source of the Free Trade measures; the doctrine is exactly calculated to captivate the ignorant and superficial, and its success has been wonderful. Mr Huskisson and his followers continually prove that they possess no knowledge of the general principles of the Economists, and the community at large is just as destitute of such knowledge; both have been bewildered by believing that it must be beneficial to buy at the cheapest market. I therefore rejoice, that the doctrine admits of the most decisive refutation.

If the income of the individual be precisely the same, no matter who he may buy of, it will unquestionably be beneficial to him to buy at the cheapest market. If one tailor will charge an individual, so circumstanced, fifty pounds per annum for his clothes, while another will only charge him forty, he will gain by buying of the cheap tailor.

The case is the same with the community. When it makes not the least difference to the community's income, whether it buy dear commodities of one seller, or cheap ones of another, then the doctrine is certainly true.

But if the individual be a tradesman, whose income is derived solely from what he sells to his customers, matters are very different. Suppose him to be a baker, who pays twenty pounds per annum for clothes to one tailor, but who could buy them of another for fifteen pounds. The tailor he deals with buys bread of him from which he draws three shillings per week profit; if he transfer his business to the cheap tailor, the latter will not buy bread of him, and the dear one will buy of him no longer; he will therefore wholly lose the three shillings per week. This baker demonstrably gains two pounds sixteen shillings per annum, by going to the dearest market—by buying dear clothes instead of cheap ones. This is the true principle of barter, and it is generally practised in real life.

The case is similar with the community. It ought evidently to buy at the dearest market, if by so doing it can add more to its income than will cover the difference of price between this market and the cheapest one.

The question then is—Is the community in the circumstances of the gentlemen of independent fortune, or in those of the tradesman, whose income is derived solely from the profits of his trade? It is one of the many capital errors of the Economists, that they assume it to be circumstanced like the gentleman.

The community has not a penny of income beyond what it draws from the carrying on of its different trades. In agriculture the landlord draws his rent, the farmer his profits, and the labourer his wages, from the sale of the produce of the soil. The sale of cottons gives to the manufacturers and their workmen their income. The case is similar with all other trades. The taxes, the interest of money, &c., are extracted from the same source. The various bearings of this require careful examination.

Looking at each division of the community as a whole, its income is necessarily regulated, partly by its prices, and partly by the extent of its sales. The agricultural division possesses the whole land of a country; and if it have to export its produce, it can only obtain the lowest prices, and it is bound, both from finding a market for certain of its commodities, and from deriving any benefit from a vast portion of its land. Live stock cannot be exported to any extent worthy of notice; and whatever may be the case with wool, skins, beef, and pork, a market must be found at home for mutton, lamb, poultry, &c., or they must be without one. Extreme low prices

of corn, and distance from seaports, must prohibit the greater part of land from being cultivated.

If the agricultural division have at home a manufacturing population capable of consuming all, or the chief portion of its produce, it will be able on every farm to cultivate much land, and to sell much produce, which, without such population, would be of scarcely any value. This will do more than cover the difference to it between dear home manufactures and cheap foreign ones, if it can only obtain the same prices for its corn in this home market, which it could obtain in the foreign one. If the possession of this manufacturing population will enable it to obtain double the prices at home which it could do abroad, it will profit very greatly from it, even if it have to pay twice as much for its home manufactures as it would have to pay for foreign ones. Provided corn be doubled in price as well as manufactures, the same quantity of the former will, after the advance, command the portion of the latter which it commanded before; and if in consequence of the advance, the agriculturist be enabled to sell an additional quantity of produce, this must necessarily be clear gain to him.

In this country, the manufacturing population* enables the agricultural division to obtain, perhaps, on the average, three times the prices to sell three times the produce, and to cultivate an immense portion more of land, than it could do, should it buy its manufactures of foreign nations with its produce. From this, it would be more profitable for it to buy British manufactures than foreign ones, if the former were three times the price of the latter.

Putting out of sight import, this division's prices and extent of sales must be governed by the number and means of the manufacturing and trading part of the population. The increase of the latter keeps off glut, sustains and raises prices, takes additional produce, and calls more land into cultivation. The establishment of any new trade which employs a considerable number of families, causes agricultural produce to be higher than it otherwise would be, and enlarges its consumption; it thus gives to the agriculturists more on the one hand than it takes from them on the other, if it raise to them the price of any commodity.

Suppose that the silk trade employs half a million of people, and that each on the average consumes a quarter of wheat annually. If the land requisite for supplying them will grow wheat once in four years, and will yield a surplus of three quarters per acre, they will keep nearly 680,000 acres in cultivation. I of course assume, that they will cause the consumption of a proportionate quantity of other kinds of corn and animal food. If the land will let at thirty shillings per acre, they will put into the pockets of the landlords about a million per annum; and taking the worth of its surplus produce at four times the rent, they will pay about four millions per annum to the agricultural division of the community. Supposing that they cause the whole of the agricultural produce to be two per cent higher than it otherwise would be, and that its annual value is one hundred and fifty-three millions, they here give an additional three millions to the agricultural division. In this case, the latter as a whole will receive seven millions per annum, solely through the existence of the people employed in the silk trade.

Assuming that these people sell silks to the amount of fifteen millions yearly, and that their prices are twenty per cent higher than those of foreigners, this will make a difference to the whole community of three millions, between buying at home and abroad. And assuming farther that the agricultural division takes half the silks, the case stands thus:—this division loses a million and a half on the one hand, and gains

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* I use the term manufacturing in its widest sense. I mean by the word manufacturers, the producers, not only of woollens, cottons, and linens, but of shoes, clothes, candles, furniture, flour, &c. &c. I call every man a manufacturer who prepares any kind of manufactured goods; and I mean by the word traders, the shopkeepers, &c. who deal in commodities that do not change their form or nature.

seven millions on the other; it draws an annual net profit of five millions and a half from the buying of dear British silks, instead of cheap foreign ones.

The case is the same touching other trades. A comparatively small number of manufacturing inhabitants has a great effect on prices; half a million, more or less, may easily cause wheat to be 10s. per quarter higher or lower; if a million were at once removed from the country, it would probably reduce the prices of agricultural produce one-fourth, in addition to throwing a vast quantity of land out of cultivation.

I will place the matter in the strongest light. If all kinds of manufactures were cheaper abroad than at home, this country, according to the Economists, ought to buy all abroad, and to manufacture nothing. Should it do so, what would follow? It would have only agricultural produce to export in exchange for manufactures; it could only obtain such prices as Poland, and other countries which export such produce, obtain; much which it now raises it could not sell, and in plentiful years it could scarcely sell any. There could not be any farmers, and the landlords would find it a matter of some difficulty to draw a comparatively trifling revenue from their property. The mass of the population would be confined to the land, would not be half employed, and would be bound to live on potatoes. Infinitely less produce would be consumed than now is. The population would consist mainly of landowners, involved in poverty and debt; and petty cottagers and husbandry labourers confined to idleness and want.

I need not say more to prove that the agricultural division gains immensely from the buying of dear British manufactures, instead of cheap foreign ones; and that it must gain greatly from the establishment of any new trade, even if the commodity produced by this trade bear permanently a higher price than it could be bought for abroad. My decided conviction is, that it loses some millions annually by its cheap pennyworths of foreign silks, gloves, lace shoes, &c.

The argument of the Economists is, that the cheap foreign goods will yield great benefit to the community. Where is the community to be found? Half of it consists of the agricultural division—of people who must lose grievously from the buying of such goods.

I will now proceed to the manufacturing divisions of the community, which export nothing, or nothing of moment. Looking at each as a whole, the extent of its sales must be governed by the number and means of the rest of the population. No more silks, hats, paper, shoes, soap, &c., &c., can be sold, than the latter can buy; and the sale of them, excluding import, must increase as it increases. Hatters, shoemakers, tailors, cabinet-makers, soap-boilers, &c., sell far more of their goods than they would do, if the silk manufacturers were not in being. The dear British manufactures do not reduce profits in these divisions, they only add a little to the expenses of housekeeping; for example, the paper-maker gets as much profit on his paper when he buys dear British silks, as when he buys cheap foreign ones; the silks consumed in his family only cost him a little more in the one case than in the other. These silks may, from being British, cost him ten pounds per annum more than foreign ones would do, but, if they enable him to sell two hundred pounds' worth of paper which he otherwise could not dispose of, at ten per cent profit, he will gain ten pounds per annum from the dear British silks. To this must be added his indirect benefit: the silk trade causes every manufacturing division to be larger, and thereby causes the sale of paper, amidst all, to be greater.

The direct benefits derived from the existence of the silk manufacturers, or producers of other comparatively dear commodities, may be divided unequally amidst the members of these divisions; some paper-makers may depend almost wholly on them for business, and others may sell them only a little; but all will reap from it great indirect benefit. If the silk trade cause the agricultural division to expend three or four millions in consumption, the benefits derived from this will be felt generally. This trade practically employs a great number of tailors, shoemakers, cotton weavers, and people of all callings; and the benefits drawn

from their expenditure are felt generally. Its existence tends to support general prices, and this yields general benefit.

To illustrate this farther:—The Silk Trade causes the agriculturists to expend, suppose four millions, amidst the other manufacturing divisions; in consequence, these divisions consume considerably more agricultural produce, and this causes the agriculturists to buy of them considerably more commodities. This trade employs many hands in the other divisions; these hands consume much agricultural produce, and, in like manner, they increase the sales of both it and their own goods. Suppose, in the first place, that this trade, by its direct purchases of them, and its effect on their prices, enables the agriculturists to expend four millions amidst the other divisions: in the second place, that by this they are enabled to employ in these divisions 50,000 hands, who give them the ability to expend L.400,000 more: in the third place, that this trade employs the same number of hands in the other divisions, who enable the agriculturists to expend L.400,000 farther: and, in the fourth place, that from the action and re-action of this additional expenditure of L.800,000, the agriculturists are enabled to expend a farther sum of L.50,000. In this case the Silk Trade enables the agriculturists to expend L.4,850,000 amidst the other divisions.

This trade employs a number of hands in every division, and each division supplies the whole of them with the goods it produces. The cotton and shoe trades supply, not only the silk manufacturers, but the agriculturists, woollen and linen manufacturers, tailors, butchers, &c. &c. whom the latter employ, with cottons and shoes. The whole expenditure of the trade is made, in the first instance, amidst the manufacturing and trading divisions. Suppose that it is ten millions per annum; that it causes the agriculturists to expend about five millions; and that, by its direct and indirect operation, it employs, in the other divisions, 100,000 hands, and causes them and their masters to expend five millions. In this case the Silk Trade causes an expenditure, amidst the other divisions, of twenty millions. This, with a rate of ten per cent, will yield two millions of profit to the masters alone in these divisions. The workmen consume many silks; but, allowing that the masters consume them to the value of five millions, and that British silks are twenty per cent dearer than foreign ones, they gain a million by buying at the dearest market. If buying thus will enable every master, on the average, to sell one hundred pounds' worth more of his own goods than he otherwise could dispose of, it will be a source of profit to him.

I will now look at the important manufacturing divisions which export. Speaking generally, they ought to buy *the raw produce* they use at the cheapest market; but this must be regulated by circumstances. The wool question is in reality this:—Does the community gain more from the profit of the manufacturers, than it loses by the loss of the agriculturists, arising from the import of foreign wool? So far as concerns the home trade, the manufacturers would profit from buying dear British, instead of cheap foreign wool. On this point there is no dispute, because it has always been the policy of this country to enable the exporting manufacturers to go to the cheapest market for their produce. There is this radical difference between raw produce and manufactured goods—the former is used in trade: the exporting manufacturers who use it are bound abroad to sell their goods at certain prices, and therefore if they have to buy it at the dearest market, their trading profits and sales are reduced; but the latter are not used in trade, they are only bought for family consumption; therefore the buying them at the dearest market does not injure trading profits, it only adds a trifle to the expenses of living. The Economists, in their pretended science, naturally enough overlook this radical difference altogether.

These divisions are, in regard to the buying of dear British manufactured goods, circumstanced like those which do not export. Through the buying of dear silks, the cotton trade supplies, not only the silk manufacturers, but the agriculturists and

members of all other divisions whom they call into employment, with cottons.

With respect to the working classes, their income must necessarily be governed by the price of labour and the extent of employment. If a trade which produces a comparatively dear commodity set to work a great number of idle people, this not only increases the extent of employment, but causes wages generally to be higher. If the Silk Trade expend eight millions in wages, cause the other divisions to expend six millions more, and make wages generally somewhat higher, the working classes draw from its existence many millions annually which are nearly all clear gain to them.

Let us now look at the grand point—the buying of corn at the cheapest market. I have, heretofore, in a great measure disposed of it, but I will here enquire what fruits it would yield to the buyers.

That the sum which the agricultural division expends amidst the other divisions, must be governed by the prices it can obtain for its produce, and the quantity it can sell, is a matter which needs no proof. The landlord can only buy manufactures and merchandise according to his rent, and the farmer according to his profits; as it is with the individual, so it must be with the body.

If the buyers were enabled to go to the cheapest market for corn, prices would be for some time reduced one-third; the reduction would fall principally on the means of the agricultural division for buying manufactures and merchandise, and it would, in all probability, reduce them two-thirds. On a very large part of the land of this country, rent, farmers' profit, and wages, would be almost wholly destroyed; and they would sustain gigantic diminution on the remainder.

Production would be prodigiously reduced, but consumption would be similarly reduced amidst the agriculturists, and the produce thus taken from them would be brought into the market for the other divisions. The working part of the agricultural population, as in all cheap corn countries, would feed on potatoes, and their cattle would be half starved, in order that the greatest possible quantity of corn, &c. might be sold. This decrease of consumption would go far towards covering that of production, and, in consequence, the import could not be very large.

I will allow extravagantly, and assume that five millions of quarters of corn might be annually bought of other nations. The price paid to foreigners for this corn would not be, on the average of all kinds, much more than a pound per quarter, or £5,000,000 for the whole. If payment should even be made in manufactures, the buying of the foreign corn would increase the export of them by the amount of £5,000,000.

Let us suppose that the agricultural division expends not more amidst the others than £100,000,000 yearly, and that its means would only be reduced one-half; this would take from their expenditure £50,000,000. Granting that it would only take £30,000,000, the other divisions would have their trade curtailed by this amount on the one hand, while it would only be increased by the amount of £5,000,000 on the other.

This is not all; the agricultural division consumes an enormous quantity of foreign produce, in the shape of sugar, wine, rum, indigo, cotton, timber, &c. &c., and this is bought for it by the other divisions with manufactured goods. Consumption here, and, of necessity, the export caused by it, would be mightily reduced. Let us take the reduction at only £5,000,000, and then the trade of the other divisions would have £30,000,000 taken from it annually. My conviction is, that I am greatly below the truth, that the import of foreign corn would be very little raised, and that the exports of the country would be greatly reduced.

Now, where would the manufacturing and trading divisions find a counterpoise to this loss of trade? The reply of the Economists is—they would export more, and they would have the amount of the reduction in the price of corn to buy other commodities with. As to the increase of exports, it is not asserted that it would exceed in value the corn imported, therefore it is disposed of by what I have already stated. With regard to the other part of the re-

ply, the Economists insist on cheap corn merely that labour may be equally cheap; and, on their own doctrines, the reduction in corn would be of small value if it should not reduce wages in proportion. The Huskisson school clamours for cheap corn, that the manufacturers may be enabled, by reduced prices, to compete with foreigners. That the fall in agricultural produce would throw much labour out of employment in agriculture, is confessed by the Economists; that it would diminish prodigiously the consumption of manufactures and merchandise amidst the agriculturists, is a matter which no one will deny; that a small excess is sufficient to cause a great reduction in manufacturing wages and prices, is above question; that there would be such an excess as would cause a fall in wages and profits, greater in proportion than that in corn, is proved by all experience; and that the manufacturing and trading divisions would have much less money, instead of more, to buy other commodities with, is established, not only by every thing in fact and reason, but by the doctrines of the Economists themselves.

The question, then, is one touching the extent of trade, or, in other words, employment for capital and labour. No matter how dear commodities may be, the labourer's command over them will be the greatest, when there is the most employment for labour; and the rate of profit will be the highest, when there is the most employment for capital. The community, as well as the individual, will prosper the most when such employment is the most abundant. Of course, if a country, by buying at the cheapest market, materially reduce its employment for capital and labour, it must greatly reduce profits and wages in both rate and aggregate amount, and thereby impoverish itself, and make all commodities much dearer in reality to its population. It ought, therefore, to buy, not where it can buy the cheapest, but where its buying will add the most to such employment.

I will now point out the ONLY cases in which Free Trade could benefit England.

If she can *permanently* buy any commodity cheaper of a foreign nation, than at home, without reducing her employment for capital and labour, she ought to do so. Of course, she ought to sell as many goods to the foreign nation as will employ the capital and labour which the production of the commodity at home would employ. For example, suppose that she can buy silks of France at a cheaper rate than she can manufacture them at; and that she can sell woollens to France at a cheaper rate than the latter can manufacture them at. In this case, it will be beneficial for her to abandon the manufacture of silks, and buy them wholly of France, *provided*, 1. That the latter will abandon the manufacture of woollens, and buy them wholly of her: 2. That the manufacturing of the woollens required by France will employ as much capital and labour as the silk manufacture would do if continued: 3. That it is impossible for England ever to produce silks at as cheap a rate as France: and, 4. That intercourse between the two nations is never interrupted.

The benefit here will arise thus: England will in reality only exchange one manufacture for another: she will be able to buy silks cheaper, and still retain the same employment for capital and labour; therefore the reduction in the price of silks will be clear gain to her.

But if she abandon the manufacture of silks to buy of France, and the latter will not buy her woollens, she loses a manufacture, and a vast portion of employment for capital and labour. Assuming that her silk trade produces annually to the value of twelve or sixteen millions, she strikes this amount from the value of her aggregate production. She takes twice as much from the part of her population turned out of the silk trade as she can gain by buying cheap French silks: by reducing trade, and causing a great excess of capital and labour, she takes much more than the whole value of the silks from the rest of her population.

And if, on her abandoning the silk manufacture, France will surrender to her in return what will only employ a part of the capital and labour driven from it, she must lose greatly. Suppose that the manufacture employs £12,000,000 of capital, and 500,000 souls; and that, on its being

resigned, France will buy as many woollens, cottons, &c. as will employ L.6,000,000 of capital, and 250,000 souls. In this case nearly an equal amount of capital and labour will be rendered constantly idle, even though the saving in the cost of silks be expended in British productions. Her loss, therefore, must be exceedingly large. In making an exchange of this kind, her loss must be proportioned to her sacrifice of employment for capital and labour.

If there be a fair probability that England will in process of time manufacture silks, or other articles, at as cheap a rate as France, she ought not to abandon the manufacture, although France will give a full equivalent. When she can equal the latter in cheapness, she will enjoy all the benefit which an exchange could yield; and in addition, the benefit will be secured to her for ever, while with the exchange, it would be liable to be taken away; and she will gain a valuable additional article of export, which the exchange could not give her.

England would lose very greatly from such an exchange of manufactures, if the intercourse between her and France should be frequently interrupted. In case of war, silks would be raised to a higher price than she could produce them for, on the one hand, and she would lose nearly the whole of her sale of woollens to France on the other. If she should, at the commencement of every war, employ the capital and labour driven out of the woollen trade in the manufacture of silks, and at the close transfer them again to the woollen trade, the tremendous loss which every change of this kind would produce, would far outweigh all the profit she could draw from the buying of cheap silks in periods of peace.

It must be remarked, that to make this exchange beneficial, it is essential for the manufacture of silks in England, and of woollens in France, to be wholly abandoned. If this be done, silks will be cheapened, and there will be no reduction of profits and wages. But if the two countries merely agree to give free admission to silks and woollens, and it follow from this that English silks and French woollens are greatly reduced in price, while no material quantity of either is exported, the fruit must be injury. Only a small portion of French silks may be imported, and the woollens sent to France may employ the capital and labour which they may render idle; there may be the same quantity of employment for capital and labour, but the part of the population employed in the silk trade will lose almost as much as the amount of the reduction in the price of silks; some millions will be taken from its annual expenditure, and it will be constantly bound to bad profits and wages; this must necessarily reduce both the extent of general trade, and general profits and wages. Of course, England will lose more from the exchange, on the one hand, than she will gain on the other.

In all cases of Free Trade, it is thus as essential for profits and wages, as it is for the quantity of employment for capital and labour, to be preserved from reduction. If the former be reduced, it must of itself reduce the latter. If Free Trade reduce the profits of any considerable part of the community, it must, of necessity, reduce the extent of trade, and rate of profits and wages of the whole.

This case differs altogether from that called for by the Economists touching corn. They advise that England shall abandon the production of corn to a certain extent in favour of foreign nations, in order that the latter may buy more of her manufactures. If she do this, she must not only drive a vast portion of capital and labour out of employment in agriculture, but bind profits and wages in it to the lowest point. The Economists do not call for an equal surrender of employment, they merely promise that she shall give manufactures in payment for the corn she may buy abroad. Now, agriculture yields in proportion infinitely more employment for capital and labour, than manufactures; the same quantity of capital and labour will perhaps produce, in respect of value, eight times more of such manufactures as are exported, than it would do of agricultural produce. The inferior land would be put out of cultivation; each acre of it employs, perhaps, four pounds of tenant's ca-

pital, and does not send to market much more than a quarter of corn annually. Suppose that production should be reduced five million quarters, and that practically five million acres of such land should be put out of tillage. This would drive twenty millions of tenant's capital alone, and probably half a million of souls, from employment. The land, as sheep pasture, would not employ more than a tenth of the capital and labour it now does. On the other hand, if all the corn bought of foreigners should be paid for with manufactures, a million or two of capital, and less than one hundred thousand souls, would be able to fabricate them. But only a small part of the corn would be so paid for. In consequence, nearly all the capital and labour driven from agriculture, would be rendered permanently idle; those at present employed in manufactures, could produce all the additional manufactures required. About half the population would, therefore, sustain a ruinous reduction of profits and wages, and a vast portion of capital and labour would be wholly deprived of employment; this would, of necessity, have a destructive effect on the trade, profits, and wages of the remainder. The reduction in the prices of agricultural produce would have no countervailing effect worthy of notice in comparison.

As a second case—If England could not commence a new manufacture without having foreign markets so far closed against her in consequence, as to exclude goods which would constantly employ more capital and labour than the new manufacture could do, she ought not to commence the latter.

As a third case—If England could always buy sugar and timber cheaper of foreign nations than of her own colonies, and the foreign nations would employ her ships, buy her goods in both kind and quantity,—in a word, employ her capital and labour, as far as her colonies would do, she might, looking alone at pecuniary benefit, profit by Free Trade. To enable her to do so, it would, however, be essential,—1. That her trade with the foreign nations should be as secure and as free from interruptions by war or other causes, as it would be if continued with her colonies: 2. That the abandonment of her colonies should not be converted by other powers into the means of injuring her trade; and, 3. That her buying of the foreign nations should not, by giving them wealth and connexions, make them her rivals and opponents in general trade. This case affects national power, to which trade ought ever to be, for its own good, subservient.

These, and similar ones, form the only cases in which Free Trade could benefit England, and they evidently are not within the bounds of possibility.

With regard to the first, if England and France should agree that the former would give free admission to French silks, and the latter to English woollens, no security could be obtained that the woollens sent to France would employ the capital and labour which might be driven out of the silk trade. To make the agreement beneficial, the silk manufacture in the one country, and the woollen one in the other, ought to be wholly given up; but this would not be the case. Both would be carried on to a considerable extent. On the one hand, England would export an additional quantity of woollens of no great magnitude; and, on the other, she would have the whole silk trade bound to constant depression and suffering by the unequal competition. Much more capital and labour would be driven from the silk trade than would be required for fabricating the woollens; and the loss arising from this, with the distress of the trade, would outweigh the gain which the community might draw from the cheapness of silks. Then France might soon equal England in woollens, and in such case the capital and labour expelled from the silk trade would be rendered wholly idle. But the frequent interruption of intercourse caused by war would alone make the agreement a source of heavy loss.

Of the second case, I need not speak.

With regard to the third, the sugar colonies of England buy of her nearly all they consume. To a very great extent, the proprietors and mortgagees of the estates live and spend their income in her; and the fortunes which are acquired in them are

brought to her for investment and expenditure. She, in truth, receives all the profits they yield. If she should abandon them, and buy sugar of foreign producers, the latter would buy a large part of the goods they consume, in foreign markets. The sugar would be produced with foreign capital, and she would lose the vast means of investment which she possesses in her colonies. The producers would live and expend their money abroad; their profits would not come to England; their supplies and the sugar would be partly carried by foreign ships. In all probability, three-fourths of the labour and capital which the colonies employ in her would be rendered idle; and in addition, she would lose some millions of capital and income which they annually yield her. As a counterpoise to this, the gain extracted from the reduction in the price of sugar would be below notice.

England gives, or can give, to her colonies all kinds of manufactured goods in exchange for their timber; and both the goods and timber are carried by her ships. But if she should abandon them, and buy timber of foreign nations, the latter would buy little more of her goods than they do; and foreign ships would monopolize nearly all the carrying. The loss of employment for capital and labour here would cause the community to lose far more than the reduction in the price of timber would cover.

England can compel her colonies to trade with each other, and with herself; and then she can compel them to expend the wealth which they thus acquire in her productions; the profits which she gives them by buying their commodities at comparative high prices, she can compel them to expend in her market. In this manner, she gains an enormous portion of employment for her capital and labour, which would be nearly all lost, should she abandon them to buy of foreign nations.

If trade should be made wholly free, a gigantic mass of capital and labour would be driven from employment in agriculture; another gigantic mass would share the same fate in the shipping interest, and the silk, linen, and many other trades. Could all this find other employment? The Economists argue, that every nation can produce some commodities at a cheaper rate than other nations, and that it ought to confine itself to their production. In a practical point of view, this is in a great measure devoid of truth. Most nations can raise agricultural produce on about equal terms, in respect of natural advantages; and with Free Trade, all would raise it as far as practicable. If tropical productions cannot be raised in some countries, they can be in divers others on nearly the same terms. In respect of cotton, woollen, and other manufactures, the free export of capital, machinery, skill, and fuel, would go fa towards placing many nations on an equality in them. The advantage which one might possess in fuel, &c. would be counterpoised in another by cheap labour and materials. No one can doubt, that our manufacturers would be tempted to emigrate to all parts of Europe, as well as America, and that they would soon enable other nations to rival England in cheapness.

Not only would an enormous mass of capital and labour be driven from agriculture and the trades I have named, but the profits and wages of the remainder left in them would be constantly confined to the lowest points by foreign competition. The colonial trade would be almost wholly destroyed. The cotton, woollen, and similar trades would thus lose an immense portion of their sales to the population at home and in the colonies; and it is extremely doubtful that their sales to foreign nations would be sufficiently increased to balance the loss. The nations which now manufacture cottons, &c. would reduce their prices and procure English machinery, &c. to enable them to sustain the competition. The competition, both in this country and others, would keep population in the lowest stage of indigence; it would be a constant struggle between nation and nation to produce excess at the lowest prices, or, in other words, to produce the greatest extreme of starvation and wretchedness.

If the cotton and other exporting trades could gain an increase of foreign trade sufficient to cover the reduction in their sales at home and in the Colonies, they could only employ

the capital and labour which they do at present; of course, the vast portion of both driven out of employment, as I have stated, would be rendered permanently idle. But they could gain no such increase; on the contrary, my firm conviction is, that the export of machinery, &c. would soon take from them a large part of their present foreign trade. I conscientiously believe that general Free Trade would be the utter ruin of the British empire.

England thus would have a gigantic part of her capital and labour permanently deprived of employment, and her population would be bound to the lowest profits and wages. She would have commodities nominally cheaper, but in reality they would be far dearer. Her loss would be incalculable.

If I grant what the Economists contend for, that every nation can, from natural advantages, produce some commodities cheaper than all other nations, it does not follow that its confining itself to their production, coupled with Free Trade, would be beneficial. Let us assume that England can produce cottons and iron cheaper than all other countries; that she confines herself to their production, and abandons that of dear corn, silks, ships, &c.; and that every nation acts in a similar manner. National and individual wealth flow from good profits and wages, and extent of employment for capital and labour. The question then is, would England, in this case, have better profits and wages, and more of such employment, than she has had under the restrictive system? My reply is—No! She might be wholly free from competition abroad, and still it would, at home, combined with excessive production, keep profits and wages generally at the lowest figure. She would have far less employment for capital and labour. In every three or four years, she would have a fit of distress which would fill her with the miseries of famine, insurrection, and anarchy. Other nations would be similarly circumstanced.

The doctrine of the Economists stands on this—to the population employed in the cotton and iron trades, prices and wages would not be reduced, while all the commodities they consume would be cheapened. It is erroneous. The increase in the consumption of cottons and iron could only keep pace with the increase of population, and it would be a slow one. Any other than a very low rate of profit would cause excess, which would bring down prices. These articles are produced to a large extent by capital, and, in consequence, population would increase in England much more rapidly than employment; this would keep wages at the minimum. If the population of this or any other country should be principally dependent on manufactures, produced, in a great degree, by machinery, it would be kept by excess in the extreme of indigence; profits and wages could not be other than excessively low.

But sales to foreign nations have nothing to do with the question, because the Economists insist that England ought to buy at the cheapest market, without any reference to such sales. They insist, that if France will exclude her goods, she ought still to buy cheap French silks and abandon her own manufacture; that if other countries will buy nothing of her, she ought still to buy their cheap corn and other articles. In obedience to them, she is now acting on the system of buying cheap foreign commodities, to the grievous injury of her own producers, without asking the foreigner to take a single additional pennyworth of her goods. The question therefore is—how will such a system operate on her employment for capital and labour?

I am here met by another of the gigantic fictions which the Economists invent to save their system from falling to pieces. They maintain, that the labour and capital employed in producing the dear silks, corn, &c., would, if driven from such production, find more profitable employment in producing cottons and other cheap articles. What are their proofs? They offer nothing worthy of the name. In pretending to teach a science, they leave this point—which is an essential one, and which ought to be established by the clearest demonstration to entitle their declamations against dear production to the least notice—supported only by vague assertions.

If the production of any dear ar-

ticle—for instance, that of silks—were abandoned, where would the capital and labour engaged in it find employment? Oh, reply the Economists, they would be employed in producing the articles to be given in exchange for the foreign silks. Here is the preposterous assumption, that if England buy of France to the amount of ten millions, France must buy of her, of necessity, to the same amount. It practically asserts, that if France sell ten millions' worth of silks to England, this alone will enable her to consume ten millions' worth of English goods.

With regard to property, England could buy silks to this amount of France if the latter should wholly exclude her goods; and, if she should pay for the silks with woollens, she would derive a very small part of her means for consuming the former from the sale of the latter; she would draw these means chiefly from her home trade and her trade with other parts. Now, how far would the sale of ten millions' worth of silks to England enable France to consume English goods?

The body of people engaged in the silk trade must practically receive, in payment for its silks, the food, manufactured goods, &c. which it consumes—the raw produce which it uses—the amount, in money, of the rent, taxes, &c. which it pays,—and the money which it converts into savings. These, or money in lieu of the goods, or goods which it can convert into money, it must obtain; or it must keep its silks.

If half a million of people be employed in France to manufacture silks for England, they must really be paid in this manner. England must send them the goods they consume, and the money they need; and, in so far as she cannot send them these, she must send them such other goods as they can sell. These people, with Free Trade, could not take English corn, animal food, shoes, and a variety of other articles in payment; they could not occupy English houses and manufactories; they could only take a few kinds of goods in payment; and they could take no more of these than themselves and the hands they set to work in other trades could consume. They would require payment in money, in proportion as France should exclude English goods. It may be fairly assumed, that, with Free Trade, they would not be able to take one-fourth of the goods which the British manufacturers take; therefore, they would be paid principally with money.

If France should abandon the manufacture of cottons, and buy them of this country, to the amount of twenty millions annually, would this alone enable England to buy an additional quantity to the same amount of French goods? No; it would be much the same touching the consumption of such goods here, if the additional cottons were sent to other nations, as it would be if they were sent to France. England does not buy cotton of America, and wine of Portugal, and sugar of the West Indies, merely because they buy her goods; she buys these commodities because they are necessary for her consumption and trade with other parts, and, with her present laws, she would purchase them to a great extent if her goods were excluded from America, Portugal, and the West Indies. If she should sell these cottons to France, it would enlarge her purchases of some other countries greatly, but it would only enlarge them in a small degree touching France, because it would only increase, in a comparatively small degree, her means of using French productions.

In like manner, if England should buy silks annually of France, to the amount of ten millions, it would enable the latter to buy much more extensively of some other parts, but not of England. It would add comparatively but little to her means of using English productions; therefore, with Free Trade, she would buy almost as largely of such productions if she should not send the silks to England, as she would do if she should. I doubt whether this export of ten millions to, would add two millions to her imports from, England.

This question is of the highest importance in Political Economy. It relates not only to the comparative value of domestic and foreign trade, but to the comparative value of foreign trade, looking at other nations separately. No question could be named which is less understood, or respecting which more destructive errors prevail. As the home trade is

the most valuable, because it enables every division of the community to sell to the greatest extent, foreign trade is more or less valuable in proportion as it resembles it in this respect. That foreign trade, which buys of all the divisions, not only gives employment to all, but increases the means of each for employing the others, and it buys the most in aggregate amount; but that which only buys of one division gives nothing to the others beyond enabling this one to deal more largely with them, and it buys in proportion the least in aggregate amount. Then, that foreign trade is much more valuable which takes goods composed wholly or chiefly of British produce and labour, than that is which takes such as are composed principally of foreign produce and labour.

If, then, France should supply this country wholly with silks, she could not take goods in payment so far perhaps as to one-fourth of their value. How then would the case stand? The other divisions, instead of being enabled to sell the commodities to the foreigners which they had previously sold to the British silk trade, would be, to a great extent, deprived of a market for them. Assuming, as I have done, that the British manufacturers expend annually ten, and thereby cause an expenditure of twenty millions amidst the other divisions, this would be replaced by an expenditure direct and indirect, on the part of the foreigners, of perhaps one fourth of the sum, or five millions. It may be said, the British manufacturers would still need food and clothing;—granted: but they would form a redundant and idle population; their means of earning both would be taken away; therefore they would have to be, to a great extent, fed and clothed gratuitously, and they would cause such a glut of capital and labour as would take more than the amount of their present purchases from the sales of the other divisions. I may safely say, the latter would have the whole twenty millions taken from their sales.

Every division would have its trade more or less reduced; consequently, the cheap foreign silks would take employment from capital and labour in all the other divisions, instead of providing it in them for the capital and labour expelled from the silk trade.

In so far as this should fall on the agriculturists, some other divisions, and the working classes, it would be dead loss. If we take the British population at fifteen millions, and assume that the effect on profits and wages would take a pound per annum on the average from the income of each individual, the loss to the whole would be fifteen millions. Allowing three millions for the difference in the price of silks, this population would lose twelve millions by buying the cheap foreign silks, instead of the dear British ones.

This would be the case with Free Trade abroad. France might buy largely of British manufactures, but she would derive the power to do so in only a small degree from her sale of silks to England; and I am merely speaking of the portion of such power which this sale would give her. But France excludes most kinds of British goods, and her sales of silks to England could only enlarge, in a trifling degree, her consumption of the few kinds she will admit. Her increased sales of silks, gloves, &c., to England, in late years, have not increased her purchases of English goods.

This applies to other commodities bought of foreign nations. If Norway sell additional timber to the value of a million to England, this alone will not enable her to consume an additional quantity of English goods of the same value. If foreign nations should sell corn to the value of five millions, this would not enable them to expend the sum in British productions; they would require the chief part of it for other purposes. If England should sell to Russia cottons and woollens amounting to five millions, this would not in all probability enable her to expend another million in Russian goods.

Thus, if England buy cheap goods abroad instead of producing dear ones at home, her purchases, looked at separately, will only enable the nations she buys of to buy to a comparatively trifling extent of her. This is not the worst; they will diminish her other foreign trade, and increase that of such nations. If she buy all her silks of France, she must cease to import the raw silk and dyes used by her own manufacturers; and she must no longer employ her colonial

producers of these articles. Her loss of employment for capital and labour must reduce her general consumption. All this must reduce her general exports, and the trade thus lost to her must be in a great measure transferred to France.

If England buy foreign corn to the value of five millions annually, this will not probably enable her to sell, to the nations she buys it of, additional goods to the value of one million. The loss of consumption caused by it amidst her agriculturists alone will perhaps strike five millions from her exports.

If England buy all her silks of France, without increasing her sales to the latter, her general exports will be reduced by it; she will no longer send goods abroad in payment for raw silk, &c. In this case, the buying abroad will manifestly provide no employment in either the foreign or the home trade for the capital and labour driven from the silk manufacture. If, in addition, she should buy all her wrought cottons and iron abroad, without exporting more goods of other kinds than she does, it is evident, that not only all the capital and labour employed in the silk, cotton, and iron trades, but much more in other trades, would be rendered permanently idle.

It is from all this abundantly certain, 1. That if England buy silks or any other commodity of another nation, she does not by so doing enable the other nation to buy her goods to an equal amount; on the contrary, she only gives it the power to buy of her to a trifling extent in proportion. 2. That if she buy of other nations, instead of producing at home, and do not in consequence sell as many goods to them as will employ all the capital and labour which production at home would do, she must lose from it greatly in regard to employment for capital and labour. And 3. That if she buy of other nations, instead of producing at home, and do not in consequence sell more to them than she otherwise would do, she must lose by it, not only all the employment for capital and labour which the production of the commodities at home would give her, but much more. I may add, that the production of dear commodities cannot, in the nature of things, prevent her from having a sufficiency of capital and labour for the production of cheap ones.

The assertion of the Economists is, of course, of no value, that if capital and labour be not employed in producing the dear articles, they will be more profitably employed in producing the cheap ones, when it is thus demonstrable, that if England abandon production to buy abroad, this will not of itself enable the nations she may buy of to purchase her goods to an equal extent. I am now encountered by another of their gigantic fictions. They maintain that England must of necessity pay for every thing she buys abroad with goods; and that, if some nations will only take money in payment, she buys the money with goods of others, therefore, it makes no difference whether they take money or goods, as she still pays them indirectly with the latter.

The Economists are compelled to confess that it may be necessary to pay some nations principally with money, because this is proved by official documents. Such documents prove further, that the sales of England to other countries are not regulated by her purchases of them—that in her dealings with some her sales far exceed her purchases, and with others her purchases far exceed her sales. They prove farther, that some foreign parts have always a heavy balance of trade against them, from which they sustain grievous loss, and that it is possible for England to be placed in a similar state.

The doctrine of the Economists really amounts to this. If England buy of any country, for instance, France, to the amount of five millions, and have to give money in payments, she will sell five millions' worth of goods to other nations more than she would do if France would accept goods. It is evident, that if she sell no more to such nations than she would do if France would take goods, the latter is really paid with nothing but money; and that if she buy thus, by throwing her capital and labour out of employment in some trades, it cannot provide them with it in others. If she abandon the silk trade, buy of France with money, and export no more goods to other parts, the capital and labour

driven from the trade must remain idle. The question, therefore, is, If she buy of one nation with money, will it necessarily increase to the same amount her sale of goods to other nations?

The men who compel me to put such a question, call themselves the teachers of a science!

The general balance of trade has long been much in favour of England, and in consequence she might with the same sales have bought much more of foreign nations than she has done, without having to export gold in payment. If she have such a balance of five millions in her favour, she may buy silks for money of France to the amount, and pay for them with the bills she holds on other countries. She need not export any gold in payment, and if she do so, the balance will bring the gold from other parts. In this case, she will really buy the silks with money; she will not export a shilling's worth of goods in consequence of it, and it will provide no employment for the capital and labour driven out of her silk trade.

Let us now enquire what the fruits must be if she be compelled by buying cheap goods abroad, to buy gold to give in payment.

Of whom does England buy gold? She buys it of two totally different bodies: the one consists of the producers of it, who sell it for the goods they consume; the other consists of the mere dealers in it, who do not buy goods with it for their consumption. Which body does she buy of when the export of it compels her to buy? Of the dealers invariably. When she so buys, it does not enable the producers to bring an ounce more of it to market, or to take an additional shilling's worth of her goods.

And does she buy it of the dealers with goods? Never in reality.

When the export causes a scarcity of it, she buys it in this manner: The Bank contracts its issues of notes for the express purpose of checking trade and bringing down prices: this necessarily produces stagnation, general loss, numberless failures, and inability to order goods from abroad; these curtail the importation of goods, turn the balance of trade, and render it profitable to import gold. For every sovereign which England buys in this manner she gives at least three; every ten millions imported by her through such means causes her a loss of thirty.

But does she not in such case buy the gold with goods? In reality no. She buys gold of other countries instead of their productions; and she is only enabled to do so by her own loss of trade, loss of property, and privations. As the gold is already produced, her purchases of it set no labour to work abroad, but, on the contrary, by taking it instead of goods, they distress other countries, and thereby reduce the sales of her own productions. These purchases of gold reduce her sales of goods to foreign nations, reduce them mightily in the home market, and cause them to be made generally at a heavy loss.

This is the case at the best when she imports gold from necessity, but the import is made for her principally by capitalists who export no goods in payment for it. Suppose that there are six British and six foreign capitalists who are connected, and who hold collectively six millions of sovereigns in England. They sell the gold for bank notes to those who wish to export it, and with the notes they buy foreign stock: a scarcity takes place, they sell the stock abroad for the sovereigns, and bring them back again.

The Bank of England buys with its notes a million in French government securities; it then sells the securities to the Bank of France for gold, which it brings to this country; it sells here the gold for its notes, with which it again buys the same amount of foreign securities.

In these two cases the import of gold causes no export of goods.

Suppose that a house like Rothschild's imports from its foreign branches three millions of sovereigns. It sells them to the Bank, and vests the amount in Government securities. The balance of trade is turned in favour of this country, and for a few months, or a year, no gold can be exported. Then the export is renewed, the house sells its securities, and re-buys and sends the gold abroad. It employs the amount there until gold can be again imported, and then it buys the latter and brings it again to this country. In this case goods have nothing to do with the import.

In no circumstances does the forced

import of gold increase the export of goods; on the contrary, it diminishes it

If, therefore, England buy goods abroad for money, instead of producing them at home, she will lose the employment for capital and labour which the production of them would yield. If she buy corn, silks, ships, &c., abroad for money which, should she produce them at home, would employ twenty millions of capital and two millions of souls, she will export less goods from it instead of more, and she will deprive herself of employment for this amount of capital and number of souls.

This, of course, applies to the buying of cheap goods of one foreign nation with money, instead of dear ones of another with goods. Let us suppose that England wants to buy wine annually to the amount of about a million, and that she can buy of France twenty per cent cheaper than of Portugal, but the former will only take money, while the latter will take manufactures in payment. Let us suppose farther, that a single merchant manages the whole business.

If she buy of France, she practically takes a million of sovereigns to the merchant, and he, after deducting his profit, sends them to France, and receives in exchange the wines; they are then expended by the producers of the wine on foreign merchandise, manufactures, &c.

If she buy of Portugal, the same quantity of wine will require 1,200,000 sovereigns; she practically takes them to the merchant, and he, after deducting his profit, buys woollens, cottons, &c., with them; he does not send them abroad, but instead, he sends the manufactures, and receives in exchange the wine. We will assume that he only sends manufactures to the value of a million, and deduct the remainder of the sum for profit and expenses.

Now, supposing that Portugal would not take the manufactures, if England would not take the wine, the case stands thus. England will sell yearly one million's worth of manufactures more if she buy of Portugal, than she will do if she buy of France. On the one hand, then, there is a saving of £200,000, and on the other there is the profit on the manufactures.

What is this profit? In answering the question, we must look at the interests separately, which compose the community. Suppose that the manufactures comprehend £400,000 in woollens, £400,000 in cottons, and £200,000 in hardware; and that the manufacturers gain on them a profit of ten per cent. The body of masters will gain on them, in the woollen trade £40,000, in the cotton trade the same sum, and in the hardware trade £20,000. They will consist in a considerable degree of labour, and to the body of the labouring classes this will be clear profit; this body, if they were not exported, would receive in the aggregate so much less for its labour. They will consist in part of wool, provisions, &c., we will suppose, to the amount of £100,000; this sum will be nearly all clear profit to the agriculturists, as a body, for the latter could not sell the wool, &c., if the manufactures were not sent. The outward freight will be clear profit to the shipowners. There will be considerable profit gained by the monied interest from the additional employment of capital, the importers of cotton, dyes, &c., the makers of machinery, tradesmen, and most parts of the community. The revenue will be enlarged by enlarged consumption. A part of the manufactures will be fabricated from foreign produce, but this will be chiefly bought with British labour. Allowing on this point £100,000, the community will gain £900,000 by sending the manufactures to Portugal. This will be direct profit, and to it ought to be added the indirect profit producing by the extension of trade generally, which will flow from the export of the manufactures.

Let it be observed, that I am not speaking in vague terms of the community in the mass. If the woollen trade could not sell the four hundred thousand pounds worth of woollens, should it be unable to send them to Portugal, it is a truth wholly above question, that the profits and wages on them would be clear gain to the masters and workmen as a body. If the wool, provisions, &c. could only be sold through the export of the manufactures, it is indisputable that the money received for them would be nearly all clear gain to the landowners, farmers, and hus-

bandry labourers, as a body. It is evident that the freight on the manufactures would be clear gain to the shipowners and seamen as a body, if the manufactures could only be exported by being thus sent to Portugal. The profit to the body would be profit to the individual. The more demand there is for woollens, the more trade and employment there are for the individual manufacturers and workmen. An additional demand for corn gives better prices to the farmer and more work to his labourer.

This applies still more forcibly to the trade with the Colonies, because their means of buying of England depend chiefly on their sales to her. They could buy but little of her, should she transfer her trade to foreign nations, and she would sell to such nations infinitely less than she now sells to them. Suppose that she gives to them ten millions for goods, which she could buy of foreign nations for eight, and that they buy goods of her to the amount of ten millions; but should she transfer her purchases to such nations, the latter and the Colonies would only buy of her to the amount of five. In this case, she would gain two millions on the one hand, and lose the sale of five millions' worth of goods on the other: her loss would very far exceed her gain.

What is true touching the whole, is equally true touching the part; in the home, foreign, and colonial trades, she must lose in proportion as she may buy with money instead of goods.

The Economists, as I have stated, from Adam Smith downwards, have been led into their ruinous error by these assumptions: 1. That if England buy cheap goods abroad, instead of producing them at a dearer rate at home, the community will have the difference of price to expend on other things. In refutation of this, it is demonstrable, that, if she buy foreign corn, silks, &c. the agriculturists, silk-manufacturers, &c.—that is above half the community—must have incalculably less money to expend in general commodities than they have had under the restrictive system; and that this must of necessity reduce trade, prices, and wages, and cause the rest of the community to have incalculably less. 2. That if she buy goods abroad, instead of producing them at home, she must of necessity pay for them solely with goods; therefore it cannot reduce her employment for capital and labour. In refutation of this, all experience, as well as the nature of things, demonstrates, that she can buy of other nations without paying them with goods—that she can buy more of France, Germany, Russia, or any other foreign part, than she does, to the amount of many millions annually, without increasing her export of goods—that if she so buy, the amount of her purchases can go into the general balance of trade against her, and the balance can be from time to time adjusted by bills, or an export of gold—and that, if an adverse balance compel her to buy gold, this reduces, instead of increasing, her export of goods. It is demonstrable, that if she buy of a foreign nation, it is physically impossible for her purchases to give to such nation the power to buy of her to an equal extent, or to more than a comparatively small one. And in refutation of the doctrine, that if capital and labour be driven from one employment they can always find another, the history of every country in which the land is appropriated proves that it has always been oppressed with the difficulty of providing employment for its population. All such countries, with Free Trade, have had their inhabitants bound to the extreme of indigence by deficiency of employment and inability to obtain prices which would yield adequate profits and wages. The assumptions on which the Economists rest are thus wholly fallacious.

The grand essential then is, EMPLOYMENT FOR CAPITAL AND LABOUR. Comparative cheapness is a national scourge, in so far as it diminishes such employment. Putting out of sight the raw produce used by the exporting manufacturers, which is not involved in the question, cheapness is a point of minor and comparatively trifling importance. The comparative dearness of silks, gloves, sugar, &c., affects the expenses of living only; it does not reduce the rate of profit in general trade. The Free Trade people argue that the dearness of a commodity reduces its consump-

tion, and this is equivalent to asserting that it does not injure the consumption of other commodities; it therefore follows, that if silks be dear, the community consumes less of them; and that it consumes about the same quantity of other commodities when they are so, as when they are cheap. If, then, silks, gloves, sugar, &c., be dear, the cotton, woollen, and other manufacturers have as high a rate of profit and as much trade, and the working classes have as high a rate of wages, and as much work, as they would have if these articles were somewhat cheaper from being bought abroad. The only difference is, they have a less command over these articles, while they have not a less one over others.

But if the production of dear goods at home cause more capital and labour to be employed than otherwise could be, it causes profits and wages to be higher than they otherwise would be throughout the community. If it enable the farmer to obtain two shillings per quarter more for his corn, and a proportionately higher price for his live stock; and the labourer to obtain a shilling or two per week more, or a few weeks of employment more in the year; it gives them far more on the one hand, than it takes from them on the other. Such production has invariably this effect; it calls more capital and labour into employment, than it is possible for cheap buying of foreign countries to do; and in consequence, it adds more to the income of every individual than will cover the addition which it makes to price.

The present system of Free Trade stands, as I have stated, on the principle of buying at the cheapest market, without bestowing any regard on what is taken in payment; it admits the cheap commodities of foreign nations, without providing that they shall be paid for with goods. England now employs the ships and buys the corn, silks, &c. &c. of other countries, when such countries, instead of buying more of her goods, buy less, in various instances, than they did before she adopted such ruinous conduct. In consequence she really buys these commodities with money; their amount is thrown into the balance of trade against her, and she pays it with bills or the precious metals; if she did not buy them, her exports to the countries she receives them from would be as great as they are, and probably greater.

In so far as she thus employs foreign ships, and buys foreign commodities, she takes employment from her own capital and labour, and gives it to those of other nations. Every foreign ship which she regularly employs, prevents a British one from being built and employed, and of course prevents the commodities requisite for the building, repairing, and provisioning of such British vessel from being made use of. The case is the same with other things. Should she buy all her silks abroad in this manner, she would deprive a quantity of her capital and labour, equal to that engaged in the Silk Trade, of employment. Should she act so touching other articles, like effects would follow.

England has therefore taken from her capital and labour an enormous portion of employment, and given it to those of foreigners; and she has thereby taken from the remainder all the employment which this portion yielded, and given it to those of foreigners likewise. The ruined shipowner can no longer employ his capital and English seamen, but instead, the foreign one employs his capital and foreign seamen: The former can no longer employ the English shipbuilder, rope-maker, grazier, &c. &c. but instead the latter employs foreign ones. The starving silk-weavers can no longer consume English produce and manufactures, save through parochial aid; but instead the foreign ones consume foreign produce and manufactures. So it is throughout. This is not the worst. She has produced, amidst a large part of her population, a constant destructive glut of capital and labour. By opening her market to all foreign commodities at a fixed price, she has reduced, in a ruinous degree, the profits and wages of the principal portion of her inhabitants. Not only have the farmers, shipowners, silk manufacturers, &c. lost a large part of their trade, but they can reap nothing save loss from the remainder. Not only have the husbandry labourers, silk-weavers, &c. lost a large part of their employment, but they cannot extract from what is left them a sufficiency of necessaries. If various trades can

prevent the foreigner from robbing them of their business, they can only do so by the sacrifice of necessary profits and wages.

This tremendous loss of profits and wages in the trade which has not been surrendered to foreigners, has taken a further prodigious quantity of employment from capital and labour in every business. This has produced, in every business, a baleful glut of capital and labour; the same amount of capital can bring more goods to market,—the same quantity of labour is compelled to produce more, and this has made the glut much greater. It has inevitably followed, that profits and wages have fallen to the same ruinous point in every business.

Now, where are we to find the gain to be placed against all this in the balance-sheet? Commodities have been much cheapened. Has, then, the population a greater command over them for consumption? No, it never before had so little command over them; in reality, they never before were so dear to it; never before were the means of the capitalists and labourer for procuring luxuries and food so small, as they are at present. The profits of the employers—putting aside their capital—will scarcely procure them common necessaries, and the working classes are practically enduring the miseries of famine. Commodities have been cheapened, only by the destruction of the means of buying them; silks have been cheapened by taking from the mass of the community the means of wearing them; corn has been cheapened by taking from the body of the labouring orders the means of eating bread.

And is there the least evidence to prove that this system has increased the exports of England? No. Before she adopted it, her exports were, in proportion, larger and more regular than they have been since: had they increased in proportion as they then did, they would have been, at this moment, greater than they are. She buys some commodities of foreign nations which she then refused; and by so doing, she reduces her means for buying other commodities of them. She employs the ships of such nations; and, in consequence, she buys of them less timber, hemp, pitch, &c. She buys French silks; and, in consequence, she buys less French wine, brandy, &c. She buys foreign corn, and from this she buys less of general foreign goods. Then all this causes her to buy less of, and, therefore, to sell less to, her own colonies; this operates to diminish still farther her purchases of foreign countries. It may be regarded as certain, that she now buys less of, and sells less to, these countries, than she would have done had she not changed her system.

But there is the reduction of prices so necessary for enabling her manufacturers to compete successfully with foreigners abroad. What is the exact worth of this plea? Foreigners have reduced their prices as she has done, and when they have been unable to do this, they have raised their protecting duties against her. Various foreign markets are just as much closed against her manufactures as they were before she reduced her prices; America, the Netherlands, and several German states have, in one way or another, raised their duties against her; and, upon the whole, her goods have less access to foreign markets now than they had before they were cheapened.

I maintain, that the exports of England are much less than they would have been had she not changed her system. But if I grant, for the sake of argument, that the change has added to them even five millions, what is the profit? Trade, like gold, may be bought too dear; therefore, what price has she paid for the increase? Her profit is this—she has raised prodigiously to herself the prices of foreign goods; she has compelled herself to give for the same quantity of such goods, perhaps ten or fifteen millions' worth more of her own; she has constrained her capitalists and labourers to give infinitely more of their profits and labour for the same portion of foreign commodities. She has given as the price of the increase the profits of her capitalists, and the necessaries of her working classes—the prosperity, comfort, and peace of her whole population. In respect of pecuniary profit, she has been buying shillings at a sovereign each; for every million which she has thus added to her foreign trade, she has struck twenty millions from

her home and colonial trade. To gain this increase, she has filled herself with insolvency, want, wretchedness, starvation, crime, convulsion —in a word, with all the elements of national barbarism, bankruptcy, and revolution!

What do the wise men of Free Trade oppose to all this? The official accounts of imports and exports. The tonnage entries are of such an amount, *ergo* the shipping interest is in the highest prosperity. So much silk has been entered at the custom-house, *ergo* the silk trade is in the highest prosperity. The custom-house returns of imports and exports are so and so, *ergo* the whole population is in the highest prosperity. Profits and wages are, of course, out of the question; it matters not if the amount of the business indicated by the official papers will only yield one-fourth of the profit and wages it formerly yielded; it is of no moment if the capitalist can only employ his money at a loss, and the labourer can obtain nothing for his labour. Place before these wise men, in Parliament or out of it, the most conclusive proof that their measures have involved the shipping interest, the silk trade—the whole population in loss and misery; and their reply is, "Figures are against you—we can look only at the figures of the custom-house—profits and wages have nothing to do with the matter, and your facts we cannot deign to notice."

What inexpiable wickedness can England have committed, that she is thus placed under the dominion of men so incomprehensibly destitute of common knowledge and understanding!

The more extensively she applies this system of Free Trade, the more employment she must take from her capital and labour, and the more terrible must the consequences be to herself. She has only to extend it a little farther in regard to agricultural produce, to deprive Ireland almost wholly of a market, saying nothing of the British agriculturists. What would flow from this? She has only to apply it to sugar, timber, and salt fish, to involve her more valuable colonies in complete ruin. What would this produce?

I have already pointed out the only cases in which Free Trade, *in such articles as she and her colonies can produce in sufficient quantity*, could benefit England; and I have shewn, that they are not within the bounds of possibility. I will now state the only cases in which, speaking generally, it is possible for Free Trade to benefit her.

The first comprises the raw produce used by her exporting manufacturers.

The second comprises such commodities as she and her colonies cannot produce.

The third comprises such commodities as she and her colonies cannot produce in sufficient quantity; in this case, her home and colonial producers ought to be sufficiently protected.

The commodities comprehended in these cases, are not involved in the controversy. The old restrictive system of England cherished Free Trade in them as far as practicable. All which the wool producers at present claim is, that protection in duty which is given to the rest of the community. The Free Trade which the Economists* advocate and their opponents condemn, *relates only to the*

* As ludicrous an argument as I ever met with has recently been given to the world by one of the Free Trade visionaries, viz. That England ought to be incited by the example of ancient Carthage and Tyre, to persevere in her new system. What were they? Mere commercial cities which traded and carried between nation and nation. In so far as they produced commodities, they had no competitors; their wealth was acquired by practical monopoly and prohibition; as soon as they were assailed by competitors, that is, when they were exposed to Free Trade, they fell into irretrievable ruin. Holland formerly resembled them in a great measure; she was the merchant and carrier between other nations, and when they rivalled her she sunk. Does the British empire resemble them? No. It has comparatively no trading and carrying between one foreign nation and another, and it is almost wholly dependent on production. It may find in them an awful beacon, but not an example. I mention this as a proof of the consummate ignorance of the braggarts who declaim so furiously in favour of what they call Free Trade.

commodities which England and her colonies can produce in sufficient quantity. Of course, it can give no freedom to her trade, beyond enabling one interest to ruin another, to the grievous injury of all; it enables the merchants to ruin the agriculturists and shipowners, and the mercers to ruin the silk manufacturers; and such is all the freedom her trade can gain from it. In reality, it frees the trade of foreign nations from restrictions and prohibitions, and places them on the trade of England.

Free Trade in such commodities only as are comprised in the foregoing cases, was the Free Trade of Mr Pitt, as well as of the old system of this country. That great statesman defended his commercial treaty with France, on the ground that it would greatly enlarge the sales and the employment for capital and labour of England on the one hand, without materially reducing them on the other. He said of the two countries—" Having each its own and distinct staples—having each that which the other wanted, and not clashing in the great and leading lines of their respective riches, they were like two great traders in different branches; they might enter into a traffic which would prove mutually beneficial to them." This extract contains the grand principle on which intercourse between nation and nation must be founded, to be beneficial.

Such was the opinion of Mr Pitt. He could not conceive that a trade between two countries could yield advantage, which should enable each to supply the other with what it did not want, and cause them to clash in the great and leading lines of their respective riches. If he could rise from his grave, what would he say of the present system? What would he say when he saw foreign nations suffered to supply England *with every thing she did not want*—when he saw them suffered to clash with and distress that great source of wealth, agriculture,—that great source of wealth and protection, shipping,—that important source of wealth, the silk manufacture,—in a word, all her sources of riches? What would he say when he saw foreign nations suffered to do all this, WITHOUT GIVING UP ANY THING IN THE WAY OF EQUIVALENT?

I have said sufficient to prove that the Free Trade doctrines of the Economists are wholly false in the abstract, that they are as false in regard to national wealth, as in regard to other matters, and that nothing can be more erroneous than the assertion, as a general principle, Trade ought to be free. My concluding observations must be given in another article.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

LONDON, *Sept.* 30, 1829.

TRANSLATION OF DELTA'S SONNET "ON VISITING ABBOTSFORD."

(*Vide Blackwood's Magazine for August*, 1829.)

A SIR WALTER SCOTT. VISITANDO ABBOTSFORD.

SONETTO.

Placida calma sul pineto ombroso
Scendea col raggio del cadente giorno,
Ed io calcava il sacro suol, pensoso
E reverente, alle tue soglie intorno.

Ecco, io dicea, le torri, ecco il soggiorno
Dell' ingegno divin, che glorioso
Fe' il secol nostro collo stile adorno,
Che non teme del tempo il dente esoso.

Oh come, quando l'infinita schiera
Degli or viventi giacerà sotterra,
E TU pur visto avrai l'ultima sera,

Devoti qui dal più lontan confine
I peregrin verranno della terra,
D'este torri a baciar l'alte ruine!

G. D.

A SINGULAR LETTER FROM SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Communicated by Mr Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.

My dear Friend,

In my last I related to you all the circumstances of our settlement here, and the prospect that we had of a peaceful and pleasant habitation. In truth, it is a fine country, and inhabited by a fine race of people, for the Kousies, as far as I have seen of them, are a simple and ingenuous race, and Captain Johnstone having ensured the friendship and protection of their chief, we lived in the most perfect harmony with them, trafficking with them for oxen, for which we gave them iron and copper in exchange, the former being held in high estimation by them. But alas! sir, such a fate has befallen to me since I wrote you last, as I am sure never fell to the lot of a human being. And I am now going to relate to you one of those stories which, were it to occur in a romance, would be reckoned quite out of nature, and beyond all bounds of probability, so true is it, that there are many things in heaven and earth that are not dreamed of in our philosophy.

You knew my Agnes from her childhood—you were at our wedding at Beattock, and cannot but remember what an amiable and lovely girl she then was. I thought so, and so did you, at least you said you never had as bonny a bride on your knee. But you will hardly believe that her beauty was then nothing in comparison with what it became afterwards; and when she was going about our new settlement with our little boy in her arms, I have often fancied that I never saw as lovely a human being.

Be that as it may, the chief Karoo came to me one day with his interpreter, whom he caused to make a long palaver about his power, and dominion, and virtues, and his great desire to do much good. The language of this fellow being a mixture of Kaffre, High Dutch, and English, was peculiarly ludicrous, and most of all so when he concluded with expressing his lord's desire to have my wife to be his own, and to give me in exchange for her four oxen, the best that I could choose from his herd!

As he made the proposal in presence of my wife, she was so much tickled with the absurdity of the proposed barter, and the manner in which it was expressed, that she laughed immoderately. Karoo, thinking she was delighted with it, eyed her with a look that surpasses all description, and then caused his interpreter make another palaver to her concerning all the good things she was to enjoy, one of which was, that she was to ride upon an ox whose horns were tipped with gold. I thanked the great Karoo for his kind intentions, but declared my incapability to part with my wife, for that we were one flesh and blood, and nothing could separate us but death. He could comprehend no such tie as this. All men sold their wives and daughters as they listed, I was told,—for that the women were the sole property of the men. He had bought many women from the Tambookies, that were virgins, and had never given above two cows for any of them; and because he desired to have my wife, he had offered me as much for her as would purchase four of the best wives in all the two countries, and that therefore I was bound to give her up to him. And when I told him finally that nothing on earth could induce me to part with her, he seemed offended, bit his thumb, knitted his brows, and studied long in silence, always casting glances at Agnes of great pathos and languishment, which were perfectly irresistible, and ultimately he struck his spear's head in the ground, and offered me ten cows and a bull for my wife, and a choice virgin to boot. When this proffer was likewise declined, he smiled in derision, telling me I was the son of foolishness, and that *he foretold I should repent it.* Three times he went over this, and then went away in high dudgeon. Will you, sir, believe, or will any person alive believe, that it was possible I could live to repent this?

My William was at this time about eleven months old, but was still at the breast, as I could never prevail on his lovely mother to wean

him, and at the very time of which I am speaking, our little settlement was invaded one night by a tribe of those large baboons called ourang-outangs, pongos, or wild men of the woods, who did great mischief to our fruits, yams, and carrots. From that time we kept a great number of guns loaded, and set a watch; and at length the depredators were again discovered. We sallied out upon them in a body, not without alarm, for they are powerful and vindictive animals, and our guns were only loaded with common shot. They fled at the first sight of us, and that with such swiftness that we might as well have tried to catch deers, but we got one close fire at them, and doubtless wounded a number of them, as their course was traced with blood. We pursued them as far as the Keys river, which they swam, and we lost them.

Among all the depredators, there was none fell but one youngling, which I lifted in my arms, when it looked so pitifully, and cried so like a child, that my heart bled for it. A large monster, more than six feet high, perceiving that he had lost his cub, returned brandishing a huge club, and grinning at me. I wanted to restore the abominable brat, for I could not bear the thought of killing it, it was so like a human creature; but before I could do this several shots had been fired by my companions at the hideous monster, which caused him once more to take to his heels, but turning oft as he fled, he made threatening gestures at me. A Kousi servant that we had finished the cub, and I caused it to be buried.

The very morning after that but one, Agnes and her black maid were milking our few cows upon the green: I was in the garden, and William was toddling about pulling flowers, when, all at once, the women were alarmed by the sight of a tremendous ourang-outang issuing from our house, which they had just left. They seem to have been struck dumb and senseless with amazement, for not one of them uttered a sound, until the monster, springing forward in one moment, snatched up the child and made off with him. Instead of coming to me, the women pursued the animal with the child, not knowing, I believe, what they were doing. The fearful shrieks which they uttered alarmed me, and I ran to the milking green, thinking the cows had fallen on the women, as the cattle of that district are ticklish for pushing when any way hurt or irritated. Before I reached the green where the cows stood, the ourang-outang was fully half a mile gone, and only the poor feeble exhausted women running screaming after him. For a good while I could not conceive what was the matter, but having my spade in my hand, I followed spontaneously in the same direction. Before I overtook the women, I heard the agonized cries of my dear boy, my darling William, in the paws of that horrible monster. There is no sensation of which the human heart is capable that can at all be compared with the horror which at that dreadful moment seized on mine. My sinews lost their tension, and my whole frame became lax and powerless. I believe I ran faster than usual, but then I fell every minute, and as I passed Agnes she fell into a fit. Kela-kal, the black girl, with an astonishing presence of mind, had gone off at a tangent, without orders, or without being once missed, to warn the rest of the settlers, which she did with all expedition. I pursued on, breathless, and altogether unnerved with agony; but, alas! I rather lost than gained ground.

I think if I had been fairly started, that through desperation I could have overtaken the monster, but the hopelessness of success rendered me feeble. The truth is, that he did not make great speed, not nearly the speed these animals are wont to make, for he was greatly encumbered with the child. You perhaps do not understand the nature of these animals—neither do I: but they have this peculiarity, that when they are walking leisurely or running downhill, they walk upright like a human being; but when hard pressed on level ground, or up-hill, they use their long arms as fore-legs, and then run with inconceivable swiftness. When flying with their own young, the greater part of them will run nearly twice as fast as an ordinary man, for the cubs cling to them with both feet and hands, but as my poor William shrunk from the monster's touch, he was obliged to embrace him

closely with one paw, and run on three, and still in that manner he outran me. O may never earthly parent be engaged in such a heart-rending pursuit! Keeping still his distance before me, he reached the Keys river, and there the last gleam of hope closed on me, for I could not swim while the ourang-outang, with much acuteness, threw the child across his shoulders, held him by the feet with one paw, and with the other three stemmed the river, though then in flood, with amazing rapidity. It was at this dreadful moment that my beloved babe got his eyes on me as I ran across the plain towards him, and I saw him holding up his little hands in the midst of the foaming flood, and crying out, "Pa! pa! pa!" which he seemed to utter with a sort of desperate joy at seeing me approach.

Alas, that sight was the last, for in two minutes thereafter the monster vanished, with my dear child, in the jungles and woods beyond the river, and then my course was stayed, for to have thrown myself in, would only have been committing suicide, and leaving a destitute widow in a foreign land. I had therefore no other resource but to throw myself down, and pour out my soul in lamentation and prayer to God. From this state of hapless misery, I was quickly aroused by the sight of twelve of my countrymen coming full speed across the plain on my track. They were all armed and stripped for the pursuit, and four of them, some of whom you know, Adam Johnstone, Adam Haliday, Peter Carruthers, and Joseph Nicholson, being excellent swimmers, plunged at once into the river and swam across, though not without both difficulty and danger, and without loss of time continued the pursuit.

The remainder of us, nine in number, were obliged to go half a day's journey up the river, to a place called Shekah, where the Tambookies dragged us over on a hurdle; and we there procured a Kousi, who had a hound, which he pretended could follow the track of an ourang-outang over the whole world. Urged on by a sort of forlorn and desperate hope, we kept at a running pace the whole afternoon; and at the fall of night, came up with Peter Carruthers, who had lost the other three. A singular adventure had befallen to himself. He and his companions had agreed to keep within call of each other; but as he advanced, he conceived he heard the voice of a child crying behind him to the right, on which he turned off in that direction, but heard no more of the wail. As he was searching, however, he perceived an ourang-outang steal from a thicket, which, nevertheless, it seemed loath to leave. When he pursued it, it fled slowly, as with intent to entice him in pursuit from the spot; but when he turned towards the thicket, it immediately followed. Peter was armed with a pistol and rapier; but his pistol and powder had been rendered useless by swimming the river, and he had nothing to depend on but his rapier. The creature at first was afraid of the pistol, and kept aloof; but seeing no fire issue from it, it came nigher and nigher, and seemed determined to have a scuffle with Carruthers for the possession of the thicket. At length it shook its head, grinning with disdain, and motioned him to fling the pistol away as of no use; it then went and brought two great clubs, of which it gave him the choice, to fight with it. There was something so bold, and at the same time so generous, in this, that Peter took one as if apparently accepting the challenge; but that moment he pulled out his gleaming rapier, and ran at the hideous brute, which frightened it so much, that it uttered two or three loud grunts like a hog, and scampered off; but soon turning, it threw the club at Peter with such a certain aim, that it had very nigh killed him.

He saw no more of the animal that night; but when we found Carruthers, he was still lingering about the spot, persuaded that my child was there, and that if in life, he would soon hear his cries. We watched the thicket all night, and at the very darkest hour, judge of my trepidation when I heard the cries of a child in the thicket, almost close by me, and well could distinguish that the cries proceeded from the mouth of my own dear William, from that sweet and comely mouth which I had often kissed a hundred times in a day. We all rushed spontaneous-

ly into the thicket, and all towards the same point; but, strange to relate, we only ran against one another, and found nothing besides. I cried on my boy's name, but all was again silent, and we heard no more. He only uttered three cries, and then we all heard distinctly that his crying was stopped by something stuffed into his mouth. I still wonder how I retained my reason, for certainly no parent had ever such a trial to undergo. Before day, we heard some movement in the thicket, and though heard by us all at the same time, each of us took it for one of our companions moving about; and it was not till long after the sun was up, that we at length discovered a bed up among the thick branches of a tree, and not above twelve feet from the ground; but the occupants had escaped, and no doubt remained but that they were now far beyond our reach. This was the most grievous and heartbreaking miss of all; and I could not help giving vent to my grief in excessive weeping, while all my companions were deeply affected with my overpowering sorrow.

We then tried the dog, and by him we learned the way the fliers had taken; but that was all, for as the day grew warm, he lost all traces whatever. We searched over all the country for many days, but could find no traces of my dear boy, either dead or alive; and at length were obliged to return home weary and broken-hearted. To describe the state of my poor Agnes is impossible. It may be conceived, but can never be expressed. But I must haste on with my narrative, for I have yet a great deal to communicate.

About three months after this sad calamity, one evening, on returning home from my labour, my Agnes was missing, and neither her maid-servant, nor one of all the settlers, could give the least account of her. My suspicions fell instantly on the Kousi chief, Karoo, for I knew that he had been in our vicinity hunting, and remembered his threat. This was the most grievous stroke of all, and, in order to do all for the preservation of my dear wife that lay in my power, I and three of my companions set out and travelled night and day, till we came to the chief's head-quarters. I have not time to describe all the fooleries and difficulties we had to encounter; suffice it, that Karoo denied the deed, but still in such a manner that my suspicions were confirmed. I threatened him terribly with the vengeance of his friend Captain Johnstone, and the English army at the Cape, saying, I would burn him and all his wives and his people with fire. He wept out of fear and vexation, and offered me the choice of his wives, or any two of them, shewing me a great number of them, many of whom he recommended for their great beauty and fatness; and I believe he would have given me any number if I would have gone away satisfied. But the language of the interpreter being in a great measure unintelligible, we all deemed that he said repeatedly that Karoo *would not give the lady up.*

What was I now to do? We had not force in our own small settlement to compel Karoo to restore her; and I was therefore obliged to buy a trained ox, on which I rode all the way to the next British settlement, for there are no horses in that country. There I found Captain Johnstone with three companies of the 72d, watching the inroads of the savage Boshesmen. He was greatly irritated at Karoo, and dispatched Lieutenant M'Kenzie, and fifty men along with me, to chastise the aggressor. When the chief saw the Highlanders, he was terrified out of his wits; but, nevertheless, not knowing what else to do, he prepared for resistance, after once more proffering me the choice of his wives.

Just when we were on the eve of commencing a war, which must have been ruinous to our settlement, a black servant of Adam Johnstone's came to me, and said that I ought not to fight and kill his good chief, for that he had not the white woman. I was astonished, and asked the Kaffre what he meant, when he told me that he himself saw my wife carried across the river by a band of pongos, (ourang-outangs,) but he had always kept it a secret, for fear of giving me distress, as they were too far gone for pursuit when he beheld them. He said they had her bound, and were carrying her gently on their arms, but she was either dead or in

a swoon, for she was not crying, and her long hair was hanging down.

I had kept up under every calamity till then, but these news fairly upset my reason. I fell a-blaspheming, and accused the Almighty of injustice for laying such fearful judgments on me. May he in mercy forgive me, for I knew not what I said; but had I not been deprived of reason I could not have outlived such a catastrophe as this, and whenever it recurs to my remembrance, it will make my blood run chill till the day of my death. A whole year passed over my head like one confused dream; another came, and during the greater part of it my mind was very unsettled, but at length I began to indulge in long fits of weeping, till by degrees I awakened to a full sense of all my misery, and often exclaimed that there was no sorrow like my sorrow. I lingered on about the settlement, not having power to leave the spot where I had once been so happy with those I loved, and all my companions joined in the cultivation of my fields and garden, in hopes that I would become resigned to the will of the Lord and the judgments of his providence.

About the beginning of last year a strange piece of intelligence reached our settlement. It was said that two maids of Kamboo had been out on the mountains of Norroweldt gathering fruits, where they had seen a pongo taller than any Kousi, and that this pongo had a beautiful white boy with him, for whom he was gathering the choicest fruits, and the boy was gambolling and playing around him, and leaping on his shoulders.

This was a piece of intelligence so extraordinary, and so much out of the common course of events, that every one of the settlers agreed that it could not be a forgery, and that it behoved us immediately to look after it. We applied to Karoo for assistance, who had a great number of slaves from that country, much attached to him, who knew the language of the place whither we were going, and all the passes of the country. He complied readily with our request, giving us an able and intelligent guide, with as many of his people as we chose. We raised in all fifty Malays and Kousis; nine British soldiers, and every one of the settlers that could bear arms, went with us, so that we had in all nearly a hundred men, the blacks being armed with pikes, and all the rest with swords, guns, and pistols. We journeyed for a whole week, travelling much by night and resting in the shade by day, and at last we came to the secluded district of which we were in search, and in which we found a temporary village, or camp, of one of these independent inland tribes. They were in great alarm at our approach, and were apparently preparing for a vigorous resistance; but on our guide going up to them, who was one of their own tribe, and explaining our views, they received us joyfully, and proffered their assistance.

From this people we got the heart-stirring intelligence, that a whole colony of pongos had taken possession of that country, and would soon be masters of it all; for that the Great Spirit had sent them a Queen from the country beyond the sun, to teach them to speak, and work, and go to war; and that she had the entire power over them, and would not suffer them to hurt any person who did not offer offence to them; that they knew all she said to them, and answered her, and lived in houses and kindled fires like other people, and likewise fought rank and file. That they had taken one of the maidens of their own tribe to wait upon the queen's child; but because the girl wept, the Queen caused them to set her at liberty.

I was now rent between hope and terror—hope that this was my own wife and child, and terror that they would be rent in pieces by the savage monsters rather than given up. Of this last, the Lockos (the name of this wandering tribe) assured us, we needed not to entertain any apprehensions, for that they would, every one of them, die, rather than wrong a hair of their Queen's head. But that it behoved us instantly to surround them; for if they once came to understand that we were in pursuit, they would make their escape, and then the whole world would not turn or detain them.

Accordingly, that very night, being joined by the Lockos, we surrounded the colony by an extensive circle,

and continuing to close as we advanced. By the break of day we had them closely surrounded. The monsters flew to arms at the word of command, nothing daunted, forming a close circle round their camp and Queen, the strongest of the males being placed outermost, and the females inmost, but all armed alike, and all having the same demure and melancholy faces. The circle being so close that I could not see inside, I went with the nine red-coats to the top of a cliff, that, in some degree, overlooked the encampment, in order that, if my Agnes really was there, she might understand who was near her. Still I could not discover what was within, but I called her name aloud several times, and in about five minutes after that, the whole circle of tremendous brutal warriors flung away their arms and retired backward, leaving an open space for me to approach their Queen.

In the most dreadful trepidation I entered between the hideous files, being well guarded by soldiers on either hand, and followed by the rest of the settlers; and there I indeed beheld my wife, my beloved Agnes, standing ready to receive me, with little William in her right hand, and a beautiful chubby daughter in her left, about two years old, and the very image of her mother. Conceive, if you can, sir, such a meeting! Were there ever a husband and wife met in such circumstances before? Never since the creation of the world! The two children looked healthy and beautiful, with their fur aprons, but it struck me at first that my beloved was much altered: it was only, however, caused by her internal commotion, by feelings which overpowered her grateful heart, against which nature could not bear up, for on my first embrace she fainted in my arms, which kept us all in suspension and confusion for a long space. The children fled from us, crying for their mother, and took shelter with their friends the pongos, who seemed in great amazement, and part of them began to withdraw as if to hide themselves.

As soon as Agnes was somewhat restored, I proposed that we should withdraw from the camp of her savage colony; but she refused, and told me, that she behoved to part with her protectors on good terms, and that she must depart without any appearance of compulsion, which they might resent; and we actually rested ourselves during the heat of the day in the shades erected by those savage inhabitants of the forest. My wife went to her hoard of provisions, and distributed to every one of the pongos his share of fruit, succulent herbs, and roots, which they ate with great composure. It was a curious scene, something like what I had seen in a menagerie; and there was my little William, serving out food to the young ourang-outangs, cuffing them and ordering them, in the broad Annandale dialect, to do this, that, and the other thing, and they were not only obedient, but seemed flattered by his notice and correction. We were then presented with delicious fruits, but I had no heart to partake, being impatient to have my family away from the midst of this brutal society; for as long as we were there, I could not conceive them safe or fairly in my own power.

Agnes then stood up and made a speech to her subjects, accompanying her expressions with violent motions and contortions, to make them understand her meaning. They understood it perfectly; for when they heard that she and her children were to leave them, they set up such a jabbering of lamentation as British ears never heard. Many of them came cowering and fawning before her, and she laid her hand on their heads; many, too, of the young ones came running, and lifting the children's hands, they put them on their own heads. We then formed a close circle round Agnes and the children, to the exclusion of the pongos that still followed behind, howling and lamenting; and that night we lodged in the camp of the Lockos, placing a triple guard round my family, of which there stood great need. We durst not travel by night, but we contrived two covered hurdles, in which we carried Agnes and the children, and for three days a considerable body of the tallest and strongest of the ourang-outangs attended our steps, and some of them came to us fearlessly every day, as she said, to see if she was well, and if we were not hurting her.

We reached our own settlement one day sooner than we took in marching eastward; but then I durst not remain for a night, but getting into a vessel, I sailed straight for the Cape, having first made over all my goods and chattels to my countrymen, who are to send me down value here in corn and fruit; and here I am, living with my Agnes and our two children, at a little wigwam about five miles from Cape Town.

My Agnes's part of the story is the most extraordinary of all. But here I must needs be concise, giving only a short and general outline of her adventures; for among dumb animals, whose signals and grimaces were so liable to misinterpretation, much must have been left to her own conjecture. The creatures' motives for stealing and detaining her appeared to have been as follows:—

These animals remain always in distinct tribes, and are perfectly subordinate to a chief or ruler, and his secondary chiefs. For their expedition to rob our gardens, they had brought their sovereign's sole heir along with them, as they never leave any of the royal family behind them, for fear of a surprisal. It was this royal cub which we killed, and the Queen his mother, having been distractedly inconsolable for the loss of her darling, the old monarch had set out by night to try if possible to recover it; and on not finding it, he seized on my boy in its place, carried him home in safety to his Queen, and gave her him to nurse! She did so. Yes, she positively did nurse him at her breast for three months, and never child throve better than he did. By that time he was beginning to walk, and aim at speech, by imitating every voice he heard, whether of beast or bird; and it had struck the monsters as a great loss, that they had no means of teaching their young sovereign to speak, at which art he seemed so apt. This led to the scheme of stealing his own mother to be his instructor, which they effected in the most masterly style, binding and gagging her in her own house, and carrying her from a populous hamlet in the fair forenoon, without having been discovered. Their expertness, and the rapidity of their motions, Agnes described as inconceivable by those who had never witnessed them. They shewed every sort of tenderness and kindness by the way, proffering her plenty of fruit and water; but she gave herself totally up to despair, till, behold! she was introduced to her own little William, plump, thriving, and as merry as a cricket, gambolling away among his brutal compeers, for many of whom he had conceived a great affection,—but then they far out-grew him, while others as fast overtook him in size.

Agnes immediately took her boy under her tuition, and was soon given to understand that her will was to be the sole law of the community; and all the while that they detained her, they never refused her in aught save to take her home again. Our little daughter she had named Beatrice, after her maternal grandmother. She was born six months and six days after Agnes's abstraction. She spoke highly of the pongos, of their docility, generosity, warmth of affection to their mates and young ones, and of their irresistible strength. She conceived that, however, to have been a tribe greatly superior to all others of the race, for she never could regard them in any other light than as dumb human creatures. I confess that I had the same sort of feeling while in their settlement, for many of the young females in particular were much comelier than negro savages which I have often seen, and they laughed, smiled, and cried very much like human creatures. At my wife's injunctions, or from her example, they all wore aprons: and the females had let the hair of their heads grow long. It was glossy black, and neither curled nor woolly, and on the whole, I cannot help having a lingering affection for the creatures. They would make the most docile, powerful, and affectionate of all slaves; but they come very soon to their growth, and are but shortlived, in that way approximating to the rest of the brute creation. They live entirely on fruits, roots, and vegetables, and taste no animal food whatever.

I asked Agnes much of the civility of their manner to her, and she always describes it as respectful and uniform. For a while she never thought herself quite safe when near the Queen, but the dislike of the latter to her arose entirely out of her boundless affection for the boy. No

mother could possibly be fonder of her own offspring than this affectionate creature was of William, and she was jealous of his mother for taking him from her, and causing him instantly to be weaned. But then the chief never once left the two Queens by themselves; they had always a guard day and night.

I have no objection to the publication of these adventures in Britain, though I know they will not obtain credit; but I should not like that the incidents reached the Sidney Gazette, as I intend emigrating to that country as soon as I receive value for the stock I left at the settlement, for I have a feeling that my family is scarcely safe as long as I am on any part of the coast of Africa. And for the sake of my rising family, I have an aversion at its being known that they were bred among creatures that must still be conceived to be of the brute creation. Do not write till you hear from me again; and believe me ever, your old affectionate friend,

Wm. Mitchell.

Vander Creek,
Near Cape Town,
Oct. 1, 1826.

TOM PAINE.

Extracts from the Notes of an Observer.

When Tom Paine escaped from the dungeons of the Committee of Public Safety in Paris, he came to this city (New York), and put up at the city hotel. One morning, about nine o'clock, a person came into my store, and said that Paine was standing on the steps at the entrance to the hotel. As I lived next street, and being curious to see him, I, with two gentlemen who happened to be in the store at the time, went round the corner to have a look at him; but before we got there he had stepped in. At that moment I happened to observe S***** L****n the painter enter the hotel. As I knew Sam and he were compatriots through the whole of the American Revolution, I presumed he was going to see his old friend, and proposed to my companions to go in likewise, saying, that as I was acquainted with Mr L****n, he would introduce us. They, however, declined to go, so I went alone.

"Is Mr Paine at home?" said I to the waiter. "Yes."—"In his own room?"—"Yes."—"Can I see him?"—"Follow me;" and I was ushered into a spacious room, where the table was set for breakfast. One gentleman was writing at the table, another reading the newspapers at the farther end of the room, and a lengthy, lank, coarse-looking figure was standing with his back to the fire. I saw a resemblance to a portrait I had seen in "The Rights of Man." I knew it was Paine.

While following the waiter, presuming Paine was alone, I prepared a speech to introduce myself to a plain Republican solus; but when I thus found myself, in the presence of others, with the great author of "Common Sense," I was at a loss for a moment; at last I recovered my self-possession, and said,

"Gentlemen, is Mr Paine in this room?" He stepped towards me, and answered, "My name is Paine." I held out my hand, and when I had hold of his, says I, "Mr Paine, and you gentlemen, will excuse my abrupt entry. I came out of mere curiosity to see the man whose writings have made so much noise in the world." Paine answered, "I am very glad your curiosity is so easily satisfied." Then, without a word more, I rejoined, "Good morning;" and walking out, shut the door behind me.

I heard them all burst out into a loud laugh. Thinks I, they may laugh that win—I have seen Paine, and, all things considered, have made a good retreat.

The gentlemen called the waiter, and enquired who I was; and he told them. They reported the matter in the coffee-house, and among their acquaintances, and as the story travelled, it was enriched with all manner of garnishing. One of them was, that I had told Paine he was a d—d rascal, and had it not been for his books I would never have left my native country. Are not people, who invent additions to truth, liars?

At that time I was precentor in the

Scotch Presbyterian Church in Cedar Street, of which the famous Dr John Mason was then minister. The Kirk Session caught the alarm, an extra meeting was called, and I was suspended from office for some months on account of having visited Tom Paine.

When Paine had afterwards fallen into disrepute, and was shunned by the more respectable of his friends on account of his drunken habits, he boarded in the house of one William C****, a farrier. This C**** and I being acquainted, I had free access to his house, and frequently called to converse with Tom Paine. One evening he related the following anecdote.

During the slaughtery of Robespierre, when every Republican that the monster could get in his power was beheaded, Paine was cast into prison, and his name was on a list with nineteen who were ordered for execution next morning. It was customary for the clerk of the tribunal to go round the cells at night, and put a cross with chalk on the back of the door of such of the prisoners as were ordered for the scaffold in the morning. When the executioner came with his guard to remove the victims, wherever a chalking was found, the inmate of the cell was taken forth and executed.

In these horrible shambles there was a long gallery, having a row of cells on each side. The passage was secured at each end, but the doors of the cells were left open, and sometimes the prisoners stepped into the rooms of one another for company. It happened, on the night preceding the day appointed for the doom of Paine, that he had gone into his neighbour's cell, leaving his door open with its back to the wall. Just then the chalker came past, and being probably drunk, crossed the inside of his cell door.

Next morning, when the guard came with an order to bring out the twenty victims, and finding only nineteen chalks, Paine being in bed and his door shut, they took a prisoner from the farther end of the gallery, and thus made up the requisite number.

About forty-eight hours after this atrocious deed, Robespierre was overthrown, and his own head chopped off, so that Paine was set at liberty, and made the best of his way to New York.

I asked him what he thought of his almost miraculous escape. He said the Fates had ordained he was not then to die. Says I, " Mr Paine, I'll tell you what;—I think you know you have written and spoken much against what we call the religion of the Bible; you have highly extolled the perfectibility of human reason when left to its own guidance, unshackled by priestcraft and superstition. The God in whom you live, move, and have your being, has spared your life that you might give to the world a living comment on your doctrines. You now shew what human nature is when left to itself. Here you sit, in an obscure and comfortless dwelling, stifled with snuff and stupified with brandy;—you, who were once the companion of Washington, of Jay, and of Hamilton. Every good man has deserted you; and even Deists, that have any regard for decency, cross the streets to avoid you."

He was then the most disgusting human being that could anywhere be met with. Intemperance had bloated his countenance beyond description. A few of his disciples, who stuck to him through good report and through bad report, to hide him from the abhorrence of mankind, had him conveyed to New Rochelle, where they supplied him with brandy till it burned up his liver. But this man, beastly as he was in appearance, and dreadful in principle, still retained something of humanity within the depravity of his heart, like the gem in the head of the odious toad. The man who suffered death in his stead left a widow, with two young children, in poor circumstances. Paine brought them all with him to New York, supplied them while he lived, and left them the most part of his property when he died. The widow and children lived in apartments in the city by themselves. I saw them often, but never saw Paine in their company; and I am well assured, and believe, that his conduct towards them was disinterested and honourable.

G. T.

CHARACTERS OF THE ENGLISH, SCOTS, AND IRISH.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

"The proper study of mankind is man."—POPE.

To judge of the effects of civil, political, or religious institutions, without a knowledge of the character of the people to whom they refer, is impossible.

The differences of character, even in the nations comprising the British empire, are very great. These differences of character are not more remarkable than the accompanying, and apparently corresponding, differences of organization.

Hostile to the mysticism and empiricism of the phrenologists, I am yet, with their more reasoning predecessors in physiology, satisfied, that character and organization are inseparably united. But of this afterwards.

The manner in which national character is formed, is a subject at once of great curiosity, and of the very highest importance. As I am not aware that any thing has yet been written about it, I shall briefly notice it here.

We know, perhaps, of no existing nation which is not composed of various tribes; and these in general differ greatly in origin, organization, character, &c. Yet there is almost always a national character, which is more or less common to the whole, and which, with the progress of time, is perpetually becoming more homogeneous, until warlike invasion, or peaceful colonization, introduce new tribes.

The causes of this assimilation are of two kinds, as belonging either to the country or to its inhabitants. Belonging to the former, are soil, climate, and their productions; and of these the effects are ultimately the greatest, but their operation is always the slowest. Belonging to the latter, are intermarriages, which operate far more rapidly than soil, &c. though they ultimately yield to these; and social intercourse, which operates more rapidly and more extensively, but less permanently still.

It is the manner in which this more rapid, more extensive, though less permanent cause operates, that seems chiefly to have escaped observation. Examples will best illustrate its effects; and those which the British isles afford are most to our purpose.

In England, the tribes are Saxon, Welsh, &c.; but the Saxon character predominates. In Scotland, the tribes are Pictish, or Northman,* Celtic, &c.; but the Pictish character, upon the whole, predominates. In Ireland, the tribes are Celtic, Milesian, &c.; but the Celtic character predominates. In each case, the predominating character seems to be that of the majority.

ENGLISH CHARACTER.

The Saxons of England exist nearly pure on its eastern coasts, are extensively spread over the whole of its surface, and perhaps equal in number all the other races that enter into the composition of English population.

The Saxon Englishman (for brevity, I may use only the latter name) is distinguished from other races by a stature rather low, owing chiefly to the neck and limbs being short, by the trunk and vital system being large, and the complexion, irides, and

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* I have no wish here to insist on, or dispute respecting, the name or origin of the tribe which has mainly formed the Lowland population of Scotland; it is enough, for the present view, that a tribe of well-marked character has done so.

hair light; and by the face being broad, the forehead large, and the upper and back part of the head round, and rather small.

In his walk, the Englishman rolls, as it were, on his centre. This is caused by the breadth of the trunk, and the comparative weakness of the limbs. The broader muscles, therefore, of the former, aid progression by a sort of rolling motion, throwing forward first one side and then another. So entirely does this depend on the breadth of the trunk, that even a temporary increase of it produces this effect. Men who become fat, and women who, having borne many children, have the heads of the thigh bones farther separated, always adopt this mode of progression.

The mental faculties of the Englishman are not absolutely of the highest order; but the absence of passion gives them relatively a great increase, and leaves a mental character equally remarkable for its simplicity and its practical worth.

The most striking of those points in the English character which may be called fundamental, are cool observation, unparalleled single-mindedness, and patient perseverance. This character is remarkably homogeneous.

The cool observation of the Englishman is the foundation of some other subordinate, but yet important, points in his character. One of the most remarkable of these, is that real curiosity, but absence of wonder, which makes the "*nil admirari*" a maxim of English society. It is greatly associated, also, with that reserve for which the English are not less remarkable.

The single-mindedness of the Englishman is the foundation of that sincerity and bluntness which are perhaps his chief characteristics; which fit him so well for the business of life, and on which his commercial character depends; which make him hate (if he can hate any thing) all crookedness of procedure, and which alarm him even at the insincerities and compliances of politeness.

The perseverance of the Englishman is the foundation of that habitude which guides so many of his own actions, and that custom in which he participates with all his neighbours. It is this which makes universal cant, as it has been profanely termed,* not reasoning, the basis of his morals, and precedent, not justice, the basis of his jurisprudence. But it is this also which, when his rights are outraged, produces that grumbling which, when distinctly heard, effectually protects them; and it this which creates that public spirit to which, on great emergencies, he rises with all his fellow-countrymen, and in which he persists until its results astonish even the nations around him.

Now, a little reflection will shew, that of the three fundamental qualities I have mentioned, the first seeming may easily be less amiable than the final result shall be useful. To a stranger of differently constructed mind, the cold observation, and, in particular, the slowness and reserve which must accompany it, may seem unsociable; but they are inseparable from such a construction of mind, and they indicate, not pride, but that respect for his feelings which the possessor thinks them entitled to, and which he would not violate in others. The dignity, therefore, which in this case the Englishman feels, is not *hauteur;* and he is as rarely insolent to those who are below, as timid to those who are above him.

In regard to the absence of passion from the English mind, it is this which forbids one to be charmed with music, to laugh at comedy, to cry at tragedy, to shew any symptom of joy or sorrow in the accidents of real life; which has no accurate notion of grief or wretchedness, and cannot attach any sort of meaning to the word ecstasy; and which, for all these reasons, has a perfect perception of whatever is ridiculous. Hence it is, that, in his domestic, his social, and his public relations, it is perhaps less affection than duty that guides the conduct of an Englishman; and, if any one question the moral grandeur which this sentiment may attain, let him call to mind the

* The word must not here be understood as implying hypocrisy, of which the Saxon temperament is very innocent.

example of it, which, just before the victory of Trafalgar, was given by Nelson in the simple and sublime communication to his fleet—"England expects every man to do his *duty!*" Which is the instance that equals this even in the forged records of Roman glory? Happily, too, the excess of hatred is as little known to the Englishman as excess of love; and revenge is abhorrent to his nature. Even in the pugilistic combat he shakes hands with his antagonist before he begins; he scorns to strike him when he is down; and, whether vanquished or victor, he leaves his antagonist neither cast down nor triumphant.

The extraordinary value of such a character is obvious enough. British liberty and British commerce are its results: neither the Scottish nor Irish mind would have attained them.

I have said, however, that the intellectual faculties of the Englishman are not absolutely of the highest order; and this is owing to his want of higher reasoning powers, as well as of passion. Happily, indeed, with the want of these reasoning powers, the passions also are wanting; for had the latter existed without the former, the English character would have been utterly marred.—This will throw some light on what we have next to say.

Every intermarriage or cross, or every new accession of character, however acquired, is not an advantage. This being premised, let us consider those which take place by the blending of the Saxon English with the surrounding tribes.

Here I should observe, that, independent of the descendants of the various invading tribes, still easily discernible, the coasts of England and Scotland present masses of population of greater or less depth, regularly corresponding to the population of the shores of the Continent which are respectively opposite to them. It is but few of these, however, that need be noticed here.

In the west the Saxon English are blended with the Welsh; but there is here no gain, because the Welsh cross can add passion chiefly, without higher reasoning powers. The Welsh, in fact, are already a compound of Celt, Saxon, &c., as both physiognomy and language prove; and in them the imagination, or the passion, of the former, and the perseverance of the latter, combine to produce that dull mysticism, or that dark and smouldering anger, which sometimes elicits such frightful consequences.

In the south the Saxon English are blended with the French, as is evinced by the dark complexion which marks our Kentish and southern population; and, in that population, we sometimes witness something of French sharpness added to Saxon firmness, and an increase of amiability of character.

In the north the Saxon English are blended with the Picts or Northmen of Scotland, as the taller or sparer form of the Yorkshire, Lancashire, and northern population in general shews; and the additional reasoning powers thence obtained, are evinced in the ingenious industry of the northern towns of Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds, &c.*

Thus, in England, there is a great deficiency of any advantageous cross—there is scarcely any thing to improve the Saxon race; but, to compensate for this, that race has such sterling fundamental qualities, and it so easily receives much improvement from the slight intermixture with the remoter Pictish, Scandinavian, or Danish races, that it greatly excels its original type, which may still be seen in Friesland and elsewhere on the opposite coast; and it is, at the same time, so extensively diffused over the country, that, in its character, the English races are entirely swallowed up.

Now may the mode in which the Saxon character dominates over that of the other English races be more easily understood,—whether these races form a permanent portion of English population, or consist of the scarcely less numerous intruders from Scotland and Ireland.

How mad the dull mysticism—how atrocious the gloomy passion—of Wales must seem amid the lucid

* The Danish, Norman, and other races, require no particular notice in a sketch like this.

common-sense and unimpassioned judgment of England, may be easily conceived. How abashed their possessors must feel when surrounded by a more numerous race, not more distinguished from them by plain sense, and candid impartiality, than by civilization and opulence, is equally obvious.

Equally obvious it is how mean the prying enquiry, how reptile-like the bending obsequiousness of Scotland, —how malignant her party-spirit, even in the sanctuaries of science,—how satanical her consequent persecution,—how like fraud her crooked ratiocination,—how like stolen goods the wealth accumulated by such unholy means must seem in merry England; while the very intellect of her natives must make them shrink before the calm eye of the honest, sturdy, and uncompromising Englishman.

Not less obvious is it how utterly worthless and contemptible must seem Irish want of judgment, want of principle, and want of industry, and how well-deserved Irish wretchedness; though it is to be feared that the natural effect of this inevitable contempt is less salutary than, for the sake of Ireland, one would wish it to be.

Thus, however, must in England all characters ultimately merge in the Saxon.

SCOTTISH CHARACTER.

The Scottish character cannot be treated as I have treated the English. In Scotland, no tribe predominates so greatly as the Saxon does in England. The Celt of the Highlands dominates as completely within his circle as the Pict or Northman in the Lowlands; and the national character is fast forming by the union of both. They must, therefore, be considered separately.*

The Picts, or Northmen, of the Lowlands, exist nearly pure on their eastern coast, and, I believe, considerably exceed in number the rest of the Lowland population.

The Lowlander is distinguished generally by a tall stature, and a rather sinewy frame, by complexion, irides, and hair rather light, and by the face being long, and the upper part of the head equally so in the horizontal direction.

In his walk, the Lowlander, being long-limbed, steps well out, having neither the lateral roll of the Englishman, nor the spring of the Highlander, but advancing directly, steadily, and firmly.

The mental faculties of the Lowlander are of a very high order, being sensibility, discrimination, prudence, &c.

The sensibility of the Lowlander is the foundation of some of his best and worst qualities—his benevolence as well as his pride and revenge.

The benevolence of the Lowlander, however, is too much under the control of prudence to be evidenced by acts that cost him aught pecuniary; but he will frequently sacrifice what costs him much more—his time, his exertions, and his interest, to the utmost extent of his ability. Many subordinate points in his character indicate the general exercise of this sentiment; as even the tone or chant of his language, which is in this respect remarkably distinguished from the briefer and gruffer tone of the Englishman, and the more gay and careless one of the Irishman;† so is it indicated by the soft and plaintive melody of his music. More palpably still is it indicated by that pliability and suavity of manners by which he is distinguished from the English, and more nearly resembles the Irish. To the irritability, pride,

* There are in Scotland other tribes, as the Saxon in the Lowlands, and various others along the eastern and northern coasts; but they are unimportant to our present view.

† The tone, or chant, is vulgarly denominated brogue. Wherever there are various tribes in a nation, each is distinguished by this. The brogue of England is as distinguishable as that of Ireland; and it is far less musical than either it or the Scottish. The Scottish chant consists of many inflections, but falls upon the whole, and may be represented by a falling curve; the Irish, with as many inflections, by a rising curve; and the English by a series of equal and smaller curves.

and revenge, which spring from the same source, I have already alluded.

The discriminating powers of the Lowlander are equally evidenced by his success in abstract and philosophical enquiry, and by his shrewdness in the affairs of common life. In the former of these respects, Scotland—a nation of two millions—stands at least as high as England, a nation of twelve, or France, a nation of thirty; and, in regard to that education which enhances the reasoning powers of the rising race, Scotland takes precedence of every other nation. Unfortunately, in Scotland, pride and want of candour too often degrade knowledge into sophistry; and the shrewdness of common life is apt to degenerate into mean prying for the promotion of interest.

The prudence of the Lowlander is proverbial—perhaps excessive. On one hand, it gives rise to that love of accumulation in which the means is often mistaken for the end, that fear to do a good action lest some ill should come of it which is so absurd and contemptible, that narrow-minded suspicion which is a greater curse to the suspector than the suspected, and that deference to fortune and interest which is so base and disgraceful; and, on the other hand, joined to the preceding qualities, it is the foundation of that industry, economy, and freedom from crime, by which Scotland is distinguished from England as well as Ireland.

Thus the best characteristic of the Lowlanders (and it is difficult to conceive a better) is their extraordinary discriminating power; their greatest defect is in imagination and passion.

Happily, most happily, these are supplied by the Celts of the Highlands, with whom the Lowlanders are rapidly blending in intermarriages of which the cross could scarcely have been more scientifically chosen, and which are producing a race of the highest intellectual organization.

The Celts must now be briefly considered, in order to compare these with the Lowlanders, and both with the Saxon English and other tribes, and to understand the manner in which their united character dominates over these.

The Celts of the Highlands exist in greatest purity in their western parts, and equal perhaps in number the rest of the Highland population, on which consequently they have generally bestowed their manners, their language, and their dress.

These Highlanders are of middle size, well formed and active, of brown complexion, grey irides, and dark hair, and of rather broad face, rather low but well-marked forehead, and head long in the horizontal direction.

In his walk, the Highlander, owing to the strength of his limbs, advances with somewhat of a springing motion, which is easily distinguished.

The mental faculties of the Highlander are also of a high order, being sensibility, imagination, passion—the latter two being precisely those in which the Lowlander is deficient. This intellectual character, though directly opposed to that of the Englishman, is scarcely less homogeneous and simple. The character of the Lowlander stands, in some measure, between the two, conforming in that respect with his geographical position.

The sensibility of the Highlander is the foundation of that extreme irritability by which he is distinguished, and in a great measure also of that sentiment which is so remarkable, not merely in his language, his poetry, and his music, but as the basis of most of his actions in life.

The imagination of the Highlander creates his poetry,—that high imagining which his Highland mother gave to Byron, and which has now for ever blotted out nearly all the dull formalities of English poetry,—that genius too, equally high and wild, which wastes itself in the Northern Magazine, and which every month shews how unnecessary is the dull measure and the silly tag of verse. It creates also that spirit of adventure which carries the Highlander over every region of the earth.

The passion of the Highlander is equally evidenced in the devotedness of attachment and the fury of war—the invincibles of France beaten on the sands of Egypt, the ramparts of Spain scaled as if these were their native rocks, equally innocent of foes and fire, the line of Waterloo broken to the shout of "Scotland for ever!" But all Europe has witnessed their

daring, and their enemies have paid them the tribute of admiration. It is unnecessary to say, that urbanity, warm-heartedness, and hospitality, strongly characterize the Scottish Highlander.

It must now be obvious why I have said, that no intermarriage or cross could have been more scientifically chosen than between the discrimination and prudence of the Northman, and the imagination and passion of the Celt, and how inevitably this is producing in Scotland a race of the very highest mental organization—a nation which, as Scott observes, is " proverbially patient of labour and prodigal of life."

Thus also is understood not merely the relation between these two characters—each needing the other's aid, and neither entirely dominating, but why unitedly they triumph over every other tribe, and very easily over the Saxon, as a moment's comparison will shew.

Amid such a population, the broad, round, and ruddy face of the Englishman is discerned even by children in the streets, as is the large trunk of the body, the deeper tone of voice arising from the extent of the vital cavities, the roll upon the centre of the stomach rather than of the head, the look of satisfaction with the state of the former rather than of the latter, the absence of every trace of deep thought, &c. All these qualities, so opposite to those of the Scottish, enable their vulgar to hail the Englishman with as unerring a certainty, and as satisfied a superiority as constitutes a return for the dislike, and even fear, with which they are sometimes received in England.

Amid the more active Scottish qualities, the shallow reasoning, or the want of reasoning, of the Englishman, would be despised, and his cold, unimaginative, and unimpassioned character would be scorned; while the absence of all dash or spirit in his conversation, even when literary,—his choice of words, and their loud, confident, and emphatical pronunciation, to express nothing,—his fear to say any thing at all uncommon, or that had not been said before,—and his resource in strong, formal, slow, and serious declarations of some matter of fact, as " the —very—extraordinary—satisfaction —which *he* received from the—most —uncommon—excellence—and really—admirable—style—of a dinner— at Lord ———'s, where he had the honour of meeting," &c.&c.; or, if he be above this, in equally strong, formal, slow, and serious accounts of the qualities of a particular wine, the intermarriages of particular families, the amount of the fortune of each of their members, and such-like wretched trash—the " *ne plus ultra*" of observation and weak-mindedness;— all these, despised, scorned, neglected, would in Scotland finally compel the English to merge in the Scottish character.*

How fortunate, however, the blending of this compound Scottish with the simpler English character, cannot for a moment be questioned. The more capacious forehead and calmer observation of the latter, become combined with the higher reasoning, imaginative, and impassioned powers of the former. This is often exemplified in the Scottish cross with the Lowland Saxon; and that union of observation with the higher faculties which distinguish Sir Walter Scott, is a striking example of its benefits.

* Lest this representation should be deemed inaccurate, an unquestionable illustration may be taken from a truly English writer, Dr Johnson, " many of whose Ramblers," as Scott observes, " are little better than a sort of pageant, where trite and obvious maxims are made to swagger in lofty and mystic language, and get some credit because they are not easily understood." Boswell tells us, that he (Johnson) gave Sir Joshua Reynolds the following account of its (the Rambler's) getting its name: " What *must* be done, sir, *will* be done. When I was to begin publishing that paper, I was at a loss how to name it. I sat down at night upon my bedside, and resolved that I would not go to sleep till I had fixed its title. The Rambler seemed the best that occurred, and I took it." This presents the usual number of words about a matter of no general, and of very small personal interest. Its amount is, that " he called it the Rambler, because it was the best title that occurred to him within the limited time which he was pleased to allow himself for the decision of this point:"—in other words, he called it the Rambler, because it pleased him to call it the Rambler.

IRISH CHARACTER.

Of the Irish character, the great basis has been already described in the Celt—the Celt of Ireland being, in organization, mind, language, &c., only a little less pure than he of the Highlands. They are similarly distinguished by sensibility, imagination, and passion; and repetition on this subject is unnecessary.

Unfortunately, the domination of the Celt over Irish character is modified chiefly by that of the Milesian, whose large and dark eye, high and sharp nose, thin lips, and linear mouth, declare his southern origin more surely than Irish history or Irish fable.

Consistently with this organization, the Milesian adds the vivacity and wit, the love of splendour and want of taste, the voluptuousness and licence of the south, to the sensibility, imagination, and passion of the aboriginal population of Ireland. Owing to this, and illustrating it, Celtic music, which, in the Highlands of Scotland, is wild, grand, and melancholy, has become, in Ireland, more gay and voluptuous.

It is scarcely possible, however, to conceive a cross capable of conferring so little benefit on either, as that of the Celt and Milesian.

The intellectual organization of the Irish people has thus more resemblance to that of the south, than to that of the north, of Europe. It confers imagination and passion in a far higher degree than reasoning and judgment.

With such intellectual organization, it is easy to foresee the kind of moral character which must mark the nation. Such a people must naturally be much less distinguished in the discrimination of good and ill, and the calm and patient discharge of duty, than in the love of friends and the hatred of foes, or in the devotion, even unto death, to any cause which they may espouse.

Now, to the guidance of a people possessing such capabilities, it is obvious that knowledge is peculiarly necessary. With principles of high activity, there must be knowledge to direct.

Unfortunately, however, these very capabilities, and that high activity, are at variance with patient investigation and the means of knowledge. Such qualities, indeed, act as it were by intuition, and no more brook delay than the electric spark in its passage through the air. The results must as necessarily be brilliant and striking in the moral act as in the physical illustration; but they may indifferently be good or ill; they may rouse the torpid current of life and pleasure, or they may wither and destroy.

Among such a people, it is evident, that when owing to Saxon and Scandinavian intermarriages, calmer observation and reasoning powers are added to those high capabilities, so essential to all genius, the result must be such characters as Ireland has occasionally produced. It is not less evident, however, that such characters will be comparatively rare, and that the mass of the people will add fierce barbarity and superstitious bigotry to the grossest ignorance.

In Ireland, accordingly, when the people are excited by private or public hatreds, crimes at once the most brutal and the most cowardly are perpetrated without the slightest compunction; robberies, burnings, tortures, and assassinations, are the commonest means of vengeance; and we are warranted in saying, that nowhere in Europe may be seen such a complication of villainy and crime.

To sum up this view of English, Scottish, and Irish character, I may observe, that sincerity and independence distinguish the English; intelligence and sagacity the Scottish; and a gay and gallant spirit the Irish. The best qualities, however, are apt to associate with bad ones. The independence of the English sometimes degenerates into coarseness and brutality; the sagacity of the Scottish into cunning and time-serving; and the gaiety of the Irish into fickleness and faithlessness. Could we combine the independence of the English, with the sagacity of the Scottish, and with the gallantry of the Irish, we should form almost a God. Could we, on the contrary, unite the brutality of the first, with the cunning of the second, and with the faithlessness of the third, we should form a demon.

A. W.

MR SADLER, AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The last Number of the Edinburgh Review is disgraced by an article, written in the very worst spirit of the worst times of that declining periodical. The article we allude to is that written on Mr Sadler's work on Ireland. It is pert, conceited, shallow, impudent, and wrong; it is worthless in matter, and in manner offensive. It sets out with an intimation on the part of the writer, that if Mr Sadler had not got a seat in the House of Commons, the Review should not have been *tempted to notice* his work on Ireland. This is a mere impertinence. We believe, and we think every man of common candour will be ready to allow, that of all the men in the House of Commons, there is none to whose importance his rank as a Member of Parliament is less essential, than to that of Mr Sadler. His claims to public attention rest upon his knowledge, and the energy and ability with which he applies that knowledge for the public service; and that this is true, the notice which his exertions out of Parliament, as well as in Parliament, receive, abundantly proves. But it would be in vain to appeal to the *candour* of a writer, whose "internal sense" is probably as much incapacitated to understand the meaning of the term, as the mind of a man born blind to conceive the nature of colours.

Supposing it were true, which it is not, that the political arguments which Mr Sadler has put forth became matter of notoriety only on account of his station as Member for Newark, what kind of *justice* would it be, to attack his arguments, not with any thing applicable to them, but with an impudent affectation of deference to the present station of the person who used them before he held that station? But justice is a "*principle*" which seems to have no place amongst the many dogmas that, in the cant of the class to which our critic belongs, are dignified with that name.

The Reviewer, after informing us that it is only to the circumstance of Mr Sadler having a seat in the House of Commons that the high honour of his work being "noticed" is owing, proceeds to tell us, that "from being a manufacturer of linens, Mr Sadler has become, under the auspices of the Duke of Newcastle, a manufacturer of speeches." In the first place, this is not true; but if it were, how gracefully and appropriately does it come from this Reviewer! How becoming it is in a person who lives by the wages he derives from the advocacy of a spurious *liberalism*, to twit a man with having once been a manufacturer of linens! There never was a stronger instance of the way in which mean and low-thoughted people will grovel before mere external distinction, which those who are really elevated altogether disregard. An accomplished nobleman, in the first rank of the peerage, takes Mr Sadler by the hand, because he is an honest and an able man, while this low and hypocritical pretender to liberal principles sneers at him because he was a manufacturer of linens! This is merely disgusting, and unworthy of farther commentary.

According to the Reviewer, it was only after the speeches of Mr Sadler in Parliament that it was "discovered" he had written a book—such, at least, we take to be his meaning, enveloped in a clumsy attempt at being ironical. We know not whether this writer considers that wit, like poetry, appears to most advantage in fiction, but this statement is certainly the very reverse of truth. Mr Sadler's book was well known, and had been criticised and quoted in the Quarterly Review eight months before he became a Member of Parliament; and we cannot but admire at the marvellous assurance of a writer in the Edinburgh, insinuating that a book is unknown, after it has been held up to public notice and approbation by the far more widely disseminated rival of the Blue and Yellow.

After a little while the Reviewer makes a discovery, which it might have saved him some exposure of himself to have made sooner, namely, that it is with Mr Sadler's book, and not with his speeches, he has to deal, and forthwith he launches into criticism. He commences with a palpable contradiction. He says that the proof of Mr Sadler's doctrine is confined to the mere "*ipse dixit*" of

its author, and then almost instantly admits, that one proof of his theory is founded upon the official census lately made of the Irish population. But, quoth the critic, " if it be not known to Mr Sadler, it is known to every one else, that the numbers of the inhabitants, and still more their ages, as given in the late Irish census, are not to be depended upon." We know not upon what authority the Reviewer presumes thus to speak of an official document. The census was compiled under the direction of Mr Shaw Mason, the Secretary to the Irish Record Commission, a gentleman whose patience and accuracy of research have been manifested in various important statistical enquiries; and we believe the public would be much safer in depending upon a work which he has superintended, than upon the character of it given by this Reviewer. But be that as it may, the census in question is an official return of the population, and the only one to which recourse could be had; and if such a document may *not* be referred to as authentic by a writer on population, we should be glad to know on what facts he is to rest his arguments.

We cannot afford space to follow this Reviewer to Flanders, and Savoy, and Sweden, and Prussia, whither he travels, and uses the traveller's old privilege in the liberties he takes with truth; nor, indeed, is it worth while to expose all the gross folly which he talks upon matters nearer home, for the nonsense is too obvious to require to be particularly pointed out. Are we to suppose that the writer is a fool, or that he thinks all his readers to be such, when he puts forth such a proposition as the following?—" The prosperity *and* well-being of a country *does* not, therefore, *in any respect*, depend on its capacities or potentialities of production." We defy the sense of this passage to be surpassed by any thing but the grammar. It is as unmitigated a piece of absurdity as we ever happen to have met with; and if Mr Sadler is only to meet with opponents capable of uttering such mere ανοια as this, he may go on his way triumphing.

After making so great a fool of himself upon the general question of population, the Reviewer comes to the particular case of Ireland; and noticing Mr Sadler's statements founded upon the immense quantity of produce exported from Ireland, he tells us, that " notwithstanding the confidence with which these statements are put forth, they will hardly, we should think, *impose* on any one who has ever reflected on such subjects." Here again we find the gross incivility of insinuating, either that Mr Sadler has put forth serious opinions without any reflection, or that he is endeavouring to *impose* his opinions upon others, himself knowing them to be unsound. But what will our readers think of the proof which this Reviewer gives of the erroneousness of the statements. " They are," he says, " bottomed entirely on the *false assumption*, that the means of subsistence in a country are identical with the quantity of food raised in it." False assumption! Why, the proposition is as plainly an identical one, as any that ever was enunciated. Food, and means of subsistence, are convertible terms, and that which is called a false assumption, is no more than a declaration, that the means of subsistence are the same with the means of subsistence. The critic talks about clothes and houses, and so on, as subsistence, which is an understanding of English peculiar to himself, and setting that aside; what he says about them, is nothing to the purpose, for these are the result of labour, of which food is the sustenance, and wherever there is food, there will be these things also, if the people choose to have them. The sapient Reviewer goes on to tell us, that " with the exception of linen, *raw* produce is almost the only thing *raised* in Ireland." It is, perhaps, very unkind of nature that she will not produce things ready cooked; but we believe it is not peculiar to Ireland that she does not " raise" any thing roast or boiled. There are, however, certain hot springs in the county of Cork, near to which, if potatoes were planted, they might perhaps be stewed as they grew, and thus the reproach be wiped away, that the Reviewer has cast upon the country. They have a saying in Ireland, that " God sends meat, but the devil sends cooks;" perhaps it is the piety of the Reviewer, which leads to the wish for taking the patronage of the culinary art out of such infernal hands; but

he had better leave Ireland alone, for it is very evident he knows nothing about it. The man thinks, or at all events says, that *all* the articles, with the exception of mere necessaries, required for the use and accommodation of those who are raised above the most abject poverty, must be *imported.* What horrid ignorance is this! How truly does Swift say, that were one to describe the Britons as they were in Cæsar's time, when they painted their bodies, or clothed themselves with the skins of beasts, one would act full as reasonably, as they do, who describe the affairs of Ireland.

"We shall not stop," says the Reviewer, "to re-state any of the arguments we formerly stated, with respect to absenteeism." This, we think, was a prudent resolution: folly so monstrous, self-delusion so palpable, does not bear repetition. Neither have these memorable "arguments" been forgotten; these times are too dull to allow us to afford so rich a subject for laughter to pass immediately into oblivion. A grave argument, that Ireland was in no whit a loser, by sending away many millions of its produce, getting only bills of exchange in return, and then sending those bills to residents in Paris or London, and getting only receipts in return; was too rich a piece of political logic to be allowed to die.

But though the Reviewer does not re-state his former arguments, he states new ones precisely similar in their nature, and consequently in their absurdity. He still argues, that so as a country exports, it is all one whether it gets back any thing in exchange or not. He supposes several great Irish proprietors to reside in Ireland, and asks, would they do without tea, and sugar, and claret, and coffee? and if they would not, should not corn and cattle still be exported to pay for them? To be sure they should; but in that case, Ireland would get back tea, and sugar, and coffee, and claret, for its produce, whereas at present it gets nothing back for that which is exported on account of absentees. But it may be said, that so far as the food of the common people is concerned, these returns would make no difference. The reply to this is easy; the four noblemen mentioned by the Reviewer probably receive from Ireland two hundred and twenty thousand pounds annually, which they receive in the shape of bills of exchange, but which is actually transmitted in provisions, Ireland having nothing else of importance to export. Now, if these noblemen lived in Ireland, it is impossible that they could themselves consume more than a few thousand pounds' worth of foreign luxuries, and the balance either would be kept and consumed at home, or the returns for it, if exported, would be consumed by people living in Ireland, and under various denominations subsisting upon the large revenues of these noblemen. By the way, it is worthy of notice, that this critic seems to imagine that every luxury required in Ireland beyond poteen, buttermilk, and Irish cars, must be imported from England or elsewhere, and that a carriage cannot be had without sending to London for it. This is of a piece with the rest of his information. There are more splendidly finished equipages to be seen in the streets of Dublin in one day, than in Edinburgh in six months; and there is not one in fifty of them built out of Ireland. This critic evidently knows no more about Ireland than a savage of Patagonia does of Pall-Mall East.

As he waxes warm upon his subject, he has the temerity to attempt a flourish about logic; and in answer to Mr Sadler's proof, that the poverty of Ireland is not owing to over-population, derived from historical evidence, that its poverty was as great when its population was not a fifth of what it is at present, the Reviewer has the condescension to inform us, that "Mr Sadler has *evinced* what the logicians call an *ignoratio elenchi.*" Shades of Zeno and Aristotle, grant us patience with this shallow pretender! What miserable pedantry is this! Most logical Reviewer! be it known to you, that when *men* use the noble science of argument, they despise this technical jargon, which they leave to schoolboys and grown children, who are vain of shewing they have looked into some school-book which treats of dialectics. But Mr Sadler has *not* fallen into the sophism called in the school-books *ignoratio elenchi*—he has not proved that which was not the question. The *elenchus* of his argument is, a proof that Ireland is not over-peopled, with refer-

ence either to its means of subsistence, or to the subsistence actually raised from its soil; and this proof he has given as satisfactorily as argument can give it. The Reviewer talks about the "supplies" of subsistence for a population, evidently meaning thereby the quantity which the people, *under existing circumstances*, can possess, or rather do possess themselves of; but the question, whether a population has sufficient "supplies of subsistence," is not one for argument; an officer of commissariat is your only reasoner on such a mere eating-and-drinking question, the circumstances of which change with every passing hour.

Our Reviewer, after having proved absolutely nothing but his own want of courtesy and want of sense, very amusingly congratulates himself on having demolished the very foundations of Mr Sadler's book; and then, no doubt for the purpose of shewing how much good he had done by overthrowing Mr Sadler's controversion of the statement that Ireland was over-peopled, assures us, that the fact of Ireland being over-peopled is absolutely incontrovertible. Those, he says, who expect to be believed, when they affirm the contrary, must shew that the inhabitants are fully employed, &c. &c. The rule, no doubt, applies to other places as well as Ireland; and therefore should we, for the future, venture to insinuate that the back-settlements of America, or the ultra-montane country of New Holland, is *not* over-peopled, we must be prepared to shew that whatever inhabitants there are in those places are fully employed. We have, however, always heard, that the inhabitants of these regions, so far from being fully employed, are so *Irish* in their habits, as to hunt but a day or two in the seven, and spend the rest of their time in sheer idleness; it is therefore clear, from the "incontrovertible" logic of the Reviewer, that these countries are over-peopled.

Mr Sadler, with the feelings natural to a man of religious principles and humane sentiments, speaks warmly of the cruelty of depopulating estates; and the logical Reviewer answers his arguments on this subject, by an argument which tends to shew, not that such a practice is not cruelty, which would be the negative of Mr Sadler's argument, but that such a practice of depopulation cannot take place. Would the critic be so good as to look back to his school-book for the English of "ignoratio elenchi," and see whether he can apply it to this specimen of his dialectic skill. It so happens, however, that the critic is wrong, even in his wrong argument. He betrays his ignorance equally in the erroneous statement of facts, and in the choice of facts, which do not touch the question in debate. He says that, because Irish farms are let on lease, and not to tenants at will, the landlords cannot turn out the tenants until the expiration of those leases; but if he had known the actual state of circumstances in Ireland, he would have been aware that the small tenants are almost invariably in considerable arrear with their rents, and though their leases undoubtedly give them power to hold their lands in despite of the landlord, so long as the covenants of the lease are fulfilled, yet as they do not, and in general cannot, fulfil these covenants, the landlord most frequently has it in his power to eject them.

But we are really weary of exposing all the gross blunders of this despicable article in the Edinburgh Review; nor would we have undertaken so ungracious a task, but that the perpetually obtruding self-conceit of the article seemed to call for castigation, and there was no redeeming quality of good feeling anywhere displayed in it to mitigate our scorn. Whatever men of opposite political principles may think of Mr Sadler's arguments, no candid critic could deny, and few, we are persuaded, would refrain from stating, that even the faults of his book are attributable to a warm and enthusiastic feeling in favour of what he believes to be true religion and true humanity, and are therefore very excusable. He argues, and argues with great energy, in order to justify the ways of God to man; and he pleads earnestly the cause of the poor,—a cause which ought to meet with a sympathetic feeling in the breast of every generous man, whatever might be the complexion of his political sentiments. We know that Mr Sadler's literary character stands too high to require any defence against the attack of the Edinburgh Review, but we have thought it right to give vent to our honest indignation, when, in doing so, we expose error and malevolence.

A Whig-Hater.

SONNETS

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

From the Italian of Cassiani.

THE virgin of Sicilia shriek'd with fright,
The flowers she scatter'd as she turn'd away
From the rapacious hand that stopp'd her flight,
And shrunk into herself in fell dismay.

With Stygian soot begrimed, the god of night
Impress'd a burning kiss while thus she lay,
Staining with grisly beard the ivory light
Of her fair bosom in its disarray.

Now that the ravisher had clasp'd her round,
With her right hand his horrid chin she push'd;
And with the other veil'd her trembling eyes:

Now the dark car receives them—while the skies
The hollow thunder of the wheels resound—
'Mid female shrieks, as onward down they rush'd.

ON JUDAS.

From the Italian of Gianni.

GOADED by frenzy, Judas now had sprung
From the dread fatal branch; when onward came,
Careering on his wings of lurid flame,
The tempter Fiend,—to where the traitor hung:

With hideous fangs the rope he seized, and flung
The felon down into the realms of shame,
And liquid fire, which roll'd around his frame,
And to his hissing bones and marrow clung.

Amid the horror of this vast abyss,
Smoothing his haughty front, the Foe of Heaven
Was seen to grin a smile of happiness,

When seizing in his arms the traitor craven,
He with his sulphur lips gave back the kiss—
The traitor kiss—which he to Christ had given.*

* Gianni's celebrated sonnet "on Judas," is said to have created so much literary envy and jealousy in the breast of Monti, and especially the third line of the second *terzetto*,

"Gli rese il bacio che avea dato a Cristo,"

appeared to him to have so much of the *ne plus ultra* of the sublime, that he wrote four different sonnets on the same subject, for the purpose of rivalling him; but, in the opinion of Italians, without success.

PROVIDENCE.

From the Italian of Filicaja.

As when a mother turns her loving eye
  Upon her children—while her heart o'erflows;
  And kisses these, and to her bosom those
Presses—or dandles them in ecstasy:

While in their every act, or look, or cry,
  She reads their various wishes, or their woes;
  On some a look, on some a smile bestows—
On some a frown—yet *all*—her love imply.

Such, such to us is God, all-great, all-wise,
  Who watches, comforts, and provides for all—
Listens to all—the wants of all supplies:

  If He refuse—it is that we may call
On Him for what He seemingly denies:
  From his denials blessings oft befall.

From the Italian of Zappi.

A hundred pretty little Loves, in fun,
  Were romping, laughing, rioting one day:
" Let's fly a little now," said one, " I pray."
  " Whither ?"—" To Chloris' face."—" Agreed—'tis done."

Faster than bees to flowers they wing their way—
  To loveliest flowers—they, to my loveliest one;
And to her hair and panting lips they run,
  Now here, now there, now everywhere they stray.

My love so full of Loves—delightful sight!
  Two with their torches in her eyes,—and two
Upon her eyelids, with their bows, alight.

  A Love that found no room while there he flew,
Fell down into her bosom with delight—
  " Who fares the best ?" he cried, " or I, or you ?"

THE DREAM.

*From the Italian of Francesco de Lemene.**

What a strange dream was that of mine! Methought
  I and my mistress lifted up our eyes
In Hell—where Justice both of us had brought,
  Her sins and my transgressions to chastise.

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* Francesco de Lemene is more frequently called by Italians, Il Pastor de Lemene, from his having written chiefly on pastoral subjects. He is, we suppose, something like our own Ettrick Shepherd; but most assuredly our worthy friend would not, even in his wildest dreams, have placed himself and a bonnie lassie in so painful a situation, nor derived such heterodox comfort, if he had.

Dire was my guilt indeed—myself unwise
In that a Goddess' love I madly sought:
Cruel her sin, in daring to disguise,
Under so fair a form, a heart so naught.

Yet scarcely, Lady, were we there, when lo!
Our Hell became at once a Paradise;
Of bliss and joy we felt a mutual glow:

For thou wert pleased,—I, happy mid my sighs,—
Thou in beholding my tormenting woe—
And I, in gazing on thy lovely eyes.

THE SONNET.

From the Spanish of Lope de Vega.

Violante says, a Sonnet I must write,—
I never felt so frighten'd as to-day:
A sonnet must have fourteen lines, they say—
Behold! while joking, three I've finish'd quite.

While groping for a word to rhyme aright,
The second quatrain is half-written—nay,
When to the first tiercet I've found my way,
There's nothing in the quatrains can me fright.

Now for the first tiercet: I should suppose
That in the proper style I have begun it,
Since with this line I bring it to a close.

Now for the second: lo! I enter on it—
Methinks I'm in the thirteenth line—here goes
The fourteenth—count them:—right—a perfect Sonnet!

W. H.

WORKS PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

LONDON.

A new edition of Bishop Andrews's Nineteen Sermons on Prayer, with the Greek and Latin quotations rendered into English, together with a Sketch of the Life and Writings of that eminent Prelate, by Mr Edward Williams.

The Works of George Peele, collected and edited, with some Account of his Life and Writings, by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, B. A. second edition, with additions, in two volumes, crown octavo.—This edition will contain a fac-simile of a very curious letter from Peele to Lord Burleigh, the entire poem of Polyhmenia, and additional notes and corrections.

Dr Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. The publication of the work will commence in November, with the first volume of the History of Scotland, by Sir Walter Scott, in two volumes.

In the press, Lectures Preliminary to the Study of German Literature. By L. Von Muhlenfels, LL. D. One vol. 8vo. Also, Selections from the German, in Prose and Poetry. By L. Von Muhlenfels, LL. D.

A Topographical and Historical Account of Wainfleet and the Wapentake of Candleshoe, in the County of Lincoln, including Biography of Bishop Waynflete, Rev. Thomas Grantham, Rev. Thomas Scott, Henry Stubbe, &c. With numerous engravings on copper and wood. By Edmund Oldfield. In royal 4to and royal 8vo.

Mr Jennings is preparing for publication a new work, to be entitled, The Landscape Annual, or the Tourist in Italy and Switzerland, from Drawings by Samuel Prout, Esq. ; the literary department by T. Roscoe, Esq. It will appear in the month of November, and will comprise a succession of the most attractive views which occur to the traveller on his route from Geneva to Rome.

A work of unusual interest, not only to the general reader but also to the moral philosopher, is preparing for publication, under the title of "Tales of an Indian Camp." The long residence of the author among the Indian tribes of North America, has enabled him to collect most of the traditions current among all the nations of the Red Men.

Mr Jennings is preparing for publication a second volume of the Topography, Edifices, and Ornaments of Pompeii. By Sir W. Gelt, M. A. F. R. S. F. S. A.

In the press, and shortly will be published, The Athenaid, or Modern Grecians ; a Poem. With Notes, characteristic of the Manners and Customs of the Greeks and Turks. By Henry J. Bradfield, author of "Waterloo, or the British Minstrel," "Songs of the Grecian Minstrels," &c.

A third Edition of the Laconics is in the press.

A New Juvenile Annual is in a forward state for publication, to be called The Zoological Keepsake.

A Topographical and Historical Account of Methodism in Yorkshire ; giving an Account of its Rise, Progress, and present State, in the City of York, and in every Town, Village, Hamlet, &c., in the County. The work will be accompanied by a large Map of the County, handsomely coloured, drawn expressly for the purpose, shewing, at one view, the size and boundaries of each circuit, &c. 8vo.

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EDINBURGH.

Annals of the Peninsular Campaigns, from 1808 to 1814, by the Author of Cyril Thornton, in 3 vols. 12mo, illustrated with 14 Plates, will appear on the 21st November.

History of the Progress and Suppression of the Reformation in Spain, during the Sixteenth Century, by Thomas M'Crie, D. D., will be published on the 21st November.

The Boscobel Tracts, being Narratives relating to the Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, with Notes by the Editor, J. Hughes, Esq. A. M., illustrated with Engravings from Original Drawings, will be published about Christmas.

The Greek Grammar of Dr Frederick Thiersch, translated from the German, with brief Remarks, by Professor Sandford, is nearly ready for publication.

The Rev. Alex. Fleming, A. M. of Neilston, has made considerable progress in revising a new Edition of Pardovan's Collections concerning the Church of Scotland ; in which will be incorporated, the History, Jurisdiction, and Forms of the several Church Judicatories, together

with the Civil Decisions relative to the Rights and Patrimony of the Established Church and her Clergy.

Professor Dunbar of Edinburgh, and Mr E. H. Barker of Thetford, are preparing for publication in the course of next Winter, an Edition of Schrevelius' Greek Lexicon, of which the basis will be the Second Edition published at Boston, United States, in the present year, by John Pickering, Esq., who has translated the Latin, and enriched the work with additions from various lexicographical and critical sources. They intend to make many alterations in the work, to supply numerous deficiencies, to add examples and authorities from the Greek classics, to accommodate it as far as possible to the present state of Greek Literature, and to render it useful, not merely to the Tyro, but to those also who are studying the higher authors. They intend also to add an English and Greek Lexicon, in which a number of phrases will be introduced, for the benefit of those who write Greek Exercises and Themes.

Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in North America; including the United States, Canada, the Shores of the Polar Sea, and the Voyages in Search of a North-West Passage; with Observations on Emigration. By Hugh Murray, Esq., F. R. S. E. Illustrated by a Map of North America. 2 vols. 8vo.

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MONTHLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.

August, 1829.

Regt.	Appointment
Brevet	Col. Phipps, Maj. Gen. in the Army 19 July 1821
1 L. Gds.	Cornet and Sub-Lt. Codrington, Lt. by purch. vice Vyner, prom. 22 July 1829
	F. Angerstein, Cor. and Sub-Lt. do.
1 Dr. Gds.	Cor. Thompson, Lt. by purch. vice Dick, ret. 23 do.
	Hon. W. D. Irby, Cor. do.
4	Capt. Heigham, from 69 F. Capt. by purch. vice Ravenhill, ret. 30 do.
2 Dr.	Cor. Adams, Lt. by purch. vice Hobart, prom. do.
	—— Forlong, from 13 Dr. Cor. do.
4	—— Cumberlege, Lt. by purch. vice Newton, prom. do.
8	Assist. Surg. Ore, from 95 F. Assist. Surg. vice Farnden, prom. 23 do.
10	Cor. Vandeleur, Lt. by purch. vice Oliver, ret. 9 do.
	Hon. P. Moreton, Cor. do.
11	Capt. Rotton, Maj. by purch. vice Smith, prom. 11 Aug.
	Lt. Blundell, Capt. do.
	Cor. Hyndman, Lt. do.
	C. P. Parker, Cor. do.
13	W. M. Julius, Cor. by purch. vice Terry, ret. 9 July
	Serj. Maj. Jas. O'Reilly, Qua. Mast. vice Taggart, dead 25 Dec. 1828
	E. Eyre, Cor. by purch. vice Forlong, 2 Dr. 30 July 1829
16	Cor. Donnithorne, Lt. by purch. vice Torre, ret. 11 Nov. 1828
	Lt. Dighton, from h. p. 71 F. Lt. vice Jones, dead 9 July 1829
	F. T. Meik, Cor. by purch. vice Donnithorne do.
	C. J. Cornish, Cor. by purch. vice Bolton, ret. 30 do.
2 F.	Assist. Surg. Brady, from 26 F. Surg. vice Campbell, dead do.
3	Lt. Lavoine, from Cape Corps, Lt. vice Deane, 67 F. 9 do.
5	Lt. Walsh, Capt. by purch. vice Browne, ret. 6 Aug.
	Ens. Foot, Lt. do.
	Serj. Pelham Aldrich, Adj. and Ens. vice Canch, res. Adj. only do.
8	W. Lay, Ens. by purch. vice Hamilton, prom. 4 do.
9	Capt. Champain, Maj. by purch. vice St Clair, ret. 16 July
	Lt. Ogle, Capt. do.
	Ens. Donnelly, Lt. do.
	F. Lushington, Ens. do.
10	Ens. Broom, Lt. by purch. vice Musgrave, ret. 6 Aug.
	J. Horsburgh, Ens. do.
13	Bt. Lt. Col. *Sir* R. Moubray, *Kt.* from h. p. Sicil. Regt. Maj. vice Everard, prom. 4 do.
	Lt. Sutherland, Capt. by purch. vice Fenton, ret. 27 Oct. 1828
	Ens. Rawlins, Lt. do.
	P. D. Streng, Ens. 9 July 1829
	Capt. Johnson, Maj. by purch. vice *Sir* R. Moubray, *Kt.* ret. 11 Aug.
	Lt. Kershaw, Capt. do.
	Ens. Vigors, Lt. do.
	R. D. Spread, Ens. do.
16	Lt. Clarke, from 47 F. Lt. 6 Jan.
	Ens. Campbell, from 47 F. Lt. 11 do.
18	Ens. Edwards, from 31 F. Ens. vice Thorold, ret. 9 July
22	Capt. Emerson, from h. p. Capt. vice Ralph, ret. 16 do.
23	J. O. E. Tucker, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Bunyon, 30 F. do.
24	Assist. Surg. Crawford, *M.D.* from 68 F. Assist. Surg. 30 do.
26	Lt. Staff, from 30 F. Lt. 3 Dec. 1828
30 F.	Lt. Macready, Capt. by purch. vice Ackland, ret. 16 July 1829
	2d Lt. Bunyon, from 23 F. Lt. by purch. do.
	Ens. *Hon.* R. Boyle, from 68 F. Lt. by purch. vice Frizell, ret. do.
	Capt. Cramer, Maj. by purch. vice Murray, ret. 6 Aug.
	Lt. Mansel, Capt. do.
31	H. Pigott, Ens. by purch. vice Edwards, 18 F. 9 July
33	Ens. Young, Lt. vice D. H. Mackay, dead 2 do.
	Gent. Cad. G. A. V. Graham, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. do.
	Staff Surg. Hall, Surg. vice Gower, cash. 28 do.
35	Capt. Power, Maj. by purch. vice Macdonald, 44 F. 25 Aug.
	Lt. Maxwell, Capt. do.
	Ens. Faris, Lt. do.
	T. J. G. Chatterton, Ens. do.
38	Lt. Campbell, Capt. vice Macdonald, dead 25 Sept. 1828
	Ens. Southall, Lt. do.
	Gent. Cad. H. Bates, from R. Mil. Coll. Ens. 9 July 1829
	Lt. Green, Adj. vice Campbell 25 Sept. 1828
42	Lt. Macfarlane, Adj. vice Duff, h. p. 64 F. 16 July 1829
43	C. E. Nugent, Ens. by purch. vice Tufton, ret. 30 do.
44	Maj. Macdonald, from 35 F. Lt. Col. by purch. vice Tidy, Insp. Field Officer of Rec. Dist. 25 Aug.
47	J. Watson, Ens. by purch. vice Campbell, 16 F. 16 July
49	Lt. Meik, from 30 F. Lt. 6 Jan.
53	Capt. Butler, Maj. by purch. vice Reed, prom. 11 Aug.
	Lt. Philipps, Capt. do.
	Ens. Wigley, Lt. do.
	C. B. Blaydes, Ens. do.
54	Lt. Beaven, Capt. vice Kelly, dead 7 Aug. 1828
	Ens. Anderson, from 69 F. Lt. 9 July 1829
57	Lt. Edwards, from 7 Dr. Lt. vice Shadforth, h. p. rec. diff. 21 Mar.
	—— Gray, from 89 F. Lt. vice Edwards, h. p. 89 F. 22 do.
59	Lt. Fuller, Capt. by purch. vice Collins, ret. 9 July
	Ens. Calder, Lt. and Adj. 16 do.
60	Lt. A. *Visc.* Fincastle, from 67 F. Lt. vice Archer, h. p. R. Afr. Corps 9 do.
63	Assist. Surg. Milligan, *M.D.* from h. p. 60 F. Assist. Surg. vice Daly, dead do.
67	Lt. Dean, from 3 F. Lt. vice *Lord* Fincastle, 60 F. do.
68	W. F. V. Graham, Ens. by purch. vice Boyle, 30 F. 16 do.
	Lt. Blood, Capt. by purch. vice Parker, ret. 6 Aug.
	Ens. Madeley, Lt. do.
	A. Douglas, Ens. do.
69	Ens. James, Lt. by purch. vice Evans, prom. 16 July
	A. Sutherland, Ens. vice Anderson, 54 F. 9 do.
	St. G. Lowther, Ens. by purch. vice James 16 do.
	Capt. Parker, from h. p. Cape Regt. Capt. vice Heigham, 4 Dr. Gds. 30 do.
71	Staff As. Surg. Gulliver, As. Surg. vice Daykin. Gren. Gds. 23 do.
72	A. Balfour, Ens. by purch. vice Rose, ret. 6 Aug.
83	J. Goodrich, Ens. by purch. vice Pole, ret. 16 July

86 F. As. Surg. Strath, from 59 F. As. Surg. Vice Gordon, 92 F. 30 July 1829
87 2d Lt. Blake, 1st Lt. vice Tolfrey, dead do.
91 Capt. D. Campbell, from h. p. Capt. vice M'Pherson, ret. do.
92 As. Surg. Gordon, from 86 F. As. Surg. vice Thomson, dead do.
97 Lt. Stannus, Capt. by purch. vice Macquarrie, ret. 23 do.
Ens. Barton, Lt. do.
O. Keating, Ens. do.
98 Maj. Gen. Hinde, Col. vice Lt. Gen. Conran, dead 22 do.
Ceylon R. Lt. Jones, from h. p. 89 F. Lt. vice Emslie, prom. 23 do.
Cape Mounted Riflem. Lt. Russel, from R. African Col. Corps, Lt. vice Lavoine, 3 F. 9 do.

Garrisons.

Lt. Gen. Hawker, Capt. of Yarmouth Castle, in Isle of Wight, vice Griffiths, dead 22 July 1829
Rev. A. Irvine, Chaplain to Tower of London, vice Broughton, res. 24June

Royal Hibernian Military School.

As. Surg. Farnden, from 8 Dr. Surg. 23 July 1829

Ordnance Department.

Roy. Art. 2d Lt. Cleeve, 1st Lt. vice Bayley, h. p. 20 June 1829
2d Capt. Stopford, Capt. vice Bourchier 26 do.
Capt. Kendall, from Unatt. h. p. 2d Capt. do.
1st Lt. Wright, 2d Capt. vice Gapper, dead 11 July
2d Lt. St. George, 1st Lt. do.
—— Needham, 1st Lt. vice Ommaney, dead 12 do.
2d Capt. Dowse, Capt. vice Bt. Maj. Butts, dismissed 3 Aug.
Capt. Hunter, from h. p. 2d Capt. do.

The undermentioned Officer of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, having Brevet Rank superior to his Regimental Commission, has been granted Promotion on Half-Pay.

Brevet Maj. Bourchier, Maj. 26 June 1829

Medical Dep.

G. L. Fitz Maurice, 2d As. Surg. vice Lambert, res. 1 July 1829
1st As. Surg. Ogilvie, *M.D.* Surg. vice Jones, ret. 10 Aug.
2dAs.Surg.Goldsworthy,1stAs.Surg.do.
J. A. Davis, 2d As. Surg. do.

Unattached.

To be Lieutenant-Colonel without purchase.

Bt. Lt. Col. Hastings, Insp. Field Officer of a Rec. Dist. 9 July 1829

To be Lieutenant-Colonels of Infantry by purchase.

Maj. Reed, from 53 F. 11 Aug. 1829
—— Smith, from 11 Dr. do.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Evans, from 69 F. 16 Aug. 1829
—— Hobart, from 2 Dr. 30 July
—— Johnson, from 11 Dr. do.
—— Newton, from 4 Dr. 25 Aug.

To be Lieutenant of Infantry by purchase.

Ens. Hamilton, from 8 F. 16 Aug. 1829

The undermentioned Lieutenant, actually serving upon Full Pay in a Regiment of the Line, whose Commission is dated in the year 1808, *has accepted promotion upon Half-Pay, according to the General Order of the 27th Dec.* 1826.

To be Captain of Infantry.

Lt. Peach, from 47 F. 4 Aug. 1829

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. Everard, from 13 F. 4 Aug. 1829

Exchanges.

Lt. Col. Ferguson, 34 F. rec. diff. with Lt. Col. Fox, h. p.
—— Salwey, Coldst. Gds. with Lt. Col. Craufurd, h. p.
—— Maclaine, 17 F. with Lt. Col. Austin, h. p.
—— Macleod, 2 W. I. R. with Lt. Cockburn, h. p. N. Brunsw. Fen.
Maj. Vaughan, 84 F. with Maj. Macbean, h. p.
Capt. Bonnor, 15 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Cuthbert, h. p.
—— Vivian, 22 F. with Capt. Ralph, h. p.
—— Gray, 30 F. with Capt. Ackland, h. p. 9. F.
—— M'Intyre, 41 F. rec. diff. with Capt Carpenter, h. p.
—— Muttlebury, 97 F. with Capt. Macquarrie, h. p. 57 F.
—— Jenour, 69 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Heigham, h. p.
—— Cox, 1 Life Gds. with Capt. Williams, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.
—— Delancy, 10 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Anderson, h. p.
—— Caldwell, 21 F. rec. diff. with Capt. Sawbridge, h. p.
—— A Campbell, 99 F. with Capt. Corfield, h. p. 2 Ceylon Regt.
Lieut. Guthrie, 26 F. with Lieut. Carthew, h. p. 64 F.
—— Norton, 33 F. with Lieut. Rogers, h. p 45 F.
—— Duff, 42 F. with Lieut. Guthrie, h. p. 64 F.
—— Chadwick, 45 F. with Lieut. Tupper, h. p.
—— Hanna, 67 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Whyte, h. p. Cape Corps.
—— *Hon.* R. Boyle, 34 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Fox, h. p.
—— Smith, 1 Dr. rec. diff. with Lieut. Westby, h. p. Staff Corps.
—— Irwin, 83 F. rec. diff. with Lieut. Hamilton, h. p.
As. Surg. Battersby, 14 F. with As. Surg. Lightfoot, 47 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Major-Generals.

Gubbins
Sir J. Dalrymple.

Lieut.-Colonels.

Sir R. Moubray, *Kt.* 13 F.
Hastings, late Insp. Fd. Officer of Rec. Dist.

Major.

Murray, 30 F.

Captains.

Ravenhill, 4 Dr Gds.
Browne, 5 F.
Fenton, 13 F.
Ralph, 22 F.
Ackland, 30 F.
Collins, 59 F.
Parker, 68 F.
M'Pherson, 91 F.
Macquarrie, 97 F.
Ogden, h. p. 38 F.

Lieutenants.

Dick, 1 Dr. Gds.
Musgrave, 10 F.
Conran, h. p. 1 F.
L'Estrange, h. p. 11 F.
Hanley, h. p. 27 F.
Sandwith, h. p. 27 F.
La Touche, h. p. 30 F.
Frizell, h. p. 30 F.
Young, h. p. 35 F.
Baghott, h. p. 80 F.
Boyd, h. p. 90 F.
Flinter, h. p. 97 F.
Tait, do.
Bushell, h. p. 5 W. I. R.
M'Swiney, h. p. R. Cors. Rang.
Jones, h. p. 1 Gar. Bn.
Derinzy, h. p. York Lt. Inf. Vol.
Fitzpatrick, h. p. Unatt.

Cornets, 2d Lieutenants, and Ensigns.

Oliver, 10 Dr.
Terry, 13 Dr.
Bolton, 16 Dr.
Thoreld, 18 F.
Tufton, 43 F.

Rose, 72 F.
Pole, 83 F.
Blicke, h. p. 10 Dr.
Wyse, h. p. 6 F.
O'Donnell, h. p. 16 F.
Lawless, h. p. 56 F.
Thomas, h. p. 45 F.
Spratt, h. p. 72 F.
Jenkins, h. p. 77 F.
Campbell, h. p. 95 F.
Clarke, h. p. Newf. Vet. Comp.
Carroll, h. p. Newf. Fenc. Inf.
Campbell, h. p. York Light Inf. Vol.
De Daubruwa, h. p. Unatt.
G. Smith, do.

Quarter-Master.

Mackenzie, h. p. 4 W. I. R.

Commissariat Department.

Dep. As. Com. Gen. Ryrie.

Dismissed the Service.

Bt. Major Butts, R. Art.

Cashiered.

Lt. Fiske, 33 F.

Cancelled.

Lt. Edwards, 40 F.
Lt. Lawder, Ceylon Regt.
As. Surg. Pack, 98 F.

Deaths.

General.

Right Hon. Sir D. Baird, *Bt. G.C.B.* and *K.C.* 24 F. Gov. of Fort George, Ferntower, Perthshire 18 Aug. 1829

Lieut.-General.

Wm. Spencer, Starston, Norfolk 27 Aug. 1829

Lieut.-Colonels.

Williams, 2 F.
Bird, Ceyl. Regt. Colombo 3 April 1829

Majors.

Bowater, h. p. R. Mar. 15 March 1829
Thompson, do. 18 May

Captains.

Vane, Coldst. Gds. Sidmouth 9 Aug. 1829
Le Guay, 2 Bn. 1 F. Messoure, Trichinopoly, Madras 28 Feb.
Pellichody, 41 F. Ormshaycutty, Madras 10 do.
Jones, R. Art. Trincomalee 25 April
Dawson, R. Eng. Colombo 28 March 1829
Patten, R. Mar. 16 April
Brittain, late R. Mar. 11 Aug.
Hook, h. p. Staff Corps of Cav. Plymouth 28 July
Mitchell, h. p. 60 F. Jersey 22 June
Kingsbury, h. p. 81 F. Edwardsburgh, Upper Canada 20 March 1828
Evans, h. p. 89 F. Doritwich 3 June 1829
Ruperti, h. p. 7 Line Bn. King's Ger. Leg. Papenburgh, Hanover 27 May
Wyndowe, h. p. Unatt.

Lieutenants.

Thornhill, 40 F. Hobart's Town, Van Diemen's Land 18 Feb. 1829
Chaloner, 52 F. (supposed to be drowned in the Ariel Packet in November last, on passage to Halifax, Nova Scotia)
Tolfrey, 87 F. 25 July
Wm. Calder, 91 F. Jamaica 1 Aug.
Barton, R. Mar. 18 June
Magill, h. p. R. Mar. 24 Jan.
Chambers, late R. Mar. 9 April
Miller, late 1 Vet. Bn. Stirling 25 Feb.
Kirk, late 4 Vet. Bn. July
Findlay, late 11 Vet. Bn. Lambeth 12 do.
Fitzgerald, h. p. 5 F. 24 June
Don. Cameron, h. p. 78 F. Glenstockdale near Appin 8 do.
John Campbell, h. p. 88 F. Grenrallock, Argyllshire 14 March
Latham, h. p. 4 W. I. R.

2d Lieutenant and Ensigns.

Roe, R. Mar. at Sea 6 March 1829
Macdougall, late 9 R. Vet. Bn. Edinburgh 1 Aug.
Gugy, h. p. Gleng. Fenc.
Magee, h. p. Unatt. (drowned) 16 July

Paymaster.

Browne, h. p. 4 Ceyl. Regt. Wookey, Somersetshire 24 July 1829

Adjutant.

Williamson, h. p. Roxburgh's Fencible Cavalry 6 July 1829

Quarter-Masters.

Sheridan, h. p 22 Dr. (previously of 89 F.) 28 July 1829
M'Intosh, late of 42 F. 30 do.

Inspector of Hospitals.

F. Burrows, h. p. London 22 Aug. 1829

Assistant Surgeon.

Daly, 65 F.

Veterinary Surgeon.

Clarkson, h. p. 1 Dr. Gds. Hamilton 22 July 1826

September.

1 Life Gds.	Gen. *Visc.* Combermere, G.C.B. and G.C.H. from 3 Lt. Dr. Col. vice Gen. the *Earl of* Harrington, dead 16 Sept. 1829
	Lt. Baring, Capt. by purch. vice Williams, ret 3 do.
	Cor. and Sub-Lt. West, Lt. do.
	T. H. *Visc.* Ranelagh, Cor. and Sub.-Lt. do.
1 Dr. Gds.	G. D. Scott, Cor. by purch. vice Locke, ret. 20 Aug.
3 Dr.	Maj. Gen. *Lord* Geo. Tho. Beresford, Col. vice Gen. *Visc.* Combermere, Col. 1 Life Gds. 16 Sept.
11 Dr.	Cor. French, Lt. by purch. vice Johnson, prom. 20 Aug.
14	J. Hodson, Cor. by purch. vice Evans, ret. 13 do.
Coldst. Gds.	Lt. and Capt. *Hon.* J. Montagu, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch. vice Cranford, ret. do.
	Ens. and Lt. *Hon.* E. B. Wilbraham, Lt. and Capt. do.
	H. Daniell, Ens. and Lt. do.
1 F.	Surg. Finnie, from 19 F. Surg. vice Fitz Gerald, ret. do.
8	Assist. Surg. Adams, from 30 F. Assist.
8 F.	Surg. vice Ferguson, ret. h. p. 30 F. 20 Aug. 1829
10	Sergt. Maj. Tho. Blenkinsop, Qua. Mast. vice Moss, 13 do.
17	Maj. Despard, Lt. Col. by purch. vice Austin, ret. do.
	Capt Lachlan, Maj. do.
	Lt. Deedes, Capt. do.
	Ens. Harvey, Lt. do.
	W. Tobin, Ens. do.
	Lt. Murray, from 59 F. Lt. vice Rawson, 87 F. 20 do.
19	Surg. Waterson, from Hosp. Staff, Surg. vice Finnie, 1 F. 13 do.
20	Ens. Fraser, Lt. by purch. vice Bayly. ret. 20 do.
	W. Welch, Ens. do.
21	Maj. Gen. *Sir* Jas. Lyon, *K.C.B.* and *G.C.H.* from 97 F. Col. vice Gen. *Sir* D. Baird, dead 7 Sept.
25	J. A. Guillie, Ens. by purch. vice Curling, 30 F. 20 Aug.
29	Capt. Gray, from h. p. 71 F. Capt. vice Dalyell, 47 F. 13 do.
	Lt. Douglas, Capt by purch. vice Gray, ret. 20 do.
	Ens. Drake, Lt. do.

29 F. H. M. Turnor, Ens. 20 Aug. 1829
30 Ens. Curling, from 25 F. Lt. by purch. vice Andrews, prom. do.
2d Lt. Lindsay, from 23 F. Lt. by purch. vice Tompson, ret. 15 Sept.
34 Lt. Bayly, Capt by purch. vice Norton, ret. 27 Aug.
Ens. Colt, Lt. do.
R. W. Byron, Ens. do.
39 Ens. Berkeley, Lt. by purch. vice Coke, ret. 13 do.
B. G. Layard, Ens. do.
43 Ens. Haverfield, Lt. vice Gardiner, ret. 27 do.
G. Fitz Roy, Ens. do.
47 Capt. Dalyell, from 29 F. Capt. vice French, h. p. 71 F. 13 do.
53 Ens. Delme, Lt. by purch. vice Heneage, prom. 15 Sept.
—— Bond, Lt. by purch. vice Delme, ret. 16 do.
D. R. Jones, Ens. do.
57 Lt. Story, from 87 F. Lt. vice Taylor, h. p. 59 F. 20 Aug.
78 H. Hamilton, Ens. by purch. vice Webb, ret. 13 do.
87 Lt. Rawson, from 17 F. Lt. vice Story, 57 F. 20 do.
Lord J. Chichester, 2d Lt. by purch. vice Blake, prom. 8 Sept.
91 Ens. Lloyd, Lt. vice Calder, dead 26 Aug.
—— J. F. G. Campbell, Lt. by purch. vice Carlisle, ret. 27 do.
W. Anderson, Ens. do.
F. W. B. M'Leod, Ens. vice Lloyd 28 do.
93 Ens. Neilson, Lt. by purch. vice Ford, ret. 13 do.
T. D. Gordon, Ens. do.
97 Maj. Gen. *Hon. Sir* Robert O'Callaghan, *K.C.B.* Col. vice Maj. Gen. *Sir* J. Lyon, 24 F. 7 Sept.
99 Capt. Reeves, from h. p. Capt. vice Corfield, ret. 20 Aug.

Garrisons.

Lt. Gen. *Sir* George Murray, *K.C.B.* and G.C.H. Gov. of Fort George, vice Gen. *Sir* D. Baird, dead. 7 Sept. 1829

Ordnance Department.

Royal Art. 2d Capt. Fred. Wright, Adj. vice Romer, Gn. Quar. Mast. 8 Jan. 1829
Capt. Bridges, from h. p. Unatt. 2d Capt. vice G. Jones, dead 4 Aug.
Royal Eng. 2d Capt. Hulme, Capt. vice Dawson, dead 23 May
1st Lt. Cooper, 2d Capt. do.
2d Lt. Fenwick, 1st Lt. do.

Commissariat Department.

Commiss. Clerk R. Ackroyd, to be Dep. Ass. Com. Gen. 14 May 1829

Hospital Staff.

Insp. of Hosp. Fraser, from h. p. Insp. of Hosp. 4 Aug. 1829

Local Rank.

Lt. Blood, of the East India Co.'s Serv. temporary rank of Lt. whilst employed as Orderly Officer at Addiscombe 13 Aug. 1829

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 Lt. Col. Pasley, of the Royal Engineers at Chatham, for Field Instructions in the art of Sapping and Mining.

Gent. Cadet H. Rigby 13 Aug. 1829
—— W. Saunders do.
—— T. Renny do.
—— W. G. Hebbert do.
—— G. H. Fagan do.
—— G. Wingate do.
—— J. H. G. Crawford do.

Unattached.

To be Captains of Infantry by purchase.

Lt. Andrews, from 30 F. 20 Aug. 1829
— Henage, from 53 F. 15 Sept.

Exchanges.

Capt. Duke, 6 F. rec. diff. with Capt. *Hon.* J. E. K. Erskine
— Fitz Roy, 88 F. with Bt. Maj. Gore, h. p. 86 F.
Lt. Hilton, 17 F. with Lt. *Hon.* C. Gordon, 76 F.
— Ruddle, 36 F. with Lt. Robertson, h. p. 79 F.

Resignations and Retirements.

Lieut.-Colonel.

Austin, 17 F.

Captains.

Gray, 29 F.
Norton, 34 F.
Corfield, 99 F.
Phelan, h. p. 79 F.

Lieutenants.

Thompson, 30 F.
Coke, 39 F.
Gardiner, 43 F.
Delme, 53 F.
Carlisle, 91 F.
Ford, 93 F.
Simpson, h. p. 23 Dr.
Baillie, h. p. 15 F.
Foster, h. p. 31 F.
Armstrong, h. p. 51 F.
Winder, h. p. 85 F.

Cornets and Ensigns.

Locke, 1 Dr. Gds.
Evans, 14 Dr.
Webb, 78 F.
Young, h. p. R. Wagg. Tr.
Fry, h. p. 24 F.
Bushuan, h. p. 60 F.

Quarter-Masters.

Griffith, h. p. 42 F.
Clifford, h. p. 61 F.

Medical Department.

Surg. Fitz Gerald, 1 F.
Staff Assist. Surg. Cuddy
—— —— Bushe

Deaths.

Generals.

C. *E. of* Harrington, G.C.H. Col. of 1 Life Gds. Gov. of Windsor, Brighton 15 Sept. 1829
J. Despard, Oswestry 3 do.

Lieut.-General.

Sir M. Nightingall, *K.C.B.* Col. of 49 F. Gloucester.

Majors.

Greene, 70 F.
Taylor, late R. Ir. Eng. 15 Apr. 1828
Keating, E. I. Comp.'s Service, near Dublin 17 Sept. 1829

Captains.

Furnas, 27 F. Liverpool 1 Sept. 1829
Butler, h. p. 37 F. 6 Aug.
Clunow, h. p. Watteville's Reg. 22 Nov. 1828
Street, h. p. Unatt. Royal Art. Cheltenham 5 Sept. 1829
Gainnng, h. p. Unatt. 8 May

Lieutenants.

Patterson, Roy. African Corps, Sierra Leone 21 June 1829
Fisk, h. p. 23 Dr. Hampton Wick, near Kingston 3 Sept.
M'Lean, h. p. 48 F. 5 Aug.
Macdougall, h. p. 59 F.
Hamilton, h. p. 79 F. 19 June 1829
Wallis, h. p. 2 Gar. Bn. 13 Feb.
Buchler, h. p. 8 Line Bn. K.G.L. Badeweiler 8 May
Goble, late Roy. Art. Drivers, Houghton Bridge, Sussex 18 do.
Corneille, late R. Ir. Eng.

Cornet and Ensigns.

Dighton, h. p. 21 Dr. 24 Dec. 1826

Morgan, h. p. 53 F. 21 May 1829
Robinson, h. p. 86 F. 17 March
Prichard, h. p. 96 F. 12 Jan.
Simpson, h. p. 194 F. May 1826
Cotterell, h. p. Hosp. Corps 25 Feb. 1829

Adjutant.

Elam, h. p. 8 Gar. Bn.

Quarter-Master.

Boardman, h. p. 21 Dr. 14 Sept. 1829

Commissariat Department.

Dep. As. Comm. Gen. Deakin, h. p. 1 Sept. 1829

Medical Department.

Staff Surg. Batty, h. p. 25 March 1829
——— Cobbe, h. p. 1 May
Surg. Dougall, h. p. 3 W. I. R. 4 do.
—— King, h. p. Loft's Corps 5 Nov. 1827
As. Surg. Paterson, 3 F. Sungarpoint, Bengal (on board the Rose, on passage to England) 20 March 1829
——— Minty, 31 F. Aberdeen Aug.

Alphabetical List of English Bankruptcies, announced from the 22d of August, 1829, to the 22d of September, 1829.

Adams, T. P. Cheapside, silkman.
Allen, T. Oxford-street, bookseller.
Ansell, H. Colchester-street, watch-manufacturer.
Atkinson, J. Leeds, dyer.
Alexander, R. Calcutta, and Great Coram-street, bookseller.
Bates, G. N. Birmingham, metal-refiner.
Broadhurst, J. West Heath, Cheshire, silk-throwster.
Butler, W. Birmingham, mother-of-pearl button manufacturer.
Bird, C. E. Goytree, miller.
Bryson, G. Lad-lane, auctioneer.
Ballard, T. Dock-head, Surrey, cheese-monger.
Cooling, W. J. Bidburgh-street, master-mariner.
Corker, J. Leeds, saw-manufacturer.
Cannon, W. Northampton, shoe-manufacturer.
Clegg, J. Liverpool, veterinary-surgeon.
Chalk, J. G. Barking, butcher.
Davis, C. Charles-street, Soho-square, general-dealer.
Dunn, W. W. and J. W. Dunn, Sambrook-court, brokers.
Dore, W. H. Bath, brush-manufacturer.
English, R. Bath, cabinetmaker.
Finlinson, J. Whiterigg, cattle-dealer.
Fitzpatrick, M. Manchester, shopkeeper.
Forth, A. and G. Aspinall, Manchester, girth-web manufacturers.
Fielder, J. Knightsbridge, victualler.
Gardner, W. R. Harper-street, engraver.
Holiwell, J. and G. Highfield, Liverpool, merchants.
Holt, H. Liverpool, ship-owner.
Hall, H. B. Twickenham, innkeeper.
Hammick, A. Long Acre, coach-maker.
Hitchcock, T. Bow, brewer.
Hill, J. Red Lion wharf, City-road, and Red Lion street, coal merchant.
Henshall, W. Kinderton, carrier.
Horton, J. Bolton-le-moors, innkeeper.
John, M. S. Oxford-street, linen-draper.
Jenkins, T. Middle-street, Brompton, stone-mason.
James, W. Westbury, clothier.
Kenrick, W. Park-lane, livery-stable-keeper.
Langley, R. Oxford-street, perfumer.
Linsell, J. Finching-field, grocer.
Lyon, J. W. Bouverie-street, merchant.
Leigh, J. Crescent-place, New Bridge-street, merchant.
Marsden, J. Bryanston-street, paper-hanger.
Masterman, W. Kings-land-wharf, wharfinger.
Morgan, M. Shipston, linen-draper.
Marshall, J. Foleshill, ribbon-manufacturer.
Neville, T. and G. Dollinghurst, farmers.
Nicholls, J. Mitcham, silk-manufacturer.
Oliver, C. Tottenham-court road, shoe-manufacturer.
Potter, J. Margate, dealer in glass.
Pridham, R. Great Torrington, draper.
Petherbridge, W. Whitechapel, and Newton Abbot, linen-draper.
Parnell, J. jun. and W. Parnell, Bristol, coppersmiths.
Pound, R. Hoxton, builder.
Plume, W. Stock, builder.
Revitt, J. H. Rathbone-place, builder.
Rowbotham, J. Ashton-under-Lyne, hat manufacturer.
Robinson, J. Manchester, publican.
Rudland, J. Mary-le-bone-lane, stable-keeper.
Stubbs, W. New Malton, draper.
Smith, R. Preston, muslin-manufacturer.
Spark, J. North Shields, victualler.
Smith, J. and W. Fletcher, Pendleton, dyers.
Stone, S. Edgware, farmer.
Selby, W. Standard Hill, Notts, lace-manufacturer.
Stephenson, J. Manchester, merchant.
Shelmerdine, W. sen. Manchester, and Little Houghton, paper-maker.
Stretch, J. C. auctioneer.
Scammel, E. Warminster, dealer in china.
Spicer, C. Margate, tavern-keeper.
Smith, J. Western-place, Mary-le-bone, bricklayer.
Thomson, J. and R. Liverpool, merchants.
Taylor, J. A. Birmingham, iron-founder.
White, T. Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, printer.
Wyatt, F. Plymouth, grocer.
Wallington, T. and B. Overbury, sen. and T. Carter, Cateaton-street, wholesale woollen-drapers, and Blackwell-hall, factors.
Woodward, E. Chelmsford, linendraper.
Worsley, P. Heaton Norris, timber-merchant.
Yoe, A. E. Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, innholder.

Alphabetical List of Scotch Bankruptcies, announced from the 22d of August, 1829, to the 22d of September, 1829.

Anderson and Gavin, merchants, Leith, and John Hodgson, Anderson, and William Gavin, the individual partners.
Blaikie, Lennox, late merchant in Dundee, now residing in Edinburgh.
Charteris, William, tape and thread-manufacturer in Glasgow.
Clirehugh, Vair, perfumer and hairdresser, George street, Edinburgh.
Cochran, Robert, and sons, merchants, Paisley.
Crawford, Quentin, grocer and spirit-dealer, Cumnock, Ayrshire.
Crawford, William, surgeon and druggist, Tradeston of Glasgow.
Duncan, Alexander, wood-merchant, ship-owner, and mill-wright, Garmouth, Elginshire.
Dunn, George, and Company, wrights, Hutchinsontoun, Glasgow.
Eadie, John, potter, Calton of Glasgow, and accountant in Glasgow, a partner in the Company of Eadie and Meikleham, potters, Calton of Glasgow, and accountants in Glasgow.
Faulds, James, merchant, mill-spinner, and flax-dresser, Dundee.
Ford, David, merchant and manufacturer, Arbroath.
Geddes, William, vintner in Inverness.
Henry and Paterson, drapers, Dumfries, and

George Henry, and James Paterson, as individuals.
Henry and Armstrong, merchants, Edinburgh, and John Henry, and George Armstrong, as individuals.
Martin, Robert, corn-merchant, Leith.
M'Gregor, Peter, and Co. merchants, Glasgow, and Alexander M'Gregor, Archibald M'Gregor, Peter M'Gregor, and James M'Gregor, merchants there.
Murray, John, insurance-broker and writer to the signet, Edinburgh.
Neilson, William, merchant, Leith.
Neilson, James, jun. merchant, Leith.
Pattison, Thomas, agent and merchant, Leith.
Philips, John, writer and distiller, Crieff.
Rennie, John, of Phantassie, farmer, corn-merchant, and cattle-dealer, East Linton, county of Haddington.
Robertson and Fyfe, publishers of the Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle, and newspaper and advertising agents in Edinburgh, and Archibald Fyfe, one of the partners thereof, as an individual.
Sands, John, architect and builder, Glasgow.
Scouller, Ninian, flesher in Glasgow.
Scouller, John, flesher in Glasgow, and Jean Scouller, residing there, relict of the deceased John Scouller, late flesher in Glasgow, sole partners of the firm of John Scouller and Co.
Smith, William, spirit-dealer and merchant, Glasgow.
Taylor, James and George, cattle-dealers in Eyemouth and Dunse, and James Taylor, cattle-dealer in Eyemouth, George Taylor, cattle-dealer in Dunse, and Luke Hay, jun. cattle-dealer in Lowick, in the county of Northumberland, partners of that company or firm.
The Company carrying on business in Glasgow as merchants and commission agents, under the firm of Sinclair and Gibson, and in Kingston, Jamaica, under the firm of Gibson and Sinclair, and Peter Sinclair and Lawrence Gibson, both merchants in Glasgow, the partners of said Company, as individuals.
The Old Drug Warehouse Company in Glasgow, and John Montgomerie, doctor of medicine, surgeon and druggist, sole partner of the said Company.
Urquhart, Simon, clothier and haberdasher in Aberdeen.
Wardrop and Harvie, power-loom cloth manufacturers, Glasgow, and David Wardrop, and Andrew Harvie, as individual partners.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

July 22. At Marchmont, Quebec, the Lady of Sir T. N. Hill, K.C.B. &c. and Deputy Adjutant-General, of a son.

30. At No. 6, Dundas Street, the Lady of John MacGlashan, Esq. of a daughter.

Aug. 1. At Sandhurst, the Right Hon. Lady Harriet Paget, of a daughter.

— At Creedy, Devon, the seat of Sir Humphrey Davy, Bart., the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Ferguson, of a daughter.

3. At Cairnhill, Mrs Nisbet, of a daughter.

— At London, the Lady of the Right Hon. Robert Peel, of a son.

— At No. 61, York Place, Mrs Andrew Tawse, of a son.

5. At 28, Royal Circus, Edinburgh, Mrs Lamont, junior, of Knockdow, of a daughter.

6. At No. 5, St Andrew Square, Mrs M'Kean, of a daughter.

— At Edinburgh, the Lady of Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

— At No. 67, Great King Street, Mrs Barron, of a daughter.

7. At No. 22, Drummond Place, Mrs Meldrum of Easter Kincaple, of a son.

— At Hertford Street, Mayfair, London, the Countess of Guilford, of a son and heir.

— At Regent House, Canongate, Mrs A. Ballantyne, of a daughter.

— At Alemus, Forfarshire, Mrs Wotherspoon, 16, Ainslie Place, Moray Park, Edinburgh, of a daughter.

8. At Fintry House, Aberdeenshire, the Hon. Lady Forbes, of Craigievar, of a daughter.

— At 131, George Street, Mrs William Burn, of a son.

— At Upton House, Dorsetshire, the Hon. Mrs Doughty, of a son and heir.

9. At Brussels, the Lady of Capt. Rattray, R. N. of a daughter.

— At Cowhill, the Lady of Capt. C. N. Johnston, R. N. of a son.

12. At Bonnyglen, near Donegal, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Steuart, of the Madras Army, of a son.

— At Sunnyside Lodge, Lanark, Mrs Alexander Gillespie, of a daughter.

— At the Vicarage, Chillingham, the Lady of the Rev. John Sandford, of a son.

16. At Bellevue, Haddington, Mrs William Bogue, of a son.

17. Mrs Dr E. D. Alison, No. 37, Northumberland Street, of a daughter.

19. At Woodend Cottage, Mrs Leith Hay, of a son.

— At Prestonpans, Mrs Hislop, of a daughter.

20. At Wemyss Castle, the Lady Emma Wemyss, of a son.

21. At Williamfield, Newhaven, the Lady of Lieut. Forrest, Royal Navy, of a daughter.

23. At No. 34, Cumberland Street, Mrs R. Menzies, of a son.

25. At Kirkmay House, the Lady of Robert Inglis, Esq. of Kirkmay, of a son.

26. At 6, Moray Place, Mrs John Learmonth, of a son.

27. At No. 25, East Claremont Street, Mrs Hewat, of a daughter.

— At No. 54, Rankeillor Street, Mrs Aitchison, of a daughter.

28. At Kinloss Manse, Mrs Robertson, of twin daughters.

— Lady Elizabeth Drummond, of a son.

29. At Wycombe Abbey, the Lady of Lord Granville Somerset, of a son.

30. At Atholl Crescent, the Lady of Robert Montgomery, Esq. of a son.

31. Mrs Lumsden of Tilwhilly, of a son.

— At Mount Pleasant, Plymouth, the Lady of Captain Dickenson, of a son and heir.

Sept. 3. At Wentworth, the Viscountess Milton, of a daughter.

2. At No. 29, Buccleuch Place, Mrs Robert Hutton, of a daughter.

5. At Usan House, the Lady of George Keith, Esq. of Usan, of a son.

8. At Woodville, near Edinburgh, Mrs James Wilson, of a son.

— At Williamfield, Mrs William Pattison, jun. of a son.

9. At No. 25, East Claremont Street, Mrs John Maughan, of a daughter.

11. At Glasgow, the Lady of William L. Ewing, Esq. of a daughter.

— At No. 5, North Charlotte Street, Mrs Howden, of a son.

— At No. 17, Dean Terrace, Mrs Menzies, of a son.

— At Linthill, the Lady of William Currie, Esq. of a daughter.

12. At Fettes Row, Mrs William Allan, of a daughter.

14. At Dollar, the Lady of Captain Pinkerton, of a son.

15. In Cavendish Square, London, the Lady of Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, of a son.

— At No. 14, Hart Street, Mrs Johnstone, of a son.

17. At No. 32, Howard Place, Mrs William Napier, of a son.

18. At No. 2, St Bernard Place, Stockbridge, Mrs. J. E. Dove, of a son.

— At Inverleith Road, Mrs M'Bean, of a daughter.

18. At No. 3, London Street, Mrs Richardson, of a daughter.
19. At Dundee, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel Chalmers, of Glenericht, of a daughter.
— At Havre de Grace, Mrs Alexander Denniston, of a daughter.
— At 79, Great King Street, Mrs Wigham, of a daughter.
22. At Mount Annan, the Lady of Captain Dirom, of the King's, or 8th Foot, of a daughter.
— At Sir Robert Blair's, Harley House, Bath, the Lady of Lieut.-Colonel M. Swinton, of a son.
23. At Campsall Park, the Lady of Sir Joseph Radcliffe, Bart. of a son.
24. At Ayr, Mrs H. Cowan, jun. of a daughter.
25. At Leckie, the Lady of C. A. Moir, Esq. of Leckie, of a daughter.
26. In Lower Brook Street, London, the Lady of Colonel Henry White, M.P. for the county of Dublin, of a son and heir.
Lately. At Mecklenburgh Square, London, the Lady of James Mackenzie, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

March 28. At Poonah, Edmond Montgomerie, Esq. Acting Judge and Criminal Judge in the Northern Concan, to Isabella, second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sullivan, of his Majesty's 6th Regiment of Foot, now commanding at Poonah.
April 9. At Sydney, New South Wales, Captain Lachlan M'Kinnon, of the Australian Company's ship City of Edinburgh, to Catherine, second daughter, and on the 28th, Charles M'Lachlan, Esq. Manager for the Australian Company at Hobart Town, to Isabella, youngest daughter, of the late Robert Dick, Esq. merchant, Glasgow.
11. At Malabar Point, Bombay, residence of his Excellency the Governor, Captain Sir Charles Malcolm, Knight, Royal Navy, Superintendent of Marine, to Elmira Riddel, youngest daughter of Major-General Shaw.
July 27. At Kircudbright, John Paul, Esq. of Charleston, South Carolina, to Isabella Kerr, second daughter of the late William Macwhinnie, Esq. merchant.
28. At Glasgow, Mr John Reid, son of William Reid, Esq. Peckham, Rye, London, to Marianne, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr Wardlaw, Glasgow.
29. At Quebec, Mr William Guild, jun. merchant, Montreal, to Georgiana, eldest daughter of the late Major Robertson of Cray, Perthshire,
31. At Fairlie, Ayrshire, Duncan Darroch, Esq. younger of Gourock and Drums, Captain in the Army, to Susan, eldest daughter of the late Charles S. Parker, Esq.
Aug. 1. At Loughton Church, Essex, William Allan, Esq. of the Glen, Peebles-shire, to Elizabeth Wormald, eldest daughter of Benjamin Gott, Esq. of Armley House, Yorkshire.
3. At Craigie House, George James Campbell, Esq. of Treesbanks, to Catherine John Indiana, youngest daughter of the late Major Jones, of the 25th Dragoons.
— At No. 3, Montague Street, Mr William Braidwood, merchant, Edinburgh, to Ann, third daughter of the late Mr Francis Burlin.
4. At Inverkeithing, Mr William Mackersy, Esq. writer to the signet, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Robert Walker, Esq. of Sunny Bank.
— At Moray Place, Edinburgh, John Stuart Hay, son of the late William Hay Newton, of Newton, Esq. to Margaret Eliza, youngest daughter of the late William Fairlie, Esq.
— At Kildrochat House, near Stranraer, James M'Dowall, Esq. of Valleyfield, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Patrick Laurie, Esq. of Urral, Wigtonshire.
5. At Edinburgh, James Strachan, Esq. of Manilla, to Jane, second daughter of the late James Duthie, Esq.
— At Langholm Manse, Mr Steele, writer, Glasgow, to Miss Somerville.
6. At Devonshire House, Piccadilly, London, the Hon. William Cavendish, (heir presumptive to the Dukedom of Devonshire,) to the Lady Blanche Howard, eldest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle.
— At London, Francis D. Massy Dawson, Esq. son of J. H. Massy Dawson, Esq. M.P. to the Hon. Susan St Clair, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Lord Sinclair.
8. At the house of Lady Ellenborough, Captain the Hon. H. Ramsden, to the Hon. Miss Frederica Selina Law.
10. At Trinity Cottage, John Henderson, Esq. W.S. to Barbara, daughter of William Henderson, Esq. merchant, Edinburgh.
11. At London, Sir Francis A. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch, Ross-shire, to Kythe Caroline, eldest daughter of John Smith Wright, Esq. of Bulcote Lodge, Notts.
— At Cantry, Inverness-shire, Robert Grant, Esq. M.P. to Margaret, only daughter of the late Sir David Davidson.
12. At Leith, Mr Thomas Calder, shipmaster, to Elizabeth M'Laren, relict of Mr Adam Smith, shipmaster in Leith.
13. By special license, at St George's, Hanover Square, London, his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch, to Lady Charlotte Thynne, third daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath. His Grace the Duke of Bedford gave the bride away.
— At London, the Rev. Arthur Hanbury, Vicar of Bures St Mary, in the county of Suffolk, to Jessie, only daughter of the late Rev. Archibald Scott, of Pitnain, Lanarkshire.
— At Haddington, A. Shiells, Esq. writer, Wick, to Susan, daughter of the late Mr Wm. Shiells, brewer, Haddington.
14. At Whitehill, the Rev. Alexander Lowrie, East Calder, to Agnes, daughter of Mr James Gilbert, Whitehill.
17. At Summerfield, Mr William Penson, professor of music, to Jane, daughter of the late Thomas Penson, Esq. architect, Wrexham, Denbighshire.
— At Hawick, Adam Symon, Esq. Westfield, Dundee, to Isabella, daughter of Mr James Miller, merchant, Hawick.
18. At Balberton, Mr Thomas Greig, Navitty, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late James Hogg, Esq. Balberton.
19. At Melfort House, William Waddell, Esq. of Easter Moffat, to Margaret Fogo, daughter of the late Archibald Campbell, Esq. of Melfort.
20. At Bon Accord Crescent, the Rev. William Paul, assistant minister of the parish of Nether Banchory, to Jessy, eldest daughter of Alexander Stewart, Esq. Aberdeen.
— At Inverness, Mr Alexander Grant, Birdwell, near Doncaster, to Isabella, eldest daughter of the late John Mitchell, Esq. general inspector of Highland roads and bridges.
24. At London, Lieut. Robert M'Murdo, of the H. E. I. Co.'s service, to Sarah Anne, only daughter of the late Henry Robert Whitcome, Esq.
25. At Dalkeith, Mr Thomas Moffat, junior, Edinburgh, to Isabella, eldest daughter of James Miller, Esq. Dalkeith.
26. At Glenorchard House, Stirlingshire, Mr Alex. Monteath, writer, Perth, to Ellen, daughter of the late Mr Runcarn, Manchester.
27. At Bungay, Suffolk, the Rev. C. B. Bruce, M.A. rector of St James's, Suffolk, to Margaret Augusta, eldest daughter of the late Major-General Kelso.
— At St Paul's Chapel, York Place, F. F. Surenne, artist, No. 37, George Street, to Jessie Rule.
29. At the British Ambassador's, Paris, Colin Rogers, Esq. Superintending Surgeon, Hon. East India Company's Service, Madras, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of the late James Wimbolt, Esq.
31. At Dunfermline, Mr George Birrel, to Margaret Hay, youngest daughter of the late James Douglas, Esq.
Sept. 1. At Cadzow Villa, Hamilton, Dugald MacCallum, Esq. writer, Hamilton, to Eliza, only daughter of the late John Burnside, Esq. of Glasgow.
— At Keswick, Alex. Cowan, Esq, W.S. to Jane Annesley, daughter of the late Thomas Thompson, Esq. Kensington, M.P. for Evesham.
3. At Gosford, George Grant Suttie, Esq. of Balgone and Prestongrange, to the Lady Harriet Charteris, daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Wemyss and March.
— At Wonersh, near Guildford, William Hay, Esq., 5th Dragoon Guards, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Richard Sparks, Esq. of Wonersh.

4. At Gart-Loch House, the Rev. Adam Duncan Tait, of Kirkliston, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late James Hill, Esq. of Gart Loch.

— At Dunfermline, Alexander Colville, Esq. of Hillside, to Catherine, second daughter of the late John Wilson, Esq. of Transy.

8. At Glasgow, John Forrester, Esq. W.S. to Lillias, daughter of the late Robert Cowan, Esq. surgeon, Glasgow.

— At Aldinbourne, Viscount Andover, eldest son of the Earl of Suffolk, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Lord Henry Howard, and niece to the Duke of Norfolk.

— Captain A. Horsburgh, East India Co.'s Service, to Helen Hay, youngest daughter of the late John M'Laren, Leith.

— At Thomson's Place, Leith, Mr David Callender, farmer, Leith, to Mary, daughter of Mr Alex. Marshal, farmer, Craigend.

Lately. At Crosthwaite Church, Keswick, Cumberland, Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq. of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, to Sarah, only daughter of S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

— At St James's Church, Piccadilly, London, Henry Leman, Esq. of Bristol, to Sophia, eldest daughter of Thomas Cadell, Esq. of Upper Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Adam Stobie, surgeon, to Jessie Ogilvie, daughter of Captain Alexander Macvicar, Royal Navy.

— At Paris, Adam Durnford Gordon, Esq. to Harriet Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Robert Gordon, Esq. formerly Governor of the Colony.

— At St Marylebone Church, London, Thomas Monkhouse, Esq. of St Paul's Church-yard, to Sarah, daughter of Thomas Tegg, Esq. of Cheapside, and Wimbledon, Surrey.

DEATHS.

Feb. 28. At Dhoolie, in Candeish, Presidency of Bombay, William John Graham, of the Hon. East India Company's Civil Service, second son of W. C. C. Graham, Esq. of Gartmore.

March. At Columbo, Lieut.-Colonel Bird, of his Majesty's 16th Regiment, and Captain Dawson, of the Engineers, the former from cholera, the latter owing to dysentery, brought on by exposure to the weather when employed in surveying.

5. At Bhoog, in the kingdom of Cutch, Mrs Gray, wife of the Rev. James Gray, one of the chaplains to the Hon. East India Company on the Bombay establishment.

10. At Sungar Point, Bengal, on board the Rose Indiaman, on the passage to England, in the 27th year of his age, assist. surg. John Paterson, of the Buffs, eldest son of the late Paymaster Paterson, Edinburgh Militia; and, at Dalkeith, on the 26th ult., Thomas C. Paterson, in the 21st year of his age, fourth son of the late Paymaster Paterson.

12. At Madras, of an attack of cholera, Captain John Marshall, of his Majesty's 26th, Cameronian regiment.

April 21. At sea, on his passage from India, Captain David Liddell, 10th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry, third son of Mr James Liddell. Auchtertool, Fife.

— At sea, on his passage from Bombay to Liverpool, Captain James Murray, of the barque Malvina, of Grangemouth.

June. On his passage from Van Diemen's Land, Alexander Bowmaker, Esq. son of the late Dr Bowmaker, minister of Dunse.

5. At Sierra Leone, Kenneth M'Aulay, Esq.

16. At No. 8, Henry Street, Edinburgh, Mr Andrew Carfrae, bookseller, second son; and, at her father's house, No. 8, Salisbury Street, on 30th, Mrs Elizabeth Redshaw, eldest daughter, of Mr John Carfrae, bookseller.

July 20. At Clyne Cottage, Sutherlandshire, Mr Hugh Mackenzie, in his 100th year.

22. At Inverary, Mr Wm. Simpson, architect.

23. At Stamford Hill, near London, aged 8 years, William Skene, youngest son of Alexander Seton, of Mounie, Esq.

25. At Linlithgow, Miss Margaret Fothringham.

— At St George's, Grenada, Patrick Macdougall, Esq. of Woodlands.

26. At Edinburgh, Dr William Cargo, of Stranraer.

— At Bradford, Mrs Catherine Rutherford of Craigow, wife of Dr William Macturk, M.D., Bradford, Yorkshire.

27. At Double Bridges, Thorne, Yorkshire, Mrs Caroline Gunby, widow, in her 103d year.

28. At her house, Arniston Place, Mrs Denholm, relict of James Denholm, Esq. Treasurer of George Heriot's Hospital.

29. At Kelso, Mr Darling, Agent of the bank of Scotland, Kelso.

— Mrs Janet Chrystie, widow of Mr John Somerville, tanner, Leith.

30. At Starlaw, Mr Alexander Calder.

— At Croft Lodge, Bridgend, Perth, D. M'Intosh, Esq. late Quartermaster of the 42d Royal Highlanders.

31. At No. 35, Royal Terrace, Elizabeth Kirkwood, wife of Thomas Dallas, Esq.

— At Abingdon, Berks, Mr Baron Hullock.

— At Peebles, Mrs Ker, widow of James Ker, Esq. late Provost of Peebles.

August 2. At Merchiston Bank, Jessie Fletcher, wife of Mr Thomas Caverhill, merchant, Edinburgh.

3. At Perth, Mr Charles Sidney, aged 78 years.

— At Saline Cottage, Fifeshire, Captain David Durie, late of the 12th Regiment of Foot.

— At Hope House, Catharine, daughter of the late Mr William Grinlay, merchant in Leith.

— At Manchester, Mr Alex. Wood, editor of the Manchester and Salford Advertiser, and late editor of the Leeds Intelligencer.

4. At Fisherrow, Mr John Chalmers, in the 88th year of his age.

5. At Tynemouth, Northumberland, the Lady of Sir C. Lorane, Bart.

— At Kinloch, Andrew Thomson, Esq. of Kinloch, in the 77th year of his age.

6. At Paris, the Hon. Captain Archd. Cochran, Royal Navy.

— At Fair Isle, Orkney, aged 72, Mr James Strong, tacksman of that island, and formerly merchant and shipowner in Leith.

— At Castlehill, in the county of Caithness, Lady Isabella Sinclair, daughter of the deceased William, Earl of Caithness.

— In Clarence Terrace, Regent Park, London, aged 28, Jane Sophia, wife of Capt. Henry Hope, R.N. C.B. and youngest daughter of Admiral Sir Herbert Sawyer, K.C.B.

7. At South Union Place, Edinburgh, Mr Wm. Rankin, baker.

— On Seaton on Thames, Islesworth, James Forbes of Seaton, Esq. in his 91st year.

— At Hilton, David Tod, Esq. of Hilton.

— At Ayr, Anna, wife of J. S. Memes, Esq. LL.D. rector of the academy at that place.

— At Blackford, Mr Richard Fraser, of Edinburgh.

— At his house, Howard Place, Mr John Balvaird.

— At Morton, near Gainsborough, Mrs Sarah Fox, aged 106, having had one child and three husbands when above 50 years of age.

8. At Stoney Bank, Mrs Ramsay, relict of Capt. Ramsay, R.N. and daughter of the late John Macleod of Macleod, Esq.

— At No. 2, Carlton Place, Glasgow, Alexander M'Kean, Esq. formerly of Jamaica.

— At Store-street, Bedford-square, London, Jane, relict of Lieut.-General Hardy Innes of the Royal Marines.

— At Rolvenden, Kent, at the advanced age of 98, John Henry, Esq. Admiral of the Red.

9. At Hastings, Catherine Mackinlay, wife of John H. Gow, Esq. of London, and daughter of John Mackinlay, Esq. Royal Terrace, Edinburgh.

— At Claremont Cottage, Capt. Geo. Harrower, late of Bombay,

12. At Calderwood, Sir William Maxwell, Bart. of Calderwood.

— At Barnacarry, Argyllshire, Lieut.-Colonel Donald Gregorson.

— At Peebles, John Wm. Macleod, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, aged 36 years, second son of the late Alexander Hume, Esq. of Harris, Inverness-shire.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Renton, wife of Mr John Renton, W.S.

12. In Bedford Square, London, Charles Warren, Esq. Chief Justice of Chester, in the 66th year of his age.

— At Peebles, John Baillie, Esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, some time of Demerara.

— At Drummond Place, Mrs Philadelphia Jameson, wife of John Jameson, Esq.

13. At Newbattle, Mr James Brown Johnston, son of Robert Johnston, Esq. merchant in Edinburgh.

— At London, the Rev. Algernon Langton, A.B. son of the late Bennet Langton, Esq. of Langton, Lincolnshire, and of Mary, late Countess-Dowager of Rothes.

14. At Edinburgh, Mrs Ann Berry, widow of Mr John Berry, comedian.

— At Dunning, Perthshire, James Thomson, Esq.

— At Prestonpans, Mr John Gowan, late merchant in Leith.

— At Whitelaw, Mr James Walker, Whitelaw.

— At Mains of Edzell, near Brechin, William Wyllie, Esq.

— At Tweed Green, Peebles, Isabella Protl, second daughter of George Graham Bell, Esq. advocate.

15. At Craigs, Peter Gibb, Esq. of Earshag, aged 78.

— Of apoplexy, at his residence, Stokehall, Essex, Richard Gardner, Esq. of Mecklenburgh sq. aged 65.

— At Morningside, Charles Esplin, Esq. late surgeon, Royal Navy.

16. On board of H.M.S. Wellesley, off Scio, in the Mediterranean, Robert Rolland, midshipman, fourth son of Adam Rolland, Esq. of Gask, P.C.S.

17. Mr George Montgomery, confectioner.

18. At Barnyhill, near Dunbar, Mary M. Johnston, wife of S. Sawers, Esq. late of H.E.I.C.S. Ceylon.

— At No. 27, India-street, Miss Janet Douglas, daughter of the late Rev. George Douglas, minister of Tain.

— At Fisherrow, Archd. Young, Esq. in the 36th year of his age.

23. At his father's house, Claremont Crescent, John, third son of Mr John Blackwood, merchant, Edinburgh.

24. At Butelandhill, Mr James Gray, aged 89.

— At Borrowston Mains, Mr John Ross.

— At Balmuir, Forfarshire, Mrs Christian Charteris, relict of William Henry Charteris, Esq. of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

— At Buccleuch-place, Edinburgh, Mrs Margaret Neill, aged 42 years, wife of Mr Frederick Johnston.

25. At No. 12, Walker-street, Mrs Ann Rose, wife of Sam. Rose, Esq. Commissioner of Excise.

— At Fife-place, Leith Walk, Mr Robt. Muir, in the 71st year of his age.

26. At his residence, near Salcombe, in Devonshire, James Yates, Esq. of Woodville, formerly a merchant in London.

— At Dollar, Patrick Gibson, Esq. professor of painting in the Academy of that place, in the 46th year of his age.

27. At Bishop-Wearmouth, the Rev. David Duncan, pastor of the Associate Congregation of the United Secession Church, Union Chapel, Sunderland, in the 41st year of his age and 8th of his ministry.

— At Edinburgh, Mrs Jean Wylie, relict of Mr Geo. Neilson, secretary to the Bank of Scotland.

— At Tunbridge, Mary Henrietta Hardinge, eldest daughter of the Rev. Sir Charles Hardinge, Bart.

— At Cornwall Terrace, Regent Park, London, Mary Forbes Mitchell, wife of Major Daniel Mitchell, of Ashgrove, Aberdeenshire.

28. At Rennyhill, Mrs Johnston, senior.

29. At Edinburgh, Mrs Mary Cossar, wife of Mr John Dumbreck, late coachmaker.

— At No. 35, Ann-street, Miss Isabella Mary Kerr, youngest daughter of the late Robert Kerr, Esq. formerly surgeon in Edinburgh.

30. At Newington, Mr John Gardner, late diary-clerk, Excise Office, Edinburgh.

— At Exeter, Mrs Dacres, widow of the late Vice-Admiral Dacres.

— At London, the Rev. Hely Hutchison Smith, son of the late Hon. Mrs Smith, and nephew to the Earl of Donnoughmore.

30. At No. 13, Scotland-street, Mrs Janet Brown, wife of Mr Thomas Grubb, of the Excise.

— At No. 15, Castle-street, Miss Jane Emily Craigie, daughter of the late Dr John Craigie, of the Hon. East India Company's Service.

31. The Lady Anne Catherine Begge, daughter of the late Earl of Sheffield.

— At Edinburgh, Mr Gilbert Jamieson, merchant, aged 72 years.

Sept. 1. At Ripon, near Derby, Capt. William T. Chartres, Royal Marines, aged 66.

2. At Viewforth Cottage, near Leith, Mrs Ann F. Hill, wife of John Patison, Esq. W.S.

— At London, Charles Johnston, youngest son of Lieut.-General Robert Bell, of Ormond-street.

3. At Oswestry, Shropshire, General Despard, in the 85th year of his age.

— At Douglas, Isle of Man, aged 19, Henry John Provand, Esq. of Baliol College, Oxford, formerly of Glasgow.

4. At his house of Easter Brakie, in the parish of Kinnell, Colin Alison, Esq. writer, Montrose, in the 70th year of his age.

— At Clifton, Captain Street, of the Royal Artillery.

5. At Dalkeith, Mr Melville Burd, W.S. aged 45.

— At 17, Forth Street, Christian Helen, daughter of William Murray, Esq. W.S.

— Mr James Girdwood, one of the Magistrates of Queensferry, in the 53d year of his age.

— At Lancaster, Mr Thomas Davidson, son of James Davidson, Esq. Milnholm, Langholm.

6. At Nottingham, Mrs H. B. Campbell, wife of Hugh Bruce Campbell, Esq. of Mayfield.

7. At Shallochwell, John Dyson, Esq. of Shalloch Cottage, Girvan.

— At Prestonpans, Mrs Margaret Finlay, relict of Mr John Taylor.

— At the Manse of Arbirlot, the Rev. Richard Watson, minister of Arbirlot, in the 87 year of his age, and 53d of his ministry.

8. At Edinburgh, the Hon. Mrs Napier, relict of Major-General the Hon. Mark Napier.

9. Elizabeth, wife of Thomas White, Esq. of Woodlands, Durham.

— At Kilmarnock, Mrs Jean Fairlie, relict of John Muir, Esq. aged 82.

— At Alloa, Mrs Jean Craig, wife of Mr David Witherspoon.

— At the Manse of Banchory, the Rev. James Gregory, in the 83d year of his age.

— At Charles Fort, Ireland, Jane Cunningham, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Johnston, 99th regiment.

10. Drowned from a boat in the Thames, near Kew, James, the youngest son of the Rev. Dr Lorimer, of Haddington, in the 20th year of his age.

11. At Rutherglen, Mrs Mary Barr, relict of Captain Robert Macdonald, of the 91st regiment.

— At Wilmington, North Carolina, after a short illness, the Rev. John Reston, formerly pastor of one of the Relief Churches, Edinburgh.

12. At his house, Lauriston, after a short illness, Mr Alexander Balfour. Mr Balfour was well, and very favourably known to the public, as an author both in prose and verse.

— At the house of his son, Roseangle, Dundee, the Rev. Dr Martin, of Monimail, in the 90th year of his age, and within a few days of completing the 61st of his ministry, and the 67th of his service as a preacher.

14. At No. 10, Graham Street, Mrs Jean Ballantyne, relict of Mr John Bell, printer, Edinburgh.

— At Banff, in the 76th year of his age, Charles Cracroft, Esq. formerly Captain in his Majesty's 30th Regiment of Foot.

15. At North Queensferry, Mrs Elizabeth Wood, relict of Alex. Crichton, Esq. Edinburgh.

— In her 7th year, Mary, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Langhorne, Loretto, Musselburgh.

— At Longbank-Mearns, Renfrewshire, John M'Diarmid, in the 92d or 93d year of his age.

— At Brighton, the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington, G.C.B. in the 87th year of his age.

16. At Greenside Street, Alfred Siddons Nicol, aged 18, youngest son of Mrs Nicol, of the Theatre Royal.

— At No. 27, St James's Square, Miss W. M. Johnstone, youngest daughter of Robt. Johnstone, merchant in Edinburgh, aged 25 years.

Lately, At London, the Rev. John Poope, of Adam-street, Adelphi, at the advanced age of 84. He was a distinguished scholar, and the intimate friend of Porson, Parr, and many of the other great luminaries of the literary world.

— At Gloucester, in the 61st year of his age, Lieut.-General Sir Miles Nightingall, K.C.B. Colonel of the 49th Regiment, and M.P. for Eye.

— At her house, No. 3, Gayfield Square, Mrs Maitland, widow of John Maitland, Esq. of the Excise.

— At Dublin, James Power, Esq. editor of the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

— At Florence, John Gordon, Esq. formerly a Captain in the Hon. East India Company's Military Service.

Lately, At Baynham Abbey, Sussex, Frances, Marchioness Cambden.

— Mr James Dunwell, of Brokenfoot, near Harrowgate. Though only twenty-four years of age, he weighed upwards of forty stone, and was supposed to be the fattest man of his age in England.

— At Beeston, near Leeds, in the 90th year of her age, Mrs Mary Wilson. She was mother, grandmother, and great grandmother to fifty-nine, and aunt and great-aunt to nearly 300 persons. Her mother died at the advanced age of 101.

— At London, Mr William Turner, of Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, aged 84, father of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

General Sir David Baird.

Aug. 18. At his seat of Ferntower, after a short illness, General Sir David Baird, G.C.B. K.C. This gallant veteran commenced his military career in 1772, in the 2d Regiment of Foot. In 1779 he went to India as Captain of the 73d. In 1781 after an heroic and desperate resistance against an overwhelming force under Tippoo Saib, in which Captain Baird was wounded in four places, he was made prisoner, and remained in the power of Hyder Ally for three years and a half, during which he experienced great cruelties and privations. In 1787 Captain Baird was made Major of the 71st, and after his return to England was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the same regiment in 1790. In 1791 he returned to India, and served with great distinction under the Marquis Cornwallis. In 1797 he arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was appointed Brigadier-General, and placed on that Staff in command of a Brigade. In 1798 he returned to India as Major-General, and after performing many meritorious services, returned to England, where he was placed on the Staff. In 1804 he was appointed Lieutenant-General, and commanded an expedition to the Cape of Good Hope, where he landed, and compelled the Dutch to surrender the colony. In 1807 he returned to England, and removed from the Colonelcy of the 54th, which he then had, to the Colonelcy of the 24th, and was placed on the Foreign Staff under Lord Cathcart, with whom he served at Copenhagen, where he was slightly wounded. In 1808 he was in Spain, and commanded the 1st division of the army in the battle of Corunna, where he lost his left arm. He was appointed General in 1814, and in 1819 was made Governor of Kinsale, and subsequently Governor of Fort George, which he held up to the time of his death.—Captain Baird of Newbyth succeeded to the Baronetcy.

Sir William Arbuthnot, Bart.

Sept. 18. At Edinburgh, Sir W. Arbuthnot, Bart. About two o'clock, Sir William entered the Trustees' Office, apparently in his usual health, and immediately went into Mr Stuart's apartment, where he remained for a short time, and then proceeded to his own. But he had not been many minutes there when he was suddenly struck with apoplexy, and fell from his seat on the floor. Dr Thomson was immediately sent for, and on his arrival bled the patient, but without any visible effect; for, after lingering for about an hour and a half in a state of insensibility, he expired.

We scarcely remember an incident in private life that has created a deeper sensation in the public mind of the city, than the sudden death of Sir William Arbuthnot. This distinction our lamented countryman owed not so much to the remembrance of the important services which he rendered to his native city, on a great public occasion, as to the peculiar excellence of his own private character, which, with admirable address, he made available under all circumstances.

To abilities of a high order, and knowledge of great extent, Sir William Arbuthnot added a degree of good nature, which it is hardly an exaggeration to call matchless. It was not confined to his own happy fire-side—alas! now how desolate! but was not less his peculiar characteristic in every quarter where his influence could be useful. In him this amiable attribute was not transient, or contingent on the quality of his company or of his occupations, but pervaded his whole life, manners, and conversation, so completely, that its beneficial impress was stamped upon every thing he undertook. Doubts and difficulties, and even the determinations of party spirit, often yielded cheerfully to his generous influence;—and as all men with whom he had to do were instinctively persuaded of his entire good faith, his arguments, with which no selfish feeling was ever known to mix, carried with them a degree of persuasion, if not of conviction, of the greatest importance in the trying situations in which he was frequently placed.

Sir William Arbuthnot's character may be summed up in a very few and commonplace words. He was a thorough-bred gentleman, while his education, the habits of his life, and the companionship by which those habits were graced and adorned, were in every respect worthy of his descent. In public as well as in private life, also, his conduct bore uniform testimony to the strength and purity of those loftier principles by which alone even such excellent gifts as he was endowed with by nature, could have been rendered serviceable to himself or to others.

To have entertained his Sovereign in the city over which he then presided, in such a manner as not only to gratify the illustrious personage whom it was so essentially his duty to please, but also to satisfy the whole mass of his countrymen, that the reception given to their King was suitable to the dignity of the nation so highly honoured, was a very important service, and such as will not soon be forgotten. The benignant, we may almost venture to call it flattering manner, in which his Majesty marked his gracious sense of Sir William Arbuthnot's conduct upon this occasion, may be classed amongst the most remarkable instances of good taste by which his Majesty's reign has been distinguished. This well-timed national compliment, as it may fairly be called, bestowed, as it was, on so true a representative of all that was loyal and virtuous in the country, was gratefully acknowledged by every class of the community; while there was perhaps not an individual in the land who did not feel entitled to some share in the honour thus conferred on one who was so universally esteemed and respected.

It is instructive to observe, how strongly such slight but judicious touches of kindness, on the part of the Monarch of these realms, serve to knit together in the spirit of one common and heartfelt loyalty, all the different ranks of which the society is composed. And we in Scotland must ever consider ourselves as eminently fortunate in having possessed a man like Sir William Arbuthnot to take the foremost station among us on such an occasion.

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Noctes Ambrosianae.

No. XLVII.

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. Amb.*

The Snuggery.—Time, seven o'clock.—NORTH *and the* SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD.

O, sir! but there's something delightfu' in coal-fire glimmerin' and gloomin', breakin' out every noo and then into a flickerin' bleeze; and whenever ane uses the poker into a sudden illumination, vivifyin' the pictured paper on the wa's, and settin' a' the range o' lookin'-glasses a-low, like sae mony beacons kindled on the taps o' hills, burnin' awa' to ane anither owre a' the kintra side, on the birth-day-night o' the Duke o' Buccleuch, or that o' his marriage wi' that fair English Leddy—God bless them baith, and send them in gude time a circle o' bauld sons and bonny dochters, to uphaud the stately an' noble house o' the King o' the Border!

NORTH.

Amen. James—a caulker.

SHEPHERD.

That speerit's far aboon proof. There's little difference atween awka veety an' awka fortis. Aye, ma man, that gars your een water. Dicht them wi' the doylez, and then tak a mouthfu' out o' the jug to moderate the intensity o' the pure cretur. Haud, haud! it's no sma' yill, but strong toddy, sir. The body 'ill be fu' afore aught o'clock. (*Aside*).

NORTH.

This jug, James, is rather wishy-washy; confound me if I don't suspect it is milk and water!

SHEPHERD.

Plowp in some speerit. Let me try't. It'll do noo, sir. That's capital boilin' water, and tholes dooble it's ain wecht o' cauld Glenlivet. Let's dook in the thermometer. Up, you see, to twa hunder and twunty, just the proper toddy pitch. It's mirawculous!

NORTH.

What sort of a night out of doors, James?

SHEPHERD.

A fine night, sir, and like the season. The wund's due east, and I'se waurant the ships at anchor in the roads are a' rather coggly, wi' their nebs doon the Firth, like sae mony rocking-hooses. On turnin' the corner o' Picardy, a blash o' sleet like a verra snaw-ba' amaist knocked my head aff my shouthers; and as for my hat, if it meet wi' nae interruption, it maun be weel on to West-Craigs by this time, for it flew aff in a whurlwind. Ye canna see the sleet for the harr; the ghastly lamps are amaist entirely over-poored by the whustlin' darkness; and as for moon and stars, they're a' dead and buried, and we never mair may wutness their resurrection. Auld women frae chimley-taps are cleytin' wi' a crash into every area, and the deevil's tirlin' the kirks outowre a' the Synods o' Scotland. Whisht! is that thunner?

NORTH.

I fear scarcely—but the roar in the vent is good, James, and tells of tempest. Would to heaven I were at sea!

SHEPHERD.

That's impious. Yet you micht ablins be safe aneuch in a bit cockle-shell o' an open boat—for some folk are born no to be drooned——

NORTH.

There goes another old woman!

SHEPHERD.

O but the Yarrow wull be a' ae red roar the nóo, frae the Loch to the Ettrick. Yet wee Jamie's soun' asleep in his crib by this time, and dreamin', it may be, o' paeddlin' amang the mennows in the silver sand-banks o' simmer, whare the glassy stream is nae higher than his knee; or o' chasin' amang the broom the young linties sent by the sunshine, afore their wings are weel feathered, frae their mossy cradle in the brier-bush, and able to flee just weel aneuch to wile awa' on and on, after their chirpin flutter, my dear wee canty callant, chasin' first ane and then anither, on wings just like their ain, the wings o' joy, love, and hope; fauldin' them, in a disappointment free frae ony taint o' bitterness, when a' the burdies hae disappeared, and his een, as he sits doon on the knowe, fix themselves wi' a new pleasure on the bonny bands o' gowans croodin' round his feet.

NORTH.

A bumper, my dear Shepherd, to Mount-Benger.

SHEPHERD.

Thank ye, sir, thank ye—Oh! my dear sir, but ye hae a gude heart, sound at the core as an apple on the sunny south-side o' the tree—and ruddy as an apple, sir, is your cheek——

NORTH.

Yes, James, a life of temperance preserves——

SHEPHERD.

Help yoursel', and put owre the jug. There's twunty gude years o' wear and tear in you yet, Mr North—but what for wunna ye marry? Dinna be frichtened—it's naething ava—and it aften grieves my heart to think o' you lyin' your lane in that state-bed, which canna be less than seven feet wide, when the General's widow——

NORTH.

I have long wished for an opportunity of confiding to you a secret, which——

SHEPHERD.

A sacret! Tell nae sacret to me—for I never a' my life could sleep wi' a sacret in my head, ony mair than wi' the lug-ache. But if you're merely gaun to tell me that ye hae skrewed up your courage at last to marry her,

say't, do't and be dune wi't, for she's a comely and a cozey cretur, yon Mrs Gentle, and it 'll do my een gude to see you marchin' up wi' her, haun an' haun to the Hymeneal Altar.

NORTH.

On Christmas day, my dear James, we shall be one spirit.

SHEPHERD.

And ae flesh. Hurraw! hurraw! hurraw! Gies your haun' on that, my auld hearty! What a gran' echo's in yon corner o' the roof! hear till't smackin' loofs after us, as if Cupid himsel' were in the cornice!

NORTH.

You must write our Epithalamium.

SHEPHERD.

That I wull, wi' a' my birr, and sae wull Delta, and sae wull the Doctor, and sae, I'm sure, wull Mr Wudsworth; and I can answer for Sir Walter——

NORTH.

Who has kindly promised to give away the Bride.

SHEPHERD.

I could greet to think that I canna' be the Best Man.

NORTH.

Tickler has——

SHEPHERD.

Capital—capital! I see him—look there he is—wi' his speck-and-span-new sky-blue coat wi' siller buttons, snaw-white waistcoat wi' gracefu' flaps, licht casimer knee-breeks wi' lang ties, flesh-coloured silk-stockings wi' flowered gushets, pumps brushed up to a perfeck polish a' roun' the buckles crystal-set, a dash o' powther in his hair, een bricht as diamonds, the face o him like the verra sun, chin shaven smooth as satin, mouth—saw ye ever sic teeth in a man's head at his time o' life—mantling wi' jocund benisons, and the hail Feegar o' the incomparable Fallow, frae tap to tae, sax feet fowre inches and a hawf gude measure, instinck wi' condolence and congratulation, as if at times he were almost believing Buchanan-Lodge was Southside—that he was changin' places wi' you, in a sweet sort o' jookery-pawkery—that he was Christopher North, and Mrs Gentle on the verra brink o' becoming Mrs Tickler?

NORTH.

James, you make me jealous.

SHEPHERD.

For Heaven's sake, sir, dinna split on that rock. Remember Othello, and hoo he smothered his wife wi' the bowster. But saft lie the bowster aneath your twa happy heads, and pleasantly may your goold watch keep tick—tickin' throughout the night, in accompaniment wi' the beatin's o' your twa worthy and wedded hearts.

NORTH.

Methinks, James, the wind has shifted round to the——

SHEPHERD.

O' a' the airts the wund can blaw,
I dearly loe the west,
For there the bonnie widow lives,
The ane that I loe best!

Eh?

NORTH.

Let us endeavour to change the subject.—How many poets, think ye, James, at the present moment, may be in Edinburgh?

SHEPHERD.

Baith sexes? Were I appointed, during a season o' distress, to the head o' the Commissawriat Department in a great Bane-Soup-Dispensary, for behoof and in behalf o' the inspired pairt o' the poppilation o' Embro', I think it wad na be safe to take the average—supposing the dole to each beggar to be twice a-day—aneath twunty thoosand rawtions.

NORTH.

The existence of such a class of persons really becomes matter of serious consideration to the State.

SHEPHERD.

Wad ye be for pittin' them down by the strong arm o' the Law?

NORTH.

Why, you see, James, before we could reach them, it would be necessary to alter the whole Criminal Jurisprudence of Scotland.

SHEPHERD.

I dinna see that ava'. Let it just be enacted, neist session o' Parliament, that the punishment o' the first offence shall be sax months' imprisonment on crowdy, o' the second Botany, and the third death without benefit o' clergy. But stop awee—cut aff the hinner end o' that last claws, and let the meenisters o' religion be admitted to the condemned cells.

NORTH.

Define "First Offence."

SHEPHERD.

Aye, that gars ane scart their head. I begin to see into the diffeeculties o' Pænal Legislawtion.

NORTH.

Then, James, think on the folly of rewarding a miserable Driveller, for his first offence, with board and lodging for six months!

SHEPHERD.

We maun gie up the crowdy. Let the first offence, then, be Botany.

NORTH.

We are then brought to the discussion of one of the most puzzling problems in the whole range of——

SHEPHERD.

Just to prevent that, for the solution o' sic a puzzling problem would be a national nuisance, let us mercifully substitute, at ance and to be dune wi't, for the verra first offence o' the kind, however sma', and however inaccurately defined, neither maun we be verra pernickety about evidence, the punishment o' death.

NORTH.

I fear hanging would not answer the desired end.

SHEPHERD.

Answer the end?

NORTH.

A sort of spurious sympathy might be created in the souls of the silly ones, with the poor poetasters following one another, with mincing steps, up the scaffold-ladder, and then looking round upon the crowd with their "eyes in a fine frenzy rolling," and perhaps giving Hangy their last speeches and dying words to distribute, in the shape of sonnets, odes, and elegies, all the while looking at once Jemmy-Jessamyish and Jacky Lacka-daisical, with the collars of their shirts, for the nonce, a-la-Byron, and their tuneful throats, white as those of so many Boarding-school Misses, most piteous to behold, too rudely visited by a hempen neckcloth. There would be a powerful and dangerous reaction.

SHEPHERD.

I see farther and farther ben intil the darkness o' Pænal Legislawtion. There is but ae resource left—Tak the punishment into your ain hauns. The nation expects it, sir. Gie them THE KNOUT.

NORTH.

I will.

SHEPHERD.

Horridly conceese!

NORTH.

Unroll a few yards of yonder List, James, and read off the first fifty names.

SHEPHERD.

Mercy on us! Lang as the signatures to the Roman Catholic Petition, or the Address to Queen Caroline. How far wad it reach?

NORTH.

It is not so long as you imagine, James. It is precisely as long as the front of the Lodge.

SHEPHERD.

Forty yards! A hunder and twenty feet o' the names o' Poets a' flourishin' in Embro' at ae era!

NORTH.

Read away, James.

SHEPHERD.

A' arranged alphabetically, as I hope to be shaved! Puir fallow A A A! Little did your father think, when he was haudin' ye up in lang frocks, a skirlin' babby, to be chrissen'd after your uncle and your granpawpa, that in less than twunty years, you were to be rebaptized in bluid, under the Knout o' ane without bowels and without ruth! (*Letting the List fall out of his hands.*) I hae nae heart to get beyond thae three maist misfortunate and ill-chosen Initials! I'm gettin a wee sick—whare's the Glenlivit? Hech! But I'm better noo. Puir chiel', I wuss I hadna ken't him; but it's no twa months back sin' he was at Mount-Benger, and left wi' me a series o' Sonnets on Puddock-stools, on the moddle o' Milton's.

NORTH.

No invidious appeal to my mercy, James.

SHEPHERD.

Let it at least temper your justice; yet sure aneuch never was there sic a screed o' vermin.

NORTH.

Never since the Egyptian plague of flies and lice.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna be too severe, sir, dinna be too severe. Rather ca' them froggies.

NORTH.

Be it so. As when, according to Cowper—

A race obscene,
Spawn'd in the muddy beds of Nile, came forth
Polluting Egypt: gardens, fields, and plains,
Were covered with the pest; the streets were fill'd;
The croaking nuisance lurk'd in every nook;
Nor palaces, nor even chambers, 'scaped;
And the land stank—so numerous was the fry.

SHEPHERD.

The land stank! Cowper meant there, a' Egypt. But in Embro', where The Land means, ye ken, a Tenement or Tenements, a batch o' houses, a continuous series o' lodgings, the expression "The land stank," is fearsomely intensified to the nostrils o' the imagination o' ilka individual either in the New or the Auld Town.

NORTH.

It must have brought down the price of lodgings.

SHEPHERD.

Mony o' them wunna let at a'. You canna gang doun a close without jostlin' again' the vermin. Shoals keep perpetually pourin' doon the common-stairs. Wantin' to hae a gude sight o' the sea, last time I was here, I gaed up to the Caltonhill. There was half-a-dizzen decided anes crawlin' aneath the pillars o' the Parthenion,—and I afterwards stumbled on as mony mair on the tap o' Neelson's Moniment.

NORTH.

It is shocking to think that our churches are infested by——

SHEPHERD.

Na, what's waur than that, this very evenin' I met ane loupin' doon Ambrose's main stair-case. Tappytoorie had luckily met him on his way up; and having the poker in his haun—he had been ripein' the ribs o' the Snuggery—Tappy charged him like a lancer, and ye never saw sic spangs as the cretur, when I met him, was makin' towards the front door.

NORTH.

A very few young men of true poetical genius, and more of true poetical feeling, we have among us, James, nevertheless; and them, some day soon, I propose to praise——

SHEPHERD.

Without pleasin' them—for unless you lay it on six inches thick—the butter I mean, no the Knowt—they'll misca' you ahint your back for a niggard. Then, hoo they butter ane anither—and their ain sells! Genius—genius—

genius! That's aye their watchword and reply—but a's no gowd that glitters—paste's no pearls—a Scotch peeble's no a Golconda gem—neither is a bit glass bead a diamond—nor a leaf o' tinsy a burnished sheet o' the ore for which kingdoms are bought and sold, and the human conscience sent into thrall to the powers o' darkness.

NORTH.

Modest merit must be encouraged and fostered.

SHEPHERD.

Whare wull ye find it?

NORTH.

Why there, for example, are our Four countrymen—and I might notice others—Pringle, and Malcolm, and Hetherington.

SHEPHERD.

Fine fallows, a' the Fowre—Here's to them!

NORTH.

The night improves, and must be almost at its best. That is a first-rate howl! Well done, hail. I pity the poor hot-houses. The stones cannot be less than sugar-almonds.

SHEPHERD.

Shoogger-awmons! They're like guse-eggs. If the lozens were na pawtent plate, lang ere noo they would hae a' flown into flinders. But they're ball-proof. They wudna break though you were to let aff a pistol.

NORTH.

What, James, is your favourite weather?

SHEPHERD.

A clear, hard, black frost. Sky without a clud—sun bright, but almost cold—earth firm aneath your feet as a rock—trees silent, but not asleep wi' their budded branches—ice-edged rivers, amaist mute and motionless, yet wimplin' awee, and murmuring dozingly as in a dream—the air or atmosphere sae rarified by the mysterious alchemy o' that wonderfu' Wuzard Wunter, that when ye draw in your breath, ye're no sensible o' ha'in' ony lungs; wi' sic a celestial coolness does the spirit o' the middle region pervade and permeate the totality o' ane's hail created existence, sowle and body being but ae essence, the pulses o' ane indistinguishable frae the feelin's o' the ither, materialism and immaterialism just ane and the same thing, without ony perceptible shade o' difference, and the immortality o' the sowle felt in as sure a faith as the NOW of its being, sae that ilka thocht is as pious as a prayer, and the happy habitude o' the entire man an absolute religion.

NORTH.

James, my dear friend, you have fine eyes, and a noble forehead. Has Mr Combe ever manipulated your caput?

SHEPHERD.

Ou, aye. A' my thretty-three organs or fauculties are—enormous.

NORTH.

In my developement wonder is very large; and therefore you may suppose how I am astonished. But, my dear weather-wiseacre, proceed with your description.

SHEPHERD.

Then, sir, what a glorious appeteet in a black frost! Corned beef and greens send up in their steam your soul to heaven. The greediest gluttony is satisfied, and becomes a virtue. Eating, for eating's sake, and in oblivion o' its feenal cause, is then the most sacred o' household duties. The sweat-drops that stand on your brow, while your jaws are clunking, is beautifu' as the dew on the mountain at sunrise—as poetical as the foam-bells on the bosom o' the glitterin' river. The music o' knives and forks is like that o' "flutes and saft recorders," "breathing deliberate valour;" and think, sir, oh think! hoo the imagination is roosed by the power o' contrast between the gor-cock lyin' wi' his buttered breast on the braid o' his back upon a bed o' brown toasted breed, and whurrin' awa' in vain doon the wund afore the death-shot, and then tapsel-teery head over heels, on the blue lift, and doon on the greensward or the blooming heather, a battered and bluidy

bunch o' plumage, gorgeous and glorious still in the dead-thraws, your only bird of Paradise!——Death and destruction!

[*The small oriel window of the Snuggery is blown in with a tremendous crash.* NORTH *and the* SHEPHERD *prostrated among the ruins.*

NORTH.

Are you among the survivors, James? wounded or dead? (*An awful pause.*) Alas! alas! who will write my Epithalamium! And must I live to see the day on which, O gentle Shepherd, these withered hands of mine must falter thy Epicedia!

SHEPHERD.

O, tell me, sir, if the toddy jug has been upset in this catastrophe, or the Tower of Babel and a' the speerits!

NORTH.

[*Supporting himself on his elbow, and eyeing the festal board.*

Jug and Tower are both miraculously preserved amidst the ruins!

SHEPHERD.

Then am I a dead man, and lyin' in a pool o' bluid. Oh! dear me! Oh! dear me! a bit broken lozen has cut my jugular!

NORTH.

Don't yet give yourself up, my dear, dear Shepherd, for a dead man. Aye—here's my crutch—I shall be on my legs presently, surely they cannot both be broken; and if I can but get at my tape-garter, I do not despair of being able to tie up the carotid.

SHEPHERD.

Pu' the bell for a needle and thread.—What's this? I'm fentin'!

[*The* SHEPHERD *faints away; and* NORTH *having recovered his feet, and rung the bell violently, enter* MR AMBROSE, *Mon.* CADET, SIR DAVID GAM, KING PEPIN, *and* TAPPYTOURIE, *cum multis aliis.*

NORTH.

Away for Liston—one and all of you, away like lightning for Liston. You alone, Ambrose, support Mr Hogg in this, I fear, mortal swoon. Don't take him by the feet, Ambrose, but lift up his head, and support it on your knee.

[MR AMBROSE, *greatly flurried, but with much tenderness, obeys the mandate.*

SHEPHERD, (*opening his eyes.*)

Are you come hither, too, Awmrose? 'Tis a dreadfu' place. What a fire? But let us speak loun, or Clootie 'll hear us. Is he ben the hoose?—Oh! Mr North, pity me the day, are you here too, and has a' our daffin' come to this at last?

NORTH.

Where, my dear James, do you think you are? In the Hotel.

SHEPHERD.

Aye, aye, Hothell indeed. I swarfed awa' in a bluidy swoon, and hae awaukened in a fearfu' eternity. Noctes Ambrosianæ indeed! And whare, oh! whare is that puir, short-haun'd, harmless body, Gurney? Hae we pu'd him doon wi' us to the bottomless pit?

NORTH.

Mr Ambrose, let me support his head, while you bring the Tower of Babel.

[MR AMBROSE *brings the Tower of Babel, and applies the battlements to the* SHEPHERD'S *lips.*

SHEPHERD.

Whusky here! I daurna taste it, for it can be naething but melted sulphur. Yet let me just pree't. It has a maist unearthly similitude to Glenlivet. Oh! Mr North—Mr North—tak aff thae horns frae your head, for they're awfu' fearsome. Hae you gotten a tail too? And are you, or are you not, answer me that single question, an Imp o' Darkness?

NORTH.

Bear a hand, Mr Ambrose, and give Mr Hogg London-carries to his chair.

[NORTH *and* AMBROSE *mutually cross wrists, and bear the* SHEPHERD *to his seat.*

SHEPHERD.

Hoo the wund sughs through the lozenless wundow, awaukenin' into tenfold fury the Blast-Furnace.

Re-enter Mon. CADET, KING PEPIN, *Sir* DAVID GAM, *and* TAPPYTOURIE.

Mon. CADET.

Mr Liston has left town to attend the Perth Breakneck, which has had an overturn on Queensferry Hill—and 'tis said many legs and heads are fractured.

TAPPYTOURIE.

He'll no be back afore midnicht.

AMBROSE, (*chastising* TAPPY.)

How dare you speak, sir ?

NORTH.

Most unlucky that the capsize had not been delayed for ten minutes. How do you feel now, James ?

SHEPHERD.

Feel ? I never was better in my life. But what's the matter wi' your nose, sir ? About half way doon the middle, it has taken a turn at right angles towards your left lug. Ane o' the splinter-bars o' the window has bashed it frae the line o' propriety, and you're a fricht for life. Only look at him, gentlemen, saw ye ever siccan a pheesiognomy ?

NORTH.

Tarriers, begone! (*Exeunt omnes.*

SHEPHERD.

We're twa daft fules—that's sure aneuch—and did the public ken o' this, the idiowits wad cry out, "Buffoonery—Buffoonery!"—But we can never sit here without lozens.

Re-enter Mr AMBROSE, *and a Carpenter, with a new Window-frame.*

NORTH.

Let me adjust the pulleys. It fits to a hair. Well done, deacon. Expedition's the soul of business—off with your caulker—Thank you—Good night. [*Mr* AMBROSE *and Carpenter exeunt with the debris.*

SHEPHERD.

Joking and jinks apart, Mr North, there's bluid on your nose. Let me pit a bit o' black stickin'-plaister on't. There—Mrs Gentle wud think you unko killin' wi' that beauty spot on your neb.

NORTH.

Hush.—Pray, James, do you believe in the Devil ?

SHEPHERD.

Just as firmly as I believe in you, sir. Yet, I confess, I never could see the sin in abusin' the neerdoweel; whereas mony folk, no ower and abune religious, in ither respects, haud up their hauns and the whites o' their een whenever you satireeze Satan—and cry "Whisht, whisht!" My mind never yet has a' my days got rid o' ony early impression; and against baith reason and revelation, I canna think o' the Deevil even yet, without seein' him wi' great big goggle fiery een, a mouth like a foumart-trap, the horns o' a Lancashire kyloe, and a tufted tail atween that o' a bill's, a lion's, and a teegger's. Let me see him when I wull, sleepin' or waukin, he's aye the verra leevin' image o' a wood-cut.

NORTH.

Mr Southey, in some of his inimitable ballads, has turned him into such ridicule, that he has laid his tail entirely aside, skrewed off his horns, hid his hoofs in Wellingtons, and appeared, of late years, in shape and garb more worthy of the Prince of the Air. I have seen such people turn up the whites of their eyes at the Laureate's profanity—forgetting that wit and humour are never better employed than against superstition.

SHEPHERD.

Aye, Mr Soothey's a real wutty man, forbye being a great poet. But do you ken, for a' that, my hair stands on end o' its tinglin' roots, and my skin amaist crawls aff my body, whenever, by a blink o' the storm-driven moon, in a mirk nicht, I chance to forgather wi' aulde Clootie, Hornie, and

Tuft-tail, in the middle o' some wide moor, amang hags, and peat-mosses, and quagmires, nae house within mony miles, and the uncertain weather-gleam, blackened by some auld wood, swingin' and sughin' to the wind, as if hotchin' wi' warlocks.

NORTH.

Poo—I should at once take the bull by the horns—or seizing him by the tail, drive him with my crutch into the nearest loch.

SHEPHERD.

It's easy speakin'. But you see, sir, he never appears to a man that's no frichtened aforehaun out o' his seven senses—and imagination is the greatest cooard on earth, breakin' out into a cauld sweat, his heart loup, loupin', like a fish in a creel, and the retina o' his ee representin' a' things, mair especially them that's ony way infernal, in gruesome features, dreadfully disordered; till reason is shaken by the same panic, judgment lost, and the hail sowle distracted in the insanity o' Fear, till you're nae better than a stark-staring madman.

NORTH.

Good—James—good.

SHEPHERD.

In sic a mood could ony Christian cretur, even Mr Soothey himsel', tak' haud o' the deil either by the horns or the tail?—mair likely that in frenzied desperation you loup wi' a spang on the bristly back o' the Evil Ane, wha gallops aff wi' you demented into some loch, where you are found floatin' in the mornin' a swollen corp, wi' the mark o' claws on your hawse, your een hangin' out o' their sockets; your head scalped wi' something war than a tammyhawk, and no a single bane in your body that's no grund to mash like a malefactor's on the wheel, for havin' curst the Holy Inquisition.

NORTH.

Why, my dear Shepherd, genius, I feel, can render terrible even the meanest superstition.

SHEPHERD.

Meanness and majesty signify naething in the supernatural. I've seen an expression in the een o' a pyet, wi' its head turned to the ae side, and though in general a shy bird, no carin' for you though you present your rung at it as if you were gaun to shoot it wi' a gun, that has made my verra heart-strings crunkle up wi' the thouchts o' some indefinite evil comin' I kent not frae what quarter o' the lowerin' heavens. For pyets, at certain times and places, are no canny, and their nebs look as if they were peckin' at mort-cloths.

NORTH.

Cross him out, James—cross him out.

SHEPHERD.

A raven ruggin' at the booels o' a dead horse is naething; but ane sittin' a' by himsel on a rock, in some lanely glen, and croak croakin', naebody can think why, noo lookin' savagely up at the sun, and noo tearin', no in hunger, for his crap's fu' o' carrion, but in anger and rage, the moss aneath him wi' beak or tawlons; and though you shout at him wi' a' your micht, never steerin' a single fit frae his stance, but absolutely lauchin' at you wi' an horrid guller in the sooty throat o' him, in derision o' you, ane o' God's reasonable creaturs—I say, sir, that sic a bird, wi' sic unaccoontable conduct, in sic an inhuman solitude, is a frichtsome demon; and that when you see him hop, hoppin' awa', wi' great jumps in amang the region o' rocks, you wudna follow him into his auncient lair for ony consideration whatsomever, but turn your face doon the glen, and thank God at the sound o' some distant bag-pipe. A' men are augurs. Yet sittin' here, what care I for a raven mair than for a how-towdy?

NORTH.

The devil in Scotland, during the days of witchcraft, was a most contemptible character.

SHEPHERD.

Sae muckle the better. It showed that sin maun be a low base state, when a superstitious age could embody it in a nae mair imposing imper-

sonation. I shud like to ken, distinckly, the origin o' Scottish witchcraft. Was't altogether indigenous, think ye, sir? or coft or borrowed frae other kintras?

NORTH.

I am writing a series of articles on witchcraft, James, and must not forestall myself at a Noctes.

SHEPHERD.

Keep it a' to yoursel', and nae loss. Had I been born then, and chosen to play the deevil——

NORTH.

You could not have done so more effectually than you did some dozen years ago, by writing the Chaldee Manuscript.

SHEPHERD.

Hoots!—I wadna hae condescended to let auld flae-bitten wutches kiss——

NORTH.

That practice certainly showed the devil to be no gentleman—But, pray, who ever thought he was one?

SHEPHERD.

Didna Milton?

NORTH.

No, James. Milton makes Satan—Lucifer himself—Prince of the morning—squat down a toad by the ear of Eve asleep in Adam's bosom in the nuptial-bower of Paradise.

SHEPHERD.

An eve's-dropper. Nae mair despicable character on earth or in hell.

NORTH.

And afterwards, James, in the hall of that dark consistory, in the presence-chamber of Pandemonium, when suddenly to the startled gaze of all his assembled peers, their great Sultaun, with "fulgent head," "star-bright appears," and godlike addresses the demons—What happens? a dismal universal hiss—and all are serpents!

SHEPHERD.

Gran' is the passage—and out o' a' bounds magnificent, ayont ony ither imagination o' a' the sons o' men.

NORTH.

Yes, my dear James—the devil, depend upon it, is *intus et in cute*—a poor pitiful scoundrel.

SHEPHERD.

Yet I canna quite agree wi' Young in his Night Thoughts, who says, "Satan, thou art a *dunce!*" I canna picture him to my mind's ee sittin' wi' his finger in his mouth, at the doup o' the furm—Booby.

NORTH.

Yet you must allow that his education has been very much neglected—that his knowledge, though miscellaneous, is superficial—that he sifts no subject thoroughly—and never gets to the bottom of any thing.

SHEPHERD.

No even o' his ain pit. But it wadna be fair to blame him for that, for it has nane.

NORTH.

Then he is such a poltroon, that a child can frighten him into hystericks.

SHEPHERD.

True—true. It can do that, just by kneelin' down at the bedside, fauldin' its hauns together, wee bit pawm to wee bit pawm, turnin' up its blue een to heaven, and whusperin' the Lord's Prayer. That sets Satan into a fit—like a great big he-goat in the staggers—aff he sets owre the bogs—and wee Jamie, never suspeckin that it's the smell o' sulphur, blaws out the lang-wick'd caunle that has been dreepin' its creesh on the table, and creeps into a warm sleep within his father's bosom.

NORTH.

I have sometimes amused myself with conjecturing, James, what may be his opinion of the Magazine.

SHEPHERD.

Him read the Magazine! It would be wormwood to him, sir. Waur than thae bonny red-cheeked aipples that turned within his mouth into sand and ashes. Yet I wuss he would become a regular subscriber—and tak it in. Wha kens that it mightna reclaim him—and

> "I'm wae to think upon yon den,
> Even for *his* sake!"

NORTH.

Having given the devil his due—what think ye, James, of these proposed prosecutions of the Press?

SHEPHERD.

Wha's gaun to tak the law o' Blackwood noo?

NORTH.

Not Blackwood, but the newspaper-press, with the Standard—so 'tis said—and the Morning Journal, at the head.

SHEPHERD.

I never heard tell o't afore. Wha's the public persecutor?

NORTH.

The Duke of Wellington.

SHEPHERD.

That's a confoonded lee, if ever there was ane tauld in this warld.

NORTH.

James, look at me, I am serious. The crime laid to their charge is that of having endeavoured to bring the government into contempt.

SHEPHERD.

If a crime be great in proportion as it's diffeecult, I am free tae confess, as they say in Parliament, that the bringin' o' the government o' this kintra into contempt, maun be a misdemeanour o' nae muckle magnitude.

NORTH.

Perhaps it is wrong to despise any thing; and certainly, in the highest Christian light, it is so. Wordsworth finely says, "He who feels contempt for any living thing, has faculties which he has never used."

SHEPHERD.

Then Wudsworth has faculties in abundance that he has never used; for he feels contempt for every leevin' thing, in the shape either o' man or woman, that can write as gude or better poetry than himsel—which I alloo is no easy; but still it's possible, and has been dune, and will be dune again, by me and ithers. But that's rinnin' awa frae the subject.—Sae it's actionable to despise the government! In that case, no a word o' politics this nicht. Do ye admire the government?

NORTH.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, "That, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in its head."

SHEPHERD.

But admittin' the aptitude o' the first pairt o' the similitude, has the present government a precious jewel in its head? I doot it—although the Duke o' Wellington may, for ony thing I ken to the contrar, hae like Hazlitt—and like him deny it too—a carbuncle on his nose.

NORTH.

If the government bring actions against the Standard and the Morning Journal, it must then, to be consistent, instantly afterwards institute an action of a very singular and peculiar kind—an action against itself.

SHEPHERD.

Eh?

NORTH.

For having not only endeavoured, but beyond all expectation of the most sanguine, succeeded in overwhelming itself beneath a load of contempt, from which all the spades and shovels of all the ministerial hirelings, whether Englishmen feeding on roast-beef and plum-pudding, or Irishmen on "wet-uns" and praes, or Scotchmen on brose, butter, and brimstone, will never, between this date and the Millennium, supposing some thousands of the most slavish of the three nations working extra hours, succeed in disinterring it,

nor, dig till they die, ever come within a myriad cubic feet of its putrefying skeleton.

SHEPHERD.

But surely the Duke wull haud the hauns o' the Whig Attorney?

NORTH.

The Duke, who has stood in a hundred battles, calm as a tree, in the fire of a park of French artillery, cannot surely, James, I agree with you, turn pale at a shower of paper pellets.

SHEPHERD.

No pale wi' fear, but aiblins wi' anger. *Ira furor brevis.*

NORTH.

Better Latin than any of Hazlitt's quotations.

SHEPHERD.

It *is* Latin. But do you really think that he's mad?

NORTH.

I admire the apopthegm, James.

SHEPHERD.

I'll lay a hoggit o' whusky to a saucer o' salloop, that the government never brings its actions against the Stannard and Jurnal.

NORTH.

But there's no salloop in Scotland, James—and were I to lose my wager, I must import a saucer-full from Cockaigne—which would be attended with considerable expense—as neither smack nor waggon would take it on board, and I should have to send a special messenger, perhaps an express, to Mr Leigh Hunt.

SHEPHERD.

What are the ither papers sayin' till't?

NORTH.

All on fire, and blazing away with a proper British spirit—Globe, Examiner, and all—except "yon trembling coward who forsook his master," the shameful yet shameless slave, the apostatizing Courier, whose unnatural love of tergiversation is so deep, and black-grained, and intense, that once a quarter he is seen turning his back upon himself, in a style justifying a much-ridiculed but most felicitous phrase of the late Lord Castlereagh; so that the few coffee-house readers, who occasionally witness his transformations, have long given up in despair the hopeless task of trying to discover his brazen face from his wooden posteriors, and let the *lusus naturæ*, with all its monstrosities, lie below the table bespitten and bespurned, *in secula seculorum.*

SHEPHERD.

That's a maist sweepin' and sonorous specimen o' oral vituperation.

NORTH.

The Liberty of the Press can never be perfectly pure from licentiousness. If it were, I should propose calling it the Slavery of the Press. What sense is there in telling any set of men by all manner of means to speak out boldly about their governors and their grievances, for that such is the birthright of Britons—to open their mouths barn-door wide, and roar aloud to the heavens with lungs of which the machinery is worked by steam, a high-pressure-engine—and yet the moment they begin to bawl beyond the birthright of Britons, what justice is there in not only commanding the aforesaid barn-door-wide mouths to be shut, bolted, locked, and the key-hole hermetically sealed, but in punishing the bawling Britons for having, in the enthusiasm of their vociferation, abused their birthright of crying aloud to the winds of heaven against their real or imaginary tyrants and oppressors, by fine, imprisonment, expatriation, or not impossibly—death?

SHEPHERD.

Sic conduct can proceed only frae a maist consummate ignorance o' the nature o' the human mind, and a wilfu' and wicked non-understanding o' that auncient apopthegm, "Gie an inch, and you'll tak an ell." Noo, I say, debar them the inch by an ack o' the legislature, if you wull; but if you allow them the inch, wull you flee in the face o' a' experience, fine them for a foot, and hang them for an ell? That's sumphish.

NORTH.

James, I shall certainly put you into Parliament next dissolution.

SHEPHERD.

But I'll no gang. For although I'm complete maister o' the English language and idiom, I've gotten a slicht Scottish accent that micht seem singular to the Southrons; and confoun' me gin I could bear to be lauchen at by the stammerin' coofs that hum and ha yonner like sae mony boobies tryin' to repeat by heart their lessons frae the horn-book. My pride couldna submit to their "Hear—hear—hears!" by way o' derision, and I wud be apt to shut my nieve, and gie some o' them a douss on the chafts, or a clink on the side o' the head, contrar to the rules o' Parliament.

NORTH.

With scarcely an exception—now that Brougham is mute—save Sadler and Huskisson, who in very different styles speak admirably, the members of the Lower House are a pack partly of pert praters, shallow, superficial, coxcombical, and pedantic—yes, James, absolutely pedantic—and partly of drawling dunces, who dole out a vast fund of facts, one and all of which have figured for weeks, months, years, in all the newspapers, metropolitan and provincial, and have ceased to be familiar to Wilkie's Village Politicians.

SHEPHERD.

I ax pardon, sir, for interruptin' you; but did you see Mr Wulkie when he was in Scotland this time—and if you did, hoo is he—and what for did he no come out by to Mount Benger?

NORTH.

The Prince of Painters is as the whole world would wish, well and happy, and in social converse delightful as ever—simple yet original—plain yet profound—calm yet enthusiastic—and his whole character *composed* by the thoughtfulness of a genius, that in his art works its way slowly and surely through many a multitude of conceptions to the final idea which with consummate skill he embodies in immortal forms. And may the colours be immortal too—works one and all, laborious though they be, of inspiration!

SHEPHERD.

But what for didna he come out bye this time to Mount Benger? I weel remember George Tamson bringin' him out in the hairst o' 1817, and me readin' till them pairt o' The Manuscripp.

NORTH.

What! the Chaldee?

SHEPHERD.

What else? Hoo they lyeuch!

NORTH.

Bad as was the haranguing, and good the humming and ha'in', at the Edinburgh Forum of old, James, where first you "fulmined over Greece," yet for even-down right hammering stupidity, St Stephens exceeds the Forum far. Nor was yon queer comical body, James, the wee bit smug-faced, smooth-haired, low-browed, pug-nosed, cock-chin'd, bandy-legged, hump-backed Precentor to the Chapel rejoicing in the Auld Light, in Libberton's Wynd, who used occasionally to open the question, the tenth-part so tiresome, after the ludicrousness of the exhibition had got stale, as Sir Thomas Leather-breeches, stinking of Zummerset, looking from him with a face as free from one single grain of meaning as a clean-swept barn-floor, labouring to apply to speech a mouth manifestly made by gracious nature for the exclusive purpose of bolting bacon, vainly wagging in a frothy syllabub of words a tongue in its thickness admirably adapted, and then only felicitously employed, for lapping up lollipops, ever and anon with a pair of awful paws raking up the coarse bristle of his poll, so that, along with the grunt of the greedy pig, you are presented with the quills of the fretful porcupine; and since the then and the there alluded to, gobbling up his own words—for meanings had he never none—like a turkey-cock his own voidings; and giving the lie direct to the whole of his past political life, public and private, if indeed political life it may be called, which was but like the diseased doze of a drunkard dreaming through a stomach dark and deep as the cider-cellar.

SHEPHERD.

To my lugs, sir, the maist shockin' epithet in our language is—Apostate. Soon as you hear it, you see a man sellin' his sowle to the deevil.

NORTH.

To Mammon.

SHEPHERD.

Belial or Beelzebub. I look to the mountains, Mr North, and stern they staun' in a glorious gloom, for the sun is strugglin' wi' a thunder-cloud, and facing him a faint but fast-brightenin' rainbow. The ancient spirit o' Scotland comes on me frae the sky; and the sowle within me reswears in silence the oath o' the Covenant. There they are—the Covenanters—a' gather'd thegither, no in fear and tremblin', but wi' Bibles in their bosoms, and swords by their sides, in a glen deep as the sea, and still as death, but for the soun' o' a stream and the cry o' an eagle. "Let us sing, to the praise and glory o' God, the hundred psalm," quoth a loud clear voice, though it be the voice o' an auld man; and up to Heaven hauds he his strang wither'd hauns, and in the gracious wunds o' heaven are flying abroad his gray hairs, or say rather, white as the silver or the snaw.

NORTH.

Oh, for Wilkie!

SHEPHERD.

The eagle and the stream are silent, and the heavens and the earth are brocht close thegither by that triumphin' psalm. Aye, the clouds cease their sailing and lie still; the mountains bow their heads; and the crags, do they not seem to listen, as in that remote place the hour o' the delighted day is filled with a holy hymn to the Lord God o' Israel!

NORTH.

My dear Shepherd!

SHEPHERD.

Oh! if there should be sittin' there—even in that congregation on which, like God's own eye, looketh down the meridian sun, now shinin' in the blue region—an Apostate!

NORTH.

The thought is terrible.

SHEPHERD.

But na, na, na! See that bonny blue-ee'd, rosy-cheeked, gowden-haired lassie,—only a thought paler than usual, sweet lily that she is,—half sittin' half lyin' on the greensward, as she leans on the knee o' her stalwart grandfather—for the sermon's begun, and all eyes are fastened on the preacher—look at her till your heart melts as if she were your ain, and God had given you that beautifu' wee image o' her sainted mother, and tell me if you think that a' the tortures that cruelty could devise to inflict, would ever wring frae thae sweet innocent lips ae word o' abjuration o' the faith in which the flower is growing up amang the dew-draps o' her native hills?

NORTH.

Never—never—never!

SHEPHERD.

She proved it, sir, in death. Tied to a stake on the sea-sands she stood; and first she heard, and then she saw, the white roarin' o' the tide. But the smile forsook not her face; it brichten'd in her een when the water reach'd her knee; calmer and calmer was her voice of prayer, as it beat again' her bonny breast; nae shriek when a wave closed her lips for ever; and methinks, sir,—for ages on ages hae lapsed awa' sin' that martyrdom, and therefore Imagination may withouten blame dally wi' grief—methinks, sir, that as her golden head disappeared, 'twas like a star sinkin' in the sea!

NORTH.

God bless you, my dearest James! shake hands.

SHEPHERD.

When I think on these things—in olden times the produce o' the common day—and look aroun' me noo, I cou'd wush to steek my een in the darkness o' death; for dearly as I love it still, alas! alas! I am ashamed o' my country.

NORTH.

What an outcry, in such a predicament, would have been made by Leather-breeches!

SHEPHERD.

Bubble and squeak like a pig plotted. But what waur is he than our ain Forty-Five? O, they mak me scunner!

NORTH.

Does not the Duke of Wellington know that mortal hatred of the "Great Measure" is in the hearts of millions of his subjects?

SHEPHERD.

His subjects?

NORTH.

Yes, James, his subjects; for I am not now speaking of his slaves. His subjects; and if he has that horror at the idea of being thought ambitious of being King, which he chooses to evince by the prosecution of the Press, and an attack on its long-established liberties, then must he be at this hour the most miserable of men. For at this hour, he is the King. No King of England, but himself, could, I verily believe, even if they would, have carried the Catholic Question.

SHEPHERD.

We had better cry on Gurney no to tak doon this, for I jalouse it's actionable, na, for ony thing I ken, treasonable; and we may be baith hanged.

NORTH.

No, James, we are loyal to the back-bone. Till the day of my death will I raise up my feeble voice in honour of the Hero of Waterloo. He saved Europe—the world. Twin-stars in England's sky, immortally shall burn the deified spirits of Nelson and Wellington.

SHEPHERD.

Your words gar me a' grue.

NORTH.

But of noble minds ambition is both the first and the last infirmity; an infirmity it must, even in its most glorious mood, be called in all noble minds, except that of Alfred. In war, Wellington, the Gaul-humbler, is a greater name, immeasurably greater than Alfred, the Dane-destroyer. But in peace —too, too painful would it be to pursue the parallel——

SHEPHERD.

And therefore shove across the jug; dicht your broo, for you're sweatin'; look less fierce and gloomy; and, wi' your permission, here's "The Kirk o' Scotland!"

NORTH.

Aye, let the Church of England prepare her pillars for an earthquake, for I hear a sound louder than all her organs; but our Kirk, small and simple though it be, is built upon a rock that Vulcan himself may not undermine; let the storm rage as loud as it may, her little bells will cheerfully tinkle in the hurly-burly; no sacrilegious hands shall ever fling her pews and pulpits into a bonfire: on her roofs shall ever fall the dews and the sunshine of Peace; Time may dilapidate, but Piety will rebuild her holy altars; and her corner-stone shall endure till Christianity has prepared Earth for melting away into Heaven.

SHEPHERD.

A kin' o' cauldness and then a fit o' heat's chasin' ane anither through my body; is the jug wi' me? I ax your pardon.

NORTH.

Well then, James, millions abhor the Great Measure. And in their abhorrence, must they be dumb? No. They will speak; and, it may be, louder and longer too than Bonaparte's batteries. Wellington himself cannot silence their fire. And if their engine—their organ—the Press, speak trumpet-tongued against the Great Measure, and the Great Man who carried it by stealing a march on the Friends of the Constitution, so as to take them fatally on flank, and by bribing its Enemies, so as to bring them down in formidable array in front of the army of the Faithful surprised in their position—does he hope, powerful as he is in Place, in Genius, and in Fame, to carry by siege, by sap, or by storm, that Battery which ere now has played

upon Thrones till they sunk in ruins, and their crowned Kings fled eleemosynary pensioners into foreign lands!

SHEPHERD.

I didna ken, sir, you had thocht sae highly o' the Gentlemen o' the Periodical Press.

NORTH.

Periodical! Time is not an element, James, that can enter into any just judgment on the merits of such a question. The same minds are at work for the Press all over Britain, whatever may be the seasons of their appearance in print. I do think very highly of many of the Gentlemen of the Press. Nor does it matter one iota with me, whether they set the Press a-going once a-year or once a-day.

SHEPHERD.

I see there's nae essential distinction.

NORTH.

With all my reverence for Mr Southey, I cannot help thinking, that by speaking so bitterly and contemptuously in some passages of his admirable "Progress and Prospects of Society," of magazines and newspapers, he has glanced aside from the truth, and been guilty of not a little discourtesy to his literary brethren.

SHEPHERD.

He shou'dna hae done that—but ye mauna be angry at Mr Soothey.

NORTH.

Nor am I. Why, James, the self-same men who write in the Quarterly Review, of which, next and equal to the accomplished and powerful Editor, Mr Southey is the ornament and support, write, and that too not by fits and starts, but regularly, and for both fame and bread, in magazines and newspapers. For many years, the Editor of the Quarterly Review, along with our friend the Professor, who still lends me his aid—contributed, as Mr Southey and all the world know, largely to the Magazine which I have the honour of feebly editing; and so did and do some of Mr Southey's most esteemed personal friends, such as Mr Lamb and Mr Coleridge. Indeed I could shew Mr Southey a contribution-list of names that would make him stare—from Sir Walter Scott to Sir Peter Nimmo.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Soothey maun hae meant to accepp Blackwood.

NORTH.

I fear not, James.

SHEPHERD.

That's stoopit.

NORTH.

The editor of Colburn's Magazine is illustrious over Europe—the best critic, and one of the best poets of his age; and many of his contributors are, elsewhere, successful and influential authors. In brief, I would beg leave to say most kindly to the Laureate, that as much, and perhaps more varied talent is shewn in those two Magazines every month, than in that Review every quarter; and that, without any disparagement to the best of all Quarterly Reviews.

SHEPHERD.

I confess I canna help agreein' wi' you, sir—though, at the same time, it's kittlier to write in the Quarterly than in Maga. At ony rate, Lockhart ay sends me back my articles——

NORTH.

Which I never do.

SHEPHERD.

Dinna ye? um.

NORTH.

True, we of Maga are not so pompous, authoritative, dogmatical, doctorial, (perhaps, however, fully more professorial,) as ye of the Quarterly; we have not the same satisfaction in constantly wearing wigs, and occasionally shovel-hats; nor do we, like ye, at all times, every man's son of you, indite our articles with a huge pile of books encumbering our table, in a room surrounded by maps, and empty of all bottles save one of eye-water.

Our mice do not come from mountains in labour, but out of small chinks and crannies behind the chimney-cheeks of our parturient fancies. When our mountains are in travail they produce mammoths. Absurd, trifling, and ridiculous, we often—too often are—ye never; but dull, heavy, nay stupid ye sometimes are, while with us these are universally admitted to be the most impossible of all impossible events in nature. In mere information—or what is called knowledge—learning, and all that—facts, and so forth—we willingly give ye the *pas:* but neither are we ignorant; on the contrary, we are well acquainted with arts and literature, and in the ways of the world, up both to trap and to snuff, which, save your reverences, you are not always to the degree your best friends could wish. You have a notion in your wise heads, that you are always walking in advance of the public; we have a notion in our foolish ones, that we are often running in the rear. Ye would fain lead; we are contented to drive. As to divinity, ye are all doctors, some of you perhaps bishops; we, at the best, but licensed preachers. Ye are all Episcopalians, and proud ye are of shewing it; we are all, or nearly all, Presbyterians, and think no shame to own it. Whether ye or we are the more or the less bigoted to our respective creeds, it is not for us to say; but we do not scruple to think, that on this point we have greatly the advantage over our brethren of the south. Anticatholics we both are—and at the risk, perhaps, of some little tautology, we add—Christians. In politics we are steady as the pole-star; so perhaps are ye: but clouds never obscure our brightness; whereas, for some few years past, such is the dense gloom in which it has been hidden, your pole-star has, to the eyes of midnight mariners, been invisible in the sky. To sum up all in one short and pithy sentence, the Quarterly Review is the best periodical in the world except Blackwood's Magazine, and Blackwood's Magazine the best periodical in the world except the Quarterly Review.

SHEPHERD.

Haw—haw—haw!—maist capital! O, sir, but you're beginnin' to wax wutty. You were rather a wee prosy about an hour sin' syne, but the toddy, I'm thinkin', 's beginnin' to work, and after a few jugs ye tauk like an Opium-eater.

NORTH.

Opium-Eater! "Where has he hid his many-colour'd head?"

SHEPHERD.

I kenna. But he's like the lave o' the Lakers—when he wons in Westmoreland, he forgets Maga, and a' the rest o' the civileezed warld.

NORTH.

Now, James, all this being the case, why will Mr Southey sneer, or worse than sneer, at Moon-Maga, and her Star-satellites?

SHEPHERD.

We maun alloo a great man his crotchets. There's nae perfection in mortal man; but gin I were to look for it ony where, 'twould be in the life, character, and warks o' Robert Soothey.

NORTH.

With respect, again, to Newspapers—generally speaking—they are conducted with extraordinary talent. I'll be shot if Junius, were he alive now, would set the world on the rave, as he did some half century ago. Many of the London daily scribes write as well as ever he did, and some better; witness Dr Gifford and Dr Maginn, in that incomparable paper the Standard, or Laabrum; and hundreds, not greatly inferior to Junius, write in the same sort of cutting trenchant style of that celebrated assassin. Times, Chronicle, Globe, Examiner, Herald, Sun, Atlas, Spectator, one of the most able, honest, and independent of all the Weeklies, are frequently distinguished by most admirable writing; and the Morning Journal, though often rather lengthy, and sometimes unnecessarily warm, constantly exhibits specimens of most powerful composition. The Morning Post, too, instead of being what it once was, a mere record of fashionable movements, is a political paper now, full, for the most part, of a truly British spirit, expressed with truly British talent. If Zeta be really hanged, the editor of the Morn-

ing Journal should let him alone; if he be really unhanged, he ought to give the able editor of the Morning Journal a good hiding.

SHEPHERD.

He's aiblins no fit. But what's the meanin' o' that?

NORTH.

Confound me, James, if I know.

SHEPHERD.

Mr Southey, though, I'm thinkin', does not deny tawlent to the daily or weekly Press; he anathemateeses their pernicious principles.

NORTH.

True. But does he not greatly exaggerate the evil? Most pernicious principles some of them do, with a truly wicked pertinacity, disseminate; but those which love and spread truth, though perhaps fewer in number, are greater in power; and even were it not so, truth is stronger than falsehood, and will ultimately prevail against her, and that, too, at no remote time. Besides, I do not know of any newspaper that is devoted to the sole worship of falsehood. We must allow some, nay even great differences of opinion in men's minds, even on the most solemn and most sacred subjects; we ought not to think every thing wicked which our understanding or conscience cannot embrace; as there is sometimes found by ourselves, to our own dismay, much bad in *our* good, so, if we look with clear, bright, unjaundiced eyes, we may often see much good in *their* bad; nay, not unfrequently we shall then see, that what we were too willing to think utterly bad, because it was in the broad sheet of an enemy, is entirely good, and feel, not without compunction and self-reproach,

"Fas est et ab hoste doceri."

SHEPHERD.

Are you no in danger o' becomin' ower candid the noo, sir; in danger o' rather trimmin'?

NORTH.

No, James; I am merely trimming the vessel of my own moral reason—removing to the centre the shifted ballast, that, on my voyage to the distant shores of truth, she may not, by making lee-way, drift out of her course, and fall in among the breakers; and then, after putting and seeing all right, I return like a good pilot to the wheel, and, with all sail set, work up, with my merry crew, in the wind's eye, to the safest harbour in all the Land of Promise.

SHEPHERD.

That's a weel-supported simile. You aye speak wi' uncommon smeddum on nowtical affairs.

NORTH.

Question—Who are the dangerous writers of the day? Answer—Demagogues and Infidels; there being included in the latter, and indeed also in the former—so, in truth, there is no such distinction,—Deists and Atheists. The lowest and worst Demagogues are mostly all dunces, and therefore, I must opine, not alarmingly dangerous to the stability of the state, or the well-being of the people. Still they are pests; they pollute alehouses, and make more disgustful gin shops; the contagion of their bad thoughts sometimes sickens the honest poor man with his humble ingle—irritates his weary heart, confuses his aching head, and makes him an unhappy subject, fit, and ripe, and ready for sedition. Luckily the members of this gang occasionally commit overt acts of which the law can take hold; and, instead of writing them down, which, from the utter debasement of their understandings, as well as that of all their unwashed proselytes, is below the province of the press, and indeed impossible, you tie them down in a cell, and order them to be well privately whipt, or you make them mount the tread-mill, and insist on their continuing to reason, step by step, in a circle.

SHEPHERD.

Besides, many o' them, sir, get hanged for crimes not at all of a literary character, if indeed you except forgery—profligacy kills many more by horrid diseases—and multitudes run away to America, or are sent to Sydney-Cove, or the "still vexed Bermoothes." Sae I houp the breed's on the decline by consumption, and will afore long rin clean out, dregs an' a'.

NORTH.

I agree with Mr Southey, however, in believing that in London, and all large towns, the number of such ruffians is very great. Let the police do its duty.

SHEPHERD.

But, sir, ye maun ascend a few grawds up the scale o' Iniquity.

NORTH.

I do—and find some men of good education and small talent, and more men of bad or no education and considerable talent—Demagogues—that is to say, wretches who, from love of mischief, would instigate the ignorant to their own ruin, in the ruin of the state. They write and they speak with fluency and glibness, and the filthy and fetid stream flows widely over poor men's dwellings, especially those who are given to reading, and deposits in workshop, kitchen, parlour, and bedroom, a slime whose exhalation is poison and death. They have publications of their own, and they gloat over and steal and spread every thing that is bad and suited to their ends in the publications of some other people, who, while they would scorn their alliance, do nevertheless often purposely contribute aid to their evil designs and machinations. To such charge too large a portion of what is called the Liberal Press must plead guilty, or perhaps they would glory in the charge. This pollution of the Press can only be cleansed by the pure waters of Truth showered over it by such men as Mr Southey himself; or swept away, if you prefer the image, by besoms in the hands of the righteous, who, for sake of those who suffer, shun not the nauseous office even of fuilzie-men to keep clean and sweet the high-ways and by-ways, the streets and alleys of social life.

SHEPHERD.

Such a righteous besom-brandisher is Christopher North, the terror of traitors and the——

NORTH.

And thus, James, are we "led another grawd up the scale of Iniquity," and reach the Liberal Press. It works much evil, and, I fear not to say, much good.

SHEPHERD.

Say rather some good, sir. Lay the emphasis on *some.*

NORTH.

Much good. For it is not to be denied that men may be bigotedly and blindly attached to the right cause. Old institutions seem sacred to their imaginations, beyond the sanctity inherent in their frame. Time-hallowed, they are improvement-proof. But the new may be, and often is, holier than the old—the work of a single day better than that of a thousand years. The soul of

"The fond adorer of departed fame"

sometimes falls asleep on the tomb of the good and great of other times, to the oblivion of far higher living worth; or dozes over the inscription graven there by the gratitude of a former age, instead of more wisely recording the triumphs of contemporary genius or virtue. Reason must be awakened from her slumbers or her dreams in the arms of imagination that loves to haunt old places, and to walk in reveries among the shades of antiquity. The Liberal Press—I take the word as I find it in general use—often breaks these delusions; for they often are delusions, and it oftener shews us to distinguish shadow from substance—fiction from truth—superstition from devotion. It thus does good at times when perhaps it is intending evil; but at times it intends good—does good—and therefore is strictly entitled to unqualified and fervent praise. Such praise I give it now, James—and if Gurney be not asleep, it will ring in the ears of the public, who will ratify the award.

SHEPHERD.

But are you sure that the evil doesna greatly preponderate in the scale?

NORTH.

I am sure it does preponderate—but let us, the Illiberals, fling in good into the good, and we restore the balance.

SHEPHERD.

That's incorrek. The evil, light in comparison, kicks the beam—and the good in the other bucket o' the balance remains, for the use o' man, steady on a rock.

NORTH.

And here it is that Southey's self authorizes me to contradict Southey. While he, and others like to him—a few, perhaps his equals, at least in power, such as Sir Walter, S. T. Coleridge, and William Wordsworth—and not a few, his inferiors indeed in power, but nevertheless his equals in zeal and sincerity—and the many who, without any very surpassing talents, do yet acquire force from faith, and have reliance on religion—I say, James, while that Sacred Band moves on in firm united phalanx, in discipline meet to their valour, nor in bright array wanting their music-bands vocal and instrumental, to hymn them on in the march to victory—who will fear the issue of the battle, or doubt that beneath the Champions of the Cross the Host of the Misbelievers will sustain a signal and fatal overthrow?

SHEPHERD.

You've been speakin', sir, I perceive, by implication, o' infidels, that's deists and atheists, a' the time you were discussin' demagogues; but hae ye ony thing mair particularly to say o' infidels by themsells, as being sometimes a separate gang? Let's hear't.

NORTH.

I believe, James, that there are many, too many, conscientious deists—deists on conviction—on conviction consequent on candid and extensive, but not philosophical and profound enquiry into the evidences, internal and external, of Christianity.

SHEPHERD.

Ah! sir. That's scarcely possible.

NORTH.

It is true. But such men do not often—they very rarely seek to disturb the faith of others—and few of them carry their creed on with them to old age, for the Lamp of Revelation burns more brightly before eyes that feel the dimness of years shrouding all mortal things. In meridian manhood, it seems to them that the Sun of Natural Theology irradiates all being, and in that blaze the Star of Revelation seems to fade away and be hidden. But as they approach the close of life, they come to know that the Sun of Natural Theology—and it is a Sun—had shone upon them with a borrowed light, and that the Book of Nature had never been so read by them but for the Book of God. They lived Deists, and they die Christians.

SHEPHERD.

In gude truth, sir, I hae kent some affecting cases o' that kind.

NORTH.

Now observe the inconsistent conduct of such men; an inconsistency that, I believe, must attach to the character of every virtuous deist in a country where Christianity prevails in its Protestant purity, and is the faith of an enlightened national intellect. Rarely indeed, if ever, do they teach their children their own creed. Their disbelief, therefore, cannot be an utter disbelief. For if it were, a good and conscientious man—and I am supposing the deist to be such—could not make a sacrifice of the truth for the sake of them he dearly loved; such sacrifice, indeed, would be the height of folly and wickedness. For if he knows Christianity to be an imposture, beautiful though the imposture be—and no human heart ever yet denied its beauty,—conscience, God's vicegerent here below, would command him to begin with exposing the imposture to the wife of his bosom, and the children of their common blood. But all unknown perhaps to himself, or but faintly known, the day-spring from on high has with gracious glimpses of light visited his conscience, and that conscience, heaven-touched, trembles to disown the source from which comes that gentle visiting, and, with its still small voice, more divine than he is aware of, whispers him not to initiate in another faith the hearts of the guileless and the innocent, by nature open to receive the words of eternal life. And thus,

> While Virtue's self and Genius did adorn
> With a sad charm the blinded deist's scorn,
> Religion's self, by moral goodness won,
> Hath smiled forgiving on her sceptic son!

SHEPHERD.

They are muckle to be pitied, my dear sir; and it's neither for you nor me, nor ony body else, to be hard upon them; and I'll answer for Mr Soothey, that were ony such to visit him in his ain hoose at Keswick, he wad be as kind to him as he was in the autumn o' aughteen hunder and fourteen to mysell, shew him his beautifu' and maist astonishing leebrary, toast breed for him at breakfast wi' his ain hauns, wi' that lang-shank'd fork, and tak an oar wi' him in a boat roun' the Isles, and into the bays o' Derwentwater Loch, amusin' him wi' his wut, and instructin' him wi' his wisdom.

NORTH.

I know he would, James. From such deists, then, though their existence is to be deplored, little or no danger need be feared to revealed religion. But there are many more deists of a different stamp; the shallow, superficial, insensible, and conceited—the profligate, the brutal, and the wicked. I hardly know which are in the most hopeless condition. Argument is thrown away on both—for the eyes of the one are too weak to bear the light; and those of the other love only darkness. "They hate the light, because their deeds are dark." The former fade like insects; the latter perish like beasts. But the insects flutter away their lives among weeds and flowers, and are of a sort that sting nobody, though they may teaze in the twilight; while the beasts bellow, and gore, and toss, and therefore must be hoodwinked with boards,—the tips of their horns must be sawed off, a chain passed through their noses—they must be driven from the green pastures by the living waters, on to the bare brown common; and, unfit for the shambles, must be knocked on the head, and sold to the hounds—"down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox."

SHEPHERD.

There are owre mony o' the insecks in Scotland; but, thank God! but few o' the beasts.

NORTH.

Because in Scotland, James, the Church, as Wordsworth well says, holds over us "the strong hand of its purity;" and thus infidelity has been chiefly confined to philosophers who would not suffer the Church to catch hold; while, as the beasts I speak of are most likely to arise among the lower orders, the church being omnipotent there, the bulls of Bashan are but a scant breed. In England, from many causes, some of them inevitable in a land so rich, and populous, and many-citied, and some of them existing in neglect of duties secular and religious, the beasts are seen of a larger size, and in larger droves; but providentially, by a law of Nature, the bulls calved have always been in the proportion of a hundred to one to the cows; and as that proportion is always increasing, we may even hope that in half a century the last quey will expire, and then the male monsters will soon become utterly extinct.

SHEPHERD.

Od man, I never heard you sae feegurative as you are the nicht; yet I maun alloo that maist pairt o' them's capital, and but few very muckle amiss.

NORTH.

Now, James, with such infidels as these how are we to deal? First of all, they are doomed, living and dying, to universal loathing, ignominy, scorn, and execration. All that is good. It curses them into hatred of their species—and that curse is intensified by the conviction that their hatred is of little or no avail to hurt the hair of any one Christian's head. Further, their books—for they sometimes write books—are smashed, pounded into pulp, and flung into their faces till they are blind. Groping in their darkness, they pick the pulp up—spread it out again, and dry it in the sun, whose Maker they blaspheme; and over and over again, after each repetition of the blow—the blash on their eyes—they recommence their manufacture of blotted paper, and scrawl it over with the same impious and senseless scribble, all the while assured of the same result, yet instigated by the master they serve, the Devil. The more they are baffled, the more wickedly

they persevere, till the snuff of their wretched life goes out, like Tom Paine's, in a stink, and some Cobbett completes their infamy, by his consecration of their bones.

SHEPHERD.

Yet I fear, sir, Tom Paine worked great evil, even in Scotland.

NORTH.

No, James; very little indeed. The times were then troubled, and ripe for mischief. Paine's blasphemy caused the boil to burst. A wise and humane physician, the illustrious and immortal Richard Watson, Lord Bishop of Landaff, applied a sacred salve to the sore—the wound healed kindly, soon cicatrized, and the patient made whole again bounded in joy and liberty like a deer upon the hills.

SHEPHERD.

Feegar after feegar—in troops, bands, and shoals! What a teeming and prolific imagination! And in auldest age may it never be effete!

NORTH.

Your affection for your father, my dear son James, sees in my eye, and hears in my voice, meanings which exist not in them—but the light and the breath touch your spirit, and from its soil arise flowers and shrubs indigenous to the blessed soil of our ain dear Scotland.

SHEPHERD.

Is the theme exhawsted—the well run dry—the last leaf shaken frae the tree—wull the string no haud another pearl, or is the diver tired—has your croon gotten on the centre-tap the feenal and consummatin' diamond, or do the dark unfathomed caves o' ocean bear nae mair—can the rim roun' it support na greater wecht o' gowd, or is the mine wrought out—wull the plumes o' thocht that form the soarin' crest aboon your coronet no admit anither feather frae the train o' the Bird o' Paradise, or is the bird itsell flown awa' into the heart o' the Garden o' Eden? Answer me that mony-feegar'd interrogatory in the conceeseness o' ae single word, or in the diffusion o' a thousan'—let your voice be as the monotones of the simplest Scottish melody, or as the multitudinousness of the maist complex German harmony, the ane like takin' a few short easy steps up a green gowany brae, and the ither like rinnin' up and doun endless flights o' stairs leading through a' the mazes o' some immense cathedral, frae the gloom o' cells and oratories on the grun-floor, or even aneath the rock-foundation, to the roof open within its battlements to the night-circle o' the blue boundless heavens, with their moon and stars. There's a touch for you, ye auld conceited carle, o' the picturesque, the beautifu', and shooblime; nor ever dare to think, much less say again, that I, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, am not a poet equal to a' the three pitten thegither, Ramsay, Kinnigham, and Burns, though they, I acknowledge, till the star of Mount Benger arose, were the *Tria Lumina Scotorum* of our northern sky. But I, sir, I am the great flashing, rustling Aurora Borealis, that gars a' the Three "pale their ineffectual fires" in my electrical blaze, till the een o' our millions are dazzled wi' the coruscations; and earth wonders, and o' it's wonderin' finds no end, at the troublous glory o' the incomprehensible heaven. There's a touch o' the magnificent for you, ye auld wicked scoonrel! Equal that, and I'll pay the bill out o' my ain pouch, and fling a dollar for himsell to Tappytourie, without askin' for the change. Eh?

NORTH.

The evil done by the infidel writings you alluded to, James, was not of long duration, and out of it sprang great good. Many, it is true, suffered the filth of Paine to defile their Bibles. But ere a few moons went up and down the sky, their hearts smote them on account of the insult done to the holy leaves; tears of remorse, contrition, and repentance, washed out the stain; every renewed page seemed then to shine with a purer and diviner lustre—they clasped and unclasped with a more reverent hand

"The big Ha'-Bible, aince their Fathers' pride."

Its black cloth cover was thenceforth more sacred to the eyes of all the family; with more pious care was it replaced by husband and wife, after

morning and evening worship, in the chest beside the bridal linen destined to be their shroud. Search, now, all the cottages Scotland thorough, and not one single copy of the Age of Reason will you find; but you will find a Bible in the shieling of the loneliest herdsman.

SHEPHERD.

You speak God's truth, for I ken Scotland weel; and sae do you, for I hae heard you was a wonderfu' walker in your youth; and for the last twenty years, to my certain knowledge, you hae ridden on a race o' sure-footed pownies, far better than ony Spanish or Portuguese mules, a' through amang the mountains, by kittle bridle-paths; and I'm only astonished that you never brak your neck.

NORTH.

The main causes of infidelity lie in ignorance and misery, especially in that worst of all misery—guilt. But poverty, brought on by either the profligacy of the labouring classes, or by the ignorance or folly of their rulers, embitters the heart into sullen or fierce disbelief. A wise Political Economy, therefore, is one of the strongest and happiest safeguards of religion.

SHEPHERD.

I canna understaun' it ava. Ricardo's as obscure as Ezekiel.

NORTH.

Though dealing directly but with temporal things, it bears, James, on those that are eternal. Statist, statesman, philosopher, and priest, if they know their duty, and discharge it, all work together for one great end.

SHEPHERD.

That's geyan like common sense.

NORTH.

When the social state of a people is disturbed by the disarrangement of the natural order, and changes of the natural course of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, will not morality and religion, my dear James, sink with the sinking prosperity of the country?

SHEPHERD.

They wull that.

NORTH.

The domestic virtues cannot live through the winter, round a starved board and a cold hearth. Sound sleep shuns not a hard bed—but no eye can long remain closed on a truckle which next day may see in a pauper's roup at the city-cross.

SHEPHERD.

An' what's the drift o' a' thae vera true and excellent observations?

NORTH.

That much of the worst spirit which we deplore in the people, though it may be cruelly exasperated and exacerbated by demagogues and infidels, owes to them neither its origin nor chief growth and nurture, but springs out of the very frame and constitution of society in all great kingdoms.

SHEPHERD.

And is that a consoling doctrine, think ye, sir, or one that gars us despair for our species?

NORTH.

What! shall I despair of my species, because I see long periods in the history of my own and other countries, when the moral condition of the people has been withered or blasted by the curse of an incapable, unfeeling, or unprincipled government?

SHEPHERD.

But that's no the character o' the present Government o' our kintra, Mr North?

NORTH.

It must strengthen their hands and hearts, James, to know that you are not in opposition. But to return for one moment more to the subject of the infidelity of the lower orders, how beautifully, my dear James, do all the best domestic affections, when suffered to enjoy themselves even in tolerable repose and peace, blend into, and, as it were, become one and the same

with religion! Let human nature have but fair play in life—let but its physical necessities be duly supplied—and all its moral sympathies and religious aspirations kindle and aspire. What other religion but Christianity was ever the religion of the poor? But the poor sometimes cease to be Christians, and curse their existence. And Mr Huskisson would be shocked to see and hear how that happens, were he to make an occasional pilgrimage and sojourn in Spitalfields, instead of abusing its wretched dwellers.

SHEPHERD.

It's very unfair, I see, sir, to lay the blame o' the irreligion o' the poor when they are irreligious, as there's but owre mony o' them, according to Mr Soothey and you, in England at this present era, on the shoothers o' the priesthood. What gude wull preachin' and prayin' do them, when folk are starvin' o' cauld, and hae naething either to eat or drink?

NORTH.

I have known a poor old sailor, James, who had eat nothing for two days, dismissed from her door by a pious lady, not with a loaf in his pouch—for she referred him to the parish—but—a Bible.

SHEPHERD.

That was vera wicked. Let the body be attended to first, and the sowle afterwards, or you're fleein' in the face o' the Ten Commandments. That, I dinna doot, was the pious leddy's ain case; for wasna she a widow wi' a gude jointure, fat, frowsey, and forty, wi' great big peony-rose knots o' ribbons a' roun' her mutch, and about to try it on again, in the way o' marriage wi' a strappin' Methody preacher?

NORTH.

Before the consummation of that event she died of a surfeit from an inordinate guzzle on a prize-haggis. Much as she talked about the Bible, she shewed in practice, that she preferred the precepts of Meg Dods. Cookery was, in fact, her Christianity, and hers a kitchen-creed; yet I heard her funeral sermon preached by a great greasy villain, with long black, lank, oily hair, and the most sensual face ever seen on earth since Silenus, who nauseously whined away about her single-mindedness, (two husbands, remember, and within a week of a third,) her——

SHEPHERD.

Od rot baith her and him, are ye gaun to gar me spew?

NORTH.

But take it at the worst, James, and let us believe, with Mr Southey, that the Press is now a mighty engine of evil in the hand of the lovers of evil. What then? It is the Press against the Press. Wherein lies our trust? In the mighty array that might be—that is, on the side of heaven. Where are the twenty thousand ministers of religion, more or less? And in their cures and benefices, rich or poor, what are they about? Are they all broad awake, up, stirring, and at work? If so, they are more than a match for the miscellaneous muster of infidels, the lumbering levy-en-mass of the godless, who, when brought into action, present the singular appearance of a whole large army consisting entirely of an awkward squad.

SHEPHERD.

And if any considerable number o' the clergy snore awa' the week days weel on to eleven o'clock, and set the congregation asnore baith forenoon and afternoon ilka Sabbath, shewin' that they think bapteezin', and buryin', and maryin', and prayin', and preechin', a sair drawback an' doondracht on the comforts o' a rectory; then, I say, let them be ca'd owre the coals by the bishop, and if incorrigible frae natural stupidity or acquired inveeteracy o' habit, let them be deposed and pensioned aff the stipen' o' their successors wi' some fifety a-year, aneuch to leeve on in sma' seaport towns, where fish and coals are cheap; and then they may stroll about the sawns, wi' their hauns ahint their backs, gatherin' buckies and urchins, and ither shells, lookin' at the ships cumin' in and gangin' out, and no to be distinguished frae half-pay lieutenants, except by their no swearin' sae muckle, or at a' events no the same queer kind o' comical oaths, but equally wi' them daunderin' about, ill aff for something to do, and equally wi' them red about the nose, thin in the caaves, and thick about the ankles.

NORTH.

The Church of England is the richest in the world, though I am far frae thinking that its riches are rightly distributed. It ought, then, to work well, since it is paid well; and I think, James, that on the whole it is, even as it now stands, a most excellent church. It ought, however, to have kept down Dissenters, which it has not done; and still more, it ought to keep down Infidels. Did some twenty thousand infidels, educated in richly-endowed universities of their own, compose an anti-christian establishment, O Satan! how they would stir hell and earth!

SHEPHERD.

Universities, colleges, schools, academies, cathedrals, minsters, abbeys, churches, chapels, kirks, relief-meeting-houses, tabernacles, and what not, without number and without end, and yet the infidels triumph! Is't indeed sae? Then pu' them doon, or convert them, according to their conveniences, into theatres, and ridin' schools, and amphitheatres for Ducrow, and racket-courts, and places for dryin' claes in rainy weather.

NORTH.

If infidelity overruns the land, then this healthy, wealthy, and wise Church of England has not done its duty, and must be made to do it. If infidelity exists only in narrow lines and small patches, then we may make ourselves easy about the infidel press, and knowing that the Church has done the one thing needful, look with complacency on occasional parson somewhat too jolly, and unfrequent bishop with face made up entirely of proud flesh.

SHEPHERD.

Sughs o' wund, some loud and some laigh, but prophetic o' a storm, hae been aften heard o' late roun' about the square towers—for ye seldom see a spire yonner—o' the English churches. What side, when comes the colleyshangee, wull ye, sir, espouse?

NORTH.

That of the Church of England, of which Misopseudos himself, with all his integrity and talent, is not a sincerer friend, though he may be a more powerful champion.

SHEPHERD.

Eh? What?

NORTH.

Whisht! Had you your choice, James, pray what sort of a bird would you be?

SHEPHERD.

I wad transmigrate intil a gae hantle. And, first and foremost, for royal ambition is the poet's sin, I would be an Eagle. Higher than ever in his balloon did Lunardi soar, would I shoot up into heaven. Poised in that empyreal air, where nae storm-current flows, far up abune the region of clouds, with wide-spread and unquivering wings would I hang in the virgin sunshine. Nae human ee should see me in my cerulean tabernacle—but mine should see the human specks by the sides of rocks and rivers, creeping and crawling, like worms as they are, over their miserable earthly flats, or toiling, like reptiles as they are, up their majestic molehills. Down with a sughing swoop in one moment would I descend a league of atmosphere, still miles and miles above all the dwarf mountain-taps and pigmy forests. Ae headlong lapse mair, and my ears would drink the faint thunder of some puny cataract; another mile in a moment nearer the poor humble earth, and, lo! the woods are what men call majestic, the vales wide, and the mountains magnificent. That pitiful bit of smoke is a city—a metropolitan city. I cross it wi' ae wave of my wing. An army is on the plain, and they are indeed a ludicrous lot of Lilliputians.

They march with weapons in their hands,
Their banners bright displaying;
And all the while their music bands
Triumphant tunes are playing!

. . . . . .

The rags are indeed most sublime, waving to the squeak of penny trum-

pets. Aye, the cloud below my claws begins to rain, and the martial array is getting a thorough soaking—those noble animals, horses, like so many regiments of half-drowned rats. Too contemptible to look at—so away up again to the sky-heart, and for an hour's float far far above the sea. Tiny though they be, I love to look on those thousand isles, mottling the main with beauty; nor do I despise the wave-wanderers, whom Britannia calls her men-of-war. Guided by needle still trummlingly obedient to the pole, on go the giant cockleshells, which Heaven save from wreck, nor in storm may one single pop-gun be flung overboard! But God-given instinct is my compass—and when the blackness of night is on my eyes, straight as an arrow or a sunbeam I shoot alang the firmament, nor, obedient to that unerring impeller, deviate a mile-breadth from the line that leads direct from the Grampians to the Andes.——The roar of ocean—what—what's that I hear? You auld mannerless rascal, is that you I hear snorin'? Ma faith, gin I was an eagle, I wad scart your haffets wi' my tawlons, and try which o' our nebs were the sharpest. Weel, that's maist extraordinar—he absolutely snores on a different key wi' each o' his twa individual nostrils—snorin' a first and second like a catch or glee. I wunner if he can snore by the notes—or trusts entirely to his dreaming ear. It's really no that unharmonious—and I think I hear him accompanying Mrs Gentle on the spinnet. Let's coomb his face wi' burned cork.

[*The* SHEPHERD *applies a cork to the fire, and makes* NORTH *a Blackamoor.*

NORTH.

Kiss me, my love. Another. Sweet—sweet—oh! 'tis sweet!

SHEPHERD.

Haw—haw—haw! Mrs Gentle, gin ye kiss him the noo, the pat 'll no need to ca' the kettle——

NORTH.

Be not so coy—so cold—my love. "Can danger lurk within a kiss?"

SHEPHERD.

Othello—Othello—Othello!

NORTH, (*awaking with a tremendous yawn.*)

'Tis gone—'twas but a dream!

SHEPHERD.

Aye, aye, what's that you were dreamin' about, sir? Your face is a' ower blushes—just like a white rose tinged with the setting sun.

NORTH.

I sometimes speak in my sleep. Did I do so now?

SHEPHERD.

If you did, sir, I did not hear you—for I hae been takin' a nap mysell, and just awauken'd this moment wi' a fa' frae the cock on a kirk-steeple. I hae often odd dreams; and I thocht I had got astride o' the cock, and was haudin' on by the tail, when the feathers gave way, and had it not been a dream, I should infallibly have been dashed to pieces. Do you ever dream o' kissing, sir?

NORTH.

Fie, James!

SHEPHERD.

O, but you look quite captivatin', quite seducin', when you blush that gate, sir! I never could admire a dark-complexioned man.

NORTH.

I do—and often wish mine had been dark——

SHEPHERD.

Ye made a narrow escape the noo, sir; for out o' revenge for you're havin' ance coombed my face when I fell asleep on my chair, I was within an ace of coombin' yours; but when I had the cork ready, my respect, my veneration for you, held my hawn, and I flung it into the awse-hole ayont the fender.

NORTH.

My dear James, your filial affection for the old man is touching. Yet, had you done so, I had forgiven you——

SHEPHERD.

But I never could hae forgi'en mysell, it would hae been sae irreverent.—Mr North, I often wush that we had some leddies at the Noctes. When you're married to Mrs Gentle, you maun bring her sometimes to Picardy, to matroneeze the ither females, that there may be nae *scandalum magnatum.* And then what pairties! Neist time she comes to Embro', we'll hae The Hemans, and she'll aiblins sing to us some o' her ain beautifu' sangs, set to tunes by that delightfu' musical genius her sister——

NORTH.

And she shall sit at my right hand——

SHEPHERD.

And me on hers——

NORTH.

And with her wit she shall brighten the dimness her pathos brings into our eyes, till tears and smiles struggle together beneath the witchery of the fair necromanceress. And L. E. L., I hope, will not refuse to sit on the old man's left——

SHEPHERD.

O man! but I wush I could sit next to *her* too; but it's impossible to be, like a bird, in twa places at ance, sae I maun submit——

NORTH.

Miss Landor, I understand, is a brilliant creature, full of animation and enthusiasm, and, like Mrs Hemans too, none of your lachrymose muses, "melancholy and *gentlemanlike,*" but, like the daughters of Adam and Eve, earnestly and keenly alive to all the cheerful and pleasant humanities and charities of this every-day sublunary world of ours, where, besides poetry, the inhabitants live on a vast variety of other esculents, and like ever and anon to take a glass of Berwick's beer or Perkins's porter between even draughts of Hippocrene or Helicon.

SHEPHERD.

That's the character o' a' real geniuses, baith males and females. They're ae thing wi' a pen in their haun, at a green desk, wi' only an ink-bottle on't and a sheet o' paper—and anither thing entirely at a white table a' covered wi' plates and trenchers, soop in the middle, sawmon at the head, and a sir-loin o' beef or mutton at the fit, wi' turkeys, and how-towdies, and tongues, and hams, and a' mainner of vegetables, roun the sides—to say naething o' tarts and flummeries, and the Delap, Stilton, or feenal cheese—Parmesan.

NORTH.

You surely don't mean to say, James, that poetesses are fond of good-eating?

SHEPHERD.

Na. But I mean to say that they are not addicted, like green girls, to eat lime out of walls, or chowin' chawk, or even sookin' barley-sugar and sweeties in the forenoon to the spoilin' o' their natural and rational denner; but, on the contrair, that they are mistress of a moderate slice o' roast and biled butcher's meat; after that the wing or the merry-thocht o' a fule; and after that again some puddin', perhaps, or some berry-pie, some jeely, or some blawmange; taukin' and smilin' and lauchin' at intervals a' the while to their neist-chair neighbour, waxing wutty on his hauns wi' a little encouragement, and joinin' sweetly or gaily wi' the general discoorse, when, after the cloth has been drawn, the dinin'-room begins to murmur like a hive o' honey-bees after a' the drones are dead; and though a' present hae stings, nane ever think o' usin' them, but in genial employment are busy in the sun-shine o' sociality wi' probosces and wings.

NORTH.

What do you mean by a young lady being busy with her proboscis, James?

SHEPHERD.

O, ye coof! it's allegorical; sae are her wings. Proboscis is the Latin for the mouth o' a bee, and its instrument for making honey, that is, for extracting or inhaling it out o' the inner speerit o' flowers. Weel, then, why not allegorically speak of a young lady's proboscis—for drops not, distils

not honey frae her sweet mouth? And where think ye, ye auld crabbit critical carle, does her proboscis find the elementary particles thereof, but hidden amang the saftest leaves that lie faulded up in the heart o' the heaven-sawn flowers o' happiness that beautify and bless the bosom o' this itherwise maist dreary and meeserable earth?

NORTH.

Admirable! Proboscis let it be——

SHEPHERD.

Yes, just sae. And neist time you're dreamin' o' Mrs Gentle, murmur out wi' a coombed face, "O, 'tis sweet, sweet! One other taste of your proboscis! O, 'tis sweet, sweet!"

NORTH (*starting up furiously*).

With a coombed face? Have you dared, you swineherd, to cork my face? If you have, you shall repent it till the latest day of your life.

SHEPHERD.

You surely will forgive me when you hear I am on my deathbed——

NORTH (*at the mirror.*)

Blackguard!

SHEPHERD.

'Tweel you're a' that. I ca' that epithet *multum in parvo.* You're a maist complete blackguard—that's beyond a' manner o' doot. Whatn' whites o' een! and whatn' whites o' teeth! But your hair's no half grizzly aneuch for a blackamoor—at least an African ane—and gies you a sort o' uncanny mongrel appearance that wud frichten the King o' Congo.

NORTH.

Talking of Mrs Hemans and Miss Landor with a face as black as the crown of my hat!

SHEPHERD.

And a great deal blacker. The croon o' your hat's brown, and I wunner you're no ashamed, sir, to wear't on the streets! but your face, sir, is as black as the back o' that chimley, and baith wud be muckle the better o' the sweeps.

NORTH.

James, I have ever found it impossible to be irate with you more than half a minute at a time during these last twenty years. I forgive you—and do you know that I do not look so much amiss in cork. 'Pon honour——

SHEPHERD.

It's a great impruvement on you, sir—and I would seriously advise you to coomb your face every day when you dress for denner.—But wunna you ask Miss Jewesbury to the first male and female Noctes? She's really a maist superior lassie.

NORTH.

Both in prose and verse. Her Phantasmagoria, two miscellaneous volumes, teem with promise and performance. Always acute and never coarse——

SHEPHERD.

Qualities seldom separable in a woman. See Leddy Morgan.

NORTH.

But Miss Jewesbury is an agreeable exception. Always acute, and never coarse, this amiable and most ingenious young leddy——

SHEPHERD.

Is she bonny?

NORTH.

I believe she is, James. But I do not pretend to be positive on that point, for the only time I ever had the pleasure of seeing Miss Jewesbury, it was but for a momentary glance among the mountains. Mounted on a pretty pony, in a pretty rural straw hat, and pretty rural riding-habit, with the sunshine of a cloudless heaven blended on her countenance with that of her own cloudless soul, the young author of Phantasmagoria rode smilingly along a beautiful vale, with the illustrious Wordsworth, whom she venerates, pacing in his poetical way by her side, and pouring out poetry in that glorious recitative of his, till "the vale was overflowing with the sound." Wha, Jamie, wudna hae luk'd bonny in sic a predeecament?

SHEPHERD.

Mony a ane wad hae luked desperate ugly in sic a predeecament—far mair uglier than when walking on fit wi' some respectable common-place young man, in a gingham gown, by the banks of a canawl in a level kintra. Place a positively plain woman in a poetical predeecament, especially where she doesna clearly comprehend the signification o't, and yet has been tauld that it is incumbent on her to shew that she enjoys it, and it is really painfu' to ane's feelin's to see hoo muckle plainer she gets aye the langer she glowers, till at last it's no easy to thole the face o' her; but you are forced to turn awa your head, or to steek your een, neither o' whilk modes o' procedure perhaps is altogether consistent with the maist perfect propriety o' mainners that ought ever to subsist atween the twa different sexes.

NORTH.

My dear James——

SHEPHERD.

I'm thinkin' Miss Jewesbury maun be a bit bonny lassie, wi' an expressive face and fine figure; and, no to minch the maitter, let me just tell you at ance, that it's no in your power, Mr North, to praise wi' ony warmth o cordiality neither an ugly woman nor an auld ane—but let them be but young and fresh and fair, or "black but comely," and then hoo—you wicked rabiawtor—do you keep casting a sheep's ee upon the cutties! pretendin' a' the while that it's their *genius* you're admirin'—whereas, it's no their genius ava, but the living temple in which it is enshrined.

NORTH.

I plead guilty to that indictment. Ugly women are shocking anomalies, that ought to be hunted, hooted, and hissed out of every civilized and Christian community into a convent in Cockaigne. But no truly ugly woman ever yet wrote a truly beautiful poem the length of her little finger; and when beauty and genius kindle up the same eyes, why, gentle Shepherd, tell me why should Christopher North not fall down on his knees and adore the divinity of his waking dreams?

SHEPHERD.

The seldomer, sir, you fall doun on your knees the better; for some day or ither you'll find it no such easy maitter to get up again, and the adored divinity of your waking dreams may have to ring the bell for the servant lad or lass to help you on your feet, as I have somewhere read a French leddy had to do in regard to Mr Gibbons o' the Decline and Fa.

NORTH.

Nor must our festal board, that happy night, miss the light of the countenance of the fascinating Mrs Jameson.

SHEPHERD.

Wha's she?

NORTH.

Read ye never the Diary of an Ennuyée?

SHEPHERD.

O' a what? An N, O, E,? Is't a man or a woman's initials?

NORTH.

Nor the Loves of the Poets?

SHEPHERD.

Only what was in the Maugazin. But oh! sir, yon were maist beautifu' specimens o' eloquant and impassionat prose composition as ever drapped like hinny frae woman's lips. We maun hae Mrs Jameson—we maun indeed. And wull ye hear till me, sir, there's a fine enthusiastic bit lassie, ca'd Brown—Ada Brown, I think, wha maun get an inveet, if she's no ower young to gang out to sooper;—but Miss Mitford, or Mrs Mary Howitt, will aiblins bring the bit timid cretur under their wing—and as for mysell, I shall be as kind till her as if she were my ain dochter.

NORTH.

"Visions of Glory, spare my aching sight—
Ye unborn Noctes, press not on my soul!"

SHEPHERD.

What think ye, sir, o' the dogmas that high imagination is incompatible wi' high intellect, and that as Science flourishes Poetry decays?

NORTH.

The dogmata of dunces beyond the reach of redemption. Imagination, my dear James, as you who possess it must know, is Intellect working according to certain laws of feeling or passion. A man may have a high Intellect with little or no imagination; but he cannot have a high Imagination with little or no Intellect. The Intellect of Homer, Dante, Milton, and Shakspeare, was higher than that of Aristotle, Newton, and Bacon. When elevated by feeling into Imagination, their Intellect became transcendent—and thus were they Poets—the noblest name by far and away that belongs to any of the children of men. So much, in few words, for the first dogma of the dunces. Is it damned?

SHEPHERD.

I dinna doot. What o' the second?

NORTH.

That the blockheads, there too, bray the most asinine assertion that was ever laboriously elongated from the lungs of an Emeritus donkey retired from public life, to his native common on an annual allowance of thistles.

SHEPHERD.

That's funny aneuch. You're a curious cretur, sir.

NORTH.

Pray, what is Science? True knowledge of mind and matter, as far as it is permitted to us to know truly any thing of the world without and the world within us, congenial in their coexistence.

SHEPHERD.

That soun's weel, and maun be the right definition. Say on—you've a pleasant vice.

NORTH.

What is Poetry? The true exhibition in musical and metrical speech of the thoughts of humanity when coloured by its feelings, throughout the whole range of the physical, moral, intellectual, and spiritual regions of its being.

SHEPHERD.

That's shooblime. I wuss I could get it aff by heart to spoot at the petty soopies o' the Blues. But I fear that I suld forget sum o' the prime words—the fundamental features on which the feelosophical definition hinges, and fa' into owre great nonsense.

NORTH.

You thus see with half an eye, James, that Poetry and Science are identical. Or rather, that as Imagination is the highest kind of Intellect, so Poetry is the highest kind of Science.

SHEPHERD.

I see't as plain as a pike-staff, or the nose on your face. Indeed, plainer than the latter simile, for your face being still in coomb, or, as you said, in cork, your nasal promontory is involved in deepest shadow, and is in fack invisible on the general surface, and amang the surroundin' scenery o' your face.

NORTH.

Thus, James, it is only in an age of Science that any thing worthy the name of Poetry can exist. In a rude age there may be bursts of passion—of imagination even, which, if you or any other man whom I esteem, insist on calling them poetry, I am willing so to designate. In that case, almost all human language is poetry, nor am I sure that from the province of such inspiration are we justified in excluding the cawing of rooks, or the gabbling of geese, and certainly not the more impassioned lyrical effusions of monkeys.

SHEPHERD.

Queer deevils, monkeys!

NORTH.

Will any antiquary or archæologist shew me a bit of poetry as broad as the palm of my hand, worth the toss up of a tinker's farthing, the produce of uncivilized man? O lord, James, is not such stuff sufficient to sicken a whole livery stable! In the light of knowledge alone can the eye of the soul see the soul—or those flaming ministers, the Five Senses——

SHEPHERD.

Seven, if you please—and few aneuch too, considerin' the boundless extent and variety o' the universe.

NORTH.

Or the senses do their duties to the soul—for though she is their queen, and sends them forth night and day to do her work among the elements, yet seem they, material though they be, to be kith and kin even unto her their sovereign, and to be embued with some divine power evanescent with the moment of corporeal death, and separation of the spirit.

SHEPHERD.

Hech!

NORTH.

Therefore, not till man, and nature, and human life lie in the last light of Science, that is, of knowledge and of truth, will Poetry reach the acme of its triumph. As Campbell sings,

> Come, bright Improvement, on the car of Time,
> And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;

and still Poetry will be here below Prime Minister and High Priest of Nature.

SHEPHERD, (*with a gaunt.*)

What's that you was saying about the Prime Minister and the High Priest? Is the Dyuck gangin' out? and has ony thing happened to the Archbishop of Canterbury?

NORTH.

But it is farther asserted, that the human mind will cease to look on Nature poetically, or poetically to feel her laws, in proportion as the Revelation becomes ampler and clearer of her mysteries, and that's——

SHEPHERD.

I begin to think, sir, that considerin' the natur o' a twa-haun'd crack, you're rather trespassing upon the rights o' the ither interlocutor in the dialogue—and that it would be only ordinar' gude mainners to alloo me to——

NORTH.

As if an ignorant were higher and more imaginative, that is, more poetical, than an enlightened wonder!

SHEPHERD.

Sumphs!

NORTH.

Does the philosopher who knows what a rainbow is, cease with delight to regard the glory as it spans the storm? Does the knowledge of the fact, that lightning is electricity, destroy the grandeur of those black abysses in the thunderous clouds, which flashing it momentarily reveals, and then leaves in eternal darkness? Clouds, rain, dew, light, heat, cold, frost, snow, &c. are all pretty well understood now-a-days by people in general, and yet who feels them to be on that account unpoetical? A drop of dew on a flower or leaf, a tear on cheek or eye, will be felt to be beautiful, after all mankind have become familiarly acquainted with the perfected philosophy of all secretions.

SHEPHERD.

Are you quite positive in your ain mind, that you're no gettin' tiresome, sir? Let's order sooper.

NORTH.

Well, James, be it so.

[*As the* SHEPHERD *rises to ring the bell, the Timepiece strikes Ten, and Picardy enters with his Tail.*

SHEPHERD.

Ye dinna mean to say, Mr Awmrose, that that's a' the sooper? Only the roun', a cut o' sawmon, beefsteaks, and twa brodds o' eisters! This 'll never do, Awmrose. Remember there's a couple o' us—and that a sooper that may be no amiss for ane, may be little better than starvation to twa; espe-

cially if them twa be in the prime and vigour o' life, hae come in frae the kintra, and got yaup owre some half dizzen jugs o' strang whusky toddy.

AMBROSE, (*bowing.*)

The boiled turkey and the roasted ducks will be on the table forthwith —unless, Mr Hogg, you would prefer a goose which last week won a sweepstakes——

SHEPHERD.

What? at Perth races? Was he a bluid-guse, belonging to a member o' the Caledonian Hunt?

AMBROSE, (*smiling.*)

No, Mr Hogg—There was a competition between six parishes which should produce the greatest goose, and I had the good fortune to purchase the successful candidate, who was laid, hatched, and brought up at the Manse of——

SHEPHERD.

I ken the successful candidate brawly—Wasna he a white ane, wi' a tremendous doup that soopt the grun, and hadna he contracted a habit o' turnin' in the taes o' his left fit?

AMBROSE.

The same, sir. He weighed, ready for spit, twenty pounds jump—feathers and giblets four pounds more. Nor do I doubt, Mr North, that had your Miss Nevison had him for a fortnight longer at the Lodge, she would have fattened him, (for he is a gander,) up to thirty,—that is to say, with all his paraphernalia.

SHEPHERD.

Shew him in; raw or roasted, shew him in.

[*Enter King* PEPIN *and Sir* DAVID GAM, *with the successful candidate, supported by Mon* CADET *and* TAPPYTOURIE.

What a strapper! Puir cheil, I wudna hae kent him, sae changed is he frae the time I last saw him at the Manse, takin' a walk in the cool o' the Saturday e'ening, wi' his wife and family, and ever and anon gabblin' to himsell in a sort o' under-tone, no unlike a minister rehearsin' his sermon for the coming Sabbath.

NORTH.

How comes he to be ready roasted, Ambrose?

AMBROSE.

A party of twenty are about to sup in the Saloon, and——

SHEPHERD.

Set him doon; and if the gentlemen wuss to see North cut up a goose, shew the score into the Snuggery.

[*The successful candidate is safely got on the board.*

Hear hoo the table groans!

NORTH.

I feel my limbs rather stiffish with sitting so long. Suppose, James, that we have a little leap-frog.

SHEPHERD.

Wi' a' my heart. Let me arrange the forces roun' the table. Mr Awmrose, staun you there—Mon Cadet, fa' intil the rear o' your brither—Pippin, twa yards ahint Awmrose *junior*—Sir Dawvit, dress by his Majesty—and Tappytourie, turn your back upon me. Noo, loot doon a' your heads. Here goes—Keep the pie warm.

[*The* SHEPHERD *vaults away, and the whole circle is in perpetual motion;* NORTH *distinguished by his agility in the ring.*

NORTH (*piping.*)

Heads all up—no louting. There, James, I topped you without touching a hair.

SHEPHERD.

Mirawculus auld man! A lameter too! I never felt his hauns on my shouther!

AMBROSE.

I'm rather short of breath, and must drop out of the line.

[*Mr* AMBROSE *drops out of the line, and his place is supplied by* TICKLER, *who at that moment has entered the room unobserved.*

SHEPHERD (*coming unexpectedly upon* TICKLER.)

Here's a steeple! What glamoury's this?

NORTH.

Stand aloof, James, and I'll clear the weathercock on the spire.

[NORTH, *using his crutch as a leaping pole, clears* TICKLER *in grand style; but* TAPPYTOURIE, *the next in the series, boggles, and remains balanced on* SOUTHSIDE'S *shoulders.*]

TICKLER.

Firm on your pins, North. I'm coming.

[TICKLER, *with* TAPPYTOURIE *on his shoulders, clears* CHRISTOPHER *in a canter.*

OMNES.

Huzza! huzza! huzza!

NORTH (*addressing* TICKLER.)

Mr Tickler, it gives me great pleasure to present to you the Silver Frog, which I am sure will never be disgraced by your leaping.

[TICKLER *stoops his head, and* NORTH *hangs the Prize Silver Frog, by a silver chain, round his neck;* TAPPYTOURIE *dismounts, and the Three sit down to supper.*

SHEPHERD.

Some sax or seven slices o' the breist, sir, and dinna spare the stuffin.—Mr Awmrose, gie my trencher a gude clash o' aipple-sass.—Potawtoes. Thank ye.—Noo, some o' the smashed.—Tappy, the porter.—What guse!!!

TICKLER.

Cut the apron off the bishop, North; but you must have a longer spoon to get into the interior.

AMBROSE.

Here is a punch ladle, sir.

SHEPHERD.

Gie him the great big silver soup ane.—Sic sage!

TICKLER.

Why, that is liker the leg of a sheep than of a goose.

SHEPHERD.

Awmrose, ma man, dinna forget the morn to let us hae the giblets.—Pippin, the moostard.—Mr North, as naebody seems to be axin for't, gie me the bishop's apron, it seems sappy. What are ye gaun to eat yoursell, sir? Dinna mind helpin' me, but attend to your nain sooper.

NORTH.

James, does not the side of the breast which I have now been hewing, remind you o' Salisbury-Craigs?

SHEPHERD.

It's verra precipitous. The skeleton maun be sent to the College Musæum, to staun' at the fit o' the elephant, the rhinocerus, and the cammyleopardawlis; and that it mayna be spiled by unskilful workmanship, I vote we finish him cauld the morn afore we yoke to the giblet-pie. Carried nem. con.

TICKLER.

Goose always gives me a pain in my stomach. But to purchase pleasure at a certain degree of pain, is true philosophy. Besides, in pleasure, I belong to the sect Epicurean; and in pain, am a budge doctor of the Stoic Fur; therefore I shall eat on. So, my dear North, another plateful. James, a calker?

SHEPHERD.

What's your wull?

TICKLER.

Oh! nothing at all.—Ambrose, the Glenlivet to Mr North. Mr Hogg, I believe, never takes it during supper.

[*The* SHEPHERD *tips* AMBROSE *the wink, and the gurgle goes round the table.*

[*Silence, with slight interruptions, and no conversation, for about three quarters of an hour.* NATHAN GURNEY.

SHEPHERD.

I had nae previous idea that steaks eat sae capital after guse. Some sawmon.

NORTH.

Stop, James. Let all be removed, except the fish—to wit, the salmon, the rizards, the spaldrins, the herrings, and the oysters.

SHEPHERD.

And bring some mair fresh anes. Mr Awmrose, you maun mak a deal o' siller by sellin' your eister-shells for mannur to the farmers a' roun' about Embro'? They're as gude's lime—indeed I'm thinkin' they *are* lime—a sort o' sea-lime, growin' on rocks by the shore, and a coatin' at the same time to leevin' and edible creturs. Oh! the wonnerfu' warks o' Nature!

NORTH.

Then wheeling the circular to the fire, let us have a parting jug or two——

SHEPHERD.

Each?

[*Enter Mr* AMBROSE *with* LORD ELDON.]

NORTH.

Na! here's his Lordship full to the brim. He holds exactly one gallon, Imperial Measure; and that quantity, according to Mrs Ambrose's recipe, cannot hurt us——

SHEPHERD.

God bless the face o' him!

TICKLER.

Pray, James, is it a true bill that you have had the hydrophobia?

SHEPHERD.

Owre true—but I'll gie you a description o't at our next. Meanwhile, let's ca' in that puir cretur Gurney, and gie him a drap drink. Nawthan! Nawthan! Nawthan!

GURNEY. (*In a shrill voice from the interior of the Ear of Dionysius.*) Here—here—here.

SHEPHERD.

What'n a vice! Like a young ratton squaakin ahint the lath and plaister.

NORTH.

No rattons here, James. Mr Gurney is true as steel.

SHEPHERD.

Reserve that short similie for yoursell, sir. O sir, but you're elastic as a drawn Damascus swurd. Lean a' your wecht on't, wi' the pint on the grun, but fear na, while it bends, that it will break; for back again frae the semicircle springs it in a second intil the straight line; and wo be to him wha daurs that cut-and-thrust! for it gangs through his body like light through a wundow, and before the sinner kens he is wounded, you turn him owre on his back, sir, stane-dead!

[*Mr* GURNEY *joins the party, and the curtain, of course, falls.*

PHENOMENA OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1783 IN CALABRIA AND SICILY. FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

Lo Pizzo, in Calabria Ultra,
September, 1786.

THE remarkable earthquakes of 1783 were perceptible in Naples, but their destructive force did not extend farther north than Nicastro, the barrier-town which separates the two Calabrias. This town, although much injured by former convulsions, and severely shaken on this occasion, escaped all material injury; but immediately south of it, I entered a scene of ruin and desolation. In one of the solitary and half-ruined houses on the road to Pizzo, where I paused for some refreshment, the inhabitants related some marvellous stories of the strange atmospheric appearances which had preceded the earthquake. These ominous phenomena had either, however, no existence, or were merely the electric flashes so common in this district, and magnified into something extraordinary by an imaginative and superstitious people.

All the houses on the plain south of Nicastro consisted of large masses of hewn stone, and yet they were either entirely overthrown, or, where still standing, the walls and timbers were so rent and disjointed, that entire reconstruction will be necessary. The rebuilding, however, was neither commenced nor even contemplated. The earth was still unsettled, and, but the day before my arrival, a violent shock had rocked the whole plain. There is also a prevailing superstition in Calabria, that, after a convulsion so tremendous as that of 1783, the earth requires a period of four years to regain tranquillity; and ever since the ruin of their houses, the people have lived in wooden huts or barracks. The evening surprised me while still eight Italian miles from Pizzo, and I endeavoured to negotiate a lodging in one of these solitary dwellings; but the inhabitants, with a genuine kindness at obvious variance with their own interest, vehemently warned me of the great peril to all strangers, arising from the mal-aria of the stagnant pools and marshes created by the earthquake. I proceeded therefore by Edelfico, and, leaving the plain, ascended a fertile mountain, on the declivity of which, towards the sea, lies the town of Pizzo. From the lofty summit I beheld the sun sinking like a ball of fire into the sea, and diffusing over the wide waters a golden splendour, which instantaneously banished every thought of the banditti said to infest this district. With exhilarated feelings I joined a group of singing peasants returning from their labour to the town of Pizzo; but these joyous emotions were changed to sudden sadness when, on arrival in the town, I found it totally destroyed.

The most destructive periods of this formidable earthquake were the 5th of February; the night between the 6th and 7th; the 27th and 28th of the same month; and the 1st, the 27th and 28th of March. After the last named date the earth became comparatively tranquil; but from time to time, the shocks recurred, and still continue to the present day. The first shock was tremendous, and totally unexpected. All previous indications were either not sufficiently decisive evidence of its approach, or they preceded the convulsion so immediately, that, in most instances, the inhabitants had no time to escape. Besides the electric flashes peculiar to this climate, a dense and heavy fog covered the earth, and driving gales from the south-east or south-west, (Scirocco o Libeccio,) swept over all Calabria Ultra with increasing violence. The earth also exhibited one of those singular phenomena, called by the Italians " terre movitine," which is thus described by the learned and accurate Neapolitan, Gio. Vivenzio, from whose valuable history of this remarkable earthquake I have borrowed, and interwoven with my personal narrative many curious facts. " Two miles from Laureana are two ravines divided by a hill, at the extremity of which the two hollows unite and form one valley. The soil in these hollows is swampy, watered by small streams, and partially cultivated. A short time before the first shock, water, thickly blended with calcareous matter, was seen to ooze from the ground in the two ravines above-mentioned. Rapidly accumulating, it began ere long

to roll onward like a flood of lava into the valley, where the two streams, uniting, moved forward with increased impetus from east to west. It now presented a front of 300 palms in breadth by 20 in depth, and, before it ceased to move, covered a surface equal in length to an Italian mile. In its progress it overwhelmed a flock of thirty goats, and tore up by the roots many olive and mulberry-trees, which floated like ships upon its surface. When this calcareous lava had ceased to move, it gradually became dry and hard, during which process the mass was lowered ten palms. It contained fragments of earth of a ferruginous colour, and emitting a sulphureous smell."

The boding terrors exhibited before the earthquake by the animal world were remarkable. Man alone seemed to be exempt from all foreknowledge of the approaching calamity, and causes which excited evident distress and panic in the whole brute creation, produced in him neither physical nor moral change. The effect upon animals was infinitely diversified. In some the apprehension was evinced earlier, and with vehement and rapidly succeeding emotions; while in others, it was later, slower, and less demonstrative. A short time before the first shock, and during the whole period of the great shocks, the fishes along the coast of Calabria Ultra appeared on the surface in a state of stupor, and were caught in unusual quantities. Wild birds flew screaming and in obvious alarm through the air, and were caught in traps and nets with increased facility; while geese, pigeons, and all other domestic fowls, exhibited the same degree of terror. Dogs and asses betrayed an earlier and stronger consciousness than any other quadrupeds. They chased about in wild and staring terror, and the air rang with their horrid howlings and brayings. Horses, oxen, and mules, neighed, roared, and shook in every limb; pointed their ears forward, and their eyes rolled and glared around with terror and suspicion. When the terrible first shock was felt, they braced every limb, and endeavoured support themselves by spreading ir legs widely asunder; but many nevertheless thrown down. of them took to flight *immediately before* the shock, but, soon as they felt the earth heaving under them, paused, and stood motionless and bewildered. Pigs appeared less conscious than any other animal of approaching danger. Cats, although not so early sensible of it as dogs and asses, were more demonstrative. Their backs rose, and their fur bristled up in terror. Their eyes became blood-shot and watery, and they set up a horrible aud doleful screaming. Thus foretold by the brute creation, the first shock was more immediately preceded by a sultry shower;—the wind howled and the sea rolled fearfully;—a subterraneous noise was heard, like the rolling of violent thunder; and then the earth rocked, and immense districts were convulsed to their foundations; and lakes and rivers suddenly appeared amidst rocks and dry places; and towns and villages were overthrown, and the falling ruins crushed the unfortunate inhabitants, of whom, throughout Calabria, 40,000 were destroyed, and 20,000 more died of the immediately ensuing epidemics.

Of the remarkable escapes, and strong instances of parental affection, which occurred during this long succession of earthquakes, I shall here record some, which occurred in districts I did not visit; but they are well attested, and the first is mentioned by the Neapolitan Vivenzio. The prior of the Carmelites at Jerocarme, near Soriano, was walking along the high-road, when the ground began to heave and roll beneath him like the billows of a rough sea. The earth then opened near him with a tremendous explosion, and immediately closed. Almost senseless with terror, he ran mechanically forward, when again the earth opened immediately under him, and closing as before caught him by the leg. He struggled for some time vainly to release himself, when another shock saved him: the earth was again rent open, and he escaped from this terrible durance. I heard this incident from individuals who knew the prior, and had seen the marks left by the crushing pressure on his foot, but I am inclined to refer much of this marvellous tale to the excitement and terror of the moment; and the injury to his foot must have been trifling, as it permitted him to proceed

homeward. Another instance of remarkable escape occurred to three paper-makers of Pizzoni di Soriano, named Greco, Roviti, and Felia. They were walking near each other on the plain, when suddenly the ground was shaken by a terrible convulsion. Greco and Felia immediately fled, and had the good fortune to escape, but Roviti, encumbered by a gun which he would not relinquish, was exposed to instant and deadly peril. The earth yawned widely beneath him, and he fell into the chasm, but was immediately thrown up again by another shock, and fell into a contiguous swamp. He was a young and powerful man, but the ground still continued to heave like waves, and kept him entangled in the deep swamp, from which he long struggled to escape, until at length another mighty shock threw him out, and he fell upon the brink of a newly-opened chasm, where he remained for some time half-dead with terror and exhaustion. A week after his escape he found his gun on the bank of the river Caridi, which had entirely changed its bed.

An affecting instance of maternal love and self-devotion was discovered in the ruins of Polistena. The mother of two children—a boy aged three years, and an infant of seven months—was suckling her babe when the house fell and destroyed all three. The position in which the bodies were found afforded the clearest evidence that the mother deliberately exposed her life to save her offspring. She was lying on the ground with her face downward, the infant close to her bosom, while with her body she covered also the older child, thus offering her back to the falling timbers. Her arms were clasped round both, and in this affecting position the half-decayed bodies were discovered when the rubbish was cleared away.

Another striking instance of parental self-oblivion, which occurred at Scido, is thus recorded by Vivenzio, and was also related to me by four individuals at Pizzo. "Don Antonio Ruffo and his wife had only one child, a daughter, of whom they were passionately fond. When the earthquake shook their dwelling to its foundations, and escape was impracticable, they placed their little girl between them, and, embracing each other, awaited the will of Heaven. The house gave way, a heavy beam fell upon the group and destroyed both parents, but did not separate them. After the lapse of several days, the ruins were partially removed, and their bodies were discovered with the child, apparently dead, between them. The little girl, however, soon began to moan; she was taken out of the rubbish, and, although life was nearly gone, she at length recovered, and is now alive and well."

It was generally remarked that the positions of the men killed by the fallen ruins, indicated that every sinew had been strained in resistance, while the features and attitudes of the females exhibited the extremity of despair; and in many instances the latter were found with their hands clasped above their heads. Wherever children were found near the parents, the attitudes of the mothers indicated entire self-abandonment, while fathers were often discovered folding a child with one arm, and endeavouring with the other to stem the superincumbent ruins.

To return, however, to Pizzo. This flourishing town, enriched by the enterprising industry of the inhabitants, by its coral and tunny fisheries, and by the exhaustless fertility of the contiguous plain and hills, was destroyed by the earthquakes of 1638 and 1659; and in the numerous shocks of the 18th century, no ten years had elapsed without partial injury to Pizzo, when, in 1783, it was again totally destroyed. The concussion of the 5th February overthrew many buildings, but only nine lives were lost, and the inhabitants, thus forewarned, immediately quitted their houses. The earthquake of the 28th March destroyed the whole town, and the people have ever since resided in slight and ill-constructed barracks, in which they pursue their respective occupations. Their heaviest calamities arose from these small and crowded dwellings, which were pervious to the damps and to the intense cold which accompanied the earthquakes, and has ever since prevailed during the winter months. Fatal epidemics ensued which swept away the people in masses, until one-third of their number was destroyed. While walking on the sea-shore, and

observing the active industry of the inhabitants, I remarked to some of them who assembled round me, how greatly their industrious habits had raised them above their neighbours in Calabria Citra, and at the same time expressed my admiration of the many well-grown, fine young men I had seen at Pizzo. It was melancholy to observe the deep and simultaneous emotion with which most of them replied,—"Alas! we have lost our finest young men!" One of them, an infirm and aged man, wept anew as he told me that his three sons had died of the fever: another lamented a beloved brother; and a third grieved for a valuable friend. More than 1500 out of a population of 4200 had fallen victims, and of these 1500, the majority were young men between twenty and thirty.

Seminara, October, 1786.

The farther I advance into Calabria, the more dreadful becomes the desolation around me. It is truly heart-rending to stand upon the heights, and to behold the beautiful and fertile hills and plains disfigured by scenes of misery and ruin, so horrible as to beggar all description. Calabria has fallen low indeed, and many years must yet elapse before the unfortunate inhabitants recover from the enormous destruction accomplished in a few seconds. I have just returned from the contemplation of a dreadful scene of ruin, and have torn myself away from a group of unhappy mourners, whose lamentations affected me to tears.

After again climbing the mountain above Pizzo, I descended into the rich plain of Monteleone. This beautiful level, of four Italian miles in length, is, in point of fertility, the paradise of this earth. The traveller wanders through numerous groves of olive-trees, intermingled with vineyards and plantations of mulberry, fig, and other fruit-trees. The soil is favourable to wheat, and the produce so abundant, that this limited district, and a still smaller surface round Mileto, supply one-third of Calabria Ultra with grain. The plain of Monteleone is dotted with enormous oaks, half as large again as those felled in northern Europe for building purposes; and, besides fruits and vegetables in endless variety and abundance, I saw plantations of cotton, manna, and liquorice. And yet, notwithstanding this glorious capability, considerable surfaces lie waste and unproductive, which, if cultivated, would double the produce; and which, had the farmers any enduring interest in the soil, would surely not be thus abandoned. Under landlords so oppressive as the nobles of Naples and Sicily, the peasants will only cultivate as much ground as they are compelled to do; nor indeed are they sufficiently numerous to cultivate, to the extent of its capacity, a soil which would support, as it did of old, a much larger population. There are not even hands enough to gather the enormous crop of olives, of which valuable fruit a large proportion annually rots upon the ground. Sugar canes have also been grown upon the sea-coast, but the cultivation has been recently abandoned, because the expenses precluded all competition with West Indian sugars.

I found Monteleone, like every other town in Calabria Ultra, deserted by the inhabitants, who occupied a duplicate town of wooden barracks near the forsaken one. This flourishing commercial place, which contained 15,000 inhabitants, was warned, like Pizzo, by the concussion of the 5th of February. The people established themselves in barracks, and only twelve persons were killed by the later shocks, which destroyed great part of the town, but many died of the general sickness which succeeded. The action of the earthquake here made the surface heave like the billows of a swelling sea, and produced, in rapid succession, a singular variety of effects. The ground was alternately lifted and rived into fissures and chasms. The buildings shook, and then they swayed like the oscillation of an inverted pendulum, but still they did not fall. The rolling, or pulsatory heaving of the ground now increased, and a large portion of the town was overthrown, leaving here and there a few houses standing, some of which were shaken down a few seconds later. The most solid edifices were all destroyed, while the slightest buildings were but partially injured, and some even escaped entirely. The extensive manufactures of oil and silk, which have made this town and dis-

trict so flourishing, were fatally injured by this calamity. All the large buildings in the plain, employed for the preservation and culture of the silk-worms, were destroyed by the earthquake, which was even more violent in the vicinity than in the town. The destruction of the large oil-reservoirs, and their contents, and of casks, presses, buildings, and utensils, was so sweeping and comprehensive, that it was impossible to estimate the amount of damage. The loss of the olive-trees will long remain irreparable; and, for some purposes, the fertility of the soil has been materially diminished by the effects of the earthquake. And yet, although their buildings were destroyed, and all their rich stores of oil rolled away in streams, so prodigal is the bounty of nature in this fine district, that the people are already in a state of obvious and growing prosperity. How different would be the situation of Northern Europe, if subject to these sudden and widely-destructive calamities! There the cold, ungrateful soil yields no return without constant and skilful culture, while here the inhabitants may exist almost without labour; and provisions are so abundant, that the scarcity, which in some places followed the earthquake, arose either from neglect of the commissioners appointed by the King to relieve the general distress, or from the atrocious peculation of subordinate agents. How obvious is the wisdom and goodness of Providence in this fine country! where an instant remedy is thus provided for the dire effects of these convulsions, which, like discords in music, are integral portions of universal harmony, and are doubtless essential to the well-being of our system!

Had time, and the plan laid down for my journey permitted, I should gladly have prolonged my stay in Monteleone, which pleased me more than any other town in the Calabrias. Here I found not only many comforts and luxuries of which I had been long deprived, but a warm-hearted and obliging people, whose conversation was replete with intelligence and wit, and who were comparatively free from prejudice and intolerance. They did not, like the Citra-Calabrians, shun me as a heretic, and answer me with a sneer, when I requested animal food on fast-days. They were aware, they said, that the people of northern Europe were exempt from the duties of abstinence, and they frankly acknowledged the necessity of a generous diet to travellers. A people so enlightened in this remote corner of Italy would be a moral phenomenon, were the enigma not readily solved by their active industry and trading intercourse with foreigners. But it is an axiom that the power and influence of monkery cannot long co-exist with the active spirit of commercial enterprise. I left Monteleone for Mileto, and, after climbing over some steep rocks, descended into a fertile plain, the lower levels of which were covered with deep sand. The soil of this district is composed of clay, limestone, sand, and chalk, intermingled with the remains of marine animals. As I was now approaching the mountains which were the central point of the earthquake, I sought for lava with increased vigilance, but could discover none. The trampling of horses, however, emitted so singular a reverberation, that I could entertain no doubt of the earth in this district being entirely hollow. The whole of this fine plain was disfigured with scenes of ruin and desolation, and in the numerous villages not a house was standing. The country was strikingly beautiful; rich in olive-groves, and interspersed with masses of ruin so picturesque, that a landscape-painter would find here many striking subjects for his pencil.

The ancient city of Mileto, which is enclosed on the north and south by the rivers Nisi and Scotopolito, was entirely destroyed, along with every house in its environs, and in two contiguous villages. So total, indeed, was the destruction, that, were the loose rubbish cleared away, the site of the town would hardly be distinguishable. The shocks of the 5th February, of the night of the 7th, and of the 28th March, were felt here in all their force, and the desolation was complete. "The most terrible and destructive shock," said one of the survivors to me, "came upon us in a dark night. The subterraneous thunder bellowed, the wind howled fearfully, a sultry rain fell, and the lightnings darted

round us. Conceive our utter and helpless despair in this horrible convulsion of all nature, aggravated by the crash of falling houses, the dismal screams of the wretched inhabitants, and the fires which immediately blazed up amidst the ruins."

The effects of this terrible panic upon the nerves of many individuals were remarkable. Some remained for a long period in a state of helpless debility, and trembled at every trifling occurrence. Others appeared as if paralyzed for a considerable time; while some declined rapidly in health and strength, from inability to digest their food, and others lost all power of recollection for a considerable period. Some remarkable and well-attested instances of the long endurance of brute and human life without sustenance, are deserving of record. Two pigs, which had been buried thirty-two days under the ruins, were heard to grunt by the labourers removing the rubbish. They were extricated in feeble and emaciated condition, and for some time refused the food offered to them, but drank water with insatiable eagerness, and rapidly recovered. At Polistena a cat was buried forty days under the rubbish, and taken out in wretched condition. She exhibited an insatiable thirst, but soon recovered. In the same place, an aged woman was found under the ruins of her dwelling seven days after the earthquake. When discovered, she was insensible and apparently dead, but she gradually revived, and complained of no evil but thirst. She continued long in a state of weakness and stupor, and was unable to take more than very small portions of food, but eventually regained her wonted health and spirits. She stated, that very soon after the house fell, she experienced a torturing thirst, but that she soon lost all consciousness, and remained insensible until her release. In Oppido, a girl of fifteen, named Aloisa Basili, remained eleven days under the ruins without nourishment, and for the last six days in close contact with a dead body. She had the charge of an infant boy, and, when the house was falling, she caught the child in her arms. He suffered greatly from incessant thirst, and expired on the fifth day. Until this period the senses of the poor girl had not failed her, but now she sunk under the combined tortures of hunger and thirst. Despair was succeeded by total insensibility; nor was she conscious, until her release, that the falling fragments had dislocated her hips, and made her lame for life. When restored to animation she complained of no suffering but thirst; and in answer to every enquiry concerning her situation under the ruins, she said, "*I slept.*"

It was generally observed, that the individuals buried alive beneath their houses fell into a state of drowsy insensibility; some immediately after the catastrophe, and others, of stronger nerves, some days later. Some of those who were thus interred felt no terror, but a sense of intoxication, which continued until another shock sobered them, and at the same time, by altering the position of the ruins, enabled them to escape. The most remarkable instance of self-possession and promptitude in sudden peril, occurred at Casoletto near Oppido, where the Prince was seated at table with his family on the fatal fifth of February. On this day the oscillations of the first shock continued two minutes without interruption, and when the heaving earth began to rock the house, the brother of the Princess, a man distinguished on many occasions for his presence of mind, started from his chair, saw a large chasm opening in the wall, sprang instantly through the aperture, and escaped with the loss of a shoe. Every other member of the family perished except one son, who was afterwards dug out alive. The entire self-mastery displayed by this man under circumstances so appalling, reminds me of a singular instance of self-possession evinced by an Englishman, now resident in Venice. While entertaining a large party to dinner during a thunderstorm, the lightning entered and struck a plate out of the hand of a servant standing behind his chair. Turning coolly round, he said to the man, "Remind me to-morrow that I order a lightning-conductor."

Passing the towns of Rosarno and Palmi, now two heaps of rubbish under which 1200 people were destroyed, I arrived at Seminara in the evening. No scene of desolation

in Calabria affected me so much as the view of this ruined town. Built on the declivity of a mountain, and extending down into the plain, the masses of ruin were so disposed and developed as to impress the beholder with an awful consciousness of the overwhelming power employed in its destruction. The tottering ruins of majestic churches, of lofty palaces, and other massive structures, exhibited a scene of chaotic desolation, and fragments are still daily falling. When I rambled amidst the ruins of Pompeii, I mused with tranquil pity on the sad fate of the inhabitants; but when surrounded with these awful tokens of recent destruction, when I recollected that the hapless victims had been my contemporaries, and that I was each passing moment exposed to the same fate in this still heaving district, my sympathies were excited even to tears. I saw people, once resident in these houses, still digging the bones of relatives, and other property, out of the ruins, and as I passed a girl thus occupied, I saw her take a skull out of the rubbish. This brief incident shocked me more deeply than any thing I had yet beheld in this region of calamity, and I could not for some time subdue the strong emotion it excited.

While looking vainly around me for an hotel, and listening to a joiner's offer to lodge me in his workshop, two of the principal inhabitants, observing that I was a foreigner, kindly offered me accommodation for the night. I accompanied one of them to his barrack, where he treated me with genuine hospitality, and proposed to shew me the effects of the earthquake on the following morning. Meanwhile he and his friend prepared me for the sad spectacle by the following brief narrative.—" It was the convulsion of the fifth of February," began one of them, " which buried 1400 of our people under the ruins of their dwellings, and 1200 more were soon after swept away by epidemic diseases. The morning of the fifth was sultry, with a dark and lowering atmosphere, and gentle rain. At eleven o'clock, an hour before the earthquake, I left the town with my friend, in quest of game; we were pursuing our sport upon the mountain above the city, and had just reached the summit, when suddenly we heard a noise like thunder rolling beneath us, which was immediately followed by such violent heavings of the ground that we were tossed about in every direction; and being unable to maintain a safe footing on the mountain-top, we fell down, clinging to the stems of trees, crying out, and praying in wild agony and fear. Looking down towards the town, we saw a dense cloud of dust eddying over it, but could distinguish no buildings. We remained for some time prostrate and helpless, doubting whether we were alive or dead: the thunder still bellowed beneath us; we thought the last day had arrived, and hearkened even for the voice of Him who is to judge mankind. At length the earth became more tranquil. I was still lying on the ground, stupified and almost insensible, when my friend roused me, and we ventured down the declivity towards the town. But we found the road broken up and destroyed; we saw the fields on each side riven into ridges and chasms; we passed by waters we knew not; we discovered hills where none had existed, and vainly endeavoured to find the town. Still stupified and quite unconscious of the nature of the calamity, we suddenly saw flames rising from the town, and heard loud cries and lamentations. We now beheld people lying around our path, as if dead; and were actually climbing over ruins, without knowing that we had reached the town. So utterly shaken indeed were our faculties by this awful and sudden catastrophe, that we wandered for some hours around the town; saw houses falling near us, and listened to the dreadful cries of the wretched sufferers, before we could attain a clear conviction that the city had been destroyed by an earthquake. Then, however, in a state of indescribable and rising agony, we sought long and vainly for our dwellings. At length I found my house nearly consumed by the flames. I rushed into the ruins, hoping to save some one dear to me, and saw the legs of my crushed child projecting from beneath heavy masses of stone. I endeavoured to roll away the stones, but my strength was inadequate, and there was no one to

help me. Soon after, I discovered my wife, dead, and clasping her infant to her bosom. The child too was dead; and I was thus left wifeless, childless, houseless, bereft of all I loved, and of all property, save the clothes on my back. This sudden and total destitution plunged me into utter despair; but many weeks elapsed before I could comprehend the full extent of my misery. Such was my fate, and the fate of all who escaped. Five days later, my friend discovercd the dead body of his wife, and with her his child, happily still alive. The ground-thunder," he concluded, "roared incessantly during that day, and the trembling motion of the earth was uninterrupted; but the first concussion was fatal to all the strongest buildings in the town."

Thus prepared, I accompanied the narrator on the following day amidst the ruins. When the town was last rebuilt, the inhabitants, warned by sad experience, endeavoured to secure their stone houses by strong wooden frame-work, and this expedient would have probably answered the desired end, had not the concussions been so various and so opposite. This incessant change of motion disjointed the heavy timbers; their fall accelerated the destruction of the houses; and the fuel they afforded to the numerous fires, made the desolation so horrible and complete, that only three houses remained entire. One of the most singular phenomena I saw here, was the position of an obelisk, which had been partially turned round, and removed about nine inches from its original place on the pedestal, while the latter had not swerved from its position; thus proving the violent and various atmospheric movements which accompanied the earthquake. Two obelisks in a small town called Stefano del Bosco, exhibited similar appearances. Close to the lower part of Seminara was an extensive level, partly planted with olive-trees, and partly covered by a beautiful orchard, beyond which flowed a river. This level was rent asunder by the earthquake, which hurled one half of its surface a distance of 200 feet, into a valley 60 feet in depth, and, after riving another portion of the level into a deep chasm, forced into it the river before-mentioned, the former bed of which became entirely dry. Exactly on the line where the level was rent in twain, stood a row of olive-trees. The hollows, from whence the roots had been torn out, were still visible, and on the opposite side of the chasm stood the trees, bending over the new bed of the river, and bearing an abundant crop of fruit. A small inhabited house, standing on the mass of earth carried down into the valley, went along with it entire, and without injury to the inhabitants. Many similar phenomena are recorded in the Academy Memoirs of the earthquake, and one of them is especially remarkable. In a tavern at Terranova, a few miles from Seminara, the landlord was lying on a bed, his wife and child sitting near him, and four guests were playing at cards at the other end of the room, when, suddenly, the earth was convulsed, and the house was carried onward a distance of 300 paces. The walls were rent asunder, and the falling fragments crushed the four guests and the child, but the landlord and his wife escaped all injury. A peasant, near Seminara, was sitting in a tree when the ground beneath was rent open by a shock, which carried earth and tree to some distance, but the peasant clung to the branches, and escaped.

This revolution of the earth not only created valleys where none had existed, but in many instances, converted plains into mountains. I saw several of these newly-created hills; and especially observed one at Seminara. I was standing with my friendly guide upon a lofty eminence above the new channel of the river, when he said,—"Where we now stand, my sister possessed before the earthquake an olive-grove, down in the plain." It was now a mountain, from six to seven hundred feet high, and the slope was a succession of platforms, resembling a staircase. The still remaining olive-trees, instead of producing fruit in the valley, now yielded it on the summit of the mountain; and, what is worthy of remark, the increased elevation had not diminished their fertility.

From this imperfect detail of the extraordinary revolutions in the vicinity of Seminara, the long-enduring stupefaction of my unfortunate

conductors, when returning from the chase, will be readily understood. They farther told me, that, amongst other strange and novel appearances on their return to the town, they observed a lake which had been suddenly formed in the low grounds near the town. The water had rushed out of a chasm created by the earthquake; and this lake, now called Lago del Tolfilo, extends 2380 palms* in length, by 1250 in breadth, and 70 in depth. The inhabitants, dreading the miasma of this stagnant pool, have since, unceasingly and at great cost, endeavoured to drain it by the formation of canals, but hitherto without success. The water still wells out from the chasms below; and on the surface floats a greasy slime, apparently consisting of calcareous matter.

Before the earthquake the population of Seminara comprised 5000 souls, but was reduced more than half by this calamity and its consequences. The suddenness of the first shock precluded all precaution, and the destruction fell alike upon rich and poor. The fate of one of the principal inhabitants was singularly dreadful. When the conflagration was rapidly spreading, he was seen amidst the ruins of his house, unable to extricate himself, and beyond the reach of human aid. He was thus observed for several hours, while the flames gradually closed in upon his dwelling, and the massive stones reddened in the intense heat. The cries of the miserable man were heard from out this fiery furnace by the spectators, who saw him literally roasted alive, and could do nothing to alleviate his torments but procure a priest to give him absolution, soon after which he died this most dreadful of deaths. The convents and their inmates shared the common fate in this sweeping convulsion. Fifty nuns perished in one convent only; and of the numerous fraternity in the Franciscan monastery, one monk only was saved. He was out in the court, and fled when he saw the walls begin to move.

The saddening impressions produced by this scene of ruin were soon relieved when I observed the stirring and noble energy which the people of Seminara, beyond any other Calabrians, displayed under calamities so disheartening. Determined to wait no longer for the assistance long promised by a grasping and heartless government, they had planned and made preparations to rebuild their city in houses of only one floor, and upon the summit of the mountain, where they would be less exposed than on the slope to the effects of future earthquakes, and to the mal-aria from the stagnant lake in the plain.

Scilla, October, 1786.

Yesterday I quitted Seminara for Bagnara, deviating from the direct road to visit the plain of Terra Nova, upon and near which the earthquake had exerted its greatest force. The fertility of this plain, and the variety of its produce, are truly wonderful, but intermingled with scenes of devastation so wild and horrible, that I gazed around me in astonishment. Oppido, one of the largest cities in Calabria, is a pile of rubbish, and the contiguous district is broken up into chaos by newly-formed chasms, by the transposition of huge surfaces, and the creation of new lakes. The destruction of human life in this vicinity was enormous. Nearly two-thirds of the people perished, and in compliance with the orders issued from Naples to burn the numerous dead, 2000 bodies were burnt at one time in Oppido alone. The terrible violence of the earthquake in this district was proved by the total disappearance of large buildings, and surfaces of soil, swallowed up by the yawning earth, which closed immediately over them. These phenomena occurred only in the vicinity of Oppido, which may be deemed the central point from which the earthquake diffused its tremendous operations. Two of the principal inhabitants of this city, Don Marcello and Don Dominico Grillo, possessed estates in the adjacent district of Cannamaria. On these lands stood a small house of two floors, three small oil-stores, a large magazine containing 90 butts, four farm houses, and near them a wooden barrack for shelter in case of earthquakes; also,

* 1440 palms are equal to 1169 feet, Paris measure.

a large building, containing a dwelling room and a spacious hall for the preservation of silkworms, measuring 120 palms by 48. All these buildings have been engulphed, and not a vestige of them is discoverable. I went to examine the ground, but could discern no indication of former tenements. Similar phenomena occurred at Terra Nova, S. Christina, and Sinopoli.

I now began to ascend the mountains between Seminara and Bagnara, and ere long the view of Sicily burst upon me in all its grandeur. In the background appeared the smoking summit of Ætna; and at intermediate distances, the Lipari Isles, and the tall cliffs of Calabria; a splendid and animating spectacle, at which, in strong and high excitement, I exclaimed,

> "Procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur
> Ætna."

Near Bagnara I passed through a forest of oaks, called Bosco di Solano, and descended to the sea-shore by a precipitous mountain-road. Here the beetling crags, of which so many fell during the earthquake, hang over and menace the passing traveller. The fall of these huge masses of cliff did enormous injury to this district; destroying the villas near Mount Cucuzza, and the beautiful vineyards and orchards which extended from Bagnara to the vicinity of Scilla, while many gardens were buried by the fall of Gian Greco, a mass of cliff extending a mile in length.

I arrived at Bagnara on a day of festival, and the mass being just over as I entered the town, I had an opportunity to see at once nearly the whole population moving in a kind of procession. The men came first, in blue caps and jackets, their little mass books stuck in their waistcoats, and each of them carrying on his head a basket of rubbish. Here, as in other places in Calabria, the clergy, pleading poverty, had besought the people to thus prove their regard for the church. The peasants of Bagnara had consented, and were now conveying the rubbish in baskets down the mountain. They were all well-built handsome men, and the women displayed more beauty than I had yet seen in Calabria. In the apparel of the latter, I observed a degree of luxury which surprised me after so ruinous a calamity. They were all attired in silk, with damask jackets, profusely adorned with silver buttons, and white veils floated over their shoulders. This prosperous condition of the inhabitants is explained, however, by the great local advantages of Bagnara, which is backed by one of the richest countries in the world, and is enabled by its port to partake also of the fisheries and foreign trade. Here I hired a boat, and proceeded along the coast, close under its tremendous cliffs, to Scilla; not, however, in fear and trembling, like Ulysses and his companions, but on smooth water, and rejoicing in the magnificent view of Sicily on the right, while before me were spread out the bold cliffs of Calabria, as far as Cape Cenide, opposite to the Faro of Messina.

To avoid repetition, I had intended to suppress any farther description of ruined towns and villages, until my arrival at Messina; but I found at Scilla the traces of novel and singular phenomena. The changes which had hitherto fallen under my observation were produced by revolutions of the earth and the atmosphere; here, however, the heaviest calamities were occasioned by the sea. On both sides of the towering rock of Scilla extends an open level, rising but little above the sea, and apparently formed by marine deposit. It is now covered with wooden barracks; but before the earthquake it was adorned with numerous olive trees, and formed a delightful place of assemblage and promenade for the inhabitants of Scilla. When the concussion of the fifth of February frightened them out of their houses, they fled with their cattle and portable property to this low level on the shore; forgetting in their panic how often during former earthquakes the sea had rolled over it like a deluge, and swept away the unfortunate fugitives. And such was their own melancholy fate on the night of the fifth. Twelve hours after the first shock, and soon after midnight, the inhabitants of Scilla, exhausted with the terrors and exertions of the day, had fallen asleep amidst their fishing nets, some on the damp soil, and others in their boats, when the earth rocked, and a huge mass of cliff was torn with dreadful uproar from the

contiguous Mount Jaci. The people were roused from slumber by the loud convulsion; night and darkness increased their dismay, and an universal scream of horror raised their panic to the highest pitch. With beating hearts and fervent prayers for succour, the appalled multitude waited some moments in dread suspense, when suddenly a rising murmur in the sea indicated some terrible commotion in its waters. The awful sound approached, and in an instant the raging element, rising 30 palms above the level of the plain, rolled foaming over it, and swept away the multitude. Then retreating, it left the plain entirely, but soon rushed back again with greater violence, bringing with it some of the people and animals it had carried away; then rising higher than before, it reached the roofs of the houses, threw men and animals into trees, and upon the roofs, destroyed several buildings, and by thus rapidly retreating and returning several times, brought back many of the inhabitants alive, and carried off others who a moment before had rejoiced in their escape. The water reached the roof of the house in which I lodged at Scilla, and swept away my hostess and her child. She caught hold of a plank and clung to it with one arm, clasping her child of four years old with the other. The returning wave threw them on the beach, where they remained almost senseless until the following morning, when her husband found them struggling in the mud, a considerable distance from his house. The number of people drowned on the beach and in the boats was 1431, according to Vivenzio; and amongst them perished the aged and infirm Prince of Scilla, who, after passing the greatest part of his life in Naples, had retired, when far advanced in years, to his estates. In earlier life, he had been a man of great energy and decision; but when he retired to Scilla his faculties were considerably impaired by age, and although he had been a cruel and grasping landlord to his vassals, his affability, when residing amongst them, had laid a strong hold upon their affections. This helpless old man was in his castle, built high upon the rock of Scilla, when the earth was lifted by the terrible shock of the fifth February. He threw himself in consternation before his crucifix, and awaited with tears and prayers whatever might befall him. Although in the event of another shock, the falling masses of rock would probably have crushed him and his castle, he would not for a long time consent to quit it. The foreboding terrors which the aged and imbecile are prone to indulge, or some dim reminiscences that the level below the town had already been fatal to the fugitive inhabitants, probably influenced his refusal to quit the castle; after long persuasion, however, he was induced to accompany a number of his vassals to the beach. Stepping into a fishing boat, he remained there until midnight, when the wave rolled in, and swept away him and his companions. This terrible convulsion covered the sea with dead, like a field of battle, when the strife is done. Along the shores of Calabria, across to Sicily, and along the coast of that island as far as Catania, the surface was strewed with corpses, and the sea threw up its prey along the beach in heaps, of 10, 20, and 50 bodies.

These details of the calamities of Scilla are chiefly from the work of Vivenzio; but I heard many similar accounts from the inhabitants, some of whom had been thrown into trees and upon house-roofs by the mountain-wave; others had their limbs fractured, and waited the arrival of morning in indescribable anxiety and torture, while some were entangled in the fishing-nets, and were carried away and thrown back again by the sea three or four times. It was observed that, with few exceptions, pregnant women experienced no injurious consequences to their own health from the dreadful panic and imminent peril attending this catastrophe. The birth of children was accelerated, but safe; the infants, however, did not long survive.

Proceeding along the coast from Scilla, I passed Cape Cenide, and arrived at Reggio. This city was also destroyed by the earthquake, but several new houses were in a forward state. The position of Reggio is admirable. In a fine bay, sheltered by two promontories; in full view of Messina; built in the paradise of

Europe, and backed by groves of fruit-trees, amongst which abound lemon, orange, bergamot, mulberry, and olive-trees. On each side of the town, numerous country-houses, extending along the shore, greatly embellish the environs. These villas have apparently suffered little by the earthquake, but although the outer walls of most are entire, the interior structure yielded to the shock, and fell in.

Messina, October, 1786.

EVERY morning at dawn a boat, rowed by six or eight men, goes with goods and passengers from Scilla to Messina. The charge to foreign passengers is two carlins. The sea resembles here a gently flowing river, and sails are never used save when the wind blows strongly. It was still so dark when we left Scilla, that the Sicilian mountains were not easily distinguishable, but each passing moment changed the appearance of all visible objects, and gradually the day dawned over the richest scene on earth. The lofty rock of Scilla, Cape Cenide, and other promontories, the rampart-cliffs, and fruit-groves of Calabria, although still in deep shade, were slowly developed. Soon the summits of the Sicilian mountains began to glitter in the first sunbeams, and the smoking crown of Ætna was clearly visible. I had seen many sublime and beautiful varieties of landscape scenery, but it had never been my good fortune to behold the golden sun rising over such a glorious combination as that which was now expanding before me in all the fulness of its grandeur. Our boat was gently gliding over the clear and tranquil waters of the strait, the joyous rowers accompanied with songs the regular fall of the oars, and the morning breeze was loaded with balmy odours from the scented fruit-groves of Calabria. Behind us were the charming bay and white villas of Reggio, and before us rose the proud harbour of Messina; while in both the saddening traces of the late calamity were still concealed in the imperfect light of morning. Between the mountains which rise behind Reggio and Messina, I saw the vapours ascending as if drawn up by the approaching sun; the cool morning breezes accelerated their progress, and made them curl and roll into fantastic shapes, through which the sunbeams broke at intervals. These vapours were in constant motion, and, when more dense than I beheld them, they exhibit the appearance called Fata Morgana by the people of Messina, who see, or fancy they see, in them palaces and moving objects, and all the wonders of enchantment. I could distinguish nothing but exhalations curling in the wind, and dispersing slowly, because hemmed in by contiguous mountains. They diffused, however, fine atmospheric changes over the landscape, which was now lighted up by the sun, and displayed a glowing and rapid succession of beautiful scenery. My gaze was long fascinated by the sunbeams gilding the crown of Ætna, above which the expanded mass of smoke hung like a canopy, and glittered like silver in the brilliant light. The two opposite shores now exhibited a magnificent contrast of light and shade. The coast of Sicily, glowing with sunny splendour, reflected its bright radiance over half the waters of the strait, while the tall cliffs of Calabria, behind which the sun was rising, were still in deep gloom, and threw their dark shadows across the other half of the strait. Westward the open sea displayed its broad imposing volume; and, as I continued to gaze around me, I discovered at every turn new combinations of beauty and grandeur, to which no language could do justice.

The distance from Scilla to Cape Peloro, now Cape del Faro, is only two Italian miles, and between Cape Cenide in Calabria and Cape del Faro the strait is still narrower, which may account for the mistake of Hannibal, when, on his flight from Lucania to Africa, he could from a distance discover no passage between Italy and Sicily, and believed them to be undivided. Proceeding to the southward, we passed the now tranquil whirlpool of Charibdis, and, after a voyage of sixteen miles, reached the noble harbour of Messina.

Before the terrible convulsions of February and March, 1783, Messina had attained a state of high prosperity, when the earthquake rolled under land and sea from its central point in Calabria, and in an instant the lowest part of the city was de-

stroyed. Heart-rending were the details communicated to me by many individuals, who melted into tears as they recalled the loss of relatives and friends in this dreadful calamity. A worthy Sicilian friend accompanied me through the scene of ruin, and, as we proceeded, I could observe his habitual cheerfulness give way to sorrowing regrets, which gradually rose into an intense and uncontrollable burst of agony that surpassed all my previous imaginings of mental suffering, and from which an intelligent tragedian might have borrowed new and highly dramatic conceptions of all the intermediate gradations of human agony. We had climbed over many heaps of ruin, and my companion had described the sufferings of the inhabitants in tones of lively interest, but with a deportment perfectly tranquil. Gradually he became excited by his narrative; his language more flowing and impassioned, and enforced by a rising vehemence of look and gesture. At length we reached a spot where the ruins of a house were piled up together. At the sight of these fragments he stood still, and placing his hand upon a large square stone which had been rent asunder, his look became wild, and he exclaimed several times, "Is not this a mournful spectacle?" Then bursting into a passion of tears, he seized my hand and said, "Caro mio amico! Ecco la mia casa!" "Here stood my dwelling! I was then rich, and now I am as poor and destitute as a day-labourer! I saved nothing, and with difficulty recovered from the epidemic fever which followed the earthquake."

His recollections of that terrible night were now vividly awakened; and he described them with such vehemence and fire, that I became seriously alarmed for his health, and led him quickly from the fatal spot. This high excitement was followed by a reaction, and for some time after this explosion of his sorrows he was sad, silent, and exhausted; nor did he, until the following day, regain his usual conversible and cheerful habits.

All descriptions of Messina before the earthquake accord in admiration of the splendid Palazzata, or range of palaces, which extended a mile along the harbour, and in which a noble simplicity of design was blended with architectural beauty of the highest order. This magnificent pile was one of the most distinguished works of modern art, and well deserved its imposing appellation. The architect, who displayed great art in the execution of his design, had selected the finest site in the world—the unequalled harbour of Messina—but he could not impart to the superstructure the solidity of the incomparable site, which bade defiance to the earthquake, and still remains in undiminished beauty, while most of the palaces yielded to the first shock of the earthquake, and are now a pile of rubbish. The inhabitants of Messina say, that the Palazzata will be restored to all its former magnificence; but so eternal are the delay and languor of the Government, that very many years will pass before a stone is laid; and, meanwhile, no attempt is made to prop the remaining palaces, which are gradually falling in, and might easily be preserved. A similar degree of inactivity prevails in the city, where no part of the rubbish is yet cleared. Churches, palaces, public buildings, and private dwellings, are still lying as they fell, in intermingled masses; and the extensive and beautiful streets running parallel with the harbour, are utterly abandoned, except by the inmates of some wretched huts, stuck here and there amidst the ruins. The best streets are covered more than a foot deep with rubbish, sand, and dust, which render it almost impossible to pass through the city. The inhabitants still remain in barracks built upon the high ground above Messina, and being hardened by long exposure to damp and cold, are unwilling to quit these wretched dwellings. The destruction was not so total here as in many towns in Calabria. The lower part only of the city was overthrown, while most of the houses on higher ground remained standing, although greatly injured. The sea first gave note of an approaching convulsion, and for several days before the earthquake, an unusual irregularity was observed in the ebb and flow of the tide. The sea rose furiously at unwonted periods, the raging swell threatened to surmount the protecting mole and

overflow the city, and at times subsided suddenly into calm. In the well-known vortex of Charibdis appeared a whirling current, so far surpassing any seen in modern times, as to realize, in some degree, the terrible descriptions of the ancient poets. The laws of animate, as well as inanimate existence, appeared to be suspended; for, amongst other tokens of some great revolution beneath the waters of the strait, was the appearance of large shoals of fishes, and of kinds which, at that season, were rarely seen above the surface. Before each of the succeeding convulsions, these shoals of fishes always gave notice of the impending calamity, and the people, well knowing the fatal signal, greeted them with curses and imprecations, and awaited in sullen desperation the coming evil. The roaring of the sea was accompanied by a deep low muttering in the earth, which resembled the subdued roll of distant thunder, and continued for several days, swelling into louder volume whenever the sea rose in higher surges. These various indications continued from the first to the fifth of February, when, immediately after twelve at noon, Messina shared the fate of the Calabrian cities. The morning had been lowering and foggy, and at noon the sun emitted through the mist a light feeble and pale as moonshine. There was an oppressive and breathless stillness in the air, and in all nature, which must have been truly awful. It was described to me as conveying feelings of horrible and appalling suspense, accompanied with an oppressive sense of languor and exhaustion. At length, about noon, and while all nature appeared to pause for the issue, a rattling noise was heard, which seemed to come over from Calabria. It came gradually nearer, and, as it approached, the sea swelled up in higher surges. Thus awfully and slowly did the convulsion roll over from Calabria, heaving earth and sea in its appalling progress; and when it reached the shores of Messina, the harbour-mole, which first encountered the shock, heaved like a billow, and the splendid Pazzalata was in great part laid in ruins. Several buildings in various parts of the city were overthrown by the concussion, but the collective damage occasioned by the first shock was comparatively small. The earth continued to heave and tremble all day with little intermission, and the miserable inhabitants endured all the tortures of terror and suspense. At length arrived the night, and with it a terrible aggravation of the universal panic. The convulsion of the elements increased; the awful subterraneous rumble (called *rombo* by the Italians) bellowed like thunder; the sea raged with greater fury; and the terror excited by these phenomena was aggravated by the cries and groans of the impoverished, the despairing, the wounded, and the dying. A night of horror now ensued, in which a terrible concussion destroyed about midnight the best-built and largest quarter of the city.

The succeeding shocks of the 7th and 13th February, 28th of March, and several other days and nights, brought down many houses which had been previously rent and shaken to their foundations; but no later shock equalled in violence the terrible midnight convulsion which occurred twelve hours after the beginning of the earthquake; and during which, the wall of the citadel, twelve feet thick, and hitherto deemed indestructible, was rent from the base to the surface. The condition of the inhabitants was truly deplorable during this long series of concussions. After the two first destructive shocks they fled to the adjacent country, and remained several days without shelter from the violent and unceasing storms of rain, hail, and wind, which accompanied the earthquake. There was not a sufficiency of wood and tiles to cover the roofless barracks, and even many of the principal inhabitants of Messina passed several nights in the open air, upon chairs, and holding umbrellas over their heads, exposed to rain and storm; and, being destitute of all change of apparel, passed several days and nights in their wet clothes. This prolonged exposure to the wet and cold occasioned epidemic maladies, which were more destructive than the earthquake.

The number of people destroyed

by the different shocks did not exceed 1000, of whom nearly the whole perished in the first concussion of the 5th February, after which very few would again enter their dwellings. The calamities and losses of the unfortunate Messinese were greatly aggravated by the extensive and furious conflagrations which arose from the destruction of the city. These fires, which raged unceasingly for seven days, consumed immense storehouses, and the large warehouses of the principal merchants; and the loss sustained was estimated at forty millions of livres, without including furniture, jewels, and other valuables. But Messina had not yet reached the climax of her calamities. The flames had consumed every public magazine and every private store of provisions. An immediate famine ensued, the consequences of which would have been horrible, had not the viceroy of Sicily, the intelligent and noble-minded Caraccioli, promptly exerted himself to stay the hourly-growing calamity, until more substantial succour could arrive from Naples. Another source of pressing and immediate distress was the want of fresh water. All the best and most abundant springs were choked by the rubbish; the public fountains and cisterns were empty, and where the springs still flowed, they were unapproachable without imminent peril from the tumbling ruins. The viceroy immediately employed the slaves to remove the rubbish from the wells, and in a labour still more important to the public health. The convulsion had so shaken and disturbed the cemetery where the bodies of those who had died of the last pestilence were interred, that in many places the superincumbent soil had given way, and the pestilential exhalations which arose from these cavities excited strong apprehensions of another malignant fever. The ground was immediately beset with guards, and the slaves were employed to fill up every hollow, and to cover the whole surface with fresh soil.

Ere long, important relief was obtained from Naples. The King evinced a lively feeling of compassion for his unfortunate subjects. All taxation was immediately suspended: the Marchese di Regalmici was invested with full authority to relieve the Messinese, and provisions, medicines, money, physicians, and surgeons, were dispatched to meet their most pressing wants.

Excepting the destruction of Messina, and the small town of Rometta, Sicily experienced little injury from the earthquake. The shocks were felt throughout the whole of Vall Demona, but the towns in this district escaped with trifling damage.

This convulsion of the earth, sea, and air, extended over the whole of Calabria Ultra, the south-east part of Calabria Citra, and across the sea to Messina and its environs. The concussion was perceptible over great part of Sicily, and as far north as Naples; but the surface over which the shocks acted so forcibly as to excite intense alarm, did not generally exceed 500 square miles in circumference. Vivenzio, however, relates, that from the 20th to the 26th of March, terrible earthquakes occurred in the islands of Zante, Cefalonia, and St Maura; and that in the last-mentioned isle several public buildings and private dwellings were overthrown, and destroyed many people.

My object is to detail effects rather than causes; but, after close observation and comparison of the concussions and workings of Mount Vesuvius, and of the phenomena attending the earthquakes in Calabria, I must briefly state my belief that volcanoes and earthquakes are simply various effects of the same chemical process; and that their phenomena, which bear a striking resemblance, are produced by the agency of subterraneous fire, modified probably by the different depths of the moving power, and the different nature of the superincumbent strata. The frequent and destructive earthquakes in Calabria, (of which twenty-eight are recorded between 1602 and 1783, besides many slighter intermediate shocks,) I attribute to the existence of a volcano, without an immediate crater, but in obvious sympathy and occasionally relieved by subterraneous communications, with the contiguous volcanoes of Ætna and Stromboli—tranquil when they are in action, but accumulating its powers when they are dormant; and then uplifting the shell of the globe, and riving it into fissures and chasms, through which are emitted

elastic vapours and fluids. These convulsions are preceded and accompanied, like the eruptions of Vesuvius, with the subterraneous noise resembling loud thunder. I discovered also in Calabria traces of sulphur and ambra (grey amber) in those places where water had rushed through the yawning surface; but, on the other hand, after vigilant examination, I could nowhere discover any appearance of lava; and I am convinced that Sir William Hamilton's assertion of the existence of lava at Pizzo is erroneous, and founded upon superficial investigation. My opinion in this respect is supported by the high authority of the Chevalier Dolomieu, from whose able and interesting "Memoires sur les Tremblements de Terre,&c.," I quote the following paragraph.

"La ville de Pizzo est batie sur un rocher, qui est enveloppé dans sa partie extérieure par une aglutination de sable calcaire et quartzeux, melé de corps marins. Cette espèce de concrétion est adhérente à d'autres rochers schisteux de la même montagne. Elle se recouvre par le concours de l'humidité d'une espèce de croute ou mousse noirâtre, qui a trompé l'oeil de Mr le Chev. Hamilton; il a cru y voir un tuf Volcanique."

The above mentioned Memoirs of Dolomieu have, in many respects, gratified me more than any other attempt to explain the moving power of earthquakes.

His conjectures are always ingenious; and are better supported by the evidence of facts and coincidences, than any hypothesis hitherto suggested.

AN ESSAY ON THE THEORY AND THE WRITINGS OF WORDSWORTH.

Part IV.

Let me now proceed to the second part of my subject, and endeavour to shew, that in proportion as Wordsworth has been over-estimated by his too ardent admirers, he has been underrated by those, who have had neither opportunity nor desire to investigate his claims to public notice. This will be a pleasant task, for I shall have to recall passages from which I have derived no ordinary degree of gratification, and which, I hope, will impart somewhat of the same feeling to my reader. At the same time, I fear lest my method of defence should seem, when contrasted with my manner of conducting the impeachment, languid and inartificial. My previous plan forbids me to shew forth the beauties of Wordsworth in an argumentative and methodical way; for all the former part of my essay tends to prove that Wordsworth is systematically wrong—how then, without legal ambidexterity, can I undertake to prove that he is systematically right? As I have maintained that Wordsworth has never produced a great and consistent whole, and that his fine thoughts lie scattered throughout his writings, I must necessarily display his merits rather by quotation than by argument: thus, I lay myself open to the charge of expending my powers in censure, and of rendering the work of praise a mere affair of the scissors. However, I am encouraged by the reflection that, with a large mass of readers, the course which I am about to pursue, will be the most certain of attaining its end. Wordsworth is not generally admired, only because he is not generally known. To adduce a case in point—I had frequently endeavoured to persuade some friends that Wordsworth was an author of great merit. Like many other persons, they entrenched themselves behind a settled conviction of his inanity and childishness. Read him they would not: admire him they were very certain they could not. Reader, do not smile! *De te fabula narratur.* Did you never condemn a cause (perhaps Wordsworth's cause) unheard? At length, after the controversy had died away, I betook myself to quoting from his works, without bringing forward the author's name. "What an exquisite piece of poetry!" exclaimed one of my candid friends, after I had finished

reciting Wordsworth's sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge; "Is it not by some great writer? I scarcely know any one living whom I consider worthy to have composed it." I repeated Lucy Gray—"What pathos!" Laodamia—"What grandeur!" "These poems are by Wordsworth," at length I said; "and, now that you know this, I will not allow you to recede from one syllable of your praise." Since that day, I have heard no more of Wordsworth's childishness from my worthy friends. Now, although in my present defence of Wordsworth I cannot secure the advantage of concealing his name, which alone excites repugnance in so many with whom a name is every thing; yet I may possibly startle some objectors into acquiescence, by flashing before their eyes those passages of dazzling merit, for which they never would have searched in the parent volume. Some persons may remark, that I have filled three Numbers with censures of Wordsworth's writings, and that I have only devoted one to his vindication. I answer, that blame demands more particularity than praise. A friend, we will suppose, reads me a favourite poem. Struck with some fine passage, I exclaim, "How beautiful!" He does not enquire, "*Why* do you think that passage beautiful?" Shortly after, I perhaps exclaim,—"That is bad, or faulty." Immediately follows the question, "*Why* do you think that faulty? Give me your reasons." Thus, having censured certain parts of the Writings and Theory of Wordsworth, I considered myself bound to assign, as if in reply to an enquirer, the particular causes of my dislike; on the other hand, in substantiating Wordsworth's claim to admiration, I would rather appeal to the feelings of men, than endeavour (a hopeless task!) to argue my reader into approbation. To explain my meaning more briefly—Faults may be detected by analysis; beauties are only injured by analysis—faults may be argued upon; beauties must be felt. On these accounts, I consider that the best refutation of all poetical calumnies against Wordsworth's writings, is to be found in the writings themselves. I would simply address a non-admirer of the poet with the well-known entreaty—"Strike, but hear!" Abuse Wordsworth as much as you think fit, but in fairness, listen to so much of his compositions as after ages will purify from the dross that surrounds them, and will collect into one body of worth and splendour. Then give your verdict—and continue to abuse him, if you can. Let me hope, then, that in laying before my readers some of Wordsworth's best things, without many comments of my own, I am doing him all possible justice. Haply the large number of persons who have hitherto decided upon our author from hearsay, may find that they have all this time been fighting with a shadowy Wordsworth of their own creation. Haply the passages, which I shall bring before them, will strike their minds with all the charms of novelty, as well as of poetical beauty.

It will be my endeavour to prove, by appropriate extracts from Wordsworth's poems, that he has displayed great powers of description, in the *first* place, of external nature; *secondly*, of nature as connected with some internal passion, or moral thought, in the heart and mind of man; *thirdly*, of human appearance, as indicative of human character, or varieties of feeling. I shall also attempt to shew, that he has manifested an ability to move the affections by means of simple pathos—that he has occasionally attained a chaste and classical dignity—that he has successfully illustrated religious and moral truths; and, finally, that he has brought the sonnet—that difficult vehicle of poetic inspiration—to its highest possible pitch of excellence.

In description of natural scenery, Wordsworth is almost always good. Like Antæus, he is strong whenever he touches his native earth. If, in his best poems, we too often find something to condemn, let us remember, that even in his worst, we frequently stumble upon passages of unexpected beauty—passages of pure and masterly description. In spite of the self-riveted chains of his theory, the poet *will* break forth throughout Wordsworth's writings, and falsify his own dogmas as triumphantly, as one who wishes to refute them could desire. Even from

the dulness of a Thanksgiving Ode, sparkles of living poetry shine out. Whenever Wordsworth breaks into description, he leaves prose far behind. For instance—

> "The stillness of these frosty plains,
> Their utter stillness, and the silent grace
> Of yon ethereal summits, white with snow,
> (Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity
> Report of storms gone by
> To us who tread below,)
> Do with the service of this day accord."

The above lines are calculated, I may safely affirm, to imbue the mind with the very feeling of a calm and tenderly bright winter's day. To use a strong metaphor, Silence speaks in them. The allusion to by-gone tempests is a touch from a master's hand. It heightens without disturbing the universal repose, and connects the troublous soul of man with the serene aspect of nature—the memory of the past, with the enjoyment of the present—earth with heaven, in a very happy and beautiful manner. *A priori*, it might be supposed that a man who, like Wordsworth, possessing a poet's keen perceptions, has passed all his life amidst the grandeur of a mountainous country, should pour upon his page all the changeful hues of clouds and vapours; and should inform his verse with the "undescribed sounds" of earth, air, and water. Nor, if we open Wordsworth's volumes, will the expectation be disappointed. I do not know any author who has made a happier use of the grand phenomena of Nature. His little work on the scenery of the English Lakes, although written in prose, may be mentioned as being the true production of a poet. It ought to become the manual of the poet, and, I may add, of the painter, who is studying Nature in her own domain. This work is remarkable, if it were only as a monument of the superiority of Imagination over Science. Here is a man, who has never inscribed himself amongst the members of the Royal Academy, yet who, by mere force of genius, by that intuitive penetration, which "looks all Nature through," writes like a painter, composes pictures, and throws out suggestions, to originate which our would-be Claudes and Poussins are totally incapable.

It is a remarkable circumstance that our great descriptive poets have seldom ventured upon a particular delineation of mountain scenery, and its accompanying phenomena. Milton's description of Paradise is like a picture skilfully composed from the choicest parts of individual sketches. It is truth arranged by fiction. Thomson (although born in a land of mist and mountains) seems to alternate, in his Seasons, between gorgeous but vague representations of foreign climes, and faithful transcripts of England's milder scenery. He appears more pleased

> "To taste the smell of dairy, and ascend
> Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,"

than to climb the painful steeps of a Scottish mountain. He exclaims, indeed, "To me be Nature's volume wide displayed!"—but for what purpose?—"Some *easy* passage raptured to translate." His finest poem, —the enchanting "Castle of Indolence"—in the composition of which the mantle of Spenser seems to have descended upon the bard—is a land of dreams, shadowed by unearthly groves, illuminated by unearthly light. After Thomson, came Cowper, who, even more than Thomson, may be pronounced to have adhered to real English landscape-painting. I do not mention this predilection for Nature's common form as a defect in either of the above-named poets. On the contrary, I conceive that, by their choice of well-known objects, they secured for themselves a more extensive sympathy than they could have commanded, had they delineated those features of Nature, which are not (to use a beautiful expression of Sir Thomas Brown) "expansed unto the eyes of all." But the reader will perceive the wide dominion, which their timidity or their policy has left unconquered—unappropriated, and, as it were, ready to the grasp of such a man as Wordsworth, who not only was born, but has resided amongst rocks, lakes, and mountains, (thus uniting the force of habit to that of early association,) and who possesses the heart, the eye, and the hand of a poet. On this ground Wordsworth may take a lofty and commanding station. When I reflect that to him both the present and the future time are and will be indebted for the most accurate and noble embodying

of Nature's grandest forms, I am disposed to retract my former assertion, that Wordsworth has done nothing more than has been done by others. He is not the first descriptive poet, but, it must be confessed, that he is the first descriptive poet of his order. He has given "a local habitation and a name" to the subtle essences of the elements; he has given a voice to storms and torrents. The Excursion is full of such wild determined forms as Salvator Rosa loved to fling together,—of such calm or such tempestuous skies as Gaspar Poussin dared to tranfer to canvass. As an example, I select a passage which appears to me a triumphant proof of the powers of language, when wielded by a powerful mind.

——" A step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, open'd to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul!
* * * * *
The Appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendour, without end.
Fabric it seem'd of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements, that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them and on the coves,
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky."

Excursion.

We might perhaps search in vain throughout the whole compass of English poetry, for another example of "words tinged with so many colours." Yet Wordsworth exclaims, immediately after bringing this striking spectacle so successfully before the imagination of the reader,

"Oh 'twas an unimaginable sight!"

So far will a true poet's feeling transcend his own most burning language. I have before hinted, that Wordsworth has not only presented the hues of Nature to the eye, but has also imitated her harmonies to the ear. Of this, also, I will adduce an instance.

" Astounded in the mountain gap
By peals of thunder, clap on clap,
And many a terror-striking flash,
And somewhere, as it seems, a crash
Among the rocks; with weight of rain,
And sullen motions, long and slow,
That to a dreary distance go—
Till, breaking in upon the dying strain,
A rending o'er his head begins the fray again."

Waggoner.

Surely the four lines marked by the Italic character would alone be sufficient to decide the question, whether such a grace as Imitative Harmony really exists. I own that it is difficult to determine how much of the effect upon the mind depends upon the meaning associated with the words; but let it be remembered, that words designative of sound, have naturally derived their birth from an attempt—in the infancy of language—actually to imitate the sounds of which they are symbolical. After God's own language—the Hebrew—and the affluent Greek, there is probably no tongue so rich in imitative harmonies as our own. Wherever its native texture breaks boldly forth through the foreign fripperies with which it is overlaid, it possesses all the strength of elemental Nature. Our climate, our insular situation, the character of our earliest conquerors, may, in some degree, account for this. We should naturally expect, that the land of ocean and of storm would engender a more sinewy language than the sunny plains of France. Let any person, with a true ear, observe the difference between the two words *snow* and *rain*. The hushing sound of the sibilant, in the first, followed by the soft liquid, and by the round full vowel, is not less indicative of the still descent of snow, than the harsher liquid and vowel, in the second, are of the falling shower. I fear that I shall be considered fanciful, yet I cannot help remarking that the letter *R*, the sound of which, when lengthened out, is so expressive of the murmur of streams and brooks, is generally to be found in words relating to the element of water, and in such combinations as, ei-

ther single or reduplicated, suit precisely its different modifications. The words "*long*" and "*slow*" are, if pronounced in a natural manner, actually of a longer time than the words *short* and *quick*. There is a drag upon the nasal *N* and *G;* there is a protracted effect in the vowel followed by a double vowel, in the two first words, not to be found in the two last. To speak musically, the former might be noted down in semibreves, the latter in crotchets. I forbear to say more on the intimate connexion between language and the sounds or ideas of which it is symbolical, since the subject is extensive and important enough to demand a separate dissertation. Thus much, however, in illustration of Wordsworth's beautiful lines, wherein the sound is so true an echo to the sense, I trust, will not be thought irrelevant. So replete are Wordsworth's works with passages of fine or of pleasing description, that it is difficult to particularize a few, and impossible to name them all. I must, therefore, confine myself to pointing out those which appear to me more especially to display an intimate acquaintance with Nature, and a graphic fidelity in representing her varieties. In the Waggoner, a description of early morning, beginning—

> " See Skiddaw's top with rosy light
> Is touch'd,"

would, I believe, have been as often quoted with enthusiasm as Walter Scott's moonlight picture of Melrose Abbey, had it been found amongst the minstrelsy of the great Northern Magician. How fresh and vigorous is the following couplet—

> " Thence look thou forth o'er wood and lawn,
> *Hoar with the frost-like dews of dawn.*"

How admirably the poet has placed in the landscape, by a single touch,

> " The ruin'd towers of Threlkeld Hall,
> *Lurking in a double shade,*
> *By trees and lingering twilight made!*"

A fragment, entitled a Night-Piece, amongst the minor poems, deserves notice. It is a fragment, as carefully finished as one of Raphael's heads from the life, intended to be introduced into a larger picture, and perhaps more beautiful by itself, than when forming a portion of other beauties. In reading it, we seem actually to behold

> " The continuous cloud of texture close,
> Heavy and wan, all whiten'd by the moon;"

and, like the traveller on his lonesome journey, we are startled by the sudden gleam of light, by which the clouds are split asunder. We look up and behold

> " The clear Moon and the glory of the Heavens."

In what follows, there is a fine poetical touch—a sort of mysterious beauty—

> " There in a black, blue vault she sails along,
> Follow'd by multitudes of stars, that, small,
> And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss
> Drive as she drives;—*how fast they wheel away,*
> *Yet vanish not! The wind is in the tree,*
> *But they are silent.*"

Hitherto I have confined myself to passages of almost pure description. But Wordsworth occasionally combines very beautiful feelings with beautiful imagery, and interprets Nature's meanings with the initiated knowledge of one who, to use his own expression, is endowed with " the vision and the faculty divine." In other words, he has (as I undertook, in the second place, to prove) successfully exhibited " Nature in connexion with some internal passion, or moral thought, in the heart and mind of man." The passage, which I am about to adduce, in testimony of this, is, as an extract, long; but if any one should *feel* that it is long, I may say, with Beattie, " He need not woo the Muse—he is her scorn." I should be most unjust to the poet were I not to give the passage entire:—

> " Has not the Soul, the being of your life,
> Received a shock of awful consciousness,
> In some calm season, when these lofty rocks,
> At night's approach, bring down th' unclouded sky
> To rest upon their circumambient walls;
> A temple framing of dimensions vast,
> And yet not too enormous for the sound
> Of human anthems—choral song, or burst
> Sublime of instrumental harmony,
> To glorify th' Eternal! What if these
> Did never break the stillness that prevails
> Here, if the solemn nightingale be mute,

And the soft woodlark here did never chant
Her vespers, Nature fails not to provide
Impulse and utterance. The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the shadowy heights,
And blind recesses of the cavern'd rocks;
The little rills and waters numberless,
Inaudible by daylight, blend their notes
With the loud streams: and often, at the hour
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,
Within the circuit of this fabric huge,
One voice—the solitary Raven, flying
Athwart the concave of the dark-blue dome,
Unseen, perchance above the power of sight—
An iron knell! With echoes from afar,
Faint, and still fainter."

Excursion.

To those who are acquainted with the phenomena of mountainous countries, I need not point out the exquisite fitness of every component part of the above description. But to those who have never dwelt amongst rocks and waters, I may observe, that, in all its accompaniments, there is a peculiar truth and beauty, which can scarcely be appreciated by the inhabitants of lowlier regions, however they may enter into the feelings with which the description is connected. The soul of any reflective being may, indeed, receive "a shock of awful consciousness" from the contemplation of the unclouded heavens; but the walls of the temple are wanting—those walls which, as if endued with silent life, are so finely said by the poet to *bring down* the sky to rest, as if with love, upon their glorious summits. The weaving in of the evening shades has completely this effect. The outlines of the mountains do not so much appear to soar into the clear-obscure, as to attract the clear-obscure towards themselves. Again, there is a peculiar propriety in the accompanying melodies with which the poet has enriched his scenery. Amongst mountains, the hush of evening draws forth the sound of the smaller waterfalls in a wonderful and almost unaccountable manner. By night I have seemed to hear fifty streams, the voices of which I never could distinguish during the stillest day, even in places remote from that confused murmur of human existence, which might be supposed to have its share in deadening tones so delicate. Perhaps the dewy freshness of the night air may be a fitter medium for sound; but certain it is, that I have been able to divide from each other the notes of the various streams, amidst the general concert, (united yet distinct) as one would distinguish between voice and voice in a chorus of birds. The "iron knell" is more finely characteristic of the raven's note than can be conceived by any person who has not heard it come suddenly upon the ear, in a solitary vale, clanging from rock to rock with monotonous grandeur. Under such circumstances, the effect which it produces is positively startling. No ordinary idea of a raven's *croak* will assist us in forming a notion of it. The "iron knell" of the poet, with all its dim associations, will raise the imagination as near to the reality as is perhaps possible. In fine, the severe rejection of all common-place ornament from the above passage—of all but that which suits the season and the scene—the appropriate solemnity of the versification, and the sustained loftiness of the diction, render the whole description consistent and majestic.

Although I consider Wordsworth mistaken in so constantly endeavouring to educe lofty feelings from lowly subjects, yet it must be allowed that he is occasionally successful in the working up of apparently unpromising materials. A little piece, called Nutting, is a pleasing instance of this; and he has not only contrived to render skating poetical, but has made it the basis of some very striking description, combined with ennobling sensations. He represents himself in the sportive vigour of youth, together with his companions, engaged in this sport:—

"All shod with steel,
We hiss'd along the polish'd ice, in games
Confederate, imitative of the chase,
And woodland pleasures."

What follows is extremely beautiful:—

"With the din
Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud;
The leafless trees, and every icy crag,
Tinkled like iron; *while the distant hills*

Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed; while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away."

The lines distinguished by italics possess a grace similar to that which I pointed out in a previous quotation. As there the memory of "storms gone by" endeared still more the present tranquillity of nature, so here the "alien sound of melancholy" enhances joy by a thought of sorrow. We are strange beings: we love to be reminded of our mortal state even in the midst of our desires to forget it: We pursue pleasure, but we are ever looking back upon pain: We would fain prolong the banquet of life, yet we place a skull in the midst of its festal flowers. And why? Because ours is a twofold life—the union of mortal with immortal. We covet happiness by the very constitution of our nature: we find earthly happiness insufficient—we turn back to the more majestic form of sorrow. We court the transitory, but seek the permanent. On this account it is, that whatever addresses us as man, and at the same time makes us feel that we are more than man, has the greatest power over our passions. Shakspeare well knew that mirth is a more affecting thing than grief, or rather, that mirth is the very avenue to grief. Again, the affections are more readily called into play by a mixture of mirth and melancholy, because such a mixture does actually more resemble human life, with which our affections are entwined, than a mere transcript of one to the exclusion of the other. One brief note coming from the depths of sorrow upon the light strains of pleasure, unlocks our tears more quickly than the most solemn invocation to woe. Although Wordsworth does not precisely, like Shakspeare, make us weep with a witticism, yet no author is more happy than himself in heightening his subject by a hint, a suggestion, by the shadow of a cloud, which causes us to look up to the cloud itself. He gives the picture life without marring its repose. He does not present us with a description of external nature alone, because he knows that external nature chiefly addresses the imagination, that calm yet radiant power from which "the dangerous passions keep aloof." There was once a long controversy between the respective effects of art and nature. The two should never have been disjoined. Art is not felt as art, but as leading us back to man and nature. The world is the habitation of man. Viewed merely as a stupendous effort of creative power, it is elevating: viewed as our own home, it is touching—for its meaning and its purpose are before us. Look over a vast expanse of country: Is it the mere sight which fills the eyes with tears? Unconsciously the thought occurs, upon how many human hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, we gaze in ignorance! Every little column of smoke, pointing out the habitation of man, may be the index to a scene of suffering, or of delight, may guide the eye to the arena of a struggle, which demons and angels watch in emulous anxiety. Yonder old tower, how eloquently it speaks of mortal grandeur and decay! Yonder ship, how it brings even the mighty ocean within the sphere of humanity! Should the prospect be over a desolate region, "empty of all shape of life," the source of its effect upon our feelings is, under a different modification, still the same—man—for ever, man. We are affected by the thought that man is not there—there, where he ought to be. In the first case, we looked upon him in connexion with his birth-right—now, we gaze upon the inheritance without the heir. The veriest anchorite that ever raved about solitude, owes the force of his appeal to the existence of the world which he deprecates. But I have detained my reader too long from the conclusion of Wordsworth's lines upon skating. As its own beauty will speak for itself, I will give the rest of the poem without further remark; merely premising—for the benefit of Southrons—that the ice of lakes, which are fed by pure mountain streams, is a very different thing to the ice of the Serpentine River. It is, without a strong metaphor, a crystal pavement, capable of reflecting the stars as truly as did the unfrozen waters. So transpicuous is ice of this nature, that it is somewhat awful to move over its untried surface, beneath which the

eye can descend into strange depths and oozy hollows.

"Not seldom from the uproar I retired
Into a silent bay, or sportively
Glanced sideways, leaving the tumultuous throng,
To cross the bright reflection of a star,
Image that, dying still before me, gleam'd
Upon the glassy plain : and often-times
When we had given our bodies to the wind,
And all the shadowy banks on either side
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still
The rapid line of motion, then at once
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,
Stopp'd short ; yet still the solitary cliffs
Wheel'd by me, ev'n as if the earth had roll'd,
With visible motion, her diurnal round!
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,
Feebler and feebler ; and I stood and watch'd
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea."

I now proceed to shew that Wordsworth displays power in his portraits of human beings. Here also he is not a mere describer. The lineaments which he draws, are indications of the mind within. Not unfrequently he gives some masterly touches, which are to the character described, what the hands of a watch are to the dial-plate. They tell the "whereabout" of the whole man. Indeed, Wordsworth is altogether so graphic in his delineations both of nature and of human beings, that if I did not remember the remark of Horace, "Ut pictura, poesis erit," I should conclude that he had deeply studied the art of painting. But the truth is, that herein consists the difference between the poet and the poetaster. While the latter only describes either from recollection, or from a survey of some object, the former paints from an image before his mental eye—an image in this respect transcending Nature herself, inasmuch as it combines the selectest parts of Nature. "Be desperately individual in your studies from nature," said a celebrated artist to a friend of mine, who wished to excel in painting ; "in your perfect compositions, be as general as you please." The advice, if addressed to a poet, would be equally good. He must not aim at depicting the forms of nature so much as the "spirit of her forms." Wordsworth, in his representation of Peter Bell, has admirably exemplified this imaginative kind of painting. I cannot give a better specimen of his successful efforts in this vein.

"Though nature could not touch his heart
By lovely forms and placid weather,
And tender sounds, yet you might see
At once that Peter Bell and she
Had often been together.

A savage wildness round him hung
As of a dweller out of doors;
In his whole figure and his mien,
A savage character was seen
Of mountains and of dreary moors.

* * * * *

He had a dark and sidelong walk,
And long and slouching was his gait ;
Beneath his looks so bare and bold,
You might perceive his spirit cold
Was playing with some inward bait.

* * * * *

There was a hardness in his cheek,
There was a hardness in his eye,
As if the man had fixed his face,
In many a solitary place,
Against the wind and open sky."

I would ask those, who are possessed with an opinion that Wordsworth is a childish writer, if this portrait be not sketched with a vigorous hand ? Do we not seem actually to look upon the lawless wanderer, who,

"To all th' unshaped half-human thoughts
Which solitary Nature feeds,
Mid summer storms, or winter's ice,
Has —— join'd whatever vice,
The cruel city breeds ?"

Is not the man's whole history written in his countenance ? Does it not tell tales of nightly plunder, and daily debauchery ? Does it not hint dark secrets of alliances with smugglers on the coast, with gipsies on the wold, with poachers in the forest ? Is it not hard and cruel enough to be the tablet of an altar, whereon the hope and peace of many a rustic beauty has been sacrificed ? Upon that brow has gathered the sweat of no honest toil, the swarthy tint of no rural labour—there may be even a spot of blood. He has been with nature, yet nature has touched him not. Her storms have furrowed his face, but have only annealed his heart. Can any thought be more striking ? What can represent more forcibly the desperate condition of

the man than the idea that nature herself has contributed to harden him, as the pure soft element of water, dropping through some gloomy chasm, sometimes converts to stone the substances on which it falls? Let me now place before the reader a portrait in quite a different style—a Morland after a Salvator—the representation of a true English ploughboy.

> "His joints are stiff;
> Beneath a cumbrous frock, that to the knees
> Invests the thriving churl, his legs appear,
> Fellows to those which lustily upheld
> The wooden stools, for everlasting use,
> On which our fathers sate. And mark his brow!
> Under whose shaggy canopy are set
> Two eyes, not dim, but of a healthy stare;
> Wide, sluggish, blank, and ignorant, and strange;
> Proclaiming boldly that they never drew
> A look or motion of intelligence
> From infant conning of the Christ-cross row,
> Or puzzling through a primer, line by line,
> Till perfect mastery crown the pains at last." *Excursion.*

There is, in the above lines, a kind of forcible humour, which may remind the reader of Cowper's manner in the Task. The versification is good, and gives so much point to the thoughts, that it should seem as if custom, rather than necessity, had caused all satires, from Donne to Churchill, to be written in rhyme.

In describing the external indications of human passions, the silent eloquence of look and gesture, Wordsworth is sometimes eminently successful. The whole story of Margaret, in the Excursion, is a series of affecting pictures. Her husband had joined a troop of soldiers, and she had heard no tidings of him for more than a year. The gradual doubt respecting his fate, slowly sickening into despair, is touched, through all its gradations, with a most skilful pencil. By degrees her garden and cottage, which used to display all the pride of neatness, "bespeak a sleepy hand of negligence," and at length fall into decay and ruin. The mourner's spirit sinks into a kindred state of desolation, and yet she cannot rest. Her despair is even without the comfort of its usual apathy. The irritation always kept up by the remains of suspense—by the absence of all tidings, and the consequent impossibility of utter certainty—gives a restlessness to her mind, and to the movements of her body. If she sees a soldier pass, her cheek still flushes, and her step involuntarily bears her from the cottage door. Even her child

> "Had from its mother caught the trick of grief,
> And sigh'd amidst its playthings."

A state more miserable can scarcely be conceived. As a contemporary poet has observed,

> ——"What can match the sickness of suspense?
> To act, to suffer, may be nobly great,—
> But nature's mightiest effort is to wait!"

In such a condition, the mind expends its force upon itself. Its energies fall back upon the heart like arrows sent towards heaven. Nothing is known, therefore nothing can be combated. Nothing is to be done, but every thing is to be feared. Here, the human imagination is unveiled in its most terrible aspect—here its endless, boundless, indestructible powers find their full scope. Conjecture cannot exhaust it, Possibility cannot confine it. Wordsworth has given to the world perhaps the finest picture extant of a being, whose thoughts thus beat themselves against the bars of their prison. The following passage can scarcely be read with an unmoved heart:

> "Yes, it would have grieved
> Your very soul to see her; evermore
> Her eyelids droop'd, her eyes were downwards cast;
> And, when she at her table gave me food,
> She did not look at me. Her voice was low,
> Her body was subdued. In every act,
> Pertaining to her house affairs, appear'd
> *The careless stillness of a thinking mind,*
> *Self-occupied, to which all outward things*
> *Are like an idle matter.* Still she sigh'd,
> But yet no motion of the breast was seen,
> No heaving of the heart. While by the fire
> We sate together, sighs came on my ear,
> I knew not how, and hardly whence they came." *Excursion.*

The power which Wordsworth has shewn in the foregoing description, to move the softer affections, leads me to the next branch of my subject.

I would prove that simple pathos is an attribute of Wordsworth's muse. It has been remarked that authors never esteem their productions according to their real degrees of merit. Wordsworth is a singular instance of the truth of this observation. He has pointed out the Idiot Boy and Goody Blake to the reader's notice, but has omitted altogether the mention of some pieces, which more nearly than any thing he ever wrote exemplify the best parts of his own theory. Occasionally he has quaffed from the very Hippocrene of Nature, and has displayed the pure and simple effects of real inspiration. I would adduce, as an example of this, "The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman." I must premise, that, when the wandering tribes of North America, in the migrations consequent upon their wild and precarious mode of existence, pass from one region to another, a cruel necessity obliges them to leave behind any of their comrades, who, from sickness or a failure of strength, shall fall by the way. In those desolate tracts, to delay their own progress on the sufferer's account, would endanger the lives of the whole community; and often the poor creature, who endures all the tortures of a forced march, will voluntarily request to be left to the milder hand of death. The last offices which the tribe render to their deserted companions, are to kindle a fire, and to leave a supply of water and food beside them, with the lingering hope that they may yet be able to resume their journey. The subject is in itself affecting, and Wordsworth has treated it in a very touching manner. The dying woman, whose lament falls upon the silence of the frozen desert, breaks out into speech with that sort of impatient horror which the utter loneliness and awful appearances of that dreadful region might be supposed to excite:

"Before I see another day,
Oh let my body die away!
In sleep, I hear the northern gleams,
The stars were mingled with my dreams."

The haunting effect of strange wild objects upon the enfeebled mind of sickness is in the last couplet finely conceived. So also is the idea that she could have travelled on yet a little farther with her companions:

"Alas! ye might have dragg'd me on
Another day, a single one!
Too soon I yielded to despair—
Why did ye listen to my prayer?
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger."

This is beautifully true to nature. It is not for her own sake that she clings so tenaciously to life and to human fellowship—not on her own account does she pray so earnestly for "another day—a single one." She is a mother; and as every fraction of time spent with her infant is a heap of gold, so every least division of an hour passed apart from it is a weight of lead. Who can read the continuation of her complaint without being moved?

"*My child! they gave thee to another,*
A woman who was not thy mother.
When from my arms my babe they took,
Oh me, how strangely did he look!
Through his whole body something ran,
A most strange working did I see;—
As if he strove to be a man,
That he might pull the sledge for me."

The first couplet is worth whole reams of amplification. The single line—"A woman who was not thy mother," is a world of feeling in itself. Thus does a great master find the shortest passage to the heart, while a mere describer, wandering in a labyrinth, never reaches the heart at all. The poem concludes with a burst of delirious agony—a state of mind in which intense desire dares possibility:

"I'll follow you across the snow;
Ye travel heavily and slow!
In spite of all my weary pain,
I'll look upon your tents again!"

Always, with the exception of Betty Foy, Wordsworth has been peculiarly happy in his delineation of the Maternal Passion. Were I not afraid to multiply quotations, I should dwell more particularly on a small poem entitled "The Affliction of Margaret." I cannot, however, omit the following stanza, since the feeling which it conveys is capable of general application:

"Ah little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power hath ev'n his wildest scream
Heard by his mother unawares.
He knows it not, he cannot guess:
Years to a mother bring distress,
But do not make her love the less."

"But, dear me," methinks I hear a soft voice timidly enquire, "has Mr Wordsworth never written any thing about an—another—sort of love?" He has, Madam; and so well as to deserve the gratitude of the whole female community. While your favourite, Lord Byron, has represented you as the mere objects of a frantic passion, which I will not name, and has luxuriated accordingly in descriptions of gazelle eyes and hyacinthine locks, Wordsworth has painted you with equal purity and warmth. Exquisite as are Lord Byron's stanzas to the memory of Thyrza, I fear that the lady was no better than she should be; but we can have no doubt of the virtue of the loved, lost object, who is commemorated in the following lines:

"She dwelt among th' untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave,—and oh
The difference to *me!*"

"Well now, are those lines really by Mr Wordsworth? I declare they are very pretty. But do you not think, that, 'oh, the difference to *me!*' is a little bit too simple?"—Not in the least. Would you have liked the verse better had it been, (if the rhyme permitted), "What pangs my bosom rend?" The simplicity of the expression matters little if it fulfils the purpose of the author; and it is of no consequence how common the words may be, if they are only the surface to a mine of thought. The great object of poetry is, to suggest more than she expresses, and especially at the close of a strain, she is fortunate if she can leave food for reflection. The contrast between the careless indifference of the world in general, and the intense feeling of the poet who has lost all that was his world, is perfectly indicated in the concluding stanza; and what more could we wish? The last line is the motto to a golden casket of once-treasured hopes and tender memories;—What more could we wish? To pursue a little farther the train of thoughts which it excites. Wordsworth says, in another poem,

"You must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love."

This is perfectly true to nature. Love not only invests its object with imaginary attributes, but actually does perceive those which exist, but which are not visible to an indifferent eye. Friendship possesses some of this intuitive discernment. But how much is her spiritual perception heightened by love! When the reciprocal action of the sensual and intellectual powers produce what may be called (almost with propriety) an additional sense, the mental glance becomes like the sun in heaven, not only penetrating all mysteries by its light, but calling forth dormant faculties from their slumber by its warmth. It was the torch of Love which animated the statue of Pygmalion;—to others, perhaps, the statue was but marble still. How singular is the feeling we experience, when we think that the being whom we love is nothing to others, every thing to ourselves—that others see daily with indifference the form, whose shadow even to behold for a few moments is to us happiness unspeakable! To the world, the object of our love is merely a human being—to us, somewhat above mortality. This may be an image to you, but it is a saint to me, says the Catholic. No author has expressed this union of earthly with divine with greater depth than Wordsworth. His women are, to use his own beautiful language,

——"Creatures not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
And yet are spirits too, and bright,
With something of an angel light."

Only hear how forcibly he depicts the waking from the security into which this feeling lulls us, when our dream of unearthly charms is tremendously broken by the shock of Death:

"A slumber did my spirit seal,
I had no human fears:
She seem'd a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force,
She neither hears, nor sees,
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees."

Here, how much is said in little—how many themes for reflection are suggested! That form, which the imaginative colouring of real passion had invested with immortality, is now no more than the inanimate productions of Nature. Once the living vehicle of the soul, and almost identified with it, in the wondrous motions of eye and lip, it is now immovable and impassive as the solid rocks! It is a subject too painful to dwell upon. Let us revive ourselves by the following fresh picture of life and loveliness:

" She was a phantom of delight,
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilight's too her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn."

Who does not see the beautiful girl moving in the light of poetry and youth; and bringing gladness with her as surely as the morning-star leads on the day? " Well, I must say," the soft voice replies, " I had no idea that Wordsworth had written such sweet things. I shall tell all my friends what a poet he is, and shall buy his works directly."

I should exceed the limits which I have prescribed to myself, were I to give extracts from any more of Wordsworth's poems, which display a pathetic simplicity. The reader will do well to peruse, at his own leisure, " The Childless Father;" " Lucy Gray;" " We are Seven;" and the story of " Ruth." I think that he will not only be struck with the lovely thoughts in these poems, but with the easy melody of their versification. Every word seems to fall naturally into its right place, and the rhyme appears to be less a preparation of art, than a necessary consequence of the diction.

Another characteristic of Wordsworth's muse is a certain classical dignity. Persons, who are acquainted with his works by quotation only, or by report, can scarcely be aware how often, and how strikingly, he has displayed this excellence. So much injustice has he done himself. The Laodamia is known but by a few—by those alone, who, being gifted with a real affection for poetry, have attentively studied and searched the writings of our true poets, and have formed their own opinions, without respect to the popular voice. They have already assigned the Laodamia a high rank amongst poems of a severe and intellectual beauty. It is a perfect piece of statuary, elaborated with Phidian skill, and its repose, like that of " the statue which enchants the world," is the repose of life. As the effect of this fine composition depends more upon the grandeur and harmony of the whole, than upon the beauty of detached parts, I should only mar the impression which it is calculated to produce on the mind of the classic reader, by presenting him with a specimen of its excellence. This would be to exhibit a stone of the temple, in order to display the proportions of the temple itself. I will rather give entire the following sonnet, as an example of the chaste severity of Wordsworth's loftier style:

" Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee: She is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;—
Oh raise us up! Return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice, whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

Surely this is great writing. There is no affectation, no babyism here. The poet has girded his robe about him, and has prepared himself for a lofty encounter. The portion marked by italics is, in particular, grand, from the very simplicity of its thought and diction. The most sublime objects in nature are chosen to illustrate the author's noble ideas; and, in the short compass of three lines, " ocean, with all its solemn noise,"

and the illimitable firmament, are presented to the ear and eye. An inferior writer would have dilated upon the thought: Wordsworth knew that an inch of gold is better than a yard of gold leaf. The conclusion of the sonnet conveys, by a few touches, the striking picture of a majestic mind, unbending towards the world, yet reverencing itself; and thus completes the magnificence of poetry with the important truth—that humility is the basis of moral grandeur. Wordsworth's Ode to Duty may be mentioned as another instance of this purity of thought and of expression. The following stanza is very noble:

> " Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
> The Godhead's most benignant grace;
> Nor know we any thing so fair
> As is the smile upon thy face:
> Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
> And fragrance in thy footing treads."

Both as a moral and as a religious poet, Wordsworth may take a high station. In the latter point of view, more especially, his name may not only be associated with those of Young and Cowper, but even with that of Milton; for, except in the works of the above-named writers, we shall search vainly, through the English classics, for passages of devotional fervour expressed as finely as many which Wordsworth has given us. A poem, called "Resolution and Independence," may serve to display our author as a moralist of a very different stamp to the mere casuist, whom (snatching for once the pencil of satire) he stigmatises as

> " One to whose smooth-rubb'd soul can cling,
> Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small;
> A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
> An intellectual all in all!"

The poem opens with a fresh and beautiful description of a calm and bright morning succeeding to a night of storms. All nature is revived—"the birds are singing in the distant woods," and

> " All things that love the sun are out of doors;
> The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
> The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors
> The hare is running races in her mirth."

With this morning jubilee of creation the poet at first sympathizes, but by degrees he falls into a train of melancholy and anxious thought. He compares his fate with that of the happy creatures round him—the skylark warbling in the sky, and the playful hare—and he feels that he only resembles them in his present exemption from care and sorrow. Happy as he now is, he cannot forbear from casting a prospective look towards evils, to which his present state of security, and the changefulness of this mortal life seem to render him peculiarly liable. Even his poetical feelings seem to point him out as a mark for the arrows of misfortune. He muses painfully upon the fate of genius in every age, and more especially he

> " Thought of Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
> The sleepless soul that perish'd in his pride,—
> Of him who walk'd in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough along the mountain side."

In this mood, he meets with an old man whose employment is that of a leech-gatherer; the infirmities of disease and age having precluded him from any more active mode of gaining his subsistence. Of him it is finely said,—

> " Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
> That heareth not the loud winds when they call."

The poet is much struck with the apparently wretched occupation of one, on whose form time and pain seemed to have cast "a more than human weight." But, on conversing with the leech-gatherer, he finds him not only resigned to his lot, but cheerful. The content of this man, as contrasted with his own recent doubts, and anxious forebodings, strongly impresses the poet's mind with an important lesson of trust in Providence. He says—

> " The man did seem
> Like one whom I had met with in a dream;
> Or like a man from some far region sent,
> To give me human strength by strong admonishment."

The leech-gatherer's words have the more effect upon his imagination, inasmuch as they are

"With something of a lofty utterance drest,
Choice word and measured phrase; above the reach
Of ordinary men."

The poem thus concludes:—

"When he ended,
I could have laugh'd myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
God, said I, be my help and stay secure,
I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely moor."

Wordsworth may be said, in this composition, to have drawn, from the simplest elements, fine imagery and a noble moral. There is something exceedingly striking in the figure of the old man standing motionless upon the solitary moor. It seems peculiarly adapted to the purposes of painting, and has indeed been occasionally chosen by artists as a subject for their pencil.

Of Wordsworth's devotional poetry, the following passage from the Excursion, although slightly tinged with the Platonism of his creed, is perhaps as fine an example as can be cited:

"Thou, dread source,
Prime, self-existing cause and end of all,
That, in the scale of being, fill their place,
Above our human region, or below,
Set and sustain'd;—Thou—who didst wrap the cloud
Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
Therein, with our simplicity awhile
Mightst hold on earth communion undisturb'd—
Who, from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
And touch as gentle as the morning light,
Restor'st us daily to the powers of sense,
And Reason's steadfast rule,—Thou, Thou alone
Art everlasting, and the blessed spirits,
Which thou includest, as the sea her waves."

I should say, that the muse of Wordsworth appears to breathe her native air, when she attunes her voice to strains like these. How singular, that the author of the Lyrical Ballads should seem to be most at home in grave and lofty numbers! Yet such is the fact: Wordsworth will be venerated as a moral and religious poet, when, as a theorist, he will be sunk into oblivion.

But it is chiefly by his sonnets that Wordsworth will be known to posterity. Boileau says,—

"Un sonnet sans défaut vaut seul un long poëme,
Mais en vain mille auteurs y pensent arriver;
A peine——
—Peut on admirer deux ou trois entre mille."

If we consider how many have attempted, and how few have succeeded in this species of composition, we shall acknowledge the truth of the latter part of the above assertion. The very shortness of the sonnet is its difficulty. Like the man who had not time to write a short letter, many authors, more especially in the present day, seem to have no leisure to condense their thoughts. They are able, indeed, to pour out their unpremeditated verse with much facility; and if they be men of real talent, some merit will undoubtedly be found in their compositions; but this merit must necessarily be of an expanded kind. Water runs apace—richer potations issue more slowly from the cask. Now a sonnet is worth nothing unless it condense the elasticity of thought into its own small compass. We do not require that a hogshead should be filled with ottar of roses; but we do demand that the small and portable vial should contain a precious essence. When we read the sonnets of Milton, or of Warton, we feel that each of them is the result of more thought, and more tends to produce thought in others, than many a long poem which has issued from a mind of weaker stuff. On this ground, more than on account of their nonconformity to the sonnet rules, I should deny the name of sonnet to the compositions of Bowles, or Mrs Charlotte Smith. They may be pretty songs, or pathetic elegies, but they are not sonnets. They were popular, for they neither resulted from deep thought, nor required deep thought for the comprehension of them. The sonnets of Shakspeare and Milton (however admired by the few) have never been popular, because they address themselves to the

understanding as well as the heart, to the imagination rather than to the fancy. Of this stamp are the sonnets of Wordsworth. They may therefore fail to delight the popular palate in an equal degree with (as some wit called them) "Mrs Charlotte Smith's whipt syllabubs in black glasses;" but they will be dear to the lovers of original excellence as long as any thinking minds can be found in the community. They will be remembered—for there is something in a good sonnet peculiarly rememberable. "Brevity," says Shakspeare, "is the soul of wit;" and inasmuch as the soul survives the body, condensed wisdom also possesses a principle of longevity beyond the "thews and outward flourishes" of wordy rhetoric. Proverbs live, while whole epics perish. Amongst Wordsworth's miscellaneous sonnets (and they are numerous) there is scarcely one which is not good—there are many which are strikingly fine. They are all written after the strictest model of the legitimate sonnet, which, from its artful construction and repeated rhymes, presents many difficulties to the composer; and yet there is an ease in Wordsworth's management of the sonnet, which proves that this is a kind of composition the most congenial, the most fitted to his powers. The lines are sufficiently broken to prevent the repetition of the same rhymes from palling on the ear; yet not so much as altogether to prevent their recurrence from being perceived, (a fault by no means uncommon,) so as to confound the distinction between rhyme and blank verse. The subjects are varied; and from Wordsworth's sonnets it would be easy to select specimens of the descriptive, the pathetic, the playful, the majestic, the fanciful, the imaginative. I have already presented my reader with a glorious example of Wordsworth's majestic style, in the sonnet to Milton. I will now, therefore, confine myself to one other specimen, which appears to me to combine many of the characteristics which I have mentioned distinctively above:

"Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?
Festively she puts forth in trim array,
As vigorous as a lark at break of day:
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?
What boots th' enquiry?—Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what Haven is her mark?
And, almost as it was when ships were rare,
(From time to time, like pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters,) doubt and something dark,
Of the old Sea some reverential fear
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!"

Here we have beautiful description, majesty of numbers, a lively fancy, a touch of pathos, and a fine exercise of the imaginative powers. I cannot conclude this branch of my subject, without pointing out to the reader's notice, more especially, Wordsworth's Introductory Sonnet, that on the extinction of the Venetian Republic, and the series of Sonnets on the river Duddon. That, in particular, which begins,

"Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour,"

is a fine instance of the vigour with which an original mind can refresh a hackneyed theme. It is rather unlike the sonnets of young ladies and young masters on the same subject.

The reader has now before him the claims of Wordsworth (fairly stated, as I hope) to public notice. That he is a true poet, no one, who has read the extracts which I have given from his works, can for a moment doubt. He is not a mere versifier, who rhymes away the vacant hour. He is not a mere trifler in the art, who, amongst other elegant studies, resorts to poetry as a recreation. It is evident that poetry has been to him "the stuff of which his life is wrought." In spite of his attempts to identify poetry and prose, he cannot think in prose, he cannot write in prose. He is all over poetical feeling. A poet he was born, and a poet he will die. Let him speak of himself in his early days:

"I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me

An appetite: a feeling, and a love."
Tintern Abbey.

Let him exhibit himself at a later period:

"Life's autumn past, I stand on Winter's verge,
And daily lose what I desire to keep:
Yet rather would I instantly decline
To the traditionary sympathies
Of a most rustic ignorance, . .
. . . . . . than see and hear
The repetitions wearisome of sense,
Where soul is dead, and feeling hath no place."

Can any one doubt that this man is a poet? The young and fervent, who admire Lord Byron's intense enthusiasm in the perception of external nature, know not how much of it was kindled at Wordsworth's altar. In the noble author's works, they may have met with many a contemptuous sarcasm on Wordsworth and his poetry. They ought to be informed, that these expressions of contempt and dislike are but the results of the natural tendency of men to hate their benefactors. Perhaps also something of good policy mingled with a bitterer feeling. Lord Byron might wish to make it seem impossible that he should borrow from one whom he despised so heartily. But it was a part of Lord Byron's daring character, never to be deterred from seizing upon any materials, which suited his purpose, by the fear of detection. In these things, to put a good face upon the matter is half the battle. Thus—whether it was that he thought that the boldest thieves are ever the least suspected, or that his contemptuous appreciation of his contemporaries, led him to believe that posterity would rather suppose they plundered from him, than he from them,—as Ben Jonson says, "would deem it to be his as well as theirs,"—or even, perhaps, that *his* works alone would survive to future ages—certain it is, that instead of timidly and laboriously pilfering from old and obscure authors, Lord Byron at once appropriated to himself the finest thoughts of living writers. Whenever a peculiarly original idea was started, it was sure to appear on the next published pages of Lord Byron. Thus, when Montgomery sang,

"He only, like the ocean-weed uptorn,
And loose along the world of waters borne,
Was cast companionless from wave to wave,"

Lord Byron echoed,

"I am as the weed
Torn from the rock on ocean's foam to sail,
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

With regard to Lord Byron's obligations to Wordsworth, they are less verbal, and therefore less palpable; but no one, who is acquainted with the works of the two authors, can doubt but that Wordsworth is to be traced most palpably through the third and fourth cantos of Childe Harold. A poem, by Lord Byron, called the "Grave of Churchill," a fact literally rendered, is in its style a close copy of Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence," from which I have given extracts. In a wonderfully fine passage in the Excursion, Wordsworth desires to "surrender himself to the elements," as if he "were a spirit," and exclaims—

"While the mists
Flying, and rainy vapours call out shapes
And phantoms from the crags and solid earth
As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument———
——————What a joy to roam
An equal amongst mightiest energies!"

Lord Byron seems to have had this in his thoughts, when he made Manfred say—

"Oh that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound!
—————— Born and dying
With the blest tone that made me."

The difference is only that Wordsworth's hopeful and cheering idea has become desponding and gloomy, in passing through the alembic of Lord Byron's brain. In the one case it is the wish of a believing philosopher, exulting in the immortality which he feels to be his own: in the other, of an infidel voluptuary, jaded down to a prayer for annihilation. I mention these things to prove that persons, who admire (and justly) Lord Byron for the vigour of his verse, do most unjustly accuse Wordsworth of feebleness and puerility; and that while they quote with rapture, passages, which are at least *suggested* by Wordsworth's poetry, they are unconsciously doing honour to the genius of the latter.

Having now brought my defence to a close, I have only to repeat that, if my reader is of the same opinion as myself, he will not quarrel with me for having quoted so largely from Wordsworth's poems. In reading works of criticism, I have generally found that I enjoyed the extracts more than the critical commentary; and I can easily imagine, that the reader will peruse these pages with a similar feeling.

In conclusion, let me briefly recapitulate my reasons, both for denying Wordsworth a place amongst the greatest of our national poets, and for assigning him a high station amongst the band of true poets in general.

He has not produced any one great, original, and consistent work, or even any one poem of consequence, to which all these epithets can, with justice, be collectively applied. The want of a fixed style, the inequality of his compositions, the exuberant verbosity of some, and the eccentric meanness of others: the striking deficiency, which his works usually display, in judgment—a quality essential to the attainment of first-rate excellence—are all so many barriers betwixt Wordsworth and the summit of Fame. Although it perhaps may be allowed, that Milton is the only poet who exceeds Wordsworth in devotional sublimity; yet, when we consider the universal excellence of the former in all that he has attempted—when we look upon him as the author of our great epic—it never can be conceded, that posterity will assign the latter a station beside him.

On the other hand, the variety of subjects, which Wordsworth has touched; the varied powers which he has displayed; the passages of redeeming beauty interspersed even amongst the worst and the dullest of his productions; the originality of detached thoughts scattered throughout works, to which, on the whole, we must deny the praise of originality; the deep pathos, and occasional grandeur of his lyre; the real poetical feeling which generally runs through its many modulations; his accurate observation of external nature; and the success with which he blends the purest and most devotional thoughts with the glories of the visible universe—all these are merits, which so far "make up in number what they want in weight," that, although insufficient to raise him to the shrine, they fairly admit him within the sacred temple of Poesy. While Shakspeare is pinnacled at almost an invisible height, "sole-sitting" where others "dare not soar;" while Milton, Spenser, Thomson, and Collins, "aye sing around the cloudy throne;" Wordsworth may join the numerous and radiant band, who occupy the less daring heights of Parnassus, rifle its caves of "mildly-gleaming ore," arrange its flowers and turf into gardens of artificial beauty; or, as our poet, "snatch a grace beyond the reach of art" from the rocks and waterfalls that grace its wilder recesses.

LETTER FROM THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.

London, October 19, 1829.

Sir,

I am aware of my presumption in presenting aught in form of appeal, against his popular pages, to so redoubted a literary arbiter as the Editor of far-famed Maga (whose last Number I have only just seen); but "Blow wind, come wrack," or, as our March-of-Intellect infants say, "*coute qu'il coute,*" I'll take the bull by the horns, in spite of any dilemma they may involve me in; and, as long as my name is Dibdin, will endeavour, at least, to assert my deceased daddy's cause, regardless of imputed partiality or prejudice.

In *W. R.'s* well-written and perfectly just eulogium on my late friend Incledon, admiration is professed for the music of "Arne, Jackson, Carter, Storace, Davy," and "*even* Dibdin!" Now, compassionated as my taste may be, this "*even*" strikes me as very *odd,* and certainly unnecessary, as applied to the composer of the Waterman, Quaker, and Padlock; of the songs of "Blow high, blow low!"—"My trim-built wherry"—"I lock'd up all my treasure"—"Were I a shepherd's maid to keep"—and the "Lads of the village"—four of which were distinguished by Charles Incledon as so many of his

sheet-anchors; while Shield, who honoured me with his acquaintance, and equally possessed the true spirit of *bonhomie* with the genius of music, often told me he would rather have composed those efforts, than many of the happiest of his own; and my intimate friend, little Davy, (whose first composition in London graced a burletta of my own,) ever spoke of "Dibdin's music" with a warmth of delighted approbation I will not here repeat, though it did not exceed what Dr Jackson of Exeter, Mr Carter, Signor Rauzzini, and Mr Braham, *cum multis aliis*, have declared in my presence. Mr Reeve, also, with whom I was many years associated, in business and in private, was an enthusiast for my father; and, as his highest panegyric on the music of two songs I had written, and Davy composed, for Mr Incledon, ("When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove," and "May we never want a friend, nor a bottle to give him,") Reeve pronounced them to be composed "in the best style of Mr Dibdin."

Your succeeding article of "Dibdin's Songs, or Scenes in the Gunroom," would have carried infinitely more weight with its hostility, but for the impolitic illiberality of assigning this composer, who "*managed to* PROVIDE *tolerable* accompaniments" to his songs, (*proh pudor!*) an imaginary advocate in the manufactured guise of a Cockney and a fool, whose arguments are introduced for the purpose of being ridiculed; while the *ex-parte* accusations of opponents, clothed in the high character of experienced naval officers, carrying the heavy metal of long practical service, are commissioned to burn, sink, and destroy all the little craft employed in service of the poet, whose substitution of top-lifts for top-sails in one song, and his making "log, can, and sigh," rhyme to "grog, Nan, and die," in some others, sink all his pretensions to that character we poor ignorant landsmen dared to imagine he had justly earned. This species of criticism reminds me of an elaborate critique with which Mr Leigh Hunt (to whom it was "meat and drink" to "*overhaul a Dibdin from Cheek to Ear-ring*") once favoured a song of mine, sung by Mr Braham, and commencing with

> "My ship's my house, my home, my land."

"Who," said the critic, "ever heard of a ship being a house or a ploughed field?"

In a similar tone of broad liberality, my dad is accused by your correspondent of creating sentimental sailors, which things, we are told, in nature do not exist. Poor Gay! thou art lauded to the skies; yet were "even" thy poetic license denied thee, what would a jolly crew have said to SUSAN's elegant enquiries, WILLIAM's "kissing off a falling tear," or the waving of that "lily hand," which Sue must have possessed rather exclusively among the caste to which she may be supposed to have belonged? With respect to the *poetic pretender's* ignorance as to the "Deep Nine," I have only to intimate, that the favourite ballad of the "Heaving of the lead" is not one of his compositions. For his technical terms he was principally indebted to a seaman—that brother whom he celebrated as Tom Bowling. My father had also been several times at sea; and he had another source of information in a reputed correct nautical dictionary. These helps he made as fairly available as he could, although we are told he really had the want of *nous* to make two or three dozen insignificant mistakes in the course of more than twice as many hundred verses, the "*ephemeral fame*" of which have outlived their author, as they may probably outlive his critics. Incledon was a sailor, and I never heard him object to a *line* of my father's, because it should perhaps have been a *rope*.

The pension assigned by Mr Pitt was a *remuneration*, in lieu of profitable pursuits resigned by Mr Dibdin in Edinburgh and elsewhere, to return and open his London theatre in a hot summer, when the town was comparatively empty, and to disseminate, gratis, many songs, *attempting* to aid the fervour of all ranks in a common cause, when Bonaparte threatened the subversion of our country; yet this repayment of what we vulgar landsmen call "money out of pocket," was stopped, after very

short possession, by Mr Fox's ministry, designated by the splendid cognomen of THE TALENTS—ALL the Talents! including Mr Sheridan, the treasury of whose theatre had been for years indebted to Mr Dibdin's successful Muse.

But the "head and front" of the Bard's offence seems to be, that some have pronounced his songs a solace to seamen, and of service to the navy,—adding to the hilarity of Saturday Nights at Sea, and equally favourites in the gun-room and the galley;—that they augmented the number of naval volunteers, and, like the soothing properties of oil, assisted to smooth the surges of discontent during a certain tempestuous season at the Nore.

Whether this be true or false, the supposed delinquent at your critical bar is not to be condemned on the *on dits* of hearsay evidence, or because zealous friends have given him a good character. I am, for my own part, compelled to own, that I have heard the abominable and incredible suppositions alluded to, asserted and supported by a few of Britain's most distinguished maritime defenders. Admiral Sir JOSEPH YORKE will pardon the pride with which his own opinion of my father's utility inspired me, when publicly pronounced by that Gallant Officer at Freemasons' Hall, and assented to, generally and individually, by nearly as many naval heroes of all grades, as Dibdin had written ditties.

I know not, sir, whether my "bit of nonsense," as Smollett's Abigail has it, may be admitted in a work acknowledging the principle of *audi alteram partem*; but this I know, that, disclaiming all intention of offence to any one,

I am, sir,
Most respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
THOMAS DIBDIN.

NOTE.

[WE have taken a good many cruizes in King's Ships—many more voyages in Packets, Transports, and Merchantmen of all nations; and, as fresh-water sailors, we offer to sail a twenty-ton Schooner—for a gold cup, value five hundred guineas—against any thing of her burden, in any lake or loch in Britain. Still, we but rarely write on nautical affairs; and when we do, have Falconer's Marine Dictionary, and some other similar works, for reference at our elbow. Two or three years ago, in a Review of those most amusing volumes, the Naval Sketch-Book, (see No. for March, 1826,) we cut up our admirable friend Allan Cunningham, whom all the world knows we love and esteem as a man, a poet, and a critic, for sneering at old Charles Dibdin's songs, as not smelling sufficiently strong of the sea; and at the same time took occasion to criticise some of "Honest Allan's" own nautical strains, which, with all their spirit and vigour, we said were occasionally disfigured by landlubberish terms, which made us rather a little or so fresh-water sick. Nor, at the same time, did we spare other distinguished poets for having committed similar misdemeanours. As we are generally right in every thing we say, we see no reason to doubt that, on the whole, we were right in that article. We defended Charles Dibdin in the following sharpish passage. "Allan Cunningham knows our admiration of his genius, and our affection for himself; but the above diatribe dribbled from our pen, as we thought of the most absurd contempt with which, in his 'Scottish Songs,' he chooses to treat Dibdin. Dibdin knew nothing, forsooth, of ships or sailors' slang! Thank you for that, Allan—we owe you one. Why the devil, then, are his thousand and one songs the delight of the whole British navy, and constantly heard below decks, in every man-of-war afloat? The shepherds of the sea must be allowed to understand their own pastoral Doric, and Charles Dibdin is their Allan Ramsay. Both may have made mistakes, but confound us if either of them was a Cockney." Such was then the expression of our opinion of Charles Dibdin—Heaven bless his memory! such is our opinion still; and such it will be, as long as we are able to sing a single stave of Tom Bowling. But it is not the opinion, it would appear, of the author of Scenes in a Gun-room, (see our No. for October 1829,) as good a sailor as ever walked a deck, and thoroughly versant in all the outs-and-ins

(nothing nautical in that phrase) of his profession. His opinion—and he gives reasons for it—must command the respect of all who know him to be —what he is—a naval officer of the highest character. We duly estimate the value of his communications, which, we hope, will be frequent—and know will always be most amusing, interesting, and instructive; but to a son of Charles Dibdin, seeking to vindicate, from what he considers undeserved reproach, the genius of his deceased Father, we have, with entire satisfaction, formed open column. And it pleases us to insert in Maga the following spirited lines of his,—whether perfectly correct or not in the sea-terms, we know not, neither do we much care; and have no doubt that the sound-headed and sound-hearted author of the Scenes in the Gun-room will not think the worse of a son for standing up manfully in defence of his Father's memory as a Poet of the Fleet. C. N.]

STANZAS ON SEEING A RECENTLY ERECTED MONUMENT IN THE CHAPEL OF GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

Stop! shipmate, stop! he can't be dead!
His Muse yet lives, to seamen dear;
His spirit has but shot a-head,
And yet our midnight watch may cheer.
Still on each heart his lays resound
From Nile re-echoed to the Nore;
Yet many a hope of mirth's aground,
Should Charley be indeed no more.

The "Evening Watch," the sounding lead,
Will sadly miss old Charley's line;
"Saturday Night" may go to bed,
His sun has set, no more to shine!
"Sweethearts and Wives" though we may sing,
Or toast, at sea, "the Girls on Shore,"
Jack's fiddle wants its master string,
Since tuneful Charley is no more.

"Jack Ratline's" story now who'll tell?
Or chronicle each boatswain brave?
The sailor's kind historian fell
With him who sung "The Soldier's Grave."
"Poor Jack," "Ben Backstay"—But belay!
Starboard and larboard, aft and fore,
Each from his brow may swab the spray,
For Charley spins the yarn no more.

The capstan, compass, and the log,
Will oft his Muse to memory bring;
And when all hands wheel round the grog,
They'll drink and blubber while they sing.
For grog was often Charley's theme,
A double spirit then it bore:
It somehow seems to me a dream,
That such a spirit is no more.

It smooth'd the tempest, cheer'd the calm,
Made each a hero at his gun;
It even proved to foes a balm,
Soon as the angry fight was done.
Then, shipmates, check that rising sigh,
He's gone, as others went afore;
And even foremast-men must die,
As well as Charley, now no more!

PANEGYRIC ON PRIDE.

"Then clear the weeds from off his grave,
And we shall chaunt a passing stave,
In honour of that hero brave."

At Nonsuch lies buried Sir Thomas Pride, the Republican Colonel, and hither have I come to gaze upon his tomb. Bold of heart, strong of hand, zealous of purpose, true in courage, daring in council, unflinching in execution, a better soldier or a firmer partisan never belted on a buff coat. His parentage could not be boasted of, for he was a foundling, abandoned in a church porch —which Lord Pembroke assigns, in his will, as a reason for wishing to be buried anywhere else. I was a lord, says the Earl, and cannot bear the notion of being laid where Colonel Pride was born. Nor could much panegyric be wasted upon the elegancies or refinement of his education, for he was originally a drayman. These things matter but little. The best blood, as they call it, may give life, as we see every day, to the meanest of mankind; and there is many a doctor of divinity of my acquaintance, to whom half the draymen of London are superior in intellect and honesty. Take them as a class, and no person of the slightest observation of mankind will compare them (I mean the draymen) in understanding and ability, with the young gentlemen who are senior wranglers, or first-class men, or authors of prize poems, or crack contributors to the periodicals, or writers of fashionable novels, or compilers of essays upon political economy, or chairmen of select committees. Heaven forefend that I should so disparage the honest and beer-bibbing wearers of the flapped hat!

Be that as it may, Pride performed his business well—he did the work of the Lord not negligently. From the beginning of the Civil War to the end, he was ever at his post, and there steady to his duty. Glad, then, am I to find that his bones were not disturbed; for though that would indeed have been nothing to him, it is to men of heart a grief that dishonour—or what the world calls dishonour—should be offered to those whom we respect. It was ordered that the bodies of Oliver, Bradshaw, and Pride, should be exhumed and gibbeted; and this order was executed as far as regarded the first two, but Pride having married a niece of Monk's, his connexion with the Restorer obtained for him the grace that his remains should be unmolested. As for Bradshaw, as he was only a lawyer, it was little matter, indeed, what was done with his carrion; but I have been ever sorry that Charles the Second, for whom I have a high respect, (for many reasons, principally for his having robbed the Exchange,) should have been so far mistaken as to think that, in thus treating Oliver, he was degrading the bones of a hero, and not degrading himself. It was not worthy of the wit or the gentleman—and Charles was both—aye, and a brave fellow too, when need was. I have a hankering kindness after Old Rowley, the pot-companion of Rochester, and the patron of Tom Durfey.

Here then, Tom Pride, I dedicate a half-hour's thought to you! Many were his dashing actions, but that by which he is most remembered, and most worthy of being remembered, is his famous purgation of the House of Commons. Honoured and glorified be his name as long as history lasts, for such an action! Here was a set of scoundrels, sent by the people of England to do a great and important duty, not only neglecting to do it, but actually doing the contrary. To them was intrusted the guardianship of the religion of England, and they abandoned it to its enemies—to them was committed the protection of the liberties of England, and they were endeavouring, by clubbing and caballing, to make themselves perpetual petty despots under a greater despot. As for the men themselves, it was well said by one of their own order, that on no other principle than that of their election, could there be gathered together, from the four corners of the earth, a crew of such contemptible blockheads—a knot of wretches (I speak of the members of the Long Parliament) so personally stained with every blot of disgrace

and infamy. As Oliver afterwards told them in the best, the most eloquent, the most serviceable and most seasonable speech ever spoken in their house, they were a set of sharpers, lewd livers, gamesters, hypocrites, knaves, jobbers, and poltroons. Translated into the fashionable language of the present day, and made applicable to our manners, in his speech would have been enumerated as the component parts of parliament, Stock Exchange swindlers, fashionable intriguers with Mr A's and Mrs B's, conniving wittols, beggarly rascals kept by actresses, political economists, confederates with Jews, and uncomplaining martyrs of the horsewhip. That any such persons could be found in the present House of Commons, is an impossibility; but history bears us out, that there have been Houses of Commons in which they might be discovered without the aid of a lantern.

These fellows had the insolence to think, that it was by them and by their exertions the cause had prospered; whereas they had been always a clog upon it. Things would have gone much better had the idle babble of their ignorant debates been totally suppressed. Their great speakers were at best but stringers-together of good-for-nothing words in tinkling cadence, devoid of sense, at the sound of which, particularly if it was tagged and jagged with scraps of schoolboy Latin, extracted from a book of accidence, the flap-eared boobies around would set up a shout of joy. Their great philosophers were fellows, who, having perhaps been apothecaries' boys, or cotton twisters, or distinguished "men" at college, or red-tape tyers in public offices, or correspondents of the diurnals, were filled with ignorance or upstart vanity, or inhaled stupidity, and who dealt forth cant maxims, either nauseous for being truisms or commonplaces, or mischievous for being utterly false in theory and ruinous in application. Was it wonderful, then, that the country rejoiced when Col. Pride kicked them out—that there was a jubilee of exultation at each individual kick, with which each individual scoundrel was saluted on the most honourable part of his person, the only part employed in getting rid of corruption—and that the pumpings, and buffetings, and thrustings into damp dungeons, and the other indignities so justly and so liberally showered upon them, should have been considered from one end of the realm to the other as the most righteous visitation ever inflicted since the days of Sennacherib of Assyria. It must have been a delightful sight—one worth giving up ten years of life to have witnessed: and it is a matter of regret, in one sense, that there is no very immediate prospect of our being gratified with a repetition of such a scene. Our present House is so admirable that nothing like it could justly occur, and it would be unfair that we should expect that our taste should be indulged at the expense of justice. Yet imagination will sometimes draw pictures of things in themselves unreasonable, and never destined to occur. Methinks I see a starved vagabond belonging to the Treasury, a miserable, gaunt, intoothed, halfpenny-a-day ghowl, who looks as if he had eaten nothing but his words—methinks I see that fellow scudding before the wind in all the shabby agonies of dirty terror, and long for an opportunity of joining in the calcitration with all the power of the arms of Man—videlicet, three legs. And sometimes fancy will body forth a similar ejection of a Home Secretary; but as that office is uniformly filled by men of great personal honour, unimpeachable political integrity, uniform consistency of principle, and all other qualities which command respect, I scout the idea as fast as it is formed. I dreamt, however, one night, that somebody said his only objection to such a proceeding was, that he would not like to contaminate his boot-toe-point with the contact; but that was only the absurdity of a dream.

A good precedent is never thrown away. Although we do not want Pride's Purge at present, a day may come when it will be useful to act upon it. I can conceive that a hundred years hence, when a supple and servile Parliament, having bent itself before the mandates of a military protector, having done his business up to a certain point, and promoted the objects of his ambition as

far as they had it in their power, may be properly turned off by their iron-handed master—their use to him being past—amid the universal exulttation of mankind. The fact that it has been already done, and been attended with such beneficial effects, will be a cheering precedent. I hope that when the hour arrives, if it ever should arrive, the Cromwell of the day will refine upon Colonel Pride's practice; for to act otherwise, would be to reverse the order of the great march of mind. I think, then, that he would afford a most gratifying spectacle to the populace, if, after the culprits were collared and handcuffed, he ordered them to be whipped forthwith from the door of Saint Stephen's Chapel, to the statue at Charing Cross, and back again. How pleasing it would be to behold, for instance, the herring-gutted frame of some west-country apostate, flagrant from the nine-tailed lash inflicted by the unsparing arm of a sixteen-stone drummer, originally educated in the West Indies as help to an overseer! With what an agreeable cadence the hollow howling of his sepulchral voice would fall upon the auricular drums of the amused assembly! How zummerzet, as Shakspeare says, squeak *rats* beneath the *cat*—

"Like softest music to attending ears."

It is charming to be reminded of beautiful passages of romantic poetry in the midst of the jangling politics of the Roundheads. Romeo and Juliet! Delicious tale of love!—— But I digress; and must go back to recommend his Highness to recreate the crowd periodically, by exposing the purged-outs in the pillory, specially revived for their use, in the presence of a good-humoured congregation, too much pleased by the sight to indulge in any rancorous feelings, and therefore contenting themselves with pelting the culprits with nothing harder than congenial nastiness. It has ever been accounted good policy to supply the public with innocent recreations—to procure for them objects of laughter in all lawful ways—and therefore, I think, Woodfall is never sufficiently to be commended for having set the example of publishing the debates of the Houses of Parliament.

Why do I think of these things? What brings these dark visions of the future before my mental optics? It must be the impress produced upon me by the grave of Sir Thomas Pride, for assuredly there is nothing in present circumstances to suggest such ideas. If I turn my eyes from the tomb of the stern expurgator to look on the state of affairs around, is not every thing calculated to inspire, not such ferocious fancies—such fierce phantasmata of the halter and the lash —but, on the contrary, thoughts soft as down, and odorous as balm? Look round, and all is happiness. In Spitalfields, the weaver, no longer tormented with the tedious and unmanly shuffling of his shuttle, roams in liberty through the streets, accompanied by his wife and children, who, disdaining to be indebted to the base mechanical labours of the mason or the carpenter, prefer the gorgeous and star-spangled canopy of the glorious firmament itself, as curtain to their bed. In Barnsley and Manchester, in Congleton and Sheffield, a similar repose from toil prevails, and their gallant youth, despising their former servile avocations, are training themselves to the blood-stirring trade of arms, or take lessons in eloquence and politics from the honeyed lips of a Flanagan or a Peter Hoey. A spirit of jocularity has seized on the ribbonmen of Coventry, and they divert themselves with facetious processions of master-manufacturers mounted on donkeys, with their faces to the tail, and liberally supplying them with the produce of the soil, applied to their persons and countenances, if not with much delicacy, yet with hearty good-will and plentiful abundance. Elsewhere the same pleasantry of disposition leads them to make ribbons, not of their silk, but their masters, and to rip out the intestinal canals of obnoxious non-employers by the surgical instrumentality of a bill-hook. The ship-owners, disdaining to extort money from the merchant, carry freights for prices which will not pay the breakfasts of their sailors—the iron-master is so good as to work for the benefit of the public, at a loss of a pound a-ton— the woolstapler clothes as many of the people as still cling to the ancient prejudices of being clothed, at prices

less than those which he promises to the farmer for his wool. The farmer himself, no more fatigued by following the profitless plough, sits at ease in a house unencumbered with furniture, and cheers himself, not with the stupifying extract of malt, but the pure and unadulterated fluid of the crystal spring—while in town, the merchant and trader are continually reminded of the propriety of dealing in ready-money transactions only, by the regular refusal of discount, and the unlimited protesting of their bills. True it is, that the customs and excise fall off—less moneys are paid in those obnoxious branches of revenue —but then, to compensate for that, the great domestic tax of the poor-laws is hourly increasing. Literature and morals are also on the rise. It is not only the illustrious order of the Gentlemen of the Press, a body of men unknown in the days of Alfred, and never employed, as Sharon Turner informs me, in reporting the useful debates of the Wittenagemot, who now contribute to the newspapers—for never does a week elapse without some fifty or sixty tradesmen of London supplying one paragraph a-piece to a paper published on Tuesdays and Fridays, under the name of the London Gazette, the editor of which, Mr Gregson, is paid the moderate sum of L.2000 a-year for his industrious and original labours; and morality is so protected, that of our three great theatres, which Mr Prynne (one of the members ejected by Colonel Pride) proved long ago to be vomitories of vice, where the women deserve to be eaten by dogs—because, like Jezabel, they paint their faces—one is shut up, or dependent upon pauper subscriptions, and the other two are obliged to send, one to France, and the other to America, for managers, no native being found sufficiently depraved to embark in such a business. It is needless to swell the catalogue of our joys. As Sir Christopher Wren's epitaph phrases it, *Si Monumentum* quæris—CIRCUMSPICE.

Of the Administration under which this flood of happiness has flowed upon us, what can be said?

Πως δ'αρ' σ' ὑμνησω παντως ἐυυμνον ἐοντα;

Is there a virtue under heaven with which it is not endowed? Purity of life, integrity of conduct, knowledge of equity, practice of piety, political consistency, cleanness of hand, singleness of purpose, dignity of personal fame, all these characterise those gifted individuals. How admirably each is qualified for his place! The Duke is first financier, on the strength of being a Field Marshal—the Chancellor of the Exchequer has studied for his office, by keeping up a correspondence with penniless Tipperary justices on the affairs of Eliogurty or Borris-o'-kane—the Chancellor is fitted for the woolsack by never having held an equity brief in his life—the Privy Seal is a Major-General, distinguished for having been second in a duel to a runaway Whig, who was at once Scotchman and attorney. Lord Aberdeen's foreign politics were learnt in an illustrious assembly, where the History of Whittington and his Cat is discussed, and admirable dissertations on old chamber-pots are poured into ears sesquipedal. Sir George Murray was taught the politics of our colonies in mess-rooms in Spain; and the destinies of India are aptly intrusted to Lord Ellenborough, because, like Samson, his glory lies in his locks. Of Mr Peel what need I speak? Is not his praise to be gathered from the voice of Oxford and Sir Manasseh? And why need I open my lips about the rest, seeing that their excessive modesty has always been so great, that nothing is known of their merits or abilities, except the simple but convincing fact of their being ministers? God knows why!

Happy people! favoured land! Farewell, then, Thomas Pride! Light be stones upon your bosom, and when a necessity arises for kicking out a parliament, may we have many a man ready to imitate your example!

WELLINGTON IN CADIZ; OR THE CONQUEROR AND THE CORTES.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF THE GREAT CAPTAIN.

The disastrous termination of the first British campaign in Spain, left an impression on the Spanish nation painfully humiliating to those who remained to witness its effects, and who were doomed to listen to reproaches uttered with all the bitterness of disappointed hope on the good faith of Great Britain, and on the courage and constancy of her troops. Indignant hatred succeeded those feelings of admiration and gratitude with which the presence of our army was hailed on its first appearance on the Spanish territory.

The Spaniard of the north found himself abandoned to his fate after every mode of excitement had been used to rouse the whole population to resist the invader. Proclamations, containing promises of support, had been distributed in every town and village. British arms and British gold had been profusely lavished—the feeling of national enthusiasm had been wound up to its utmost height, when the inconceivable inactivity of our fine army at Salamanca created sad forebodings in the mind of those who saw the fatal error of that delay, which subsequent events but too painfully verified. The time for action was unhappily consumed in peevish correspondence between the British Commander-in-Chief and his Majesty's Ambassador at Madrid: and the winter had already set in with more than usual severity ere the brave but unfortunate *Moore* (with all the fine qualities of his great mind obscured by doubts and prejudices) commenced that calamitous march, which, to him, ended in a glorious grave—to his army—in the loss of all but its honour!

Heavily and awfully did the exasperated enemy visit on the head of the devoted Gallician the crime of his patriotism—with a country desolated from the shores of Biscay to the plains of Leon, (alike the destructive work of the pursued, and pursuing army), overwhelmed by numbers and by discipline, the half organized troops of the north retired in sullen desperation to the fastnesses of their native mountains, and from thence carried on that species of petty annoyance, which, although it inflicted but partial and inconsequential injury on the invader, kept alive that inveterate spirit of hostility, which gave such a savage character to Guerilla warfare.

The possession of Gallicia and its resources enabled Soult to follow up his first success by maturing his arrangements for the second invasion of Portugal, which he effected early in the ensuing spring; not, however, without a brave but ineffectual resistance on the part of the Portuguese forces under Silviera, in the provinces of Tras os Montes, and Entre Douro y Minho, who disputed his advance foot by foot, until the power of their numbers bore down further opposition, and the 29th of March saw Soult in possession of Oporto, after three days' fighting in the suburbs and streets. The advance of this much-extolled Marshal might have been traced in footsteps of blood!—scenes of murder, rapine, and plunder were perpetrated by his troops, at which the heart sickens and revolts. It stands recorded, (on the authority of an eye-witness, whose veracity is as unquestionable as his courage in the field has at all times been conspicuous,) that the streets of the towns of Chaves, Braga, and Oporto, were literally "*strewed with the victims of that merciless conqueror.*"

Thus master of the principal city and towns of the north of Portugal, (while Marshal Victor, with a corps of 25,000 men hovered over its eastern frontier,) Soult prepared his army for an advance upon the capital—the inhabitants of which awaited with fearful anxiety the second immolation of their homes and altars. The few British troops left in Portugal after the march of Sir John Moore's army, had received a trifling addition by the junction of the brigade of the late Sir Allan Cameron, which by forced marches had effected a timely retreat on Portugal

during the calamitous retreat on Coruña. With this handful of men (not altogether ten thousand) Sir John Cradock took up a defensive position in front of Lisbon. This officer had been sent out from England the preceding winter to assume the command in Portugal, when the expectations of his Majesty's Government were sanguine in the success of our army in Spain. The melancholy results of that expedition were then but little anticipated, and the security of the kingdom of Portugal was never for a moment doubted. The grand reinforcements, therefore, were dispatched to Gallicia under that distinguished veteran, Sir David Baird.

It would be unfair to withhold from Sir John Cradock (now Lord Howden) the merit of presenting so bold a front to the enemy with such limited means; but the arrival of Major-General Hill in the Tagus on the 4th of April, with a reinforcement of 6,000 men, enabled Sir John to make preparations for acting on the offensive. The guns of the forts on the river (which as a measure of caution had been dismantled) were remounted, and the posts once more strongly garrisoned.

By a decree of the Regency, the whole of the male population of the metropolis and its environs, to the extent of some leagues, were called to arms; and with this defence covering the approaches to Lisbon, Sir John boldly pushed forward his army for the north, with the view of dislodging Soult from Oporto. But even these demonstrations, although they in some measure allayed, did not altogether dispel, the deep anxiety felt by all classes for the safety of Lisbon—the melancholy scenes of the preceding year recurred to their memory—the judicial murders—the plunderings—confiscations—the insults and imprisonments of the insolent and rapacious Junot, were dwelt on with fearful anticipations for the future.

Matters were in this critical state when, on the 22d April, the arrival of the Conqueror of Vimiera, on the Tagus, was announced by a general salvo of artillery. The news spread like lightning, and the most boundless joy diffused itself amongst all ranks. WELLESLEY and VICTORY had already become synonymous terms with the Portuguese nation; that NAME, more than the splendid reinforcement by which he was accompanied, acted like a charm upon the general feeling, and spread hope and confidence, where all before was doubt and terror. Not only Lisbon, but all that portion of Portugal free from an enemy, became a blaze of illumination when the cheering intelligence reached the interior: and those hopes which the misfortunes of the British in Gallicia had almost annihilated, were now revived in every heart.

Already had Sir John Cradock's army reached the town of Leiria, when its further advance was suspended by that brief and characteristic order, which first announced a change of commanders,

" *The Army will Halt!!!*"

* * * * * * * * * *

The troops received with shouts of delight the intelligence, that their beloved and respected commander, whose victorious banners they had fought and bled to plant with triumph on the soil of Portugal, was once more destined to lead them on to conquest. The heights of Roliça, at that moment within view, recalled with proud recollection, the glorious seventeenth of August, 1808, when the British soldier first measured strength with the "Invincibles" of France, in the Peninsula, and made them feel his superior prowess. The old soldiers giving way to demonstrations of joy, (very unusual in a British army,) loudly cheered the staff-officers who first appeared with the intelligence, and swaggered about arm-in-arm, huzzaing and shouting " *Wellesley for ever!!*"

On the 6th of May, a review of the British and Portuguese troops took place on a plain near Coimbra, by the new Commander-in-chief, who could read in the look of manly confidence which beamed in every eye, how entirely he possessed the heart of his troops. The following morning the army commenced that memorable march which, in five days, brought them to Oporto, and to victory!

Thus, in a brief but brilliant campaign, were the disasters of the British army at Coruña nobly avenged. The Gallicians saw their tyrant repass their frontier with his forces

broken, beaten, and dispirited,—beaten by those very Britons on whose name and nation their bitterest reproaches still fell fast and heavily; so deeply had the unfortunate events of the preceding winter infected the mind of the Spaniard!

While emancipated Portugal rung with the sounds of rejoicing from the Minho to the Guadiano, Spain, in gloomy silence, neither acknowledged the value of the victory, nor the merit of the victors; the memory of Coruña lay heavy at its heart, but it was reserved for the immortal Wellington to conquer this distrust, and by a series of glorious achievements drown the memory of past misfortune in the tide of victory. When at a more advanced period of the war, the Spaniards saw the British colours (united with their own) proudly floating over the battlements of lofty Cuidad Rodrigo, and the all but impregnable Badajoz, the trophies of British valour; when they saw the best troops of France beaten in every battle, although led on by those Marshals whose name had spread terror throughout Europe wherever their victorious eagles had been displayed—their capital freed from the pollution of the invader—their seaports opened—their commerce revived—the great council of the nation, which held its first deliberations under the shelter of the British cannon, maturing plans for the consolidation of the national strength—then, and not till then, did the whole people unite in acknowledging its arrear of gratitude to the army of its generous ally, or render universal homage to its invincible leader.

But while the people were everywhere grateful and enthusiastic, there was a cankerworm in the state which paralysed their energies, and by its withering influence dried up the sinews of the country's strength. Armies, which under brave and skilful commanders might have redeemed the errors of the past, and renewed the fame of former ages, by placing Spain once more in the brilliant page of history as a warlike nation—these were committed into the hands of the corrupt and cowardly minions of the old court of Madrid, who, alike destitute of talents and of courage, sunk into merited disgrace, as one by one they sacrificed their sacred charge. Army after army was raised under the same pernicious system, only to perish in the field, or be led into inglorious captivity! Imbecility, obstinacy, and timidity, marked all the proceedings of the generals of the old school; while vanity, ignorance, and want of that cool courage which alone qualifies for command, were the vices of those of the new, who in the Revolution sprung from the subordinate ranks of life into authority and command. Untaught by the lessons of defeat and adversity which their forces were every day experiencing, the feeble or *faithless* governments successively sunk into the same degree of criminal supineness and neglect.

Although invested with the *rank* of Captain-General, the powers which should have belonged to him as Generalissimo were withheld from the British Chief, or neutralized by those exercised by the Spanish Generals, *nominally* under his orders, (and whose usefulness entirely depended on obedience and unity of action,) but who invariably resisted or evaded the arrangements marked out for their course of operation. The same ill-fated spirit of intrigue, jealousy, and discord, which rendered Cuesta with his 30,000 men worse than useless at Talavera in 1809, still shed its baneful influence over those who succeeded to command in 1812; and who, without any of his virtues, (for the old general was not without some,) possessed all his failings. Thus, although powerful in numerical force, the Spanish army had not progressed one point in courage or discipline during five years of war—it had, in fact, become burdensome to the country, and formidable to its friends. In this state of affairs, one thing alone presented itself to avert the entire disruption of the military power of Spain, now held together (with the exception of the independent Guerilla Chiefs) by that feeble and corrupt system to which that country already owed its degradation and misfortunes. The one thing needful, was to place in the hands of the victorious Wellington, the actual as well as nominal command of the remaining forces of the kingdom. Already had the British hero for four years suffered the tug of war to

bear on his own and the Anglo-Portuguese army; while, with a prudence equal to the other qualities of his mighty mind, he abstained from angry remonstrance and complaint. But the events which followed the raising of the siege of Burgos in October, 1812, convinced our chief that half measures were no longer reconcileable with the safety of his own army, or the success of that cause in which Great Britain had so deeply and generously embarked.

Negotiations were accordingly opened about this period, between his Majesty's ambassador at Cadiz, and the government of the kingdom, for the accomplishment of that vital object. On such an important and delicate task, Sir Henry Wellesley proceeded with all that tact and quiet perseverance for which he is so eminently distinguished; and which not only the sensitive pride of the Spaniards, but also the secret intrigues of the enemies to British alliance, rendered so peculiarly necessary at that juncture.

To concede to a foreigner the supreme command, would at once stamp the inefficiency of their countrymen; while the strong and unanswerable argument, that from the Revolutionary War of five years, not one man sprung up possessed of talents and courage to wield the natural powers of a country full of resources, and of a people brave by nature, warlike by habit, and exasperated by invasion and oppression, was a fact which must have struck the timid Regency, as it did the people at large, with the utter inutility of their own army, as then depressed and misgoverned; yet it was one on which, of all others, policy demanded silence. The means of salvation were apparent to all, but the great difficulty lay in bringing those means into effective operation, without risking that harmony which it was to the advantage of Great Britain (equally with Spain) to preserve by any experimental measure, which by possibility might wound the national pride.

The proposal to incorporate the Spanish army with the British, under the same arrangements as those adopted with respect to the Anglo-Portuguese, was, from the first, haughtily negatived,—while, by an inconsistency only to be accounted for by the capricious character of the Spaniard in matters of national taste and feeling, the government allowed the British officers, Whittingham, Doyle, Rocke, Carroll, Downie, and others, to organize and command *whole divisions*, (clothed and equipped, it is true, at the expense of England,) bestowing on those gallant individuals a rank in the Spanish service far superior to that which they held in their own, or could in fact aspire to, under a long series of years of toilsome service.

Amongst the liberal and enlightened members of the Cortes, Sir Henry Wellesley had created a host of powerful supporters, all zealously desirous, on patriotic grounds, of furthering his views, yet with him equally alive to the influence of that secret Junta of Serviles, *behind the throne*, which it required all their address to neutralize, or subdue, before the great consummation of their hopes and wishes could be effected.

Secure of the support of the whole of the *Liberal* side, and confident of the personal esteem of *all* parties in the Cortes, the ambassador cautiously, but unceasingly, pursued the object of his solicitude; and having at length brought the majority of that assembly to the favourable consideration of this important question, one thing more appeared desirable as the crowning effort;—that was, the appearance of Wellington himself in the scene then acting.

This, however, (in the yet unsettled state of the provinces, torn with the contentions of parties, together with the cabals which agitated the Cabinet and Cortes,) was a step requiring the most profound caution. The plan first contemplated, was that of a private embarkation at Lisbon, by which means, it was hoped, the arrival of the Duke in the Bay of Cadiz might be accomplished, before the circumstance of his departure from the Tagus could be known to the Spanish government or the *Anti-English* party in the Cabinet, who, thus taken by surprise, would feel themselves compelled to yield to the general voice. But the uncertainty attendant on all operations where the elements are the chief agents, rendered that plan objectionable; and it was accordingly abandoned. After much consideration, it was at length

decided to attempt the journey by land, with such a degree of rapidity and secrecy as should baffle all conjecture as to the rank or destination of the illustrious traveller, until the moment when concealment should be no longer necessary. To those who know the traitorous intrigues by which the best exertions of the British government for the security of the Spanish throne and nation were so often thwarted and embarrassed, such precautions will not appear superfluous. But here a fresh difficulty arose; the means of transport throughout the whole line of country which the Duke must pass through, on his route for Cadiz, had been so exhausted by the sweeping devastations of the enemy, during the three years' previous occupation, and on the retreat of the French from Andalusia, as to destroy all expectation of accomplishing the object without a previous and extensive preparation by the Director-general of Posts, a step which would defeat all hopes of secrecy. Some new and extraordinary measure became necessary; accordingly, confidential persons attached to the British commissariat (of a sufficiently humble class of life to lull all suspicions) were selected, and provided with funds for the purchase of draft mules, ostensibly for the use of the army, were to be dispatched towards Estramadura, but with *secret* orders to station at certain posts—chiefly obscure towns—a portion of the mules thus provided, to be held in constant readiness to move at a moment's warning. The muleteer to whom this charge was intrusted, selected his three brothers as the companions of his confidential mission, and embarked in the latter end of November for the Puerto Santa Maria; and having dispersed themselves through the country, in a short time procured and deposited at the several points of rendezvous the requisite number of animals, where they remained unobserved, waiting the moment of being called into action.

In the meantime, matters were approaching to a favourable crisis in the Cortes—the friends of British connexion daily urging on the ambassador the necessity of his noble relative's presence, whilst he, with due diplomatic reserve, affected to consider it as an event more to be hoped for than immediately expected.

Things were in this state of feverish doubt on the one side, and of intense anxiety on the other, when at the break of day, 21st December, the unexpected information rung in the ears of the astonished Regency, that the *Great Wellington* was at their gates!

So admirably well managed had been all the arrangements for the journey, and so zealously and faithfully executed,* that his Grace had arrived at Xeres de la Frontera before his proximity to the seat of government was announced. All cause for longer secrecy had now ceased. Cadiz, within a few hours, would embrace within her walls the first hero of the age—the idol of every brave and loyal Spaniard, and the terror of the traitor!

Great, but hurried preparations were made by the government to greet the conqueror, with all the honours due to his rank and services, on his arrival, which, calculating on their own dilatory habits, was not expected before the evening. A royal carriage was sent round to Puerto Real for the use of the Duke, while the state barge was dispatched to await his orders at Puerto Santa Maria. But during the tedious progress of these preparations, his Grace, ever prompt and unostentatious in his movements, had already embarked on board a British man-of-war's boat; and during all the fury of a fierce

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* At the last stage of the journey back, the Duke went into the common kitchen of the posada, in search of his faithful mayoral, Pedro (the chief muleteer.) He found him regaling himself with his morning's repast, a *gaspacho*. Laying his hand on the shoulder of the astonished Pedro, he desired to know *how he could reward his fidelity?* The answer was prompt, and characteristic of these extraordinary people. There was *one* silver spoon visible. "*Taste of my breakfast,*" was the answer. The Duke instantly complied, and praised the dish; on which the delighted Pedro instantly purchased dish and spoon of the posadera, both which he triumphantly brought back to Cadiz, to be preserved in his *family for ever!* On his arrival there, he found the Duke had generously ordered him a present of Fifty Guineas!

Levant wind, he cut his passage across the foaming bay, accompanied by his excellency Sir Henry Wellesley, who on that day, after a separation of four years, embraced a beloved brother, rendered doubly dear by his perils and his victories.

Entering by the sea-gate about the hour of two, the Duke, accompanied by the ambassador, walked through the market-place of St Juan de Dios, and up the Calle St Francisco, almost unobserved. The busy crowds which at an earlier and a later period of the day throng that populous quarter of the city, were now sunk in the silent siesta. A few boys, however, to whom the *Great Wellington* had been endeared by the songs of praise chanted by the blind minstrels of the street, having obtained information of the name of their illustrious visitor, followed him with shrill and ardent cries of "*Viva! viva! viva!* Grande Vellington!"

The soup-gorged citizens, roused from their slumbers, shook off the drowsy dream, and sprung, half clothed, into the streets, pouring their sonorous shout of joy and welcome into the ears of the silent but observant Duke. A quarter of an hour brought them to the Plaza St Antonio. By the time of his arrival there, half Cadiz was on foot, male and female. Boys ran by his side to seize and kiss his hand; the graceful obeisances of the fair greeted him on every side; the whole area of the Plaza soon became filled with persons of all ranks, from the grandee to the gallego—monks of all orders—officers of all grades! On his appearance in the Square, every head was uncovered: not a sound was uttered: respectful silence sealed every lip; but every heart beat high with admiration, and every eye was fixed upon the hero. The Duke returned this universal homage by keeping his hat in hand, raised above his head, during his progress through the respectfully receding crowd.

He was dressed in a light grey frock, without the slightest ornament, white pantaloons, and Hessian boots. The only part of his attire which marked his military rank, was the feathered hat of the general, with the embroidered loop. Nothing could be plainer than his dress; yet there was that indescribable dignity in his whole appearance which seemed "to give the world assurance of a man," and a GREAT ONE! As he left the square to pass into the Calle Veedor, he turned to the admiring crowd, of whom he then took leave by a graceful wave of his hat. This was the signal for one heart-delighting "VIVA!" which rent the air. It was a spontaneous burst from the heart of an admiring people, and Wellington must, at that moment, have felt all its worth.

Conducted to the house allotted for his reception in the above *calle*, (street), he was immediately afterwards waited upon by the Governor and his staff, the ministers of state, and other public functionaries, to congratulate him on his safe arrival; while the Regency issued orders for holding a grand court on the following day for his formal introduction. Although the Duke had travelled night and day, scarcely allowing himself two hours' repose in each, his appearance betrayed no signs of fatigue or exhaustion. On the contrary, he was in excellent health and spirits, and readily accepted an invitation to attend the tertullia of the old Princesa Be——te on the same evening; the pleasures of which he enjoyed with the utmost vivacity until long after midnight.

The powerful influence which this extraordinary woman exercised in the court of the weak Charles the Fourth and the meretricious Maria Louisa, had rendered her an object of dread, and forced respect in the former reign; and even at the period referred to, when the downfall of that power (under which her influence had grown and flourished) was complete, she held a secret and powerful ascendency in the councils of the state. The Princesa was the acknowledged representative of the remnant of the courtly circle of the abdicated monarch. There were many who still cherished the hope of the restoration of Charles and Maria Louisa to the throne; and, faithful to their wishes, clung to the GODOY System, although outwardly professing the most enthusiastic attachment to the "*beloved Fernando.*" In fact, Spain was never at any moment more the victim of courtly intrigue than at this unfortunate crisis, when all that gives dignity to thrones and courts was in exile and in misfortune.

This veteran in the policy of palaces had another object (besides that of upholding her well-understood influence) in view, by courting the friendship of the conqueror; nor was his Grace, then, for the first time, to learn the value of the support of the Princesa's party, in the great military arrangements then pending. Her son-in-law (the Marquis de St C——) had been for some time a prisoner to the French—every effort to effect his release had hitherto proved unsuccessful, and she now probably hoped to obtain that object through the means of our hero. Depending, therefore, on that influence which a knowledge of all the secret springs of government bestowed on her, she proffered her friendship, with a certainty of its being gratefully accepted—while the fascinations of the young and lovely Marquesa, then residing with her mother, in a state of very *un-Penelope-like* widowhood, no doubt entered into her calculations, as affording additional hopes for the more speedy realization of her wishes. The character of the great Wellington for gallantry had (by some free-masonry of the sex) travelled before him; and certainly no man, whether soldier or courtier, was more completely master of those warm and tender assiduities which are ever so acceptable to the fair sex, when offered with delicacy and respect, than was our hero; or ever more successful in their application. His reception at the Tertullia was delightful; and the impression he made on this, his first visit, fully established his character, that the hero who had proved his invincibility in the field, was equally irresistible in the saloon, or cabinet!

The next day was celebrated in Cadiz as a "*Dia de Fiesta*"—the bells rung in all the churches, and at an early hour the whole population of Cadiz was in a bustle; St Antonia and St Francisco were honoured with clean frills and *washed* faces, while the naked beauties of Nuestra Señora del Carma were enveloped in the colours of England, Spain, and Portugal! Immediately after mass, the Plaza de St Antonio was thronged with crowds of both sexes—the ladies in Mantilla Blanca, (that emblem of out-door gala,) the gentlemen in full costume. If here and there a sombre, outrée figure appeared, wrapt up in the remains of superannuated finery, (looking as faded and filthy as an *old court card* in a fortune-teller's pack,) one could not err in setting him down for a grandee of the *Ancienne Regime!*—of which class numbers—for it is the peculiar talent of this extraordinary people—found a refuge in Cadiz, after disappearing from the courtly circle for upwards of a quarter of a century. The *Majo* * and his *Querida*, from the Bario de la Vina, (the St George's Fields of Cadiz,) flaunted with a light and unembarrassed air through the Plaza, amidst the crowd of gay nobility (even of the humblest rank) to be able to assume the grace and ease of the higher orders, without ever offending, by vulgar impertinence or rude encroachment. This happy ingredient in the lot of humble life being met on the part of the higher classes by the most cordial condescension and kindness of deportment, produces that reciprocity of politeness and good feeling, which appeared so incomprehensible to many of our travelling *John Bulls;* who never could be brought to understand, why the lord or prince of one hundred towns and titles, should be at once so proud, yet so kind and condescending, or the man of one hundred *reals* † so poor, yet so happy and so civilized!

Glowing like golden spangles amongst the sable-clad beauties of Andalusia, the Spanish dragoons cut a most conspicuous figure; their bright *brimstone*-coloured coats loaded with silver embroidery, (like Lady Aylesbury's footman on a birth-day,) formed a curious, but not unpleasing contrast with the black Basquina of the lovely Gaditana. The weather was most auspicious—the blustering Levant wind had past away—the lately agitated bay now shone like a mighty mirror, reflecting on its polished bosom the tall masts of the British squadron, and the towering summits of the distant Rondo. Although within a few days of the end of the year, the serenity and mildness of the air was equal to our first bright days of a forward spring.

* The "*Man of the Fancy*" and his "Dear."

† Real, about 2½d.

About the hour of twelve the Ambassador's carriage, containing the Duke and his secretary, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, appeared, moving slowly round the square, on its route to the Aduana, where the Regency were lodged. During his progress, the liveliest manifestations of respect were shown by the delighted crowd to the hero—who saw himself the centre of attraction to thousands of the most brilliant eyes in the universe—"*Vivas!*" were lisped from beneath the canopy of glittering fans, sparkling in the sun, while the varied-plumed hats of the military, as waving in the air, (accompanied by loud cheers), formed a pleasing *coup-d'œil.*

The ceremony of presentation was not of long duration; all the circumstances attending it were most satisfactory to both parties. His Grace was cordially welcomed by the Regency; the President of which, in a complimentary speech, dwelt on his splendid career of victory; and invoked the blessing of Heaven, and the prayers of Liberated Spain on his person and arms! On withdrawing to the antechamber, he was surrounded by a host of the nobility—ministers and superior officers of the Spanish army, all anxious to pay their respects. His reception was as warm, and *apparently* cordial, as his most anxious friends could wish.

On the return of the cavalcade, now swelled to a procession, by the junction of the British General and Field-officers, the Consul, and the heads of departments of the British division, the cheers and greetings of the assembled multitude were, if possible, more loud and enthusiastic than before.

The head of the landau having been lowered, his Grace's figure was more amply developed; then the torrent of female eloquence broke forth in flattering observations on the person of the hero, which he repaid with smiles of kindness, holding out his hand, which many ladies eagerly grasped at—glancing from the chief to his secretary, (whose fine and ruddy countenance, glowing with health and delight, smiled on all around)—they cried, "* *Mirar el rubio!*"—"*Hay! que buenmoso muchacho!*"—"*Qui ojos picaron!*" Spanish women are above the affectation of repressing their sentiments of pleasure or dislike; and Lord Fitzroy was destined to hear his manly beauties praised with all the ardour of the Spanish female character. The carriage retraced its course, cheered, but uninterrupted—It was not impeded by a vulgar impatient mob; there was no necessity for guards or *police officers* to preserve *order* in that land of urbanity and true politeness—no vile pickpocket reaped his harvest in these unguarded moments of joy and loyalty; no defenceless women or children were trampled under foot with heedless barbarity!—These are the peculiar attributes of that *free* and *moral* country, which professes to "*teach other nations* HOW *to live!*" The child might there have revelled in the joyous scene, and in its very helplessness have found its best protection!

A grand dinner, given by the First Ministers of State to the Duke, to which many of the distinguished members of the Cortes (of both sides) were invited, added to the festivities of the day, and late in the evening his Grace again honoured with his presence the Tertullia of the Princesa B——, which on that night shone with peculiar splendour, the *élite* of the nobility—and all that was brilliant and beautiful of that order in Cadiz—having been assembled at it. The delighted Marquesa, seizing the Duke as her own conquest, introduced him individually to all the grandees; and here it was that the "Tu" was first spontaneously accorded to him; an admission of equality, of which the ancient grandees are most sensitively tenacious, and which Godoy, the Prince of Peace, even in the very zenith of his power, could not extort from ancient Castilian pride, and which was only servilely bestowed by the modern nobility, the creatures of his corrupt influence.

If general admiration and attention, on the part of the fair, could render our hero happy during this brief repose from war's alarms, nothing was wanting to its completion. And when it is considered, that, be-

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* Look, look, at the ruddy man—What a handsome youth! What roguish eyes!

sides being the first warrior of the age, a character sufficiently attractive to the women of every clime, the Duke was in person and manners every way calculated to inspire it, in the prime of life, crowned with hard-earned laurels of victory—"with all his blushing honours thick upon him"—this admiration of the gentle sex was quite natural. His Grace was then little more than forty years of age; neither the toils of war, the ravages of climate, nor the cares of council, had marked his manly countenance with a single furrow. His form moved in perfect ease and gracefulness—the austerity of the warrior's brow relaxed at once into the smile of the courtier, or warmed into the ardent gaze of the admirer, as alternately addressed by rank, by youth, and beauty.

The next day, a dinner at the ambassador's united many of the Spanish nobility, the Ministry, and public functionaries, to enjoy his Grace's society. Amongst the foreign ministers present was the Cardinal Priuli, the Pope's Nuncio, who had the happiness of hearing the health of his Holiness Pius VII. proposed, "ex cathedra," and drunk with "*three times three*"—a compliment which the jolly cardinal (with true Catholic humour) returned, by toasting, "*La Madre de Sto Patricio, con todos honores.*" *

The entertainment passed off with great *eclat*, and the most perfect harmony. Breaking up at an early hour, according to the custom of the south, the greater portion of the party repaired from the banquet to the theatre, which on that occasion was splendidly illuminated. The box destined for the reception of his Grace was tastefully fitted up, decorated with laurel branches and choice flowers, culled, it was hinted, by fair and *noble* hands. The play originally selected for representation on that night, was "El Vergonsoso en Palacio;" but whether some of the incidents of that piece were considered a little too warm for even Spanish delicacy, or from certain other nameless reasons, the less piquant comedy, "*El Si de las Ninas*" was substituted; while, in compliment to our national habits, and to their illustrious visitor, the Spanish parody on our "God save the King"† was chanted half-a-dozen times in the course of the night.

An Interlude succeeded, founded on the very simple event of a sergeant of a detachment in a country village recounting his adventures in a grand battle; in which Wellington, of course, figured as the hero of the fight, and gave occasion to many fulsome compliments being let off; some of which it was his duty to acknowledge, in gratitude for the rapturous bursts of applause with which the audience caught up every allusion to his deeds of arms, but to many others of which, all hero as he was, he dared not lay claim—such as slaying and cutting off the heads of divers French Marshals and Generals with his own gallant sword! A truly laughable Synaté, or genuine Spanish farce, and one of the best of Calderon's—that from which our "Village Lawyer" was purloined—seemed to give the highest satisfaction to the Duke and his happy party, and sent the whole away in perfect good-humour to his Grace's house, where a *petit souper* had been prepared for as many of the nobility as could be assembled *sans ceremonie.* During the hasty preparations for this entertainment, a temporary orchestra was fitted up in the street in front of the Duke's house. All the musical talents of Cadiz, amateur and professional, volunteered their services to do honour to his Grace and his guests, who were treated with an admirable concert and midnight serenade, under the direction of the tasteful Moretti;‡ between the acts of which the celebrated impro-

* "The mother of St Patrick, with ALL honours."

† Viva Fernando,
Jorge Terciro,
Viva las dos! &c.—A mere doggerel at best.

‡ Brigadier-General Frederico Moretti, a Neapolitan by birth, whose skill as a performer on, and composer for, the Spanish guitar, recommended him to the notice of the old Queen of Spain, who promoted him from the grand *orchestra* to the grand *parade*; where his rise from captain to brigadier-general was soon accomplished, under the same powerful patronage.

visator, Ariasa, recited complimentary verses on the Conqueror, which deserved a better fate than the oblivion to which they were consigned after that joyous night.

The grand, the important day had now arrived, that was to bring the Great Captain of the Age before the Assembly of the Spanish Nation. Supreme command had been conferred on him, without one dissenting voice; the future destinies of Spain were placed in the hands of a stranger, who was that day to accept the important charge, from the representatives of the Spanish people of both hemispheres. It was a trying moment for the great Wellington, but he was equal to it all!

His arrival in the antechamber of the Cortes having been announced, a thrilling sense of anxiety seemed to pervade the whole assembly. Every eye was directed towards the grand entrance. At length the curtains were drawn, and the Hero approached the table, dressed in the full costume of a Captain-General in the Spanish army, having been attended to the entrance of the chamber by a party of the *Royal Body Guard*. A buzz of admiration ran through the house, in which the panting auditors joined, even with the fear of instant expulsion before them; the whole assembly spontaneously rose at once, to receive their Liberator—their OWN Hero, as they now deemed him!

With a firm but respectful step he approached the table, making the usual obeisances to the throne and to the house—the silver bell of the President—thrice tolled—proclaimed silence—an awful stillness followed—the President, in a speech of considerable length, pronounced the decree of the Government and Cortes which invested His Grace with supreme command, and with all the powers and authority of Generalissimo and Commander-in-Chief of the whole of the Spanish forces. Delicately forbearing to lay any stress on the extent of the confidence thus reposed in him, the President recapitulated, in eloquent and appropriate terms, the series of splendid victories which had already marked the Hero's career, and, in conclusion, expressed his own and the nation's happiness in placing such powers in the hands of an illustrious warrior, whose deeds had shed a lustre on the present age—whom Spain would ever reckon amongst the dearest objects of her regard and pride—and whose name would descend to the latest posterity, crowned with the attributes of all that was great and glorious in our nature.

The silence of the grave was not more awful than that which followed the President's well-delivered eulogium, when Wellington, unfolding a paper which he drew from his breast, prepared to read his reply. Perhaps there is not on record another instance of a more bold experiment having been attempted. But Wellington was not the man of every age.—To the astonishment of the whole assembly, he replied in the SPANISH LANGUAGE!!! reading every syllable of his speech, with pure accent, with the most powerful emphasis, and in those parts which more immediately expressed his personal feelings, adding an action to the words which doubled their force. The electrical effect produced by the closing sentence baffles all description!—Order was for the moment destroyed; deputies sprung from their seats to bestow the viva and the embrace! Our Hero found it impossible to divide his acknowledgments for the compliments and praises which on every side poured in on him like an overwhelming torrent, and which the human heart, however fortified by courage and philosophy, could not resist. He must be more, or less, than man, who, at such a moment, did not allow some of the tenderest emotions of our nature to assert a temporary sway. To the honour of our great Hero be it recorded, that even he could not articulate those thanks which his proud and swelling heart must have dictated on receiving such genuine proofs of noble and patriotic feeling.

The subdued and delighted President (affected almost to tears) held up his inverted bell without the power to ring the peal that called to order! But this scene was one which could not last; it was such as may be conceived, but one which no pen, nor tongue, nor pencil, could describe. At length the faint, and,

as it seemed, *reluctant* tinkle recalled the deputies to their places. The Hero gracefully retired, receiving at his exit one general "Viva," which resounded through the vaulted roof, in which the venerable President, with arms uplifted, as in the act of benediction, most fervently joined!

To have beheld such a scene, was to have lived long enough. Not all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war could equal that proud moment—armies had dissolved beneath the victorious sword of the Conqueror, thousands had perished in the field of honour—but here was a bloodless victory, the *Conquest of a* Nation's *heart!*

The church of St Filipe had been converted into a Chamber of Assembly for the Cortes; it was filled to its utmost capacity on this occasion. Previous to entering his carriage, the Duke stood for a few minutes conversing with some of the deputies in the grand area of the church. The crowds which surrounded him, chiefly females, enjoyed a closer view of his person, now set off by all the splendour of dress. They frequently addressed him, and to their delight were answered with great kindness and good humour in their own language. His richly embroidered blue coat and SCARLET breeches, came in for their share of praise, with the more admired wearer—the women's verdict on the Hero was conclusive—he was, according to their view, "*an hombre perfecto*"—and "*falto nader*"! *

This day the Duke had the honour of entertaining the members of the Government at the house provided for him, and the entertainment exhibited the most splendid liberality. The whole of the Ambassador's household, dressed in rich liveries, with all the respectable *employés* that could be mustered, attending—while the band of the Spanish Guards enlivened the scene.

During the whole of this interesting visit, the Duke declined all military honours from the British troops—his guard of honour, band, and orderly officers, were all from the Royal Guards of Spain.

The following day his Grace had fixed for the inspection of the whole of the position of the Isla de Leon. He accordingly was on horseback at eight the next morning. On his way to Isla, he minutely examined the formidable *Corta Dura*, about a mile from Cadiz, and afterwards *Puntales*, which deserves attention from the circumstances attending its brave and obstinate defence. Although repeatedly reduced to ruins by the shot and shells from the Trocadero, it was nevertheless maintained to the last, and existed even then a striking monument of the fury with which it had been assailed, and the bravery and skill by which that post was so nobly sustained during a cannonade of two-and-thirty months! It had been calculated that not less than 30,000 shot and shells had struck the fort during the siege.† Proceeding onward to the Isla, the Duke was received by the division under the

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* A perfect man!—whom nothing could improve.

† The Fort of Puntales stands in such a prominently advanced situation in the Bay of Cadiz, that although it had the power to inflict the severest injury on the enemy's advanced batteries, it was for the same reason exposed to an extraordinary share of mischief. It was, for a length of time, commanded by a Lieutenant Brett, of that distinguished corps the Royal Artillery, who, had he survived the campaign of 1812, would have boasted of more *hair-breadth scapes* than most men. Having been almost buried in his little fort half a score times during the siege—having survived the blowing-up of his magazine, the destruction of his little garrison and troops again and again—after having repulsed several attempts at invasion in the dead of night, by powerful numbers, he maintained his dangerous post, unhurt himself by shot or shell, as if "*he bore a charmed life.*" After all these perils and escapes, and having had the honour of pouring a *farewell volley of 18-pounders* on the retreating French, when evacuating the Trocadero, this gallant officer was slain a few weeks after by a *random shot*, while reconnoitring near the Triana Bridge at Seville, September 1812. A monument to his memory has been erected on the fatal spot on which this meritorious officer closed his brave and honourable career.

command of Major-General Cooke; after reviewing which, and also the Spanish troops, his Grace performed his tour of inspection, commencing on the right bank of the river Santa Petri, and pursuing the whole line of defence to the naval arsenal of Caraccas. The attention which the Duke bestowed upon the several points of defence planned by, and executed under the orders of that distinguished officer, General Lord Lynedoch, proved the importance which he attached to this strong position; and the satisfaction his Grace expressed in the whole arrangements, proved how highly they merited that which they received—unqualified praise.

The Duke returned, accompanied by General Cooke, to Cadiz, where be was to meet at a dinner, given by the Ambassador, all the most respectable merchants of Cadiz, headed by their venerable Consul, the late Sir James Duff. These being principally Irish, or the descendants of Irish, their national pride was gratified in sharing the splendid hospitalities of his Majesty's representative at the same board with their renowned countryman. In all these arrangements, the Ambassador shewed his good tact. All persons saw the Hero, and all in their proper circle.

On the day of the civic dinner a question was debated in the Cortes, which terminated in a new triumph for the Hero. A motion having been made, to confer on "Generalissimo *the Duke of Cuidad Rodrigo, the Order of the Toison de Oro,*" (*Golden Fleece,*) it was on the point of being carried by acclamation, when a meddling priest (who was afterwards confessor to the beloved Fernando) implored the Cortes to hesitate, urging, that although a crown was but an inadequate reward for the services of the Great Wellington, yet in the name of their holy religion—Here the murmurs, now swelled to uproar, silenced the priest. These obnoxious objections were heard with indignation, and a Peruvian deputy, with all his country's fire in his heart, started to the Tribune, and cried, "PERISH ALL ODIOUS DISTINCTIONS! Did the Great Wellington, when he drew his sword for our country and our liberty, ask for whom he fought the battle? Did he enquire whether he risked his valued life for Catholic or for heretic? No; he fought for the liberty of human nature, without reference to creed, to country, or to colour! Shall we, then, be found so mean, so narrow-hearted, as to withhold one honour which we have yet the power to bestow? Forbid it, Spaniards! Let our united acclamations confer a distinction, which is more honoured by his acceptance, than by our bestowal!"

That distinguished orator and patriot, Don Augustin Arguelles, followed, and took that occasion to pronounce a glowing eulogium on the transcendent services of the Duke. The speech of this highly-gifted man, which would have done honour to the best days of ancient Roman eloquence, was greeted on all sides, and frequently interrupted, by the most enthusiastic expressions of approbation. "Concededa! concededa!" (Granted! granted!) was shouted from all sides.* The whining monk gave way. A deputation of the leading members of the Cortes was named to attend the following day on the Duke, to announce this new mark of the national homage. The (late) Condesa de Chin Chon (cousin to the Kings of France and Spain), who had been forced into an union with the upstart GODOY, was at this period residing in Cadiz with her brother, the Cardinal Don Carlos Bourbon, in a state of perfect retirement; not having appeared in public since her profligate husband had fled from Aranjuez—happy to escape with life from the fury of popular indignation. Having heard of the decree for conferring the Order of the Golden Fleece on the Duke, this generous and

* All the clerical members of the Cortes were not tainted with this narrow and bigoted feeling. Some of Wellington's warmest supporters were amongst the body of the clergy; and all who recollect the manliness of Senor Torrero in asserting the claims of his Grace to ALL the HONOURS the nation could bestow, must allow that the shaven-crown did not always cover a shallow brain, nor the priest's robe a cold or ungrateful heart.

patriotic woman dispatched an officer of her household to congratulate his Grace, and to request, in her name, his acceptance of the costly collar and jewel of the order formerly worn by her unworthy tyrant, but which had been the property of her family for ages; regretting, that the state of seclusion which she had voluntarily embraced, precluded her from any public demonstration of that respect and admiration in which she held her country's saviour!

The magnificent present thus offered, could not be declined. Its intrinsic worth (upwards of 30,000 dollars!) was its least value, comparatively with the extraordinary circumstances under which it was presented. Wellington received it with every expression of gratitude, and having been permitted to make his personal acknowledgments for the princely gift, left the generous donor even more gratified than him on whom she had bestowed this splendid favour.

In the meantime, immense preparations were going forward for a grand ball and supper, to be given by the nobility of Spain, then assembled at Cadiz, to the new Grandee, and which had been in progress from the first day of his arrival. Thirty thousand dollars had been, in the first instance, subscribed by the noble families who had found a refuge in that city; but of this sum, three-fourths had been already expended in fitting up and decorating that portion of the building called the Hospicio, in which this splendid fête was to be given. The managing committee (composed of noblemen of the first rank, and of the modern school of taste) found it necessary to make a second call; on which occasion the old Princesa B——e, aware of the straitened circumstances to which many members of the most illustrious and ancient houses of Spain were then reduced, came forward with her splendid addition of ten thousand dollars, and the Duque del Infantado immediately inscribed his name for the same sum. But had one hundred thousand dollars been required, so eager were the nobility to display their feelings of respect and gratitude by an entertainment worthy the occasion, that one day would have sufficed to collect that sum. The night being at length fixed on, invitations were sent to every individual whose rank entitled them to appear at the Court of Spain—of which number there were several hundreds in Cadiz and Isla. Invitations were also addressed to the Spanish and British general officers, heads of departments, and general staff; also the admirals and captains of both fleets, and to all the British visitors at Cadiz who had the *entrée* of the Ambassador's saloon.

The British Consul was honoured with *fifty* cards, to be filled up with the names of such of the respectable merchants and their families as he should select. The Portuguese, Sicilian, and other foreign consuls, were complimented with tickets for their families; but in this liberal distribution of favours, by some oversight, the Consul for the *United States* was unluckily forgotten. The Republican Eagle was all in a flutter at the unintentional indignity. On a representation to the Committee by the Consul, an apology was made for the omission, and cards of invitation, in blank, to the number of twenty, were immediately placed in his hands as the "*amende honorable*"—but Jonathan made it quite a *national* affair; insisting on an equal number of cards as were bestowed on the Consul of Great Britain. We were just then on the eve of a war with the *States* of stripes and stars, (and slavery). Some private discussions took place, during which it was believed the wishes of the hero of the fête were consulted, and which ended, for the sake of harmony, in complying with the American Consul's *requisition*, (rather than *request*,) and fifty cards were *officially*, or at least more *ceremoniously* than *cordially*, presented. This concession (which was, I believe, the subject of a report to the States), had the effect of introducing a mob of sleek-headed gentlemen from the Western World, (chiefly captains and supercargoes from Philadelphia and New York,) in long-skirted coats and nankeen breeches—all redolent of *tar* and *tobacco*—amongst the embroidered crowd! But even their Republican vanity must have quailed under the mortifying sneers of the

noble Señoras who appeared to loath the touch of their tanned and ungloved paws.

The night for which so much costly preparation had been made at length arrived—the *first* of the year 1813! Every milliner, embroidress, shoemaker, tailor, and sempstress, had been in requisition during the preceding week, while Monsieur Cozé,* with a score of supernumerary cooks, with perhaps as many more Italian confectioners, table-deckers, and florists, were racking their inventive faculties to give new features of elegance to their department of the entertainment. *Painters, poets, lamplighters,* and *others* of the *illuminati,* were equally busy in their respective spheres. The grand entrance opened at eight o'clock; in a short time several hundreds of the guests had assembled; the chief saloon was that spacious gallery which occupies the whole front of this magnificent building, the name of which, Hospicio,† implies the use for which it was intended; the rear of the building was as yet unfinished, and probably may remain so for fifty years. The Spaniards manage these matters very leisurely; for the *new* church, its neighbour, had then *nearly* reached its intended height, but not roofed in, although commenced in the early part of the last century.

By a great oversight in the Committee of Management, *all* the windows, front and rear of this immense gallery, had been blocked up by transparencies, emblematical of Wellington's victories, &c. classically designed and beautifully executed; behind these were well-secured stages of lamps, which set all apprehensions of accidents from *fire* at defiance; but that necessary element *air,* was wholly excluded. Before two hours had elapsed from the commencement of the ball, this spacious saloon became most uncomfortably warm; the floating steam of heat made sad havoc on the curled heads of the ladies; parties of whom, with their *doubly* warm admirers, might be seen rushing towards the grand door to inhale a breath of pure air. Meanwhile the company increased to the full number invited—*twelve hundred!* Shortly after midnight, the cries for *Air! air!* became loud and general. The heated atmosphere was then absolutely insupportable. The poor Duque de Higar and his brother the classical Conde de Salvatiera, the most active of the managers, saw with grief some of their beautiful transparencies ripped open by the swords of the Guardias! Cuidad Rodrigo, that cost the brave Wellington eleven days' siege, sunk beneath a single sabre stroke, whilst proud *Salamanca* was reduced to shreds by a *cut and thrust!* The work of demolition next extended to the glass, which was unceremoniously put out of *pane*—but in effecting this object, the effluvia arising from the puffed-out oil lamps became horribly offensive. This annoyance, however, was endured for nearly an hour with great fortitude, when as a relief, and long before the intended time, the supper pavilion was thrown open. A scene then presented itself, which for delicacy of taste, mild splendour in effect, could not be surpassed—the very sight was refreshing! This pavilion was formed by enclosing, roofing-in, and flooring a spacious court. The immense apartment thus created, was lined throughout with fine white calico, fancifully fluted into compartments, in the centre of each of which were medallions of all the British and Spanish Generals of the day in pairs, surrounded by wreaths of laurel cut in rich green foil. The scaffold poles which supported the temporary roof, were in like manner covered with the same snow-white material, to resemble Doric pillars, enriched by a spiral wreath of laurel and oak leaves in foil, and interspersed with the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, surmounted by the English and Spanish crowns.

Relieved from the suffocating atmosphere of the saloon, the company could here range in free enjoyment, anxiously awaiting the signal for ta-

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* "*Head cook of Cadiz,* late of the ROYAL PALACE," whose most important officer is dignified by the title of "*Grand Officer of the Mouth!*"

† Hospital.

king places at the banquet. The noblemen officiating as stewards, took post at the head of each table, of which there were twenty, with covers laid for sixty at each.

Beneath a triumphal arch, splendidly illuminated with variegated lamps, were two transparencies of the busts of Ferdinand VII. and George III., underneath which was that of Wellington, with the motto

"ESPAGNE AGRADEDICO."*

A few yards in front of this grand ornament of the pavilion, a table placed crossways was appropriated for our Hero and the chief of the nobility of the first rank, from whence a view of the splendid *coup-d'œil* could be obtained. While all were on the tip-toe of expectation, a royal guardsman hastily presented himself to the Princesa Be——e, and put a small scrap of paper into her hand, which had just been delivered at the door by a *masked* messenger, who fled the instant he delivered it. The paper was addressed to the Princesa, and marked "*Luego, luego!*"† The perusal of this mysterious paper seemed to have petrified her with horror—the word *Traïcion!*‡ involuntarily escaped her lips; in an instant she was surrounded by her peers, to whom she announced in a whisper the intelligence she had just received. The Hero of the scene, who, to his utter astonishment, found himself oppressed by the warmest caresses from the ladies, could not understand the motive for this sudden and extraordinary sensation, and protestations of fidelity, "*Hasta la muerto.*"§ From the noblemen, who seemed to burn with indignation, "every sword seemed ready to leap its scabbard." At length it was intimated to the Duke that the mysterious note which caused this strange interruption to the joys of the feast, contained the astounding information, that the viands placed on the table at which his Grace had been invited to preside, were POISONED!!

That such a communication was actually made, although the circumstance was confined, for that night, to the few who sat at the select table, consequently unknown to the great body of the guests, is an undoubted fact; and that it was for some minutes believed, was painfully manifest from the deep feelings of indignation, grief, and astonishment felt by all on its announcement. When, however, the matter was explained to the Duke, he saw at once into the plot, and suppressing his own sentiments on a thing so mean and contemptible, he laughed most heartily; and taking the old Princesa on one arm, and the Marquesa, her daughter, on the other, he cheerfully led them to their places at the table, where the whole company being seated, he smilingly observed, "I seldom eat suppers; but on this happy occasion, I shall set my kind friends an example."|| The signal for the commencement of the feast broke from the silver trumpet stationed under the canopy. The bands caught the sound, and in an instant all was clatter and confidence. The Duke insisted on *tasting* of every dish within his reach. Could his delighted entertainers resist the example? The *poisoned* champagne, too, was quaffed in flowing bumpers, and all past terrors were forgotten in renewed joy and hilarity. It has already been observed, how little the Spanish ladies are accustomed to conceal or control their ardour; and many a lovely lip invited the hero of the fête to receive her "Viva! viva! Vellington!" as she sipped the sparkling wine, and "*kissed the cup!*"

There was one individual in the company who possessed a more than common share of sensibility of heart, and delicacy of feeling. His face was

* Spain grateful! † Luego, luego! *immediate! immediate!*

‡ Treason. § Until death.

|| The infamous act above alluded to was discovered some time after to have originated in the Tertullia of a certain Senora G——, the widow of an intendente, who had applied for, and had been refused tickets, and who, in her rage and disappointment, took this revenge to give a momentary interruption to the happiness of the night. The *writer* was also discovered to be her cortejo, an ex-captain of one of the colonial regiments of Spain, who had been dismissed the army, and who, strange to say, lived on the benevolence of the British government and people *for years*, after his flight from Spain, in the assumed character of *constitutionalist!*

the index of his kind and generous soul; and never was the beam of pure delight more strongly pourtrayed on the human countenance, than that which now lit up the features of the British Ambassador in that happy hour. He idolized his illustrious brother, and every feeling of his affectionate heart was gratified.

Towards the close of the banquet, the trumpet once more sent forth its sound. Every glass was filled. A strict silence succeeded. "WELLINGTON! DUQUE DEL CUIDAD RODRIGO," was pronounced by the Princesa, and drunk with enthusiasm. Several minutes elapsed before the cheering, the vivas, and tinkling of glass against glass, allowed the Hero to return his brief, but impressive thanks; which he concluded by giving "Viva Espagna," which was received with every demonstration of grateful applause.

The champagne and burgundy went briskly round, and a variety of toasts were drank at every table; not, however, with the regularity of an English meeting, where the chairman acts as fugle, but rather in the manner of an old Dutch concert, where every performer sung or played his own air. In this joyous assemblage, each nobleman or lady proposed his own toast to every bumper, and a running fire of these complimentary effusions was kept up for half an hour, amidst shouts of "Viva, viva!" The dancing had already recommenced. The nobles once more graced the gay saloon, now completely purified by the admission of the morning breeze; and the younger members of the delighted party did not separate until hours after the Hero and his friends had taken their kind farewell.

The next day was one of business. Shortly after breakfast, the signal for a packet in the bay from England, in *five days*, was made to the Ambassador by telegraph. The anxiety of the Duke for the receipt of the dispatches and papers was such, that he immediately hurried out to the almada, where, gazing over the broad and lofty sea-wall, his eyes seemed to chide the winds and waves for their tardiness in wafting on the object of his keen attention. At length the consul-boat was seen to approach, and in a few seconds the packet hurried off for the port of St Carlos. The Duke was accompanied on that occasion by his brother, Sir Henry Wellesley, Mr Secretary Vaughan, and *one other person*. On the dispatch-boat nearing the shore, Mr Vaughan ran forward to expedite the delivery of letters, by becoming himself the bearer. In another quarter of an hour the Times newspaper was spread on the coping of the ample wall, while the anxious Duke devoured its contents with an intensity of feeling which may be well conceived, when it is understood that it contained the memorable bulletin which announced the ANNIHILATION OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA!

After reading this terrific document, the Duke remained in silent abstraction for some moments. Sir Henry exclaimed, "*Bonaparte's sun is set for ever!*"—"No, sir," observed the person to whom I have alluded, "only eclipsed; *his* conqueror is in Cadiz!" There was a degree of presumption in the expression which the relative rank of the parties could not sanction, and which not even the enthusiastic admiration which prompted it could excuse. But the Duke did not bestow one unkind or angry look on the person who, in the warmth of his feelings, so unguardedly gave utterance to them. On the contrary, a smile of good-nature sealed his forgiveness, which added (if that were possible) to his almost devotional respect for that truly great man.

The Duke seemed to count the moments that kept him from the army. There was no party at the Ambassador's that day; it was one of deep and important business. The Duke was at his writing-desk in a quarter of an hour after dinner, and did not rise from it till after midnight.

But *one* day now remained of the term our Hero allotted for his absence from the army; the early part of which was passed in visits of ceremony, and in leave-taking of friends, but in the evening, a most splendid, yet select party, at the Ambassador's, once more surrounded his Grace with all the rank and beauty of Spain.

The Duke promenaded the rooms, admiring the various dancing groups, supporting on one arm the lovely Marquesa de Santa Cruz, on the other the young Duquesa de Santo Lorenzo

who, then fresh in the court circle, with all the attractions of youth, grace, and unaffected loveliness of manner, could not fail to interest his Grace; though not strikingly beautiful, she had that winning sweetness of manner which rendered those charms which nature had, with no niggard hand, bestowed on her, doubly engaging. The dark and lustrous eye of the beauteous Duquesa de Frias never looked more "*unutterable things*" than when the Hero, at one period of the night, drew her soft and yielding arm through his, to lead her through the crowd of wheeling waltzers. The delighted little Duque, her husband, and the (*much less delighted*) Prince of Anglona, her *caveliere servente*, followed in their train. There was but one sad thought to cloud the pleasures of that happy night. *It was to be the last!* The next morning's dawn was to light the Hero on the road to his victorious army—That morning came too soon; almost overwhelmed by caresses, he took a reluctant leave of these gay scenes at one o'clock, and in a few short hours his bark had crossed the bay. Wellington was lost to their admiring gaze; but the friendly recollection of the CONQUEROR in Cadiz will never be effaced from the hearts of the grateful Gaditanos.

POLITICAL PROSPECTS IN IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

I AM, Sir, one of those who were of opinion that when the measure of Roman Catholic Emancipation came before the country, proposed and supported by the Government, it was better that it should succeed. I saw Ireland the scene of fearful agitation, which seemed almost to threaten the political existence of the united kingdom, and the object of this agitation was everywhere avowed to be emancipation. I saw that as the House of Commons was constituted, not even all the force of Government could effect anything for the suppression of so alarming a ferment, unless the House was first indulged with an Emancipation Bill; and upon a view of these circumstances, I, in common with many who saw as I did, and were alike mistaken, wished success to the measure, which we vainly thought was to tranquillize Ireland. I state this plainly, because I think it better to acknowledge that I was myself deceived, than to attempt to deceive others. It is an attempt to deceive others, when those who warmly advocated the Bill, upon the ground of the excellent effect it was to have upon the state of society in Ireland, turn round now and say, "Oh, but we did not say *when* this effect was to take place, and we never expected that such elements of discord were so soon to be set at rest," with much more to the same purpose. This is nothing but paltry shuffling: either they are deceiving the public now, or they did deceive it at the time the bill was in progress, for no man of sense or candour will deny, that the promise and the inducement held out, both in Parliament and out of Parliament, was the immediate amelioration of those evils which made Ireland a curse to the empire. What advocate of Roman Catholic Emancipation would have dared to say, or would even have allowed himself to think, that eight months after the measure had been carried, and carried without restriction or security, or any other clog to render it unpalatable, Ireland should be found in a much worse state than when the withholding of emancipation was everywhere cast in our teeth, as the cause and the excuse of the public crimes which made the country shocking to contemplate? It is in vain to deny a fact so palpable as the complete disappointment of the hopes of the Protestant friends of emancipation; but it is worth while to enquire in what way this disappointment has taken place, and to glance at what may now be necessary to avert or subdue those evils which emancipation has so completely failed to remove.

The error of the Protestant advocates of emancipation may be divided into two parts: they estimated too lightly the strength and importance of the party who consider themselves

betrayed and endangered by the passing of the Relief Bill; and they estimated far, far too highly, the gratitude, and consequent good conduct of the Roman Catholic people of Ireland. He who travels in Ireland now, will find almost every man of the Protestants of the North, with burning in his heart, and a scowl upon his brow. Less volatile and impetuous than the Papist of the South, he is yet agitated by conflicting feelings—he is loyal by principle and habit, and yet almost abhors the government, which he supposes to have deserted the principles of its foundation, and robbed him of his birth-right, the political ascendency of the religion which he professes. He will not manifest his discontent by outrage and murder, as the Roman Catholic peasantry of Munster do; but the bond of his attachment to the British Government is broken asunder. He may fear and obey, but he no longer loves the powers that be; he is politically discontented, and labours to make others think as he does himself. Amongst the Roman Catholics, at least amongst those who appear before the public, and in the public journals, which are understood to be the political organs of the Roman Catholic people, the same bitterness of feeling, and rancorous hostility to the institutions of the country seem to exist as heretofore, mingled only with a tone of saucy triumph for the victory they have gained, and an unblushing account of their determination to use it for the very worst of purposes. Do they join now in attempts to soothe the population, whom formerly it was their boast to be able to "exasperate" at will? Do they turn that immense influence which they shewed they possessed for purposes of disturbance, to the suppression of wicked and disorderly habits? Do they form general and local "*associations*" for the investigation, and remedy of the barbarous customs, and ferocious disposition of the peasantry? Do they collect a "rent" to be applied in the teaching of children, and in premiums for cleanliness and neatness in the cottages of the poor? Do they, in short, act at all as if they were satisfied and grateful, and desirous to turn away from "agitation," and to make their country really comfortable and happy? No such thing—they still revile, still threaten, still teach the people that the law as it is administered, is their enemy, still hold out prospects of future and more terrible agitation than before; and while they do all this evil, on the one hand, they do nothing at all on the other for the improvement of the moral and social condition of the wild and uncultivated people. I do not say, that it was my expectation, or that of those who thought with me, that the Roman Catholics would all at once become as active to do good as they had been to do evil, but we did expect that they would have become, at least passively, good subjects; and being satisfied that the law now knew no distinction between themselves and Protestants, be content with such means of effecting public purposes as the law sanctions, and as Protestants are accustomed to employ. We did not expect that Roman Catholic priests were to continue to act as political agents, and convert the altar of God, from which they should preach nothing but religious peace, into a rostrum for the delivery of political harangues. If, remembering how difficult it is for men to lay aside habits congenial to their nature, even when the ostensible reason of those habits has passed away, we anticipated that this might still occur, in some rare instances; we had no doubt, but that it would be quickly suppressed, by the reprobation of a liberated and grateful people. But we were mistaken; we find no such thing; the priest who, instead of inculcating the love of God, teaches the hatred of the police, is not scouted as an enemy, but welcomed as a friend. The miserable delusion of the peasantry, that the law is made for them, as a scourge and an oppression, is fostered and encouraged by those who know all the falsehood of the delusion; and the legal means taken by the executive for the suppression of crime, is held up to public odium as tyranny, because it does not pander to the basest popular prejudices.

Certainly the Protestant advocates of Emancipation did not expect conduct like this in public matters; but still less did they expect that all those engines of disturbance which had been used by public men, for apparently public ends, would be kept fit for action, in order to be employed for the mean and sordid pur-

pose of obtaining money and places from the terrified government. Yet such an object has been very lately most unblushingly avowed, by a notorious "agitator," whose large share in the *exasperation* of the Irish Papists will not be forgotten, as long as his own shrill voice is left to him, to trumpet forth his deeds. This man, I mean Mr Shiel, who, when the news of the determination of Government with respect to Emancipation arrived in Ireland, was the first to proclaim peace, no doubt with a view of being among the first to share in the plenty which it would be in the power of the Government to bestow, now threatens a deeper, a darker, and more fearful agitation than before, unless—oh most patriotic condition! unless Government shall bestow more money and more patronage upon the Papists. For this inexpressibly paltry and disgraceful cause; for the sake of putting a few hundred pounds in the year into the pockets of the eloquent patriot himself, and a few of his fellows, the peace of a whole kingdom will be disturbed, and a ferocious population again be hallooed on to daily disturbance and midnight assassination. For this despicable end "there will," to use the words of the orator himself, "be the same appeals made to the popular and religious passions of a community whose power will have greatly increased, while their sense of their wrongs will have proportionably augmented."

There is a candour of malignity about Mr Shiel, a hardy avowal of political baseness, which is not a little extraordinary; and on no occasion of the many which he has seized upon for speech-making, did he exhibit this peculiar political amiability in a more striking manner than upon the late occasion to which we have alluded. This was at a public dinner, lately given by some of the freeholders of the county of Louth to Mr Shiel, who aspires to represent that county in Parliament upon the next vacancy: the orator of course treated the company to a speech after dinner; and if it be true, as the poet sings, that men in their cups lay open the secret thoughts of their hearts, the avowals made on this, as well as on a former occasion, not easily to be forgotten, by Mr Shiel, present a picture of his real principles, rather too revolting for even the most prejudiced to look upon with patience. It was after dinner that Mr Shiel publicly exulted in the cruel disease which was hurrying the brother of his sovereign to his most lamented death; and it was after dinner that the same Mr Shiel delivered himself of the respectable opinions, of which it is now my purpose to give some account.

After having gravely stated his belief that the shouting of the rabblement upon his health being drank, was a proof of popular feeling, amounting to a "demonstration" of his future success when he should essay the representation of Louth; he proceeded in that spirit of loyalty to our form of government, so becoming in a recently emancipated Papist, to press the example of the republicans of the United States upon his auditory, and to remind them, that since these republicans "gave the preference to men who had contributed to the independence of their country," it was the most obvious thing in the world, that if they followed so good an example, they would give a preference to him above all other men.

Then followed an affectation of modesty, curiously out of keeping with what preceded, and what followed it; and in the teeth of his personal claim, as one who had mainly contributed to their independence, he tells them, "that should he not succeed, (the "demonstration" in no wise notwithstanding,) he would, with the utmost humility, impute his disappointment to his own unworthiness, and not to their most excellent worships' want of judgment." Mr Shiel's modesty is, however, like the small part of an hourglass, an exceeding tiny commodity, which serves to connect the much more substantial bulk of assurance which lies fore and aft of it. I trust it is pardonable to mix metaphor with simile, in writing of what Mr Shiel has spoken—one is insensibly beguiled into metaphor, and into nautical phraseology too, by the bewildering brilliancy of the following passage, which the orator, after his small burst of modesty, is so complacent as to use, no doubt with reference to himself. "We have at

length," he says, "got the ship," (query, what does the ship stand for?) "within the lights, and beyond the bar, but the wheel is not yet to be placed in inexperienced hands, and you perhaps stand in as much need of pilotage as ever." No doubt Mr Shiel deems himself very competent to be the political Palinurus in his proposed voyage round the harbour of government patronage, and would with watchful view, keep in sight the high beacon of the Irish Solicitor-Generalship, towards which his own most patriotic feelings tend.

It would be amusing, if it were not so disgusting, to behold in this speech, the wordy magnanimity, placed in juxta-position with the meanness of the avowed desire for money; the lofty patriotism, dwindling into the craving after pence, and the "throbbing hearts of millions" scarcely dismissed, when the extreme regret that "none of the manna of patronage has dropped upon the Roman Catholics," is introduced. Let the reader think for a moment of what materials the mass of the papist population of Ireland is composed—let him recollect the depth of ignorance, the darkness of bigotry, the lamentable perversity of moral principle which so unhappily prevails amongst them, and then peruse that which is predicated by Mr Sheil, of the whole mass, men, women and *children;* for even the infants must be counted in, to come within a million and a half of the number specified by the orator. "Seven millions," he says, "of our fellow citizens carry in their own throbbing hearts, the elevating consciousness that they are at last in the possession of liberty, that their ignominious thraldom has been shaken off, and that they have been exalted to the level upon which, in the contemplation of the law, we all at present stand."

"Elevating consciousness," indeed! Look at the horrible details of the Cork conspiracy; look at the state of the county of Tipperary, its murders, its ferocious population, its temper towards the police; and its priest, the Rev. Mr Spain. But suppose Mr Shiel's description were true, instead of being what it is, an ebullition of frantic and audacious folly; what would one expect to follow? Surely some excitement to some noble end; surely a recommendation, to use the "elevation" to which they had arrived, for the advantage of their country; for its advancement in knowledge, good order, and the restraint of brutal passions; but no, they are recommended to use their elevation for a far different purpose. "I will not," Mr Shiel says, "disguise my own surprise and regret, that since *the measure* has been settled, some exceedingly untoward appointments have taken place, neither can we hide from ourselves the fact, that not as yet, upon the Roman Catholics, has any of the manna of patronage casually dropped." So much for the practical result of the "throbbing heart" and "elevating consciousness;" the Government has actually had the temerity to make appointments without seeking to have them countersigned by the leaders of the late Catholic Association; but Mr Shiel says this giving away of places without giving the Papists any thing, must not continue, or by the cross of Saint Patrick, he'll set the seven millions, with the "throbbing hearts," to kick up such a devil of a row, as shall cast into the shade all the brave doings by which they obtained emancipation.—Emancipation without a place! a fig, then, for your emancipation. I'll tell you what, says the orator, "they" (meaning the Government) "they must, I repeat the word, they *must* give some practical proof of their determination, to give to the measure of relief a *substantial effect;*" (*i.e.* "manna of patronage," place, pounds, shillings, and pence,) "or else *a deeper, and darker, and more formidable discontent will arise*, from the frustration of the nation's hopes, and men will again be found perfectly competent, and not at all unwilling, to administer to the passions of the people that agitation, which they know so well how to apply." And this is what we are to get by the Emancipation Bill! This is to be the result of having trusted, as I own I did trust, to the vehement promises of a people, pleading for an equality of political rights. This emancipation, so lauded as the political heaven, toward which, and toward which alone, all their vows and prayers tended, is now described to be, when unattended by place

and money, an aggravation of their wrongs. The withholding of the "manna of patronage," is said to be "an injustice *embittered by the mockery of a valueless and abortive law.*" Corporations, too, Protestant corporations, are an absolute grievance; they are all a rank offence in the nostrils of emancipated Papists; and that of Dublin is described to be, in Mr Shiel's easy and natural, and very recondite quotation—

> "A cistern for foul toads
> To knot, and gender in."

Had the orator but looked into himself, he might have applied this quotation nearer home, and without so violently wresting it from its original application.

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see oursells as others see us,
> It wad frae mony a blunder free us
> An' foolish notion."

I should now be unjustifiable in occupying so much of your columns with this speech of Mr Shiel, were it not for its great importance as the avowal of the sentiments of a man, who may be looked upon as the organ of the most dangerous portion of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. It is not Popery, more than in the name, it is fierce Jacobinism, which distinguishes the real sentiments of this party. They have little religion, much republicanism, immeasurable vanity and selfishness, and every thing necessary for revolution, except the courage to come to blows. The serious avowal of the sentiments of such a party, is well worthy of the attention of those who will have to guard against their machinations; and though the words I am about to state, were delivered after dinner, yet, as all the world, and Penenden Heath, know Mr Shiel's habit of previous composition, they may be taken as a statement of the serious and deliberate views of the man. He speaks of the present system of government (Emancipation included) being continued, and delivers himself thus:—

"The consequence will be, that the Catholics, without having been reconciled, will have acquired new means of enforcing their complaints. They will rally under their old leaders, who will have been furnished with new weapons from the armoury which the legislature will have supplied. They will enter again into a coalition, not religious *perhaps*, but anti-anglican, in which they will have in their former organization so formidable a model—nor will they be in want of standard-bearers. Individuals who would, under other circumstances, be disposed to adopt a different course, will be driven by the government itself into the receptacle of intemperance. Those who believed they had escaped from the vast whirlpool of faction, will be sucked back into the tremendous vortex. Then will the same appeals be made to the popular and *religious* passions of a community, whose powers will have greatly increased, *while their sense of their wrongs will have proportionably augmented.* The people will be told, that Emancipation has only given the means of redress, and they will be invited to its attainment. They will then be taught that by admission to the House of Commons, Emancipation has only thrown open the doors of the Augean stable, and opened the inlet by which the great tide of popular emotion is to be turned into it, and the hardened heaps of putrescence are to be swept away. It is then for the Government to determine (for it depends on them) whether they will excite those sentiments in the country, and raise up another, and a still more powerful confederacy, than that which had existed, and the recollection of which is sufficiently alluring to invite a renewal of the experiment—and let not the individuals be condemned."

This is indeed a bitter lesson for those who promoted Catholic Emancipation, believing it to be a measure which would reconcile the Catholics, and make them good subjects. How like a fiend does this man taunt us with our folly, and mock us with the repeated statement of the power which we have given, and which shall be used as a rod for our future terror and annoyance! With what audacious distinctness does he lay down the plan for the future operations, which shall compel us to sink from the level of equality, to the degradation of servants, bound to obey the beck of those, who shall lead the new "Confederacy!" Where is the anticipated security, where the hope of peace for unhappy Ireland? Still

she is to be torn in pieces by furious demagogues, swelled by success into a tenfold insolence—still the "popular and *religious* passions of the community" are to be lashed into outrage, to serve the mercenary ends of a few political hypocrites, who would trade upon their patriotism, and brawl away in their nefarious speculation, until their mouths are stopped with the "manna of patronage."

If I be asked, why I speak of the sentiments delivered by one man, as if they expressed the thoughts of a whole body, I reply, that the question has been anticipated, by stating that the speaker is the organ of a party, and therefore it is not unjust to take his opinions as their opinions. But if Mr Shiel's views be repugnant to those of the Roman Catholics generally, why has he not been replied to, and why have not opinions so alarming to the country, and so disgraceful to the individual, and those who think with him, been openly and scornfully disavowed? When a notorious and active leader of a community puts forth, in the name of that community, a statement of the public conduct which they mean to pursue, it is reasonable to believe that the statement is authorized, or at all events acceded to, if it be not contradicted. Assuming, then, that Mr Shiel's manifesto is a true declaration of what we are to expect from the Roman Catholics of Ireland, in return for emancipation, it behoves us to look very seriously to the result. Either the government is to be bullied, or we are to have another system of agitation far worse than the last; and either alternative is not a very comfortable prospect. Such is the view presented for the country generally, while in Munster the "confederacy" of the peasantry to murder all those whom they may deem disagreeable to them, gives a shade of horrible darkness to the picture, which completes its terrifying aspect. With respect to the state of the South, nothing needs to be added to the admirable view of it given in your October number, in the paper on "The Irish Estimates." The ordinary process of law is utterly unequal to the necessity of the case; it is manifestly incompetent to cope with a whole population, unanimously resolved on putting to death whoever shall attempt to enforce the law, to their damnification. Means more vigorous and more prompt, such as you have well described, should be had recourse to; and must be, in the end, unless the country be wholly abandoned to the ferocious peasantry and their priests. Such means are, in truth, more merciful than a course which, apparently more lenient, really increases the suffering, by protracting the evil which is to be cured. "There is," said a great authority on Irish affairs, "no nation of people under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish;" but certainly they are a people that require to be governed with a strong hand. They have, either from nature or from ill treatment, habits which, except under strict government, are ever leading them into wrong; and, on the other hand, it is but fair to confess, that they have dispositions which, under proper cultivation and direction, make them equal, in every worthy respect, to any people under the sun. Therefore it is that a wise and vigorous government should, above all things, be sought out for Ireland, and no sort of fear or favour be shewn either to provincial or national conspirators against the lives of the gentry, or the peace of the kingdom.

I am, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

7th Nov. 1829. X.

OUR DOMESTIC POLICY.

No. II.

In a country circumstanced as Great Britain is at present, there is no branch of its internal arrangements deserving of more deep attention than its money, which forms the measure of the value of the enormous engagements that subsist between the nation and individuals, and between one individual and another. In the natural or primitive state of a country, even supposing the interchange of commodities by means of money to be very considerable, the changes which take place with regard to that money, are of comparatively little importance, because the prices of commodities will immediately adjust themselves to whatever alterations take place, and there being no permanent engagements in the nominal measure of value, everything goes on as smoothly under a new arrangement as under the old one. But in this country, where the permanent engagements of the nation, and of individuals, are, from peculiar circumstances, great beyond anything that ever was before known in the world, where these engagements are all expressed in a nominally fixed measure of value, or sums of money, understood at the making of the engagements to represent a specific quantity of property, it is obvious that any alteration in the nature or value of this money, must be of the very highest importance. Indeed in a country where the habits of society have so arranged themselves that property is power, and money being the measure of property, the power, respect, influence, and consequence of each individual depend upon the amount of it he possesses, it may almost be affirmed that the laws which directly affect the liberty of men's persons, or the expression of their opinions, are not more important than those which regulate that which marks the exchangeable value of their property. However, it belongs to the folly of mankind that their attention to things which concern them, even in the very highest degree, depends rather upon accident, or the mere outward shew of the matter, than upon a just consideration of its real importance; and we find regulations the most preposterous that can possibly be imagined, respecting the money of the country, suffered to assume the authority of law without any reason in the world being adduced for them, worthy of being named in conjunction with the great matters affected by them.

Let it be supposed that the taxation of the country were twenty million quarters of wheat, instead of fifty million pounds sterling, and that all the engagements between individuals now expressed in pounds sterling, were also expressed in quarters of wheat; and then let it be supposed that the Parliament attempted to pass a law that the quarter of wheat should consist of fourteen bushels instead of eight, which it does consist of, can there be conceived any measure of dull endurance so great as to suffer the Parliament to make such a law, without any contemporaneous provision for the extraordinary changes which it would effect in the property of every individual? Yet a measure, or rather a series of measures, of which the direct tendency was to produce an effect upon the property of the community precisely similar to this, or dissimilar only in being more severe, was, under the auspices of Mr Peel, passed by the Parliament, without the people of England appearing to interest themselves very particularly in the matter. We say more severe, for if a corn impost were nearly doubled, the means of paying the increase would be in direct proportion to the increased culture of the land by the wheat growers; but the means of obtaining *money* by industry, proceed in inverse proportion to the quantity of industry brought into the market, and therefore if the value of money be doubled, double the exertion will not obtain the same amount as before the alteration.

It would be very natural, that any stranger to our Parliamentary history for the last ten years should say, this could not have happened without some extraordinary powerful argu-

ments being brought forward, containing a justification of such measures, which does not appear upon the surface. But if he should examine the debates, he will not find a tittle of argument that any solid reasoner in the world would give a farthing for, except that used by Mr Huskisson, who is undoubtedly too ingenious a gentleman to put forth words upon a subject which don't bear the least relation to it. But what Mr Huskisson said was only clever sophistry : " If," said he, " you did not insist in 1811 upon paying a larger nominal amount than you contracted to pay in 1797, when money was so much more valuable, there is no reason that you should complain of being obliged to pay in 1821 the nominal amount which you contracted to pay in 1811, although it be true that the money of the latter period is not nearly so valuable as that of the former." Now this would be a fair, as well as a clever argument, if the question were merely an abstract one ; but taking circumstances into account, and circumstances are everything in the practical case which was before the House, the argument was any thing but a fair one. An error, which is just the same in principle at one time as at another, is nevertheless important in proportion to the magnitude of the concerns which it affects. Despotic cruelty is, for the purposes of a philosophical argument, just the same whether it exist in the disposition of an English peasant, or the Autocrat of all the Russias; but who would say, in a discussion about the well-being of Europe, that one was equivalent to the other ? The amount of engagements contracted previously to 1797, and to be met in 1811, was altogether insignificant, compared with the amount contracted subsequently to 1797, and to be met in 1822 when Mr Huskisson used this argument. Besides, where is the political wisdom of saying, you shall suffer now, because you did not suffer enough ten years ago ? Why suffer at all, if it can be avoided ? Why make a convulsion, by changing in so great a degree the value of the money, in which, of the public funds alone, engagements to the amount of five hundred millions were in existence, without some necessity, or some obvious good to arise from it ?

Mr Huskisson's argument, however, such as it is, is the only one to be found upon the point. A great deal was said, of which courtesy would incline us to speak more gently; but the simple truth is, that it was no better than mere nonsense as regarded the important subject in debate, or it went to prove the efficacy of a metallic *standard* merely, for the value of the circulating medium; which argument being granted in the affirmative, does not proceed one jot in the proof that the currency should be curtailed by substituting the precious metals for a cheaper and more abundant circulation. Mr Huskisson indeed tells us, " that to say that one commodity shall be the money, and another the standard of that money, betrays a confusion of ideas, and is little short of a contradiction in terms ;" but with all deference to this ingenious gentleman, we must say, that we can see neither the confusion nor the contradiction.

Very shortly after the close of the war, the Whigs, who, to their eternal disgrace, never scrupled to sacrifice the internal prosperity, or external respectability of the country, to the furtherance of their own party views, thought proper to make a continued demand for a restoration of a metallic currency a part of their system for the embarrassment of Government. We find Mr Tierney, at the commencement of the session of 1819, talking away in a strain which we think it quite impossible could have deceived himself, although it did not fail of its effect upon those who were willing to attend to his pleasantry, because it amused them, but who had neither taste nor capacity for sound and serious investigation, of either that, or any other subject. Will it be believed, that in the House of Commons, upon a debate of the most serious description, a Member could be cheered for the utterance of such a sentence as the following ? " If the country should be compelled to return to a war, *we have nothing to stand upon but one piece of paper piled upon another piece of paper*." Yet such trifling, pitiful nonsense as this was applauded in the House of Commons, and, along with other things equally destitute of any true connexion with the point in question, led the way for the momentous alterations which took place.

In the speech of Mr Tierney, from which this wise pleasantry is quoted, he does not deny the prosperity which followed upon an abundant currency; but for some unaccountable reason, which no one asked him to explain, he seemed to be very angry even with the prosperity which existed under such circumstances. He rails at "those whose object it was to keep up the circulation as full as possible, that they might fatten and flourish upon that fulness, those whose hour of extinction would arrive the moment the circulating medium was brought back to its *legitimate* state." For legitimate, read golden, and Mr Tierney appears a true prophet, at all events, whatever we may say of his political reasoning. But in the name of common sense, what sort of an objection was it to a full currency, that people fattened and flourished upon it? or what sort of an argument was it for the alteration of that currency, that with the alteration would come the extinction of the fatness and the flourishing?

Why do we revert to these things? Because we wish the public to see the wretched stuff which was made the groundwork of changes which have wrought so much misery. Because we wish, if possible, to persuade the Members of the Legislature to look with the eyes of rational and painstaking men upon the arguments, if we may so call them, for and against what has been done, and decide now, with rather more care than they decided before. Mr Tierney said, with a triumphant air, that "he wished to hear some good reason, if any could be assigned, why property in this kingdom should *not* be subject to the same test of measurement, which was applied to it in every other country under heaven;" but we do not find that any one troubled the Right Honourable gentleman, to state a good reason why it *should* be so subject. When any other country can be shewn under circumstances similar to those of Great Britain, it will be time enough to make us find arguments to excuse a want of uniformity with that other country, in our financial system.

It is quite clear, that at that time Lord Castlereagh saw all the grossness of the fallacy which was put upon the House, and tickled the ears of the weak ones, although he unhappily did not make a stand for his opinion, when the strong push came shortly after. He then suffered his better judgment to be borne down by the opinion of one, who, by mere *mannerism*, had obtained a most unreasonable reputation for sagacity; but that his own views were clear and just upon the subject only a few months before the passing of Mr Peel's bill, abundantly appears in the following extract from one of his speeches:—

"An attempt to force a metallic currency was too likely to destroy *the principles of reproduction.* It was worse than idle to hold out the hope of the low prices that would follow, unless at the same time a remunerating price was secured to all the other classes of the community, who kept the labouring men in employment."

And again, "the advantage would be temporary; *distress and misery must follow;* and the result would be a delusion on the country."

Such were the sound views of this great statesman; but a visitation fell upon the country; Mr Peel was made chairman of the Secret Committee on the Resumption of Cash Payments; a situation for which neither experience, nor a natural vigour of understanding, fitted him,—the mind of the young statesman was spoiled by vanity, and the prosperity of the country received a blow, from which it is still reeling.

Mr Peel came out of this Committee an altered man. He had done good service in Ireland, and had abilities which, under the more fortunate circumstances of stern mastership, might have done good service still, but he was not endowed with a contempt of what was contemptible, and he was ruined by "insidious eulogy." It was wonderful the brightness of the new light which burst upon him during the period of his elevation in the chair of this Committee; and he avowed, to use his own rather unnecessarily grandiloquent language, "without shame or remorse," that the evidence in the Committee had much altered his opinion on the subject it was appointed to consider. With all the fervour of a new convert he deprecates his former darkness; pronounces a panegyric upon Mr Horner and the Bullion Committee, both deceased; and acknowledges, with

sorrowful repentance, the wickedness of the opposition which he had given to them. Then, emerging from his gloom, he grows pleasant, after the manner of his new friend Mr Tierney, upon the pretended advantages of a paper currency; and, in the true spirit of the school from which he had received his new instruction, kicks with black ingratitude against that which had been the means of our prosperity during the war; which period, contrary to all plain truth and experience, he describes as the "dark and dismal voyage through which the country had gone." We confess we have never met any one—soldier, sailor, merchant, tradesman, artist, or professional man—whose reminiscences of the war times appeared to him dark and dismal, when compared with the light, hilarious, and peaceful stagnation and bankruptcy of more recent periods.

But these things, and a great deal more than these, did Mr Peel say, during the course of a very long speech, in which he took occasion to indulge in a lofty encomium upon the glorious times of King William the Third, for which, we trust, he still retains an equal veneration. But for all he said, he received much applause from the Whigs, and particularly from that simple undesigning old gentleman, Mr George Tierney; and from that time forth, Mr Peel, who liked the taste of their adulation, lost the independence of his Tory character. Would to heaven that, like Brownlow, he had gone over altogether to the Whig party, and not remained with us to be, like Wordsworth's shepherd boy,

> "Something between a hinderance and a help."

We might well have spared him to them, and now wished them joy of their most ——— Emilia's description of that of which Desdemona was "too fond," was rushing to our pen's point; but we check ourselves, for the sake of old associations.

It was not so much the immediate effect of the provisions of Mr Peel's bill, as the consciousness that it was the first stroke of a system of policy, which had for its object the straitening of the currency, which caused the difficulties and consequent complaints that very soon followed upon its enactment. The currency was contracted very materially, all branches of trade immediately became distressed, and Mr Irving, when presenting a petition from the merchants of London, within a few months, on the subject of the distress, stated that the change in the currency was one of the chief causes of the evils that were felt among all classes of the community; "but," says the Report, "he entirely agreed on this subject with the House." So great was the fatuity of the time, so lazy were men to examine strictly, or so blinded were they by empty shews of the glory of returning to a currency of gold, that even sensible men did not perceive the palpable inconsistencies which they uttered.

Matters went on, getting worse and worse, until the beginning of 1822, when the distress from low prices was absolutely dreadful; all fixed engagements remaining the same in amount of money, as when that money represented only about half the quantity of commodities which it then did. The subject of the public distress came before the House of Lords in February of that year; and Lord Liverpool, admitting that an alteration of 25 per cent had taken place in the value of money since the close of the war, maintained that the reduction of taxation was fully equal to it in amount. Equal! but to whom? To lords, knights, squires, and capitalists, who had been relieved from the property-tax, but not equal to the bulk of the people, whose taxes were as great as ever. Besides, his Lordship seemed to have forgotten, that there were other fixed engagements besides those to the Government. Did he not know that there were such things as rents, bonds, mortgages, annuities, and settlements, all of which, upon his own admission, were increased 25 per cent? Here was the evil of the change; but where was the good? Let it never be forgotten, that it is the business of the gold-fanciers to shew some good resulting from the change; and that, while they content themselves with proving only a mitigated evil, they are admitting the wrong they have done.

If we be asked what good the paper currency did, we are at no loss for an answer; we take it from this very speech of Lord Liverpool, of

February, 1822. The noble lord speaks of what had happened from 1789 to 1821. "Whole districts, and immense tracts of hitherto unproductive land, have been broken up and tilled. In whatever direction we travel, whether we go to the north, to the south, or to the west, we find what were formerly dreary wastes, and commons, and sheep walks, now brought into cultivation. I admit that in many instances this has been a forced operation, but what an augmentation has it occasioned of public and individual wealth! Let your lordships also consider the state of the old lands, which were in cultivation before the period to which I have alluded, how greatly they have been improved, and how considerably their rents have advanced." Here, indeed, is something plain and tangible to rest upon; here we see the result of that which was, in the sensible phraseology of Mr Tierney, nothing but "one piece of paper piled upon another piece of paper." Let the gold-currency-men shew any thing like it. And yet even this is a tame and spiritless description, compared with that of Bacon, of the changes which had happened in the reign of Elizabeth, and which Mr Western quoted a few months after, with great justice, as quite analogous to what had taken place under our paper-currency system.

Lord Liverpool took the alteration in the value of the currency at 25 per cent; but Mr Western, who, in the following June, brought the subject before the House, accompanied by statements so distinct and powerful as ought to have convinced parliament and the public, if any thing could do so, shewed the alteration to be 40 per cent. The calculations produced by Mr Western were so clear, so useful, and bearing so home upon the subject, that nothing but the most culpable antipathy on the part of the Parliament to listen to, and act upon, sound, solid, practical information, could have permitted such statements to pass by unheeded. He shewed that, in 1813, when the taxes amounted to £74,674,798, wheat being then 108s. 9d. the quarter, it took a sum equivalent to 13,733,296 quarters to pay the taxes; but in 1821, when the taxes were *nominally reduced* to £60,671,825, the price of wheat being 55s. 4d. the quarter, the taxes were really *increased* to an equivalent for 21,863,720 quarters of wheat. In 1813 the average wages of labour were 16s. a-week, so that the labour of 5 million persons for 18 weeks and 4 days would pay the taxes; but in 1821, when the taxes were nominally reduced as above stated, the wages of labour being 9s. per week, it would take the labour of the same number for 26 weeks and 6 days to pay the taxes. Upon the supposition that all commodities had fallen 40 per cent from their money value in 1813, the £60,671,825 of taxes payable in 1821, required as many commodities as would in 1813 have paid £84,940,555; but the taxes in 1813 were only £74,674,798, yet it was pretended that in 1821 taxes were *reduced* 25 per cent.

In 1821 the government taxes, county assessments, and poor rates, amounted to £69,171,825, which required 24,926,784 quarters of wheat, or 17,850,793 ounces of gold, being half the quantity more in wheat, and 2,748,229 more ounces of gold, in 1821 than in 1813; yet in 1821 the taxes were said to be reduced 25 per cent! Finally, Mr Western shewed that the nominal amount of taxation in 1813 should have been 110 million, to *equal* the taxation of £60,671,825 payable in 1821, and yet the taxation of the latter period was called a greatly reduced taxation!

Could any thing be plainer than this? Did the Houses of Parliament want their folly to be spoken in thunder above their heads, before they would be convinced? Yet nothing was done. Mr Huskisson replied to the speech of Mr Western, using arguments which we have already alluded to; but he did not attempt to meet, nor to controvert, the statements which had been made. With the skill of a sophistical logician, he raised up matters which he affected to consider as the strong points of Mr Western's speech; and having argued against these, the House were allured into a belief that he had argued down Mr Western, having all the while been only fighting with shadows of his own creating. The system went on, it goes on still, and we still suffer under what Lord Castlereagh so prophetically called it in 1819, "a delusion upon the country."

The fear of the bankers to be called upon to pay in gold, and to substitute gold generally for their bank-notes, died away gradually, under the influence of the law permitting the issue of their notes until 1833, and their sense of the public preference for a paper medium of circulation—the usual principle of reaction appeared; extreme caution has exchanged for extreme incautiousness; money floated about everywhere, and a wild extravagance of speculation set the money-seeking people of this country absolutely mad. This came to an end, and the great panic of 1825 came upon us with a frightful national crash. Upon this one awful circumstance stands the only matter-of-fact argument of those who deprecate a paper currency. We are quite willing to allow the argument for as much as it is worth; namely, that a paper currency, like all other things however good, may be abused by excess. We admit that individuals ought not to have it in their power, without the sanction or surveillance of government, indefinitely to extend the currency; and that individuals, or companies, ought not to be allowed to introduce their engagements as a part of the circulating medium of the country, without the public having some positive guarantee, for the ultimate security of these engagements. No currency can do a country good, unless it be a secure one; but we certainly do not believe that no currency can be secure except a gold one.

Such, however, did not appear to be the opinion of our Parliament, who, as soon as they met together after "the panic," set to work upon the currency, with a precipitation altogether unworthy of men of sense. They acted about as wisely as the sage, who, finding too much light to flow through his window, never thought of providing a blind, but built it up with brick and mortar; or, to use an illustration possessing more points of similarity, they acted as a council of doctors, who should thus prescribe for a patient sick of a surfeit: "Let Mr Greedy order in no more beef or plum-pudding—what he has in his larder he may eat, up to the 5th of April, 1829, but not a morsel after that. There is only one thing we can allow him to have, and that is gold fish; we know that gold fish are very scarce, and it is very possible that as Mr Greedy's appetite is great, it may be totally impossible to get enough to feed him; but we don't care, gold fish or nothing, that is our prescription."

So "panic"-struck were our gifted legislators, that no one at all was found to doubt the necessity of a total annihilation of small notes after the 5th April, 1829, and all the debating they had turned upon the eight months, sooner or later, when the privilege of issuing new small notes by the Bank of England should determine. Upon the occasion of this debate, Mr Canning put forth one of those pleasant sayings, which, as well as the more lofty specimens of his brilliant oratory, will we hope be long remembered, when his faults or follies are by all, except the rigid historian, forgotten. "The bank," said he, "have sent forth over and over again flights of sovereigns, and these sovereigns have returned to them, like the dove of old to the ark, so widely was the earth deluged with paper."

The 5th of April, 1829, has passed, and small notes are no more in England. In the slight sketch we have given of the progress of the change from the war currency, we hope we have done no unacceptable service. We invite, nay more, we entreat, the attention of every man who ought to be a public man, to examine more strictly for himself the arguments and the documents to which we have pointed his attention. We wish every man to try to find out some sound argument, some good reason, if there be any such, for the change which has taken place in the nature and value of money, public and private engagements remaining nominally the same. We have not been able to find any such thing; we can see no practical good, no fact brought forward to shew that the country has become richer by the change, or that individuals enjoy a more steady prosperity, while, as we before observed, the good effected for the country under the old system, is as manifest as it was immense. If men, who should have closely attended to these matters, did not do so while Parliament was changing the law, let them do so now, and have clear notions of the grounds, or the groundlessness, upon which Parliament acted; with this knowledge, they will be the better

prepared to judge what, or whether any thing, should be done now, by the legislature, for the remedy of the grievances, which, we contend, the laws made regarding the currency, cause us to suffer.

Prices generally of commodities, not affected by the Free Trade insanity, are now pretty nearly what they were in 1821; upon which the calculations submitted to Parliament in 1822, by Mr Western, were grounded.

We take it, then, to be as clearly demonstrated as any mathematical proposition in Euclid, that we are now more heavily taxed than we were during the extremest pressure of the war, while the people are left without any of those facilities for obtaining money to pay the taxes, which, during the war, the large expenditure of government amongst the people continually afforded. The pressure of our public debt, therefore, great as it must under any circumstances have been, is most enormously increased by the obstinate folly of those who compel the country to be taxed in an equal amount of money, so much more valuable than that which the country borrowed for its necessities. With respect to private engagements, the length of time which the "golden system" has been either anticipated, or has actually existed, has in some measure caused things to adjust themselves, but not without breaking up of establishments, bankruptcy, imprisonment, and a whole train of miseries unparalleled. Compromises have been made, where creditors were merciful; and where they were not, debtors have died broken-hearted, and their children have been scattered abroad, some to more fortunate relatives, some to the workhouse, some to the streets, while the creditor sits in the place that was theirs, fattening on the robbery which the legislative alteration of the currency caused to assume the name and form of "legal proceedings." But the stream of time and necessity rolls on, levelling all things so weak as mere private interests; so that to a very considerable extent the work of misery connected with private engagements is done. The wrecks have gone down, the cry of the sufferers is heard no more, and the deep sea of oblivion washes over them!

Yet it is not altogether so! Many rents still exist which were fixed according to a cheaper currency, and there are still some whose capital stands out against the legislative doubling of their private burdens. With respect to national engagements, the hardship still remains as great as ever; no compromise on the part of the creditors has been made, and the debtors are too numerous and too rich a body for even this enormous burden utterly to destroy. The wonder is, and nothing can shew the great resources of this country in a more powerful way, that we have been able to bear such a burden so long.

Perhaps we shall be told, that we dwell upon evils that are irremediable; that we suggest the necessity of reforms which are impracticable; for such remarks are apt to flow from minute critics of the expediency school, who think it a very awful thing to look beyond the length of their pens, in their political speculations. There is something so very small in critical objections of this description, that we cannot condescend to argue with them, but merely state our opinion, that nothing deserves to be called "impracticable" in the internal policy of a state, which can be effected by the regulations of the authority of which its legislative and executive governments consist. There are certain miniature politicians, well fitted to be prime ministers of the renowned Sancho Panza's government, who may think otherwise; but we leave them to the enjoyment of their opinion.

We have hitherto, in this paper, looked at the currency question only as it respects engagements formed under the old system; its effects upon present transactions are no less distressing; and we do not hesitate to say, that the withdrawal of small notes, and the consequent scarcity of money amongst the people in the country parts of England, is, at this moment, causing, to a very great degree, a stoppage of their ordinary traffic.

Since our last paper was written, we have heard, that in several quarters of the manufacturing and trading districts, the times have become better. God forbid that we should not rejoice at this, just as much as if it told more for our political argument;

but, in sad and sober truth, there is yet far, far too much evidence on our side. Fashion, caprice, the seasons of the year, very much influence manufacturing business; but how stands the country, the producers of that on which we live, and must have every day? There never were worse accounts from the country fairs, and that not in one district, but in every district. In Connaught, and Cumberland, and Yorkshire, and Hampshire, and Herefordshire, there have been great fairs lately, for the sale of cattle and country produce: and in all, there has been a most distressing uniformity of bad sales, and prices absolutely ruinous to the holders of stock. At first sight it may appear that the withdrawal of the small notes cannot have affected the great Ballinasloe fair, as small notes are allowed to circulate in Ireland as freely as ever; but, in truth, the demand for Irish cattle being chiefly for English consumption, it is the state of things in England which affects their markets. If money be scarce in Lancashire or Leicestershire, it matters little to the Irish grazier that there is no law to prevent its being abundant in Ireland.

It appears to us, however, that independently of the evidence of facts, the deductions of plain common sense are quite clear on the matter, that with prices, such as our nominal capitals in the funds, and our very heavy taxation acting together, will always cause every taxed commodity to bear; with the amount of direct taxation also, and the immense magnitude of the business which we must carry on, in order to be able to pay our taxes, and live as Englishmen have been accustomed to do, it is utterly impossible we can go on well, with so limited a supply of money as we cannot but have under the present state of the law. It is not that we have not enough of sovereigns, but the sovereigns never will get amongst the people as the bank notes did. The bankers have no temptation to lend them to the people.

Shall we then return to a system liable to such a dreadful interruption as the panic in 1825? Certainly not; that would be to rush from one vicious extreme to the other, instead of seeking the just medium, which true political prudence points out; but the best "mean" in this case, is not, we think, the "*golden*" one. Let bankers be allowed to issue notes, which the people so much require for facilitating their traffic one with another, but let a government servant, if no better means can be devised, have the power of watching them, that they do not do so to the risk of the public. Such a man would be no worse in a banker's house, than an exciseman in any of the fifty businesses over which government institutes a direct surveillance and control. Doubtless, excisemen are not a very agreeable part of the machinery of government, but better have them, than do without the manufactures which they superintend. There are, however, several ways in which bank notes may be made perfectly secure, and it is the most imbecile folly to submit for a single week of the Parliamentary Session to the hardships of a gold currency merely, in small sums, if nothing but the difficulty of having secure banks stands in the way of a remedy.

Extensions of partnerships, conditional bonds to the government, restrictions on the amount of notes to be issued, in proportion to the registered and *proved* capital,—any of these methods might be so modified as to answer the purpose. A plan was published in a very clever pamphlet at the commencement of the year 1826, which would perhaps more than any other have the effect of proportioning the currency in private bankers' notes, to the quantity of property which they should purport to represent. This was, that for every amount of bank notes for which stamps were obtained, a pledge of some description of property should be given, and should be held by certain commissioners as trustees for the public, and applied by them in payment of the notes in case of any failure of the bankers themselves; and the property so pledged was proposed to be made legally liable for the bank-note debts, and for nothing else. Surely this would be sufficient provision against another panic. We leave this subject, trusting that ere long it will receive the benefit of Parliamentary *attention*, in a different manner from that which members in general have hitherto been pleased to bestow upon it. J.

MONOLOGUE, OR SOLILOQUY ON THE ANNUALS.

Periodical Literature—how sweet is the name! 'Tis a type of many of the most beautiful things and events in nature; or say, rather, that *they* are types of *it*—both the flowers and the stars. As to flowers, they are the prettiest periodicals ever published in folio—the leaves are wire-wove and hot-pressed by Nature's self; their circulation is wide over all the land; from castle to cottage they are regularly taken in; as old age bends over them, his youth is renewed; and you see childhood poring upon them, prest close to its very bosom. Some of them are ephemeral, and their contents are exhaled between the rising and the setting sun. Once a-week others break through their green, pink, or crimson cover; and how delightful, on the seventh day, smiles in the sunshine the Sabbath flower—the only Sunday publication perused without blame by the most religious—even before morning prayer. Each month, indeed, throughout the whole year, has its own flower-periodical. Some are annual, some biennial, some triennial, and there are perennials that seem to live for ever—and yet are still periodical—though our love will not allow us to know when they die, and phœnix-like re-appear from their own ashes. So much for flowers—typifying or typified;—leaves emblematical of pages—buds of binding—dew-veils of covers—and the wafting away of bloom and fragrance like the dissemination of fine feelings, bright fancies, and winged thoughts!

The flowers are the periodicals of the earth—the stars are those of heaven. With what unfailing regularity do the Numbers issue forth! Hesperus and Lucifer! ye are one concern! The pole-star is studied by all nations. How beautiful the poetry of the moon! On what subject does not the sun throw light! No fear of hurting your eyes by reading that fine clear large type on that softened page. Lo! as you turn over, one blue, another yellow, and another green, all, all alike delightful to the pupil, and dear to him as the very apple of his eye! Yes, the great Periodical Press of heaven is unceasingly at work—night and day; and though even it has been taxed, and its emanations confined, still their circulation is incalculable; nor have we yet heard that Ministers intend instituting any prosecution against it. It is yet Free, the only Free Power all over the world. 'Tis indeed like the air we breathe—if we have it not, we die!

Look, then, at all our paper Periodicals with pleasure, for sake of the flowers and the stars. Suppose them all extinct, and life would be like a flowerless earth, a starless heaven. We should soon forget the seasons themselves—the days of the week—and the weeks of the month—and the months of the year—and the years of the century—and the centuries of all Time—and all Time itself flowing away on into eternity. The Periodicals of external nature would soon all lose their meaning, were there no longer any Periodicals of the soul. These are the lights and shadows of life, merrily dancing or gravely stealing over the dial; remembrancers of the past—teachers of the present—prophets of the future hours. Were they all dead, spring would in vain renew her promise—wearisome would be the long, long, interminable summer-days—the fruits of autumn would taste fushionless—and the winter ingle blink mournfully round the hearth. What are the blessed Seasons themselves, in nature and in Thomson, but Periodicals of a larger growth? They are the parents, or publishers, or editors, of all the others—principal contributors—nay, subscribers too—and may their pretty family live for ever, still dying, yet ever renewed, and on the increase every year. We should suspect him of a bad, black heart, who loved not the periodical literature of earth and sky—who would weep not to see one of its flowers wither—one of its stars fall—one beauty to die on its humble bed—one glory to drop from its lofty sphere. Let them bloom and burn on—flowers in which there is no poison, stars in which there is no disease—whose blossoms are all

sweet, and whose rays are all sanative—both alike steeped in dew, and both, to the fine ear of nature's worshipper, bathed in music.

Only look at Maga! One hundred and forty-eight months old! and yet lovely as maiden between frock and gown—even as sweet sixteen! Not a wrinkle on cheek or forehead! No crow-foot has touched her eyes—

> "Her eye's blue languish, and her golden hair!"

Like an antelope in the wilderness—or swan on the river—or eagle in the sky. Dream that she is dead, and oh! what a world! Yet die she must some day—so must the moon and stars. Meanwhile there is a blessing in prayers—and hark! how the nations cry, "Oh! Maga, live for ever!"

We often pity our poor ancestors. How they contrived to make the ends meet, surpasses our conjectural powers. What a weary waste must have seemed expanding before their eyes between morning and night! Don't tell us that the human female never longs for other pastime than

> "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer."

True, ladies sighed not then for periodicals—but there, in the depths of their ignorance, lay their utter wretchedness. What! keep pickling and preserving during the whole mortal life of an immortal being! Except when at jelly, everlastingly at jam! The soul sickens at the monotonous sweetness of such a wersh existence. True that many sat all life-long at needle-work; but is not that a very sew-sew sort of life? Then oh! the miserable males! We speak of times after the invention, it is true, of printing—but who read what were called books then? Books! no more like our periodicals, than dry, rotten, worm-eaten, fungous logs are like green living leafy trees, laden with dews, bees, and birds, in the musical sunshine. What could males do then but yawn, sleep, snore, guzzle, guttle, and drink till they grew dead and got buried? Fox-hunting won't always do—and often it is not to be had; who can be happy with his gun through good report and bad report in an a' day's rain? Small amusement in fishing in muddy waters; palls upon the sense quarrelling with neighbours on points of etiquette and the disputed property of hedgerow trees; a fever in the family ceases to raise the pulse of any inmate, except the patient; death itself is no relief to the dulness; a funeral is little better; the yawn of the grave seems a sort of unhallowed mockery; the scutcheon hung out on the front of the old dismal hall, is like a sign on a deserted Spittal; along with sables is worn a suitable stupidity by all the sad survivors — And such, before the era of Periodicals, such was life in—merry England. Oh! dear!—oh! dear me!

We shall not enter into any historical details—for this is not a Monologue for the Quarterly—but we simply assert, that in the times we allude to (don't mention dates) there was little or no reading in England. There was neither the Reading Fly nor the Reading Public. What could this be owing to, but the non-existence of periodicals? What elderly-young lady could be expected to turn from house affairs, for example, to Spenser's Fairy Queen? It is a long, long, long poem, that Fairy Queen of Spenser's; nobody, of course, ever dreamt of getting through it; but though you may have given up all hope of getting through a poem or a wood, you expect to be able to find your way back again to the spot where you unluckily got in; not so, however, with the Fairy Queen. Beautiful it is indeed, most exquisitely and unapproachably beautiful in many passages, especially about ladies and ladies' love more than celestial, for Venus loses in comparison her lustre in the sky; but still people were afraid to get into it then as now; and "heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb," lay buried in dust. As to Shakspeare, we cannot find many traces of him in the domestic occupations of the English gentry during the times alluded to; nor do we believe that the character of Hamlet was at all relished in their halls, though perhaps an occasional squire chuckled at the humours of Sir John Falstaff. We have Mr Wordsworth's authority for believing that Paradise Lost was a dead letter, and John Milton virtually anonymous. We need say no more. Books like these, huge heavy vols. lay with

other lumber in garrets and libraries. As yet, periodical literature was not; and the art of printing seems long to have preceded the art of reading. It did not occur to those generations that books were intended to be read by people in general, but only by the select few. Whereas now, reading is not only one of the luxuries, but absolutely one of the necessaries of life, and we no more think of going without our book than without our breakfast; lunch consists now of veal-pies and Venetian Bracelets—we still dine on Roast-beef, but with it, instead of Yorkshire pudding, a Scotch novel—Thomas Campbell and Thomas Moore sweeten tea for us—and in "Course of Time" we sup on a Welsh rabbit and a Religious Poem.

We have not time—how can we?—to trace the history of the great revolution. But a great revolution there has been, from nobody's reading any thing, to every body's reading all things; and perhaps it began with that good old proser Richardson, the father of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison. He seems to have been a sort of idiot, who had a strange insight into some parts of human nature, and a tolerable acquaintance with most parts of speech. He set the public a-reading, and Fielding and Smollett shoved her on—till the Minerva Press took her in hand—and then—the Periodicals. But such Periodicals! The Gentleman's Magazine—God bless it then, now, and for ever!—the Monthly Review, the Critical and the British Critic! The age had been for some years literary, and was now fast becoming periodical. Magazines multiplied. Arose in glory the Edinburgh, and then the Quarterly Review—Maga, like a new sun, looked out from heaven—from her golden urn a hundred satellites drew light—and last of all, "the Planetary Five," the Annuals, hung their lamps on high; other similar luminous bodies emerged from the clouds, till the whole circumference was bespangled, and astronomy became the favourite study with all ranks of people, from the King upon the throne to the meanest of his subjects. Now, will any one presume to deny, that this has been a great change to the better, and that there is now something worth living for in the world? Look at our literature now, and it is all periodical together. A thousand daily, thrice-a-week, twice-a-week, weekly newspapers, a hundred monthlies, fifty quarterlies, and twenty-five annuals! No mouth looks up now and is not fed; on the contrary, we are in danger of being crammed; an empty head is as rare as an empty stomach; the whole day is one meal, one physical, moral, and intellectual feast; the Public goes to bed with a Periodical in her hand, and falls asleep with it beneath her pillow.

What blockhead thinks now of reading Milton, or Pope, or Gray? Paradise Lost is lost; it has gone to the devil. Pope's Epistles are returned to the dead-letter office; the age is too loyal for "ruin seize thee, ruthless king," and the oldest inhabitant has forgotten "the curfew tolls."

All the great geniuses of the day are Periodical. The Scotch Novels—the Irish Novels—the English Novels—the American Novels—the Family Library—the Library of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge—Napier's History of the Spanish War—Tytler's History of Scotland—Chalmers's Civic Economy—But what is the need of enumeration—every work worth reading is published in numbers, from the Excursion—being a portion belonging to the third part of that long, laborious, and philosophical poem, the Recluse, by William Wordsworth—down to the first six books of that long, laborious, and unphilosophical poem, Nineveh, by Edwin Atherstone.

What Donkey was the first to bray that the Annuals, the subject of this our Monologue, were introduced into this country from Germany? Gentle reader, did you ever see a German Annual, or Literary Almanack? We beseech you look not at any one print, if you do not wish to die of laughing—to fall into guffaw-convulsions. Such a way of making love! But you know better—you know that the Annuals are a native growth of the soil of England, springing up, like white and red clover beneath lime (a curious fact that) wherever the periodical ploughshare has drawn its furrows. Import what seeds, germs, roots, or plants, you choose from Germany; sow them; dibble

them in; and in a week, it matters not whether the weather be wet or dry, they are all dead as David's sow. We want none of your German horticulture, or agriculture, or arboriculture in Britain. Let us grow our own flowers, and our own corn, and our own trees, and we shall be well off for fragrance, for food, and for shelter.

But lo! arrayed in figure of a fan, and gorgeous as spread-peacock-tail—the Annuals! The sunshine strikes the intermingled glow, and it threatens to set the house on fire. But softly—they are cool to the touch, though to the sight burning; innocuous is the lambent flame that plays around the leaves; even as, in a dewy night of fading summer, the grass-brightening circle of the still glow-worm's light!

Singular! They have formed themselves into classes beneath our touch—according to some fine affinities of name and nature; and behold in one Triad, the Forget-me-Not, the Souvenir, and the Keepsake.

One word embraces them all—Memorials. When "absent long, and distant far," the living, lovely, loving, and beloved, how often are they utterly forgotten! But let something that once was theirs suddenly meet our eyes, and in a moment, returning from the region of the rising or the setting sun, lo! the friend of our youth is at our side, unchanged his voice and his smile; and dearer to our eyes than ever, because of some slight, faint, and affecting change wrought on face and figure by climate and by years! Let it be but his name written with his own hand, on the title-page of a book; or a few syllables on the margin of a favourite passage which long ago we may have read together, "when life itself was new," and poetry overflowed the whole world! Or a lock of *her* hair in whose eyes we first knew the meaning of the word "depth" applied to the human soul, or the celestial sky! But oh! if death hath stretched out and out into the dim arms of eternity the distance—and removed away into that bourne from which no traveller returns the absence—of her on whose forehead once hung the relic we adore in our despair—what heart may abide the beauty of the ghost that, as at the touch of a talisman, doth sometimes at midnight appear before our sleepless bed, and with pale uplifted arms waft over us—so momentary is the vision—at once a blessing and a farewell!

But we must be cheerful, for these are cheerful volumes, and they are bound in smiles. Yet often "cheerful thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind," and the eye slides away insensibly from the sunshine to the cloud-shadows, feeling that they are bound together in beauty by one spirit. Why so sad a word—Farewell? We should not weep in wishing welfare, nor sully felicity with tears. But we do weep, because evil lies lurking in wait over all the earth for the innocent and the good, the happy and the beautiful, and when guarded no more by our eyes, it seems as if the demon would leap out upon his prey. Or is it because we are so selfish that we cannot bear the thought of losing the sight of the happiness of one we dearly love, and are troubled with a strange jealousy and envy of beings unknown to us, and for ever to be unknown, about to be taken into the very heart, perhaps, of the friend from whom we part, and to whom we breathe a sad, almost a sullen, yet still a sweet farewell? Or does the shadow of death pass over us while we stand for the last time together on the sea-shore, and see the ship with all her sails about to voyage away to the uttermost parts of the earth? Or do we shudder at the thought of mutability in all created things, insensate or with soul,—and know that ere a few hours shall have brightened the path of the swift vessel on the far-off sea, we shall be dimly remembered—alas! at last forgotten, and all those days, months, and years, that once seemed as if they would never die, swallowed up in everlasting oblivion?

But come—this will never do; we shall never, at this rate, get to the Annuals. Now, then, for the

FORGET-ME-NOT.

The name is a good one; and belongs, we believe, to a pretty little flower of a truly poetical character, that loves to smile in the shade. For-

get-me-Not! why there is no fear—no danger at least, of that, my love; yet were we to forget thee, for an hour in the day, or a day in the week, where would be the harm? Many of thy smiles—nay, even some of thy kisses—we have forgotten; but there is store enough of both remaining in those blessed reservoirs of the light and the waters of life in the midst of the wilderness, thy mouth and eyes. There ought to be a flower called "Forget me"—for the most blissful trance of the spirit is, when love bursts suddenly on it like light from darkness; and in one moment joy is at its meridian.

Mr Ackerman, you are one of the best of bibliopoles—Mr Shoberl, though your name is hard to pronounce, you are a most worthy editor. That Spanish Princess, by Wilkie the matchless and inimitable, is well worth a crown. We hope she will not marry Miguel, but some Don deserving of her modest charms. Meek is she as a nun, yet happy as a bride. That veil will not darken her beauty with eternal night, but merely shadow it like a transient cloud. Blest the hand that withdraws it, the breath that sighs it floatingly aside, for the first fervid nuptial kiss! Worthy is she to be the wife and the mother, as she is the daughter of a king; but may her husband and her sons be better men than her father, and better love the liberties of their country. That Fruit Girl of Savoy is a sweet gipsy; and those lips and eyes of hers seem longing for a lover in the wood; but may that rose in her bosom be a rose without a thorn; and may she wed ere long the young florist, to whom since midsummer, she has been betrothed. What a pretty cottage will be theirs in the midst of its flowery garden!—Undine, though perhaps rather a little too much of the German for us, we cannot help envying that young plumed knight who is bearing thee, a fair and fragrant burden, in his arms and on his bosom, through the raging waters of that gloomy cavern, to thy father's arms. Sweet some night will be his reward. For cold as the nymph may be, (is she not water-born?) yet love shall warm the blue veins on that white flesh; and that neck and breast, in the full fairness of womanhood, are mature for Hymen.—Shaded in solitary arbour there sits, with her lyre laid on roses by her side, the dark-haired Improvisatrice; and we who never saw her face, though we have in numerous verses seen her very soul, cannot but have a dream of L. E. L. The inspiration has gently died away from her silent lips, yet are her eyes still steeped in the lingering light of song. Of what has she been singing all by herself in that lonely bower? Let our own delightful Delta tell—Delta, than whom not one of all our many living poets has a finer eye and ear for Nature; and of whose exquisite melodies and harmonies not a few are destined by Nature, who inspired them, to endure for aye in the Minstrelsy of Scotland.

"Her theme was love—of quiet summer eves,
And shepherds piping in the pastoral dale;
As with a throbbing heart, beneath the leaves
Of the green elms, the lover breathed his tale,
And she, the idol, from his amorous arms,
Half-pained, half-pleased, withdrew her conquering charms.

Of Tasso and his passion deep she told,
His inspiration, frenzy, and despair;
And how, through lonesome years, amid the mould
Of dungeon cells, his Leonora fair
Rose in her beauty on his tranced sight,
Like Eve's one star amid his gathering night.

And then to mild Petrarcha changed the theme,
And to Vaucluse's woodland greenery bright,—
Laura, his daylight idol, and the dream
Of his mild spirit through each watch of night;
Time purifying still his ardours high,
Till Passion's self became Philosophy."

Reinagle! Thou art a very Prospero in shipwreck! We can look no more on

"That hulk that labours in that deadly swell,
That sea in anger, and that dismal shore."

But here are other soothing scenes—the Place de Jeanne D'Arc, Rouen, by that incomparable architectural and landscape painter, Prout; behold-

ing which one might dream for half a day on poor Pucelle, glorious in life as a warrior beneath the lily banner, nor less so in death as a witch at the stake. Thy own co-patriot—shame be on him!—Voltaire—has painted thee an impostor—almost a poltroon—and altogether a prostitute. But a far truer citizen of the world, because a true son of nature, has repaired the outrage; and the youthful muse of Mr Southey has sung the praises of the heroic virgin in strains that will never die.—The Ghaut by Daniel! At once we are in India, and wonder at the foliage—to us so strange and novel—of those fantastic yet majestic trees. These are native women, with water-pitchers, we presume, gracefully balanced on their black-tressed heads; and the wide square-sail of that junk in the distance, hanging idle and motionless, tells that not a breath of air is stirring; and how graceful in meridian sunshine must be the tall palm-trees' shade!

Not much poetry, we observe, in the Forget-me-Not—so much, perhaps, the better; yet what there is, is either agreeable, curious, or good; or all the three in one, such as the lines by Francis Jeffrey, written originally in a lady's album. We can scarcely pay them a higher compliment than to publish them in Maga.

VERSES INSCRIBED IN AN ALBUM,
BY FRANCIS JEFFREY, ESQ.

" Why write my name 'midst songs and flowers,
To meet the eye of lady gay?
I have no voice for lady's bowers—
For page like this no fitting lay.

Yet though my heart no more must bound
At witching call of sprightly joys,
Mine is the brow that never frown'd
On laughing lips or sparkling eyes.

No—though behind me now is closed
The youthful paradise of love,
Yet I can bless, with soul composed,
The lingerers in that happy grove.

Take then, fair girls, my blessing take,
Where'er amid its charms you roam,
Or where, by western hill or lake,
You brighten a serener home.

And while the youthful lover's name,
Here with the sister's beauty blends,
Laugh not to scorn the humbler aim,
That to their list would add a friend's."

These lines are full of grace, elegance, and feeling—and, to our ear, exceedingly musical.—Barry Cornwall often writes beautifully—but why will he persist in being, to the annoyance of us who love and admire him, occasionally so Cockneyish? Thus—

" Oh! a brave Painter art thou, Samuel Prout!
By Jupiter! I would not live without
A drawing from thy pen, though I should feed
To-morrow with chameleons!!!!"

That won't go down out of Little Britain; and more sad silly stuff of the same sort disfigures a copy of verses to Mr Prout, which, bating these intolerable nuisances, are spiritedly and poetically descriptive. But if a man who is privileged to drink of the pure waters of Helicon, prefer dabbling his lips in the puddle of the New River, there seems to be no help for it. 'Tis distressing to hear him who can sing like a nightingale, screeching like a sparrow with a sore throat. Mr Proctor will pardon us, but we grieve to see him the only Cockney in the Collection. We are very angry; for we never entirely lose our temper with any poet whose genius has not, in its happier moments, given us delight. As for Lord Byron's boyish verses, they are neither good, bad, nor indifferent; and what an absurdity it is for a man of sense, taste, and judgment, like Mr Shoberl, to suppose that any value can be given to his volume by such verses as the weakest, worst, and most worthless of "Poems by a Minor," when we all know that with one or two exceptions at the most, Byron was ashamed of the very best of them; and that even the very best afforded no intimation of his future genius, which was the sudden growth of his inspired manhood.—Miss Jewesbury's Lines on receiving a Bunch of Flowers from the Author of the Excursion, are worthy of the subject,—and so very beautiful, indeed, that with them we must adorn our Number.

ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF FLOWERS FROM
THE AUTHOR OF "THE EXCURSION."

" Flowers! that a poet's hand hath cull'd,
Ye lull, as oft his strains have lull'd,

Thoughts that my heart consume:
In harmony your tints oppose,
Carnation, jessamine, and rose—
A melody of bloom.

" And yet ere night, your leaves, forlorn,
Will ask, ' Where are the dews of morn?'
To-morrow, ' Where the sun?'
And, missing these, the gracious powers,
That are divinities to flowers,
Soon will your lives be done.

" But now how beautiful ye are,
Each gleameth on me like a star,
Only with milder hue:
And many a thought and fancy fleet,
And some, by sadness made more sweet,
Bright flowers I give to you.

" Sadness! I dare not look on thee,
Thou richly red anemone!
And let the word remain,
I dare not think of Him who wrought ye,
Nor even of the hand that brought ye,
With thoughts akin to pain.

" So, vanish sadness from my rhyme,
Killing all beauty ere its time:
I will not muse on death;
But only wish that I could be
Innocent, lovely flowers, as ye,
Living a life of tranquil glee,
Undimm'd by passion's breath."

We have no room to praise, and no inclination to abuse, any body else in the Forget-me-Not; and therefore, for the meanwhile, lay it gently aside, with an assurance to the Public, with whom, in this our Monologue, we are conversing, after the manner of Mr Coleridge with Madame de Stael, that she will find this oldest of all the Annuals fresh and strong as a two-year-old, and its pages full of various information and amusement. It has long had, and long will have, a deservedly extensive circulation—its embellishments are beautiful—and the whole volume inspired by a benign spirit of humanity, which disposes us to think with much esteem and regard of Publisher, Editor, and Contributors, even the stupidest among them,—and that some of them are pretty stupid in their own way, it would be hypocrisy to conceal, and impudence to deny; but we see no reason why a little occasional and temporary stupidity should not be as excusable in Ackerman's Forget-me-Not, as in Blackwood's Magazine.

The French is not a favourite language of ours, yet it has a few good words, and one of them is

THE SOUVENIR.

It sounds sweetly of some soft, sad sentiment of remembered delight—yet is not without a pleasant and even lively expression, especially when pronounced along with the accompaniment of two large lustrous eyes swimming brimful of dews divine,—eyes that almost draw yours away from the balmy lips, which, at the parting hour, will not, after some slight, silver-toned denial of the turned-away cheek, refuse to breathe into your soul a pure and pensive Souvenir. Indeed—Souvenir is an excellent name for kiss, and so is Susurrus, though in Latin, we believe, it means merely a murmur. Now, as we have long agreed with Dr Doddridge, in thinking and feeling that there is more sweet signification in a single inarticulate kiss, than in many compound polysyllabic epithets, we, for that reason alone, prefer the Souvenir to all the other Annuals, and only lament that its angel visits are so few and far between. A kiss ought to be perennial—just like the ever-blowing rose, which scatters a fresh shower of blossoms every morning of the year.

But to leave the sin that so easily besets us—we mean figurative language—the Souvenir ought, in accordance with its name, to be an elegant and graceful Annual—not with a foreign or outlandish air, for the name is naturalized in our language now, and sounds almost as sweetly as " auld lang syne;" but breathing the air of good society, by which we mean that of Ladies and Gentlemen, whose manners and morals too have been moulded by education, and by the intercourse and interchange of all the civilities, courtesies, amenities, and humanities of life.

Now this is precisely the character of this very delightful Annual. Mr Alaric Watts was the first to brighten and burnish up these Christmas Presents into the perfect beauty of art, which lends a charm to all the gifts

of nature. The first Souvenir was, in that respect, a prodigious improvement on the first Forget-me-Nots. Its dazzling and superb accomplishments threw that more artless Flower for a while into the shade; and even now, when that competition, which the splendid success of the Souvenir soon excited, has forced so many other gorgeous plants, this Annual, so far from being eclipsed in the show, lifts its head with conspicuous loveliness among the pinks, carnations, lilies, and roses; and many are the fair eyes that, from that breathing wilderness of bloom, in preference of them all, still select the sweet-scented Souvenir,—and thus it is, gentle reader, that a Kiss is changed into a Flower.

Mr Alaric Watts, therefore, is, in good truth, the Father of the Annuals. But for him, they had not now existed—and that is a sufficiently correct and comprehensive definition of Father. He deserves a gold snuff-box, or a silver cup; and the editors of the other Annuals ought to call a meeting to raise a handsome sum for that purpose, with suitable speeches, and an inscription. This year, the Souvenir is a most animated, graceful, elegant, alluring, fascinating, enchanting Annual. What! you object to so many epithets? Blockhead. Is not a Souvenir a Kiss? and is not a Kiss all that, and a thousand times more? Give, then, the Lady of your Love a Souvenir—bound in crimson—and tell her to keep it for your sake, till you request it back again, to smooth some slight ruffle on the silk, or restore some small syllable that has faintly faded, and will revive beneath a single breath!

The Souvenir shews, in many a shape of loveliness and majesty, what female beauty may be when Britain-born. Fit dwellers they in the old ancestral homes of England. Daughters, perhaps mothers, of the heroes who, in war, lighten along the land, and sweep the seas. Not saints, and assuredly not sinners; yet resistless agencies in the service of seraph or fiend—flesh and blood women—breathing and beaming of temptation to men's souls—temptation to bliss, or temptation to bale, according as love looks on under the awe of conscience, or gazes in passion which even from heaven would bring an angel down to be soiled by the taint of earth. There they stand in the open day, with no other guard but their innocence—not that innocence which is in the eyes and bosoms of fair creatures gladsome in the sacred modesty of childhood, but the innocence of pure feeling sprung from high thought, august and queenlike, beneath whose lustre steady as that of the evening star, all base desires evanish into darkness, and lofty wishes and holy hopes alone can abide. Such a being is "The Belgrave," round whom lingers an atmosphere of delight, in which love, friendship, and devotion dwell, "drawing empyreal air," in which all that is "of the earth earthy" would inhale but poison, and sink into death and dust. Such are the "Sisters," by Stephanhoff, for each of whom might love dare destruction in its most dreadful aspect, and trust for escape to the benign influence of the Divinity he adored. What depth of tenderness in those swimming eyes! those heaving bosoms overcharged with the power of bliss!—And such another being is She, the Portrait of one of those majestic visions that visit the slumbers of Lesly, laden with all that is richest and most gorgeous in nature and in art.

Yet genius can see, feel, and express the dignity of the female character, even when its loveliness is in vain sought to be degraded by the meanest of all national vices—Jealousy, that too often creates the very frailty it fears. There, in transcendant beauty and surpassing grace, moves the vision revealed to Chalon's enamoured imagination, of "La Fille bien Gardée"—She who, in free and confiding England—for she is a daughter of Spain—had been, like the lily or the rose, tended in air and sunshine, but by the spirits who watch over all that is fair, and pure, and good, in living and insensate nature. Or in room of these garments of patrician rank, and yet in radiant countenance, simple and serene,

"When unadorn'd, adorn'd the most!"

Ay—true, that sentiment is divine! But so is that sentiment, too, which loves to behold the silver moon splendidly encircled with all her silvery robes, participating, as they float rejoicingly round the stainless luminary, of the light that, while it fills

the heaven, till all the stars are faint, makes glad the hearts of men, regarding her in worship from the shades of earth! Instead of that old dotard, the father, and that sinister spy the duenna, and that impertinent trainbearer, the pretty page, she would have had her own Betrothed, talking in tender pride close by her blessed and blissful bosom—one haply of the sons of ocean, or who, beaming bright in arms, "charged with all his chivalry" at Waterloo.

But who are they that sit mourning in their loveliness, beneath the shadow of a rock on the surf-beaten shore? The Sisters of Scio, by Phalippon painted, by Henry Rolls engraved into beauteous images of woe, by soft-flowing lines of undulating grace; and by Felicia Dorothea Hemans sung! Die—rather let them die in famine amongst sea-sand shells, than ere their virgin charms be polluted in the harem of the barbarian who has desolated their native isle! Bowed down and half-dead, beneath what a load of anguish hangs the orphan's dishevelled head on the knee of a sister, in pensive resignation, and holy faith triumphant over despair, as Felicia happily singeth.

"Yes, weep, my sister! weep, till from the heart
The weight flow forth in tears—yet sink thou not!
I bind my sorrow to a lofty part,
For thee, my gentle one! Our orphan lot
To meet in quenchless trust; my soul is strong—
Thou, too, wilt rise in holy might, ere long.

A breath of our free heavens and noble sires,
A memory of our old victorious dead;
These mantle me with power; and though their fires
In a frail censer briefly may be shed,
Yet shall they light us onward, side by side;
Have the wild birds, and have not *we* a Guide?

Cheer, then, beloved! on whose meek brow is set
Our Mother's image—in whose voice a tone,
A faint, sweet sound of hers is lingering yet,
An echo of our childhood's music gone;
Cheer then! Thy sister's heart and faith are high;
Our faith is one—with thee I live and die!"

But, gentle reader—open your own Souvenir—and forget our prating, as you gaze on Harlow's Siddons, and Howard's Oberon and Titania; and, glorious indeed, Alston's Jacob's Dream, which, to tell in words, would need the poetry of a Coleridge, and, therefore, the prose of Christopher North is mute.

But are the literary compositions in the Souvenir worthy of its adornments? They are as they always have been, good—and that is enough. More—the Souvenir is at least equal to any other Annual. And it gives us pleasure to say, that the editor's own articles are among the best in the volume. Mr Watts always writes simply, elegantly, and feelingly—without one particle of affectation—that besetting sin of some who esteem themselves, most erroneously, his superiors; and therefore his verses, which are generally on some domestic subject, some fireside theme, "familiar matter of to-day," interest and affect the heart. They are often truly touching—and it is some time since we have read any thing more pathetic—and the pathos is of a kind that must come home to every bosom—to some, perhaps, too, too painfully—than the short poem entitled

THE ANNIVERSARY.

"Nay, chide me not! I cannot chase
The gloom that wraps my soul away,
Nor wear, as erst, the smiling face
That best beseems this hallow'd day:
Fain would my yearning heart be gay,
Its wonted welcome breathe to thine;
But sighs come blended with my lay,
And tears of anguish blot the line.

I cannot sing as once I sung,
Our bright and cheerful hearth beside;
When gladness sway'd my heart and tongue,
And looks of fondest love replied—
The meaner cares of earth defied,
We heeded not its outward din;
How loud soe'er the storm might chide,
So all was calm and fair within.

A blight upon our bliss hath come,
We are not what we were of yore;
The music of our hearts is dumb;
Our fireside mirth is heard no more!
The little chick, its chirp is o'er,
That fill'd our happy home with glee;
The dove hath fled, whose pinions bore
Healing and peace for thee and me.

Our youngest-born—our Autumn-flower,
The best beloved, because the last;
The star that shone above our bower,
When many a cherish'd dream had past,
The one sweet hope, that o'er us cast
Its rainbow'd form of life and light,
And smiled defiance on the blast,
Hath vanish'd from our eager sight.

Oh! sudden was the wrench that tore
Affection's firmest links apart;
And doubly barb'd the shaft we wore
Deep in each bleeding heart of heart:
For, who can bear from bliss to part
Without one sign—one warning token;
To sleep in peace—then wake, and start
To find life's fairest promise broken.

When last this cherish'd day came round,
What aspirations sweet were ours!
Fate, long unkind, our hopes had crown'd,
And strewn, at length, our path with flowers.
How darkly now the prospect lowers!
How thorny is our homeward way!
How more than sad our evening hours,
That used to glide like thought away!

And half infected by our gloom,
Yon little mourner sits and sighs,
His playthings, scatter'd round the room,
No more attract his listless eyes.
Nutting, his infant task, he plies,
On moves with soft and stealthy tread,
And call'd, in tone subdued replies,
As if he fear'd to wake the dead!

Where is the blithe companion gone,
Whose sports he loved to guide and share?
Where is the merry eye that won
All hearts to fondness? Where, oh, where?
The empty crib—the vacant chair—
The favourite toy—alone remain,
To whisper to our hearts' despair,
Of hopes we cannot feel again!

Ay, joyless is our 'ingle nook,'—
Its genial warmth we own no more!
Our fireside wears an alter'd look,—
A gloom it never knew before!
The converse sweet—the cherish'd lore—
That once could cheer our stormiest day,—
Those revels of the soul are o'er!
Those simple pleasures past away!

Then chide me not, I cannot sing
A song befitting love and thee!—
My heart and harp have lost the string
On which hung all their melody!
Yet soothing sweet it is to me,
Since fled the smiles of happier years;
To know that still our hearts are free,
Betide what may, to mingle tears!"

Within these few years Mr Thomas H. Baily, who once appeared to us but a poetaster, has, we are happy to see and say it, shewn himself a poet. Many of his songs are extremely beautiful, and some of his *jeux-d'esprit* excellent and original. The following lines do him great credit in every way, and are true to nature, to its very core.

"THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

"I never was a favourite,
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That bless'd her fairer child:
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turn'd away to hide my tears,—
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of sense;
I strove to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh, beauty! in my nursery
I learn'd to know thy worth,—
For even there, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wish'd—for others wish'd it too—
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate,—
But in my sister's face
There was a look of love, that claim'd
A smile or an embrace;
But when I raised my lip, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But, oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses deck'd;
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came—
A time of sorrow too—
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venom'd mantle threw—
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death;

And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then unwearied, day and night,
I watch'd beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillow'd her poor head.
She lived—she loved me for my care!
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend!

As we have no poetry of our own this month, we shall give our friends a strain, (Oh! what a dying fall is there!) of Miss Bowles', authoress of "Chapters on Churchyards," "The Widow's Tale," "Solitary Hours," &c.—by far the most profoundly pathetic female writer of the age,—whose delightful genius gushes and flows on from a heart as pure as nature ever warmed and Christianity elevated.

"My baby! my poor little one! thou'st come a winter flower;—
A pale and tender blossom, in a cold unkindly hour,
Thou comest with the snow-drop—and, like that pretty thing,
The power that call'd my bud to life, will shield its blossoming.

The snow-drop hath no guardian leaves to fold her safe and warm,
Yet well she bides the bitter blast, and weathers out the storm;
I shall not long enfold thee thus—not long—but well I know
The Everlasting Arms, my babe, will never let thee go!

The snow-drop—how it haunts me still!—hangs down her fair young head,
So thine may droop in days to come, when I have long been dead,
And yet the little snow-drop's safe!—from her instruction seek,
For who would crush the motherless, the lowly, and the meek?

Yet motherless thou'lt not be long—not long in name, my life;
Thy father soon will bring him home another, fairer wife;
Be loving, dutiful to her;—find favour in her sight;
But never, oh, my child! forget thine own poor mother quite.

But who will speak to thee of her?—the gravestone at her head
Will only tell the name, and age, and lineage of the dead,
But not a word of all the love—the mighty love for thee,
That crowded years into an hour of brief maternity.

They'll put my picture from its place, to fix another there—
That picture, that was thought so like, and yet so passing fair!
Some chamber in thy father's house they'll let thee call thine own!—
Oh! take it there—to look upon when thou art all alone.

To breathe thine early griefs unto—if such assail my child;
To turn to, from less loving looks, from faces not so mild.
Alas! unconscious little one!—thou'lt never know that best,
That holiest home of all the earth, a living mother's breast!—

I do repent me, now too late, of each impatient thought,
That would not let me tarry out God's leisure as I ought;
I've been too hasty, peevish, proud, I long'd to go away;
And now I'd fain live on for thee, God will not let me stay.

Oh! when I think of what I was, and what I might have been,
A bride last year,—and now to die! and I am scarce nineteen:
And just, just opening in my heart a fount of love, so new;
So deep!—could that have run to waste?—could that have fail'd me too?

The bliss it would have been to see my daughter at my side!
My prime of life scarce overblown, and hers in all its pride;
To deck her with my finest things—with all I've rich and rare;
To hear it said, how beautiful! and good as she is fair!

And then to place the marriage crown upon that bright young brow!
Oh no! not that—'tis full of thorns!—alas, I'm wandering now!
This weak, weak head! this foolish heart! they'll cheat me to the last;
I've been a dreamer all my life, and now that life is past.

Thou'lt have thy father's eyes, my child—oh! once how kind they were!
His long black lashes—his own smile—and just such raven hair:
But here's a mark!—poor innocent! he'll love thee for't the less,—
Like that upon thy mother's cheek, his lips were wont to press.

And yet, perhaps, I do him wrong—perhaps, when all's forgot
But our young loves, in memory's mood, he'll kiss this very spot:
Oh! then, my dearest! clasp thine arms about his neck full fast;
And whisper, that I bless'd him now, and loved him to the last.

I've heard that little infants converse by smiles and signs
With the guardian band of Angels that round about them shines,
Unseen by grosser senses—beloved one! dost thou
Smile so upon thy heavenly friends, and commune with them now?

And hast thou not one look for me? those little restless eyes
Are wandering, wandering everywhere the whilst thy mother dies!
And yet, perhaps, thou'rt seeking me—expecting me, mine own!
Come, Death, and make me to my child, at least in spirit known!"

To surpass the Souvenir will be found no easy task, either for love or money. But there is one Annual—the third of this Triad—that has made the attempt, and in some points perhaps, though certainly not in all, and probably not on the whole, the attempt has been successful. In the literary department Sir Walter has been called in, himself a host; but no one single warrior on earth, now-a-days at least, though his strength may be gigantic, can put to the rout whole armies of well-disciplined troops. The "House of Aspen" is an interesting composition enough in itself—and still more so as shewing the style and school in which the greatest genius of the age delighted in early manhood, before he knew the bent of his own native genius. Thank God, he made that discovery ere long, and flung to the winds all about him that was German. In his pleasant Preface, he tells us—in other language—that Canning and Frere put an extinguisher on all those farthing rush-lights that did ruefully illumine the dark chambers in which they were placed, for safety, and not to set the house on fire, in wash-hand-basins. But had they been let alone—which would have been a pity, for then we should have missed those admirable parodies—they would all have gone out of themselves, stinking away, little expiring wretches, in their own shallow sockets. Sir Walter would, of his own accord, have snuffed or puffed out his twelves to the pound, and kindled the lamp of his own genius.

THE KEEPSAKE

Is the most Patrician of Annuals in the whole republic of letters. Five Lords, three Honourables, THE BARONET, divers Members of Parliament, and sundry Squires, of no small estates, have their names on its boards—a list which makes a poor Plebeian like us tremble in our shoes. Yet, by the mother's side, we can shew our descent from William Wallace; and that, we opine, gives us rank above all the Peerage of England; therefore, we cease our trembling, and look on the bright binding of this splendid Southron as calmly as "The Wight" himself would have eyed one of Edward's banners. We do not exactly know how our dear Public feels with respect to Literary Lords—the poetical part of the Peerage. Is she awed? We believe a little; though the awe is apt to yield to love, and love to liking, and liking to indifference, and indifference to rouse itself up again into something occasionally not very unlike contempt. This is

not right; for such noblemen are not, we seriously assure the public, to be wantonly sneezed at, some of them being almost as clever as commoners. It shews spunk to descend from their ancestral altitudes, into the arena, where, when Greek meets Greek in the tug of war, it signifies not, for the matter of fair play, though the one combatant should be a Viscount and the other a Cockney—whether the shy be for a purse or for mere love. The truth is, that the nobility of England, for their numbers, turn out more than their proportion of good ones, and beyond that of any other kingdom in Europe, are distinguished in the poetical prize-ring. The present champions seem to be Lords Holland, Nugent, Normanby, Morpeth, Porchester, John Russel, and above them all, perhaps, in accomplishments—though this year he is conspicuous in his absence—Lord Leveson Gower. They are all fit to contend, equal weights, with our crack commoners; and our prayer is, "May the best man win it."

At the same time, we suspect Mr Mansel Reynolds, editor of the Keepsake, rates the power over the public of such illustrious names a few pegs too high; and that he looks down rather superciliously upon, in one sense, the humbler names inscribed on the other Annuals. His own imagination is doubtless dazzled by such a blaze of glory; his very eyes "blasted by excess of light," so that he does not very distinctly see some things visible enough to all the lower orders. He trusts too much, we fear, to titles; and waxes proud as a piper at the sight of so many coronets. Now, for our own parts, a great quantity of lords in an Annual ceases to affect our imagination, any more than in Collins's Peerage. They should not be made too cheap, but should be carefully husbanded for great occasions. One bursting upon you in all his effulgence, every hundredth page or so, makes quite a new era in a volume; but a continuous series is apt to drawl; and we sigh for the interposition of a member of that invaluable order in a mixed constitution —the middle ranks.* Still there is an *eclat* in such contributors; so many stars have their twinkle; although, at the rising of such a luminary as Burns, for example, they would all dwindle away into so many pin-points, and disappear, like headless pins driven into a cushion. Thus, in this very Keepsake, one single small composition of some twenty or thirty lines of S. T. Coleridge's, is worth, twenty or thirty times over, all the performances of the Peerage.

What, pray, and we wonder, has become of some of our prime Bards, who last year tuned their harps so sweetly or so solemnly in the Keepsake? Where is Wordsworth? We once believed, on his own affirmation we had reason to think, that to appear in an Annual was a degradation to which his muse, the Mountain-Nymph, Sweet Liberty, would never submit; but lo! and behold this apparition did effulge in this very Annual, and by her side, it must be confessed, some other singers, with kirtles knee-high, and seemingly inspired with stronger streams than are wont to flow from Helicon, had somewhat of the semblance—the expression is perhaps rather strong—of Town-trulls. But she has, this year, hidden herself in the glooms of Helvellyn, from which Plutus is impotent to drag her from the arms of Pan and Apollo.

The consequence of so many Peers —by our courtesy so called—and of so few Poets—is, that the literary spirit of the Keepsake is somewhat vapid, and we question if it will have many admirers even at Almack's. It is not exquisite enough for the exclusives, and has but few charms for common creatures out of that enchanted circle. The Honourable Mr Liddle's Lines to an Eagle are, however, ode-like, and would shine even in the Souvenir. But the pearl above price is the heart-breathing, soul-beaming effusion of Coleridge. What tender, profound, philosophical, and religious sentiments, flowing along, like a current of sweet water from some shady fountain in the old sacred woods, or rather like a current of purest spring-air from the dewy clouds, on which in delight leans the rainbow! It consecrates that common word "refreshing"—so restorative is it to the world-wearied spirit, faint and sick with hollow common-places, and disturbed with meeting, at every turn, in the haunts of cark and care, with falsehood aping truth, and hypocrisy with her mask palming herself off for

wisdom, with her brow ample and clear as the cloudless heaven. Socrates never more simply thought—Simonides never more sweetly sung—a moral lesson. Art thou a wife and mother? Then, for the sake of thy husband and thy children, listen and learn—and then will thy heart be strong for all household duties; and at nightfall, every pillow—in marriage-bed—in couch or cradle—will be strewed by sleep with roses, whose fragrance shall not fail nor their leaf wither. This poem—for a poem it is—seems to unfold itself without effort, and by some gentle internal power of expansion, like a flower, into perfect, consummate beauty—and to hang in air, as on an invisible stalk, hidden among its own loveliness.

"THE POET'S ANSWER,

"*To a Lady's question, respecting the accomplishments most desirable in an Instructress of Children.*

"O'er wayward children wouldest thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces:
LOVE, HOPE, and PATIENCE,—these must be thy GRACES,
And in thy own heart let them first *keep school!*
For, as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it: so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of Education—PATIENCE, HOPE, and LOVE!
Methinks I see them group'd in seemly show,—
The straiten'd arms upraised,—the palms aslope,—
And robes that touching, as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow emboss'd in snow.

O part them never! If HOPE prostrate lie,
LOVE too will sink and die!
But LOVE is subtle; and will proof derive,
From her own life, that HOPE is yet alive.
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the Mother Dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies:
Thus LOVE repays to HOPE what HOPE first gave to LOVE!

Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When, over-task'd, at length,
Both LOVE and HOPE beneath the load give way.
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, PATIENCE,—nothing loath;
And, both supporting, does the work of both!"

But let it not be thought that we look with undelighted eyes on this the most splendid of all the Annuals. Its literary part, though still needing great improvement, is far superior to last year's; and as for its embellishments, they are altogether matchless. Let us apply to them the highest word in our vocabulary—they are transcendant. The Book is so beautiful, that we are afraid almost to touch it; we shudder at the fear of snuff being on our fingers; we bathe them in frequent ablutions in the wash-hand basin; we look around in vain for our gloves, for we are perpetually leaving them in the Sanctum; and oh! for Louisa, with a touch like light, to lay open the lovely leaves, and raise from their shade an apparition angelic almost as herself; for from her, beheld but in some wondrous dream, must Lesly have drawn the face and figure of that beaming "Bride!" What a paradisaical year must that have been, on an earth transfigured all at once into one garden of Eden, through whose divine seasons the love of such a Being—immaculate as Eve before the Fall—was sought, beseeched, adored, confessed, delivered up, won, seized on with eagle-winged raptures soaring in the sunshine of triumph,

by some Child of Clay, unknown to us who gaze upon his conquest—unknown to us among the multitude of imaginary creatures peopling the unsubstantial realms of Fancy who creates worlds at will in the night of Sleep and Dreams! The Bride! who the Bridegroom? He must needs have been "a childe of strength and state." For a princely head did Nature frame the pillow of that bosom; bold and bright must have been his eye, to subdue into such ineffable tenderness these large dewy orbs, suffused in virgin light; the breath of high-born Valour, who had fought the battles of liberty for his native land, alone worthy to meet the "incense-breathing morn" of these lips; the voice of stainless Honour it must have been, to find access into an ear that ever drew delight from the native melodies of Innocence; on the breast of Virtue alone, and in his arms, as of a guardian angel, would ever have rested, through the twilight hour, that starlike head!

Theodore Hook! you are one of the wittiest of men. But hang me if you don't deserve to be tarred and feathered, for having publicly asserted in a Tale, that on the bridal-morning of this bride, the bridegroom did not make his appearance—for that he had been—shot in a duel! If this be a true bill, then the miscreant who shot him must be hanged—if not, then must you, after being tarred and feathered, be transported for life, and sent up the country, to work in chains, till all the interior be intersected by high-roads. You are, we repeat it, one of the wittiest of men, and one of the most delightful companions that ever drove into oblivion dunces and blue devils—but wit and convivial witchcraft is no alleviation—but an aggravation of murder. True, you did not shoot the bridegroom yourself—but you did what was a thousand times worse—you told us that he was shot, and that bride a virgin widow.

Articles illustrative of engravings—and engravings illustrative of articles—How is this? You, gentle reader, not thinking of painters, write a book—and having described some scene to the life—still or stirring—a painter comes to the aid of you, a poet, and shows you, on canvass and in oils, the very picture you beheld on air and in light. You are as proud as Punch. He, again, not thinking of poets, paints a picture; and having shewn the world a segment of the enchanted circle—or rather a circle within a circle—a wheel within a wheel—of the same life, still or stirring, you, a poet, come to the aid of him, a painter, and shew him, on wire-wove hot-pressed paper, printed by a Ballantyne, a Davison, or a Bentley, the very picture, in ink, which he beheld first in his own soul, and next on a piece of canvass, six feet say by four, in oil; or it may be in water-colours, carefully composed on a pallet, which he brandished in his left hand, with all the air of a great master. Why, in each case, there is a work of supererogation. Let poet and painter, say we, eye the world of Man and Nature, each for himself, as Milton, and Spenser, and Shakspeare did—as Scott, and Southey, and Wordsworth do—as did the mighty masters of the pencil too of old, as well as of the pen—the Raphaels, and the Poussins, and the rest—and as do our Turners, our Thomsons, and our Prouts, our Wilkies, our Mulreadys, our Leslies, and our Newtons. Poets and painters have the same province; but they sway with a different sceptre; though they are alike kings by divine right.

But of the two, it is more absurd, in our most meek, lowly, and humble opinion, for the poet or the proser to illustrate the painter's work—be it dawby or divine—than for the painter to illustrate the work of the poet or proser, be it drawly or divine; for the picture appeals to the eye which interprets what it sees, like a wiseacre who wants no words; but the poem speaks to the ear which is only a king's messenger carrying dispatches either to the soul his sovereign, or to the individual members of his government, the faculties, who are secretaries for home and foreign affairs, &c. and carry on the administration, without any fear of change from Whig to Tory, till, by a final dissolution, they are all turned out. This makes a most essential difference in the two cases; for the ear, conscious of his own infirmities, likes to lean and rely on the eye; but the eye, when there is set before him his own duties to discharge, is a flaming minister, and rather than condescend to call in the assistance of the ear, would shut himself up

under his own lid, having in mortal anger broken his brother's drum. Let the brothers alone, then; leaving each at liberty to follow his own pursuits, to look and listen to his own department; and you may search the whole world through for such another beautiful example of fraternal affection; but insist on them crossing and jostling on the course, and ten to one but the most shocking of crimes is perpetrated—fratricide!

We have not time now to go thoroughly into the philosophy of all this; but one word on two great Exceptions. First, Painters do rightly seek subjects in poetry, when and where the power of poetry, though sufficient for the purposes of its own art, is nevertheless, in the very nature of things, limited, and also so far imperfect, that the imagination is willing to call in the sister art of Painting, not only to enable her to complete her own dreams, but by embodying them in palpable impersonations, to give her time, while gazing on them, as if on real living flesh and blood, to draw from them that full delight which gradually grows out of vivid and permanent perception of beauty, or of glory, which previously in conception was dim and evanescent. The great painter, therefore, may study Spenser, for example, and give substance, as it were, by his art, to many of the shadows of Fairyland. Ere he can do so, he must, however, be almost a kindred Spirit with Spenser—and see with the same eyes as that prevailing poet did, this real, as well as that ideal world. He paints, not at once from the poetry, then, but, in fact, from the prototype of the poetry existing in man's spiritual being; aided by Spenser's soul-shadowing stanzas, and being, in sooth, the interpreter, by other signs, of the myriad-meaning language of the Fairy Queen. But the painter who does pictures from Scott's Poems—say the Lady of the Lake—performs a far humbler exploit indeed; for he has merely to imagine any beautiful young woman, or to remember one, or to see one sitting, or walking, or rowing a boat, absolutely before his own open mouth and eyes, and his work is done; and in a few days, if done well, sold as Helen Douglas to some connoiseur, who, of course, has subjected Loch Catrine to the test-act of all the cantos. No objection whatever have we in this wide world to such a proceeding; but if any man, by acting thus, conceives that, because Sir Walter Scott is a great poet, he himself is a great painter, we shall take the liberty of writing down his name Ass on our tablets. But what say we to Shakspeare? Why, we say that painters—great ones—Shakspearean ones, if there be any such, may paint away from the sweet-singing of the Swan of Avon till they are blind. Such studies are legitimate; for the truth is, that Shakspeare's characters have long ceased to be poetical creations, and are now as absolute flesh and blood as any other subjects in his Majesty's dominions. The painter, therefore, who paints them, is doing no more, though he is supposed to do it somewhat better, than painting portraits of the living, or, what comes to the same thing, of the dead, whose bodily frame and features have been canonized into perpetual existence, as well as the frame and features of their souls—the copies which the Warwickshire thief stole from the originals being in fact liker nature than ever were the originals themselves; just as a night-dreamed Eidolon of Byron will be liker Byron, for all that is uncharacteristic will have fallen off along with the dust, than Byron was to himself, when in night-gown and slippers, and with an enormous bowl of strong tea before him, he indited Lara or the Corsair, considering at the close of every paragraph what sum he was to demand for it from the Duke of Albemarle, and at the end of each part, or fytte, or canto, wisely adding a thousand pounds. The world of Shakspeare, then, with all its sufferers, active and passive, is nothing else than the world of nature brightened up, or gloomed down; and the painter works away in it, just as he works away out of it; with this great and saving difference, that, in the one case, he has Shakspeare at his elbow, a glorious Director-General; and, in the other, he has nobody beside him but his own self; and when difficulties occur, who then shall assist him but his own spirit, travailing, perhaps in vain, with its own throes, and finally delivered, even with the aid of Fancy's late-come midwife,

Queen Mab, of a false-birth, or mole, or an abortion! That is all the difference, but it is a great one; and when you well understand it, which, we confess, we ourselves do not, then will you understand great part of the Philosophy of the whole concern.

It seems to us therefore, and we hope also to you, that painters may legitimately seek for the subjects, even of their greatest works, in "pure poetry,"—like the Fairy Queen, or in such a drama as Shakspeare's, which is not "pure poetry"—God forbid!—but infinitely better; and we may add, also in such a romance of life as Don Quixote, which occupies, it may be generally said, in the realms of Imagination, a place between that poem and those plays. And so, with regard to all poems, and all plays, and all romances, that have been produced by the lesser Spensers, and Shakspeares, and Cervanteses. But, in all other orders of composition but these three—and mark! they are most comprehensive—the painter who takes his subjects from the poet, does, by that very act, put himself far beneath his inspired brother; and is, at the best, but an imitator of an original. If his picture is far better than the poem he paints from, still he is not himself equal in genius to the poet; for the conception, mark ye! is the chief merit, because the chief difficulty; and that being given, or rather taken, you see at once that the borrower was barren, and that he is not the father of his own child. If his picture be merely about as good as the poem, what then? Why, the man is an ass for doing over again what has been done well already, and the world will take measure of his ears. If his picture, though still tolerable, is worse than the poem, then he must not hope thereby to gain admittance as Associate in our Royal Academy; and, if it be absolutely bad, as well as borrowed, he must be knouted in Maga, and sent to the centre of Siberian Cockaigne.

Pardon one illustration. There is Burns's Cottar's Saturday Night! and several painters have done it—but observe, not Wilkie. He has painted, in one of these very Annuals, Saturday Night; but then you see a fine comfortable old fellow of a grandfather strapping his razor by the fireside, about to shear a week's beard, and that little stoic, his grand-child, enduring, with a stiff-stubbornness truly Scottish and heroic, the brown-soap driven through his eyelids by the iron-hand of the most pitiless of the Fates or Furies, scrubbing, as if it were of wood, the face of the trump of a Trojan, who is dour as death. Genius shuns subjects that have been appropriated, partly from noble pride, and partly from nobler principle; while clever men, to whom that gift has been denied, go about, purloining up and down the whole world of the Fine Arts, at the best translators, at the worst thieves. Wilkie allows Burns to keep his own Cottar's Saturday Night to himself; and so would Burns have allowed Wilkie to keep to himself his own Rent-Day, Blind Fiddler, and Reading of the Will.

So much for the first—now for the second of our two great Exceptions to the general rule, that all great painters will find subjects for themselves in life, past, present, or future, and not take those which have been already described in words, be it prose or verse. The second exception applies to religious subjects. All characters, situations, scenes, events, incidents in the Bible, Old or New Testament, are the property of painters. And for this one sufficient reason, that the Bible is neither Prose nor Poetry—but the Language of Inspiration. The Bible, we presume to say, is not a work of genius. Deists alone view it—or pretend to do so—in that light. There is no description, for example, using that term in its right sense, in the account of the Crucifixion. The dreadful event happened; and mention is made of some of the appalling circumstances; but to conceive the scene is free to the Poet and the Painter, and either of them, expressing his conception nobly by his own art, achieves an original work. But suppose that a great painter had painted the Transfiguration, for example, would a great poet stoop to write a poem on that particular picture? Surely not; and just as surely not, would a great painter stoop to make a picture from a poem by some great poet, called the Transfiguration. There are two books—the Book of Nature and the Book of God. Both lie open for ho-

ly perusal; and both alike, if perused in that spirit, either by Religion or Genius, will inspire the soul that studies, and the fruits will be visible, in the one case, works of Faith and Charity, and in the other works of Imagination and Passion,—both in their nature less human than divine, nor incapable, but, on the contrary, easy of union, and in that union immortal.

But lo! an angel,—if ever angel there were on this earth—with one smile scatters our philosophical criticism into atoms, as the sun a heavy cloud, and for her sake—yet to us but a phantom—makes our old withered heart in love with life. Sir Thomas Laurence, when he goes to heaven, will gaze with no new wonder on the spirits there—for all the loveliest of God's loveliest creatures have passed before his eyes in those shades of earth—and none lovelier—no offence, we trust, in tracing the name, than "The Agar Ellis." What ineffable sweetness, and what radiant joy! What—But hush! The beautiful being knows not—at this moment she has forgot it—that her face is bathed in beauty as a lily in sunshine, that is loath to dissolve the dew on such lovely leaves. But did not Sir Thomas also paint Lady Morgan? What a strange thing the association of ideas! He did. There is no general rule without some most glaring and staring exception. Why, by the way, won't Lady Morgan forgive that matter-of-fact American—or, to use her own more eloquent words, "this Yankee from Boston,"—who treated the world with a personal sketch of the Wild Irish Girl? "At length," said the Yankee from Boston, "Lady Morgan entered. She was short, with a broad face, blue, inexpressive eyes, and seemed, if such a thing may be named, about forty years of age. Her general appearance is far from handsome—it is not even striking. There was an evident affectation of Parisian taste in her dress and manner." There is nothing, to be sure, very complimentary in this—nothing very flattering—yet this American gentleman being, like most of his travelling countrymen, a citizen of the world, besides a subject of the most free government on the face of the whole earth, and consequently not so chivalrous as Christopher North, had not, we are persuaded, the slightest intention of being rude, but sincerely desired to speak the truth, and to state fairly first impressions. But it is dangerous to find fault with a lady's face or figure; and for our own part, we admire my Lady Morgan's "organization, by which she is a wife and mother," much more than we do her books. So we hope she will not be as angry with us as with the Yankee from Boston. Only hear how she belabours Jonathan. "I appeal—I appeal from this Caravaggio of Boston to the Titian of his age and country;—I appeal to you, Sir Thomas Laurence! would you have penciled a short, squat, broad-faced, inexpressive, affected, Frenchified, *Greenland-sea-like* Lady of any age? * * * * * * * * And yet you did paint the picture of this *Lapland Venus*—this inpersonation of a Dublin cod-fish, this *pendant* to Hogarth's *Poissarde* at the Gate of Calais, who bears so striking a resemblance to the *maiden ray she exhibits for sale!*" The "*spretæ injuria formæ*" has driven Lady Morgan to calumniate the Yankee a hundred times worse than he has calumniated "the sweet flesh" in which she is herself "imparadised." His language is plain, but it is not ungentlemanly; hers is coarse, and most unladylike. He says, "her general appearance is far from handsome;" she says that means "the impersonation of a Dublin-bay cod-fish!" He says she was "short" —she adds "squat;" he says her person "is not even striking,"—she substitutes for that simple phrase the more picturesque image of a "Lapland Venus;" he speaks of "affectation of *Parisian* taste,"—she asserts that means "a *pendant* to Hogarth's *Poissarde* at the Gates of *Calais;*" he leaves the reader to conjecture the *tout-ensemble* of "the organization by which women are wives and mothers,"—she assumes that it bears "a striking resemblance to a *maiden ray* exhibited for sale." And this is the lady who says indignantly, "let Quarterlies and Blackwoods libel!" Alas! alas! our dear Lady Morgan, "that we could see ourselves as others see us,"—and then you would weep tears over your monstrous misrepresentation of the meaning of the blunt, honest Yankee from Boston,

"Fast as Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum"—

But, gentle reader, turn from this little episode and its subject, and flying from earth to heaven—from a jelly to a star—contemplate the countenance of an angel in the Honourable Georgiana Agar Ellis—*and be still.*

But to return to Lady Morgan, just for one single minute, and with a feeling of much kindliness—will she have the goodness to allow us to direct her attention to the following lines, in "The Forget-me-Not," by an English Lady?

"TO MR LUCAS.

"*Written while sitting to him for my Portrait. December,* 1825.

BY MARY MITFORD.

"Oh! young and richly gifted! Born to claim
No vulgar place amidst the sons of fame;
With shapes of beauty haunting thee like dreams,
And skill, to realize Art's loftiest themes;
How wearisome to thee the task must be,
To copy these coarse features painfully;
Faded by time, and paled by care, to trace
The dim complexion of this homely face;
And lend to a bent brow and anxious eye
Thy holiest toil, thine art's high mystery.
Yet by that art, almost methinks divine,
By hand, and colour, and the skilful line,
Which at a stroke can strengthen and refine,
And mostly by the invisible influence
Of thine own spirit, gleams of thought and sense
Shoot o'er the care-worn forehead, and illume
The heavy eye, and break the leaden gloom;
Even as the sunbeams on the rudest ground
Fling their illusive glories wide around,
And make the dullest scene of nature bright
By the reflection of their own pure light!"

Now, would Sir Thomas Lawrence hesitate one moment to do as Mr Lucas — himself a man of very exquisite genius—was proud to do —to paint Miss Mitford? No; he would be delighted to receive honour as well as to bestow, by drawing a finished portrait of the author of "Our Village" and of "Rienzi." Miss Mitford's features may *possibly be coarse*, though we do not believe they are so, even on her own confession. But heaven-born imagination and home-born feeling disdain not to dwell on those *coarse* features, making them *fine*, ay, finer far to all eyes that can *see*, than if shaped to the most delicate line of beauty, yet without soul-expression. Look, then, on "this picture, and on this" —Lady Morgan's furious caricature of herself, scrawled to shame the Yankee from Boston, but which merely proves that his picture was true to nature, though not at all idealized; and Miss Mitford's portrait of herself, drawn in humility and meekness, not untouched with sadness and sorrow, and we for a moment grant, in outline and colouring also true to nature, but idealized, not by Mr Lucas—admirable artist though he be—but by genius flinging on that homely face its own lights and its own shadows, filling the "heavy eye" with heavenly lustre, in which the "leaden gloom" evanishes away; crowning the "care-worn forehead" with halo, and moulding the lips to that highest of all beauty—a breathing inspiration.

We must lay the Keepsake most reluctantly aside; but were we to indite eulogies all night long, we should fail in imparting to those who have not seen it an adequate idea of its matchless beauties. The engravings seem to us to be larger than those in any other Annual, and they are also far more numerous—so that, open the volume as you may, some splendid image bursts upon your

gaze, and you are lost in love, admiration, and wonder. Laurence, Stephanoff, Leslie, Chalon, all shine here in their brightest genius—and Heath, and ——, and ——, and ——, have carried, in these specimens, the art of engraving to the highest pitch of perfection. The editor says, in his Preface, with justifiable exultation, "the last year's Keepsake has been found in every respectable bookseller's shop in Europe, India, and America;" and we can assure these three quarters of the world, that the Keepsake of this year is, in all respects, superior to its predecessors.

So much for the first Triad; and now, by the same sort of delicate and indefinite affinities, seem to our heart and eyes to be allied the "Friendship's Offering," the "Iris," and the "Amulet." The Iris, indeed, is called on the title-page, a Religious Offering; and Friendship is almost as sacred and holy a thing as Religion. And what more potent "Amulet" than Friendship—except Religion—to work a charm on pain, grief, and despair, and change this weary world into better than Fairy—into Angel-land? There then lies the Second Triad, in soft and subdued light of its own, like three white roses on one stalk, or three white lilies; for these sister-flowers are convertible into one another at the plastic pleasure of Imagination dallying with the sweet things it loves—Imagination, who then works magical transformations among all the breathing, blushing, and balmy creatures—still but not insensate—of the green dew-world of the Beautiful; till flower and leaf, bud and blossom, we can no more distinguish from each other; and the shrub on the cottage wall breathes forth the same spirit as the cedar on Lebanon, both lifting up their heads—the high and the humble—rejoicingly together in heaven's sunshine, and in the blue serene of her cloudless skies.

With especial kindness we look on the

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,

for sake of the amiable and ingenious Editor. Mr Pringle is one of Scotland's true tuneful sons, and a poet of taste, feeling, and genius. These are qualities which we never attribute to any subject in which they do not inhere; and Mr Pringle has proved his possession of them by many strains of gentle and genuine poetry. He had done so before he left his native land, by his "Autumnal Scenes," which, always natural, were often beautiful; and his "African Sketches," drawn from life, are often, to an admirable degree, spirited and picturesque—at once Poetry and Painting. It pleases us, too, to see that he has not forgotten, in absence and distance, "his auld respected mither,' but that the banks and braes o' bonny Kale, and Beaumont, and Teviot, and Tweed, are as brightly-broomy before the eyes of his imagination now, as when of old he lay in youthful reveries among the golden glow, all astir with the birds, and bees, and lambs, of that pastoral paradise. We never deny, that of all our critical qualities, nationality is the chief; nor are we ever so happy as when we can conscientiously extol the genius of a Scotchman—especially if, as in Mr Pringle's case, while his spirit has been with it still, he has in the flesh been long and far a wide-world-weary-wanderer, and a stranger from his Fatherland.

See—here are three Visions of female loveliness, by that first-rate artist, J. Wood; and though they are all, we believe, different subjects, yet it pleases us to think them one—only at different seasons of life. And first in gay girlhood, gleams on our gaze, in the light of smile and song, mirth and music—with radiant ringlets freely flowing in the windy gloom, which her joyous head irradiates—with bare bosom, white as its own innocence, and fair rounded arm crossed thereon, with flying fingers to touch the merry strings—Lyra, of whom that often elegant and always powerful writer Kennedy sings—

"Meet emblem of the fairest dreams
  Of Poesy art thou;
Sweet Lyra, with thy locks of youth
  Around thy thoughtful brow.

The sacred instrument of song
  That woos thy high command,
May well give forth its holiest tones
  Beneath so pure a hand.

O were the Minstrel's soul still warm'd
By visions like to thee,
How blest in this world's wilderness
His quiet walk would be !"

A few summers have swam by, and lo ! Lyra grown to woman's height, decked like one soon about to become a bride—one hand already filled with flowers, and another gently breaking from its stalk a full-blown rose—she herself yet but budding—but then such a bud ! so full of scarcely hidden beauty, impatient to evolve itself out into the sun's eye, and to the kisses of the enamoured air ! "Mine own !" No other name has the sweet creature—and we cannot help vainly wishing, that she were so indeed : But, oh ! Venus and Apollo, Cupid and Hymen ! whom have we here reclining on a couch, with two little winged deities—male and female—watching her voluptuous rest ? Is it Lyra—is it "Mine Own"—woo'd, won, wedded, and enjoyed, and awaiting there, at nightfall, the approach of her blessed bridegroom, ere yet the "Honeymoon,"—for so is the picture called—has begun to wane in the sky ?

"Old as we are—for ladies' love unfit,"

we cannot look there, and not devoutly wish ourselves—*a*—nay, *the* Benedict. But, pshaw ! to break that idle dream, here is "Reading the News," one of Wilkie's admirable groups, and we may envy that tall baker with the tray on his head—if baker indeed he be ;—But the candle needs snuffing—Ha ! what's this—we have lost our place, and lo, and behold Mount Vesuvius, from whose crater all the infernal spirits in Italy are making an eruption. No child's play there—but we cannot shew you the engraving by Jeavons, from Turner's picture ; nor can we quote a few of the "words that burn," of the writer who has illustrated it by a very striking story, entitled "Il Vesuviano," which reminds us of the powerful genius of Croley. From this "hideous ruin and combustion," how delightful to turn to the romantic town and monumental environs of old Spoletum, the town which Hannibal attacked immediately after the battle of Thrasimenus, and the inhabitants of which still glory in having repulsed the Carthaginian general. The engraving is from a sketch by that consummate amateur artist Captain Melville Grindlay, whose superb work on the Architectural Remains and Scenery of India must be known to every lover of the fine arts. "The following cursory notice," says Mr Pringle, "brief as it is, extracted by his (Mr Rogers) kind indulgence from his travelling note-book, will probably be esteemed by most readers more interesting than pages of farther details from more ordinary tourists." We open our eyes almost as wide as our mouths at this announcement, resolving, with all the three, to devour the "cursory notice" of Spoletum by the author of Jacqueline. It is but a small mouthful—and not difficult to bolt. Here it is. "Spoleto, with its walls and turrets, soon appeared on the mountain-side. The gate of Hannibal—the gigantic aqueduct crossing a deep and unfathomable chasm (deep, but not unfathomable, Mr Rogers, say we, who have never seen it, except in Captain Grindlay's sketch)—saw it by moonlight ; and its vastness and entireness, connecting us at once with some mighty and unknown people, affected me deeply." Bah ! But Mr Pringle himself has written some very beautiful lines on Spoleto :—

"A scene such as we picture in our dreams :
Grey castled rocks, green woods, and glittering streams,
Mountains in massive grandeur towering high ;
Spires gleaming in the soft Ausonian sky ;
Groves, gardens, villas, in their rich array ;
Majestic ruins, glorious in decay :
Marvels, by Art and Nature jointly wrought,—
And every stone instinct with teeming thought :
Such look'st thou, fair Spoleto !—And the art
That through the eye speaks volumes to the heart,
Lifting the veil that envious distance drew,
Reveals thee, bathed in beauty, to our view ;

Each feature so distinct—so freshly fair,
We almost seem to scent thy mountain air—
Breathing upon us, from yon clump of pines;
Where the blithe goat-herd 'mid his flock reclines.

How rich the landscape! opening, as we look,
To many a sacred fane and sylvan nook;
While through the vale, by antique arches spann'd,
The river, like some stream of Fairyland,
Pours its bright waters,—with deep solemn sound,
As if rehearsing to the rocks around
The tale of other times. Methinks I hear
Its dream-like murmur melting on the ear,—
Telling of mighty chiefs, whose deeds sublime
Loom out gigantic o'er the gulfs of time;
Of the stern African, whose conquering powers
Recoil'd abash'd from those heroic towers;
Of him who, when Rome's glorious days were gone,
Built yon grim pile to prop his Gothic throne;
Of Belisarius, Narses—But 'twere vain
To weave such names into this idle strain;
These mouldering mounds their towering aims proclaim;
The Historic Muse hath given their acts to fame.

Spoleto! midst thy hills and storied piles,
Thy classic haunts, and legendary aisles,
'Twere sweet, methinks, ere life hath pass'd away,
To spend one long, reflective summer's day,
Beneath those quiet shades my limbs to cast,
And muse o'er all that links thee to the past,
To linger on, through twilight's wizard hour,
Till the wan moon gleam'd high o'er rock and tower,
And with her necromantic lustre strange,
Lit up the landscape with a solemn change,
Gilding its grandeur into sad relief,
Like a pale widow stately in her grief.

It delights us to see the Ettrick Shepherd in Mr Pringle's "Friendship's Offering." The Shepherd's heart is as warm as his genius is bright; and no purer happiness to him than to add a string to the harp in the hand of a dear companion of old, to hang on it a garland of sweet wild flowers from the Forest. Prettier daisies are no where to be seen than those that dance on the greensward before the door of Mount Benger—and is not the beauty of the prettiest of them all made "still more beauteous" by as fine a gush of parental poetry as ever flowed from the holiest recesses of nature in a father's bosom?

"A BARD'S ADDRESS TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

"Come to my arms, my dear wee pet!
My gleesome, gentle Harriet!
The sweetest babe art thou to me
That ever sat on parent's knee;
Thy every feature is so cheering,
And every motion so endearing.
Thou hast that eye was mine erewhile,
Thy mother's blithe and grateful smile,
And such a playful merry mien
That care flies off where'er thou'rt seen

And if aright I read thy mind,
The child of nature thou'rt design'd;
For, even while yet upon the breast,
Thou mimick'st child, and bird, and beast,
Canst cry like Maggy o'er her book,
And crow like cock, and caw like rook,
Boo like a bull, or blare like ram,
And bark like dog, and bleat like lamb;
And when a-field in sunshine weather,
Thou minglest all these sounds together;
Then who can say, thou happy creature,
Thou'rt not the very child of nature!

Child of my age, and dearest love!
As precious gift from God above,
I take thy pure and gentle frame,
And tiny mind of mounting flame,
And hope that through life's chequer'd glade,
That weary path that all must tread,
Some credit from thy name will flow
To the old bard who loved thee so.

At least thou shalt not want thy meed,
His blessing on thy beauteous head,
And prayers to Him whose sacred breath
Lighten'd the shades of life and death—
Who said, with sweet benignity,
'Let little children come to me.'

'Tis very strange, my little dove!
That all I ever loved, or love,
In wondrous visions still I trace,
While gazing on thy guiltless face.
Thy very name brings to my mind
One, whose high birth and soul refined
Withheld her not from naming me,
Even in life's last extremity.
Sweet babe! thou art memorial dear
Of all I honour and revere!

Come, look not sad: though sorrow now
Broods on thy father's thoughtful brow,
And on the reverie he would dwell,
Thy prattle soon will that expel.
How darest thou frown, thou freakish fay!
And turn thy chubby face away,
And pout, as if thou took'st amiss
Thy partial parent's offer'd kiss!
Full well I know thy deep design;
'Tis to turn back thy face to mine,
With triple burst of joyous glee,
And fifty strains at mimicry!

Crow on, sweet child! thy wild delight
Is moved by visions heavenly bright:
What wealth from nature mayst thou gain
With promptings high to heart and brain,
But hope is all—though yet unproved,
Thou art a shepherd's best beloved:
And now above thy brow so fair,
And flowing films of flaxen hair,
I lay my hand once more, and frame
A blessing, in the holy name
Of that supreme Divinity
Who breathed a living soul in thee."

Fairest of virgins, Emily Callander, wert thou, two short years ago, when at that annual festival in Buchanan Lodge, we put into thy yet untouched bosom, a silken silver-lettered copy of the "Friendship's Offering." Deep as the ideal concentrated blush of ten thousand moss roses, was then the blush that drowned in celestial odours the very soul of all those whitest lilies expiring for a moment in the fragrant paradise of thy breast. Folded as in prayer were then those pale hands—pale shall we not fear to call them in that pensive attitude—upon our Christmas present pressed to thy beating heart! The gift of an old man who loved thee as a father—nor ever on this earth looked upon a father's face eyes more "affectionate and glad" of his only child. But for a moment! For as on thy forehead was the light of the gazelle—so on thy feet was the motion of that fairest creature of the wilderness; and almost ere our blessing had fallen upon thy golden hair, away didst thou glide from beneath these withered hands into the open moonlight, and lend diviner lustre to all the dewy stars! Fairest of Virgins—Emily Callender—art thou now no more! But meekest—most modest—(Oh! how composedly graceful—and how gladly grave!) may we dare almost to say—without injury to thy gentle loveliness—most majestic of all young Matrons whom now the sun delights to look on—with one living blossom on thy bosom, and another at thy knee, whom heaven preserve from blight for ever, dear Buds! for sake of the holy stalk on which they grow, for sake of that full-blown Rose, that hangs over them its pensive beauty, and with a tremulous stir of happiness, lets fall upon them a celestial shower of tears!

Our own copy of the "Friendship's Offering," (for Mr Pringle, in the bustle of business, has forgotten to send us a Presentation one), we shall by an especial messenger—nay, nay, with our own hands shall it be delivered into thine—"O wife and mother blest"—and in a year or two (how swiftly with thee on downy pinions are the hours now flying by!) that small image of thy loveliest self will be turning over the leaves with her tiny hands, and with bewildered eyes ranging over the pictures there, so like, and yet so unlike the scenes and beings of her own happy world, then, and long long afterwards, may it be so—peopled, along with living shapes, with the strange sweet shadowings of childhood's dreams! Such volumes awaken the young spirit like the fleecy clouds so white on the beautiful bosom of the blue sky—like the starry flowers that spring strews over the green earth, as if they had dropped from heaven—the creations of the painter and the poet are all added in the sacred simplicity of the soul, to the new realities opening up daily before it, and all received with a holy credulity into the heart of its joyful and sinless life. Yet even childhood is aware of some difference, as they fall upon its cheek, between the tears shed over a pic-

ture or a tale, and those poured out for the sake of the sick or dying, on whose embrace it has lain, and kissed in love or reverence, a sister or a mother's lips! And dearer to it is the flash of joy sent from the orb of a father's approving eye than all the intensest happiness ever enjoyed at the ending of some mournful story, when all the wretched are comforted, and the good rewarded by all they love for all they had suffered!

THE IRIS!

In all nature no such other beautiful Apparition! Let thousands on thousands of Rainbows have come before you on the sunny gloom, and yet does it not always seem to your heart, at each quiet startling, as if one and the same creature reappeared—the colour-beaming child of calm and storm? The clouds pass away—and their faces are forgotten—fair, wild, strange though they be; in the troops and companies of this evening's airy phantoms, you think of no resemblance to those on which you gazed yestreen; in ceaseless succession on they go over the rim of the earth as into the grave of oblivion; we mourn them not as they fade; and the blue silence of each day's sky is supplied with those shadowy inhabitants tbat tenant it but for that shortest term, and unregretted shift away, and away, and away for ever. But thou! O bold, bright, and beauteous Rainbow, dost seem—in spite of all thy sudden disappearances—and oft indeed to our eyes thou diest as it were the moment thou art born—still to have an abiding place in the sky. Fronting the sun so gloriously, no Shadow thou! Imagination endows thee with a separate—an independent being of thine own—and in thee beholds a living presence, that might endure even were the sun swept from heaven. Not painted on the clouds seemest thou! But, piled up so magnificently, back ground do the clouds appear to be to thee a very angel on the front of the picture of air, earth and sky! Imagination feels that thou comest from afar to dwell for a short space by the gates of that abyss of blackness in which the mountains would be lost, if thou didst not illumine them, and hold all their rocks and ravines within the visible world, in spite of the night-like fall flung down from that thunder-cloud. Oh! what a tinge of supernatural beauty—so it seems—faint faint at first, as if rather than reality an unsteady and wavering creation of colour within the dreaming spirit,—when, on the blue light of the distant air that appears a very solid, so dense the calm, is breathed the uncertain coming—the doubtful visiting of the Rainbow. Faint, faint at first—but if you can—look away but for one single moment—and on the quick return of your eyes to the haunted spot of sky, they meet a Meteor! And lo! higher up—another—and another; till bound all together on a sudden by the spirit of beauty—they are one arch—a full-formed Rainbow—dazzling, nay, say not dazzling, for the flush is as of a garland of heaven's own dewy spring flowers, but to the sense of light so bright with irresistible attraction, that nought else in the creation do your eyes behold but the glory in which now lives your whole gazing soul, never suspecting—never remembering—but entirely and blissfully forgetful that it is but an Apparition, by the laws of nature evanescent in heaven, even as Joy on earth!

The Iris!—But no more of our own reveries. Ye have all Campbell's Address to the Rainbow by heart. That is, indeed, a poem that, like the glory it hymns, seems born of the sky it spans, and within itself embraces all the most beautiful region of the celestial, interfused with all that is loveliest here below in the terrestrial world. With that divine song in our heart, we lift up the "loveliest Annual, with the loveliest name," and lo! fit vision to follow that of the Arch of Promise, "The Madonna and Child!"

"O! happiest Thou of all,
Who bare the deadly thrall,
Which, for *one* mother's crime, to all was given;
Her first of mortal birth
Brought Death to reign on earth,
But Thine bringst light and life again from heaven."

Is that, on the title-page, the Ecce

Homo of Carlo Dolci, or by what other name is known, amid the divine effulgence radiating from it like strong sunbeams, the ineffable sanctity of that gently bowed and deeply adoring head? A more than human beauty seems to inspire the locks of that long-flowing hair! No passion, but that of grief and pity for the sinful whom he was sent to save, seems ever to have touched that serenest forehead—that countenance so gracious and benign to man on earth, even now that the Son is praying to his "Father which is in heaven." A repining earthly spirit might learn resignation from the divine calm that breathes there "Thy will be done." —And see here again, "The Infant Christ with flowers." Say not infant; for all these divine features speak. And it seems to us that Carlo Dolci has given to that young countenance —haloed as the head is with light, and with ringlets holy as the light, and in its brightness outshining the glow of the glorious flowers gathered under one of the arms of the Christ,—a divinely mournful expression, as if the religious painter felt all the while that this, though yet unshadowed by actual trouble, was the face of one who was ordained, for our sakes, to be "a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief." We have dim and mysterious thoughts and feelings for "the Infant Christ with Flowers," which, perhaps, we never could express in verse; thoughts and feelings that are not hinted at in Mr Dale's lines—which, however, are, we think, very beautiful. Mr Dale is the editor of the Iris; and seven of the best compositions in the volume are from his pen, comprehended under the general title of "Illustrations of Scripture." What he means by saying, in his Preface, that a special agreement to write this series of poems, illustrative of seven of the engravings, was felt by him to impose fetters, at once irksome and oppressive, we cannot make out. To such a man, we, in our simplicity, should have thought it, instead of slavery, the most delightful of freedoms—a work of joy and love. Indeed, the Preface to the Iris is not of "colours dipt in heaven." Neither is that to the Souvenir. The truth is, all the prefaces are bad or indifferent; for they either enter into what may be called parish-business, or are utterly vapid; one or two of them, which shall be nameless, are rather a little violent and vulgar—so we hope that next year's Annuals will appear without any unnecessary or disagreeable introduction.

"THE INFANT CHRIST, WITH FLOWERS.

"Blest age of innocence and truth,
Of open heart as open brow;
When thoughts are free and words are sooth,
Ere the warm blood of wilder youth
Flows through the veins, and in the eye
Glows with unquiet brilliancy—
Childhood, how fair art thou!
Fair even in the sons of earth;
But thou wert fairest when the Saviour smiled.
When He of virgin birth
Stoop'd to the semblance of an earth-born child.

And did he spend the vacant hour
Child-like, in ranging plain and wood?
And did he seek the shadowy bower,
And, sportive twine the summer flower,
While, as the rustic crown he wreathed
Each conscious flower fresh odours breathed,
And e'en the blossoms strew'd
As though unheeded o'er the ground,
Droop'd not, nor wither'd; but unfading shed
A balmier fragrance round,
Than when they glitter'd on their parent bed?

Then blame we not the venturous dream
Of painter, poet, who hath traced
What some, perchance, may lightly deem
Of Him, in whom the Heavenly Beam
Though latent in a fleshly shroud,
Was like the sun behind a cloud,
Though dimm'd, yet undefaced!
For who could mark that fair young brow,
The ringlets of that widely clustering hair,
That look serene, nor know
No child of sin, no heir of death was there!

Mark too that varied coronal,
Where the rich Eastern flowers combine
Their hues of beauty—are not all
His work that framed this earthly ball?
Flowers spring on earth—stars deck the sky—
Alike in each his inward eye
Knew his own work divine.
Whate'er he saw, whate'er he heard,
On earth, or sea, or sky, at morn or even,

Flower, star, wave, vocal bird,
To Him were fraught with memories of
Heaven.

Yes—when this low, terrestrial sphere
He deign'd—a seeming child—to tread,
Heard He not sounds none else could hear?
And were not viewless seraphs near
To hold communion with their Lord?
And where th' angelic host adored,
Did not glad Nature shed
Her sweetest flowers—and if He wove
What seem'd a wreath to human eyes,
By angels born above,
Might not that wreath outshine the
crowns of Paradise?

The peculiar, characteristic, and distinguishing charm of this most delightful Annual, the Iris, lies in the holy and divine spirit breathed from all its adornments. Eleven engravings by the best living masters in that art, of pictures that are allowed to be the very masterpieces of some of the greatest of the old painters—and all the subjects scriptural! Considered in the light of an harmonious whole, the Iris certainly is the most complete—we speak of its engravings—of all the Annuals. Nothing of the "earth earthy,"—unless we so call contrition's tears in the upraised eyes of Carlo Dolci's Magdalen—obtrudes itself upon our view, as it ranges along these sanctities, from the Virgin Mother, the Frontispiece, sitting in beatitude with her divine child, to Hagar with Ishmael in the desert, just as her fainting spirit is restored within her by the voice of the Lord. That such a series may be monotonous, can be thought only by those who weary in reading the Old and New Testament. We carry on the same devout spirit with which we contemplate the first of the series to the next, and then along with new gathered impulses to one and all of the others. Most of them might be—are—Altar-pieces; and the rest worthy a place on the holiest walls. The "Christ in the garden of Gethsemane," from an antique—name of the artist unknown—is most sublime. It is not too painful for mortal eye to look on, as some pictures of that trial are; and Mr Dale has judged, we think, wisely and well, in giving no "Crucifixion." The literary contents of the Iris are respectable, and perhaps, with the exception of the editor's own compositions, a very beautiful poem, called the Guardian Spirit, by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, which we are sorry is too long to quote, and one or two others, not more than respectable—but many difficulties, we can easily imagine, must occur in the way of an editor the first year, that will not the second—though indeed from mere pious lips, untouched by a coal from heaven, sacred poetry, and prose too, is apt to be rather dull, and to persuade even a kindled conscience to sleep. The very reverse is the case with poetry and prose too of a religious character, when piety warms into life the seeds of genius in the soul, and when the true poet

"Fixes his Pindus upon Lebanon."

A few verses only are there in the Iris by James Montgomery, but they are precious.

"Palms of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light,—
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.

Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne;
And proclaim in joyful psalms,
Victory through his Cross alone!
Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
'Take the kingdom—it is thine;
King of kings, and Lord of lords!'

Round the altar, priests confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And his blood that made them so.

Who were *these?*—On earth they dwelt,
Sinners once, of Adam's race;
Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt,
But were saved from all by grace.

They were mortal, too, like us;
Ah! when we like them shall die,
May our souls, translated thus,
Triumph, reign, and shine on high!"

Sometimes in cloudy weather, when the sun is seen struggling through a storm, one expects, as a relief to the disastrous dulness of the day, either a rainbow, or something like it in the sky. But no rainbow comes—only a "false glitter," that parts the gloom, and keeps the light of promise to the wish, "but breaks it to the eye"—so sometimes on the portentous dulness of those

pages, a false lustre seems spreading itself out into an Iris; but after a few ineffectual gleams, falls into pieces and disappears. In plainer words, some fragments of composition here and there are deceitful, and after for a moment deluding the eye, fade away into nothing, and leave a leaden blank, where shone the false and ineffectual fire. Or in plainer words still, occasionally this volume acts as a soporific, till the patient is awakened by his own snore.

THE AMULET

Was the first Annual that affected—or we ought rather to say, exhibited—a more serious, solemn, and even sacred character, than one might, perhaps, without due reflection, have thought altogether suitable to a volume, which, from its mode and season of publication, was naturally expected to be a volume chiefly for amusement or entertainment. Accordingly it was subjected, we believe, to a good deal of critical carping from persons who pretended to be displeased with religion out of place and time; as if religion could ever be out of place and time in the hands of thoughtful writers and thoughtful readers, desirous of having even what is called their lighter studies productive of the very best instruction. It was the precursor undoubtedly of the Iris; and may be truly said now to occupy a middle station between that, which is entirely religious, and the other Annuals, from which religion is not purposely excluded indeed, but in which it is—properly according to their plan—but a rare theme or subject. From the beginning the Amulet has been excellent—both in spirit and execution—it has improved every year, and this season it is fairly entitled to take its place with the best on the list, both on the score of its embellishments and its literature. It is equally free from the sin of cant and of liberalism in its religion, which to our minds is unobtrusively yet earnestly Christian. The editor, who is a most amiable and able man, and a very good writer, has by far too deep a sense of the awfulness of the mysteries of our faith, to treat of them in a volume which, after all, being necessarily of a miscellaneous nature, and rightly containing gay and light matter and airy, must often be taken up in moods of mind when the reader is unprepared for such sanctities. On the other hand, Mr Hall is not ashamed of the faith that is in him, nor does he fear that, even in hours of ordinary thought, the "still small voice" of piety will not be heard sweetly and restoratively; and that from pictures of religious peace, comfort, and contentment, many a reader who may have taken up the Amulet for amusement merely, or to while away a vacant hour, will not rise "a wiser and a better man." He has in his book many coadjutors of congenial spirit and corresponding power, and of these, one of the best in all respects is Mrs Hall, a lady of much taste and feeling, and, as need may be, a very lively or a very touching writer.

The Embellishments, which are twelve in number, are all good, and some of them of surpassing excellence. The "First Interview between the Spaniards and Peruvians," by Briggs—engraved by Greatbach, is one of the most elegant compositions we have lately seen; and the contrast affecting to a great degree between the ferocious duplicity of those who come to destroy, and the noble—the heroic simplicity of shape and soul of the doomed Inca, and his Queen, and their plumed retinue. It is the opening scene of a bloody tragedy,—"coming events cast their shadows before;" and the catastrophe, yet unacted, darkens the unsuspecting sunshine. In one part of the background, between the Inca Atahualpa, and Father Vincent Valverde, chaplain to the expedition, is seen the ominous mouth of a cannon; and, on another, a mounted warrior burning for the combat, in which that fearful chivalry will tread down so many crests; and behind him spears athirst for blood, bristling in the gloom that darkens all that region of the sky with prophetic shadows.

What a pleasant relief from the forebodings of such horrors, to turn to the "Fisherman's Children," by that

exquisite artist, Collins! There the pretty pair of loving creatures are kneeling together on the sands, in a calm sunset, after a day of storm, and beholding, in scarce-assured belief, their father's boat yet a speck on the horizon, brought back in deliverance to their prayers. 'Tis as simple as some stanza in an old ballad. The tale is told at once. We think of the many tears shed, now that they are wiped from their eyes; and the joy that is present speaks affectingly of the grief that is past. The touch of true genius is everywhere,—in the features of the children, so perfectly natural—the broken shingly shore around them as they kneel—that gigantic pile of rock, wave-worn into a wide cavern, with its lofty portal—the subsiding, subsided sea—the golden sun, that seems glad to shine over a calm at last—and the settling, settled clouds of a yet uncertain heaven!

The transition is easy along the same line of thought and feeling to that lovely "Gleaner," by Holmes—a Lavinia, who might well win the heart of the owner of the field—a Ruth, who might sleep at the feet of Boaz, and then lay her wedded head beside his on the pillow. Is this the same happy, humble, glad and graceful creature of whom Wordsworth sung last year in the Keepsake, "a strain that will not die?" Perhaps not; but one beauteous image recals another; and there is a *sameness* which the awakened heart delights to recognise in all the favourites of heaven.

Nor is the "Anxious Wife," by Mulready, one of the most original painters of the truly English school, less affecting and expressive. Her husband, we see from her face, is at sea; and, had all gone right, would ere now have been at home. Yet, though disturbed, she is far from being in despair. But even the slightest fear of death ruefully darkens the countenance of love—and at the open window she sits, feeding her ear on the sugh of evening, to devour the first faint tread of his coming footsteps. But, as yet, he comes not—though there behold two little angels praying for him—one asleep in its cradle, in dreams—and the other on her knees, with his head hidden in the lap of his mother; who, with affectionate hand, presses its dear hair, as if joining in the murmured petition to the God who takes care of the sailor on the seas.

Is this from some divine picture of one of the inspired masters of old, the Sisters of Bethany? No; the picture is by a living power—one who will take his place among the immortals; for the name of Leslie will never die while genius is hallowed on earth, and held in reverential remembrance. We wish that we—even we—had been asked to try to express some of the emotions that flow back and forwards in our soul, to and from that holy conception, so holily realized; yet perhaps it is better not, for feeling with us has not always words at will; and the sight of the Saviour addressing Mary and Martha has touched a chord in a female heart that gives forth excellent music—though music from no mortal lips can worthily hymn the benignity imaged there—far beyond human, and indeed altogether divine.

"THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

" *By Miss Jewesbury.*

"Picture, thou troublest me. I cannot gaze
Upon thy portraiture, intent to praise,
But dimness, born of dreams—mysterious awe—
Steals o'er my vision, as if Christ I saw:
O, that thou wert a scene of common life,
Speaking alone of human love or strife!
Then could I write, nor deem Him at my side,
Who laid His hand upon the ark—and died.
Picture, thought-chaining picture, I behold
Thy cedars darken 'gainst a sky of gold;
Hills made by sunset gorgeous as the cloud,
And clouds like mountains piled, a stately crowd:

And thou hast female forms—one meekly sad,
And one a sister, yet more meekly glad;
Beauty and quiet on thy page appear—
Sunset and woman—is it these I fear?
O, not for these my eye of soul grows dim,
But heaven is in that form!—God breathes in Him—
The Nazarene is there—and can I know
The thrilling words that from his lips now flow,
Reproof that sinks the spirit into dust,
And praise that fills with ecstasy of trust;
Nor turn from all the beauty glowing there,
Abash'd, like her—the one of too much care!
O, gentle presence! Lowliest, yet Most High!
And thou wert canopied by this our sky!
And Earth, most lovely, and most guilty thing,
(As bearing in her bosom man and spring,)
Hath felt thy footsteps! Well may she be proud,
And well may ocean, and the silent cloud:
But man, like whom thou walk'dst in heart and limb,
Sorrow and shame, not lofty thoughts for him:
His sin the cause that thou on earth wert seen,
Wearing thy glories with a grief-worn mien,
That each resemblance that thy name would bear
Must heavenly beauty dim with human care!
But now, sad thoughts farewell: the pictured Three,
Are safe in heaven at last, from sorrow free—
Christ on the throne of God—his birthright meet,
And Martha—now like Mary, at his feet!"

But our Monologue is at an end for a month—and that yawn is a signal for bed. Gentle reader, the allusion is, in as far as you may be implicated, impersonal; the gant was from us, wearied, we are ashamed to confess it, of our own wisdom. Yet neither, we are proud to confess it, has our Monologue been monotonous, but, on the contrary, varied by a merry sadness, like that of the rich-mouthed nightingale. Will our Public believe us when we tell her, that we have taken twenty-four hours —to a minute—to this Soliloquy? We were at our board of green cloth precisely as the lobby-clock struck six—of the morning of Monday the 16th of November, and now of the Tuesday immediately following 'tis the self-same hour. Having arranged the Annuals into Triads, we proceeded piecemeal to peruse; two we dispatched before breakfast—two between breakfast and lunch—and two between lunch and dinner. Not one single line of verse or prose escaped us—and as we went along, on a slip of paper with our keelavine we referred our amanuensis to the quotations. For to send such angels to the devil would be impious, and a blot on their fair fame might peradventure befall them on their way through Shakspeare square. Gazing on the engravings consumed several hours; and thus it was six o'clock in the evening, to a minim, when we began to brandish our bramah. Saving breakfast, lunch, dinner, tea, and supper, including, of course, small beer, ale, porter, port, claret, Madeira, and a couple of calkers, not a particle, during the article, of any one thing, solid or liquid, have we had to eat or drink in this hungry, and thirsty, and weary world. The consequence may be conjectured—we are all but asleep. The third Triad, therefore, consisting of the Gem, the Bijoux, and the Winter's Wreath, must not be so unreasonable and so unfeeling as to withhold us from bed. The Juvenile Annuals will please to shew us up stairs, each with a candle in his or her hand—and Mr Hood's New Comic is too much of a Christian to desire to transform a gant into a guffaw. In a week or two we shall get up, if the weather improves; and who knows but the opening article of our January Number may be the conclusion, or rather continuation, of our Monologue, or Soliloquy on the Annuals?

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